

Coda

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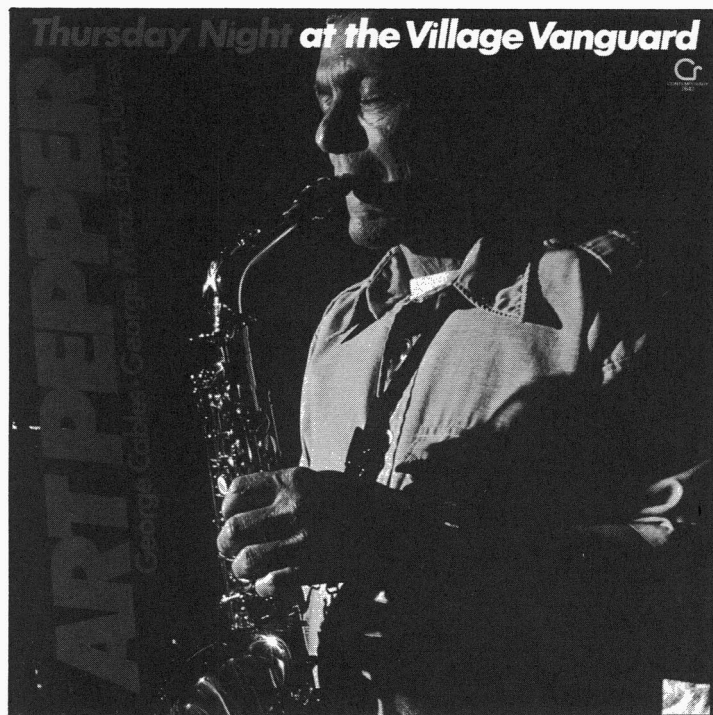


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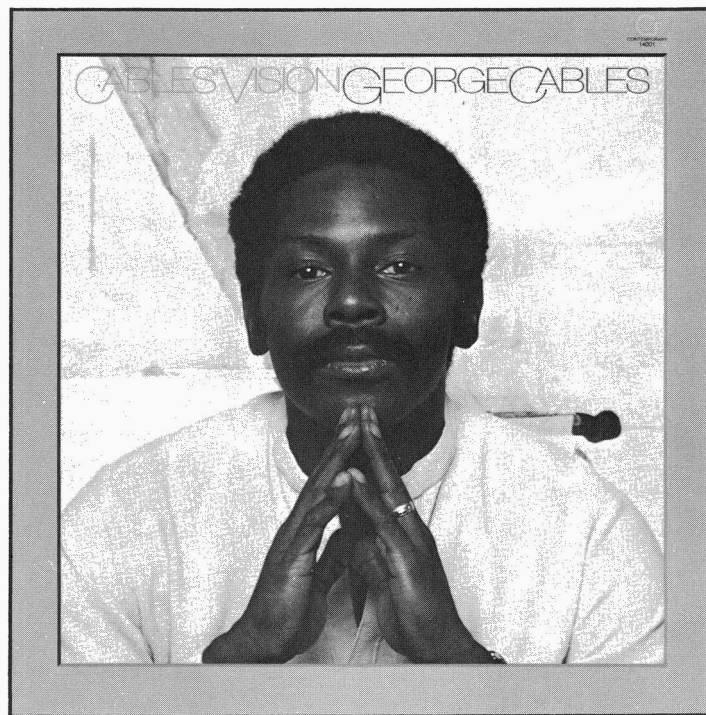
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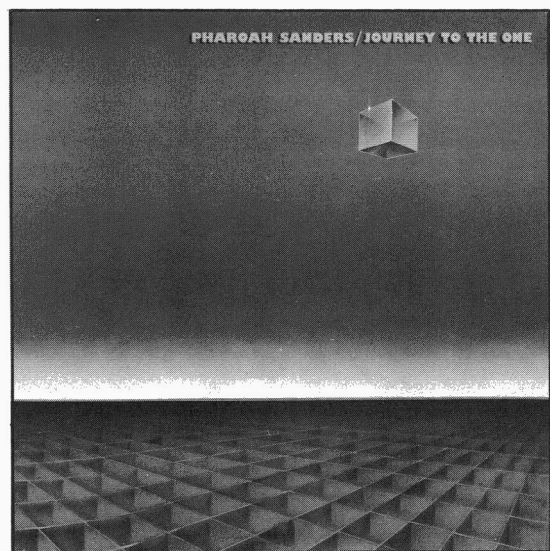
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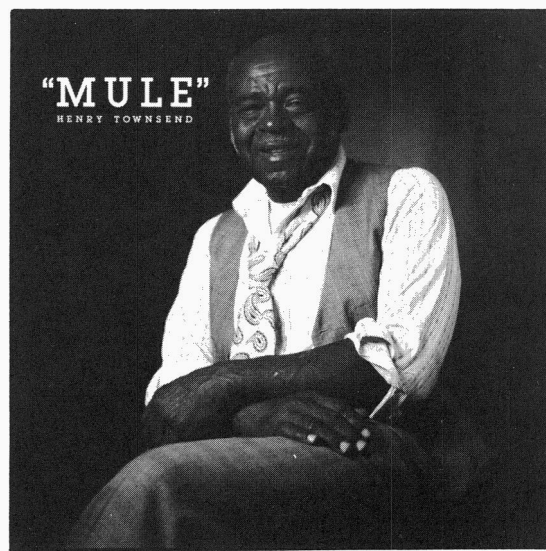
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RAY ANDERSON
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AN INTERVIEW WITH **LEROY JENKINS** BY BILL SHOEMAKER

LEROY JENKINS:

I look at the state of the music as being a whole new ball game as far as the musicians and the potential audience are concerned. I've been reading in various magazines that the record companies are dropping jazz and this and that, and when I read that stuff it's very depressing. But then I realized that they're not talking about me, because they haven't picked me up! I'm working more now than I ever have. Yes, we don't attract large audiences. Yes, on the average, I play to one hundred to three hundred people at my concerts in America. Yes, we have to go to Europe to get eighteen hundred people at a concert. And yes, we have lucked out and have gotten two thousand people on a couple of occasions in America. But it's enough.

A result of these modern times is that people are more educated, especially Blacks who, for the most part, have been responsible for this music called "jazz". They have been exposed to past and present masters of European music, as well as our own tradition. The musicians have always been impressed by that music — Charlie Parker, Louis Armstrong, all those guys back then were impressed by that tradition. Now, I like to say that this music — what we call Great Black Music — has run the gamut of the human body, from the feet, which would indicate that in its earliest stages it was appreciated more by the masses — a commercial music — and now it has run its gamut to the head and is purely cerebral. It's been like this for at least twenty years. Actually, it was with bebop that it became cerebral. I think the beboppers used the last vestige of that mass music. Now the music has moved into that arena where it deals more with what's happening in the head — call it mind pacification or whatever. Now, listening music in this country has been European for a long time, but now this American music, fostered by America, is coming of age, so that people listen to it purely in a concert format. The music, if it's going to cross over anywhere, will cross over to the classical audience. I don't think the classical folks will help us that much, but the music is designed for a concert format, and they come and hear us in our little spaces.

BILL SHOEMAKER: Do you think that being a violinist draws the classical audience to your concerts?

Jenkins: I think it's the improvisational aspect. We're improvising on an extemporaneous basis, which lends more excitement, more on-the-spot participation for the listener. Even the mistakes, the occasional boredom the music lapses into when it makes its shifts, because it is extemporaneous, it is improvisation. I think it's another language for the people to pick up on, one that is typically American — trial and error. The classical composers coming up now are looking to improvisation. Improvisation can also be structured to seem like it's written. I would say that my music is a structured outline of general suggestions for the artist to move in. Basically, if he takes these suggestions, they will provide the music.

Shoemaker: Do you see classical formalism being imposed on the music, or being absorbed by the music to any significant degree because of this crossover?

Jenkins: There's a listening vocabulary that the

classical audience brings to this music that they identify with the music they understand: words, adjectives that they can use to describe a certain flavor or texture in the music. They might coin a word for the "errr....ahhs..." that happen when the music makes its turns. It would be another word for "transition", because this is a part of expressing the fact that we are groping for a way to communicate something.

Shoemaker: Like Dizzy Gillespie defining his music by scatting and the music subsequently being called "bebop".

Jenkins: Yes. There's a language being transferred. There are other words, too. Like "changes". That's a bebop word. "Do you know your changes?" After a while, the audience knew what changes were and expected them. "What are the changes in this head on

All The Things You Are?" There's a language being transferred. Any listener who is trained knows that there is a structure that they can identify. They know about it because they have probably talked to a musician. They have to have that to know what's going on. Maybe they don't know anything about flatted fifths, but you don't hear people talking about flatted fifths much anymore. We have "textures" and "rhythms". When we talk about textures of sound we're not talking about chords anymore.

Shoemaker: What do you emphasise to someone, musician or listener, who is initially exploring the music?

Jenkins: The language of the art form. Suppose I have a bebopper who is very traditionally oriented. He knows his stuff inside and out, like Dizzy Gillespie. In order to get him to change



photograph of Leroy Jenkins by Markus di Francesco

anything, you've got to have that language he can identify with. You can't just whoop and holler. He's not going to go for it and I don't blame him. I wouldn't go for it either. If he asked me how I put something together, I would substitute a C7 chord for the texture, or the press thing that I do on my violin that produces a lot of notes. I'd let him know that even though I don't use key signature and time signature as such, I do have a motion and a motif that I want presented.

For the violinist, I've written a method book that includes some of the devices I use to create my technique. I also included some of the pieces I've written for violin, bass, and percussion. There are melodies that employ certain shifts of fingering that create a smooth contemporary feeling. It points out that the only thing wrong with classical violin in this

music is that it's too proper and I think that this book will help take the properness out of the violinist, the guy who has been sheltered all of his life and has never heard slang before. Now the discriminate listener needs something to grab on to, even if it's abstract. It may be subtle or elusive. It may be a feeling they get from the music that is very different from the musician's intention, but it is something to start with.

Shoemaker: Did you articulate the need to develop a personal voice on the violin early in your studies?

Jenkins: No, it took a long time. When I was a kid, I had fantasies about being a Heifetz. At that time I wasn't trying to be Stuff Smith because, unfortunately, he was snuffed so far down that I couldn't respect him. That was a result of the hate syndrome we had in those

days. I had ideas for a long time of being a "musician". When I got to high school, I picked up the saxophone because that was happening when I was coming up. When I discovered the need to develop my own voice I was playing light classical pieces that I was really good at. My teachers thought this kind of stuff fit me. When I was studying at Florida A&M, I was practicing in one of the little parks and I started to play *I Remember Clifford*. My teacher came along, heard me playing, and thought it was one of the most beautiful things he had ever heard. He was a Black classicist and he wasn't even familiar with *I Remember Clifford*. He told me that that was the type of stuff I should play. He described it as kind of a "gypsy" way — most violinists call going off the beaten path "gypsying". But it wasn't until I was out of school and living in Mobile that I came to the realization that playing classical music would not make it. Black people would come once; for the novelty. I'm sure that there are not too many Black people listening to Andre Watts. They would be more interested in listening to Aretha Franklin. On the other hand, it would be difficult breaking in with White audiences, which is the reason why my teachers were teaching instead of performing. Being that I was raised in the Black community around a lot of blues and jazz, it was very easy to change over. All I had to do was to learn the technique, which I set out to do in 1961. First, I started on changes. I was playing saxophone in a blues band — things like *Caledonia* and *Night Train*, but never on violin. My violin was my other side. But then in 1964 I started to play violin in a club. I was surprised — I had it in me all the time and all I had to do was bring it out. And then I met up with the AACM, which is probably the biggest reason why I'm here today. They gave me a sense of direction, something to work on, to use the violin and dig into my musical subconscious.

Shoemaker: Were you pretty much working in a vacuum before that?

Jenkins: Yes. All I was thinking about was gigging, being out there and being seen, like most musicians do. All the wrong things, instead of being into the philosophy of the music. I got it together, made steps, and things got better. I even quit my job — I had a good job teaching — and moved to Paris, because I wanted to further it. Imagine, a violinist at that time (even now) trying to make it in improvisation. Chicago is a place to get your philosophy, work, and get some money, but after you get that done, you have to get out of there. Because Chicago's the kind of place where if you don't have a job you're nothing. It's not like New York, where you can pursue your art form with honour. In Chicago, you're a bum. Plus our music wasn't employed in the clubs. The A.A.C.M. [Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians] wasn't about that anyway. They wanted to create alternative spaces to make our exchanges, to give our concerts, and be accepted. To deal.

Shoemaker: I think that's the crux of why the A.A.C.M. is now being considered on a sociological level.

Jenkins: Yes. It's the concept. It's good for the music. It's what the music is about — an alternative to what's going down. And now that concept is working on an international level.



JEMEEL MOONDOC

FROM A CONVERSATION
WITH HENRY HILLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ANKO C. WIERINGA

Jemeel Moondoc, alto saxophonist and composer. Born August 1951, in Chicago. He studied piano at age 8, and clarinet at age 10. Played flute and alto sax in the concert band at Chicago Vocational High School. During this time he played with local R&B and dance bands. In 1970 Moondoc moved to Boston and played with local R&B and blues bands while studying at the New England Conservatory. Following this, "suffering from a lack of creative inspiration", Moondoc went to play with the Cecil Taylor Black Music Ensemble at Antioch College. There he was a featured soloist and co-section leader.

Since 1973 Moondoc has been in New York performing with his Muntu Ensemble. The release of the Ensemble's first recording, "First Feeding" led to his first European tour in 1978. Eddy Determeyer of Nieuwsblad van Het Noorden, Groningen, Holland, wrote, "With his brilliant performance in Vera, this young alto player proved that he will be one of the real heavies in years to come. His bluesy approach on the alto saxophone made him respected, but also the way he had organized his group and the group's sound." Robert Palmer of the New York Times, wrote "Mr. Moondoc was particularly impressive." He has learned from Ornette Coleman, but his is a drier sound and his lines tend to be starker, more dramatic. He is an exceptionally lucid melodist." Moondoc's second recording, "The Evening of the Blue Men", was released in September 1979 and the Ensemble toured Eastern Canada in October. The following interview took place in New York in late October 1979.

JEMEEL MOONDOC: Ensemble Muntu originated out of the Cecil Taylor Black Music Ensemble in 1971 at Antioch. At that time it was a twelve-piece band, co-led by myself, Jessie Sharps and Juan Reyes. We played at colleges all over southern Ohio. That eventually broke down into a quintet co-led by Arthur Williams and myself, with Bill Conway on bass. We brought the band back to New York, Arthur went on the road with Cecil Taylor, and I've been leading the band ever since.

I would describe my music as bebop and blues, plus my own personal musical experience. Playing bebop tunes is a fundamental part of an education in Black Music. And the blues are everywhere in American music, from the field hollers and spirituals to their inclusion in the efforts of American classical composers. It's our folk music. I think that's how I would describe my music, an incorporation of everything that I have experienced musically.



HENRY HILLS: Your first recording was a quintet which included Mark Hennen on piano. You're not using a piano now. Why?

A lot of people ask me that. In May of 1978, we had a gig at the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club opposite Frank Lowe, Phillip Wilson and James Newton. The place didn't have a piano. We hit as a quartet. Rehearsing for, and performing that gig allowed me to realize the freedom that the early Ornette Coleman quartet had. It was a challenge to deal with the space that was left by the absence of a piano. It allowed for a greater tonal freedom, because the horn players could better utilize their own tonal concepts. But I feel that my quartet is much freer rhythmically than Ornette's old quartet, because William Parker and Rashid Bakr imply the beat rather than state it.

Do you know Ornette Coleman; has he influenced you?

I met Ornette a couple of times, but I couldn't say I know him personally. I saw him play at the North Sea Festival in Holland in 1978. They have about ten auditoriums where they present jazz for three days straight, and there is something happening in every room all the time. The biggest concert hall there seemed to be as big as a football stadium, and Ornette and Prime Time played there. And once they got started, and the music jelled, they mesmerized the whole audience. Two drummers and two guitars, it was a lot of electricity, and Ornette had that stuff going, and he was playing all this incredible music on top of it. They really zonked those people out, and when they got finished playing, you could hear a pin drop. It was amazing.

But it is hard for me to assess Ornette's influence upon my own music. I would say that in terms of alto players, I listen to Bird and Ornette the most. But I haven't had that personal contact with Ornette that I had with Cecil Taylor and Bill Dixon.

I had lunch with Bill Dixon not too long ago. We talked about a lot of things. I was saying to him, "Man, why don't you bring your band down to New York and do a gig at the Public Theater or something?" Because everywhere I go people are asking me what's happening with Bill. I know a lot of people who are ready to come out and hear that cat play. They've all heard so much about him, the October Revolution and all. But he just said, "Man, whenever I give a performance at Bennington, I have an instant packed house." And he's right. When I was there in 1974 we had an audience at the rehearsals. That spring, the Black Music Department, of which Bill is the head, gave a "Six Days in May" Black Music Festival, and the place was packed every night. People came from all over to hear the music. Bill is doing okay in Bennington, plus he performs in Paris every year.

It was great working with Bill, because I learned a lot about sound. Bill as a composer is a great sound-sculptor, a sound-scapist. He composes a lot from sound. He works from the outside inside. He would say, "I want the horns here to sound like an erupting volcano." So he would have the sound first, and musically you would create that sound, as opposed to, say, Duke Ellington or Charles Mingus, where the written line would create a sound or a mood. They worked from the inside outside. But Bill does that also. He has an incredible sound vocabulary. He would have two trumpet players playing long tones a half-tone apart, and when you listened to the sound that was cre-

ated, it sounded like one tone, but slightly out. Monk has that same kind of thing happening.

Cecil Taylor has a big audience now, and what he plays is pretty outside.

You know, that's one of the things I dig about Cecil. He was part of that whole 'sixties thing. There were all of these great innovators playing all this new music, taking people to a whole other level of music listening. But he is one of the few people who have not only maintained but expanded on what he was doing. He is the main man. He has built an audience through the years. But I know that teaching at the University of Wisconsin and Antioch and other places has helped his audience. Milford Graves too. Because whenever I go to their concerts in the city, I always see a lot of people that I knew from Bennington, U. of Wis., and Antioch.

I went to Antioch because I knew Cecil would be there. Because I had already played with Cecil at the U. of Wis., but the situation wasn't quite right for me there, so I went back to Boston. But I told Cecil that I would see him in Yellow Springs. He said cool. But it was weird, because I had to be convinced to go to Antioch.

You see, when I was in Boston, I was doing all kinds of things. I had gotten hooked up with a few rock bands and I was playing with James Tatum's Blues Band, and I was studying with Ran Blake and Stan Strickland at the New England Conservatory. I was finally making some money, but I was playing the same things over and over every night. That summer I ran into some musicians who were what I called the "Boston Avant-Garde". They invited me to their sessions in Cambridge. They were Quincey Wilkins - tenor, Leo Witgate - piano and alto clarinet, Doug Sanderson - alto sax, and several other cats. We would play long and loud all night. Finally, I stopped doing the rock gigs. Quincey hooked up two gigs that changed my whole thing around.

The first gig was at Boston University, a freshman orientation gig. You know, all these freshies standing around getting drunk off beer, ready to party. We were the first band to play and there were about nine of us on the bandstand blowing our brains out. They didn't know what to do. Some of them were even trying to dance. All of a sudden, after about ten minutes, the guy who had given us the gig wobbled up on the bandstand. Man, this cat was totally wiggled out, he looked like he had stuck his finger in an electrical socket. His eyes were popped out of his head, his hair was standing straight out, and he was mumbling and stumbling around. He reached into his pocket. I jumped behind the speakers because I thought the cat was going to start shooting. But he pulled out a wad of money: "Stop, stop, please stop, here is the money, take the money and go, please stop." The money was falling all on the floor. We saw that this guy was gone, so we took the money and split. Well, after that I knew that if I was going to play this music it had to be presented in the right setting.

The other gig was at Wesleyan University around 1971, opposite Marion Brown. It was a great gig and I learned a lot from it. We played our set first and the people dug it. But when Marion played it was something else. He did this thing with film and music. On the screen he had New York street scenes and he came out on stage, back to the audience. Playing all this music on alto. He backed out blowing to the edge of the stage. I thought the cat was

going to walk right off the edge, but he stopped, right at the edge, turned around and blew his ass off for an hour. Well after hearing Marion, I thought that I had better go somewhere and get my shit together. I had told Doug Sanderson that I was thinking about going to Antioch to play with Cecil. It just so happened that Doug lived in Yellow Springs. So shortly after that, Doug, Raphe Malik and I jumped in the car and drove to Yellow Springs. It was the greatest musical experience in my life. I spent two years there, and learned a whole lot of music.

Most of the black musicians in the band had just come to play with Cecil. Most of the band was composed of students, people who had played with Cecil at the University of Wisconsin, and Antioch students. But the black musicians had come from all over, and there were some badass players. People like Jessie Sharps and Juan Reyes, who had come from California out of the Horace Tapscott Big Band. There was Hasaan on tenor and flute, Tony Owens, Stan Strickland, Sidney Smart, Arthur Williams, Adrisa, Hayes Burnett - Sun Ra's bass player, Jasper Williams and Clifford Sykes. There were cats who came through and played only for a while, for as long as they could survive. Well these cats, to me, are the ones who supplied the energy to the band. The ones who really made it happen. Because you can play a line with all the technique and facility in the world, and it will sound like nothing. But you can play the same line with that feeling and that soul, you not only can hear the music, but you can feel it too. To me, that is the essence of Black Music. This is something that can't be taught to anyone. It has to come from inside. And if you don't understand what I am saying, read "Treat It Gentle" by Sidney Bechet.

But it was hard for us to exist there at Antioch, because the program really didn't include us. But Cecil and Andrew Cyrille and Jimmy Lyons were great. At first, we were living in an abandoned building that the college used for artists' studios. We took it over and were living in there. My studio was broken into and my horns were stolen. The next day, Cecil got me a new horn. A lot of cats had to split, because for one reason or another, it became the best thing for them to do. But I stayed for the whole program, and I am very thankful that I was able to do so. In fact, just before the end Arthur Williams, Mark Hennen and I jumped into a van and came to New York. Cecil had taken the Unit to Japan, and I had learned just about all I could, and it was a great experience. I wrote *Flight From The Yellow Dog* on the way to New York. Ensemble Muntu made our first New York appearance at Studio Rivbea opposite Sam Rivers in December 1973.

I was born and raised in Chicago. I left Chicago right after I graduated from high school. Well, I did attempt to study architecture for a short while. But for me, there was nothing happening in Chicago. By that time, the Art Ensemble of Chicago was in Europe. I had heard them earlier because I was playing with some cats who had studied with them, Phil Musra and Michael Cosmic, the Cosmic Twins.

During my high school days, I was pretty busy musically. I played in the concert band for three years. The first year they had a Junior Band, and you were supposed to play for two years in that. But I was in the concert band at the end of my first year. We played a



lot of classical music and a lot of marches. It was a lot of fun. Plus we had this neighbourhood dance band, "It's Twine Time". We tried to sound like Booker T and the MG's. The part of Chicago that I lived in was the South Side. The whole South Side of Chicago is all black. We lived on 79th and Langley which, at that time, was the boundary line for blacks and whites. I can remember going through the neighbourhood after we moved in. It would be 40% black and 60% white, and after about two years it would be 90%/10%. We must have done that about three times. In a way, it was great because we had the chance to deal with different people. The high school that I went to was totally integrated, because it was a City Vocational High School and people went there from all over the city.

In the concert band we didn't learn any jazz, because we didn't improvise. The only time I had a chance to improvise musically, as a kid, was in church. I would go down into the basement and play this old piano. I didn't realize until years later that the piano was terribly out of tune. I must have been about seven or eight years old. I sang in the choir, but I liked playing the piano better.

I had been listening to jazz records all my life. Billie Holiday, a little bit of Bird, Duke, Sarah Vaughan, Nat King Cole, Ella, and every time Louis Armstrong came on TV it was a big event in my house. But basically my people were into soul music: the Temptations, Smokey Bill Robinson and the Miracles, Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, James Brown, everybody. We had stacks of 45s. Sam Cooke's funeral was just around the corner from my house, the line was eight blocks long.

I saw James Brown plenty of times. My friend Zimmy, a trumpet player who played in our dance band was on the road with James Brown for a while. But I used to dig the

"Battle of the Blues" between B.B. King and Big Bobby Blue Bland. When them cats got down, it was about who was the low downest, and I mean the low downest. The audience would go crazy, 'cause they was low down. And Redd Foxx was the MC, and he would tell some low down jokes too. It was the Regal Theater at 47th and South Parkway, which is now Martin Luther King Junior Drive.

When did you first start to play jazz?

When I went to Boston with the Cosmic Twins, we were playing some standards. We were playing coffee houses and places like that, but no one knew us, and we had a pretty rough time. I got tired of being hungry and started doing rock and rhythm-and-blues. With all those colleges being there, there was plenty of that kind of work. There were a lot of little local bands. I didn't have any problems playing that music because I had experience with it. I used to sit in with different cats in Old Town when I was still in high school. That's how I hooked up with James Tatum, he had heard me play in Chicago, when he was working with the Buddy Miles Express. I ran into him in Boston and he gave me the gig. It's funny, that cat never liked me playing alto, but he dug my flute.

Old Town is where I first heard Miles Davis; the band with Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams and Ron Carter. They were cooking, it was something in the room you know, they were stretching out. Miles amazed me the way he lurked around the room. And he looked at me, he looked right into my eyes.

Soon after that I heard a Cecil Taylor recording, and as soon as I heard it I knew I was going to play with Cecil. That was what compelled me to go work with him. Soon after that, I started buying all the jazz records I could. One day Duke's band played in Chicago, that was a big ear opener because afterwards

we went home and my father pulled out some old 78s, and Duke's jungle music really took me out. At first it reminded me of the old TV cartoon music, but it was funky.

My father was a big jazz fan. He used to go hear Bird all the time. He said he saw Bird blow so long once that the band laid out, and that Earl Hines band was the baddest band he ever heard.

One time my father ran this gas station, and I used to wash cars on Saturdays. Once I washed Mohammed Ali's car. The station was right across from this exclusive Black Muslim restaurant and we would wash their Cadillacs. Chicago was one of the first places where the Muslims developed a big following. Chicago was a lot of fun, but there came a time when I felt I had to go. Mayor Daley was the only mayor in my whole time there.

Were you in Chicago during the National Democratic Convention in 1968?

Yeah, I was there. But that riot was nothing compared to the riot they had when Sly Stone didn't show up. They had Sly Stone appearing at the Bandshell downtown. People came from everywhere, from all over Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, they never expected so many people. But Sly didn't show. Downtown Chicago was packed, it was a sea of people, and they kept delaying the start of the concert. Then someone came out and announced that the concert had been cancelled, they snatched that cat off the bandstand. They tore downtown Chicago up, overturned police cars and smashed out windows. The Convention was something that got a lot of publicity, a lot of people don't know about the Sly Stone riot.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH

EDDIE JEFFERSON

BY KIRK SILSBEE



Eddie Jefferson was a vocal jazz pioneer whose recognition and rewards were never commensurate with his contributions. For decades he remained largely unknown to most jazz listeners, though his interpreters garnered attention and success. In the 1970s his career took an upward turn that culminated in a Carnegie Hall concert with Sarah Vaughan and Betty Carter in March 1979. A little over a month later, Jefferson was shot dead outside of a Detroit club. The previous February, he had been presented with the key to the city by mayor Coleman Young.

Though his dance partner Irv Taylor is technically credited as being the first to put lyrics to recorded jazz instrumental solos, it was Jefferson who became the more prolific interpreter. Over the years, his style of singing, known as "vocalese", has been used by many artists: King Pleasure, Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, Oscar Brown Jr., Mark Murphy, the Manhattan Transfer, Quire, Al Jarreau and others. All of these people can point to Jefferson as being a substantial part of their musical lineage. This interview was conducted on March 22, 1978 when Jefferson was appearing in Los Angeles.

EDDIE JEFFERSON: I'm a Pittsburgher, came up with Art Blakey, Ray Crawford, Billy Eckstine. Art Blakey was a pianist with me, before he started playing drums. I was in front of the band doing a Cab Calloway thing. It wasn't my band but I was the director. I can't remember when Art started playing drums but he *really* impressed me when he was with Fletcher Henderson. That must have been around 1942. I was in the service, on furlough, watching them at the Apollo Theatre. In the army I played drums. They put me in charge of the drum and bugle corps and I had to learn to read quick. I already knew the rhythms although I had never played drums, but I knew I could play. After listening for so long to Sid Catlett and Chick Webb, I knew I could play it. Especially that army music, it wasn't nothing.

KIRK SILSBEE: You were initially a dancer.

E.J.: Yeah, I started dancing around eight years old. I danced all the way up to the 'fifties. I was in a dance team called Billy and Eddie. In 1939 I worked with the Coleman Hawkins big band, when he first came back from Europe after he cut *Body And Soul*. This was in Chicago at a place called Dave's. Nat Cole was the intermission pianist after we did our show. I used to tour with a great Irish tenor named Lanny Ross, also Bob Crosby and the Bobcats. Around 1950 we opened the show in front of Sarah Vaughan. I caught the tail end of vaudeville, after that I worked a lot of club dates. I didn't come out exclusively as a singer until 1953.

I joined a guy named Irv Taylor that I had been dancing with as a kid. Jefferson and Taylor. Irv and I created this way of singing. He does it as well as I do but he's a Muslim minister now and hasn't been in show business for over twenty years. We got the idea together.

K.S.: You had to know the music pretty well to be able to put words to the notes.

E.J.: We *lived* that music. When we got off from the square clubs, the Moose Club or the Sons of Italy, we'd go home and put on our records, our old Jazz At The Phil things. All the entertainers would get together when they got off work, like about four or five o'clock

in the morning. We'd have breakfast and we'd go to somebody's house and play records. When Charlie Parker came along, that changed my whole perspective. Before that we had been following bands like Basie, Lunceford, Boyd Raeburn, Claude Thornhill. I wrote lyrics to things like *T.D.'s Boogie*, *Panassié Stomp*, *Taxi War Dance*, anything I liked I'd do little lyrics to. The lyrics weren't always clean. After Bird came by with his thing, I dropped a lot of that other stuff. I went right with the bebop. My style was inspired by Leo Watson, the greatest scat singer who ever lived. He was a trombone player and a drummer, scatting with Gene Krupa's band. He told me, "If you do this type of thing, do lyrics, listen to some solos." I had been listening to them anyway. This thing is strictly a personal thing with me. I never thought it would be a commercial thing. It was just something for my wife and I to do around the house.

K.S.: Just about all your lyrics are to horn solos. Are those the easiest to do?

E.J.: No, I'd say the trumpet would be much easier. But see, I *heard* the saxophone, that sound was in my ear. It seemed like I could hear more stories. It was very easy for me to write lyrics to players like Lester Young and Herschel Evans because they only did short solos, never over sixteen bars, maybe Basie would let them have a chorus. Bird's things were harder to do, so were Flip Phillips and Annie Ross. It was more complicated but it was more of a challenge.

K.S.: In your repertoire, which songs do you feel are most successful?

E.J.: *Lester Leaps In*, *So What*, *Disappointed (Parker's Mood)* is definitely number one. As you know, King Pleasure did Lester Young's solo from that same cut but I already had mine on Bird's solo.

King Pleasure used to come around and listen to me in Cincinnati in 1947, '48. Then around '51 he heard me do *Moody's Mood* at the Cotton Club in Cincinnati, I think he was a waiter. He would just sit and listen. I didn't even know who he was. I knew he liked the music but I didn't know he was really going to go into it. After he went to New York, he ran into my wife, a great singer named Tiny Brown who was on Capitol for a minute. She coached him on how to get over on *Mood For Love* and Bob Weinstock Sr., who owned Prestige, recorded him. Then he found out the source and sent to Pittsburgh for me, that's how I got on that label.

K.S.: Did Pleasure ever make any acknowledgment to you?

E.J.: Oh yeah, absolutely. When I came to New York, that's when he moved to the West Coast. He said, "Well, you got the East Coast covered. You're the originator and I'm gonna move out to the West Coast." I said, "There's plenty of room for all of us here..." But he was into astrology and all that so he came out here (Los Angeles). In 1957 I came out here and they put us together at a place called the Zebra Lounge. We were good friends from the first time I met him. When he was writing lyrics to *Don't Get Scared*, he called me down to the hotel to ask me what I thought of the lyrics. He'd never been in show business before, his timing was kinda off and he didn't know anything about singing in tune really. But he had a fairly good ear in order to do what he did. There was a guy from Baltimore who was superior to Pleasure named Frank

Minion. He had range, he could play piano so he knew how to stay in tune. His writing was sensational. This version of *Night In Tunisia* that I do is his. He recorded one thing on Bethlehem, Nat Cole's solo to *Sweet Lorraine*. Excellent record.

I met James Moody when I was working at the Apollo with my partner Irv Taylor and we used to open our show singing, "I got the blues and I don't know how to lose them..." and Moody was impressed. We were gonna be off for a couple of weeks and Babs Gonzales, who was Moody's regular singer, had a falling out with him. Moody said, "Come and go with me until I find a singer. Out of that one weekend I ended up being sixteen years with Moody. There was a span where he went back with Dizzy for a couple of years.

Bird used to come by where Moody and I were working in St. Louis. He and Leo Parker were on the road with Norman Granz, working the Keele Auditorium. The bus left that night and Bird said, "Let 'em go, I'll catch them in the next town." He stayed with us for about two days with just a dirty tee shirt on and a pair of khaki pants and sneakers. He used to carry his chess set around with him, trying to get a game. He and Moody were great friends. Young cat, coming up, playing good: "Don't worry about it man. Just practice your horn, 'cause you can play your ass off." That's what he would tell Moody.

Then around 1958 when Moody went into the hospital at Overbrook, I was with Miles for a couple of weeks. It was just a temporary thing while Moody was in the hospital. Miles was working the Cafe Bohemia in New York and I came in one night and he asked me to do a tune with him. Then he went and told the boss, "Eddie's gonna be part of the band, put him on the payroll."

K.S.: What kind of singers do you listen to these days?

E.J.: Very few singers do I like outside of Sarah Vaughan.... Ella's all right. Sarah's my favourite because she's a musician, she's an accomplished pianist. Singers sing out of tune, musicians are the best singers. Same way with Dinah Washington. Moody and I toured with Dinah all the time, we all worked out of the Shaw agency. A couple of times our bass player was late and she would get on the bass and hold down the whole set — she played piano, cello, bass.

You know, jazz is getting stronger and stronger in America, and it looks like it's going to get better. I took a beating in this business for a long time. I could have gone over, maybe started singing the blues or something, but I just didn't feel that kind of thing. I decided to scuffle along with what I loved and felt all these years and now it's paying off. I've worked some nice gigs in my life, but it's better now than it's ever been. I've got a lot of fans here, regardless of the news media or whoever's trying to suppress the music. They can't suppress the music. When the clubs closed down, the lofts opened up. I hang out with guys like Arthur Blythe, David Murray, Dewey Redman. I hang around that kind of music. In fact, I'm trying to hear something so I can write something to the music. I'm trying to hear a melody line. I know it's real free, to my generation, but I keep my ears open. Eventually I'm going to be doing an album with some out tunes on it. I'm still deep in the music and I'm going to stay deep in the music.

BLUES

A COLUMN BY DOUG LANGILLE

This issue we feature new releases of urban blues, focusing on a cross-section of styles coming from Chicago and the South West.

Delmark has released the Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson set that was originally on the French Black and Blue label as "Wee Baby Blues" (33.021). Re-named KIDNEY STEW, IS FINE (Delmark DS-631), program wise there are no surprises in the ten titles. They include tunes that have often been recorded by Vinson: Percy Mayfield's *Please Send Me Someone To Love*, Bronzzy's *Just A Dream*, plus Cleanhead standards *Somebody Has Got To Go*, *Kidney Stew*, *Awful Mood*, *Old Maid Boogie*, *Wait A Minute Baby*, *Wee Baby Blues*, and *Juice Head Baby*. However this time around the program is convincing and highly enjoyable, especially the alley blues and jump tunes. Cleanhead's alto saxophone and vocal work is especially motivated and full of vitality. This in part may be due to the presence of Jay McShann (piano), Hal Singer (tenor) and T-Bone Walker (guitar). Everyone, especially Walker, leaves their mark on the proceedings. Paul Gunther is on drums, and Jackie Sampson on bass. Recording quality and pressing are first-rate. This is the LP to get if you want just one Cleanhead Vinson LP in your collection: South West jump/shout blues at its best.

Also from Delmark is Jimmy Johnson's JOHNSON'S WHACKS (DS-644). Without a word of exaggeration, this is the best and most refreshingly progressive blues LP I have reviewed in a long time. It is going to be hard to beat this one in 1980.

Jimmy Johnson (James Thompson) comes from the musical family that has produced such notables as blues bassist Mac Thompson and soul star Sly Johnson. His own musical background is strongly rooted in gospel, rhythm and blues and soul. This is most evident in his rich, soaring vocals. More recently, he was the second guitarist in the Jimmy Dawkins Blues Band (1974-76), and the mark of Dawkins (plus Otis Rush and Matt Murphy) is evident in his own lead guitar work. Johnson picked up more blues experience when he and his band (formed after his formal days with Dawkins) were in residence at Buddy Guy's Checkerboard Club, and more recently when he spent some time with Louis Myers and the Aces. The current Jimmy Johnson band heard on this record is in constant demand, working regularly in bars all over Chicago.

"Johnson's Whacks" is a clean cut above his earlier recording efforts and certainly establishes Johnson as a creative force in contemporary blues. His vocal and instrumental work is superb, and eight of the ten selections spotlight him as a perceptive writer, able to inject humour, sensitivity and a contemporary awareness into his themes. *Twelve Bar Blues* takes a witty jab at the blues itself, *Slamming Doors* chronicles the emotional emancipation of a woman and the forced, confused awakening of a man. *I Stand Alone*, *Strange How I Miss You*, *Ashes In My Ash Tray* and *I Need Some Easy Money* artfully deal with lost and failing love. Johnson's humorous side comes back in the good, but not necessarily clean, fun of *Poor Boy's Dream*, and the boastful, athletic *Jockey Sports*.

A great deal of the credit for this highly recommended LP should go to the Jimmy Johnson Band. This is one tight and versatile unit, the product of open minds and countless nights working together as a serious bar band. Members include Carl Snyder (piano), Ike Anderson (bass) and Dino Alvarez (drums). Guest sidemen include Rico McFarland (rhythm guitar) and Jerry Wilson (tenor). There is some particularly good solo work by Snyder and Wilson. The well-engineered sound mix keeps Johnson well up front, while maintaining crisp separation and presence of the sidemen. The versatility of Johnson and his band is reinforced by the inclusion of the country swing ditty, *Drivin' Nails In My Coffin*, and an interpretation of Paul Desmond's *Take Five*. Jimmy Johnson can also be heard as a featured artist on the MCM LPs "Ma Bea's Rock" (900.294) and "Tobacco Road" (900.302), plus Alligator's "Living Chicago Blues Vol. 1", and as a sideman on several MCM live LPs, Otis Rush's "So Many Roads" (Delmark DS-643), and Jimmy Dawkins' "Blisterstring" (Delmark DS-641).

One of Chicago's hardest-hitting and exciting blues stylists, Lonnie Brooks (Lee Baker Jr.) has worked his butt off for years. His early years were spent in the Texas/Louisiana area as Guitar Jr., where he performed blues, rock and roll, R & B, soul and a touch of country. He laid down some tracks for Goldband of Lake Charles, and even spent some time as a guitarist with Clifton Chenier. In 1959 he moved to Chicago where he worked the tough Chicago bar circuit. The 1960s saw him making blues and soul singles for Palos, U.S.A., Chess etc., and in 1968 he made a solid blues LP for Capitol ("Broke And Hungry", ST-403), which concentrated on his contemporary Southern roots. In the 1970s he started to gain the recognition he deserves, culminating in trips to Europe and Canada, U.S. tours, a TV spot on Hee Haw where Roy Clark introduced him as "the world's greatest blues guitar player", plus his exposure on Alligator's "Living Chicago Blues Volume 3".

Lonnie Brooks' BAYOU LIGHTNING (Alligator AL 4714) is an appropriate title for this highly charged program of rock-inspired funk, modern electric blues and sensitive soulful ballads. There is a prevailing tension to the program made dramatic by Lonnie's strong, expressive vocals, biting, raw-edged lead guitar work, and punchy arrangements for his tight blues ensemble.

Of the ten compositions, six originals highlight Lonnie Brooks as a talented lyricist. On the opening cut, *Voodoo Daddy*, his images are darn near frightening, while *Watch What You Got* reflects a peaceful and highly sensitive side. *Worked Up Woman* offers a perceptive new twist to the male/female theme. Both *Breakfast In Bed* and *You Know What My Baby Needs* provide a reflection on the pleasure principal, and *Watchdog* is a straight rocker. Lonnie's choice and interpretation of other people's material is also first rate.

Lonnie's sidemen are Casey Jones (drums), Bob Levis (guitar), Rob Waters (keyboards), and Harlan Terson (bass). Their backing is tight and forceful, with Levis getting some good opportunities, Jones pushing things along, and Waters providing fullness. This is especially true on the uptempo *Voodoo Daddy*. Harmonica player Bill Branch is on two cuts, but is kept well back in the mix.

The recorded sound is crisp and punchy,

putting the leader well in the foreground. The uptempo numbers give the set a funky, party feel, but it is on the slow, bluesy numbers that Brooks really shines. The program certainly has vitality, and shows Brooks to be one of the more exciting, high-energy Chicago bluesmen. If the strength of this set does not hit you right off, keep playing it because it is certain to grow on you.

Finally there are the first three installments of the Alligator series: LIVING CHICAGO BLUES, Volumes 1, 2 and 3 (AL 7701, 7702, and 7703). The inspiration for this series comes from Vanguard's mid-1960s series "Chicago/The Blues/Today", and the motivation is to showcase lesser-known Chicago bluesmen, and to prove that Chicago blues is alive and very well in the 1970s and 1980s. While other labels have released material by lesser-known Chicago bar bluesmen for similar reasons, Alligator has taken the care and time to ensure that the featured artists and their sidemen are well-rehearsed and recorded under favourable studio conditions.

Showcased are ten feature artists backed by sidemen who either work in their regular bands, or frequently back them for concert or barroom gigs. Some of the musicians here are quite well-known through touring and recordings, while for some notoriety is limited to the Chicago blues bar circuit or to brief mention in the pages of *Living Blues* or *Blues Unlimited*.

Volume 1 starts out with four songs by the Jimmy Johnson Blues Band. Although this sampling serves as a good introduction to Johnson, it does not demonstrate the versatility of Johnson and his band (as does the Delmark set). The emphasis here is on blues material. Backing is by Johnson's regular band members, plus rhythm guitarist Larry Burton. The result is a tight and modern sound. The program includes the slow blues *Your Turn To Cry*, and a refreshing and original version of the Hooker/Dawkins theme *Serves You Right To Suffer*. This is followed by a rocking *Ain't That Just Like A Woman*, which suffers from a trite and somewhat sexist theme. Johnson closes off with a bittersweet statement in his version of *Breaking Up Somebody's Home*. The material here is on the blues side and while it is strong does not showcase Johnson's versatility as a performer.

Johnson is followed by five exceptionally tight cuts by Eddie Shaw and the Wolf Gang. Regular Wolf Gang members Hubert Sumlin, Moose Walker, Shorty Gilbert and Chico Chism really seem to have it together here. The group is working as a unit and not as a group of individuals on the verge of downhome anarchy. Eddie Shaw is in good form here, concentrating on being a serious vocalist and bandleader. He limits his sax playing to a few appropriate moments while the band members provide subtle, disciplined and sympathetic backing. Their version of the Sheiks/Wolf standard *Sitting On Top Of The World* is particularly pleasing, with Hubert getting some moments to shine as the quiet genius that he is. Again, these sides prove to be good solid blues and a rather pleasant surprise.

Volume 1 finishes off with four selections by Left Hand Frank and His Blues Band. Frank Craig should be the least known of the lot. He has toured and recently recorded with Jimmy Rodgers and sometimes can be found working locally with Rodgers, Good Rockin' Charles

or Walter Horton. However he usually works the North Side Chicago bar circuit with the crew backing him here. Frank's direct and forceful lead guitar and vocal work is of the 1950s Chicago vintage. Providing appropriately steady, rolling ensemble backup are Odie Payne Jr. (drums), Bob Stroger (bass), Dimestore Fred (harp) and Pocketwatch Paul (guitar). The material is equally divided between jump and slow blues. Included are the Mercy Dee classic *One Room Country Shack*, plus *Blues Won't Let Me Be, Come Home Baby* and *Linda Lu*. The high energy of Left Hand Frank and His Blues Band is personified on this old rocker. There is nothing tired about Frank's music and it provides a good stylistic contrast to the more modern workings of Jimmy Johnson. Also, if you can do it, Frank is good fun to catch live.

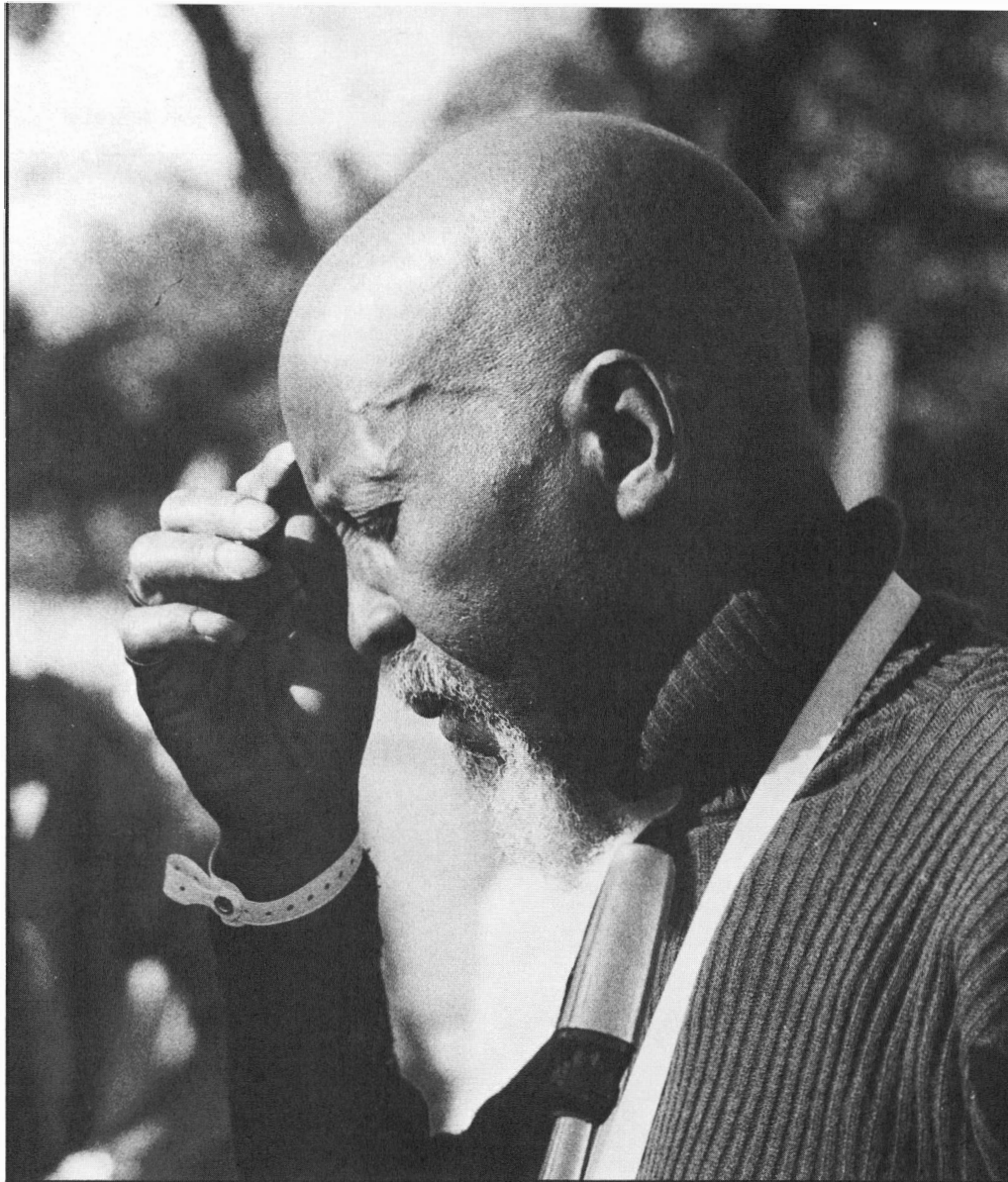
Volume 2 of "Living Chicago Blues" opens with four selections that could easily be classed as the best that Carey Bell has committed to vinyl. The key element here is control. Carey's harp and vocal phrasing is excellent, combining smoothness with emotion. Backing comes from a well-disciplined and unobtrusive unit of accomplished sidemen. Pick up on the quiet subtleties on the slower numbers like *Woman In Trouble* and *Laundromat Blues*. Both have an understated intensity and haunting feeling. The superb backing includes Aron Burton on bass, Bob Riedy on piano, and Odie Payne Jr. on drums, with Carey's son Lurrie getting some good moments on guitar. Carey's set is the cream of the series to date, and Carey in this form with Lurrie and the others certainly deserves an entire LP.

Next it's Magic Slim (Morris Holt) and the Teardrops with their particular brand of up-front, high energy ghetto bar blues. The sound is raw-edged, emotive and aggressive. The formula relies on Slim's biting lead guitar and direct vocals with steady backing from Teardrop regulars Jr. Pettis on guitar, Nick Holt on bass and Joel Poston on drums. One thing their music isn't is subtle. Here Slim and his trio are well-rehearsed and prepared for their studio experience. The result is far better than their MCM effort "Born Under A Bad Sign" (900.298) and as good as, or better than their Black and Blue session "Highway Is My Home" (33.525). Included are *Stranded On The Highway*, an uncompromising *Dirty Mother For You*, Buster Benton's *Spider In My Stew*, and Jimmy Reed's *Don't Say That No More*. Good beer drinking stuff.

Volume 2 closes with pianist Johnny "Big Moose" Walker as featured artist, with Louis Meyers on guitar, Bob Stroger on bass, and Chris Moss on drums. Moose gets right into it with the good-time ditty *Would You Baby*. Next it's into a Charles Brown mood and theme with *Worry Worry*. Good instrumental work by Walker and Myers. From here it's back to overdrive with the downhome rocker *Sunnyland Blues*. Things are slowed down for the final cut, *Cry, Cry Darling*, which features a healthy dose of clean electric slide by Meyers.

Volume 3 gets off to a solid start with four high-voltage numbers by the Lonnie Brooks Blues Band. The line up here is the same as on "Bayou Lightning" (sans Bill Branch). Again this unit provides one tight energy source.

Right off the top Lonnie gets a funky thing going on *Don't Answer The Door*. From here he conjures up some swamp voodoo on *Two Headed Man* (the strongest of the set), slows things down for a bluesy *Lonely, Lonely*



Nights, and climaxes his powerhouse set with a rocker *Move Over Little Dog*. This particular selection serves as a signature statement for Brooks. Good stuff!

Things level out with the next set, featuring blues pianist Pinetop Perkins. Perkins is well known because of his long tenure with the Muddy Waters Blues Band, and current and past members of Muddy's band back him here. Sidemen include Luther "Guitar Jr." Johnson and Sammy Lawhorn on guitars, Calvin Jones on bass, and Willie Smith on drums. As would be expected the backing is tight and unobtrusive, with Pinetop's imaginative and strong piano work showcased. Pinetop's vocal work is smooth and relaxed. Quite pleasing. Things are good on *Take It Easy Baby*, *Little Angel Child* and *Blues After Hours* is particularly pleasing with some notably sensitive backing by Lawhorn et al. Although Pinetop's final offering of *How Much More Long* gets some good piano and guitar work, it seems to chug along in a rather ho hum manner.

Volume 3 concludes with three selections by the much-heralded Sons Of The Blues. This group, including Lurrie Bell (guitar), Billy Branch (harp), Freddie Dixon (bass) and Jeff Ruffin (drums) represents a component of the new generation of Chicago blues. The strong-

est selection, *Have You Ever Loved A Woman*, features Lurrie with a particularly moody vocal. This cut is also blessed with some exceptionally good modern blues guitar by Lurrie and a good supportive harp solo by Branch. Next is a group vocal led by Branch and entitled *Berlin Wall*. Aside from being not that strong musically, it suffers from a cornball theme. The third selection, *Prisoner Of The Blues* belongs to Branch. He turns in good, disciplined harp work and a nice, but not overly strong, vocal. Again, good instrumental input from Bell. Out of the lot Lurrie is the one to watch in the future.

The three volumes of "Living Chicago Blues" are a substantial beginning to what promises to be a good contemporary blues series. Already sessions are being cut for future releases. Of special interest — a session has been recorded by guitarist extraordinaire, Lacy Gibson. Lacy was a key member of the Son Seals Blues Band. All three initial releases are complimented by good pressings, generally good mixes, interesting cover work, and informative liner notes. There is no one strong LP that stands out above the rest, but if the Jimmy Johnson, Carey Bell and Lonnie Brooks sets had been combined on one album, that would have been a standout.

CHARLES BRACKEEN

Tenor saxophonist/composer Charles Brackeen is underground even in the underground. I had known of his work only because of a short-lived group known as the Melodic-Art-Tet (which had a few concerts in and around New York City) and for his not so favorably-represented work available on his only recording as leader, "Rhythm X" on Strata-East Records. Brackeen belongs to the Bird-Coleman-Dolph lineage of improvised music makers and confirms the fact that "...Ornette was the last person I really listened to...."

The saxophonist has been in New York since age 12 but moved to California in his late teens where he met and played with pianist Joanne Brackeen, who is now his wife. They came back to New York around 1963

or 1964 (Charles isn't the one for dates) and have been in the Apple ever since.

The composer/saxophonist has worked very infrequently up until recently because of heavy family responsibilities — work wasn't available, time wasn't available and surely money wasn't available, so the music had to take a back seat and has only recently been restored to its proper place in Charles' life.

"At first, in California, I thought I'd just stay home, cook and take care of the kids while Joanne went out and got her career going. I thought she could help us both musically by getting over. But when we came to New York I began to see that it didn't work that way and I had sort of wasted a lot of time."

On the whole it's been rather unfortunate

for the saxophonist, but things are looking up at this juncture and work — however imperfect or minimal — seems to be on an upward surge. During the past year, for instance, Brackeen has made several tours with Paul Motian's Trio, of which he is an integral part, recorded two LPs with the percussionist/composer on the ECM label, worked one historic job with percussionist Edward Blackwell's quartet (which includes Roy Burrows or Ahmed Abdullah, trumpet; Mark Helias, bass) in New York City as well as recording an album with this quartet (which, incidentally, includes mostly Brackeen compositions) for Sweet Earth Records. And the very day that I spoke with the saxophonist in his small studio on 23rd Street, he had a record date approaching later that evening with drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson's new band. Yet to Brackeen the major task has always been enough time and money to rehearse his own material and to really "...get the music right...." And this task is far from complete; as a matter of fact, it's hardly gotten underway.

"There's never a problem in getting the music right playing with Edward (Blackwell) but we don't have enough time to rehearse. Like when we got this gig at The Tin Palace. Edward was telling me about it and I didn't think the music was ready even though a lot of times to the composer it sounds one way and to the listener, it's what they hear, but a lot of things need work and need practice regardless of how good the playing is — as far as the music itself. And that's the problem I have — we don't have enough time to practice and really get the music right... as far as me foreseeing the music, as to how it should actually sound, it has never reached there so far."

Brackeen's composing is not easy music as one can surmise by his comments. Always sympathetic to rhythm and sonority — the rhythmic patterns and shifting tonal centers of the music are distinct notes and are crucial ingredients for the success of the music. One has to know how to get these things right. I believe it was the saxophonist's good friend and musical comrade Don Cherry who said that Brackeen is the only musician he could think of who applied Ornette Coleman's harmelodic theory to his own music, and still grew out of that into something that is still very uniquely personal. Compositions like *Ain't It The Same* (one of my favourites), which is played with Blackwell's quartet and at other times with other instrumentation (congas and singers and alike), are awesomely "aware" pieces of music. One can hardly separate the lyricism from the rhythmic feel, allowing one to experience the sound as immensely pleasant, shifting states of being. The saxophonist feels in terms of his musical antecedents that "...some of the real old music, the earliest music, was some of the strongest. The stuff doesn't really change, you just leave out a part here and there, add a part here, take a part there... like that...." Brackeen's music is always in transition because, as writer James Stewart once said to me, improvisational music is a transitional music by category and nature. The reedist bears the weight and flame

photograph of Charles Brackeen by Gerard Futrick



of the culture he expounds in his musical offerings — making significant negations and alterations which authorize his true placement as an artist in the world.

For some reason I suspected that there was indeed a shortage of players in New York at this time who could actually adhere to the cleanness of line and rhythmic fortitude represented in Brackeen's music. I mean, just how many players have consistently studied and refined their craft in a melodic/rhythmic way that reflects a distinct compositional emphasis? In light of this thinking the saxophonist replied:

"Up to this point, with the guys I've tried, it almost seems impossible. It does seem possible, though, if maybe we had the time.

"And it's really the same thing with Edward (Blackwell), certain music he just can't play right away, he would have to rehearse it... there's one song in particular that he just couldn't play — we would just have to go over that and over that again and again. He can play most of it but the latest stuff, even in terms of Blackwell, for some reason it requires work.

"The only way is to get a grant or something... that's the only way I see that I can actually get the time and money to rehearse the music."

Like many veteran modernists, Brackeen doesn't really feel that a lot of the newest music is so bad or so good. The saxophonist reiterated his feeling that music is an ever-prevailing constant that has always been basically the same. The saxophonist said, "Well, it seems that music is always at a standstill, there's not so much you can do with it except mess around with the same music each time and make it look like something different than it has been all the time."

Since Brackeen's music is rhythmically angular with unpredictable shifts and turns, harmonically and melodically, the saxophonist always speaks of the problems he inevitably encounters when looking for drummers who can meet the demands of the percussive aspects of his music. I asked him what influence the drummer's "style" has on his music.

"It's getting to the point now where even Blackwell plays a certain way to me, that's naturally close to how I'm thinking, but maybe having a style really isn't too good because you can't really get beyond it and get to some other stuff. It just might be easier to try to get someone who already plays the way you want."

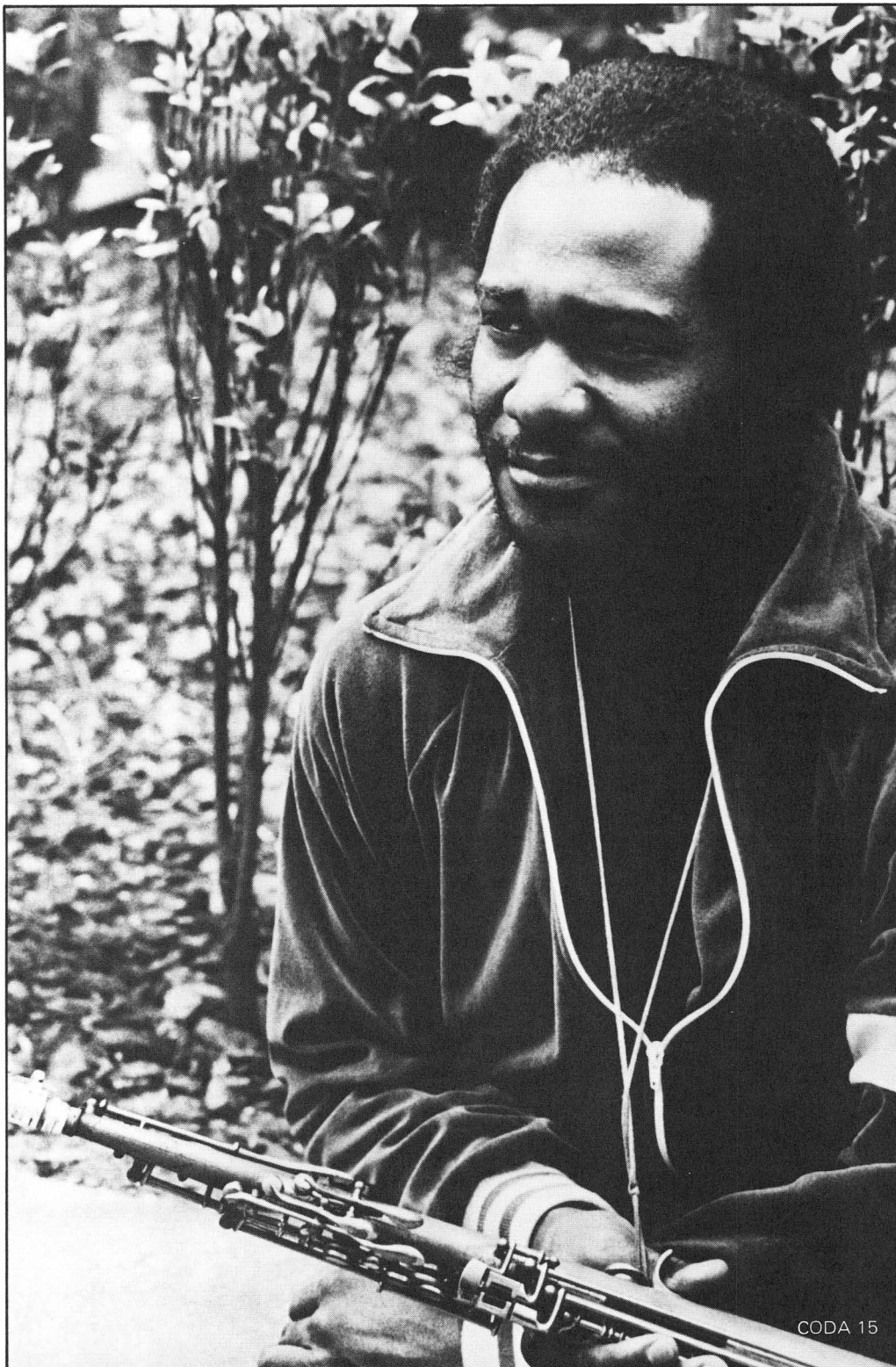
Finding players and then working with them for long periods of time is the ideal situation that the saxophonist hopes will be a reality one day. In the meantime Brackeen is playing his tenor and soprano saxophones with various bands and writing music in the studio daily. The question of money is real but means little in the sense of recognition or exposure or aesthetic fulfillment. The work goes on and has gone on even under the most severe situations that were (and are) worlds away from music. Despite all this the saxophonist seems to have kept the best part of himself intact and is spiritually in a better position than most to deal the true significance of his music and life. Ornette Coleman, always a brilliant spokesman for the contemporary sensitivity of the black artist, once warned that "...in a world where reproduction is no more than replacement and there is supply and demand, when your personal expression comes in contact with these two concepts you try to preserve as much of your naturalness as you can." Brackeen still has his integrity, if nothing else, and awaits his

confrontation with big business — and one sort of hopes that it comes to that, simply because the saxophonist deserves the opportunity to work under desirable circumstances and situations. In a time when players are receiving grant money at the drop of a hat, and many times for inferior work that still hasn't proven its worth, and probably never will — players like Charles Brackeen are still waiting at the gates, with not so much as a favor.

It's interesting that Brackeen's wife, pianist Joanne Brackeen was working the following night at the swank night spot, Bradley's, in the West Village, while her husband was riding the 8th Avenue subway and probably couldn't do anything more serious at the West Village club

than wait on tables. An irony of family life or the "ain't it the sameness" of the dilemma of the black artist today? In closing, the words of percussionist Dougoufana Famoudou Moye (Don Moye) take on special meaning: "...the direction that the lives of the people creating the music are forced to go in is pretty negative. We don't have any control over our destinies in the music. That hasn't changed, and I don't see much happening that's going to change it, except the whole concept of people putting out music themselves, producing it as well as creating it."

ARTICLE BY ROGER RIGGINS



photograph of Charles Brackeen

RECORD REVIEWS

DEREK BAILEY

DEREK BAILEY & TONY COE

Time

Incus 34

Side 1 - *Kuru, Sugu, Itsu, Koko, Ima, Sarinu, Omoidasu.*

Side 2 - *Chiku, Taku, Toki.*

(Bailey - guitar/Coe - clarinet)

Recorded in England, April 1979.

DEREK BAILEY

New Sights, Old Sounds

Morgue 03/04

03 - Side One - *New Sights, Old Sounds.* Side Two - *Thou Shalt Not Bear False Witness - This Is The Age Of Oddities Let Loose - Nothing So Difficult As A Beginning - Here Was No Lack Of Innocent Diversion - A Wanderer From The British World Of Fashion* (All titles from Byron's "Don Juan").

04 - Side One - *Live In Nagoya* - Side Two - *Live At Kalauinka.*

April and May 1979, Japan.

Available from Bellows Records - 214 E. 11th Street, #3A, New York, N.Y. 10003 USA.

Improvisation, when considered in the environment of an evolving music, has over the past decade, in certain situations, not remained as a part of a process, such as in the traditional concept of Jazz music, but has become the music in total. The reference point of playing tunes, which must be considered an art in its own way, has been shed, and in doing so has immediately made, for the listener, a more difficult task, as the composition was always a recognisable familiarity that could readily attract the more simplistic portions of our mind. But it has always been improvisation that was the talent and strength of jazz music. Its musical structure has other rigid systems, or recognisable identities such as chords, time signatures, and the legendary idea of swing. In the process of Derek Bailey, all these elements are not separated, not ignored, but rather brought together in a most personal way and utilised, in the way history *can* be, into a unique and original art.

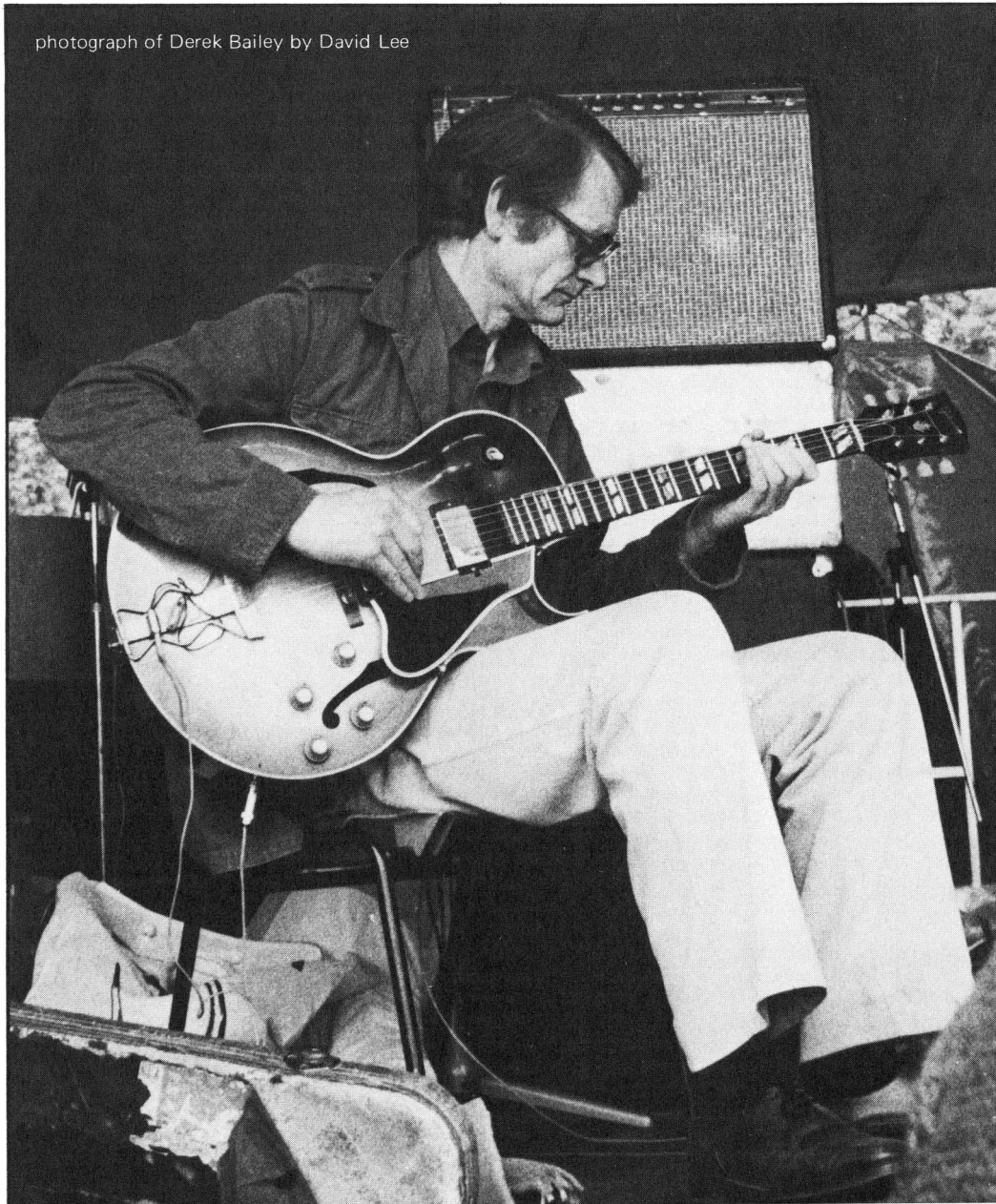
There has always been, in a generally accepted kind of way, a system of judgement placed upon art that could always adjust newness to a previously occupied position, thus always allowing the privilege of appraisal (or approval) of a new genius. "Yes I can see where they are coming from"? Art, being considered primarily painting and film, or xerox and video, seems to have the possibility of being accepted by an audience on some level of intellectual lighter entertainment values, whereas music considered with some thought other than shallow entertainment, needs a great deal of study, eliminating the casual. Being more specific than just art, is to really interest you (the reader) to become involved in the idea you care for so much, (being improvisation) with the music of Derek Bailey, who must be considered to be one of the most advanced practitioners of the idea of completely free improvisation.

Over the past five years, being my period of investigation, the very preoccupations that I have tried to release my thoughts from, that hindered my understanding of new forms, have in many ways imposed themselves upon my attitudes towards the new musics I have grown to enjoy. In the case of Derek Bailey, he has two clearly defined disciplines that are controlled by the physical and technical qualities of amplified and acoustic guitars. My prejudice being the idea that his more superior art is solo electric guitar.

I continue almost in contradiction, for the first recording is of Derek Bailey with clarinetist Tony Coe, reminding me immediately about the mistake of including possible boundaries, for Bailey has indeed had the constant companionship of saxophonist Evan Parker, making the idea of this duet even more interesting, for Tony Coe's reputation is based more in the traditional elements of Jazz, than this recording indicates.

At the beginning of the sixties American clarinetist Jimmy Giuffre made three trio recordings with Paul Bley and Steve Swallow, for Verve and Columbia, which presented not free improvisation, but freely utilised compositional concepts, that seemed most adventurous, taken in their context. These recordings have not been thought of much in the overall picture of progression, but in reflection it is possible to hear much of their content occurring in today's music. I have had that notion sometimes when hearing Anthony Braxton's clarinet work, and now again in the music of Tony Coe. This is not to suggest however that there is some influence, perpetuating the common myth of historical linkage, but that indeed certain elements can be accidentally returned in music, possibly without any prior knowledge. This partnership is a superior example of two musicians of different backgrounds having the capabilities of accumulating their knowledge into a common terminology, of bringing Bailey's jagged startling sound-

photograph of Derek Bailey by David Lee



scapes and Coe's more linear orientated technique to a logical conclusion. The eight short pieces, and two extended ones, have an overall style that is continuous throughout the recording, that in many ways is controlled by the sound/timbre possibilities of the clarinet, and quite unlike the near parallel telepathic music attained with Bailey and Parker, it takes the character of overlapping call and response, and on occasions there are sections which feel almost to be taking the stance of accompanists.

Time gentlemen please.

"My feelings, anyway, are ambivalent. I would not have foregone the chance of hearing Parker, Bailey and the rest bounce strange noises off each other; yet the music does not seem complete enough for public performance. Free improvisation as a discipline has much to recommend it; but is there not a point at which it becomes a self-indulgent exercise, fun for the practitioners but not for the rest of us?" (Ronald Atkins, music critic of *The Guardian*, page 46 of "Jazz Now", an English book edited by Roger Cotterell).

Perhaps the preceding quote can be taken as a starting point for the second part of this discussion, because it brings forward the idea, by stating that it is not yet a completed form, that there are not enough recognisable historical directives on which to base an opinion, and suggests that it can be a process that could simply be self indulgent, and as it is completely based in new technical areas, far removed from previous improvised standards, there is no clear pathway to critical analysis.

So the obvious listening stance would be to simply enjoy the music as a pleasurable experience. With this attitude at the fore, I find after continuous listenings, that Derek Bailey becomes a most unique phenomenon in that what he presents is very open and sensitive, a sharing of a personal idea that is never quite the same, and not a self indulgent exercise. Surely something that all intelligent people strive for. Because he presents each event as a situation that is not predetermined, the experience of listening, as in this case, to a two record set of solo guitar music, becomes more focused on the idea of the system of structure he employs. There is the possibility of hearing his logical attitudes to improvisation as an infinitely detailed ongoing process, and although the two recordings are approximately six weeks apart, they have the feeling of having occurred in a continuous sequence. This seems to indicate that there is indeed quite clear structure, it just belongs to a new, and more personal, system of performance. A performance that because of its lack of connection with the past, requires, on the part of the player, a most positive attitude, a necessity to be totally confident in the realization that what he has discovered it truly wonderful. In some ways, it is not possible to judge Derek Bailey, his music is totally improvised, so perhaps there is no good or bad performance, perhaps just different situations, and all you really have to do is be open to enjoy whatever you can take from it.

— Bill Smith

WALTER BISHOP/ART BLAKEY

WALTER BISHOP JR.

Hot House
Muse MR 5183

ART BLAKEY and the Jazz Messengers Reflections In Blue Timeless (Muse) TI 317

It is customary nowadays in talking about Art Blakey to mention past glories — that long list of stars he conjured from obscurity. The sleeve notes of "Reflections in Blue" take a whole paragraph listing them — a "Who's Who" of hard-bop and its descendants. Yet, listening for the first time to a new Blakey record, the dread of *deja vu* lurks so menacingly that it is almost difficult to listen with any fairness. Not another group, destined to reproduce the sound that took its classic form twenty years ago! That, of course, is what we get: and yet — here is the surprise — Blakey pulls it off.

There are some fine soloists. Valerie Ponomarev, who at his best sounds a little too like Freddie Hubbard, is an inventive, powerful trumpeter with a fine sense of construction. David Schnitter plays warm, relaxed tenor saxophone throughout; while James Williams is a delicate and sparkling pianist, both solo and as part of the section.

Williams is an accomplished writer, too. He contributes the title tune and *Dr. J*, the patterns of which recall the work of Wayne Shorter. The group gets something of the piquant, subtle sound of the Hubbard-Shorter ensemble; and one is reminded that the Blakey groups, identified with the return of a hard, driving style after the "cool" period, were in fact the showcases for some very distinguished writers, among them Benny Golson and Wayne Shorter. The original compositions on this album are all harmonically and formally interesting, and David Schnitter's *Mishima* is quite complex with several sections.

Very notable is the superb relaxation of the group — due enormously to Blakey himself. He solos only briefly, yet his is the dominant presence, with his characteristic rolls and interpolated rasps on the snare. He gives the music great lift, without any extraordinary assertion. The recording captures beautifully his delicate and fluent shifts of sound and rhythm on the cymbals.

A remarkably attractive record by a good group, even in the shadow of its legendary ancestors.

Walter Bishop's "Hot House" offers an interesting contrast — the real thing revisited. Bishop played with Blakey in the fifties in the group that included the young Jackie McLean alongside trumpeter Bill Hardman. Hardman plays here, together with tenor saxophonist Junior Cook, who came to prominence with Horace Silver, himself a founding "Messenger" who carried the master's lessons to funkier conclusions. The group is completed by Sam Taylor on bass and Al Foster on drums. They play four tunes from the bop era: *Hot House*, *Move*, *Daahoud* (here spelled *Dahoud*) and Parker's *Little Suede Shoes*.

The ensemble passages are executed with a force and precision that is exhilarating, but the solos tend to drag. Hardman was one of the weaker trumpeters with the Messengers, and his playing still lacks variety. Junior Cook plays better, but not outstandingly. To say of a drummer that he is not as good as Blakey is no criticism; but Al Foster is monotonous, particularly in his handling of the beat on the cymbals. The group does little with the classic tunes that has not been done before, and one wonders why Bishop chose to record these pieces. They

would do well enough in a club, and I would go to hear them if the group were in town; but I would not want to buy the record.

Half of the album is without the horns. Bishop gets a rich, firm sound from the piano, yet again I cannot find that much is done with the material. It was daring to record *All God's Children* in a bop context, as Bud Powell's Verve (Clef) version is a classic in its unbelievable combination of fleetness and rhythmic variety. Bishop's version is good, but it is overawed by its commanding predecessor.

— Trevor Tolley

HAN BENNINK & CO....

HAN BENNINK / MISHA MENGELBERG /
PAUL RUTHERFORD / MARIO SCHIANO.
A European Proposal
Horo HDP 35-36

Han Bennink - drums, percussion, bass clarinet, fiddle, whistle, toys; Misha Mengelberg - piano; Paul Rutherford - trombone, euphonium; Mario Schiano - alto saxophone.

Tristezza Di Sanluigi (Parts 1x, 2x, 1b, 2b)

Except for Mario Schiano, an effective altoist whose dry lyricism is drawn from Johnny Hodges and Jimmy Lyons, the co-signers of this proposal are principal voices of the present free music community in Europe. Bennink and Mengelberg, especially as a duet, incorporate an anything-goes brand of theatrics with a musical energy that is relentless, and, at times, almost savage. Paul Rutherford, who also possesses a searing virtuosity, has, as much as any of his colleagues in the "English School", extended the vocabulary of his instrument in the seemingly limitless parameters of organized sound. The concert documented on "A European Proposal" needs little critical decoding as it is straightforward and often humorous. As such, it is a fine recording through which to become acquainted with European free music.

The opening passage of the album is a stomping blues introduced by Mengelberg, who gradually stretches the structure. Schiano is gritty and Rutherford bellows in counterpoint. Bennink draws upon his extensive experiences with many of the standard-bearers of the jazz tradition. Schiano, particularly, adheres to blues phrasings through alternating sections of pointillistic explorations and intense exchanges, where Mengelberg is effectively Taylorish. Theatrical elements filter in — bird calls, bits of speech, instrumental effects — and their wry, succinct presence sets up the ensuing ensemble surge, where, at times, Rutherford and Bennink seem to be leagues ahead of the others. Rutherford and Bennink sustain the momentum throughout part 2x, as the nostalgic duet between Schiano and Mengelberg is only momentarily engaging and Mengelberg's solo stretches a few good ideas too far: again, the interaction between Rutherford and Schiano is very good and, when accompanied by Bennink, lean and scorching; the duet between Bennink and Rutherford is a thesis in thermodynamics; terse yet fluctuating, the unaccompanied solo by Rutherford that ends the first half of the concert is among his best recorded statements.

Mengelberg's best moments occur during a duet with Bennink that begins the second half of the concert. He is equally fluent in tradition-

al jazz techniques, neo-classicism, and their numerous hybrids, and it is brought together for seven or eight satisfying minutes. His interplay with Schiano during the remainder of part 1b is also more engaging, as Schiano is looser than at the beginning of the concert. The rest of the concert finds the ensemble in excellent form, alternating between brisk free sections and a rambunctious march. Schiano manages to squeeze in a balladic solo statement, an area of improvisation he is most effective in. Schiano does not have the abandon of the other players yet, on this recording, he centers the idea flow more than he hinders it.

For those who find European free music excessive in its intellectual taxation or its emotional drainage, the terms of "A European Proposal" are quite acceptable.—

— Bill Shoemaker

EDDIE "LOCKJAW" DAVIS

The Heavy Hitter
Muse 5202

Lockjaw Davis has been making records for a long time without too many of them making a lasting impression. He is such a good player that you begin to wonder why something like this could happen. Closer examination seems to point towards the production line approach that has been taken to his recording career. It began in the 1940s and early '50s with Savoy, Lennox and King. Then came the period with Prestige where he made several lps with organist Shirley Scott. "Trane Whistle", his big band date for Prestige, stood out before the floodgates opened on his lps with Johnny Griffin. After years with Basie he returned to freelancing and made records for several European companies before settling with Pablo. The casualness of Pablo producer Norman Granz's approach can be heard in many of the recordings, and "running the changes" seemed to be the principal occupation of Davis in this situation.

"The Heavy Hitter" is totally different. All facets of Davis' skills are on display here in a quartet setting with Albert Dailey, George Duivivier and Victor Lewis. Especially noteworthy is the manner in which he tenderly caresses the nuances of *Old Folks* and *Out Of Nowhere* — a ballad grouping which is formidable. Just as interesting are the brighter numbers. *When Your Lover Has Gone* and *Just One Of Those Things* gives him a chance to stretch out on the kind of harmonic patterns which are second nature to him. A change of pace is offered with the latin touch of *Secret Love* and *Comin' Home Baby* before the saxophonist leads everyone home with the old standard *You Stepped Out Of A Dream* and Gene Ammons' blues vehicle, *Jim Dog*.

Lockjaw is the principal soloist and he carries the whole weight of the session. The rhythm section supports him with just the right blend of lightness and toughness. This is an important record for Lockjaw Davis and one that should be enjoyed by anyone with an affinity to the central tradition of jazz saxophone playing. The man swings!

— John Norris

DUKE ELLINGTON

The Collectors Ellington
Franklin Mint Record Society FM 4002

Elaborate packaging and beautifully pressed records on colored vinyl as well as characteristic Stanley Dance commentary make this two-lp package highly desirable for the Ellington collector. Frustration will quickly set in, however. The Mint claims that none of these have been on lp before in the U.S. Recording dates, discographical data (such as master numbers) and personnels are not listed so it is a little difficult to ascertain quickly which take of a tune has been selected in some of the early issues. It is true that most of the second lp will be new to most listeners — it comes from Ellington's Columbia sessions between 1947 and 1962. There's an intriguing piano version of *All The Things You Are* as well as fascinating versions of such other non-Ellington material as *Lullaby Of Birdland* and *Jingle Bells*. There are vocal versions of *Duke's Place*, *Love You Madly*, *Just A-Settin' And A-Rockin'*, *Tulip Or Turnip* and *I Fell And Broke My Heart*. *Vagabonds* and *Allah-Bye* are unissued instrumentals from 1951 and 1957.

Record one contains material from the 1920s and 1930s and is all from masters owned by CBS. All of them seem to have been out on lp before (unless some obscure takes are being used). Here is the material: *Sweet Mama (Papa's Getting Mad)*, *Take It Easy*, *Hottentot* (1928), *Freeze And Melt*, *Mississippi Moan*, *Flaming Youth* (1929), *Sweet Mama, I Can't Realize You Love Me* (1930), *Blue Mood* (1932), *Slippery Horn* (1933), *Puerto Rican Chaos* (1935) and *Scattin' At The Cotton Club* (1936). This set is only available from the Franklin Mint Record Society, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania. No price is mentioned but it is probably at least \$20.00.

— John Norris

GIANTS OF JAZZ

BENNY GOODMAN
Time Life 05

COLEMAN HAWKINS
Time Life 06

JELLY ROLL MORTON
Time Life 07

JACK TEAGARDEN
Time Life 08

SIDNEY BECHET
Time Life 09

BENNY CARTER
Time Life 10

It is more than a year since Time Life began its imaginative program of box sets devoted to the "Giants of Jazz." The promise inherent in the excellence of the Armstrong, Ellington and Holiday sets has been maintained in those which have followed.

The basic concept of all these three record sets is to compile a comprehensive cross section of the artist's most distinctive recordings in order to give the uninitiated listener a clear and concise picture of the musician's style and contributions to the music. Sound quality of the transfers from the original 78s is uniformly excellent and in many cases surpasses previous releases on the original labels. The packages come in a handsome box along with a well-printed booklet which contains a biographical

summary of the musician as well as invaluable notations on the music by astute commentators.

Overall, then, these presentations are a long overdue precis of the contributions of important contributors to an American art form -- jazz. They are only available through subscription from Time Life Records in the US and Canada.

Only a handful of jazz musicians have become major popular entertainers even though for much of its life jazz music has survived as an adjunct of the entertainment business. Armstrong and Ellington were major entertainers who became widely known in their later years to people who have no interest in jazz. Benny



Goodman, on the other hand, was the first jazz musician to find a way to turn the music into a popular entertainment attraction without significantly altering his concepts. His success as "the king of Swing" in the 1930s has tended to overshadow his excellence as an improvising jazz clarinetist and the set devoted to him by Time Life, for the most part, concentrates on his musical qualities. The big band numbers from the 1930s and 1940s have been chosen with considerable care to summarise the qualities of a band which never came close to the musical joie de vivre of either Duke Ellington or Count Basie. But Goodman, himself, is uniformly outstanding in his solo spots. Only in

Sing, Sing, Sing have the producers overstepped the mark a little in responding to popular rather than musical taste. There's one side (seven selections) of early Goodman from the 1920s but the bulk of the selections are drawn from the various trio, quartet, quintet and sextet sessions Goodman made for Victor and Columbia. Here he is joined by his peers: Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams and Georgie Auld in fiery interpretations of superior popular songs. The versions of *Benny Rides Again* and *Scarecrow* heard in this set are previously unissued, as is the first part of *Pick-a-Rib*.

Jazz music underwent a tremendous trans-

formation in the late 1920s. Early jazz was based on the blues and ragtime and was primarily an ensemble music with short ad-lib passages. Musicians like Armstrong, Hines and Beiderbecke were the initiators of a wholesale change in approach. Improvised solos, greater harmonic understanding and a linear sense of swing began to be heard more frequently. Both Benny Goodman and Jack Teagarden were already aware of this by the time they began recording. Their solos stand out in sharp relief in their early recordings - especially those where they were sidemen. The rooty-tooty "hotness" of white dance bands of the 1920s never came close to the spirit of jazz music. At least half of the selections included in the Teagarden set come from this period when white musicians were trying to find a way to express themselves in the jazz field. Teagarden's solos and vocals are outstanding - playing jazz was as natural to him as breathing and all of his solos are full of the language and expression of jazz. But the other musicians are still serving their apprenticeship. There are occasional exceptions. Neither guitarist Eddie Lang nor violinist Joe Venuti ever seemed to have any problems and Jimmy Dorsey's musicianship was so consummate that it disguised whatever shortcomings there might be in originality. The second half of this set picks up the pace dramatically. Included here are the cream of Teagarden's recordings from the 1930s. Many of them were on the Epic set but here we have the distillation of the material and the impact is much greater. His definitive performances of *A Hundred Years From Today* and *Stars Fell On Alabama* are included as is *Serenade to a Shylock* (Commodore), *Jack Hits the Road* (from the wonderful Columbia session under Bud Freeman's leadership), the Town Hall version of *St. James Infirmary* and his spirited duet with Louis Armstrong of *Jack Armstrong Blues*. The original V Disc version of this routine is even better (it's on Pumpkin 103) but the Victor record has its moments. The set ends with *Lover* from the 1950 LaVere's Chicago Loopers session but I feel that a selection from "Jazz Ultimate" (especially *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*) would have completed the balance of this set. Teagarden's definitive version of *Basin Street Blues* from the 1931 Charleston Chasers session is also omitted from this set because of its selection earlier for the Goodman collection but the equally spectacular *Beale Street Blues* is included here.

Both the Jelly Roll Morton and Sidney Bechet collections are notable for their stylistic unity and the totality of their commitment to the fundamental principles involved in their musical expression. While Goodman, Teagarden, Hawkins and Carter were all involved in wider musical fields at one time or another in their careers both Morton and Bechet only saw one dimension to their lifestyle. This is one of the factors involved in making their music so strong and rich. Both men were dominant personalities and their recordings reflect this. They had very definite and precise ideas about how their music should sound and pursued their thoughts relentlessly. Even when times were tough there was little room for compromise. They still played their music without any concession to popular taste and I think this is why their music sounds as fresh and undated today as it did when first recorded.

The Morton set contains all the famous Red Hot Peppers selections made in Chicago in the late twenties as well as various piano solo per-

photograph of Jack Teagarden circa 1924, courtesy Time Life

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formances, the trios with Johnny Dodds, Omer Simeon and Barney Bigard and several of his 1939 recordings for Victor and Commodore. Morton was the definitive exponent of early jazz. He took ragtime structures and turned them into something entirely new. He understood how to swing, he saw his tunes as complete structures with the solos as an integral part of the whole. This is a perfectly balanced grouping of Morton's recordings and, like the other sets in this series, is designed for listeners rather than collectors. (Those who want to collect the complete Jelly Roll Morton are referred to the French RCA two-LP sets now available).

Sidney Bechet was one of the great geniuses of jazz music and this is the first time when his music has been collated together with any kind of real depth. It begins with his early Clarence Williams recordings from 1923-24 and the New Orleans Feetwarmers session of 1932. The contrast between his somewhat muted role as a sideman with Clarence Williams and the bursting passion of the Feetwarmers is remarkable. Shortly after Bechet's 1938 session with Tommy Ladnier and Mezz Mezzrow (*Really the Blues, Weary Blues*) he recorded *Summertime* for Blue Note and this gained for him some measure of the recognition which had previously eluded him. However the essence of Bechet's playing is to be found in *Pounding Heart Blues* from the same session. Between 1940 and 1946 Bechet made a series of incredible records for Victor and Blue Note as well as a fabulous session with Muggsy Spanier on HRS. The best of these is included in this set. The impact of these recordings is heightened when you hear them in sequence. You will immediately notice the fresh and incisive organisation of the varied material. Most of the material is based on the blues but there is nothing repetitive about either the thematic material or the interpretations. Assisting Bechet are some of the most expressive musicians of his day: Sidney de Paris, Charlie Shavers, Rex Stewart, Wild Bill Davison, Sandy Williams, Vic Dickenson, J.C. Higginbotham, Earl Hines, Cliff Jackson, Sonny White, Willie The Lion Smith, Art Hodes, and especially Muggsy Spanier and Albert Nicholas. Only at the end does the quality of this set diminish with the inclusion of the two titles with Bob Wilber's Wildcats and a concert performance from Paris with Claude Luter. Preferable, perhaps, would have been the inclusion of at least one of the King Jazz titles with Mezz (*Out of the Gallion, Ole Miss or Tommy's Blues*) and selections from the 1957 session with Martial Solal and/or the Brussels concert from 1958 with Buck Clayton and Vic Dickenson (*Society Blues*). It's possible that the Wildcats selections were in deference to Wilber, who brings a depth of perception to the musical annotation which is not present in the other sets. He draws from his experience both as a musician and a student to give the listener an added dimension when listening to these recordings. It was Wilber's attention to aural detail that precipitated a detailed reassessment of the correct speed of the Red Onion Jazz Babies' version of *Cake Walkin' Babies*. The consensus was that it was too slow and now, for the first time, we have this selection issued at a brighter tempo - and sounding better for it!

The saxophone was a latecomer as a jazz instrument. Until Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges defined its possibilities the saxophone was strictly used for novelty effects. Hawkins was one of the few major jazz

musicians to record before he had fully developed and perfected his style. In fact, this collection on Time Life only deals with the first two phases of his career. The third, and almost as important, part of his work is scarcely touched upon (1945-1969) - a definite weakness of this presentation. The first half of this set traces the growth of Hawkins from a staccato, spitball of a soloist into the elegant master of rhapsodic ingenuity. The chronological survey also illuminates the Henderson band's growth into the cohesive antecedent of The Swing Era. By the mid 1930s when Hawkins went to Europe, he was the consummate jazz soloist. His romanticism, his fascination with harmony (a good example of this was *Queer Notions*, which he wrote and recorded with the Henderson band but is not included in this set) and density of his sound all played their part in establishing him as the personification of the "big sound" tenor saxophonist. The essence of this style can be heard in his duet with pianist Stanley Black (*Lost in a Fog*) and with Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli (*Star Dust*) as well as the numerous sessions with The Ramblers (a Dutch band) and, of course, his classic recording of *Body and Soul*. Portents of the future can be heard in *Sweet Lorraine* (a Signature recording from 1943) and, even more so, in *The Man I Love* from the same session (but this is not included here). *Stuffy*, from the 1945 Capitol session, and *Maria* from "Blue Saxophones" with Ben Webster is all that we are given from the last twenty-five years of his career. Most Hawkins fanciers would not be without some of his 1940s sessions with Dizzy and Fats Navarro. There are some excellent collaborations with Roy Eldridge in the 1950s as well as a definitive performance with Buck Clayton of *Bird of Prey Blues*.

What we are given in this set is superb, but it simply doesn't tell the whole story of Coleman Hawkins - one of the most remarkable musicians of all time.

There are many links between the Coleman Hawkins and Benny Carter sets. Their careers took a parallel course until the middle Forties and there is considerable overlap. Coleman Hawkins is the tenor saxophonist on the first five selections in the Carter set (with Henderson, McKinney's Cotton Pickers and the Chocolate Dandies) and he shows up again later on two of the European selections (*Pardon Me Pretty Baby, My Buddy*) as part of an all star Octet. The spectacular four-saxophone session for Swing in April 1937 included two Carter charts (*Honeysuckle Rose, Crazy Rhythm*) and these are to be found on the Hawkins set along with *Sweet Georgia Brown* (where Carter plays trumpet). Hawkins is also present in the 1940 Commodore date which produced *Smack*.

Benny Carter's musical qualities cover so wide an area that it is hard to focus on everything and yet, at the same time, be comprehensive. He is noted, primarily, as an alto saxophonist and arranger - and there are wonderful examples of his skills on both counts in this set but his trumpet playing is equally outstanding. He has also recorded on both tenor saxophone and trombone so you begin to wonder whether there are any limitations to his talents. With the exception of the earliest selections Carter is the controlling force in all of the recordings included here - either as arranger, bandleader or instrumentalist. His choice of pianists is particularly astute and gives his recordings a distinct sophisticated sound. Beginning with Teddy Wilson and continuing with such men as Billy

Kyle and Eddie Heywood, there is a delicate tapestry to Carter's music which is beguiling.

Since the late 1940s Benny Carter has been most active as a screen writer in Hollywood and his recording activities have been severely limited. Representation of this period in this set is less than adequate. All three selections are from recent Pablo releases. *Blues in B Flat* is from the session with Art Tatum, *I Can't Get Started* comes from the "Greatest Jazz Concert in the World" and *Three Little Words* is from a 1977 Montreux concert with Ray Bryant. More interesting, and just as representative, would have been selections from the Contemporary collaboration with Earl Hines -- "Swinging the Twenties" -- and from the Impulse album, "Further Definitions." Unquestionably, though, Carter's most important contributions as a "Giant of Jazz" come from the period prior to his departure for Hollywood and this is amply covered in this set.

The sustained excellence of the Time Life "Giants of Jazz" series is a credit to the depth of knowledge displayed by those responsible for the selections as well as the care taken in transferring the sounds to disc. That these sets are truly definitive, of course, is due to the cooperation of the corporations who hold the copyright on the recordings. — John Norris

VINNY GOLIA Trio

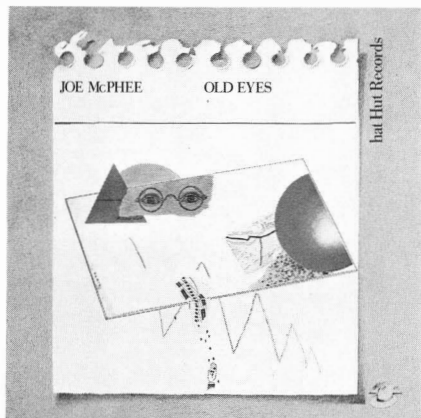
In The Right Order Nine Winds 0103

Vinny Golia, woodwinds, shō, shakuhachi/ Roberto Miranda, bass/ Alex Cline, drums, percussion.

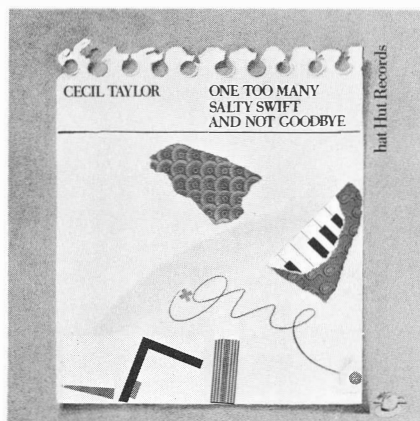
The truly interesting and vital work among the more forward-looking American improvisors unmistakably declares itself through the force of their concern with the tradition. This concern, which has been demonstrated by improvisors from Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler to the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Anthony Davis, is what contributes to great music. My impression is that the musicians on this album are not so much concerned with extending the tradition as they are with consciously or subconsciously emulating the innovators of the new jazz. Perhaps this is why much of the music presented here, while not without its merits, seems either derivative or faceless, despite the formidable talents possessed by the musicians.

Side one of this two-record set was recorded in concert at the Century Playhouse, and sides two, three and four were recorded in concert at the Pasadena Community Arts Center's Greenhouse Theatre, on September 16 and August 25, 1979, respectively. Of the nine performances, all composed and arranged by Golia, *V.A.R., Before The Doorway*, and *Complexities* are the least satisfying. On all three cuts Golia plays with grace and occasional passion, but the compositions are marred by a decided lack of individuality. *Before The Doorway*, for example, sounds very much like something Ornette Coleman might have written in the late '50s, but without the searing cries derived from the spirit of the blues. *Complexities*, the longest cut on the album, is a fast-paced, frenetic, tension-filled number which Golia develops in a clear and logical manner. Both Cline and Miranda provide a sympathetic and intelligent background against which Golia brings the

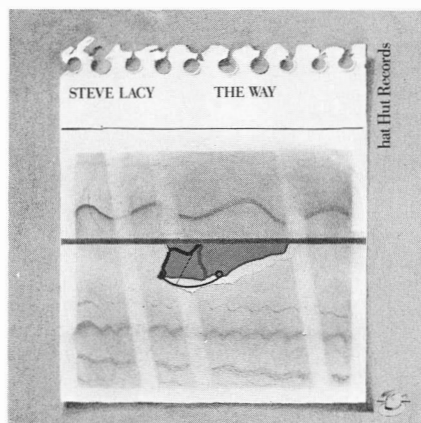
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JOE McPHEE/OLD EYES HH1R01
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Raymond Boni, Steve Gnitka, Pierre-Ives
Sorin and Milo Fine.
Recorded May 30, 1979/Paris



CECIL TAYLOR/ONE TOO MANY
SALTY SWIFT AND NOT GOODBYE HH3R02
with Jimmy Lyons, Raphé Malik, Ramsey
Ameen, Sirone and Ronald Shannon Jackson.
Recorded live June 14, 1978/Stuttgart



STEVE LACY/THE WAY HH2R03
with Steve Potts, Irène Aebi, Kent Carter
and Oliver Johnson
The first complete recorded performance
of TAO; live January 23, 1979/Basel

frenzy to a marvelous resolution. Unfortunately, this is all accomplished midway through the performance, making the second half seem like mere repetition.

Golia is more his own man on *Takamiyama*, *Five In Front* and *Lament*, the highlights of the album. All three compositions serve as ideal vehicles for Golia to display his prodigious skills as a clarinetist. This is extremely moving chamber jazz, full of pathos and wry humour. Less distinctive but nonetheless enjoyable are the two closing numbers, *Voices*, *Belfrey's*, *Bass And Dreams* and *Song Of*, with Golia playing bass saxophone on the former and baritone saxophone on the latter. It's a pleasure to hear younger players resurrecting these forgotten members of the saxophone family. *Hidden In The Leaves*, dedicated to Henri Rousseau, is a sensitive Japanese piece with some delicate playing by Golia on shakuhachi.

Throughout these performances, Cline and Miranda provide very appropriate backing for Golia. Cline is an adept young percussionist who seems to have a keen understanding of Asiatic — as well as jazz — drumming, and his work on *Hidden In The Leaves* is particularly effective. Miranda is a talented bass player whose playing seems to be even more attuned to the details and nuances of the music than Cline's. In addition to a first rate bowing technique, his playing has a wonderful lyrical quality as demonstrated on *Voices*, *Belfrey's*, *Bass And Drums*.

The music on this double LP is presented in a logical and unified manner, and both the recording quality and the packaging are commendable. Despite my reservations there is much to be enjoyed here. — *Cel Azzoli*
(Available from Nine Winds Records, 9232 McLennan Avenue, Sepulveda, CA 91343 USA).

Scott HAMILTON/Warren VACHE

Skyscrapers
Concord CJ-111

The co-leaders are remarkable musicians and deserve the exposure, both recorded and live, that they are currently receiving in North America and elsewhere. Most of their previous recordings have used an informal small group format and thanks to the maturity evident in their solo playing, have shown a grasp of style and a freshness of creative content that has been very satisfying. This recent album (July 1979) marks an attempt by Concord to move their work on from that free-wheeling context and to present it in an arranged, medium-size swing band situation, with charts that stand as compositions rather than lines used merely as vehicles for a succession of solos. We are told that the band rehearsed these themes for three days prior to recording, having commissioned them from Nat Pierce and Buck Clayton while George Masso, also performing on the album, contributed three arrangements of less familiar standards.

That rehearsal period has ensured that these readings hang together well, with the voicings properly balanced and neatly controlled use of dynamics. Hamilton snakes in and out of the ensembles as a solo voice, with the ex-Ellington tenorist Harold Ashby on hand to play section parts, Vache leads and solos, and trombonist Masso is flanked by the estimable Joe Temperley on baritone. This combination of instruments

produces a thick texture and it is to the credit of the arrangers that the voicings are seldom turgid, while the rhythm section, three-fourths of which is used to working with Hamilton, lifts and prompts very well.

Yet with that, the album could be said to be *too* controlled, the performances restrained, never raucous, and for all its overall worth, I would have welcomed a shade more urgency. Certainly, I've heard Vache play with more daring than is offered here.

From the first side, Clayton's *Nancy's Fancy* is the show-piece, a seven-minute track with an attractive motif, which lopes along smoothly at medium tempo, its fusion of solos and ensemble well realized. Vache here and elsewhere evokes the soaring, crackling quality of Clayton himself in his playing, while Hamilton shows off that breathy, sinuous tone that is his hallmark. *Why Shouldn't It?*, a Masso chart on a little-known Cole Porter tune, is a fraction torpid, although Masso's writing throughout is full of deft touches, with *Love You Madly*, another seven-minute cut, as his finest achievement. This sports a gliding, emphatic solo by Temperley, whose improvisations are excellent. Guitarist Chris Flory also solos on this and other tracks but only to modest effect. Of the remaining soloists, a word should be reserved for Masso whose instrumental facility and varied creativity are well caught and although pianist Norman Simmons plays a minor role, he comps effectively and underpins the other soloists skillfully.

If I found Pierce's charts (*Lightly & Politely*, *Do It In Blue*) harmonically dated, with a 'fifties feeling, let it be said that the musicians, Hamilton in particular, see no such limitations.

In sum, a well-prepared and recorded album, with no obvious flaws and with many virtues, but with slow spots here and there. Try it for yourself.

— *Peter Vacher*

ART LANDE

The Story of Ba-Ku
1750 Arch Records S-1778

Art Lande is a pianist in flux. Previous recordings, which include duets with Jan Garbarek on "Red Lanta," solo explorations of jazz standards ("The Eccentricities of Earl Dant"), and his work with Rubisa Patrol, have reflected an attempt to display the many faces of an evolving musician.

With this album we witness yet another metamorphosis. Art Lande is now the troubadour and "The Story of Ba-Ku" is his tale. He is the modern-day bard -- the interpretive poet -- who has replaced the traditional lute and madrigal with a piano. He is a storyteller who has adapted the techniques of the mimist, the beat poet, and the stream-of-consciousness writer to his music.

There are two tales on the album. Side one is a solo piano chronicle of *The Story of Ned Tra-la*. With delightful lucidity, Lande introduces Ned Tra-la, 'a minstrel with a simple song...' who is seduced by a clever devil. Infinite layers of possibility unfold, like the images of a man caught between parallel mirrors, as the devil shows Ned the variations that exist within his simple song. Under Lande's focus, the song unravels into a complex tale filled with subtle rhythmic shifts, and grows exponentially as each phrase becomes a cornerstone for succeed-

ing variations.

Lande's story is a minstrel's tale about a minstrel's tale. His music is similarly multifaceted, combining flowing melodic passages with stark tinkering. Chords repeated with pedantic insistence shift to more soothing textures as the fickle pianist recounts his tale with an eloquence born of impressive technique.

The Story of Ba-Ku, on the second side, carries this exploration of moods further, with the introduction of additional musicians. From his opening dialogue with trumpeter Mark Isham, Lande encounters each musician singly; the music develops into a series of exchanges between Lande and Isham, Bill Douglass (playing bass and flutes), reed players Bruce Williamson and Mark Miller, and percussionist Kurt Wortman. These are flirtatious encounters, where an amusing duet between clarinet and piano temporarily fades to a moment of Oriental introspection, shared between Lande and Douglass. A brief pause follows before the music suddenly erupts into a frenzied inter-course between saxophone and piano, creating a stark foil for Wortman's percussion which follows.

Throughout the album, Lande exploits this unpredictability to expose a range of emotions that includes humour, confusion, and revelation. He is conversant with all moods and expresses himself with a controlled recklessness that draws the listener into the role of confidante. It is this quality that makes Lande the troubadour, and, in that sense, makes "The Story of Ba-Ku" spellbinding. This record is available from 1750 Arch Records, 1750 Arch Street, Berkeley, California 94709. — *Don J. Lahey*

PAUL LYTTON

The Inclined Stick Po Torch PTR/JWD 4

Paul Lytton - solo percussion

This music avoids the major pitfall of free improvisation today; that of using free improvisation not to express feelings / thoughts / states of being / spirit, whatever music at its best strives for, and being content to use it merely as a vehicle to comment upon other concepts of music. Stating one's own concept of music is certainly part of any musical creation, but certainly too implicit a part to be expanded into the complete goal of musical performance. In the quest to sophistication, to a new concept of musical form, or to push form beyond previous boundaries — many improvised performances fall into the trap of being "about music". Not *music*, but *about music*.

Paul Lytton is music. His percussion language may seem strange, but it is a logical development of the European style characterized by players such as Han Bennink and Tony Oxley, and there is no mistaking its sense of adventure, imagination, humour and seriousness.

The drums offer possibilities for solo performance greater, in many ways, than other instruments — that is, if playing solo is meant as the orchestration of one's instrument, the exploitation of its different tones, of its dynamics; recombining its possibilities of melody, harmony, tone colour, loudness, rhythm; dividing these elements and mixing them into unique

forms.

The instruments at Paul Lytton's disposal on this record are described as "miscellaneous percussion and live-electronics". The indefiniteness of this description does not really suit a music that is so powerful and supremely organized. Passages of creeping tension build with cymbals and electronics, only to be jarringly punctuated by the drums; sounds like whimpering metal gongs are accompanied by rustlings, as of small animals (maybe the rats in the walls); the driest of drum sounds is pierced by the pure high singing of a tiny cymbal. As often happens in life, passages of painful solemnity are disrupted by bursts of irrelevant farce.

The obvious theatricality of live performance does not suffer in transfer to record. This is exceptional solo percussion music. It is available from Po Torch Records, P.O. Box 1005, D-5100 Aachen 1, West Germany.

— *David Lee*

Howard McGHEE/Benny BAILEY

Home Run Jazzcraft 5

Two trumpeters complement one another's ideas in this thoughtfully worked out program of music that is full of bop tinges. Howard McGhee and Fritz Pauer wrote the arrangements and the sense of order this achieves makes the music consistently interesting.

Two senior graduates of bop trumpet are saluted in *Brownie Speaks* (for Clifford Brown) and *Nostalgia* (for Fats Navarro) and both leaders contribute two originals. Easily the most attractive of these is Benny Bailey's hauntingly sensitive ballad *You Never Know*. All the participants respond with an interpretation which should attract the attention of other musicians looking for fresh material.

Jazzcraft maintains its reputation as a reinstator of talent into the recorded jazz scene. Saxophonist Sonny Redd, who developed a reputation as an altoist in the late 1950s/early 1960s, is heard here playing a forceful, consistent tenor saxophone part with solos that are touched but not overwhelmed by the dominance of John Coltrane.

Barry Harris' experience, stylistic distinction and overall compatibility with the idiom makes him a valuable asset for this date. He is joined by bassist Lisle Atkinson and drummer Bobby Durham in a rhythm section which eventually gets to home base but lacks the well oiled groove of Benny Bailey's own Jazzcraft date.

This recording, like others on Jazzcraft, proves that there are still fresh viewpoints to be found in the thirty five year old language of bebop and that the challenge of a sextet recording date was handled with flair, responsibility and creativity by all concerned.

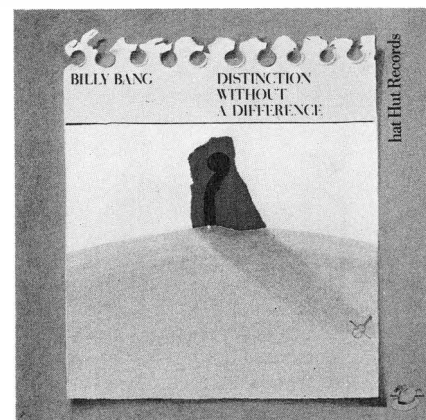
— *John Norris*

MARIAN McPARTLAND

Portrait of Marian McPartland Concord Jazz 101

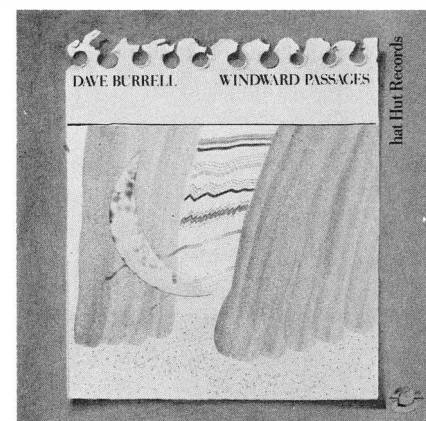
Marian McPartland has been steadily improving over the years and this recording finds her at the peak of her artistry. Her choice of tunes runs the gamut from standards such as Richard Rodgers' *It Never Entered My Mind* to originals by Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Jerry Dodgion

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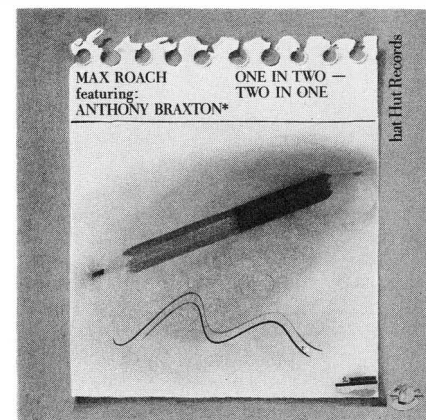
BILLY BANG/DISTINCTION
WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE
Solos recorded live August 12, 1979/
New York N.Y.

HH1R04



DAVE BURRELL/WINDWARD
PASSAGES
Solos recorded live
September 13, 1979/Basel

HH2R05



MAX ROACH
feat. ANTHONY BRAXTON
ONE IN TWO/TWO IN ONE
Recorded live August 31, 1979/Willisau

HH2R06

and Marian herself. I don't find one weak number in the eight tracks that make up this album.

Ms. McPartland's playing exhibits more depth than was once the case. I used to consider her playing rather superficial, but this is no longer true. A bonus on this record is the fine alto sax and flute playing of Jerry Dodgion. Most often heard as a sideman in big bands such as the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra where he was a mainstay for many years, Dodgion plays sparkling, meaty solos that are a vital part of the success of this record.

Bassist Brian Torff has been playing with Marian for a few years now. He has impressed me with every hearing, and does a marvelous job here. Jake Hanna functions as a house drummer for Concord and was a regular member of McPartland's trio quite a few years ago. He handles his responsibilities here with aplomb.

With all four musicians at the top of their game, this album is well worth owning. I consider it to be Marian McPartland's best recording to date. — **Peter S. Friedman**

JAY McSHANN

Kansas City Hustle Sackville 3021

Jay McShann has been good to Sackville and Sackville have been good to him. They have recorded him often and in congenial circumstances, always faithfully reproducing his lovely, sonorous tone. He has given them some fine records - notably "The Man from Muskogee" (Sackville 3005), one of the outstanding mainstream records of the seventies.

This is his second solo album for Sackville. The first was "A Tribute to Fats Waller" (Sackville 3019), on which, very much himself, he gave rich and refreshing renderings of too frequently played classics like *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*. On "Kansas City Hustle" we are anything but confined to Kansas City; though, as ever, the powerful blues tinged style reminds one always of where Jay McShann had his musical roots. Three of the nine tunes - *Kansas City Hustle*, *Blue Turbulence* and *My Sweet Mama* - are originals. The remainder are standards, ranging from Clarence Williams' *Baby Won't You Please Come Home* to Thelonious Monk's bop classic, *Round Midnight*.

McShann today is a pianist of stature who, at his best, rises above stylistic classification, and it is good to find him taking the opportunities afforded by tunes like *Willow Weep For Me*, *Rockin' Chair* and *Round Midnight*. This last seems to me the most engaging performance on the record. He shows a sense of the rhythmic complexity of the tradition to which the tune belongs; and, for a good part of the track, sets up a rewarding tension between the tempo and an implied double tempo (a favorite device of the boppers). *Willow Weep For Me* and *Rockin' Chair* are nearly as enjoyable. They are tunes well suited to the best in McShann's idiom. With Ellington's *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, he set himself a hard trick to pull off. The most memorable thing about the original version is the piano lick that makes up the opening and closing theme statements. McShann rightly did not play the lick note for note, but made deferential reference to it. All the same, I found that he didn't quite get out from under the shadow of the original.

McShann's own pieces are, I'm afraid, not for me, though his admirers rejoice in them. The famous "blues pianists" cited by John Norris (in his thoughtful and perceptive notes) as being more limited than McShann - Leroy Carr, Roosevelt Sykes, Pinetop Smith, Otis Spann - do not seem to me great exponents of the blues on the piano. Like them, McShann relies heavily on bluesy licks when he plays the blues. My idea of great blues piano is James P. Johnson on Bessie Smith's *Backwater Blues* (playing that is *really* sombre) or almost anything by Jimmy Yancey.

With that personal reservation, I must commend this as another fine album by Jay McShann. If I had to put my money down for it or for the Fats Waller album, I'd choose McShann playing Waller. If you're an admirer of McShann, you'll choose both.

— **Trevor Tolley**

EDDIE MILLER & LOU STEIN

Lazy Mood for Two "77" S59

Miller, tenor sax; Stein, piano.

I've Got A Crush On You/Lady Be Good/I've Got It Bad/Dizzy Fingers/Little Girl Blue/Coquette/Lazy Mood/I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter/Sophisticated Lady/Diane/Bag Balm Boogie/Can't We Be Friends. Recorded November 1978.

Though often dismissed as a 'mere' dixielander, Eddie Miller has long transcended that narrow calling to establish himself as one of the most lyrical ballad players in traditionally oriented jazz. Indeed, Miller's phrasing and tone were every bit as influential in their own way as were the more profound utterances of Hawkins, Young, and Webster, but unlike those masters he never saw fit to modify his style with the passing years. Thus, the Ben Pollack and Bob Crosby sideman of the 30's, the Hollywood studioman of the 40's and 50's, and the free-lance jazzman of the 60's and 70's are all essentially the same man. Miller's influence, it is true, ceased to be a viable force in jazz after the mid 40's, but during his heyday he touched more than a few like-minded spirits, as the saxophone performances of Peanuts Hucko, Boomie Richman, Nick Caiazza, Lester Bouchon, and Gish Gilbertson will readily reveal.

The present recording, however, should not be considered typical of Miller's current work, for after a grueling European tour with the World's Greatest Jazz Band, his horn was badly in need of repair. But an impromptu session with Stein had just been arranged, and with other commitments in the offing, there was no time for delay. Thorough professional that he is, Miller made the best of it. His musicianship, of course, carried him through, but distractions will be noticed in the audible clicking of the keys, and the leaks which rob his tone of its characteristic fullness. Seemingly impervious to such mechanical failings, his phrasing, ideas and vibrato remain unimpaired.

Stein proves a formidable partner in a duo setting, his left hand amply compensating for the absence of a bass and drums. Two of the tracks, *Dizzy Fingers* and *Bag Balm Boogie*, are played by Stein alone; and while the latter has a compelling neo-barrelhouse charm to it, the Zed Confrey fingerbuster is felt to be wholly out of

place. Miller's way with the standards sets the pace for the entire session, and this singular jarring intrusion, however dexterous, may disturb more than please. — **Jack Sohmer**

TURK MURPHY

A Natural High Sonic Arts Lab Series 14

In the field of two-beat revivalist jazz, trombonist Turk Murphy's name is one to conjure with. Thus, it seems inevitable that his burry, brash horn should be immortalized in state-of-the-art fidelity, specifically in these nine selections recorded via the PCM digital direct-to-disc recording process.

The Murphy veterans are on hand and performing at their customary well-knit, professional level. Murphy's accomplice of over forty years of traditional jazz, soprano sax/clarinetist Bob Helm, adds his unique groaning, slurpy sound to the full-throated ensemble, plus short syrupy solo spots, e.g. the hard-hitting *Flat Foot*. Pete Clute's bright ragtime tickling fills out the sextet's blend, stepping to the fore for a feature on the rollicking *Silver Fox*. Vocalist Pat Yankee contributes to the good-natured hokum atmosphere of *Just Because*, spiced with amiable backchat with Murphy and a solid tuba chorus from Bill Carroll, then gets serious for a carefully-constructed, wailing rendition of *Careless Love*. And Jimmie Stanislaus turns in a comfortable, Satchmoting vocal on *Someday You'll Be Sorry*.

Among the newcomers, banjoist/percussionist John Gill shows to advantage with a funky outing on the rolling *Texas Moaner Blues*, balanced by some deft strumming on the light-footed *The Girls Go Crazy*. However cornetist Chris Tyle, whose temporary occupancy of the lead chair coincided with the March 1979 date of the session, clearly had not yet settled in to play with the imagination and authority required for a Murphy unit.

Completing the program are a couple of rather rushed trombone showpieces, *Trombone Rag* and *I Am Pecan Pete*, totalling to an LP that has much good stuff but is somewhat shorter on running time (30:32 overall) and not as consistently outstanding as Murphy fans might expect. Specific price unknown, but direct-to-disc platters usually are on the high side. From Sonic Arts, 665 Harrison Street, San Francisco, California 94107.

— **Tex Wyndham**

MINGUS DYNASTY

Chair in the Sky Elektra 6E-248

Because Charles Mingus was an unusually provocative composer, his music continues to stimulate many musicians. Recently, the Mingus Dynasty Band, an ever-changing body of instrumentalists, most of whom have collaborated with the bassist/composer at some point in their careers - has been exploring this artist's rich body of work.

"Chair in the Sky," the group's first album, features saxophonists John Handy and Joe Farrell, trumpeter Jimmy Owens, drummer Dannie Richmond, pianist Don Pullen, **bassist** Charlie Haden, and trombonist Jimmy Knepper.

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Utilizing arrangements by the latter and Sy Johnson, they explore six compositions, including classics from the 1950's - *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*, *My Jelly Roll Soul*, and *Boogie Stop Shuffle* - and more recent material - *A Chair in the Sky*, *Sweet Sucker Dance*, and *The Dry Cleaner from Des Moines*.

Pianist Pullen is especially provocative, both as an accompanist and soloist. On *Boogie Stop Shuffle*, his dissonant jabs throughout the thematic statements have an orchestral-like strength and power. Furthermore, he delivers an improvisation that begins within the tune's harmonic framework, but dramatically concludes with lightning atonal glisses and flurries.

Owens and Knepper also make several noteworthy contributions. The former takes a fiery solo on *Boogie Stop Shuffle*, while the latter turns in a superbly communicative passage on *My Jelly Roll Soul*.

Yet, despite these moments of excellence, "Chair in the Sky" is, ultimately, disappointing, usually lacking the vitality, momentum, and tension that characterize all superior art. This may be due to there being no single individual to pull everything together as Mingus himself did so brilliantly with his own ensembles. Often, the musicians seem to be going through the motions of playing, rather than creating at their usual high level of inspiration.

So if you want to experience why Charles Mingus was one of our most dynamic musicians, check out his own recordings of these tunes.

— Clifford Jay Safane

CHARLES MINGUS

Mingus at Antibes
Atlantic 2ASD 3001 (2 record set)

"Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus" (Candid 8005) was one of the legendary records of a legendary year - 1961: that year saw the issue of Coltrane's "My Favorite Things," Coleman's "This Is Our Music" and "The World of Cecil Taylor." In his notes to the Candid album, Nat Hentoff spoke of Mingus being "in volcanic residence at the Show-place in Greenwich

Village for nearly a year" with Ted Curson, Eric Dolphy and Dannie Richmond. Dolphy and Curson were leaving, and Hentoff's recording was a last chance to capture "the explosive spontaneity of the unit." The result was a revelation; and those of us who bought the record must often have wondered in the intervening twenty years what the group sounded like 'live.' Now we have the chance - and, astonishingly enough, in high fidelity. "Mingus at Antibes" gives us Mingus, Curson, Dolphy and Richmond, with Booker Ervin, in concert at Juan les Pins in July 1960. Some of this material has been available before in lower fidelity; but this double record album is taken from the official tapes of the French broadcasting system, and the sound is excellent, even by modern studio standards.

The comparison of burning interest is of the tracks that appear here and on the Candid recording: *What Love?* and *Folk Forms No. 1*. *Folk Forms* in both versions is one of the tremendously driving pieces of group improvisation on record. The impression is of relaxed informality. In fact the routines of both versions are strikingly similar, revealing what a Mingus 'arrangement' meant for even so small a group. In building arrangements out of group improvisation, Mingus resembles the much politer Modern Jazz Quartet (whose "European Concert" was another of the memorable issues of 1961). The live versions of *Folk Forms* and *What Love?* are slightly shorter than the studio versions, but the similarity attests to their being performances with a well-established pattern. *What Love?* has the famous 'conversation' between Mingus's bass and Dolphy's bass clarinet, and the live version, somewhat more melodic, seems to me the more attractive.

All the tunes of the concert, except one, are to be found on classic Mingus records of the day: *Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting* was on "Blues and Roots" (Atlantic); *Better Git Hit In Your Soul* on "Mingus Ah Hum" (Columbia); and *Prayer for Passive Resistance* on the Mercury "Pre-Bird" album. *Prayer* is an example of the way in which Mingus, like Ellington, could guild a distinctive composition out of the improvisations of a single soloist. The live version is twice as long as the studio version. Booker Ervin is the soloist, and he plays with memorable intensity. Yet nothing can quite equal the passion and power of Yusef Lateef's playing on the original version - one of the great tenor saxophone performances in jazz in its fervent, direct assertion.

The performance that stands aside from the others is *I'll Remember April*, featuring the guest of the evening, Bud Powell. It is thirteen and a half minutes long, and eight of them are solo Powell. I hope it is not sacrilegious to say that I wish they had given him the whole piece, he is so much on form. Like Lester Young, Powell can build improvisation on improvisation each flowing into the other in a performance of sustained and mounting excitement, without doing tricks or radically changing the texture of the music from chorus to chorus. Needless to say, the music changes in style for this number: the rhythm instruments abandon their contrapuntal, assertive role to support the more 'laid back' style of Powell's playing. Of the soloists, Dolphy, on alto saxophone, fits in best with the 'nervous' bop style. Ervin demonstrates how players of his generation looked for a smoother more gliding support for improvisation on a show tune, and seems less at ease with Powell.

Musically, the Candid record (later on Barnaby) has the edge over this album, but only just. This seems to me a set that everyone will want. Like Ellington's Fargo concert, it lets us hear a famous group from the past, live, and in top form. It takes us back musically into the history of jazz, and preserves one of the high points of our fleeting art. My only question about it would be why just under sixty-nine minutes of music needed to be a double album today; fifteen years ago Miles Davis's "My Funny Valentine" gave us a sixty-one minute concert on one record.

— Trevor Tolley

DAVID MURRAY

Live, Volume 2
India Navigation 1044

David Murray, tenor saxophone; Lester Bowie, trumpet; Fred Hopkins, bass; Phillip Wilson, drums.

This is the second volume of a live concert given by Murray and company in December of 1977 at New York's Lower Manhattan Ocean Club. The music found here is in no way near tenorist Murray's best, ironically enough the saxophonist has only recently been represented to good advantage on recordings, but rather shows the rhythmic and tonal ambiguities of his playing and how they are somewhat resolved in the playing of his cohorts.

Two tunes are presented here, each consuming a side of the LP. Side one contains the minimally successful hymn-like tune written by West Coast trumpeter/cornetist/composer Butch Morris (now a semi-permanent resident abroad) entitled *For Walter Norris*, while Side two contains Murray's ill-fated line *Santa Barbara and Crenshaw Follies*.

The line by cornetist Morris contains exceptionally fine bass playing by Hopkins and some nice blues-tinged New Orleans styled trumpet playing by Bowie. The theme is briefly stated with Murray rendering that church inspired tone and approach, with trumpeter Bowie in tow playing the uncovered melodic 'sketching' of this highly spiritually induced statement. Tenorist Murray begins his solo spot well but but soon dissipates into meaningless recaps of the rhythmic underpinnings of the music echoed, for the most part, by the brilliant bass playing of Hopkins.

Trumpeter Bowie enters after Murray has had his say and fares a bit better. His somewhat tarnished lyrical way of playing settles well within the frame of the piece and attempts to carry the extensional characteristics of the prayer-like theme to a significant level of creative variation. Although by no means entirely successful (the trumpeter runs out of ideas mid-way through his segment) Bowie does show a keen sense of instrumental line and shape in his work, making the overall 'sound' of his trumpet actually predict his highly functional phraseology.

I'm afraid the remaining tune, Murray's *Santa Barbara and Crenshaw Follies*, is a pretty disastrous piece of music. Let one say that there are, for sure, better examples of tenorist Murray's work available than what is represented on this LP. This recording was made during a period when the tenorist was just developing out of a purely 'stylistic' way of playing (taking his 'mannerisms' from Albert Ayler, Archie

Shepp, Ornette Coleman and Sonny Rollins) and, obviously enough, he had not yet assimilated his own musical accretions to the point where they could safely afford him passage into the domain of individuality; this LP can probably best be seen as a failed attempt of a young player to actually stand on his own.

The work of saxophonist David Murray is better represented on "Low Class Conspiracy" (Adelphi 5002) or on the fine package available from the English based Cadillac label entitled "London Concert" (2 record set). One would do well to seek out these recorded examples of Murray's work where he seemed better suited to meet the demands of the rhythmic architecture of his pieces in ways that authentically embodied a developmental phase within the Black musical tradition. — **Roger Riggins**

SUNNY MURRAY

**Live at Moers Festival
Moers Music 01054**

Sunny Murray, drums; David Murray, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Malachi Favors, bass, percussion; Cheikh Tidiane Fall, congas.

Sweet Lovely/German Dilemma/Tree Tops/Happiness Tears.

As a veteran and survivor of the free jazz wars of the 1960s, Sunny Murray is now in a position where he can relax and allow his music to communicate a number of emotions beyond his usual urgency, intensity, and earth-shaking, heaven-storming power. His recent album "Applecores" on Philly Jazz exhibited some surprising mainstream tendencies, and while this set, recorded live at the 1979 Moers Festival, also deftly balances 'inside' and 'outside' sensibilities, no one is going to confuse this group with anything but what it is -- an energetic, sympathetic ensemble which can comfortably create a wide range of moods and musics.

As compared to his blitzkriegs behind such instrumentalists as Cecil Taylor or Albert Ayler, Murray's drums here are restrained, economic,

and still captivating. The opener, *Sweet Lovely*, finds him especially subdued and swinging, but everywhere his phrasings are alert to the profile of the compositions and the needs of the ensemble. If there is anything Sunny Murray doesn't need, it's a second percussionist filling in the spaces of his exquisitely timed flurries and patterns, but Fall's congas are, for the most part, unobtrusive.

David Murray's work here is among the best of his playing I've yet encountered. His crisp staccato runs on *Sweet Lovely* make musical use of the tenor's upper register through careful articulation and emphasis on pitches, rather than punctuational squeals. *German Dilemma* begins in a rush of exorcistic 32nd and 64th notes, yet the saxophonist's solo is intelligently paced and in complete control of both the tempo and the rhythmic design of his phrases. Moreover, the recording catches the nuances of his tenor tone beautifully, especially his subtle reed manipulations and pitch bending on the bluesy *Tree Tops*.

But the most impressive fact about this group is not their individual strengths, but their ensemble sensitivity. The cuts are not solo-plus-rhythm section jams, but carefully conceived performances -- notice the fascinating decrescendo during the entire second half of *German Dilemma*, which ultimately forces the musicians to create tense, terse statements in an almost motionless setting. Or, similarly, the wide dynamic range the group employs in *Tree Tops*, culminating in Favors' delicate arco overtones and, finally, silence.

The large catalog of Moers Music Records is available from Moers Music, PO Box 1612, 4130 Moers 1, West Germany. — **Art Lange**

Red NORVO/Ross TOMPKINS

**Red & Ross
Concord Jazz CJ-90**

Norvo, vibes; Tompkins, piano; John Williams, bass; Jake Hanna, drums.

An early exemplar of the cool approach to jazz, Red Norvo has lived to see his style survive many a tilt in fashion over the years. In the 30's, his big band, although always a musician's delight, predictably failed to compete with more outgoing organizations; its subtle voicings and discreet dynamic range, as well as its insistence on color over flamboyance, were simply not suited to the tastes of the jitterbugs. In the 40's, Norvo was in the vanguard of the modern jazz movement, but more as a catalyst than as a pace-setting instrumentalist. In the 50's, though, he finally came into his own. The age had found its man, and the delicately shaded sounds of his vibes/guitar/bass trios were able to reach a much wider audience than pure bop ever did. As sensitive as it was generally palatable, Norvo's music did much to popularize the phenomenon of West Coast cool. His style has changed little since that time. A facile improviser, he works within established harmonic parameters and conventional rhythmic patterns; but so knowingly constructed are his melodic lines and so unique his tone that it is easy to forgive this inherent conservatism.

His host on this live session from Donte's is Ross Tompkins, "Tonight Show" regular and artist-in-residence at the Hollywood club. The trio leader opens the set with Benny Golson's *Whisper Not*, and, after a thoroughly convincing

demonstration of his puristic intentions, then introduces Norvo, the featured guest star. The remainder of the album belongs to Red and Ross, who, even more than in their respective solos, will impress with the acuity of their interplay. It is the vibist's practice, whenever he finds himself with a listening pianist, to engage in a few choruses of keyboard colloquy. Normally, the bass and drums lay out for these excursions into polyphonic improvisation, thereby insuring the desired dramatic effect appending their return. Truly entertaining, this technique is just as much fun for the players as the listeners. But serious attention should be paid, and particularly to Tompkins' accompaniments and solos, for he is without doubt one of the more noteworthy mainstream pianists on the scene. — **Jack Sohmer**

BENT PERSSON

**Louis Armstrong's 50 Hot Choruses
Kenneth KS 2044**

In 1927 Walter Melrose arranged for Louis Armstrong to record 50 cylinders to provide material for published cornet solos and breaks by Melrose's music firm. The written transcriptions survive, as might be expected, but not the cylinders. As a way of enabling us to hear Satchmo's inspirations, though by proxy, Kenneth Records has incorporated them into performances recorded during 1975-79 by a variety of Swedish traditional combos made up from a stockpile of about two dozen musicians, with trumpeter/cornetist Bent Persson deputizing for Pops. They appear on Kenneth KS 2044-47, of which only the first volume is available to this reviewer.

One's initial focus is how well Persson is going to do in the virtually no-win job of fleshing out the shade of the greatest jazzman who ever lived. The answer is surprisingly well indeed. He is greatly aided by ideas generated by Armstrong when at the height of his powers, and they are full of vitality. The jacket spotlights the location of the quotes, and following several with the published versions in hand, I find that Persson executes them accurately and comfortably, with an excellent feel for phrasing though his tone understandably is a little short of Louis's unparalleled majesty and passion.

As for the disc in general, it's well recorded, and the sidemen are clean, disciplined players who can generate an upbeat mood and buoyant rhythm. High spots are sextet versions of *Black Bottom Stomp* and *Sobbin' Blues*, septets on *Dead Man Blues* and *Steamboat Stomp*, a decent piano-cornet duet on *High Society* (made up from two takes), and a Hot-Fiveish quartet ride on *New Orleans Stomp*. Offset against these are a rather disorganized *Jimtown Blues*, a short and jerky *Sugar Babe*, and a dull *Chimes Blues*, with the other five tracks somewhere in between.

The changing makeup of the bands, plus their tendency to overwork the Hot Five's device of having lots of breaks, stop-time choruses, and unaccompanied solos, gives much of the program an unsteady, stop-and-start flavor that I would have tempered somewhat in favor of a little more emphasis on straight-ahead swinging by a fixed personnel. Still, this is a minor criticism of a mostly successful and worthwhile job that will certainly interest



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RECORDED APRIL 11, 1979

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DIGIT

MARIO PAVONE
MARK WHITECAGE
BOBBY NAUGHTON
PHEEROAN AK LAFF

SIDE 1
Digit
Nine Note
Wood
AB

SIDE 2
The Dom
Toledo
Bones
As Is

MARIO PAVONE - acoustic bass
MARK WHITECAGE - alto/soprano
saxophone, flute
BOBBY NAUGHTON - vibes
PHEEROAN AK LAFF - drums

ALACRA 3007
RECORDED APRIL 24/25, 1979

CLOSE OPPOSITES DAN ROSE

PERRY ROBINSON / MARK WHITECAGE
ARMEN HALBURIAN / MARIO PAVONE / JOHN BETSCH



STEREO

ALACRA

SIDE 1

Matrix
More Drums Please
C'est Un Poisson Du Reve
The Dance of the False Faces

SIDE 2

Close Opposites
The Whole (Tone)
E.D.

DAN ROSE - acoustic & electric guitar
PERRY ROBINSON - clarinet
MARIO PAVONE - bass
JOHN BETSCH - drums
ARMEN HALBURIAN - percussion

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U.S.A.

Armstrong buffs, which includes all *Coda* readers, I'm sure. If the other three LPs meet this standard, I'd be happy with 'em. Available from Mr. Gosta Hagglof, Ramgrand 1, S-17547 Jarfalla, Sweden. Price unknown.

— *Tex Wyndham*

DON PULLEN

Milano Strut
Black Saint BSR 0028

Don Pullen, piano, organ; Famoudou Don Moye, sun percussion.

Conversation / Communication / Milano Strut/ Curve Eleven (for Giuseppe)

One of the earliest and most potent recordings made by pianist Don Pullen documented duets performed with Milford Graves at Yale University in 1966; only one of the two volumes - "Nommo" (SRP LP-290) - is still available. At the time, the duo context seemed as revolutionary as the material Graves and Pullen explored - material that has retained its freshness and its impact. Amid the rash of duets released in the past few years, Pullen's return to this territory with Famoudou Don Moye is no less inspired and far more stylistically diverse than his work with Graves, giving the listener a far-reaching yet compact sampling of Pullen and Moye's facilities.

Pullen is much more in command of the drama that can be brought forth from the piano now than he was in 1966. His whisking of the keys for dissonant tone clusters is sharper and more abrupt, especially on *Conversation*. On the title piece and *Communication*, there is, respectively, a jocularity and an intensely developed lyricism that was minimally employed in his work with both Graves and Giuseppe Logan. Only *Curve Eleven* approximates the muted avalanche of textures that distinguishes Pullen's work in the mid-sixties, though the forementioned lyricism even seeps into his approach to the interior of the piano.

The interaction between Pullen and Moye is superlative throughout the album. Moye has the fine balance of technical and emotional articulation that is imperative for such an undertaking. His intuitive sense alternately prods and simmers Pullen with great effect. Constantly shifting the dynamic center and cross-pollinating rhythms, Moye proves to be the most compatible drummer for Pullen, in this regard, since Graves himself.

Recently, Pullen and Moye formed a trio with Joseph Jarman. Among its other pleasures, *Milano Strut* alludes to their anticipated output.

— *Bill Shoemaker*

LES PAUL

Les Paul Trio
Glendale GL-6014

Stompin' at the Savoy/Dark Eyes/I Surrender Dear/The Sheik of Araby/All of Me/I Can't Believe That You're In Love With Me/Danger Man at Work/Coquette/Ain't Misbehavin'/Cherokee/Rose Room/Limehouse Blues.

For a brief period in his early career, Les Paul was a top-ranking jazz guitarist. He had a brilliant technique, a striking sound, and a style based almost completely on Django Reinhardt's.

And he was modern, too, for his time. A handful of '78's, including the famous 1944 JATP duologue with Nat Cole, can testify to that. He had also recorded a series of transcriptions around 1947, but only a few claimed to have heard them. However, thirty-some-odd years later, they turn up, or at least twelve of them have, for their total number still remains a mystery. Originating from the C.P. MacGregor Library, these transcriptions have a remarkably bright sound, not only for the time they were recorded, but for now as well.

The identities of the pianist and bassist, if known, are not revealed in the abbreviated notes, but there is a large photo on the back cover of another of Paul's trios, this one with a second guitarist in place of the pianist. The bassist, whose face is vaguely familiar, may or may not be the one heard on the transcriptions, but nowhere is there even a clue as to the personnels of any of the guitarist's groups - much less the one herein presented. It would seem that this information could have been retrieved at the same time as the transcriptions themselves. But, then again, Glendale's previous release of MacGregor ET's, "Pee Wee Hunt," even failed to note the presence of clarinetist Matty Matlock, indisputably that album's only redeeming feature.

A few years after these recordings, Paul was to abandon jazz completely for the more lucrative world of musical novelty. With his then wife, Mary Ford, he recorded one pop trifle after another, but all with a hook in his experimental multi-dubbing. It has never been disclosed whether the guitarist, from the vantage point of his later success, ever took a wistful look back on his days as a jazzman. But no matter; with these sides finally in circulation, the listener can now indulge himself in all the regret-tinged nostalgia he chooses.

— *Jack Sohmer*

GEORGE SHEARING

Blues Alley Jazz
Concord Jazz CJ 110

Recorded live at Washington, D.C.'s Blues Alley, this record gives a very clear picture of a musician working in conditions to which he is thoroughly accustomed by years of constant exposure to the environment. Not that Shearing isn't equally at home in virtually every other playing situation there is, after all of his experience in practicing his art, but the intimate, closed world of the small club must surely grant him the maximum freedom to bring out the best in him.

Shearing is, of course, still the highly accomplished musician he has always been. There has never been any doubt as to the man's tremendous ability; instead, any unsympathetic criticism has tended to dwell on the sometimes alarmingly high degree of commercialism in his music. It simply becomes a matter of personal taste, and of whatever exactly the listener is hoping to find. On this record you will find an emphasis on musicianship, presented in a broad range of idiom, with a minimum of commerciality. There are the densely chorded 'locked-hands' passages, the tricky off latin-funk rhythms on the medium tempo tunes, and then there are the lush yet delicate ballads. *Autumn in New York* is a lesson in taste and sensitivity here, Shearing never overstepping the boundaries of the mood he creates. Similarly, *For*

Every Man There's a Woman spins a sustained mood, dare I say impression?, with its echoes of Ravel.

A refreshing aspect of the recording is the instrumentation, with just Shearing on piano and Brian Torff on bass. And they work well together; they play in duo, to each other, with a sense of enjoyment that comes through to the listener. Torff plays a lot of bass, but never too much. Shearing is suitably generous to him, even to the extent of featuring him on Torff's own *High and Inside*. In keeping with the variety of the album, Shearing takes one of his rather infrequent vocals on Gerry Mulligan's *This Couldn't Be the Real Thing*. It's a very affecting voice he has, and when used sparingly as it is, it only serves to further impress.

This is a good, honest record. It is a recording of two musicians playing in a club, just making their music with no overhanging concept or grand design. When it is done this well, it is more than enough.

— Julian Yarrow

LEW TABACKIN

Rites of Pan
Inner City 6052

Perhaps I have been unfair to Lew Tabackin. I know his tenor playing and find it derivative and overpraised. By extension, I think that his and Toshiko's band is less dynamic than others do. Finally, I object to what I perceive as an attempt to hype him as the tenor's great white hope. With these biases not altogether firmly rooted, I came to this album expecting to have my earlier impressions reinforced. I was, happily, disappointed. Tabackin has put together a good quartet and has created substantial music.

This album contains straight blowing and what might be termed oriental impressionism. The opening selection, Toshiko's *Autumn Sea*, for example, alternates between the two hemispheric norms. The composer's introductory piano reflects her homeland, and she returns to that mood, although more obliquely, throughout the remainder of the piece. Tabackin and the others, alternatively, become progressively impressionistic until the leader engages in some distortions suggestive of Roland Kirk near the end. The tension and texture created by these opposing approaches make this an impressive ten-minute performance.

Autumn Sea is set in bold relief by the next tune, a rousing, if brief, rendering of Dizzy Gillespie's *Be-Bop*. Faithful to the composition's spirit, Tabackin and bassist John Heard perform a duet reminiscent of the technical proficiency of Kenny Drew and NHOP's 1974 *Oleo*. Tabackin's playing here illustrates, if proof be needed, that he has mastered the flute.

But despite the pyrotechnics on *Be-Bop*, the album's highlight is Fats Waller's wonderfully angular *Jitterbug Waltz*. The rhythm section (Shelly Manne on drums) provides perfect backing for Tabackin's inspired playing, and Toshiko solos effectively. The composition has received several classic interpretations; this is another one.

The contrasting moods, challenging tunes, and superior playing on the album's first side constitute twenty minutes of wonderful music. While satisfactory, the second side is not as good as the first. *Rites Of Pan* has Tabackin changing moods and techniques, but he repeats himself

too frequently, and the composition (by Tabackin and Manne) aspires to significance while encouraging the trite. Similarly disappointing are the leader's *Night Nymph* and Toshiko's *Elusive Dream*. The former is a brief solo by Tabackin; the latter features the composer making her recording debut — to no great effect — on electric piano.

On this album Tabackin shows himself to be a masterful, creative flautist. He is best using his considerable technique to create harmonic and melodic texture, but he can play pure bop at breakneck tempo, as he does on *Be-Bop*. Not crucial, this is nonetheless a good album that should not be taken lightly.

— Benjamin Franklin V

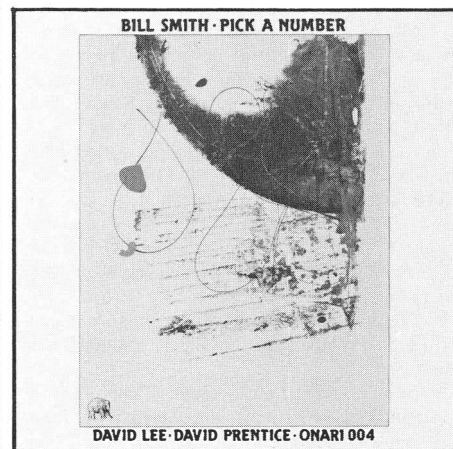
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CANADA

CANADA

In Toronto, the Ryerson Polytechnical Institute was the site of four open-air concerts in June with the groups of Bob De Angelis, Brian A. McConnel, Fred Duligal and Edward Harding & McClean performing.... The restructured Music Gallery has arranged an interesting cross section of newer musical styles for the summer. Full details are available from the Gallery (598-2400).... Ada Lee directed a Gospel Ensemble in concert at Parkdale Library on May 30 under the sponsorship of Black Theatre Canada.... The Toronto Folk Festival is a new offering to fill the space vacated by Mariposa, who have abandoned the idea of a major festival after twenty years. The weekend of July 25-27 will feature daytime concerts on Hanlan's Point and three evening concerts at Bathurst Quay. Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Salome Bey, Odetta, Roosevelt Sykes and Pigmeat Jarrett are among the performers.

Jim Galloway's Wee Big Band headed east on June 30 for a concert at The Playhouse, New Brunswick and his quartet then played at the 1880 Club in St. John, New Brunswick on July 1. Jim also participated in Quebec City's Festival d'Ete with appearances at the Apres Onze Club on July 8-10. From July 14 to 26 he was in Edmonton for performances with Paul Rimstead during the Klondike Days festivities.

"Home Grown Jazz" was the theme of a free festival presented by Jazz Calgary on June 29. Featured were Big Daddy and the Dixie Cats, Saturday Pro Band, Mainstream Jazz Quintet, Kashmir and his Jazzmen, John Reid Quartet, Allegro, Celebration and Plus Four.

The Edmonton Jazz Festival takes place August 17 to 24 and will feature Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass, P.J. Perry, Cleanhead Vinson, Buddy Tate, Big Miller, Mike Nock, Tommy Banks, Phil Woods, Concord Super Band, Jack DeJohnette, Akiyoshi/Tabackin Band, Kenny Wheeler, Art Ensemble of Chicago, Sonny Rollins, Gary Burton and Al Jarreau. Full details can be obtained from Jazz City, Box 2400, Edmonton, Alberta T5J 2R4.

— John Norris

TORONTO — For a period of five years in the seventies, *Coda*, in cooperation with Onari Productions, presented a large amount of interesting new music in Toronto. For the most part these presentations took place in the privileged environment of art galleries, and establishments that were to do with the growing awareness of new multi-disciplinary activities in this city. In many ways it created locally, a recognition of the many possibilities that were available to creative artists, gave us first hand experiences of the directions that many American players were developing, and eventually brought about, via A Space, a permanent space, managed by Al Mattes called The Music Gallery. Many performers, some who were also poets, painters and photographers, separated into individual factions, and in doing so brought about a distinctively Canadian music form, much of which has been recorded on Onari Records and Music Gallery Editions. The one element that always seemed to be lacking in this process was the idea of presenting this music in the so-called jazz situation of bars and clubs, and with the exception of a nine month sojourn at a bar called the Sandpiper, which was organised by saxophonist Maury

Coles, and two months in a downtown draft beer parlor, it seemed that this traditional concept of presenting music was not to occur. It was often thought by many of us, that the idea of performing in bars would bring about a more direct connection with the public at large, and would help the music expand, if not its horizons, then at least its accessibility. The problem of course was what, if any, bar, would allow this to happen. Was it a commercially viable situation? Could the landlords make money from this style of music?

The first major break came from Gary Topp, a friend, and promoter of the so-called "new wave" pop music, who operates a bar called The Edge. A most appropriate name. But these Sunday evenings were infrequent, and in recent times have moved into another area, presenting the music of Toronto's more traditional Coltrane influenced players.

In June however, another "new wave" bar, The Cabana Room, in the Spadina Hotel, located in the heart of the clothing industry neighbourhood, expressed some inclinations to allow us to occupy their premises on Monday evenings. And so a new and very successful period has begun in Toronto. For the first month my trio with David Lee and David Prentice, organised four Monday nights, based in the idea of making our trio the catalyst for a series of invited guests. The result was truly astounding, for not only was the attendance large, but the opportunity for many players to come together, in a free improvisational situation happened. The guests were of such diversified backgrounds that many new potentials have been realised. The first Monday was Gordon Rayner and Graham Coughtry, two of the founders of the legendary Artists Jazz Band, which could be thought of as the first free improvising group in Toronto, founded some fifteen years ago. The second Monday we welcomed two friends who were passing through Toronto, saxophonist Bill Jamieson and bassist James Young. The trio became on two nights a quintet, augmented by a classical viola player named Allan Teeple, one night with Maury Coles, and the last night, Andy Haas, a saxophonist more well known for his work with a "new wave" group called Martha and the Muffins. A most unlikely group of guests, that succeeded in showing that it was not only possible to play together, and produce good music, but to make audiences happy enough to return and expand in size.

The second month is about to begin under the direction this time of Maury Coles, who has organised, and brought back to life, two of Toronto's past myths. The Avant Garde Revival Band with Stu Broomer, and a new drummer Richard Bannard, and Air Raid, a saxophone quartet with myself, Nobby Kubota and John Oswald. Come check us out, for there is indeed a new wave of music in Toronto.

— Bill Smith

VANCOUVER — The 2nd Annual Vancouver Creative Music Festival intends to cultivate and promote an understanding and appreciation of creative music by establishing in Vancouver, an annual presentation of performances and workshops by Canadian and International artists.

The Festival will take place November 7-9, and November 14-16, 1980, at the Robson Square Theatre, Robson Square, and the Western Front Lodge, 303 East 8th Avenue.

The following artists are scheduled to perform:



from Vancouver — Trio Non Troppo, Paul Plimley, Al Neil, Bob Murphy, Druick/Ellis/Phillips, Contemporary String Quartet, Don Druick, A-Group, and the Vancouver Creative Music Orchestra with international guest soloists.

from Toronto — The Bill Smith Ensemble with David Lee & David Prentice, Maury Coles with Paul Plimley & Lyle Ellis, CCMC, Udo Kasemets, John Oswald.

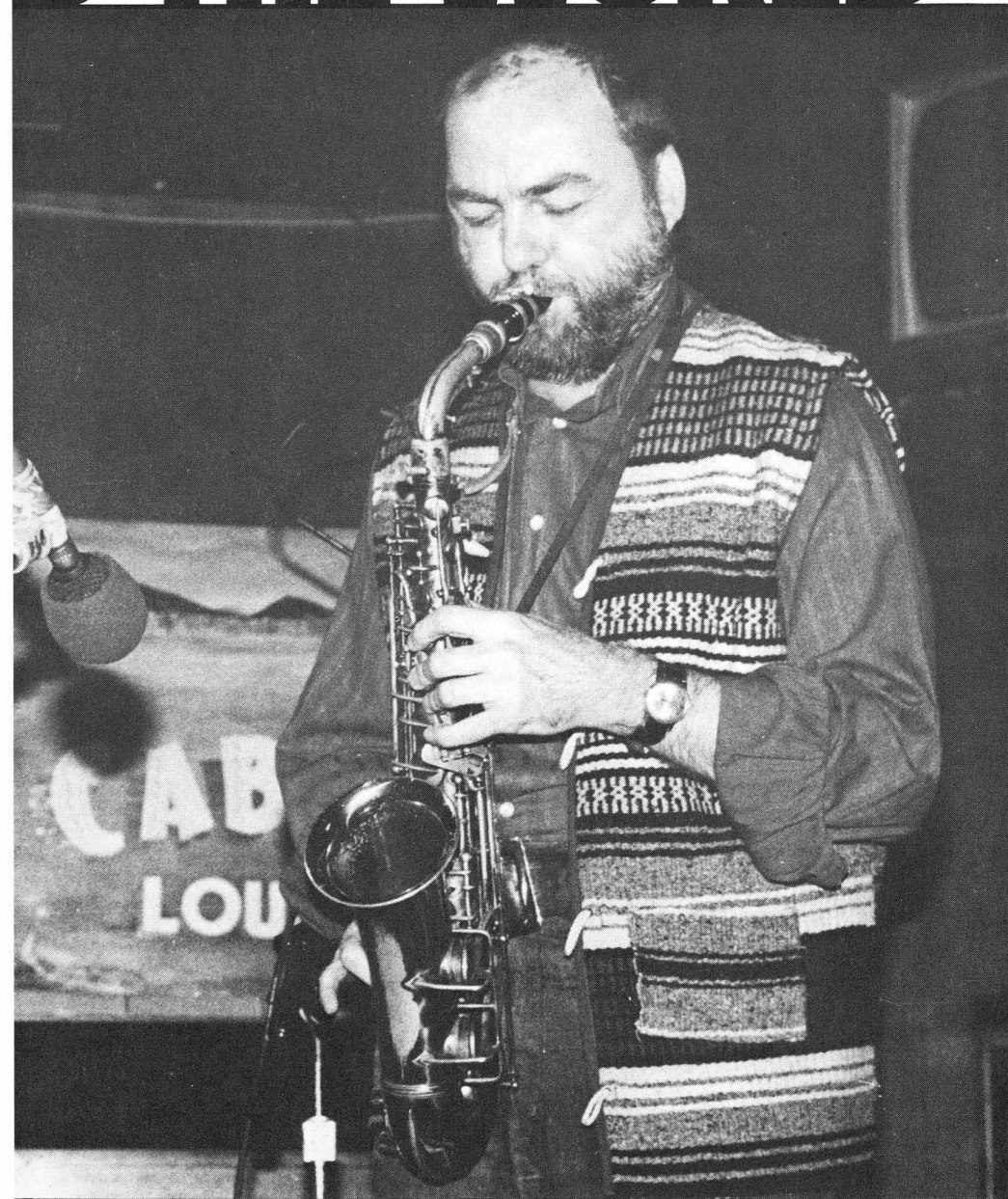
from Victoria — John Celona.

from the U.S.A. — Joe McPhee, Vinny Golia, the Seattle Composers and Improvisors Orchestra with Art Lande, Henry Kaiser, Darrell Devore.

from Germany & South Africa — Peter Brotzmann, Harry Miller and Louis Moholo.

For further information, interested listeners should contact the New Orchestra Workshop Society, 55 West 44th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 2V2. — Lyle Lansall-Ellis/Linda Barrat

D THE WORLD



KINGSTON — The Scarecrow Restaurant, already known as one of Kingston's better eating places for its excellent organic menu, is instituting a jazz policy over the summer which will feature the Chris McCann Quartet, Roddy Elias, Jane Fair, the Mike Stuart/Keith Blackley Quartet and the Pat Labarbera Trio.

MONTREAL — Dexter Gordon has made a couple of appearances at The Rising Sun since his recent homecoming. The three he did in mid-June topped them all.

Dexter is rarely out of form, and his current group demands that he stay in top gear. Eddie Gladden remains in the drummer's seat, while Chuck Metcalf (bass) and Kirk Lightsey (piano) are newcomers.

Gladden is a monster player in the Elvin Jones tradition. He kicks up all sorts of dirt and his tight rapport with Lightsey, a very

versatile and energetic pianist, kept Dexter blowing hot and heavy.

Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis packed the club the following week. The Rising Sun is certainly not the sort of spot they are accustomed to. People do not come for cocktails, dinners or comfort. They come to hear "live" music. That suited Kessel and Ellis just fine. It was an opportunity to loosen up and stretch out. And with the assistance of Charlie Biddles (bass) and Charlie Duncan (drums), plus their own gentlemanly humour, the proceedings took on the air of a joyous club party.

Ellis spent a few late evenings jamming at Yvon Symond's Jazz Bar during the week. A Sunday afternoon workshop, led by Ellis, was organised at Yvon's by Frank Quinn, local distributor of Polytone Amplifiers. Only local guitarists were on hand, and the programme

consisted of some very informal playing, demonstrations and question and answer exchanges.

Bill Jamieson (reeds) and James Young (bass) did a duet concert at Vehicule. Their renditions of David Holland's *Interception* and Roscoe Mitchell's *Blues* exhibited a good deal of punch and command. However many of the other pieces displayed more technique than feeling.

I might add that it appears that parallel galleries, like Vehicule, no longer serve the interests of "new music". Despite good intentions, these galleries usually provide little more than a space to perform in. Publicity is largely limited to gallery members, and so audiences often consist of friends, family, a few curious onlookers and the odd nut. This merely perpetuates the artistic marginality which is endemic of "new art".

Pianist Steve Holt continues to book good local bebop units at the C-Note. In addition to his own ensemble of Dennis James (bass) and Billy Barwick (drums), there was Michel Donato's trio with Jacques LaBelle (guitar) and Marvin Jolly (drums), and Dave Turner's Quartet with Jeff Lapp (piano), Leon Feigenbaum (electric bass) and Jim Hillman (drums).

Guitarist Nelson Symonds (Yvon's brother) has organised an impressive new line-up over at Rockhead's. Jean Beaudet (from EMIM) is on piano, Charlie Biddles is back on bass and Jacques Masson is on drums.

Spectra Scene Ltd. took a shot at up-staging Doudou Boicel's Festijazz with their "Festival International de Jazz de Montreal" at the old Expo site in early July. The programme included Ray Charles, Heritage Hall Jazz Band, Chick Corea and Gary Burton, Ramsey Lewis, along with local groups Solstice, Vic Vogel's Big Band, Zak, Nebu and L'OS.

The Austrian group Neighbours will be coming to Montreal as part of their North American tour. Neighbours have recorded with the legendary Fred Anderson and Bill Brimfield, and performed with the likes of Roscoe Mitchell, Albert Mangelsdorff, John Surman and Anthony Braxton. — *Peter Danson*

AMERICA

NEW YORK — The natural, but all too infrequent combination of modern dance and jazz was offered by Diane McIntyre and Sounds in Motion and various musicians at Symphony Space on June 13 & 14. On the first evening, the dancers collaborated with Oliver Lake (Lake, soprano and alto saxophones; James Newton, flute; Anthony Davis, piano; Babafumi Akunyun, conga), Max Roach (snare drum) and Abbey Lincoln Aminata Moseka (vocals), and Gary Bartz (Bartz, soprano and alto saxophones; Andy Bey, piano and vocals; Stafford James, bass; Michael Carvin, drums). The rendition of Lake's *100% Cotton* included five dancers, some dramatic flute work by Newton that progressed from calm to animated, and a scorching alto solo by the leader. Equally impressive, but stylistically different, Bartz's powerful, Coltrane-influenced reading of *I've Known Rivers* spiritedly supported a quartet of moving bodies, whose individual solos created a jam session atmosphere.

Still, it was the Roach/Lincoln/McIntyre performance of *Triptych* from the percussionist/composer's seminal work "Freedom Now Suite" (recently reissued by Columbia Records) that was the evening's most poignant event. Music

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and movement fed each other until they became one. With Roach providing an expressive array of rhythms and colors from only a snare drum, and Lincoln emitting either piercing screams or softer sounds, McIntyre superbly danced the composition's pain, longing, and mystery.

In their two-night engagement at the Tin Palace June 4 & 5, the Butch Morris-Billy Bang Ensemble (Morris, cornet; Bang, violin; Wilbur Morris, bass; Dennis Charles, drums) displayed an uncanny empathy for one another, engaging in knotty, four-part contrapuntal dialogues on such compositions as Morris' *Blue Frolic* and Bang's *A Pebble Is A Small Rock* that swung as well as probed the music's thematic and rhythmic parameters. Furthermore, they all contributed fine solos. Morris utilized a warm, round tone as he played off the rhythm section with short, clipped bursts of sound and off-the-beat attacks. Bang, on the other hand, usually followed a more overtly aggressive style, creating considerable tension with his percussive attack and expressive use of dissonance.

Hanratty's, a piano bar on the Upper East Side, presented Dave Frishberg for three weeks in June. On one evening, the keyboardist/vocalist opened with an appealing medley of Duke Ellington compositions, often employing low, rich bass lines to drive his lilting improvisations. Frishberg also featured his vocal and lyric writing abilities. His piece *Another Song About Paris*, for example, included numerous witty lines (as well as humorous instrumental quotes from *April In Paris*, *American In Paris*, and *I Love Paris*), while *Van Lingo Mungo* was comprised solely of the names of baseball players.

Marion Brown, Chico Freeman, Anthony Davis, Jay Hoggard, Mark Helias, Dewey Red-

man, Ed Blackwell, and Buster Williams closed out the Public Theater's successful Benefit Series on June 14. Redman (tenor saxophone; Mark Helias, bass; Ed Blackwell, drums) delivered a very intense set that found the saxophonist playing harder than usual, while Freeman's presentation (Freeman, tenor saxophone, flute; Hoggard, vibes, Williams, bass) showcased the woodwind specialist's lyrical improvisations and Hoggard's full-bodied accompaniment.

Hoggard was also featured in three duets with pianist Anthony Davis. While their rendition of the vibist's piece *Comfort In The Storm* occasionally lacked momentum and direction, they were quite assured on *A Walk Through The Shadow*, a Davis composition held together by two ostinato patterns. The two musicians brilliantly wove counter melodies around the repeating motifs. Hoggard produced shimmering glissandos and swirling passages, and Davis created orchestral textures, encompassing the keyboard's entire range.

The Steve Kuhn/Sheila Jordan Band (Kuhn, piano; Jordan, vocals; Harvie Swartz, bass; Bob Moses, drums) played an excellent set at The Bottom Line on June 26. Jordan is an unusually compelling and sensual artist whose voice fuses a child-like purity with a womanly power and sophistication. On the standard *Falling In Love With Love* she launched into a downward-moving chromatic run at the end of the first chorus as well as rhythmically and melodically restructuring the tune in later choruses. In addition, she went into a chilling Mid-Eastern chant on *Deep Tango*. Co-leader Kuhn contributed many sparkling fills, although his idea-rich solos were often delivered a bit stiffly. However, on the bop classic *Little Willie Leaps*, the pianist was more relaxed, creating an improvisation that frequently found his left hand functioning as a countervoice to

his right hand's melodic flights.

Briefs: New Music Distribution Service (500 West Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012) now handles Nimbus, About Time and Ruba records. ...The Universal Jazz Coalition's Third Annual Salute to Women In Jazz ran from June 1 to 8 with concerts and workshops at Symphony Space, the Jazz Gallery and Damrosch Park. The organization also ran concerts at Symphony Space on May 22 and 23 to raise money for the Louis Armstrong Jazz Center.... Jazzmania (23rd Street and Madison Ave.) presented its 2nd Annual Brazilian Jazz Festival throughout June. Among the featured artists were Claudio Roditi, Thiago De Mello, and Angela Suarez.... The John Abercrombie Quartet (Abercrombie, guitar; Richie Beirach, piano; George Mraz, bass; Peter Donald, drums) held forth at The Bottom Line on May 14 & 15.... Among the musicians recently featured on WKCR's "Jazz Portraits" program were Fats Waller, Buck Clayton and George Coleman.

— Clifford Jay Safane

BUTCH MORRIS — BILLY BANG

Butch Morris - Billy Bang Quartet
Tin Palace, New York City
June 4-5, 1980

Butch Morris, cornet; Billy Bang, violin; Wilbur Morris, bass; Steve McCall, percussion.

The course of exceptional creative passage in the improvised form is contingent on how one is able to mobilize the collective identity of the group and translate that identity into a unique musical reality. The Butch Morris-Billy Bang Quartet works from the entire sound spectrum of the improvised form and is able to produce thoroughly engaging and exhilarating music with, seemingly, great ease. Their work seems to be a synthesis of various styles and approaches that have been beautifully transformed into a glowing group sound.

The band began their set with a piece by cornetist/composer Morris that had a darkly textured unison line played against the shadow of violinist Bang's irrevocable melodic feeding. The tune was attractively constructed and allowed cornetist Morris ample room to stretch out and show why he's much in demand abroad when a capable brass player is needed. His solo was awe-inspiring with meaty melodic ideas and full tones. His music always said something in a discernable no-nonsense way which made all of his statements of the evening emotionally exciting and greatly appreciated.

Violinist Bang 'soloed' after Morris and played great music. With violinist Leroy Jenkins now concentrating on the compositional architectures of the music, Bang is now out front on his instrument and playing fresh and astutely articulated musical ideas in a straight-ahead fashion (in this particular setting, anyway). His spot began, on this opening selection, by playing a repetitive phrase in the lower register of his stringed instrument and developing that idea into some gorgeous multiphonics and overtones that really had the 'heat' on. A brilliant presentation was had here by a violinist who is due to be an important contributor to the language.

Percussionist Steve McCall and bassist Wilbur Morris (the brother of co-bandleader Butch Morris) were shimmering throughout the night.

Percussionist McCall with his fluctuating rhythmic stance and metric ambiguity is an all around percussionist who can meet any situation and make exceptional music. With his tonal gears up on this particular night - and with his known rhythmic drive and flawless taste, his music figuratively took flight and became the anchor from which important and vital music sprang. His solo spot on this opening number showed why he has been viewed by his peers as a consistently dependable legislator of the rhythmic parameters of this music.

I actually needn't go any further into the set for it was all quite in keeping with better than average musical assertions. Let me just say that the Butch Morris-Billy Bang Quartet (note: unfortunately the band probably won't be a steadily working unit because of Morris's teaching commitments abroad) should be heard by all those interested in the creative course of Black music today.

— Roger Riggins

LOS ANGELES — Man, the pianists we have in this town! May 15 at UCLA was a Ross Tompkins Trio (Allen Jackson, bass and Jake Hanna, drums) and a Plas Johnson Quartet (Larry Gales, bass, Jimmie Smith drums and Dolo Coker, piano). The Tonight Show pianist and Merv Griffin's sax man. Ross' new record with Red Norvo is great. Plas did the *Parking Lot Blues* (popular on the radio here, KKGO). He must be the studios' blues soloist. Herb Ellis egged on drummer Smith from the blinds. Dolo was a charge to see once again, I remember him from Dexter's 1976 "return" tour. We are thankful for Xanadu Records' documentation of him.

May 11 at the Santa Monica artists' studio 2651 Main St. we caught George Cables in a guest duet with alto saxophonist Frank Morgan. This is Frank's regular Sunday afternoon affair amid a painterly atmosphere. The reclusive Walter Benton and he still continue their long association in informal rehearsals.

Lately the Baked Potato has had some potent Latin Jazz on Sundays with Moacir Santos; Alex Acuna-Justo Almarino Quintet; and Clare Fischer's Salsa Picante with Gary Foster, reeds; Alex Acuna, timbales; Roland Vasquez, drums; Hector Andrade, conga; John Chiodini, electric guitar; Oscar Meza, bass; Fischer, Rhodes electric piano.

The new North Hollywood hangout is Carmelo's, 4449 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks (in the same area as Donte's, The Baked Potato and The Tale Of The Cock) with a healthy jazz ambience and casual visits by neighbourhood musicians. I have a feeling that we'll be seeing some nice music here with already many notable performances just in May, like the reunion of the Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet, Bob Cooper-Bob Hardaway, Franco Marocco-Ray Pizzi, Jack Nimitz, Capp-Pierce Juggernaut with Ernie Andrews, Lou Levy and Monday big band nights with the Bob Florence Big Band (whose latest live album on Trend hotly waxes this slick L.A. ensemble), and the Don Menza Big Band showcasing Don's arrangements and many notable friends (whose new album "Horn Of Plenty" represents his sextet of late; DeLa-Rosa, Dentz, Findley, Reichenbach and Strazz).

Recording date: May 3rd. Alto saxophonist Walter Thompson flies out from New York to use for his second album Alex Cline, Vinny Golia, John Rapson, Nels Cline and Roberto Miranda. Alex has used lately an abbreviated percussion outfit for certain situations like the

acoustic group with his twin brother Nels on guitars; Eric Von Essen, bass, and Jeff Gauthier, violin. But uses his standard monstrous well-tuned batterie in regular performances with dancer Margaret Schuette. His recordings from July 1979 with visiting Italian drummer Andrea Centazzo will soon be available.... Vinny Golia received an NEA grant to write and perform some music for large ensemble and has already lined up many luminaries for this November project.... On Sundays Roberto Miranda can be caught at the Christ Lutheran Church, 530 West Alondra Blvd. in a Jazz Vespers service. Roberto also performed at the 1980 Moers Festival as part of a Bobby Bradford, John Carter, Hassan, William Jeffrey, James Newton unit.

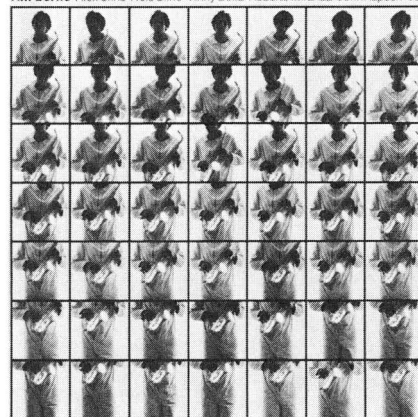
Recently I witnessed several recording sessions of small groups from the Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra. The Linda Hill session April 25th had the camp divided between United-Western Studios and the Jack DeJohnette Special Edition with Black Arthur Blythe a couple of blocks away at the Wilshire Ebell. Her "languorous" piano work from this night will soon be issued. The following evening Horace Tapscott led a sextet through several 20-minute romps, *Dem Folks*, *Dial "B" For Barbra*, *Lately Lester* (Lester Robertson's trombone solo on Gerald Wilson's "Milestones" recording) and *I Heard Ya Before Ya Got Here*. Plenty of Tapscottian arrangements for Reggie Bullen, trumpet, Gary Bias and Sabia Matteen, reeds, Roberto Miranda on bass. The next sessions were with 43-year-old Venice Beach street musician Billie Harris, who during the middle '70s ran the jazz club AZZ IZZ; has been recently ordained a minister; was a close friend of trumpeter Bennie Harris (no relation); and has been playing the tenor saxophone since age 14 or so. This was his first time in a recording studio and long time associates David Bryant, Everett Brown Jr., and Horace Tapscott were on the date along with conga percussionist Daa'ood Woods. The feeling of this session is akin to Hemphill's "Hard Blues" (home base for me) with Tapscott, "mashing up against ya, forcing you, tell me more, tell me more", and Billie's horn in a free bop way oddly similar to Dexter Gordon's architectural improvisations. May 3rd Interplay recorded a Tapscott, Bryant, Brown Jr. trio. Horace spent most of June in Europe. Bandmaster Jesse Sharps and Michael Session joined the army in 1979 and are stationed separately in Germany; I hear both of them have active groups.

From Riverside, halfway between San Diego and L.A., comes the long-overdue album "Rod Piazza and the Chicago Flying Saucer Band". Available from him at 4426 Linwood Place, Riverside, California 92506 USA. Recorded in August 1979 it presents his band of three years' standing: Honey, piano; Mike Watson, guitar; Bill Stuve, bass; Little Willie Swartz, drums; and Rod, vocals, marine band and chromatic harps. He is an amazing player and a serious disciple of Little Walter's modern blues rhetoric — the use of electricity — reverberating amps and (sometimes) overblown speakers that fade into the echoing drums.

Shakey Jake has released two 45 rpm's on his Good Time label (telephone 213-755-8715). Johnny Dyer is a vocalist and harmonic player who has been known around Watts as Little Alvin. "Over Dose Of Love" b/w "Slipping And Sliding" is his first recorded work. And Shakey Jake's own "Never Leave You" b/w "Easy Baby" approaches some of his finest in a recording career that began in 1957. Both

7X THE ALBUM

Tim Berne Alex Cline Nels Cline Vinny Golia Roberto Miranda John Rapson 7X



Tim Berne (alto saxophone); Alex Cline (percussion); Nels Cline (guitars); Vinny Golia (baritone sax, flute, bassoon); Roberto Miranda (bass); John Rapson (trombone).

Also available: Tim Berne "The Five Year Plan"

"Berne has cut a good first album.... the best thing on it is *N.Y.C. Rites*, Berne's concerto for clarinetist John Carter...."

— Musician

"...*N.Y.C. Rites*, a minor masterpiece.... with David Murray and James Newton California confirmed its place in the creative music of today. John Carter, Vinny Golia and Tim Berne affirm this without a doubt."

— Jazz Hot

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singers were recorded in September 1979 with Rod Piazza and the Chicago Flying Saucer Band. This is not the uncredited group on Smokie Wilson's second Big Town album as I averred in # 171. But the same credited group as Smokie's first album. Rod though, is the uncredited harp on both. He tells me that it was the producer's bright idea to use the funk machine (?) on his harmonica.

Other exceptional happenings: Ron Eschete and Joe Diorio guitar duets; Sonny Stitt and Red Holloway smoking the bop blues at Parisian Rm.; John Fahey at McCabe's guitar store; Buddy Collette with strings live broadcast June 1; Cleanhead brushing up on his golf; Tommy Tedesco at \$2 Bill's; Leo Smith at the Century City Playhouse May 18; Jay Clark group at CCP June 15; Gary Foster Quintet with Putter Smith, bass; Steve Solder, drums; Broad-bent, piano and Danny Embree, guitar.

— Mark Weber

SAN FRANCISCO — The West Coast Jazz-Quaking:

"The music of Black Americans has always been free. It is the white critics and the media, it seems to me, who want to chain it."

— Valerie Wilmer

("As Serious As Your Life", Editions Allison and Busby, Ltd.)



The Keystone Korner is getting ready to vie with the volcano St. Helens for the international attention paid to its eruption. The Keystone Korner doesn't destroy trees and human life, but it does destroy the edges on the squares when they venture into this jazz haven, and it does cause more young musicians to go woodshedding after they have been healthily contaminated by the contagious sounds that abound nightly at Keystone Korner. This volcanic (musically) jazz club has been rumbling for a long time, but this Spring 1980 it finally erupted with its dreamlined booking, under an absolute banner that read: "Bebop is the Music of the Future". Under this banner of jazz latitudinarianism hipsters and hipstresses, students and tourists, squares and their kindreds such as hippies and punks, all flocked to the Keystone Korner, which is located in San Francisco, on Vallejo Street in the North Beach bohemian quarter (and by the way) next door to a police department, thus creepniks and other undesirables ain't visible.

The word "tete" in French means head, so the Catalonian pianist Tete Montoliu was at the very head of the eruption in April along with Pony Poindexter. Then came the hot lava flow of Cedar Walton's group with Leon Thomas, Drum Summit of Elvin Jones and Max Roach groups, Johnny Griffin with Ronnie Mathews, Archie Shepp Trio, The Heath Brothers with Stanley Cowell, a shiny new Horace Silver Quintet, a more youthful and valuable than ever Art Blakey Jazz Messengers, and the eruption continues with Sam Rivers, Dave Holland, Freddie Hubbard, Mark Murphy, Clifford Jordan, Barry Harris, Woody Shaw, Barney Kessel, Herb Ellis, Kenny Burrell, Phil Woods, Bill Evans, Mal Waldron. Whew, y'all see what I mean by volcanic eruption! Not since the old days of Birdland have I seen/heard such marvels.

Speaking of Birdland, the hip and even the unhip Pop radio stations play the Manhattan Transfer group's recording of this Weather Report jazz standard, so that adds to the jazz-quaking along the backside of the United States. This year's Pacific Coast College Band wasn't really shit, but maybe some of those students will become more than merely studio musicians or "professors" of modern music in the wilderness of academia. But this year's U of Cal/Berkeley Jazz Festival was better than

the past years. Perhaps that has a lot to do with a young student director Tony Krantz, who may grow up to be "a-kinder-than-thou" Norman Granz. He along with Ted Caruthers and an enthusiastic army of students really did their very beastly best to T.C.B. [take care of business]. Krantz is trying to present all the popular forms of jazz, yet his programming is not a platform for Fusion (con-fusion) although some of them con-cats were on hand during this year's festival.

The highlights of the events were, for me, Betty Carter, who has developed herself into being, without doubt, the world's most creative songstress. She has done this Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, John Coltrane, and Charlie Parker innovative feat of genius, under the influence of her Dahomean and Downhome ancestors. She above all that open their mouths with song has jazz plenipotentiary.

Keith Jarrett was at his arrogant of artistry best, which at times reminds one of T.S. Eliot's poems that cause little old ladies to say, a jive, "ah!"

Joe Pass, the experiential guitarist who permeates the audiences with tender musical statements that sweep one into a bliss of impressionistic bophood.

Oscar Peterson, the biggest musical Canadian of the piano, did his "thang", and as results methodological received a standing ovation from the students.

Art Blakey, is the most contaminating force of jazz there is on drums, he like Thelonious Monk remains contagious to the ears. The more youngsters that hear Blakey the more prosperous future for jazz. He opened his bit up with the group blaring a beautiful version of James Weldon Johnson's *Lift Every Voice And Sing* (the Black national anthem), and his Russian, now American trumpet Valeri Ponamerev blows solos without an accent now.

McCoy Tyner and Ron Carter were both documentary in their too short stint. Herbie Hancock on acoustic grand piano was just grand with Stanley Clarke bass, doing a tribute to Miles Davis' birthdate, but the rest of their pop augmented set with Jon Lucien, Alphonse Mouzon, Santana, and even John McLaughlin was just too accursed to report on. The reason for this accumulated gimmickry was due to the non-arrival of the scheduled Art Ensemble

of Chicago. So, the popsters attempted an electroded jam-session, which blew a few fuses but caused no hip eruptions.

The streets around the UC/Berkeley campus abound in groups and individuals doing their attempts at jazz. Seems that the hippie-bullshit has finally been blown away like the eruption did up around St. Helens. Keystone Korner is the West Coast's biggest jazz quaking, and too, there is another; The Jazz Showcase '80 presented by Galerie Art Works, under the hip auspices of Bay Area Loft Jazz. Their sessions take place in one of the most informal settings of all the jazz places to be found in America, in a well-lit art gallery with masterpieces of photography by Jerry Stoll. The photos enhance the place along with the music. Entire family groups attend all the sessions since the gallery is located in a residential section of North Beach on Lower Powell Street.

The mayor of San Francisco, ms. Dianne Feinstein proclaimed that the month of May was City Jazz Month, and she urged all San Franciscans to join in these festivities, and take part in this city wide salute to the great jazz musicians of San Francisco and the entire Nation. The youth of the West Coast although brought up under a different set of cultural expectations, are attempting to grasp the Black classical music (nicknamed "jazz") each chance they get, there are amongst them, that understand jazz music as being a prerequisite to hipness. I am apt to state, that hopefully, some of the young people and the not-so-young people, here on the West Coast, shall not become a recidivist, and just be covered in a few volcanic jazz ashes. More quakes and other eruptions are predicted, and they too, shall be, "as serious as your life".

With adumbrating whispers.

— ted joans

DON REDMAN TRIBUTE

Detroit Institute of Arts
June 26, 1980

Don Redman, a seminal figure in the development of the sound of big band jazz, was given belated recognition of his contributions in this stimulating concert program which featured the individual talents of Doc Cheatham, Benny Carter, Dave Wilborn and Louis Bellson (all associated with Redman) as well as the New McKinney's Cotton Pickers. All research, scores and direction were handled by Dave Hutson, one of the original founders of the revived Cotton Pickers.

Authentic recreation blended with individual expression in the various interpretations of Don Redman's music. It began with the somewhat archaic sounds he created for the Fletcher Henderson band in the early 1920s. From there it was but a short step to the fuller sound of McKinney's Cotton Pickers. It was here that Redman really established the finesse and drive which made his arrangements so impressive. *Cherry, Wherever There's A Will, Never Swat A Fly, Miss Hannah, Plain Dirt* and *Hello* were the songs selected to represent Redman's writing from this period.

Dividing these two sections of the program was a feature section for soloists Doc Cheatham and Benny Carter. Doc played and sang *Cherry, Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You* and *I Want A Little Girl* (sharing the vocal on the latter

with Dave Wilborn) while Carter was showcased on *Honeysuckle Rose* and *Misty*. It was a casual, unrehearsed set, but full of the subtleties and nuances of master musicians. Carter and Cheatham worked together in the original McKinney Cotton Pickers and this collaboration, their first in many years, was an effortless demonstration of their capabilities.

Cheatham, Carter and Bellson were the driving forces behind the cohesive orchestral sound created by the augmented McKinney's for the second half of the concert. Redman's career continued through the 1930s with such successes as *Chant Of The Weed*, *How'm I Doin'*, *I Heard, Down Down Down* and *Two Time Man*. He remained active in the 1940s and the circle was completed with examples of his arrangements for Pearl Bailey and Louis Bellson in the 1950s.

Dave Hutson's scores were accurate portrayals of the original Redman arrangements and they were performed with zeal, skill and authenticity by the band. The difficult transitions from early Henderson through McKinney's to full blown swing charts was handled remarkably well. Solos were executed with a respect and understanding for the period, but without plagiarising the original recordings. Charles Victor Moore and Paul Klingler were featured on trumpet, Stu Sanders and Al Winters on trombone while the saxophone team of George Benson and Louis Barnett was particularly impressive. Chuck Robinett held things together on piano and Dave Wilborn's vocals were a link with the past.

It was an ambitious presentation which succeeded in its purpose of demonstrating the uniqueness and longevity of Don Redman's musical ideas. The narration linked together the various phases of Redman's career and the music confirmed the views expressed in the script. Don Redman's wife was present for this moving tribute to her late husband.

Don Redman's immense talents were often overshadowed by lesser musicians. It was ironic, therefore, that only twelve hours later a Detroit radio station was broadcasting a feature program about Fletcher Henderson's role in the creation of big band swing. Don Redman got one mention as being an arranger and performer with the band while all the glory was attributed to Henderson! In the final analysis, it may be safe to say that while Henderson had the band, it was Don Redman who had the music.

— John Norris

BILL DIXON

Chapelle des Lombards, Paris
June 18-24, 1980

Bill Dixon - trumpet, piano; Steve Morrissey - tenor saxophone; Alfred Brooks, Steve Haynes, Earl Cross - trumpet; Kent Carter, Alan Silva - bass; Oliver Johnson - drums.

Bill Dixon does something unusual: he talks between pieces, to the audience, to his musicians. He pierces the unapproachable barriers between listeners and performers by telling something of what he's after with a certain piece, by relating anecdotes that offer jazz as a personal history as well as an art (how he'll always remember, long ago in Massachusetts, Rex Stewart's band call on the cornet, an F above high C, and all the Ellington musicians would have to drop what they were doing, or

speaking lovely to, and get back on the stand). And too, by telling the musicians what he wants, and after, asking them how it felt that time.

But Bill Dixon is also unusual in other ways. Each piece is a different exploration, as important for each musician, no matter the extent of their experience with Dixon's compositions, as for Dixon himself. He wants to hear how things can sound, how they may differ with the setting and the space. With each piece, the musicians are combined and recombined in varying proportions, demonstrating on a small scale the range of what is possible. He's not interested in putting on a show, he just wants to work with his musicians and share with the audience something of that work as well as the beauty; when he decides to do a free improvisation piece, we hear the rough framework he lays out ahead of time.

Listening to Bill Dixon is a lesson as much as an experience. He knows something and he's willing to let you in on it. The opportunity should not be missed.

— Jason Weiss

EARL CROSS

100 Club, London
May 5, 1980

On this May Day holiday evening, while millions watched the violent conclusion to the Iranian Embassy siege on television, a few hundred of us had found the right place to be: The 100 Club, 100 Oxford Street. Long, low, underground, cheap, friendly, noisy and everything a jazz club should have been twenty-five years ago. Occasional home of reggae, South African township music, blues, punk and, more rarely, new music presentation. So it was that the

Black New Wave as represented by the Philadelphia Movement was billed to appear.

Bass player Rashid Al Akbar comes from Philadelphia. So does drummer Muhammad Ali, but he couldn't make it and was replaced by a sixteen-year-old from Denmark. Completing the group was Earl Cross from St. Louis, by way of California, New York and Europe.

Earl Cross plays trumpet with tremendous brightness and freshness, and on this night he seemed constantly driven to new heights of creativity through three sets which passed like a dream. His tunes were fanfares, his solos equal mixtures of surprise, melody, rhythm and soul. He played all evening with an incandescent brilliance, showering us with musical sparks from his smouldering trumpet. Now and then he cooled down with his use of various mutes or poems on his E flat mellophone. Only to take us back up again with more searing blasts of technicolor trumpet sound. A true original.

With him was Rashid Al Akbar, who accepted no limitations on his upright bass. He was literally all over it with fingers or bow, always providing an outrageous counterpoint. His role went beyond that of accompanist and even beyond that of bassist. Rashid revealed himself on piano at the beginning of the second set and later took the lead in a duet of bamboo flutes with Earl. Unfortunately he never had time to play the violin he also brought on the stand. Without making such an obvious contribution, the young drummer, whose name sounded something like Sure Christensen, worked very hard, letting no one down, and will most definitely be heard from in the future.

The gig was to have been recorded live, but owing to a shortage of notes on the piano and the fact of it being a public holiday, it never happened. However the band were scheduled to

photograph of Rashid Al-Akbar and Earl Cross by Claudius Hilliman



record in London the following week, with the addition of a saxophone player, for a new label, Leo Records. As Rashid said afterwards, "hopefully the future's going to be promising for us". Do yourselves a favour, catch them if you can.

In 1973 Earl Cross made a statement to Valerie Wilmer: "What I'm after is to be able to play whatever I hear at any time. Then I won't have anything to say at all; all I'll be able to do is play. When I become my instrument and my instrument becomes me, I'm not a person any more. I would like to walk around the street looking like a trumpet if possible, because that's what I am." Cross has succeeded in developing his art to this level of expression.

— Roy Morris

MIKE ZWERIN QUARTET

American Center, Paris, France
May 28, 1960

Mike Zwerin, trombone, bass trumpet, piano; Jean Cohen, tenor and soprano saxophones; Beb Guerin, bass; Bernard Gauthier, drums.

What was originally billed as Mike Zwerin's trio, "Not Much Noise," was in the final weeks changed to a quartet date with a different group of musicians. As Zwerin is a fine player, it is interesting to hear him in any context. Comparisons are unimportant, for he is thoroughly educated in the range of modern trombone styles, and he places his sounds intelligently. Most importantly, he seemed to be enjoying himself.

The classically balanced quartet, a departure from Zwerin's regular, more explorative trio, played a straight-ahead mixture of mostly post-bop compositions which included vintage Mingus and Coltrane tunes, Carla Bley's *Sing Me Softly of the Blues*, and Ornette Coleman's *Blues Connotation*. Particularly in those tunes a respect for the ensemble sound of each of the original composers was evident, while the group maintained sight of its own directions with the pieces. So that, as to Zwerin himself, on the Mingus tune one was reminded at times of the bright ever-responding sound of Jimmy Knepper, in the ensemble passages especially, while on the Carla Bley piece there was the clear memory of Roswell Rudd's work on some of her more tender compositions. Yet, as with the works themselves, the styles were but fond reference points for further voicings.

Jean Cohen's tenor playing (which he stayed with after soprano on the Mingus piece) was most often strongly reminiscent of Archie Shepp's intonations, but as such it could be lovely. His lines would begin thoughtful and lyrical in the lower registers, with a full throaty sound, and soon, as if possessed each time, they would strain into the high notes, with a sort of measured passion. Beb Guerin's bass work filled the spaces, playing off of the main lines, as was particularly effective in the trio rendition of *All the Things You Are*. And though Zwerin usually employs no drummer these days, Bernard Gauthier was neither overly dominating nor did he hold the others back; his playing worked cohesively, though his solos were not especially inventive (this was somewhat the case with Guerin) until later in the evening, on *Meeting Point* and the encore piece, where he displayed a range of colors not hinted at earlier.

For the last two numbers Eric Watson's often ethereal piano added a further dimension to the more contemporary pieces.

One focuses on the compositions performed because the group faced each piece in a fresh way as varied as the music. And too, because the leader knows the music intimately and has loved it for a long time. They meant what they played and they liked being there.

— Jason Weiss

Maarten van Regteren Altena

Solo Bass
Institut Neerlandais, Paris
May 11, 1980

Amid a concourse of old high-ceilinged drawing rooms, the small square stage faced out in two directions at right angles to each other; and the audiences in the two rooms could not see each other. Only the stage, occupied by the bassist and his objects. He started easily, bowing notes and small phrases on up into the high registers, slowly working them into a momentum where anything could happen. In two improvised solos of thirty to forty minutes in length, Maarten van Regteren Altena employed a maximum of methods and devices to once again demonstrate the possible extent of the language of the bass. Bowing more often than not, his lines were quick and quick to change towards other landscapes. As other soloists have done, Steve Lacy and Leroy Jenkins among them, he turned on a tape recorder and played off of the pre-recorded music, though the tape itself was a constant repetition of several bars of an older classical music, also on bass. At first, while the taped music played, he took out a cigar from a wooden cigar box, lit it and as he walked around the stage, at intervals he would bow some squeaks from the box itself while exhaling corresponding breaths of cigar smoke. As has been indicative of his improvised solos, he was repeatedly tuning and retuning his instrument and playing off of the altered possibilities. He played with two extra bridges, spaced along the fingerboard, and largely explored their new harmonics. He played against a metronome, almost mocking its strictness, and not long after kicked it silent. He used the wood of the bow, and early in the second piece bowed over the strings with a circular motion, turning his bass while walking himself in a circle, first counterclockwise, then clockwise. He wedged the bow in between the strings, across them, and slapped it, the bow rocking by itself sounding all the strings. That allowed him a moment's rest and then he took his other bow and played over it. At times his hoots and cries underlined his phrases; sometimes they anticipated them. At one point, silence, he jumped up and down on the stage, as if limbering up, but beyond that was the ample rhythmic sound that his jumping produced. A curious entertainment for an audience where only a small amount of people knew what to expect, on a weekend of generally more conventional jazz at the Institut Neerlandais. It is difficult to imagine Altena being able to play as free in even a duo setting.

— Jason Weiss

AUSTRALIA

MELBOURNE — April saw visits from two

Sydney artists who offered diametrically opposed conceptions of what constitutes 'modern jazz.' Trumpeter Keith Stirling leads a well-rehearsed Quintet that bases its solos on changes, songs, or modal works that bring to mind the sixties styles of their writers, such as Miles Davis, Bobby Hutcherson, Wayne Shorter, and so on. Stirling is one of the most technically impressive musicians in the country, capable of constructing convincing and cohesive solos, but the other, younger soloists in the band seemingly only aspired to competence; the band simmered at times, but the overall effect was of uninspired polish. Jon Rose, on the other hand, may not call his freely improvised music 'jazz,' but its combination of the better aspects of both European 'contemporary' music and 'free jazz' makes his music, strange as it no doubt seems to the average listener, worthy of investigation from more curious jazz fans. He started his concert at the Victorian College of the Arts by building a collage of sounds on a home made instrument that defies description, before moving on to violin for a richly imaginative outpouring of thoughts.

The highlight of the month, however, was a successful tour by blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon. Many far less talented singers receive a good deal more attention than Witherspoon, but a night with the man in top form is enough to convince that he may really be the greatest. 'Spoon displayed admirable professionalism to survive unscathed two ill-advised gigs with a woeful rock band; he was most appreciative to find himself playing with a seasoned jazz rhythm section at the Victoria Hotel, in Bob Sedergreen, piano; Derek Capewell, bass; and Allan Browne, drums. 'Spoon's penchant for playing around with the beat would make it hard for any band to follow him exactly, but they gave him solid and spirited support. It has often been said that there are few true jazz singers around; well, Witherspoon had so much swing to spare, I can't imagine too many vocalists operating in any field who could approach him for jazz feeling. He sang all his favorites (*Ain't Nobody's Business*, classics like *Stormy Monday*) and also some unexpected numbers like *Sweet Lotus Blossom* and Peetie Wheatstraw's *Big Leg Woman* ("I never sing that one; I just remembered hearing it as a boy on a jukebox back in Arkansas"). Witherspoon recorded an LP in Melbourne that should be worth waiting for.

May's tourist was Phil Woods, working, happily enough, with pickup rhythm sections in the hope of establishing a base for a tour with his own band next year. He played three nights of first-class modern-mainstream jazz at the Victoria Hotel with Sedergreen, Capewell and Browne. They worked through bop pieces (*Night in Tunisia*, etc.), up-tempo standards like *What Is This Thing Called Love* and ballads such as *I Can't Get Started* and *Body and Soul*. Standard, but satisfying. Woods played with fervent swing, abundant humour, formidable proficiency and pleasing adventure within his stylistic confines. The support provided was fine, and Sedergreen shared the spotlight with his solos, ranging from phrases of direct simplicity to brilliantly executed flights that displayed delightful musical inventiveness.

A less impressive pianist currently in town is Allan Zavod, a former Melbournian who has established himself on the U.S. fusion scene through work with such names as Jean-Luc Ponty. For the past two months he has been busy playing farewell concerts before returning

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to Los Angeles, playing acoustic piano, with
Jeremy Alsop on bass guitar and Virgil Donati,
a youngster who took lessons with Philly Joe
Jones last year, on drums; they divide their
attention between originals and standards, in a
slick combination of jazz, classical and fusion
elements. Zavod is a talented musician, but I
thought him content to concentrate on flashing
his considerable technique at the expense of
musical content. A Zavod LP will be released
soon on Jazznote Records. — **Adrian Jackson**

ODDS & SODS

An overwhelming selection of music is open to
the jazz listener in New York during the two
weeks of the Newport Festival. Music to satisfy
all tastes is available in abundance — even if one
avoids the actual festival concerts. An increas-
ingly attractive alternative to the big city con-
certs has been the weekends at Waterloo Village
and Saratoga Springs. The settings of these
events is closer to the spirit of the original
festival and the Waterloo Village weekend, in
particular, has developed a special ambience.
The relaxed informality of the setting and the
continuity of programming ideas established
by the New Jersey Jazz Society has made this
weekend an annual event for increasingly large
numbers of people.

This year's Saturday piano concert was even
more successful than that of a year ago. Jay
McShann and Ralph Sutton gave us some
powerful barrelhouse duets, Dick Wellstood
played stride piano, Dick Hyman and Derek
Smith demonstrated their drive and ingenuity
while Tommy Flanagan captured everyone's
hearts with his astonishing set. Milt Hinton
and Gus Johnson kept the pulse together and
Claude Williams, Bob Wilber and Warren Vache
provided moments of tonal contrast.

Sunday's concert was highlighted by another
powerhouse presentation by Panama Francis
and The Savoy Sultans. George Kelly, apart
from being a featured soloist on tenor saxo-
phone, is contributing an ever-growing body of
arrangements to the band and they are, today,
the only real jazz group of this kind in exist-
ence. They shared the final three hours of the
day with Jay McShann's group who, somehow,
succeeded in keeping the momentum going
with strong solo statements from Buddy Tate
(happily on the mend from his serious burns),
Bob Wilber, Vic Dickenson and Eddie Barefield.
Earlier McShann and Sutton had reprised their
two-piano showcase and the day had got under
way with sets from the Parke Frankenfield
Swing Band followed by Dick Sudhalter's band
(with Eddie Barefield) and Bob Wilber's Quar-
tet (Derek Smith, Major Holley, Connie Kay).
Lew Green's Jazz Band and John Bucher's
Speakeasy Jazz Babies were on hand at the
Gazebo, and Dick Wellstood, Bucky Pizzarelli
and Spigle Willcox were at the Meeting House.
But it was the major performers who grabbed
most of the attention and this was undoubtedly
the strongest and most cohesive presentation so
far in this on-going series of concerts at Water-
loo Village.

"The Last Of The Blue Devils" opened in
New York to good press and solid box office.
At the time of writing it was on view at the
Art Cinema (8th Street east of 5th Avenue).
The film features Jay McShann, Joe Turner
and Count Basie and was directed by Bruce
Ricker.

Soundscape presented a major music festival
(June 26-July 5) which included such perform-
ers as Ed Blackwell, Andrew Cyrille, Joe Mc-
Phee, Byard Lancaster, Marilyn Crispell, Man-
dingo Griot Society, Ronald Shannon Jackson,
Steve Reid and Charles Tyler. Bob Parent's
photographic exhibition "Jazz 57: 57 Variet-
ies" was on view for the duration of the festival.
This same exhibit was also to form part of the
15th Annual Avant-Garde Festival of New
York on July 20.... Bechet's is a new club
at 1319 Third Avenue. It was supposed to
open during the festival period but was still
shuttered on July 1. Scheduled were Ruby
Braff followed by the Dardanelle Trio, the
George Masso Trio (July 28-August 9), Buddy
Tate (August 11-23) and Warren Vache (Aug-
ust 25 to September 6).... Henry Threadgill
appeared at the Tin Palace June 26-29.... The
Rockefeller Center presented a series of early
evening concerts in its parks, featuring such
people as John Abercrombie, Clark Terry, Mary
Lou Williams, Roland Hanna and Panama Fran-
cis.... WKCR began a ten-day marathon of the
music of Louis Armstrong on July 1.... Jazz
Interactions held its annual party on June 29
at Privates Club (Lexington and 85th). The
music got under way at 5 p.m. and was still
going strong at 3:30 a.m. After midnight
performers included Joe Newman, Harold Vick,
Junior Mance, Freddie Waits, Richard Williams,
Walter Bishop and the tight trio of Oliver
Jackson, Vic Gaskin and Cliff Smalls.... Nancy
Weiss (139 Mulberry Street, New York, N.Y.
10013) is handling bookings for Marion Brown,
Ed Blackwell, Amina Claudine Myers, Warren
Smith and the Ambrose Jackson Orchestra.

Boston's musical community saluted one of
its favorite media people May 12 at Lulu
White's. Ron Della Chiesa from WGBH was
serenaded by the likes of Herb Pomeroy, Alan
Dawson, Dick Johnson, Dave McKenna, Marie
Marcus' Dixieland band, Ken Wenzel and John
Neves.... Studio Red Top (367 Boylston Street)
presented Jazz Women in Concert during July
with performances by Syrinx, Jezra Kaye, Julia
Ferrarie, En Route and Sambita.... Buddy Rich
was recently honored by the Berklee College of
Music. He now holds an honorary degree of
Doctor of Music.

The Original Salty Dogs played for the
Classic Jazz Society of South Western Ohio
on June 8.... San Francisco's Keystone Korner
continues to present an impressive cross section
of jazz stylings. July performers were Clifford
Jordan with Barry Harris, Woody Shaw, Barney
Kessel and Herb Ellis, Rainbow (with John
Handy) and Joe Farrell. Phil Woods and Kenny
Burrell are scheduled for August.

Coda contributor and well-known jazz poet
Ted Joans was in residence in the Bay Area this
spring. He was teaching a course on Jazz and
Afro-American Poetry at Berkeley.

A kaleidoscopic cross section of the cultural
life of West Berlin is to be presented in Los
Angeles November 26-30. Appearing at this
festival will be a pool of players from FMP:
Alexander von Schlippenbach, Sven-Ake Johan-
sson, Peter Brotzman, Harry Miller and Louis
Moholo, Irene Schweizer, Rudiger Carl and Hans
Reichel. The musicians will be available for
other US/Canada bookings and interested or-
ganizations should contact Dieter Hahne, Free
Music Production, Behaimstrasse 4, 1000 Berlin
10, West Germany.

Jazz activities in New Mexico are being
stimulated by the New Mexico Jazz Workshop
Inc., P.O. Box 1925, Albuquerque, New Mexi-

co 87103. This is a non-profit group which has encouraged local activity as well as presenting top level names. Tom Guralnick is the president and they have just begun publishing a newsletter.

Regarding the New Orleans Heritage Jazz boxed set mentioned in the last issue of *Coda* (page 12, as part of the article on Ellis Marsalis and Alvin Batiste), Harold Battiste writes: "Marzique Music Co. is managing the business affairs of NANOM (National Association of New Orleans Musicians) and all correspondence should be addressed: National Association of New Orleans Musicians, c/o Marzique Music Co., 5752 Bowcroft Street, Los Angeles, California 90016. Persons wishing to reserve a year's supporting membership in NANOM with a minimal contribution of \$25.00 will receive, along with their membership card, the N.O.H.J. set. The membership will include the supporter in all of the networking activities of the organization for one year — checks payable to Marzique Music Co."

NANOM is a non-profit service and educational organization dedicated to recognizing, perpetuating and documenting the great heritage of New Orleans music and musicians. John Boudreaux, Paul Gayten, Plas Johnson, Tami Lynn, Ernest McLean, Earl Palmer, Bennie Powell, Mac Rebannack, Herman Riley, Charles Veal and Ronnie Barron came together in September of 1979 to form NANOM under the leadership of Harold Battiste as a result of his work over the years with A.F.O. records, Opus 43 records and many New Orleans related projects.

Mary Lou Williams, George Adams, Marion Brown and Don Pullen are among the artists to appear at the third annual Atlanta Free Jazz Festival over Labor Day weekend.... This year's Art Park Festival at Lewiston, N.Y. will present the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Band (August 28), the Heath Brothers Quintet (30th, at 2:30 p.m.), Mongo Santamaria (30th at 8 p.m.), John Abercrombie and Double Image (31st at 2 p.m.), Oregon (31st at 7 p.m.), Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass (September 1 at 2 p.m.), Betty Carter with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (1st at 7 p.m.).... The Hartford Jazz Society's Jazz Festival '80 (October 18/19) has booked Jaki Byard, Dizzy Gillespie, Art Ensemble of Chicago,

Anthony Braxton, Marian McPartland and Herb Ellis/Barney Kessel.

George Shearing is now represented by Mrs. Joel Shulman, 103 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario M5R 2G9 Canada.... Guitarist Tiny Grimes is back on the scene after suffering through several operations and was scheduled to appear at Loeb Student Center on June 19 followed by four days at Sandy's Jazz Revival. ...Argentina's Portena Jazz Band is planning a tour of Europe in 1981. Interested organizations should contact Raul Cortinez, Gascon 772 6to. 'C', 1181 Capital, Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Jazz Times is the new name for Ira Sabin's *Radio Free Jazz.... Jazz Rag* (P.O. Box 1124, Berkeley, California 94701) is a new monthly syndicated jazz record review leaflet. The first issue is four pages in length and covers 11 different records.... The Eddie Condon "Town Hall Broadcasts" 1944-45 is a 108-page discography of the AFRS broadcasts of Eddie Condon. There's a complete breakdown for each program with tune titles, personnel and playing time. The various indices include tune titles, musicians and commercial releases. The latter includes 78s and lps and is compiled under song titles so it will take you a while to ascertain all the information on your various lp issues of this material. It would have been neater and simpler for lp collectors to have been able to see these listings in the main body of the work. The book is well-mimeographed and costs \$5.50 postpaid (USA/Canada), \$6.50 elsewhere from Shoestring Records, P.O. Box 10208, Oakland, California 94610 USA).... John Chilton's latest research project to surface is "A Jazz Nursery", the story of the Jenkins Orphanage Bands of Charleston, South Carolina. It costs \$5.00 from Bloomsbury Book Shop, 31-35 Great Ormond Street, London WC1N 3HZ England.

Arnold Caplin's decision to purchase and issue the Dawn catalog is having some peculiar repercussions. For his part Caplin is suing Fantasy Records to cease and desist from manufacture and sale of Prestige 24088, "Stan Getz and Friends" because it has five titles from the Dawn catalog. On the other hand it seems that Biograph have no rights to the Lucky Thompson material which they issued on Biograph 12061. While this did come out on

Dawn, it was recorded in France by Vogue and they have already licensed the material for release by Inner City. We will keep you informed of developments!

CBS has put out lps by Louis Armstrong (Chicago concert 1956), volume 5 of Lester Young, Jimmy Rushing (cuts from his Columbia lps plus several unissued titles), Max Roach's "Freedom Now Suite" (ex-Candid), Betty Carter (one side ex-Epic, the other is unissued material) and a two-record set called "I Remember Bebop" with newly-recorded performances by such artists as Barry Harris, Sadik Hakim and Tommy Flanagan.

"Sentiments" is the title of Synthesis' new lp on RA Records. Arthur Blythe, Olu Dara, David Murray, Ken Hutson and Rahsaan are the members of the band.... "The Seventh Son" by Malachi Thompson is on RA 102.... Billy Bang's new lp on Anima 12741 is called "Sweet Space" and features the tenor saxophone of Frank Lowe.... Ran Blake's latest Arista release (Novus 3019) is called "Film Noir".... New from Black Saint is "Sweet Lovely" by the David Murray Trio (with Fred Hopkins and Steve McCall) and on Soulnote the Dannie Richmond Quartet's new lp is called "Ode to Mingus".... New releases by Rob McConnell's Boss Brass and Karl Berger's Woodstock Workshop Orchestra are now available on MPS.... French RCA have issued 2-lp sets in their Jazz Tribune Series by Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw. Also out is volume four of Coleman Hawkins and the Lockjaw Davis/Paul Gonsalves collaboration has been reissued in the "Jazz Masters" series.

FMP have a new lp (0730) featuring Leo Smith with Peter Kowald and Gunter Sommer. ...McCoy Tyner's newest Fantasy release is called "Horizon". Upcoming on Galaxy are lps by Art Pepper (recorded live in Tokyo), Red Garland, Dewey Redman, Stanley Cowell and Johnny Griffin.... Rooster Records (2615 N. Wilton Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60614) is a new blues label which has released several singles as well as an lp by Eddy Clearwater. It is also distributing Mojo Buford's "Chicago Blues Summit" on Mr Blues 7603.

Recent deaths in the jazz community include Herman Autrey, Barney Bigard and Stu Martin.

— compiled by John Norris

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ERRATA

In the course of *Coda's* deadline for its last issue (# 173), two photo credits were regrettably omitted. The photograph of Art Blakey on page 16-17 was by Enea Eluisa Cairati, and the photograph of Fred Hopkins on page 35 was by Jacki Ochs. We apologize to these photographers for this oversight.

SMALL ADS

This section is for individuals and organizations to advertise non-display items. Cost is 25¢ per word (\$5.00 minimum), *payment to be made when copy submitted*. Boxed ads \$1.00 extra.

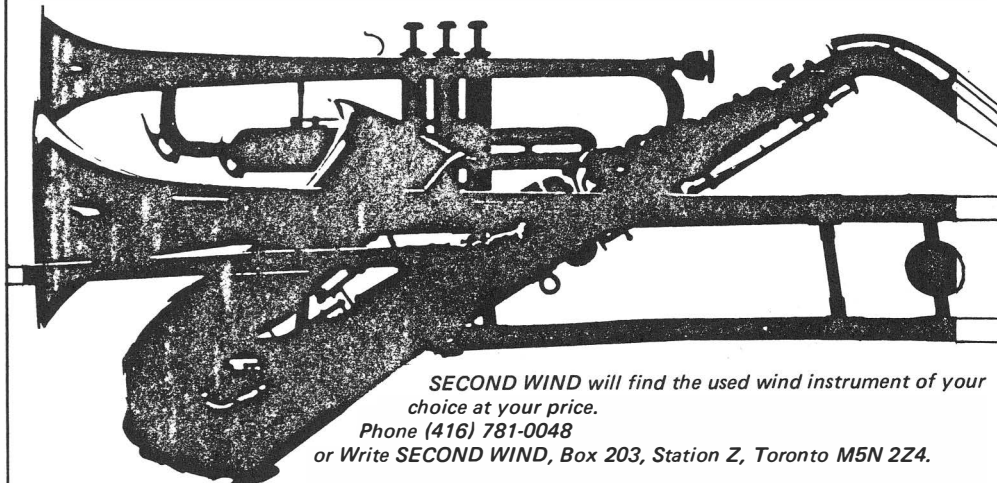
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JAZZ JOURNAL International: Back issues for sale, each \$2.00 postpaid from Coda Publications:
February 1978: Vol. 31, Nos. 1 & 2: Gerry Mulligan, ECM, Monty Alexander, W. Devereux.
July 1978: Vol. 31, No. 7: Lionel Hampton, Gil Evans & Stan Tracey, George Wein.
August 1978: Vol. 31, No. 8: Dicky Wells, Bobby Wellins, New York, New Orleans Jazz.
January 1979: Vol. 32, No. 1: Albert Mangelsdorff, Akiyoshi-Tabackin, N.Y. Avant Garde.
February 1979: Vol. 32, No. 2: Shorty Rogers, Jelly Roll Morton, Readers' Poll Results.
March 1979: Vol. 33, No. 3: Al Haig, Jay McShann, Lennie Tristano.

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129 (May 1974 - Kenny Hollon, Larry Coryell)
130 (July 1974 - Mary Lou Williams, Jimmy Rogers, Morris Jennings)
131 (September 1974 - Rashied Ali/Andrew Cyrille/Milford Graves, Johnny Hartman, Swing)
132 (October 1974 - Karl Berger, Jazz Crossword, Johnny Shines)
133 (November 1974 - Charles Delaunay pt. 1, Rex Stewart, Howard King)
134 (December 1974 - Julian Priester, Steve McCall, Muggsy Spanier Big Band)
135 (January 1975 - J.R. Monterose, Armstrong Filmography, Strata-East Records)
137 (April 1975 - Mose Allison, Ralph Sutton, Nathan Davis, Cross Cultures)
138 (May 1975 - Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, Art Ensemble on Nessa, Junior Wells, Graeme Bell)
142 (Oct. 1975 - Claude Thornhill, Brew Moore)
144 (February 1976 - Art Farmer, Woody Shaw, Red Rodney, A Space Concerts)
145 (March 1976 - Betty Carter, Marc Levin, Pat Martino, Ben Webster European disco.)
146 (April 1976 - Delaunay pt. 2, Leroy Cooper, Noah Howard)
147 (May 1976 - Oliver Lake, Miles Davis)
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155 (June 1977 - George Lewis, Lloyd Glenn)
156 (Aug. 1977 - Stephane Grappelli, Stuart Broomer, Moers Festival, Hot Club de France)
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158 (Dec. 1977 - Joseph Jarman, Eddie Durham, Bobby Hackett)
159 (Feb. 1978 - Randy Weston, Milt Hinton)
160 (April 1978 - Willem Breuker, Joe Pass, Enrico Rava, European labels)
161 (June 1978 - 20th Anniversary Issue: Julius Hemphill, Doc Cheatham, Jazz Literature, etc.)
162 (Aug. 1978 - James Newton, Sonny Clark, George Russell, Moers Festival)
163 (Oct. 1978 - Henry Red Allen, Frank Lowe, Albert Nicholas)
164/5 (Feb. 1979 - **Special Double Issue:** Jeanne Lee, Lester Bowie, Gunter Hampel, Hank Jones, Vinny Golia, Nick Brignola, Red Holloway)
166 (April 1979 - Paul Bley, Larry Dubin, Jess Stacy, Bley discography)
167 (June 1979 - Evan Parker, Incus Records, Red Callender, Bill Russell, Rova Sax 4tet).
168 (Aug. 1979 - Albert Mangelsdorff, Barry Altschul, Moers Festival, Blues News)
169 (Oct. 1979 - Amina Claudine Myers, Kenny Burrell, Pisa & Bracknell Festivals)
170 (Dec. 1979 - Abbey Lincoln, Olu Dara)
171 (Feb. 1980 - Archie Shepp, Dewey Redman)
172 (April 1980 - Max Roach, Herb Ellis, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Jazz Literature)
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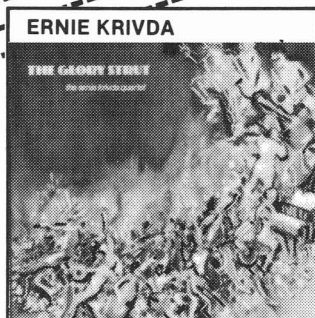
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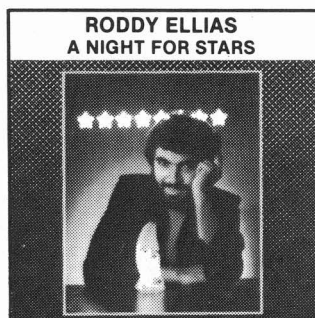
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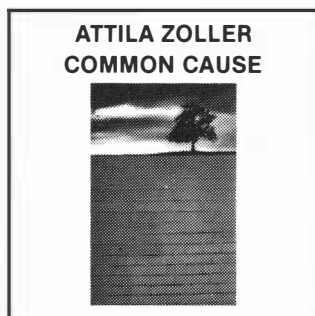
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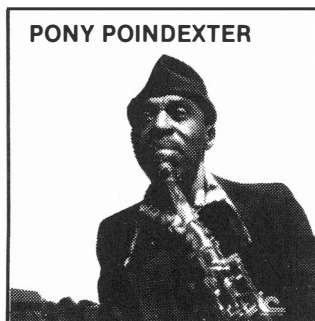
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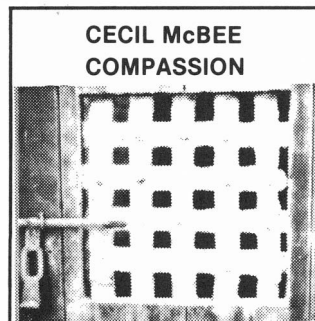
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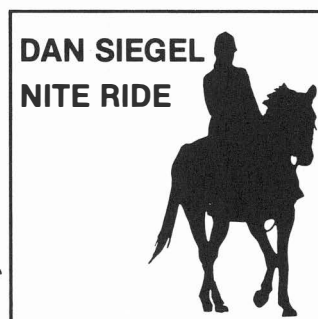
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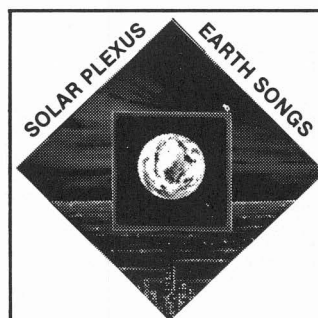
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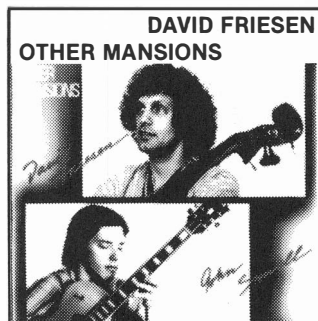
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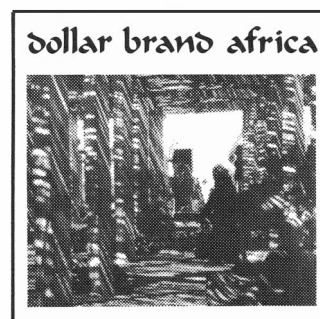
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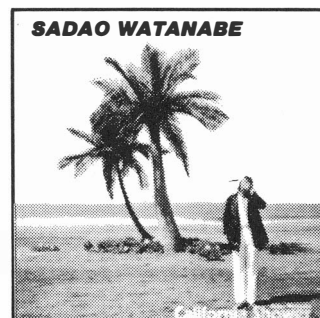
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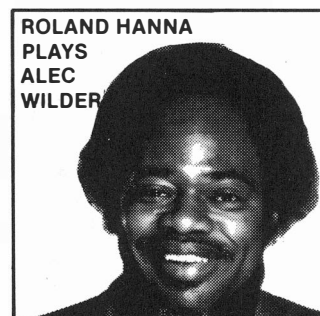
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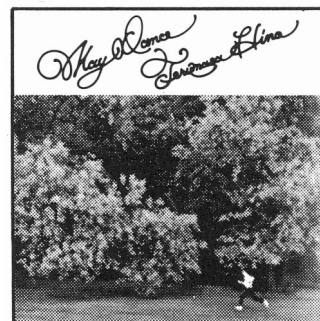
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