

CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC * ISSUE 209 * AUG / SEPT 1986 * THREE DOLLARS

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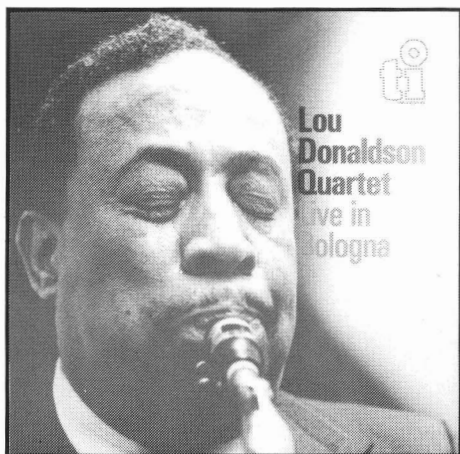


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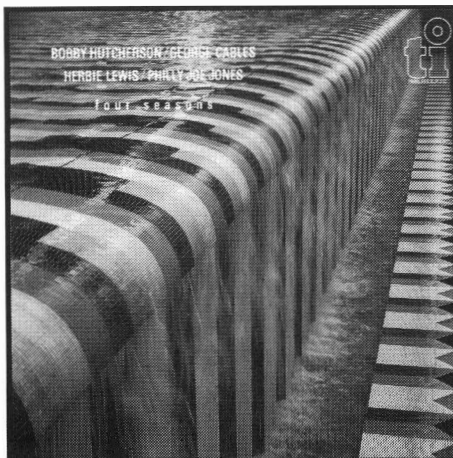
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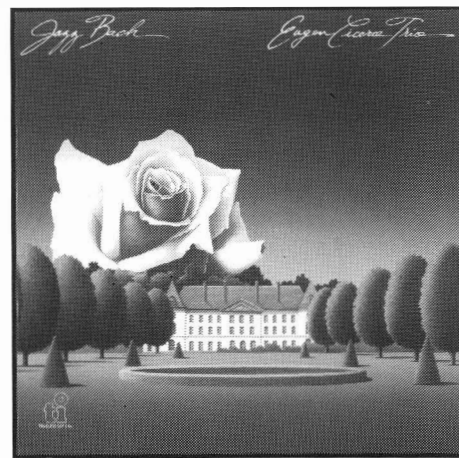
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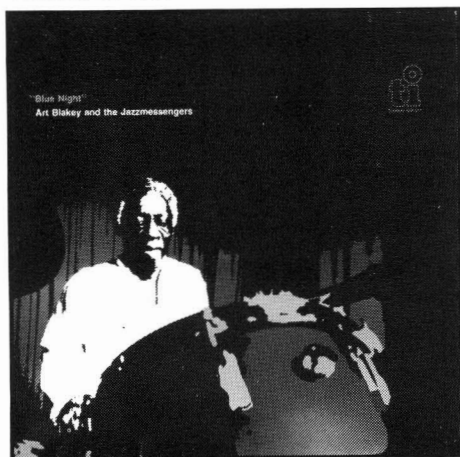
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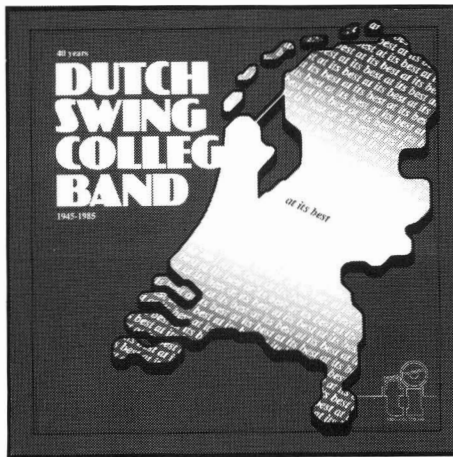
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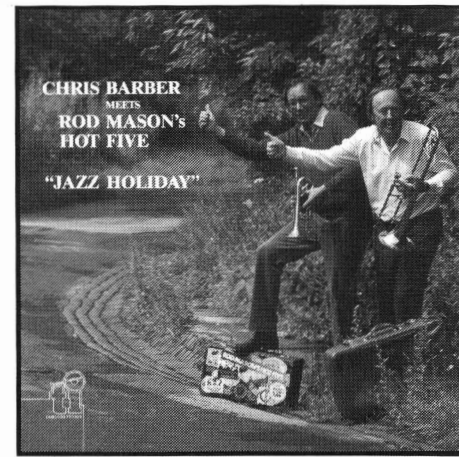
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CONTENTS

FRED STONE	The second in a series of Canadian interview/essays by Bill Smith	4
Words on the Passing of JIMMY LYONS	An appreciation of the saxophonist by Brian Auerbach	7
THE NEW MUSIC IN EXILE	Writer and poet David Lewis appraises 17 recent new music recordings	8
DON CHERRY	The influential trumpet player talks with Roy Durfee	11
SONG X	Roger Riggins and David Lee examine the unlikely pairing of Ornette Coleman and Pat Metheny	14
MAX ROACH - The Musician as an Artist	Dave Liebman reviews recent records by the master drummer	16
FRANK LOWE	The Memphis tenor saxophonist talks with Jim Macnie	18
PAUL BLEY	An appraisal of the Canadian pianist by Marc Chenard	21
CANADIAN JAZZ ON RECORD	Reviewed by Scott Yanow	24
JAZZ PHOTOGRAPHY	Recent books reviewed by Ted Joans and Brian Auerbach	26
ANATOMY OF A FESTIVAL - One	Jazz festivals in Holland and the USA	29
Blues For PEE WEE RUSSELL	A fond look at the great clarinetist by Marc Glassman	32
AROUND THE WORLD	News columns from various cities in Canada and the United States	36



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THE FRED STONE INTERVIEW

THE SECOND IN A SERIES OF CANADIAN INTERVIEW / ESSAYS BY BILL SMITH

When we first arrived in Toronto, early summer of 1963, as passage assisted English immigrants, we had little capital available to us. The first earnings were used to establish a new future life. So there became a necessity to explore budget price entertainment, which in our case (Onari & I) meant to search out venues, that presented jazz music, that was compatible to our budget. Our favorite club was the Towne Tavern, which for the price of a 40¢ beer, you could hear the likes of Kenny Burrell, Sonny Stitt, Art Farmer and even Wes Montgomery. Paradise indeed. On the occasions when the coffers were completely depleted, there was yet one more possibility. Once a week, in a downtown studio on Parliament St., the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, recorded, for live broadcast, a jazz orchestra under the direction of Phil Nimmons. The most unusual player in this orchestra, in a city that was musically very conservative, was the brass player Fred Stone. Although not much is known of Fred Stone, at least not outside of Toronto, he is an interesting and creative musician, whose life has involved composing, teaching, performance with Duke Ellington, and numerous appearances with established symphony orchestras, and has, in recent times, reappeared on the Toronto scene.

My father was a professional musician, and was the orchestra leader in the Casino Theatre, which was a vaudeville theatre on Queen Street, directly opposite the current City Hall. My earliest recollections are sitting in the orchestra pit, dividing my attention between the music my father was looking at and the acts of the performers on stage. I was about 3 or 4 years old.

I must say that my father thought, although he appreciated my skills and my diversity as a musician, he wasn't really that encouraging of the more avant-garde aspects of my personality. At an earlier age, he was very concerned with establishing some basic skills, like being able to read, play shows, strictly survival mechanisms, which would come in handy later.

He was an alto saxophone player. He conducted with the saxophone. The orchestra consisted of alto saxophone, two trumpets, piano and a percussionist.

I studied composition with Gordon Delamont. By the time I was 15 or 16 I studied with all the available trumpet players who were performing at that time, very few of whom were teachers, or had any dedication to teaching, or had bothered, or taken the time, to figure out why things worked for them, or had to pass that on to another individual so that their knowledge could be represented through another's personality. Something appropriate to my own statement. So I would go, and somebody would open a method book (page 1), and I'd play it. They would slap my fingers with a ruler. That went on for three years really. Well I went home and worked on the exercises and the etudes. I was generally bored with them after ten minutes of practicing. It was then that I discovered a unique way to develop my ear and my compositional skills, by working with the radio. I would switch from station to station and improvise. I would set goals where

I would try and play very much within the idiom that was appropriate. So one station would be a recording of a Brahms symphony, and I would add a part. Tire of that, turn the next channel, maybe a rock band, or a swing band, and I'd add something that was idiomatically appropriate to that setting. Well that was great because my guidelines were - don't make any mistakes, either idiomatically or musically or key wise, and that's an exercise that I still use as one of my favorite ways of practising.

So in a way you're really into the idea of ear-playing...

And improvisation. Long before I had any thoughts that I could personalize it to an extent where it has become ultimately a universal statement. But at the time it was very much ear training to me, and learning how to play the trumpet.

At that time, that would be the beginning of bebop. So that if I was fortunate enough to find some Charlie Parker or Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk's things, I would find some of that but it was mixed with pop and quite a bit of the swing leftovers. This is the fifties.

My earliest jazz encounters were in dixieland format, in high school where I actually had a dixieland band. It was great and it was something which I've never regretted, its marvelous foundation and historical input into what was to evolve into my own ideas. The energy appealed to me. The energetic aspects of the statements. The roots. I thought it was very much of a North American statement. But at the same time, as I was changing the stations, if I was lucky I would run into a recording of "The Rite of Spring" by Stravinsky, which is also very North American, very twentieth century. So at the same time I was moving back and forth between dixieland and contemporary classical music. It helped dispense with dividing lines and categories in that sense. By that time I

was 16 and I really had trouble, in my own mind, drawing lines between different types of improvised expression.

In this period Fred Stone has developed a working orchestra that is not entirely based in the traditional concepts of orchestra convention. One of the reasons for its difference is the number of young players that make up its content.

Well, I'm attracted to the openness of younger players, although I hate to generalize, that's not necessarily true in everybody's case; but, these are mostly people who I've had a lot of one on one contact with. Where we've discussed value systems, we've done a lot of playing together, in duet situations, we've talked about the level of communication and these are all people that believe in communal effort, who have been able to find that it is possible to work toward a common purpose and not forsake your identity as an artist in doing so.

I've never been able to understand why young players should devote their lives to bebop tribute or for that matter picking any 5 or 10 year period in the history of the world's music and trying to associate with that. The feelings, the sociological, philosophical beliefs are different these days and although it's nice to play bebop I just have never been able to understand why anybody wouldn't look further...

Are lots of these young players that you've been associated with in recent times with the orchestra, were they originally students of yours?

Most of the band are still students on an ongoing basis. Students is a funny word, we have a very special relationship but with my interest in education; the last couple of years have been very productive. I've been fortunate enough to see the skills of and attitudes of these people evolve through a point where we can put an orchestra together that is of international calibre. And that's why

I use these people.

You feel that because all these people are a part of the community of Toronto, and play in all kinds of different groups, that it gives the music a kind of Toronto character because all those people live here. You think it's a special music.

Definitely. I think that Canadian musicians are in a unique philosophical and geographical position to have a unique perspective on what music is and what it should represent. This orchestra is not an American imitation and yet obviously elements of the process and the philosophy can be traced to jazz roots, but it's just as much a part of what Bach sat down and did when he would improvise music so it's very non-categorical in that sense.

Now you've had a long career in teaching, not something you are very happy about sometimes, in fact you could have become, presumably, if you'd focused your energies in a singular way, the head of a music department somewhere in some university or music college. Is there a reason why you opted out of that years ago?

I taught at several local colleges and universities but I found it very restricting, as my ideas continued to evolve of what playing and communication were all about, I found that the setting was most inappropriate. It was difficult to face 30 people at the same time and not generalize to a point where a lot of the relevancy of the comments I had to make were not lost and the overall process of making it valid to an entire group of people.

You feel that there is perhaps in the college situation, we don't want to point at specific colleges or anything like that, we don't need to do that because it is a general attitude in colleges about sort of making people fit in to consumer society you know, play a certain kind of way, learn to read a certain kind of way so that they can sit in the section of the big band and so on... Now I've always felt that this is a very unhealthy way to teach music and out of that we get like a clone situation. Is this what you're afraid of, that this will happen, that everyone will play the trumpet with the same A with no thoughts about different sound.

Very much so. I find very few trumpet players, for example, who go through the school system who have any textural sense or any awareness of expressing their own identity. They sit in the band and play a 3rd or 4th trumpet part or whatever the situation is, and are under the illusion that after 4 years of this process that that will qualify them to go into the real world and function and make a state-

ment. It doesn't work that way. I feel that the colleges should put some emphasis on personality and I feel that's very much lacking in current approaches.

I think improvisers who come into the college system, there still seems to be a belief that improvisational skills is something that you are born with. That it's something that you have or don't have. But that it's impossible to develop it or if you do develop it, you develop it by a system of analyzing chords and scales. Which although I feel is a valuable cross-section of input and evaluation of what you're doing, is not by any means a primary or useful approach to representing your own integrity.

There's also the question of grading which is without being specific, there are schools that have a series of bands which are categorized A, B, C, D according level of technical proficiency. I find that very hard to understand. I've always believed in mixing different levels of competency and experience in an orchestra and I think that can produce miraculous magical results.

Now by 1970 when you joined the

Duke Ellington orchestra, of course you were already a full-time professional player. Is Ellington partly responsible though for taking you out of Canada and putting you out into the world?

I think that's true. I was very fed up with the studio environment at the time, I'd been doing that for several years, it felt like a dead end. I just didn't seem to have too much in common with the people who did that with me on a daily basis. They were looking at a part that had to be played and played and at the first time, it seemed to go down hill from there. After a while I felt that I was more a piece of scenery than I was a real prop, part of the setting than I was a creative musician. Very little was required in terms of my own identity. It was rather a question of proficiency, how many times could I play a part, without physical mistake.

So Duke provided an opportunity to get out of that situation and at the same time I was becoming interested in passing on some ideas through music education. When I left Duke's band it was to pursue a career as a teacher, and I thought it was



time to do that and help develop a community of young people who just didn't have the opportunity to interact with different values.

Basically what was the difference, what did you achieve by leaving a local orchestra, which you're now so proud of, being part of a local orchestra, and going with someone of the magnitude of Duke Ellington. What was the actual difference of playing in that orchestra?

I would say essentially a chance and an opportunity to work with and to study the procedures that Duke would use so effectively for a lifetime. In a sense to play with the orchestra was an anti-climax. I was working on things with my own groups at the time, which were closer to my vision than the Duke Ellington Orchestra was, but I respected the strength of statement, as I was fascinated with the way Duke as an individual was able to incorporate the combined chemistry of the musicians in his orchestra so effectively. And it was a chance to watch this man in action through a variety of situations. Some of the situations were less than inspiring. For instance, the daily routine of playing in clubs or for privileged people who were in a position to hire the orchestra for a private party. And there were many occasions where a group of people would hire the orchestra and sit and have a conversation while the band was playing. So in a way it was not inspiring from that perspective. But on the other hand I was sitting next to Cootie Williams, and Cat Anderson and Mercer Ellington was in the trumpet section at the time. Johnnie Hodges was in the orchestra, Harry Carney, Paul Gonzales, some very good people.

One of the fascinating things about Duke was to see the way he composed for instance. Most of his composition was done at the end of a concert. And he had marvelous powers of concentration. So we would finish a concert and the stage hands would be packing up the equipment, Duke would sit down at the piano and start writing. And no matter what was happening in the building in terms of possible or potential distractions to any other human beings, none of this bothered Duke. He would sit until he was literally thrown out of the building. Then he might go back to his apartment, compose till 7 or 8 in the morning, order a steak for breakfast or late dinner, however he saw that in his mind, sleep for 2 or 3 hours and then begin this horrendous, gruelling routine. I was half his age at the time and I was totally fascinated by his never-ending source of energy and integrity. It really was quite a unique experience to be part of that process.

Duke required very essential basic

skills from the people in his orchestra. What he liked was to be able to hand the new composition to you and have it performed so that it was worthy of recording the first time you played it. If it took 2 runthroughs to do, he wasn't interested in recording it that day.

The first recording session that I attended with the band, was called for 10 in the morning, I think we were in Chicago at the time and I arrived at quarter to 10 and there was no sign of any of the orchestra members, people started to filter by about 11:00, I think Duke actually showed up, he was still in the process of notation at the time. He liked, and this is not really unintentional; he would do what he could to counteract the tense element that goes with a studio recording and one of his not so subtle ways of doing that would be to show up unprepared. So, he would bring his copyist with him, and as the musicians grabbed another 20 minutes sleep by lying on the floor or having their coffees for the morning, Duke would continue to write the score and the copyist would peer over his shoulder and write the parts out as Duke was writing the score. So, this was a recording of New Orleans Suite which we eventually recorded. (Atlantic 1580)

Quite a complicated work. And the particular cut that we started with featured Cootie Williams as a trumpet soloist. Well it started, we got the parts and Duke made a signal with his hand for the engineer to turn the tape and it started with Duke playing 4 bars of something on piano. Cootie had an improvised statement to start with, it was up to him as to what he opened with. He stood up and played one sound, it happened to be a D natural, and he played it with such force and strength of statement, integrity and conviction that Duke stopped the band and said to Cootie, "Well if you're going to play that good let's tape, and that's it." So we went through it and the first take was it. We kept it.

That was common. He liked to do things that way.

Did you feel like you were treated differently because you were a member of the Duke Ellington orchestra when you travelled?

I thought there were some problems, first of all my playing was strange and it took quite a while for a lot of the members in the band to decide whether I was for real or not. Okay? And just exactly where I was coming from. This was all wrapped up with assessing the strength of my personality and validity. Some people were very nice to me right away, others took their time. I was white, which was interesting. Because at the time there

was quite a movement of black consciousness happening in the States. More of the flack or feedback, if there was any negative feedback about my presence, was from people who came up continually to Duke and commented on the fact that there were so many black players in the States available, why did he have to use a white man, and at that a Canadian.

I've heard the stories about when bands travel on the bus, where all the musicians have their own seat, and when the new guy comes, of course, he has to sit wherever the seat is empty. Is that true?

That's true! I sat at the back of the bus.

Currently Fred is the director of The Parasol Arts Centre in Toronto, which is not simply a music school. The centre has been set up as an alternative to what is currently available in Toronto and has the makings of a future multi media centre of performing arts. You run regular classes?

Workshops, vocal workshops which are designed for musicians and vocalists alike. I make this distinction on the premise that singing is amazing for an instrumentalist because it allows you to develop the mental clarity and conviction to clearly envision an idea and to take it directly from the concept to the finished product in the voice. Quite often an instrument in your hands is a deterrent or somehow slows down the process. It's so direct with vocalization that we can do just amazing things. With the vocal ensembles we improvise, use thematic material and work in very much the same way that I do with large orchestra.

I believe that anybody has the ability to sing and to sing accurately and succinctly, with little encouragement. Also what's unique about the ensembles is that the environment is so communal and supportive that if somebody is improvising in a given situation, and is doing so with myself playing piano, they're doing it with the combined and collective energy of everybody in the room. It's not the old jazz at the Philharmonic format where you line up and compete with your neighbor, who can play the highest and who can play the fastest.

Do you have any standards that the students have to have before they're allowed to participate in this or can people just participate in this, just become students and learn from zero. Can they do that?

Yes, it's so interwoven with lifestyle, with philosophy, with sociological commitment, and all the things we know are essential to making a life's work of your music.

WORDS ON THE PASSING OF JIMMY LYONS.

AS I WRITE THIS I AM LISTENING TO ERIC DOLPHY AND RICHARD DAVIS PLAY "COME SUNDAY"...
WORDS ON THE PASSING OF JIMMY LYONS.

I approach this article awkwardly. I could not write it like an A.P. dispatch, nor as one who, as an intimate, could perhaps bring something new to light. I write this only as one who has listened and experienced and presently as one who remembers and grieves.

There was never much available to read on Jimmy Lyons. The only interview I've read with him appeared in *Cadence Magazine* in October 1978. It was recorded in February 1978. It is very informative with background data, influences, musical development and ideas. Reading it I got a sense of Mr. Lyons as being very even and thoughtful.

Jimmy Lyons was born December 1, 1933. He lived in the New York City area his entire life. At age 13 he received his first saxophone (Buster Bailey, a friend of his mother's, helped her pick it out). Later he worked with Elmo Hope and had a pivotal lesson with Thelonious Monk. As he developed musically he began to feel the limitations of be-bop. Once he began to work with Cecil Taylor in 1961, the challenge of that new music and its methodology inspired him for the next twenty-five years. Although he recorded the brilliant "Other Afternoons" in 1969 (with Lester Bowie, Alan Silva and Andrew Cyrille), Mr. Lyons did not form a working band or release another recording until nine years later with "Push Pull" on *Hat Hut* (with Karen Borca, bassoon; Hayes Burnett, bass; Muneer Bernard Fennell, cello; and Roger Blank, drums). He released two more recordings on *Hat Hut*. One a trio with Sunny Murray and John Lindberg, the other a quartet with Ms. Borca, Jay Oliver on bass and Paul Murphy on drums. His two recordings on *Black Saint* expand this quartet by adding Raphe Malik (trumpet) on one LP and Enrico Rava (trumpet) on the other (the recently released "Give It Up"). Mr. Lyons brought the grounding in Cecil Taylor's methodology to his music. The ensemble sections in his music have a choral sound reminiscent of Mr. Taylor's music. In his soloing Mr. Lyons broadens the lyrical quality that he brings with great effect to Cecil Taylor's Unit. (I must note his 1979 recording with Andrew Cyrille and Jeanne Lee: "Nuba" on *Black Saint*.)

I met Jimmy Lyons once. It was at a dinner party for the Cecil Taylor Unit. At that time he seemed very much like the name he gave to his music publishing company: "Quiet Lion". We had a nice talk. He discussed his new group (this was



1979), the New York scene, a little bit about playing with Cecil Taylor. He referred to it as a life's work, even though he was also pursuing his own musical direction apart from Mr. Taylor.

Jimmy Lyons' music, with Mr. Taylor and in his own work, was, for me, passionately involved with a lean, very direct expressiveness. He was a direct heir to Charlie Parker, because rather than imitate Bird as so many did, he took the lessons of economy and pureness of vision, keeping them fresh and progressive. He seemed impassive when he played live, hardly moving except for his fast fingers expounding very rapid figures. The music flowed through him, fountain like, streams of very condensed patterns, colors and poetic bursts. The bond with pianist Taylor, forged over a generation, was so powerful that at times, during live performances especially, it was hard to distinguish one from the other. There was a unity of purpose as Mr. Lyons would extract a note or phrase from his comrade's playing, embellish it, re-phrase it, soften or sharpen the focus of it.

In July 1985 after completing a weekend at a San Francisco club with his Unit, I had a conversation with Cecil Taylor. I suggested that he and Jimmy Lyons were

musical brothers, the interplay was so connected. Mr. Taylor responded that yes he felt that was true, but he added that he and Mr. Lyons never saw one another socially, but musically yes, like brothers. He made one other statement that was most interesting with regard to Jimmy Lyons. Mr. Taylor asked if I had ever wondered why some of the 'younger' saxophone players never worked with him, adding that he was solicited often. Answering his own question he stated: "Because they don't understand the position of Jimmy Lyons within my music. Until that happens, I am not interested."

This same weekend was the last time I heard Jimmy Lyons play live. He did not look especially well. In October of the same year (1985) a friend from New York mentioned that Mr. Lyons was not well and in fact was in the hospital. Seven months later I am writing this, deeply saddened at the loss of one of the most sensitive musicians to utter a sound. I will always remember the last piece the unit played that Saturday night in July. Jimmy Lyons put a lone sheet of music on his stand and sang with a lyricism that burrowed deep into my heart, where it remains to this day. Thank you Jimmy Lyons.
— Brian Auerbach



THE NEW MUSIC IN EXILE

WILLIAM HOOKER / ...Is Eternal Life / Reality Unit Concepts RUC 444
Drum Form / Soy::material/seven / Passages (Ant-Hill) / Pieces I, II / Above and Beyond

WILLIAM HOOKER / Brighter Lights / Reality Unit Concepts RUC 445
Others (Unknowing) / Patterns I, II, and III / 3+6 / Right

MELBOURNE CONTEMPORARY JAZZ ART DUO / Introducing 'McJAD' / Australian Independent Jazz Artists AIJA 001
Unanimity / Duologue / Ultimo Revisted / Zetetic Truth / Blues For Rex MK II

HUGH RAGIN TRIO / Metaphysical Question / CECMA 1007
Metaphysical Question / Variations on Paganini's Perpetual Motion / Lonely Woman / Fanfare and March

PAUL SMOKER TRIO / Mississippi River Rat / sound aspects sas 006
Shramba / Blues for Doc / Phon-Phun / Specific Impulse / Regent / Mississippi River Rat

TAKEO MORIYAMA QUARTET / Green River / enja 4080
Ta-Ke / Night Story / Gradation / Green River / Tohku / Non Check / Fields

JOEL FUTTERMAN / Inneraction / NDEJJ JDF-3
Inneraction (Part I) / Inneraction (Part II)

JIMMY LYONS QUINTET / Give It Up / Black Saint BSR 0087
Give It Up / Methods / Never / Ballada

DAVE HOLLAND QUINTET / Seeds of Time / ECM 1292
Uhren / Homecoming / Perspicuity / Celebration / World Protection Blues / Gridlock (Opus 8) / Walk-A-Way / The Good Doctor / Double Vision

GRIOT GALAXY / Opus Krampus / sound aspects sas 004
Liberty City Rundown / Dragons / Necrophilia

DIDIER LEVALLET QUINTET / Quiet Days / Evidence EV 101
Quiet Days (in Cluny) / Innocence / Sabbat / Honky Funk / For Harry Miller / Et De Nos Songes...

DON PULLEN QUINTET / The Sixth Sense / Black Saint 0088
The Sixth Sense / In The Beginning / Tales From The Bright Side / Gratitude / All Is Well

LESTER BOWIE'S BRASS FANTASY / I Only Have Eyes For You / ECM 25034.1 E
I Only Have Eyes For You / Think / Lament / Coming Back, Jamaica / Nonet / When The Spirit Returns

PIERRE DØRGE & NEW JUNGLE ORCHESTRA / »Even The Moon Is Dancing« / Steeplechase SCS-1208
The Mooche / Suho Ning Samo / Bambla Jolifanti / A Rose For Laurent / Even The Moon Is Dancing

GUNTER HAMPEL NEW YORK ORCHESTRA / Fresh Heat / Birth Records 0039
Composition 569 Sweet Basil / Composition 522 - 211 East 11th Street / Composition 508 Lichtung (Clearing)

JOHN LINDBERG / Trilogy Of Works For Eleven Instrumentalists / Black Saint BSR 0082
Holler / m to M / Dresden Moods

CECIL TAYLOR SEGMENTS II (Orchestra of Two Continents) / Winged Serpent (Sliding Quadrants) / Soul Note SN 1089
Taht / Womb Waters Scent Of The Burning Armadillo Shell / Cun-Un-Un-Ûn-An / Winged Serpent

...although the music is important enough to be publicised in every tourist brochure as America's only native art form, it is still not important enough to be subsidised to the extent as ballet or opera.

— Valerie Wilmer, *As Serious As Your Life*

The corporate mentality of America's music executives reminds me of the Emperor-Without-Clothes, for he also did not realise what a bereft spectacle he made at the public's expense. They promote the aesthetics of disposal to the Great Society, that dinosaur of culture on the verge of extinction: "Don't be stupid — we're here to make money for the company. That shit's not going to sell" (ASAYL 230). Those were the words of a renowned and respected record producer to Carla Bley. Twenty years later little has changed with regard to the policies of North America's major record labels. For of the seventeen albums reviewed below only three (1, 2, 7) were produced in the U.S.A. and all of these are on low-budget, artist-owned labels that face major distribution problems. The fact that expensive imports from Europe and Japan are often easier to find in record stores than these domestic products is yet further proof that creative music is being promoted as an elitist pursuit. Valerie Wilmer cites a common prejudice:

...It has been said by those who dislike the new music that it has been created in a rarefied vacuum unlike previous forms of jazz which grew spontaneously within the Black community. To prove their point, they detect an almost exclusively white intellectual following for it and claim that ordinary Blacks are unable to appreciate it or identify with it (ASAYL 19).

The fact being that this "exclusively white intellectual following" is a fallacy. The real point is who can afford the music, given the exorbitant cost of albums and concerts and sets in clubs? Certainly not the ordinary Black who lives in "the richest nation" on earth which also has the highest infant mortality rate in the industrial world (this startling fact courtesy of CBS News, circa March 1986). These are sobering truths that many more of the musicians are closer to than their sophisticated audience. What irony then that such small labels as ECM and Enja from Germany, Black Saint and Soul Note from Italy, have proved so successful in marketing what amounts to the New Music in Exile. The evidence is inescapable and adds up to another political fact.

...Is *Eternal Life* (1), a double album, issues William Hooker's debut recordings on the independent label Reality Unit Concepts. *Drum Form* reveals the religious basis of his music in a solo percussion suite that builds with gradual intensity out of the spiritual *Wings* which he sings with poignant grace. This is music as ritual, the annunciation of the drum. *Soy::material/seven* is a garrulous trio improvisation with David Murray (tenor) and Mark Miller (bass). Lots of strident mallet work here. On the duet *Passages (Ant-Hill)*, Hooker and David Ware (tenor) sustain a ferocious sound and the musical nihilism continues in the trio performance *Pieces I-II*. For some ears this thrashing noise is impossible to tolerate, while to others such sounds are a more honest apprehension of the human condition than most music. The cry of now for tomorrow realises that "inherent doubt" Hooker mentions as his goal "Beyond true/false praise" in his poem printed on the

inside sleeve. The ritual ends with *Above and Beyond*, a solo spiritual that combines humming above vigorous drum flurries.

Hooker's second album on RUC lives up to the apt title *Brighter Lights* (2). Here he is featured in adventurous duets with Alan Braufman (reeds) on side 1 and Mark Hennen (piano) on *3+6/Right* which fills side 2. Braufman's delightful flute is featured on both *Others (Unknowing)* and *Patterns* where Hooker develops textures of appropriate airiness before he lays down a shuffle rhythm with a hypnotic beat. Unaccountably the music cuts out in the middle of his drum solo and then resumes abruptly with Braufman on alto saxophone.

Introducing 'McJAD' (3) is available on the independent Australian label AIJA (Australian Independent Jazz Artists) and features duets between Tony Gould (piano) and Keith Hounslow (brass). Each piece begins as musical doodling and justifies their claim that each performance was a "first take spontaneous improvisation". Hounslow's horn builds in momentum throughout the first side to establish a swinging groove. I found McJAD's comic edge quite trite at times, especially that corny tribute to Rex Stewart *Blues for Rex MK II*, for parodies only work if they can improve on the original somehow and Hounslow's thin tone can't. I find Ella's *Satchmo* pastiches tiresome for the same reason (for nobody parodies Louis Armstrong better than Louis himself).

After two albums of duets come two trio dates led by trumpeters: Hugh Ragin's *Metaphysical Question* (4) features a fiery, free-wheeling collective on the title track where percussionist Thurman Barker establishes a flexible pulse that shifts with ease between march rhythms and free time. In their wonderful interpretation of Ornette Coleman's *Lonely Woman* Barker's drums create spooky call and response patterns and subtle solo rolls around Ragin's fluent flugelhorn and John Lindberg's exceptional bass. This sympathetic trio also appear with friends on (16).

Paul Smoker's Trio on *Mississippi River Rat* (5) prove energetic but are a rather constricted, conformist band especially on drummer Phil Haynes' uptempo compositions *Shramba* and *Phon-Phun*. Side two is solid opening with bassist Ron Rohovit's *Specific Impulse* a performance with real bite. Smoker's *Regent* is an atmospheric soundscape inspired by a dream. Rohovit's bowed bass sustains the stately mood while Smoker and Hynes pile on the steam.

The Takeo Moriyama Quartet recorded *Green River* (6) at the East-West Jazz Festival and the opening number *Ta-Ke* features the two reedmen in a relentless freebop drive that recalls the Coltrane/Sanders collaborations of the mid-sixties. Toshi Inoue wrote six of the seven originals and his melancholy ballad *Night Story* features twin tenors that build to impassioned high-note intensity. Similarly the intricate title number leads into free-spinning tenor solos with a raw, crying edge. Side two begins with *Tohku* a memorable ensemble dirge that displays the sensitivity and grace of Inoue (soprano saxophone) and Shuichi Enomoto (flute). Sadly the album loses momentum with *Non Check* a very boring drum feature for the leader. As playing time runs to over fifty minutes, here's one album where less would have meant more.

Joel Futterman's third album *Inneraction* (7) is available on the independent NDEJJ label

and features the title composition in two parts. Part one lasts over 33 minutes and is a dense tapestry of sounds sustained by the surging spirit of Futterman's percussive piano which reveals the pronounced influence of Cecil Taylor. Indeed Taylor's regular alto-player Jimmy Lyons is part of this group and he can also be heard on (8) and (17). Richard Davis proves his versatility, for his uncharacteristically savage bass playing is just what this frenetic ensemble demands. Part two of *Inneraction* is briefer, airier: subdued and spacious, at times Futterman's touch sounds almost gracious.

Jimmy Lyons *Give It Up* (8) is a quintet date that features Enrico Rava (trumpet) and Karen Borca (bassoon) and all three horns are also featured on (17). Rava is a versatile stylist who blends in well with this uncompromising music. The stratospheric ascending line of the title track is simply the phrase "Give It Up" repeated in accelerated counterpoint by Lyons, Rava and Borca. In fact this maddening, witty repetition mocks the notion of the repeated catchphrase or motif in music and at times I imagined this three pronged hook to be a surreal elaboration of the name "Figaro". The long composition *Never* on side two is a marvellous example of spontaneous ensemble variations. The number begins with a sequence of insinuating phrases that Borca and Rava interject throughout Lyons' first solo. The quintet opens out here and discovers creative space as the theme is reiterated like an infinite polysyllable of denial. Rava is especially convincing and the quintet establish a very relaxed groove by the final introduction of the ensemble motif. *Ballada* is a bluesy ballad that brings this date to a lovely conclusion and features lyrical solos by Lyons and Borca.

On *Seeds of Time* (9) bassist Dave Holland has put together a quintet that achieve an attractive ambience. Holland and drummer Marvin 'Smitty' Smith (also on (15)) are a superb rhythm section. Listen to the bright simplicity of *Walk-A-Way*, their inventive duet, or Smith's spacious percussion passages in Steve Coleman's *Uhren*, or the marvellous way he switches to cymbals in spontaneous response to Julian Priester's solo entry on Coleman's *Gridlock (Opus 8)*, a frenzied riff that this group delivers with relaxed calm. Holland's *Homecoming* reveals the fine ensemble blend of the horns as Coleman's sinuous alto slides around the brass. Coleman's flute recalls Eric Dolphy on *Perspicuity*, a loping piece, and he has equal control of the soprano on Julian Priester's memorable *Celebration*. (Look out for his debut album "Motherland Pulse" (JMT 850001) which features this talented young reed-player and composer with his contemporaries.) Veteran trombone player Julian Priester creates funky sounds on *World Protection Blues* which gives the horns enough space to really stretch out. Generous playing time and pristine, well-balanced sound add up to a first-rate production.

Opus Krampus (10) is an exhilarating live performance by the Griot Galaxy. Side one features a quartet exploring two originals by reedman Faruq Z. Bey: *Liberty City Rundown* has great ensemble work and a strong solo by Jaribu Shahid (bass) and the adventure continues with the mid-Eastern flavour of *Dragons*. Side two adds guest percussionist Panda O'Bryan in a quintet performance of Shahid's

Necrophilia. Anthony Holland repeats the hypnotic motif on soprano saxophone while O'Bryan ushers in the rhythm section before Faruq Z. Bey's tenor establishes a poignant counterpoint melody at half their tempo. In a brief bass interlude Shahid accelerates the pace and the performance takes off on a wild excursion that builds to the collective group recitation of Bey's poem "Tales of Zinjanthropus Galacticus" before Bey (tenor) and Holland (soprano) soar in an electrifying, squawling mass. Tani Tabbal's drums help propel this euphoric nonsense forward. This one is what rock music is supposed to be: wild and free, fun and young. So go for it.

Didier Levallet is a French bass player who recorded a number of albums since 1975. **Quiet Days** (11) features fine ensemble arrangements of original compositions for his quintet. In contrast to the abrasive spirit of the Griot Galaxy, Levallet's group settings are decidedly lush. Chris Briscoe's alto screams out to good effect in this context on the title track. On **Innocence** and **For Harry Miller** Levallet's arranging is exceptional, especially that rich contrast in sound between Yves Robert's trombone and Chris Briscoe's alto-clarinet. Briscoe is outstanding in both numbers while Levallet delivers a fine high register bass solo in spacious counterpoint to the ensemble riff of **For Harry Miller**. On the concluding ballad **Et De Nos Songes...** the quintet achieves the kind of density one associates with Carla Bley's Big Band, and so I'm curious as to whether any over-dubbing was done on this mix.

Don Pullen's quintet recorded **The Sixth Sense** (12) in New York, but the record is only available as an Italian import. By now Pullen represents the mainstream of the avant garde. The title track celebrates that fact and refers to what he calls "that mighty sixth sense: intuition". Of course that's the instinct that the improvising musician has to have to develop (and some don't). On this number Olu Dara (trumpet) reveals his increasing assurance as an improviser while Pullen's solo is an outrageous excursion from mainstream progressions into the beyond and back. In **The Beginning** features an aggressive ensemble, energy gone berserk with bassist Fred Hopkins in superior form. **Tales From The Bright Side** offers excellent solos by Donald Harrison (alto), Dara and Pullen and **All Is Well** concludes the album, another brief, bright coda. There's an upbeat spirit here, a truly revivalist joy. Thank Heaven for Black Saint...

After five albums that feature quintets, here are five more that involve larger ensembles. All display that resourcefulness which will ensure the survival of Creation despite the calculated indifference of the mass-media and the publicity machine. Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy arrive on vinyl with **I Only Have Eyes For You** (13) and the top brass benefit here from that sumptuous production polish one associates with ECM. The title track is an outrageous, lush adaptation of the standard ballad which has been recorded by the likes of Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins and Billie Holiday. Yet Bowie's recreation is an impish nod to a more recent tradition, for by creating a brass "Do-wop" chorus the horns imitate the vocal harmony groups of the fifties and the results are at once witty and soulful. Vincent Chancey's French Horn adds sublime accents to the

ensemble on what is probably Bowie's most accessible performance to date, and Chancey can also be heard on (16). Side two starts with the bright reggae vamp **Coming Back, Jamaica** where even that infamous ECM echo is applied to Philip Wilson's drumming to good effect. The buoyant gravity of the bass lines is sustained by Bob Stewart (tuba) who also appears on (15). Stewart's fine composition **Nonet** accelerates in tempo out of a dirge-like ascent and the growing intensity of these attractive melodic lines recalls Gil Evans late seventies ensembles in which Bob Stewart played such a prominent part. On **When The Spirit Returns** the hilarious exchanges among the brass pay brazen tribute to gutbucket traditions; yet other than this track and **Lament** (which features Stanton Davis) Lester Bowie hogs most of the solo space. Much as I enjoy his work, this is a missed opportunity that I hope will be remedied on the next Brass Fantasy record.

»Even The Moon Is Dancing« (14) features guitarist Pierre Dörge and the New Jungle Orchestra, a band he formed in 1980 after he had studied with Ornette Coleman. Judging from the positive, joyous spirit captured on record, this band must be brash and exciting live. Harry Beckett (trumpet/flugelhorn) had been with the band less than a week when this album was made and he takes good solos on the opening track, an invigorating version of Ellington's **The Mooche** which is neither pastiche nor recreation. The jubilant African spirit of this band really shines through on **Suho Ning Samo** which features exuberant performances by Dörge, a vocal chorus and Morten Carlsen on taragot, a Hungarian reed instrument. **A Rose For Laurent** is a pretty ballad and features good solos by Jesper Zeuthen (alto sax) and Johnny Dyani (talking bass). African horns introduce the long title track which features marvellous atmospheric ensemble work and strong solos from Dörge, Beckett, Zeuthen, Dyani, Bent Clausen (vibes) and Hugo Rasmussen (bass) before the African horns conclude this album with a reprise of **The Mooche** tag. Clearly this music owes as much to contemporary African pop music as it does to the jazz tradition. Bright, now and right, this is new music that should be pushed to transform the airwaves.

In contrast Gunter Hampel's New York Orchestra's **Fresh Heat** (15) recorded live at Sweet Basil features overcrowded ensembles and a rather muddy sound mix. **522 - 211 East 11th Street** is spread over both sides of the record, something that should have been avoided. This piece features a good solo by Bob Hanlon (tenor sax) before it fades out during Art Jenkins' brief vocal. The rest of this long performance continues on side 2 with a prolonged section of 8-4-2-1 bar exchanges between thirteen musicians, intriguing snippets that in the end amount to no more than an exercise, especially if compared to the subtle voicings and exchanges which John Lindberg creates in **Holler** on (16). **Lichtung** concludes the album and is the most satisfying music on this set as it features an extended trio section by Hampel (also on (17)), Jeanne Lee and Thomas Keyserling, before the large ensemble returns to create the collective mayhem of the finale with great effect, but it's a long wait.

Triology of Works for Eleven Instrumentalists (16) is John Lindberg's third album release on

Black Saint Records and is quite exceptional. Anthony Braxton acted as the conductor, an essential role that brings often complex music into cohesive focus. The intricate duet clusters of **Holler** are a revelation of Lindberg's ingenuity as a composer and arranger. Vincent Chancey performs a splendid solo on French Horn and appears again to good effect in the fourth section of **Dresden Moods**, the dissonant suite in five parts that fills the second side. Chancey's horn is featured in a delightful combination with Marty Ehrlich's flute and the result is pastoral calm. On **m to M** Thurman Barker proves his versatility on xylophone while Ehrlich (alto sax) and Hugh Ragin (trumpet) evolve a passionate duet. The variety and adventurousness of Lindberg's ensemble scores justifies the comparisons made between him and Charles Mingus. **Dresden Moods** is an ambitious work that holds much promise for the future of the music.

On **Winged Serpent (Sliding Quadrants)** six of the seven horn players featured in Cecil Taylor's 11-piece Orchestra of Two Continents appear on one or more of the preceding albums reviewed above, so in that sense this is a summit meeting, recorded in Milan in October 1984. As Taylor at the keyboard is a 88-piece orchestra by himself, I generally prefer his music in a solo context. **Taht** establishes a constant barrage of sound that is pure outrage: a full horn ensemble is followed by a Jimmy Lyons solo, a trumpet duet, a tenor duet and then the full horn ensemble once again above the constant churning currents of Taylor's shifting keyboard patterns. Taylor is outstanding on **Womb Waters Scent of the Burning Armadillo Shell** which begins as a tasty blues riff established by Frank Wright (tenor sax) and John Tchichai (tenor sax) who can also be heard on (14). This beautiful surreal blues soon erupts into a wild ensemble but there's more order and meaning here than a casual listening suggests. Taylor takes charge with a glory that can't be put into words although the poetry of his title does its best. In contrast to **Taht** the playing here is loose and lovely. What Don Pullen terms the sixth sense is realised here as pure being. Side two opens with the madcap group recitation of the anarchic chant **Cun-un-un-un-an**, while **Winged Serpent** reveals once again that Taylor is one of the few musicians capable of constructing sense out of manic chaos. And if you wonder at the anger and intensity which his music can arouse at times, reflect on how little things have changed since he made this statement to Valerie Wilmer:

What's available? I'll tell you what's available — it's despair which results from, like, there's no place to go ... You know, there is no foundation, for instance, that will give you a grant to say, well, go off in a room or hire your own band and just practice and develop the idea. There are only clubs and clubowners who couldn't care less. (ASAYL 58).

Stan Getz remarked on one occasion that far out music was just another way of being commercial — a perceptive comment despite the scorn with which he made it — so why can't a single major U.S. record label understand this fact? Because let's face it, if today's conditions had existed sixty years ago then Louis Armstrong and his Hot Five would have had to go to Milan or to Ludwigsburg or to Tokyo to record.

— David Lewis

On February 1, 1986, Don Cherry appeared in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with Charlie Haden as part of the New Mexico Jazz Workshop's Great Duets series. (Reviewed in CODA Magazine 207.) After the concert everyone adjourned to the La Posada de Albuquerque for a reception in honor of the artists, where Haden and Cherry divided their time between graciously receiving audience praise and rejoicing together over their first reunion in nearly a year.

Don was running on his usual hectic schedule, needing to be back in New York for a performance in Brooklyn the following day. Nevertheless, he took time to engage in a conversation which began with my question about his instrument and soon opened into a full-blown monologue. It was clear that he had a few things that he particularly wanted to say.

I have transcribed Don Cherry's words without my occasional interruptions. The conversational flow is clear without guideposts. The words, with music in them, stand as the workings of a generous and creative mind immediately after a fine performance and immediately preceding a fine party. Here is Don Cherry undistilled, the only way to know him:

The pocket trumpet I have now I first played on the Mu sessions with Ed Blackwell. My cornet was in the shop being repaired and Bernard Vita, who everybody calls Babar, loaned me his pocket trumpet. After hearing a tape of the session, he insisted that I keep the horn. An instrument made with such quality is quite an instrument anyway, and having respect for the instrument brings out the best in you. The first pocket trumpet I had, the one I used on the early Ornette recordings, was made in Pakistan. This one was made by Besson; it's a Meha. The pocket trumpet is in Bb like a regular trumpet, but sometimes people think it's in a different key.

I had a Conn cornet. What everyone was reaching for playing the flugelhorn, the cornet had that. Especially the older horns, which were made of very light material, so you could reach the mellowness of the flugelhorn, and also the blasting of the trumpet. Ornette playing a plastic saxophone is the same thing, because the material is light and resonates, just like the doussn'gouni. That's what you need.

I'm looking forward to having a cornet made for me, but as of now I just have the pocket trumpet. Music is one thing and the instrument is another thing. I have never thought of just being a trumpet player, or even the best trumpet player. I've always wanted to be able to use the trumpet as a voice for what I wanted to say in music.

Playing at a birthday party for Dexter Gordon at the Village Vanguard with Monte Waters, C-Sharp (Clarence Sharp), Paquito D'Rivera, Art Taylor, Walter Bishop, and Buster Williams, we were playing Bird tunes and Paquito was surprised I knew about chord changes and the whole tradition of jamming. I'm one of the few trumpet players who have played with Miles Davis. He was in California playing with Coltrane and Cannonball and had a night off. I was playing in Hollywood at a club called the Renaissance Club, with Billy Higgins and Leroy Vinnegar, and someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and it was Miles, and he wanted to try my

pocket trumpet, that was made in Pakistan, and he stayed all night.

Then, when we came to the Five Spot in N.Y., Miles used to come and sit in and play with the group. One night at the Village Vanguard, when Miles had the group with Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Wayne Shorter, and Ron Carter, Miles asked me to sit in on the last tune, which is generally an "I Got Rhythm" tune. So I can say that I'm one of the few trumpet players who have played with Miles Davis.

Trumpet players who have been an inspiration to me are, first of all, Louis Armstrong, because he has brought a lot of happiness to a lot of people. And then the bebop player for me was Fats Navarro. Miles Davis has been a very strong inspiration, and Dizzy Gillespie, of course, and Clifford Brown. But the trumpet player who was around in the area in L.A. was Harry "Sweets" Edison. He's one of the ones who can really accompany singers. I enjoy doing that, accompanying singers. That's a special art. The inspirations for me as singers have been Billie Holiday and Dinah Washington, because I come from that period. And Nat "King" Cole.

My actual roots are from the period of playing gospel, to what we call rhythm and blues, to bebop, which was jam. And also, coming from the West Coast, I got a chance to hear what they call West Coast Music — Chet Baker, Jack Sheldon, Shorty Rogers, and David Allen, that whole scene. Those trumpet players were around my period, and we jammed together. But the inspiration was always learning Charlie

Parker, Bud Powell, and Thelonious Monk, the compositions, the forms, and the chord patterns.

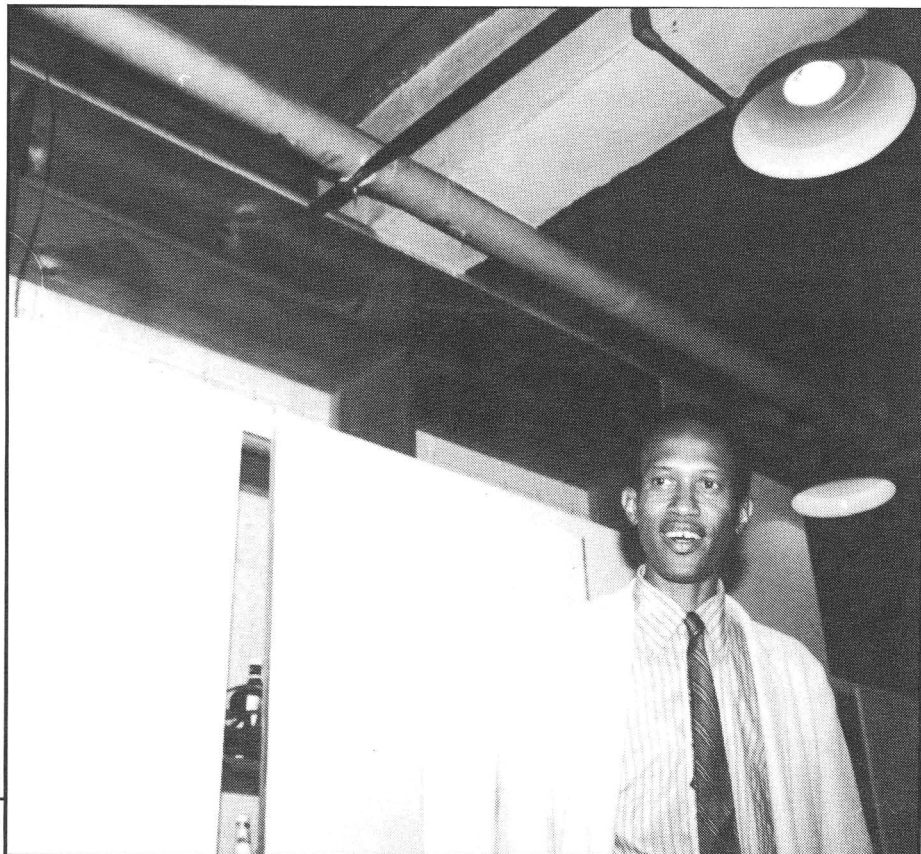
Ornette used to always call me "the chord man," but after playing with Ornette that was a whole different kind of thing, not only improvising from the songs or the mode of the songs, but creating new modes from inspiration from the mode and the feeling from the composition, which he calls harmolodic now. It's hard to really explain, because the compositions really explain it themselves, and I feel like I'm still studying it.

Anyone who ever played with Charlie Parker was inspired, and that's the same way as playing with Ornette also, and other musicians, such as tonight playing with Charlie. There's certain music that I can play only with Charlie, or with Blackwell, or Ornette, people who know the language.

With the concert tonight, for an audience to hear a concert like that with just two instruments and no actual rhythm instrument, I've never experienced that myself. For a jazz group with those particular songs, and that particular concept, it was new to me. But I know that the more we played, the more we felt the possibilities of what could happen.

We all have been working together as teachers — and not just teachers, but learning together with students, with our community. To me the community is this whole planet. What I am trying to say is that people in different countries that I know of — in Turkey, in Brazil, India, Africa and Japan — they know about their traditional music and are also interested in improvised music. That's what

DON CHERRY



DON CHERRY (Photograph by Bill Smith)

I feel is world music and is something that should be shared with the younger generation.

Dance has always been an important part of music — even bebop. Thelonious, he would play his tunes as a solo, and with the saxophone, bass and drums he would get up and dance. If I had played a reggae tonight I would have danced because reggae really turns me on. I feel a lot of possibilities in reggae music and I feel like it is a part of the voice of Black people — especially the poetry of Bob Marley and other people — that's very important.

This thing with Latin music also, and especially with the trumpet, I've met Cuban trumpet players that see my trumpet and they take it without the mouthpiece and play it. You know they're super musicians. But I mean harmony coming together, and liberty; sweet liberty and sweet harmony coming together has happened with what they call Afro-Latin music. It came from Africa to the Latin countries, and now it's something that Jelly Roll Morton said, that you have to have that Spanish/Latin touch to be able to really play, which is something that's important to the music.

And another thing, you know I was born in Oklahoma and my grandmother is a Choctaw Indian, an American Indian, and I feel that. Especially working with musicians like Jim Pepper, who has been working with the powwow and done them in the powwow version and also in the jazz version, too. I think that's very important.

When I was working in education in Sweden, the same thing that's been happening in America about having prayer for children in schools was happening in Sweden, when they realized they didn't want to have that. So what they started having was musicians to come and teach the children about different musics from different lands, which is really what America is all about: about people from different lands and different cultures. We should really try to share that with each other to have understanding — and that's what we call world music.

And the roots, like the instrument, the douss'ngouni, the hunter's guitar to me is part of the roots.

I'm trying to get this book together. I've been working on it with Wyn Loving and with Ann Waring, who made the Iggy-Pop book. We'd like to continue it. I'd like the book to be about my experiences and evolution as a musician — from the beginning to where I am now. And not just the music part, but the life part, too. The art, the artists, meeting incredible women, and the whole thing with the drugs, and the whole scene that we've been going through in the whole jazz world up to now. And the politics of being a Black American. I'd like to have all of that be part of the book, so it will take time to really do. I've been working on this in between doing other things.

You know, as I said earlier, I have this opportunity with the Statue of Liberty ceremony happening this July. I would like to get an ensemble of women, because there's a lot of fantastic women playing the music on all instruments — and because liberty is a woman — and liberty is harmony and sweet liberty. I'd like to do a Sweet Liberty Suite with a group called Sweet Liberty, Sweet Harmony.

I've also been working with a group called Nu, which is Edward Blackwell and Nan Vasconcelos, which is quite a meeting — and Carlos Ward,

who's quite a composer, and I enjoy playing with another horn player. And also Mark Helias who has a group called Slickaphonics — and we've all come together to have this group, Nu, and we'll tour in July.

There's another group I've been working with that's called the Leaders — and that's Chico Freeman, Arthur Blythe, Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee and Don Moye, and we're all working together.

So all of these different projects, you know, are what I'm trying to balance and to be able to stay in America and try to make clear the importance of culture in America, and I don't mean culture in the way that would be negative, but in a way that would be positive and be sharing and be something that's positive that's happening.

Because in education now there should be a new curriculum, and there should be a university curriculum starting from the beginning of children coming into the society of school, because school IS the society. We should realize now that everybody is a growing plant to which you give love — that's what the children are. When you plant something and give it love, it flowers and gives seeds.

I have five children and two grandchildren. There's five generations of us alive now in my family. Both of my grandfathers are dead, but the women are still alive. They play music, a lot of them. Jan is the oldest and she plays music and she's a Jehovah's Witness. David goes to Cal Arts and plays keyboards and works with the media of video. Eagle Eye goes to the High School of Performing Arts, the "Fame" school in New York, and is a drummer and into music. And Neneh is in Africa now with Naima her daughter, and Christian is playing rugby. Young Christian Cherry is the rugby player of the year on his team. Like I say, when you plant something and give it love, it flowers and gives good seeds.

I'm still living in Sweden and we have a schoolhouse and every year for the last six years the kids have been giving theatre and Children's Day. We give an art exhibit, a flea market and different activities, including a film festival at the house. The house is like a community place because it's a big schoolhouse.

The kids have been going to Stockholm every year for the last five years, and given performances at the Modern Museum. Last year they gave their last performance at home, because they're getting older. But it has been very important for them being able to give their voice. For instance, they're doing music and skits. They did something called "The Sperm Bank": one of the skits where people came to give sperm and some people came to get sperm, you know. (Cherry laughs.) That's just one of them, but how free that they can see what's happening in their future. They're trying to bring out the truth that they see in their generation, in theatre and in music, and it's been positive.

In the way that we teach Western music, I've found from learning other music from the East and from Africa, that a lot of times it keeps us away from music. There are only a few rituals where we all come together to sing in harmony. To me harmony is like you singing your own sound with everyone. You just agree that you want to come together with everyone

and it will be harmony.

I feel that with Western music, for instance the syllables do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do, "do" is a very negative sound: "do". In Hindi or Sanskrit, which is a very divine language, "sa" is a very positive sound because there is an "ah", and "ah" is like wonderment: "ah". When you see something beautiful, or something fantastic happens, you say "ah". And that's one thing that I feel we don't really try to make an understanding of: how we can make sounds from our bodies that can resonate within our bodies like an insight outward.

I guess I feel that an example is that I have been working with children from different lands — and you can say music is the universal language, but Moki (Don's wife) has made tapestries of their songs. One tapestry is the scale: sa-ri-ga-ma-pa-dha-ni-sa, which is the equivalent of the West's do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do. And then we made one tapestry that is the tabla figure which is the first figure you learn in 6 — and you think that 6 would be the first figure, because in 6 you have a 1 and a 2: "da dim da da", and it's in a circle, using the mandala.

Then one of the tapestries is a *tĩntĩl*, which is 16 beats and a scale, a song from the scale, which lets you understand the raga of the scale — and this particular one is Malkōs, which is the late night scale. And then one of the songs is a South African song that Abdullah Ibrahim has done. And working with children where they can see in color the inspiration, cutting out the collage: here it is, the sound and the vision, I think that's something that's very important.

In Hindi, learning the scale, the sa-ri-ga-ma-pa-dha-ni-sa, if you sing it correctly and really learn it, you create an inner liberation, and inner liberation is what we really need so that we don't have those hangups that we have. When I went to Africa I found out something — that one of the most important things in Africa is that for someone to see and to meet your eye, and to give you a sparkle of the eye, they feel that they are fulfilling their day, or fulfilling what life is all about. And in certain places, when you speak to people and say "hello" and they don't speak back — my daughter, the first day she went to school, she smiled at the teacher and the teacher didn't smile back (knowing chuckle), and I mean there are certain things that we must really learn to understand that we have that we must give and share with each other. That's what balances and is part of the importance.

And this is social, but there is nothing that has been more social in our lifetime than jazz. Jazz music is one of the biggest social things that has ever happened in Western times or the 20th century now. People all come together to get free and dance and to amuse themselves. The reason that I started to play with poets and musicians like Lou Reed and Ian Drury and the Blockheads, and my daughter's group (Rip, Rig And Panic), is because I wanted to see reaction.

I used to play dances, and when we played something jumping the dancers would dance and they'd jump, because then we played better and they danced better. Or if you're playing something slow and everybody gets close, and you play better, and you have the reaction before you. But it started to get cultural, where everybody was just sitting and listening.

The other night I went by a club and heard this music, and I went in, and when I went in I was the only Black person in the place. And this band was happening. There were all these white people just listening, and they played a very funky tango, so I grabbed a very beautiful lady and we started tangoing. And everybody was just standing there culturally. The group was called The Lounge Lizards, but it was happening.

I mean the thing is that we have to react to our feelings, and that is what music is all about. And learning the sounds of the scale in Hindi: sa-ri-ga-ma-pa-dha-ni-sa, is to make an inner liberation, and that is something that Westerners need. We have to realize that this planet is our planet, and I mean "our" as the universal family. You know we have to learn to really take care of it or the universe will get very angry.

I would much rather play the seashell, the conch, than to play the trumpet itself. Because there is something about the architecture of the conch that if you have somebody making a drill, a big sound, and you play it, it drowns it out because it is absorbing and bringing out at the same time, and that is something that I enjoy.

I heard a tape the other night of a concert in New York with Charlie Morrow with seashells, and that's the essence of what the trumpet is coming from. The same thing with the berimbau, which is a bow, that's where string instruments are coming from. A man went hunting and pulled the string and he heard it "boing". And the trumpet, that's the sea shell, or the horn of an animal, or ... (At this point, Cherry cupped his hands to his mouth and produced a resounding, bellowing anthem, said "Thank you very much", and, bowing slightly, exited from the room.)
— Roy Durfee

A SELECTED DON CHERRY DISCOGRAPHY

As a Leader: Music/Sangam - Europa JP 2009 / Don Cherry - Horizon SP 717 / Hear and Now - Atlantic SD 18217 / Eternal Now - Antilles AN 7034 / Eternal Rhythm - MPS 15204 / Where is Brooklyn? - Blue Note 84311 / Symphony for Improvisers - Blue Note 84247 / Complete Communion - Blue Note 84226 / Relativity Suite - JCOA 1006 / **With Ed Blackwell:** Mu, First Part - BYG / Mu, Second Part - BYG / El Corazon - ECM 1230 / **With Codona:** Codona - ECM 1132 / Codona 2 - ECM 1177 / Codona 3 - ECM 1243 / **With Old and New Dreams:** Old and New Dreams - Black Saint BSR 0013 / Old and New Dreams - ECM 1154 / Playing - ECM 1205 / **With Ornette Coleman:** Broken Shadows - Columbia FC 38029 / Twins - Atlantic SD 8810 / Live at the Hillcrest Club - Inner City IC 1007 / Ornette on Tenor - Atlantic 1394 / Ornette! - Atlantic 1378 / Free Jazz - Atlantic 1364 / This is Our Music - Atlantic 1353 / Change of the Century - Atlantic 1327 / The Shape of Jazz to Come - Atlantic 1317 / Tomorrow is the Question - Contemporary 7569 / Something Else - Contemporary 7551 / **With John Coltrane:** The Avant-Garde - Atlantic 90041 / **With Steve Lacy:** Evidence - Prestige MPP 2505 / **With Tony Vacca & Tom Moran:** City Spirits - Philo Records PH 9007 (1986)

Roy Durfee is a freelance arts and environment writer currently residing in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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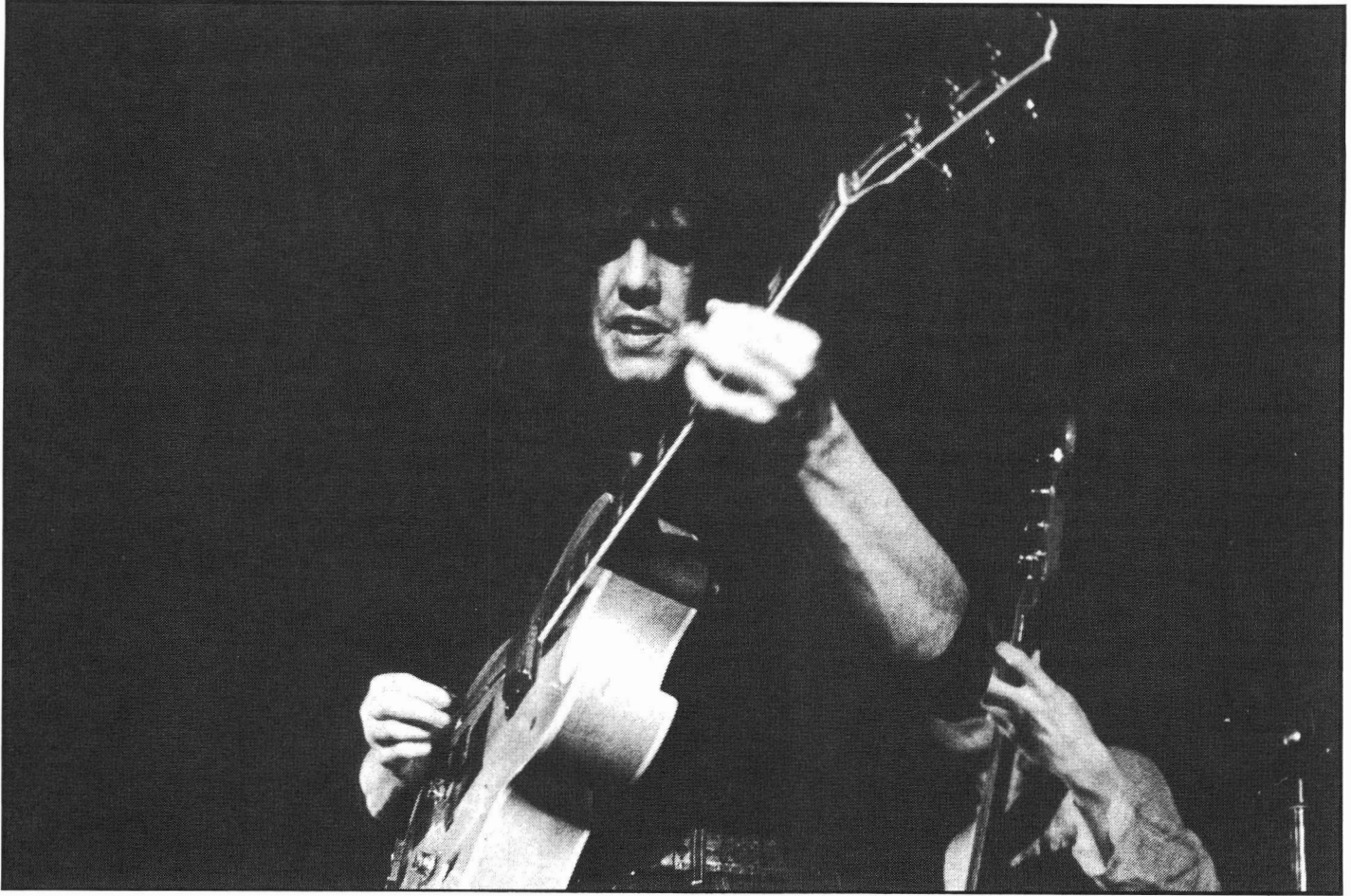
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METHENY (SONG X) COLEMAN



Pat Metheny and Ornette Coleman (!) — somewhat an unlikely pair, wouldn't you say? But then again... If we define Jazz as essentially a popular music — not necessarily because the masses of people listen to it, but more because of its *experiential epistemology* — Metheny and Coleman, together, seem not so strange at all. As a matter of fact, it could probably be argued that their coupling represents a political-aesthetic-social strategy that more than competently confronts the 80s, age of postmodernist verbose.

Of course, from still another angle, one could just as easily say that Coleman's appearance with Metheny represents the malaise and quasi-tragedy of the African-American musician's plight in his homeland. (After all, Metheny's pronouncement that Wynton Marsalis' project "... is kind of reactionary... the suits and ties, and playing music that is very 60s oriented(.)" — clearly aren't the thoughts of a Jazzman. Furthermore, and somewhat belaboring the point, one could even hazard the guess that such statements are indicative of an almost innate confusion as to what

classicism means in relation to Jazz.)

When I briefly spoke with Coleman backstage after his concert with Metheny at Syracuse, New York's Civic Center, he insisted that: "The only reason I've done this is because of the music, no other reason." But for the man who said "...in a world where reproduction is no more than replacement..." there would have to be, to be sure, *multiple* reasons why he's playing with Metheny. Pat himself gives a clue: "I feel that it's a very dangerous time right now for a number of reasons. One is that the way the music industry has changed over the last fifteen years has not served jazz well at all. Even though there are more jazz records being made, and appearances at various stages look healthy and on the way up. But the life of this music exists more in the context of playing in front of an audience on a night to night basis — and there are just not that many clubs around. There are half as many places to play as there used to be."

Metheny went on to say, after bickering about some of the terminology employed in my questioning, that "...the

recognition factor: a young kid twelve, thirteen, or fourteen years old starts to consider what he wants to devote his life to and he sees Michael Jackson or something. I mean, he's going to have to work to find Ornette. He's going to have to go way out of his way..."

Perhaps, then, the deal is to introduce the/"a" younger generation of music enthusiasts to the extravagant adventurism of players the caliber of Ornette Coleman, Charlie Haden, and Jack DeJohnette. As Coleman, once again, has so eloquently said: "*In the Western world your success is based on how many people you reach, and in the music called jazz up to now it's only people who've made money from other levels of music who are allowing people that have a jazz background to integrate, to increase their financial status by mixing with other kinds of music.*"

And Metheny's no slouch. As a matter of fact, the "Song X" album is quite good, with Metheny — as he did at the concert in Syracuse — rendering extremely valuable support.

If there's a problem at all in all this, it

resides in the notion of Populism itself. For, as James Ridgeway recently pointed out in the *Village Voice*, Populism represents — at this junction anyway — “... a variety of agendas.” “Agendas,” that is, that seek and have vastly different and differing goals. Coleman is a populist at the service of a seemingly ungraspable “national image.” While Metheny has that, yet lacks *historical style*. In an ideal world these two moments would combine, marshalling in the festiveness of a New Age. In the 80s, they’ve produced “Song X.”

— Roger Riggins

Song X Geffen Records XGHS 24096

Pat Metheny guitar & guitar synth.; Ornette Coleman alto saxophone & violin; Charlie Haden bass; Jack DeJohnette drums; Denardo Coleman drums & percussion.

As I see it, in recent years Pat Metheny has redoubled his efforts to convince me to go to his concerts or buy one of his records. He almost succeeded when he came to Toronto with Charlie Haden and Billy Higgins, but I was unable to attend. The record of that trio didn’t convince me that I’d missed very much, but when I heard that he had a record with Ornette coming up I knew that Metheny had me. The surprise is that “Song X” is an extremely good record; a collaboration where, rather than compromising their talents in favour of a lowest common denominator, each of the participants contributes their individual best, for everyone’s benefit.

Metheny has always demonstrated a certain enthusiasm for working with “real jazz” musicians, without ever displaying great improvisational abilities himself. Rather, in the heyday of “fusion” he produced accessible, good-natured instrumental music which attracted a large audience. Most performers in his position quickly recognize the parameters of their commercial success and are careful to remain within them. Metheny, on the other hand, has toured and recorded with some of the major figures in contemporary jazz. The results have been musically very erratic, but Metheny’s use of, for example, Ornette Coleman compositions in his repertoire has indicated a certain idea about learning and growing artistically. However lightweight Metheny’s own talents may be, he is able to recognize the work of a true musical visionary, and now has obviously accumulated the kind of influence that could convince Ornette to work with him.

From playing Ornette’s tunes, to recording and performing with him; one can only conclude that Metheny

adores Ornette. I wonder if this presages a time when *everyone* will adore Ornette, as Ornette has been patiently waiting and hoping that they would for almost thirty years now. The great Shirley Clarke film “Ornette: Made In America” demonstrates that Coleman is now fully qualified to accept mass adoration; that he is ready and able to be put in the role of the Great Artist, Father Figure, Guru, or even Entertainer, according to whatever each beholder wants to see and hear. In “Made In America” Ornette is equally successful leading his own group with a symphony orchestra, acting as the subject of Clarke’s video fantasies about Ornette in Outer Space, or being lionized by the Fort Worth upper crust — plus, he is still making brilliant music. So why not popular stardom?

“Song X” comes across as a great Ornette Coleman record — Ornette with the electrical element of Prime Time replaced by Metheny, and reunited with Charlie Haden. The group interplay that was so submerged on the Prime Time records — although evident in concert and in the Clarke film — is here in full force. Coleman is totally undaunted by the variety and sheer mass of Metheny’s electronics; rather, they seem to make him respond with renewed vigour. The resulting music avoids competition in favour of mutual inspiration. From the point of view of a jazz purist, obviously Metheny’s “ideal” replacement would be Don Cherry or Dewey Redman, but do we really need to hear them with Ornette again?... and it seems unlikely that Ornette is going to hire, say, Paul Rutherford, Joe McPhee or Leo Smith for his next project. It is true that Metheny is not stylistically perfect for this idiom, but he plays with great energy and invention. Often his improvisational responses reveal an ear for the more singsong elements in Ornette’s music, which amplifies the feeling of playfulness and good humour that pervades this session. I feel that the drummers and especially the bassist are a bit under-mixed, but not seriously. Rather than quibbling musically about this track or that, I can only say that one would have to be deaf not to hear the warmth and good feelings that pervade this record. The enthusiasm that all of the players brought into the studio with them emanates from every moment of music. Pat Metheny has revealed a surprising attitude towards contemporary American improvisational music and, although I didn’t have to buy this record after all, since I was reviewing it for *Coda*, I do feel grateful for the music that he, Ornette, Denardo, Haden and DeJohnette made together.

— David Lee

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MAX ROACH

The Musician As An Artist

THE MAX ROACH QUARTET / Fantasy OJC 202 (DLP-13) / Hank Mobley, tenor; Walter Davis II, piano; Franklin Skeete, bass. Other horns added on several tracks. Recorded 1953.

Cou-Manchi-Cou / *Just One Of Those Things* / *Drums Conversation* / *Glow Worm* / *Mobleyzation* / *Chi-Chi* / *Kismet* / *I'm A Fool To Want You* / *Sfax* / *Orientation*

MAX ROACH QUARTET / Scott Free / Soul Note 1103 / Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet, flugelhorn; Odeon Pope, tenor; Tyrone Brown, bass. Recorded 1984.

Scott Free - Part 1 / *Scott Free - Part 2*

MAX ROACH DOUBLE QUARTET / Easy Winners / Soul Note 1109 / Same personnel plus the Uptown String Quartet: John Williams, violin; Cecilia Hobbs, violin; Maxine Roach, viola; Eileen Folson, cello. Recorded 1985.

Bird Says / *Sis* / *A Little Booker* / *Easy Winners*

There is a world of difference implied between a "musician" and an "artist." The musician is a craftsman who has mastered the rules and techniques necessary to play an instrument in a chosen stylistic context. The artist surpasses mere technique and style, resulting in a meaningful universal statement. For the artist, music is a means to a greater end. For the musician, making music is an end in itself.

Not all jazz musicians are aware of this distinction and still remain good improvisors. Some people don't necessarily have anything of much depth to say, or may lack the expertise to go beyond the mundane. The necessary tools for a musician to extend himself are a wide range of knowledge beyond one's own instruments; a capacity to organize material and other musicians; an intellectual underpinning or strong conception as to the desired artistic goal; integrity, charisma and of course power and finesse on one's own instrument.

Max Roach is one of the greatest living examples of the musician as artist. As a sideman and accompanist, his place in jazz is well documented; Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, Clifford Brown, Booker Little and recently Cecil Taylor as well as lesser known players. But as an arranger, leader and composer, Roach has gone beyond the confines of only being a great drummer. These three albums (separated by 30 years) provide ample proof of this statement. "The Max Roach Quartet," recorded in 1953, offers us the debut of Hank Mobley as well as strong evidence of leadership in the organizing of material in a unique manner.

For example, the standard *I'm A Fool To Want You* employs a Latin feel for the first four bars of the A chorus before moving to the traditional ballad idiom. *Just One Of Those Things* goes into a drum solo immediately after the melody

statement. Max's original *Sfax* offers drum solos and fills between the written sections (for additional horns). And of course *Drum Conversation* is just that: an unaccompanied drum composition.

There is an inherent lyricism evident whenever Roach solos, particularly in the use of colors throughout the drum set. Max talks of the drums as "multiple percussion" in which each element has its own voice. In *Drum Conversation*, there is a great example of how Roach builds intensity by piling rhythms on top of each other until there is a barrage of sound. Also, he is not adverse to using the old technique of keeping a steady four-four on the bass drum during his solo on *Cou-Manchi-Cou* as well as *Just One Of Those Things*.

The point here is that Max Roach was not content to only play a group of tunes in a standard format for his date, even in 1953. Every composition gets attention and care, including the standards. This is the musician as artist at work!

Another point of interest in this album is to hear the great Hank Mobley at such an early stage before he had fully developed his patented sound and laid-back time feel. This is tenor playing like Bird and early Sonny Rollins, very much in the bebop tradition; swinging, lyrical melodic lines over chord changes played with enthusiasm and passion. Within the next decade, Mobley was to refine his choice of notes and explore more chromatic approaches to the chord as well as heavy use of the upper extensions.

"Scott Free" was recorded recently and represents the chord-less working quartet that Max currently employs. The music is constructed along the lines of a suite. It crosses the line between traditional bebop phraseology and the non-harmonic linearity of the modern period. Both Cecil Bridgewater and Odeon Pope

occasionally play lines directly related to the prevailing pulse set up by Brown and Roach, but more often (especially Pope), the rhythms of the soloist and those of the background are not metrically related. The result is that there is an "avant-garde" tinge to how Max's drumming sounds in this context. As an evolving artist, Roach has time and again demonstrated that he (like Trane and Miles) is not afraid to employ modern sounds and techniques without sacrificing his basic style. The old patterns become fresh in a new context. And with no chords to fill the atmosphere, this particular instrumentation highlights his use of independent rhythms against and over the steady ride beat on the cymbal.

This independence is most evident on the fast tempo beginning Side 2. Roach plays extended, over-the-bar-line figures in his left hand with the pulse staying intact in the right. With Cecil floating in and out of pulse, the overall effect shifts between three separate rhythmic entities at the same time. This allows the listener to tune in on a variety of different rhythmic levels.

Side One demonstrates the importance of the hi-hat in the "multiple percussion" set. The traditional two and four locks the time in at such a basic level that the contrast of multiple rhythms becomes all the more apparent. The drum solo on this side is a prime example of how economical and direct Roach's music is. A sense of space is created as short statements follow each other. Sudden and dramatic dynamic changes occur often; bursts of energy are cut off to be followed by a complete change of texture. All parts of the drums are played coloristically by the hands as well as the use of rim sounds. The solo on Side Two, on the other hand, develops one idea along a singular path. Taken as a whole, the two solos are a complete lesson



in how to use thought and intelligence to develop interesting drum solos.

The front line plays with great confidence. They definitely ignite Max at times and there is a good feeling of communication throughout. Overall, Max is the center of the music not only because he is the leader and drummer, but because his own playing is a model of maturity, subtlety, energy and depth.

Odeon Pope has a deep, blues-tinged tone, especially in the low tenor register. His frequent use of circular breathing is a bit much for my taste. Bridgewater sounds as if he is attempting to play in his own way; there is a commendable spirit of the quest for individuality overall. Tyrone Brown plays his role close to the line which is probably both a matter of becoming familiar with Max, and part of the band concept. I must admit that the blend of electric bass with the drums is better than I would expect. Electric bass players in general seem to be learning the proper way to play walking jazz time. Too often, the electric bass assumes too much prominence in relation to the ride cymbal and the result is that the time stiffens up.

The liner notes for "Scott Free" discuss the famous Scottsboro Trial of 1931. The notes for "Easy Winner" are written by Stanley Crouch; a man with whom I often differ in views but who writes well and intelligently about someone's playing (whom he likes!!). His description of the essence of Max Roach's

style is excellent.

"Easy Winners" features the same group along with a standard string quartet. This was recorded a few months after the previous releases and therefore offers a look at the evolution of the group. There is a greater sense of unity between the bass and drums as well there should be after playing together. The feeling is looser and more spontaneous.

Having recorded with a string quartet, I know that intonation is a major problem. In this respect, the Uptown String Quartet does quite well. And as far as phrasing is concerned, there is evidence here of a good deal of practice and attempt to understand the difficulties of playing with a jazz feel on bowed instruments. This is especially true on *Bird Says*, a *Confirmation*-based line by Bridgewater. The strings come in and out of the performance with the punch and accuracy of a horn section. The same is true of the up-tempo *A Little Booker*. *Sis* is a lovely ballad by Pope with some nice string writing and chord voicings. The title track is a strings only arrangement of a Scott Joplin tune (by Maxine Roach). It is a lovely way to end an album of such intensity.

"Easy Winners" is a successful blend of strings and jazz phrasing. String players have come a long way since the awkward Third Stream experiments of the 1960s. For my taste, this album is the most successful of the three reviewed.

To follow the path of an artist is a

very difficult task on many levels. To evolve artistically, one must be aware of past, present and future culture. The artist must not be lazy and accept popular views on a subject. He must delve deeper to find his own opinions and be able to recognize them sufficiently enough to articulate them in some manner. The constancy of this search often means that normal day to day matters can be fraught with difficulty. On the other hand, this can help to cause a deepening of one's views.

The next step is to make one's views known to the world. The motivation to do this ranges anywhere from egotistical to altruistic reasons. In any case, it is the responsibility of the artist to make his feelings known through his chosen field of expertise. (By the way, a non-artist also has opinions but may not possess the subtle means of expression of which an artist is capable).

Finally, the artist enters the world of his craft and begins the work of molding his vision into a lasting work. The results are the performances we see and hear. The entertainment value of art is a by-product of its function. The true artist uses his medium to improve man's consciousness.

Max Roach is a monument to artistic integrity and productivity. We are all lucky to have such an artist in our midst.

A REVIEW BY DAVID LIEBMAN

FRANK LOWE

The Memphis Tenor Saxophonist Talks With Jim Macnie

A couple of weeks after this interview, I was coming out of the shower at about 11:30 pm and the phone rings. "Jim? This is Lowe." "Yeah, hi Frank, what's up?" "Well, I was just sitting around thinking, did I tell you I was influenced by Professor Longhair and Junior Walker as much as I was by Charlie Parker and Bud Powell?" "Not in so many words," I mumbled, "but if anyone who has heard you reads the piece, they'll have a feeling for that already." "You think so?" the tenor player mused, "that's a hell of a compliment man, talk to you later Jim."

Frank Lowe likes to take care of details. The Memphis-born horn man approached this interview with a handful of crib notes about his beginnings ("We've got to get this Memphis history right!"). As he spoke about his early inspirations, his face would light up with an obvious fondness for his west Tennessee roots. The strains of the Stax sound and the honking blues of McLemore Avenue have always been a part of his sound, even in his point-blank screaming days. It's even more evident lately. He calls his like-minded cohorts "the out traditionalists," and at one point the sheer force of his reed playing earned him the nickname "Doctor Too-Much."

The ferocious abandon that garnered him the reputation as one of the political saxists of the late sixties has matured into a reliable forcefulness that he easily summons up when needed. Late breaking projects like The Jazz Doctors (Dennis Charles, Billy Bang, Raphael Garrett, Lowe) and his new Black Saint Ip, "Decisions In Paradise," have found him in the mood to swing with a verve that is reminiscent of the Blue Note hard bop era.

JIM MACNIE: *How did you know when you wanted to make music your life?*

FRANK LOWE: In the community I grew up in I lived across the street from a park. There was a lot of activity, with a swimming pool and kids, this is when I was about nine years old. There was this place called The Whip where kids would drive up in their cars and order burgers and shakes, and later that progressed into where they opened up a club where they would have bands; I think the drummer was the cat that played with Ray Charles, I don't know if he played on "What'd I Say" or not, but they would have rehearsals in the afternoon and I think that was the first place I got to hear jazz live. Because there was nobody around, just a couple of my buddies, it was daytime. So I got it fixed where I could get a little job and work around there, running errands when they were rehearsing. It was the drummer, and a tenor player, Fat Sonny. He's a really good tenor player and I was just attracted to the music that they were dealing. The bass player, he was originally a trumpet player, his name was McGhee, his mother was friends with my mother. So it would be McGhee, Fat Sonny, Bill (Bill just passed, he left the planet) and a piano player. I can't remember the piano players, they passed in and out. And they would be swinging — I mean, this cat had been playing with Ray Charles, you know what I mean? They were hip, they were playing and I would be around there three to four days a week in the daytime when I had just come from school. That's where I felt the initial thing of "I love this music."

When I was a kid I sang in the choir, because I used to go to church and I was on the usher board and the junior choir, and the glee club. Somewhere I decided to study it and I got hooked up with an instructor, Tuff Green. He played on B.B. King's first hit, *Three O'Clock Blues*. He was the band director at our school. He was kind of hip and flamboyant, and he was one of the people who helped inspire me.

Did you check for the tenor right away?

No, first they put some piano and some dictation down. I got serious about the tenor in my senior year of high school. By the time I graduated I had decided that I had to go some-

where and study. A lot of my friends went to Tennessee State or Fisk, but I tried to get somewhere else. So I went to the University of Kansas in Lawrence. I had an aunt and uncle who lived in Kansas City, and I'd heard of Charlie Parker and stuff and I'd been there a couple of times. I'd been hipped to Coltrane by then; I'd heard some Coltrane already.

Where would you hear it?

I worked in this record store in Memphis: Stax. I had a friend, Sam Jones, he's a singer, he sang with this band, the Astors, and the Mad Lads and they were opening up for James Brown... are you hip to the Impressions, Curtis Mayfield? They were in that manner, maybe a little harder, not like doo-wop, like after Jerry Butler, like *Gypsy Woman*. And when we were kids they were traveling around opening up for bands. They were at the Apollo and other places making big money when we were fourteen and fifteen years old. So Sam was my friend from a while back and he hooked me up to Stax Records. I was indecisive, he knew he wanted to be a singer. My thing was dressing — buying clothes and just trying to find out about life. I wasn't serious about the music, I just loved it. I liked jazz, but a lot of that stuff seemed like fantasy to me, at that time, and one of the reasons that I got into this was to see if I could find these people, see if they were really real, you dig? Because when I was young they would come through and be playing, but I never really saw the day-to-day stuff. I hadn't thought in those terms.

So Sam had this group with a record contract, and he got me this gig at Stax, so I'm selling records and studying. And I was watching this cat, he was with the Mar-Keys, his name was Packy Axton, he was playing saxophone on those sessions and I was working in the record store in the front, the recording studio was in the rear. So all these records were at my disposal, I could check them out.

The reason I got the job was because I knew a lot about the music because it was always in my house. When I was a kid my parents were friends with a woman who was a disc jockey, Willa Monroe, so there were always some records around.

While I was working at Stax this cat Packy

Axton would show me stuff on the saxophone. I like Gene Ammons, so he would show me some of Gene's licks. He encouraged me. At that time Isaac Hayes was working there, and Otis Redding was coming through, and Booker T. I would spend six days in the studio watching these guys, watching how they wrote the hits. Stax stands for Stuart Axton, and Packy Axton was his son, and he saw that I was interested and let me peep as much as was necessary. Sam got me the gigs though. I knew I had to get lots of teachers, so I started getting the best teachers I could and followed their example. At the University of Kansas there was an alto player named Herb Smith, and I used to watch him. Very talented. Then I went to California and got teachers like Bert Wilson — he's in a wheelchair, and he is bad. He's played on some records by Sonny Simmons; he's a saxophone, that's all he is. Being in a wheelchair since he was a kid so all he had to do was practice. Anything that can be done with a saxophone this cat knows a lot about it. He's one of the people who can play chords in the overtone series correctly. This cat can articulate chords, and do it with ease, he has a whole system down. Probably Rahsaan Roland Kirk could do that, and I'm sure that Eric Dolphy could, and Ornette's got something happening like that, but I'm just saying that this is one of the cats. So I paid him some money, I was still going to the San Francisco Conservatory.

What first took you out there?

I wanted some privacy so I could study. I'm thankful that I've got some talent, and this is the end that I've got to cultivate hard. Out at the conservatory I met others. Pete Macadamia, a drummer, he was kind of inspiring. I didn't really check out his playing, but his concept in teaching was kind of encouraging. Sometimes to make this stuff real, you need some encouragement, and he was saying that the jazz life is possible, it can be done. And at the same time I was studying with Donald Garrett.

Did you feel a sense of freedom being that age and so far from home?

Yes, because I knew I wasn't ready to come to New York; I was still trying to learn the blues in every key, you dig? Everything was

happening, and that felt good, but I was just trying to get in some corner and practice. Learn as far as I could, learning tunes. Some teachers taught tunes, except Raphael, he was more into breathing exercises, like Tai Chi. He was helping me relax with the instrument, not just playing music from an ego point, but being relaxed with yourself. Getting a good tone out of the instrument, and learning to alleviate a lot of tension. He had played with Coltrane, he's on "Kulu Se Mama," "Om" and "Selflessness," and he did some records with Archie, so it was a pleasure to study with him. I wanted a better tone and I figured I was headed that way, but there are some short cuts — not really short cuts, but it always helps when someone tells you a better way. Trial and error is cool but it's good to have some help too, it saves you a lot of time.

Garrett's been around, he was also in Chicago, with Von Freeman and those guys, Johnny Griffin. He's supposedly co-founder with Muhal Richard Abrams of the AACM big band, the Experimental Band that was the forerunner of the AACM. When I first met Raphael he had this big band called the Circus, and Oliver Johnson was in it, and Gerald Oshita, and Joe Halprin from the Oakland Symphony. They would have all these instruments on stage, and this was before I'd seen Sun Ra or the Art Ensemble or anybody like that, and they would play a set, thirty minutes or an hour or so, and then they would have the audience come up and play the instruments. People would come up and *they* would be the set. I said to myself "That's freedom? Man, this is out!"

One time I was going to Raphael's house and before I got inside I heard this music: it sounded different from Oriental, or African, or jazz, it was just some different sounding shit they were playing. I stood outside for a while before I knocked on the door, because they were creating. So I was exposed to this type of thing a lot. 1967 in San Francisco.

Was there a whole scene where you could play out? Was there a black and white thing going on because of the white psychedelic bands playing so much then?

I was doing some playing with those rock bands. The first records I made were with this cat Floyd White, he's a blues singer, you know Merle Saunders? He was on it too. I worked in a record store in Berkeley and Jerry Garcia worked there too. The Grateful Dead were doing pretty good. Whenever I needed money I worked in record stores. Sure, Santana and those guys, we played with some bad percussion cats down on the beach, all day long. Those guys were on the dot. Dewey Redman and Monty Waters had a large band. Sonny Simmons, Bobby Hutcherson, John Handy, and all the other people who would be coming through. I used to listen a lot to Jimmy Smith too. "Home Cookin'" and "Prayer Meeting."

That type of influence isn't hard to spot in your playing, that whole soul/funk thing.

I liked that. I don't find myself listening to those records now, but it's a part of me. Back At The Chickenshack. I know what I was really checking out though, it was Stanley Turrentine's tone, it was hip.

But were people working in San Francisco?

Yes, but nobody was getting rich. There were a



lot of bands around. We were doing a lot of studying, mostly with Bert Wilson, he was a wizard. It's all a part of the learning process. Trying to be around the most talented players you can. Then I met Ornette. The first time I saw him I just watched him, I didn't let him know I played the instrument. He was with Charles Moffett and David Izenzon and I went to see him quite a few nights, but I just observed and that was enough. The next time he came through town, a couple years later, I went to talk to him, and he really understood what I was into, and he said I should come to New York. I had been thinking about it, but when Ornette said it, I ran, I was immediately in New York. Me and my wife packed up and came here. Lived in a few hotels for about a year. I was going to study with Ornette, but what I really needed was a gig!

So the next thing I knew I got this call from Alice Coltrane, and she asked me if I'd like to play with her on this next concert. I swallowed the lump in my throat and said, "Why, sure." Jimmy Garrison was in the band, Archie Shepp, Clifford Jarvis, and me. That was my first professional jazz gig in New York.

When you first spoke to Ornette, did you play with him at all?

Ornette met me through the music, it wasn't about what I said at all. I just had him listen to me, it wasn't so much about talking. He was playing with Dewey Redman at the time, and Dewey is one of my inspirations. I used to follow him and watch him... I went out and sought these people out where they were playing to get that first hand information. Lots of times at this place called The Both Ends many people would be coming through: Joe Henderson, Rahsaan, he was great, but Dewey was my local hero. So when Dewey came to New York and got the gig with Ornette I said "Wow, fantastic!"

And that Alice Coltrane gig that Ornette helped me with worked out good. Alice showed me a lot of music, we made money and music, and that is what professionalism is all about. To experience that, to get that information, and to be able to make a living off it is fantastic. My mother came to see some of those gigs! When she saw that Alice was a really straight-ahead person, and saw there were some really beautiful people in the music, she felt good about it.

That must have been a pretty good confidence booster, playing with Alice Coltrane.

Yes, I got a pretty good write-up. Butch Morris was there and he was watching me; we have a little private joke about it that he tells. I was watching Archie, and Butch says that every

time Archie would make a step, I would do the same thing! He's exaggerating a bit I guess, but I really *was* observing. But this was at the Berkeley Jazz Festival man, and I had just left San Francisco the week before. I was back! Twelve thousand people, I was laughing. It felt good. It made it easier working from there on, and I got some good first hand information about the music. I probably couldn't have worked with anyone else who would have taught me so much and still let me retain my own individuality. Garrison had this school going on, and he pulled on my coat and took me over there and showed me some things, and people responded to me just because I had worked with Alice. I was blessed just being around Garrison. Archie was showing me how to play the blues in every key, fluently. If we are talking about jazz, then we are talking about playing the blues.

What key do you feel most at home in?

Well, I like G sharp major, D minor, and C sharp! But I'm trying to find beauty in the whole thing. If I'm caught in either one, it's going to be the best one. That's what is keeping my horizons. Really you have twelve keys to play with, and if you can really deal with that, then you aren't scared of any of them. Besides that you have the whole chordal situation, and substitutions on those chords. I was talking to someone the other day about substitutions on the subs; so I know it's free by then.

Right after this I met Don Cherry. Ornette was the one who got me to New York, but Don was probably the biggest teacher. He takes a lot of time with cats. Lester Bowie's like that too, but Don spent an extra amount of time with me, he's my biggest influence, it's that simple. It was good because I needed it, and he sure makes you learn it, plus he makes the process fun, because some of that shit is really hard. Through Thelonious Monk tunes he would show me chord changes, and how different parts of the tunes moved and what they were made up of. Monk seemed really natural to me. I've always felt an affinity toward his stuff. To me when they talk about the "avant garde," well Monk's always been like that. But he's also really on the level; folksy and straight to the point, humorous and personal. I always appreciated Charlie Parker, but I was attracted to Monk's tunes because I could feel them a little easier, they came a little faster to me than Bird's tunes. Now I can relate to Parker's tunes a little better, but it all started with Monk.

Whether a ballad or an up-tempo piece Monk's music had a romantic feeling.

So did Charlie Parker! Sometimes Bird's stuff would be moving so fast you couldn't always see that.

It was 1973 and I made my first record with Don, "Relativity Suite." I tried not to take advantage of his hospitality too much, but I would sit in with him a lot. He found a part for me in one of his bands, he was the first person to take me to Europe, we played music in his house in Sweden one summer. Don is the kind of a musician who treats a fellow player as part of the family too. He showed me a lot about life to go along with these notes we are playing. He would help my writing by lining up certain logical processes, through the use of Monk tunes. *Coming On The Hudson, Ruby My Dear*. So I started getting a compositional sense around that time, a sense

of form. He believes the instrument is like a voice, and he has a million songs. You play with him and he will change the song every thirty-five seconds. He has all these different melodies running through him. On the piano he can run through fifteen Monk melodies and change them just like that. His personal vocabulary includes all that stuff he has checked out: African, Swedish folk music, Spanish harmonies. But it will all be in the song form, and it might cover some real weird pitches, or some mellowed-down flute music or some sub-tone saxophone.... On this one solo on "Brown Rice" he told me to think of being a big bird moving up in the clouds, and I remember that really helped me get a lot closer to the sound he wanted.

That was hitting "the big time" on that A&M record.

That was nice, but some of the stuff kids are dancing to now Don was dealing with back then. Crossing-over types of situations with saxophones. Somebody described it as some "out" Junior Walker. Don has some stuff that's like oriental funk.

Right around then the scene was starting to pick up though, wasn't it. People coming in from the West Coast, some downtown clubs starting to open up. Did you know Butch Morris from around then?

I met Butch when I played with Alice. We didn't play together then, but when I went out to California again we would play together during the day. Butch understands my music, and interprets it well. I made that "Fresh" lp around that time. Lester Bowie interprets the music really well too — naturally he would, Lester might be a genius or something, on the Ornette or Cherry level. But Butch is one of the really good composers of our time, him and Julius Hemphill. There are quite a few, Henry Threadgill and others, but Butch is one of the better ones. A good conductor too, he's been associated with that Phillip Glass and Terry Riley type of movement. So when I came back to New York, Butch came with me. Then I got some calls from Europe, and I wanted Butch there with me. We recorded "Tricks Of The Trade" in Europe.

How did the Europe work happen?

I did this legwork, and we got this good tour happening. It was fruitful; you know, you've got to keep plugging away, and do all you can to stay inspired.

One reason I'm attracted to the music is because of the organization and the unity that musicians have. After I studied political science I had some pre-law intentions. But I've had gigs everywhere. I drove a bus in San Francisco, was an apprentice printer, these jobs paid some good money but I really couldn't stay. But I like to have an income where at least the standard of life is happening. Now I put my faith in the music and try to back it up with some action. Contact people and get some gigs so we can eat.

At that time you're talking about in New York Joe Bowie and Bobo Shaw and I were playing together every day down at La Mama Theater. Lester and those guys were in the big time. Olu Dara, David Murray and Julius Hemphill came through. Sometimes everybody would be sitting around the theatre and playing — Hamiet Bluiett, Lester Bowie,

Julius Hemphill so you've got to be playing something right. There can't be any fucking around or someone is going to tell you immediately "Hey man, why don't you go get that shit together." I'm serious.

I've got a little pet peeve that I have to talk about. Sometimes when I read these articles and hear people putting down the avant garde, and I shouldn't have to defend it with words, the music defends itself. Each generation has its own avant garde or damn near. Louis Armstrong and Lester Young were both avant garde, and I think it's really unnecessary to put the music down by labelling it so. It's been the lifeblood of jazz and contemporary music. I see where it's still fashionable to put it down, and it's been here a long time. But jazz is a new music, and you can't say that the avant garde doesn't work, because each time somebody has something to prove, some study to get together, and that's just an extension of it. The avant garde is furthering a study. This music we're talking about, jazz, we have to get together. We can't talk about the "avant garde" or the "mainstream," we're all one family and it's jazz. It should no longer be fashionable for a person to come along and put down the avant garde. It's too clichéd, it doesn't even sound right to the ears any more, it doesn't work, people don't believe it any more. I admit that sometimes in the avant garde there have been some cats who embarrass me when they play. Maybe some of these people are working and making money, but I don't see too many of them; they'd get booed off the bandstand. But most of the avant garde are really good musicians. I mean check this out, Mingus was considered avant garde. So was Eric Dolphy, Jackie McLean, Archie Shepp, John Coltrane, Joe Henderson, so it's really stupid when people say that. The avant garde is the lifeblood of the music; it's always needed. Some of these records I make like "Don't Punk Out," I try to get the music across to show how you can organise so-called free form improvisation into an articulate pinhead. Some of it's going to be hip, some of it's going to swing, and some of it's going to be fractured. Some of it's going to jar you to your senses. That's intended. And some of it's going to be straight ahead.

We could be in a lot better position as a whole if we could just stop these divisions. That doesn't mean we could all get together on the same stage and play, but we do have quite a few things we could learn from each other. Sometimes I feel that a lot of so-called mainstream people who play standard, straight ahead, chord change music, are afraid of non-chord change music, and the people who play non-chord change music are afraid of the chord change thing, and therefore it's not really happening. There's this big fear. So my thing is to do as well in both of them as I can, because life is too short for that to hold me up.

Why does that dividing line of fear exist?

Nothing but economics. Cherry used to be in this co-op band with a tenor player, James Clay, and he was telling me that they had a real varied repertoire, many forms of jazz. So it might come down to a repertoire.

Getting familiar with many languages?

Yeah! It helps.

What scares the chord change people away from letting loose once in a while?

It's not a matter of being scared away. Some people have personalities that really fit that, like Lee Konitz. I couldn't picture Lee Konitz playing another way and he's just fantastic. Each one is necessary, each one validates the other; maybe we need each other. I'm not much of a fence rider, when I came up Ornette's music went right along with Charlie Parker to me. Like this album I just did with Don Cherry and Grachan Moncur, and Charles Moffett and Charnette, people in different theatres of jazz, but I think we made a great record.

I like to concentrate on the soul aspects of the music. I like the soul people, and I like the avant garde people. I'm trying to find out where I fit. I like to swing all night, and also play some stuff that's up against the wall, and in between. I believe in having some fun, because I work hard to get the gig so when I'm playing I need to have a feeling of release. It's always a big thrill for me to play. It's like going to church or your biggest fantasy.

As far as corporate concerns go, if the music ever shows me a chance to make any money, I'd be into it. I'd like to think that so-called jazz music is capable of taking me there. I'd rather do it just like it is and have it pay off. I'm not a purist, I'll make music the way it should be done, and would love to have the corporate thing with it too. That's the hookup I'm looking for, with merchandising and packaging, and creativity too. There are a few people who are into those situations and they have my utmost admiration.

I've seen a few bad things happen; when people go commercial and still don't make any more money than they would have if they had continued to play straight jazz. They are going for the money and they're being cheated. If I try to cross over it would be into rock 'n' roll or blues, and the free thing might just come naturally, but I don't really have any interest in that. I dig Professor Longhair, and I would lean more towards that. I would go straight for the jugular vein, the Stevie Wonder market. I'd like to do something commercial but I'd have to have the real commercial finance to go with it, it's a valid necessity.

Why is it the big record companies don't take a bigger chance on jazz guys the way they do on rock?

There's a certain amount of racism but my thing is to conquer that. I've always accepted that challenge, and tried to beat it with some good music and mobility. The more mobility you have the less chance racism has to focus. The market's pretty big now. But racism exists in the music now. I think there was a time in the music when Duke Ellington and Jimmy Lunceford, when the black musicians had more control I hear. If I didn't really want to deal with it I wouldn't be in the business. It has a few heartbreaks, but maybe it gives me a few more chords to add onto some blues tunes, a little inspiration. Sometimes it's more of a strengthening thing than a deterrent, because life would be a bore if it was just laid out. We've all these puzzles we've got to work out. Other jobs, other frustrations. But it's good; I still get to travel around the world three or four times a year and I'm still looking to get rich just like everybody else, immediately if possible! (laughs) So obviously I'm in the music for the love of it. Jazz.

PAUL BLEY • AN APPRAISAL



PAUL BLEY Solo / Tango Palace / Soul Note SN 1090

(Recorded May 21, 1983, Milan)

Tango Palace / C.G. / Woogie / A.G.B. / But Beautiful / Return Love / Bound / Zebra Walk / Please / Explain

PAUL BLEY Duet / Sonor / Soul Note SN 1085

Paul Bley, piano; George C. MacDonald, percussion. (Recorded May 22, 1983, Milan)

Little Bells / Landscape / Speed / Recollection / Joined / Sonor / Waltz / Set / Darkness / Tight Rope

PAUL BLEY Trio / Questions / SteepleChase Records SCS 1025 digital

Paul Bley, piano; Jesper Lundgaard, bass; Aage Tangaard, drums. (Recorded February 26, 1986, Copenhagen)

Lovely / Adventure 1-2-3-4 / Beautiful / Questions / Here and Gone 1-2-3-4 / Fanfare

The frequently used saying “He dares to be different” is commonly applied to those whose originality sets them apart from the mainstream of their field; in Paul Bley’s case this is even more true, for he dares to be different from those who are different. Because of this “double difference”, so to speak, he is in many ways an enigmatic figure, both musically and personally. For those who know him, he has an assertive presence, yet not of the overbearing or forceful kind. And his music does indeed reflect this duality: on the one hand, there is a confidence acquired from over thirty years of experience while, on the other, there is a subtlety and nuance which, at times, make him self-effacing in a group performance.

Over the years, he has forged a very individual style, as many other observers have pointed out already. But by that, I don’t only mean to describe the harmonic ambiguities, the bittersweet melodies or

the lack of steady rhythmic pulses; instead, it has much more to do with his ability to communicate his own personality and his own conception of the instrument he plays. Throughout his career, he has always been able to eschew the obvious. As far back as the early sixties, when the New Thing and all of that high energy music had shattered all of our preconceptions of improvised music, Paul Bley was using some of this new found freedom to suit his own ends, which always seemed at odds with the trend of the day.

Upon listening to many recordings from that period, like his collaborations with Jimmy Giuffrè and his own trio sessions (such as the two record set “Copenhagen and Haarlem” on Arista-Freedom), one perceives how he chose to work with that freedom in a much more condensed way than the very expansive and extended performances which characterized most

of the new players conceptions at that time. Just to give you an example, he went into quite the opposite direction of a Cecil Taylor, (whose own emphasis is on sound masses) in that he always preferred to analyse and highlight some of the details contained within the sound spectrum.

As a matter of fact, Paul Bley himself has given the best insight into his own conception when he stated in an interview a few years ago:

*What really happens is that a keyboard is good in places. Notes are bad when they don’t have personality. They may be in tune, but they sit there, dull and lifeless. Of the 88 keys, perhaps only 15 are useful. The others are passable; some are totally objectionable. The way to get good tone only is not to linger on the passable and objectionable ones and to emphasize the tones that are beautiful.*¹

One can appreciate in this statement

the very selective approach he favours in his own playing. Furthermore, this leads me to believe that his whole concept is based on the *quality* of sound and not the *quantity* or volume thereof. Interestingly enough, both of our internationally known pianists from Montreal precisely represent each of these two alternatives, the other one being Oscar Peterson (in case you did not know).

To gain a better understanding of Paul Bley's music, it is important to focus on the instrument he plays. In contrast to many musicians who consider their instrument as a *means* of expressing their music, it seems to me that he reverses those terms by making the piano the *end in itself* and the music as the means to further define the possibilities of the keyboard.

Given this particular relationship, it is no surprise then that most of his recorded output has been done in solo, duo or trio settings: by effectively reducing his musical surroundings to small interactive units, he is better able to maintain this means-to-end dichotomy I suggested previously.

One can also look back to the period when he used both the Moog synthesizer and the electric piano, and come to the conclusion that this was not a question of setting a trend or being a forerunner of electronics in jazz, but was yet another stage in his investigation of sound textures. It's not enough to say that he was one of the first musicians to avail himself of the budding new technology, but it is even more important to speculate on the *rationale* behind these mere facts. However, now that these very instruments are so much more developed in terms of technical possibilities - though poorly used for the most part - Paul Bley himself has not recorded on these electronic keyboards for a few years now, which only proves his aptitude of bucking trends rather than setting them.

Through all of these periods of his own creative evolution, it is clear that his priorities lie with the very basic act of sound production, and his continued interest in technology (be it in the areas of sound engineering or visual imagery) have never deterred him from those principles. These standards apply to the new releases here under review and each of these albums is significant in terms of the observations brought into consideration in this article.

The first two were recorded on consecutive days back in 1983 and it is most felicitous that they appear on Soul Note, a label whose production qualities are up to the pianist's own Improvising Artists label of a few years ago. It is indeed ironic to say the least (if not a sad state of affairs to put it more bluntly) that an Italian firm has now become the main forum of expression for some of today's

most important American music. Well, at least somebody is doing something about it.

With regards to the newest of his solo albums, it is a very good illustration of this *quality of sound* he is always striving for. As is the case of most of his albums, there are many cuts, ten of them, ranging from two to six minutes. This is in no way related to a shortage of ideas, but rather an effective control of them; each cut is like a small slice in time where all of the emphasis is put on the beauty of tone (those 15 notes he talks about). Most of these pieces end on one final chord, slowly decaying after being suspended in mid-air. This further contributes to the very moody, almost brooding feeling that pervades almost every track. The title cut, for instance, conveys a degree of melancholy, even nostalgia, which conjures up images of an empty dance hall with two lonely dancers doing one last slow number before parting. Poetic descriptions aside, it's quite clear that the music has a dark, introspective core to it, except for *Woogie*, a quasi-humorous romp which alludes to that well known piano style, minus the 'Boogie', of course. But don't expect Meade-Lux-Lewis-Revisited either.

Generally speaking, the open-ended spontaneity inherent to Bley's aesthetic concerns is in a way superseded by that introversion of sound. Despite its evocative or atmospheric effect, the music never reduces itself to impressionistic or rhapsodic song forms common to that of the "mood music" genre. Each piece is like a little vignette of sound which gives precedence to that very quality of tone over any specific compositional techniques or styles.

By focusing his interests on those very fundamental aspects of sound production, one can easily understand his preference for completely spontaneous creation where (to use his own words) "the playing experience itself tells (the performers) what's going to happen." ² Herein lies the determinant influence of Ornette Coleman on his own development, not so much in terms of melodic or harmonic conception, but more with respect to the freeing of the meter. It is on this premise that his trios of the sixties sought to establish his own identity as a performer within a unit.

The best known of these groups, the one with Gary Peacock and Barry Altschul, was reunited for a brief tour in 1976 and the resulting album, "Japan Suite" (on Improvising Artists), is one of the best examples of his own musical synthesis, a work both challenging and accessible in its constantly shifting densities of sound and rhythm.

In a way, there is a similarity between

"Japan Suite" and this new release "Sonor". The latter album is a duet between Bley and a fellow Canadian, Toronto percussionist George Cross (a.k.a. Geordie) McDonald. This time around, he is not left alone to pursue his own quiet reflections, but he is directly challenged by the percussionist's rattles and shakes. Instead of the evocative climate found in the solo album, this duet is more like a provocative encounter that instills Bley to play much more abstractly. One of the important factors that adds to the spontaneity of this album is the absence of the bass and the time-keeping function that is assigned to it. So it really becomes an encounter that is more conversational in tone than melodic. This type of interaction is precisely what Bley strives for in a group performance, so it isn't at all surprising to have him say at the onset of the album's liner notes that "I haven't been this satisfied with an album since 1961". After hearing each of the ten tracks, one may wonder why he is so full of praise about it, but one of his main concerns is something he calls "composition in real time" that is to say, the moment of performance.

To go one step further in his appraisal of this album, Bley adds that "the thing about using non-tempo is that you are really left with two personalities as opposed to two instruments." So what he implies here is his intention to further reduce the musical experience as an aesthetic phenomena to that of a sociological event, which only gives credence to the conversational nature of the pieces. Each one of these is in turn like a small happening in time, generated from a single idea, as if a new topic of discussion was raised, thus allowing each of the participants to freely trade ideas before stopping at any moment they want to. By the same token, this strategy precludes any idea of thematic variation; structure is not predetermined, be it written on paper or discussed beforehand by the performers, but it is only where you want to find it, as a listener or as a performer. This entails a new relationship in the creative act, namely, that the performance itself becomes the medium of composition. Furthermore, the performer must now depend on his judgement alone and his inspiration now becomes his ability to gauge the situation in terms of the choices he has to make as the event unfolds. For Paul Bley judgement is of vital importance:

(...) all you'll ever be hired for as an artist, as a musician, is your judgement. When you hit one note, the next note starts involving your judgement. We talked about personal habits and things like that to improve your judgement. Well, who you play with is certainly important. Who you

think plays well, who you think can offer you something. All these decisions. Geographical decisions, musical decisions. They're all judgement...³

Based on those comments, it can be established that the success of any creative endeavour is not only a question of technical or theoretical considerations but most importantly one of pragmatic choices. But as choices, they remain unpredictable since both the content and the form of the performative act are purely intuitive. Moreover, this lack of pre-determination is no guarantee of a cohesive (i.e. aesthetically satisfying) interaction between the participants. As verbal conversations get bogged down when one is more intent on doing the talking than the other, so can it be said for musical performances. All of this means one thing: any free-formed or spontaneously created music is a hit-and-miss proposition, which also explains its unpopular status amidst the general population who are conditioned to pre-packaged music found in today's pop charts or in our symphony halls.

Nevertheless, we have to contend with constant fluctuation in the quality of the music recorded in those conditions. As a case in point, the newest of his trio albums, "Questions", yields variable results. The main reason for this is a stylistic gap between Bley and his two Danish counterparts. Both Jesper Lundgaard and Aage Tangaard are an experienced and finely tuned rhythm team, but that is precisely the problem: Paul Bley's music is an attempt to get away from the rhythm section mentality of piano trios. Both sideman here are well known for many albums they have recorded with numerous "straight ahead" groups and you can feel a bit of their uneasiness in Bley's company.

This uneasiness is most apparent on the last cut, *Fanfare*, where both accompanists break into a swift moving four-four beat after a rubato opening; while the pianist lays out for the first half, he makes an attempt to fall in with the groove but never succeeds in swinging it. Bley seems more intent on venturing out of the beat, but the bassist and drummer have trouble in accommodating him with his own thing. In that way, the questions of the title gain some relevance for the listener.

But this is not a trio album per se, because half of the cuts are solos by Bley. In these pieces, we are reminded of the first album in that they rekindle some of Bley's own introspective thoughts. For the most part, he still favours the song form, though very different to the symmetrical structures of the typical theme/variation/theme format. Many of the pieces suggest a theme but do not really reiterate it; instead, he floats off or lets the cut ebb away on a chord. On other occasions, he

inserts a touch of blue, or plucks the strings, or uses some octave doubling to darken the sound of the music.

In comparison to the earlier mentioned "Japan Suite", it is noticeable how different a result one can achieve in company of likewise-minded musicians and those who are not. Peacock and Altschul are well suited for Bley and they succeed in joining him on his own turf; as for the two Danish musicians, they do not have the same facility in finding that common ground with the pianist, not on technical reasons but more on conceptual ones. As is the case of all groups, musicians sound convincing when they are able to tune in on each other's wavelength; without a degree of compatibility, the music can never take off and explore, no matter how good the performers are by themselves.

Each of the three albums are new chapters in Paul Bley's on-going concern for small group performance, a context in which he can most effectively control the direction of the music. I, for one, could not imagine Paul Bley in a large orchestral setting, even though he did it once before on George Russell's "Jazz in the Space Age" album of some 25 to 30 years ago. I say this because his own personal evolution has brought him to a point where his style demands a more focused perspective on the tonal qualities of his instrument which would otherwise be lost or drowned out. But who knows? He might make a liar out of me one day ...

Paul Bley's music is still antithetical to loudness and gives us a hint when he assesses what is loud in music:

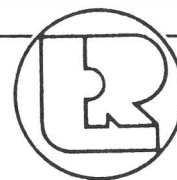
*What you hear as loud is the background noise being loud. That's how you can tell music is loud. The new fidelity level takes the background noise all the way down. Therefore, it doesn't seem loud to you, where in fact it's injuring your ear drums.*⁴

This statement on the topic of technological advances in sound engineering is revealing insofar as it reflects his own musical values which, once again, are markedly different from most of what is going on in today's scene. And that also makes my point about his predilection towards small groups: to eliminate as much as possible added background sound (or noise) and to let the music speak for itself, as simply and as clearly as can be.

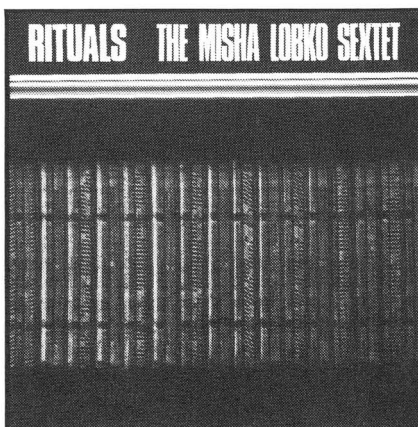
— Marc Chenard

Notes:

- 1) Excerpt from a *Contemporary Keyboard* interview quoted in Lee Jeske's liner notes of *Tango Palace*.
- 2) Paul Bley Interview / A Conversation with Bill Smith in *Coda* #168 (1979), page 7.
- 3) *Ibid*, page 4.
- 4) *Ibid*, page 8.



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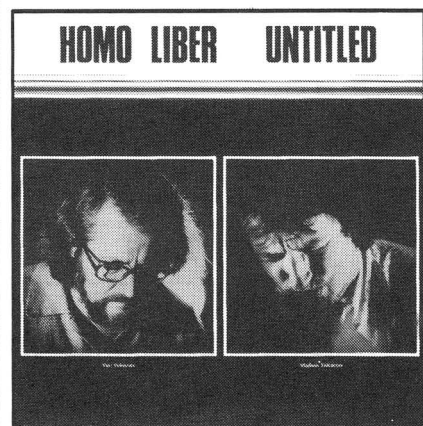
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RITUALS

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The Giancarlo Nicolai Trio

LR 134



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LR 129

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Canadian Jazz On Record

The first two albums in this survey of recordings featuring Canadian jazz artists are both led by valve trombonist **Rob McConnell**. "Boss Brass & Woods" (Innovation JC-0011) showcases McConnell's 22-piece orchestra with guest artist Phil Woods. Rob's conservative but colorful bop-based charts offer a fresh appraisal of straight-ahead jazz, throwing in some surprising turns (along with a few obscure song quotes). On several of the selections McConnell has his band switching tempos, not suddenly but gradually over an 8 or 16-bar section. This device works best on *Just One Of Those Things* but less so on the overlong *Traditional Piece* where the effect is distracting. Phil Woods' alto makes appearances on four of the eight selections but is not integrated with the Boss Brass at all; instead he functions as a guest soloist. Woods is best on the remake of Quincy Jones' 1961 ballad classic *Quintessence* and on a double-time outing during *Out Of Nowhere*. Other solo stars include McConnell, guitarist Ed Bickert (excellent on *Jive At Five*), trumpeter Guido Basso (recalling Clark Terry on *Just One Of Those Things*) and the cool tenor of Rick Wilkins, who contributed a fine arrangement of his *Greenhouse* (based on *Limehouse Blues*). Overall "Boss Brass & Woods" is a fine overview of the music of Rob McConnell.

"Old Friends/New Music" (Unisson DDA-1001) finds McConnell with five of his sidemen from the Boss Brass: trumpeter Basso, Rick Wilkins' tenor, guitarist Bickert, bassist Steve Wallace and drummer Terry Clarke. While McConnell's arrangements for the Boss Brass give that orchestra much of its personality, his charts often rob this small group of its potential. Every ensemble chorus is tightly arranged, an unfortunate circumstance given the talents of these players. There are strong moments, especially on an uptempo *Ray's Idea*, a tender version of Monk's *Pannonica* and on one chorus of *Friends Again* when the bass and drums drop out, but this overly arranged session does not live up to its promise.

"The Quartet of Lorne Lofsky and Ed Bickert and Friends" (Unisson DDA-1002) teams together the two guitarists on a set of 50's style jazz. Both soloists often remind this listener of Jimmy Raney, swinging inventively but with a quiet tone. Lofsky was originally influenced by Bickert and there are many times when it is difficult to tell them apart. Backed by bassist Neil Swainson and drummer Jerry

Fuller, the interplay between Bickert and Lofsky on Tom McIntosh's *The Cupbearers*, their solos on Sam Jones' blues-with-a-bridge *Bittersuite* and a guitar duet on *I Remember You* stand out. Both of the guitarists have features but it is their collaborations that make this fine album recommended.

Oscar Peterson tends to be taken for granted by most jazz writers and many listeners for three logical reasons: (1) His virtuosity and total command of the piano is so overwhelming that one quickly runs out of superlatives and soon searches desperately for flaws. (2) Oscar has not altered his style much since the early 1950's, instead just sharpening his technique. (3) Peterson has been over-recorded throughout much of his career. For example in 1949 Peterson's trio recorded 14 albums, including 10 during the two months of July and August. "Oscar Peterson Plays the Jerome Kern Songbook" (Verve UMJ 3119) is a re-issue of one of the 10. A relaxed easy-listening session with subtle support offered by bassist Ray Brown and drummer Ed Thigpen, Oscar Peterson practically sleepwalks through 12 of Kern's standards, all in the 2-3½ minute range. None of the renditions are close to unique although a few are up-tempo, and little planning seems to have gone into this album. Not one of Peterson's essential dates, this record is merely a decent set of background music.

"The Canadian Concert of Ted Curson" (Cam-Am1700) is a reissue of a live session so obscure that it is not listed in most jazz discographies. Back in 1962, American trumpeter Curson (renowned for his important association with Charles Mingus two years earlier) appeared in concert with his friend altoist Al Doctor and a Canadian rhythm section (pianist Maury Kaye, bassist Charles Biddles and drummer Charles Duncan). The recording quality is very fuzzy and the piano is quite out of tune, weakening this album's appeal. Essentially a straightahead date, Curson is heard on five of his originals, all very much in the bop tradition; in fact Ted even sounds a bit like Clifford Brown in spots. Altoist Doctor, who combines the sound of Jackie McLean with Charlie Parker's style, also hints strongly of Eric Dolphy on *Quicksand*. Pianist Kaye alternates between early Herbie Hancock and a soulful Wynton Kelly style. Overall the performances are quite good but the recording quality makes this session more valuable historically than musically.

Vocal-string bass duets are a rarity in

jazz despite a pair of Sheila Jordan albums in that format. **Karen Young/Michel Donato** (Justin Time JTR 8403) holds one's interest throughout for Karen's voice is very appealing, she sings perfectly in tune and is not afraid to take risks, as displayed by the difficult intervals of *Soon To Come* and her adventurous scatting on *Happy Talk*. Michel Donato's dancing basslines strongly support Young even when they solo simultaneously; in addition Donato scats a bassline in the opening part of the happy waltz *Babe's Blues*, briefly turning their performance into an unaccompanied vocal duet. The closer, *Jackie* (Annie Ross's famous story of a saxophone playing mouse) is taken a bit too fast, losing the story in the process, but it does show off Young's impressive scatting skills. All in all, this is an album worth searching for.

Oliver Whitehead's "Pulse/Impulse" (Justin Time Just-7) has original fusion/crossover music from Whitehead and keyboardist Patrick Dubois that ranges from a funky blues (*Schizophonic*) and a Coltraneish ballad (*In The Past*) to a funk selection (*Machine Dream*) that is sabotaged by a drum machine. None of the compositions are really that memorable but the soloists, especially Chris Robinson (tenor and soprano) and Whitehead (mostly on acoustic guitar) make this a worthwhile session. A bit more spontaneity and chancetaking would have greatly enhanced this date.

The final two albums in this article feature the veteran tenor **Art Ellefson**, best known for his stints with John Dankworth and Phil Nimmons. "The Huron Brothers & Friends" (Plant A Tree 1100) is a recent quartet session on which Ellefson mixes together the Four Brothers sounds of Zoot Sims and Allen Eager with a touch of Warne Marsh. Guitarist Joe Huron has a very appealing tone although some of his solos (such as on the speedy *Coffee Cup* and *Blue Monk*) either get tangled up or run out of ideas; he does show potential. Peter Huron's bass playing is at its best in support of the players but he takes two unspeakably awful vocals that weaken this date. Drummer Rick Bobbette reveals his rock roots now and then but his heavy touch does give a fresh sound to some of the more overplayed standards. Among the more interesting moments are *Softly As In A Morning Sunrise* which has a calypsoish bass pattern during the melody statement and a version of *I Can't Get Started* that benefits from being played in 3/4 time.

A bit more conventional perhaps but

more consistent is "The Art Ellefson Trio" (Canadian Broadcasting Corp. LM 479) which dates from 1981. Ellefson, who sounds more like Zoot Sims on this session, meets two players much more on his level and sounds inspired by guitarist Peter Leitch (on one of his earliest dates) and the expert bassist Dave Young. On tunes like *Bag's Groove*, *Be My Love* and *Like Someone In Love*, this well-integrated trio swings hard and performs timeless music. One can fault Ellefson for not developing his own original sound but it is difficult to dislike his well-constructed solos and warm tone.

Veteran saxophonist **Moe Koffman** covers a lot of ground on "One Moe Time" (Duke Street DSR 31023). With the assistance of keyboardist Bernie Senensky, guitarist Ed Bickert, bassist Kieran Overs and drummer Terry Clarke, Moe explores an uptempo blues (*One More Time*), a lyrical ballad (*The Magnificent Cat*), a pair of standards (*Caravan*, an uptempo *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*) and more contemporary material including funk and the samba *Paquito*. He makes tasteful use of overdubbing during some of the ensembles and features his three reeds (alto, soprano and flute) in different settings. Each selection has its strong moments, so "One More Time" is a perfect introduction to the talents of Moe Koffman.

Guitarist **Reg Schwager**, 22 at the time of the 1985 recording "Here and Now", (Radio Canada International RC1603), has a quiet dry tone that is quite individ-

ual. He pretty much sticks to bop-based interplay with his trio (bassist Dave Piltch and drummer Barry Romberg) on a diverse set of standards and 3 originals. The unit plays with low volume even when swinging with intensity. Reg shows much potential for the future. Less impressive is his younger sister Jeannette Schwager who sings on 5 of the pieces. Although possessing a pleasant voice, her sound is thin, she sometimes wavers and she misses some notes. Worse, Jeannette does not always sound like she means the words she's singing; the experience of having lived the lyrics has not taken place yet.

The Denny Christianson Big Band (Justin Time 8) sounds to this writer like an odd mixture of Stan Kenton and Charles Mingus. Most of the charts (unfortunately not credited) utilize the power of the 19-piece orchestra, sometimes overly serious and pompous like Kenton but on "The Doomsday Machine" with the crowded passion of Mingus; this number even speeds up gradually a la Mingus (during Richard Beaudette's tenor solo) before erupting into total violence. Of the other selections, the highpoints include the whole tone arrangement *Straight, No Half & One* (which does quote freely from *Straight No Chaser*), the rather downbeat *Shades of Loneliness* and the strange funk of *Simian Strut*. More space for individual soloists and a few more memorable melodies would have improved this album but overall it's quite an impressive outing.

— Scott Yanow



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JAZZ PHOTOGRAPHY...

"... the artist when 'I' dances. A good photo is music to the eyes (I's). It human 'eye's' us." *Hart LeRoy Bibbs*



Analyzing jazz photography as an art form — and not just journalist illustration, requires a very special intellectual temperament. This media demands the eye to “hear” as well as to look-see. The photographer who has dedicated his artform to jazz, is “almost” on par with his subject, especially those who attempt to “capture” the motion of creative music. These photographers often surprise the musicians when they see the depicted scene of a certain fleeting moment in the photo of themselves. Jazz photography is not merely a matter of duration, rather one where the photograph supplements the fundamental attitudes of the human mind and body — the expression of thought and sorrow, of care and love and repose and attack — with the more extrinsic gestures of creation. Jazz photography often catches that “certain something” that causes the photo itself “to swing”. Jazz photography demands that the photographer must take risks, the spontaneity of jazz creation guarantees the “by chance”. He becomes a part of the situation he depicts, therefore, he has to be seriously hip to what is happening. There can be no long distances between the jazz music and the dedicated jazz

photographer. She or he (Valerie Wilmer for a good example) must be present where the action is. Jazz photography is a medium that does not allow detachment which is often a problem for news photographers whose job is merely to photo-report a newsworthy subject. Jazz photography does immerse one in situations that call for human solidarity.

All this riffing that I have said derives ultimately from the fundamental peculiarity of the photographic medium. Thus, when I decided to review the following books of jazz photographs, I carefully looked at each photo in total silence of my Paris nest. Then a few weeks afterwards, I looked at the same books, only this time with jazz music playing (not only from Bunk to Monk!) also, at a much later date, with others sharing the photos. All three sessions were exhilarating, enlightening and a joy. I discovered that each photographer is distinct, all having certain hip characteristics of their own. Hart LeRoy Bibbs is perhaps the most original Black photographer, if I may say so, maybe in the world, that is if one judges his photographs by Western aesthetics of Fine Arts stretching from before the Renaissance to Pollock and Ed

Clark. His *Le Bean et le Newk* is a swinging album for the jazz eye, again I state that his marvelous photos are for the “hipper-than-thou” eye. Bibbs was a jazz-oriented poet (he recorded with Shepp and others) before he became a jazz photographer. His photos are beyond race, religion, government or sex. Thus Bibbs has gone farther from the jazz poets who still utilize words, although not singing them but skillfully swinging them. Bibbs’ photos are automatic spontaneous swingers. Bentuc Editions has published an album of Bibbs’ colour creations, along with eight pages of jazz prose. This limited autographed edition can be scored for at the hip jazz record shops in Paris, or at Librarie Village Voice, 6 rue Princesse, Paris, 75006, FRANCE.

Europe, and some of the other places on earth have finally produced a large number of jazzites. Women (Valerie Wilmer for example) and men who are just as consistently devoted to jazz music and hip to jazz environs as any United Stateser that qualifies to be in that saintly number. Jazz photographer Jacques Bisceglia is definitively in that number. He is one of those young French people

that is ubiquitous at any and all jazz functions. Editions Corps 9 has published a hard cover album of his black and white photos. Bisceglia states that he would perhaps never have made photographs if it had not been for his love of jazz music. His book, titled **Black and White Fantasy**, is a collection of his best photos. Unfortunately, some of his photos are not jazz photos, the Moondog pic for example. But most of them are. Excellent is his sequences of McPherson and Stitt. Bisceglia's photographic influences seem to me somewhere between Herman Leonard and Cartier Bresson. He is still in the motion of transformation, and bears watching as he continues to grow. Rex Stewart, on his last Paris visit, loaned Bisceglia his camera, which causes me to wonder what do jazz musicians do with all the photos that they make? Editions Corps 9, Castex Parix, 75004, FRANCE.

Gerard Herzhaft's academic **Nouvelle Encyclopedie du Blues** is enhanced by the highly informative photos of the dean of jazz photography, Jean-Pierre LeLoir. The Editions Grancher, 98 rue de Vanguard, Paris 75006, FRANCE, should be congratulated in presenting this all-important book in an inexpensive soft cover edition. LeLoir's portraits of the creative blues women and men makes this book a collector's item. There are photos in colour as well as black and white. LeLoir is a master photographer, a man who has perfected his craft, paid his on-the-spot dues, and put his skill of photography into blues and jazz. His chef d'oeuvre is the book, **Du Jazz Plein les Yeux**. This great photo book is not (but in some ways it is) a photo history of jazz, nor is it a jazz photo Who is Who. It is merely an excellent, informative, and masterful presentation of le merveilleux in jazz photography. The incredible action portraits (all in black and white) of Albert Nicholas, the arrival in Paris photo of Lester Young, Milt Jackson onboard an aircraft carrier in 1958, Lee Morgan's 1959 Paris gig with trumpet bell to his ear, Bobbie Timmons, 1960, Ella Fitzgerald, 1961, and the convulsive beautiful color photos of Wes Montgomery, T-Bone Walker, Monk and Rouse, Duke and orchestra in 1963 Paris. A humoursly-posed Dexter Gordon and an unaware of being photographed Bud Powell, are superb and should be included in all music institutions and museums' photography collections. There is an incredible sensual colour photo of Abbey Lincoln, which is for me, more wonderful than this wonderful woman's singing. It is impossible for me to describe all the sacred jazz photographs that Jean-Pierre LeLoir has presented in this handsome tome. One has only to gaze upon Ben

Webster on page 40 to be inspired to embrace, what the French call "depaysement". LeLoir's creative work is truly as Lautreamont put it, "As beautiful as the chance meeting of an umbrella, and a sewing machine on a dissecting table". See Charlie Rouse on page 41 on Pont des Arts in 1964 Paris, covered by the Isadore Ducasse umbrella, followed by a sewing machinestress and a femme-menager who dissects after-dinner tables.

And only one mistake: a photo of Benny Golson is misnomered James Moody. Edition Edica BP 137, Cagnes Sur Mer 16803, FRANCE. Most of these books can be bought at Librarie Actualities, 38 rue Dauphine, Paris, 75006.

— Ted Joans

CHUCK STEWART'S JAZZ FILES

by Charles Stewart
and Paul Carter Harrison;
Forward by Billy Taylor
New York Graphic Society, 1985

IMAGINE THE SOUND NO. 5

— THE BOOK
by Bill Smith
Nightwood Editions, 1985

The natural gift of seeing is embodied in both these men's work. Similar to the musicians featured, the photographers use their common instrument, the camera, in highly personal ways, each making unique statements. The impact of these books, taken individually or together, is powerful because of this uniqueness of vision. After all no two musicians would create the same solo off of (Thelonious Monk's) "Brilliant Corners", so here the sense of interaction and spontaneity is quite apparent.

Chuck Stewart's Jazz Files is a biography of the music through images. The thoughtful foreward by pianist Billy Taylor leads into a dialogue between the photographer and playwright Paul Carter Harrison. The authors weave personal history in with strands of anecdotes about the impact this music has had on their lives and reflections on the motives of the musicians. They are sharing impressions on a music they have been around since being in their mothers' bellies, it is open ended and revealing.

PCH: *...The music has always been for me, as well as most black writers, an inspiration. I find it revitalizing. It encourages ideas. The ideas that emerge magically from this music often provide clarity in the work I am doing. ... (T)he late poet Larry Neal used to say that if the word does not sing, it has no impact- ing value on the psyche...*

CS: *Like Bird!*

PCH: *Yeah, like Bird. And since you*

mentioned him, folks are going to want to know why there aren't any Charlie Parker photos in this book.

CS: *I never shot him!*

PCH: *But you did hang out at Birdland!*

CS: *I was there the night Birdland opened in '48. As you know, the club was named after Charlie Parker, who ironically couldn't even get into the joint toward the end of his life. I never shot Bird, but I did all the work on his pictures. Herman Leonard did all the shooting. I held the lights, developed the film in the darkroom, and made all the proofs and prints.*

PCH: *You were the workhorse?*

CS: *The slave...! And I don't mean that in a negative sense. When you work as an apprentice, you become the slave. Herman and I did all those picture montages in the booths and on the walls of Birdland. (pg. 9)*

Mr. Stewart awaits his images like the invisible man. The photos are a breath in a quiet moment in the music. The open space bridging a shift in improvisational direction. There is a binding of the candid and professional portraiture; highly composed yet intimate. The photographs capture the unity between artist and subject, an instant when the mask drops and the innerlife is briefly exposed. Some people call it spirit catching. The subjects are fortunate to have been 'caught' in such capable hands.

This collection includes some of the most important visual images documenting African-American music. The photograph of Eric Dolphy (facing page nine) is a marvel of composition affirming, through Dolphy's profile with bass clarinet on shoulder, the angular yet curved music of the master. The selection of Earl 'Fatha' Hines for the cover image takes you right there. You can hear him play and if you look closely you can see him play in the reflection in his sunglasses. The image of Betty Carter (facing the title page) contains all of the elements of Ms. Carter's performance frozen in time. Her mouth is wide open, arms spread, right hip shooting out, hair in her face. You know it was happening that night.

The work covers thirty years of Mr. Stewart's professional life. There is Billie Holiday sparkling in 1955 and David Murray starkly entranced with bass clarinet in 1985. In between are the faces, figures and instruments of some of the most important American musicians of our time: a pensive John Coltrane, an absorbed Yusef Lateef, an explosive Babs Gonzalez wearing the baddest bowtie I've ever seen.

Paul Carter Harrison provides a text to balance the images. Each main grouping

of instruments are represented and supported by a brief essay focusing on a major player. Brass: Miles Davis, Strings: Charles Mingus, Reeds: John Coltrane, Keyboards: Thelonious Monk, Percussion: Max Roach, Vocalists: Ella Fitzgerald, Ensemble: Duke Ellington. Throughout the pages are quotes from the musicians and more reminiscences and thoughts by Mr. Stewart and Mr. Harrison. The book is laid out in a magazine format, some photos bleeding over the edge of the page, others grouped together in varying enlargements. The publication of this book is an important event in the documentation of African-American music. It exhibits visually what Amiri Baraka and A.B. Spellman's writings on the music did with words: using a natural understanding to achieve a creative expression about another artform. The ultimate beauty in this work is in being able to hear the music and feel the situation while viewing it photographically. We get so much from the music and learn so much more from the intimate moments captured between the notes.

"...Click. Just one person eyeballing a tiny hole. So it's all back to oneself again. Inner necessity. Initially photography was not often considered an art and for myself I was simply documenting occasions, because I was interested in the people.

...There is little else in life that I need. I have no longer any separation of work and pleasure, it has at long last become all the same experience." (pg. 14)

Bill Smith, born in England, living in Canada, tells another story with **Imagine The Sound No. 5 — The Book**. This publication documents the fifth in a series of "Imagine The Sound" events. The first two were photographic shows; the third represented by a series of postcards; the fourth a wonderful movie featuring Paul Bley, Bill Dixon, Archie Shepp and Cecil Taylor, which Mr. Smith co-produced and appeared in as interviewer.

The text explores Mr. Smith's evolution both personally and in relation to the music. He takes the reader from his youth in England all the way to Anthony Braxton's wedding and many points in-between. He combines prose and poetry to achieve a balance between the informational and creative in his writings.

Contrasting Mr. Stewart's approach, there is a snapshot quality to Mr. Smith's work, an active participation that takes the viewer to the front row. It is an involvement close to reportage. In fact, one section, a photo essay on Marcel Duchamp and John Cage playing chess on a board that is connected electronically to a "complicated sound and light system" (Mr. Duchamp's wife Teeny is also pre-

sent) is just that. The series was originally published in a magazine, Arts Canada.

The book is divided into sections headlining important events in the photographer's life. The movement of prose to poetry, factual to personal makes for interesting reading. One section, "Louis Armstrong's 70th Birthday (Newport, Rhode Island, 7.4.70)" shows the success of Mr. Smith's 'involved' style of photography. Two images of Mr. Armstrong with Mahalia Jackson create such a presence that the viewer feels like an observer inside Mr. Armstrong's pocket (pgs. 96 & 100). One other single photo contained here (facing pg. 32) captures this force. It is a wide angle close-up of John Coltrane, Jimmy Garrison and Rashied Ali in the throes of making some magnificent music. The Cecil Taylor series entitled "Jumpin' Jack Flash" is incredibly accurate, culminating, with the fifth image, in stopping (in a 30th of a second) Jimmy Lyons' explosiveness. Toward the end of the book we visit Anthony Braxton's wedding, and experience a series of sensitive portraits.

Photographing music, like writing about it is a support service to the art, which, if done well, expresses not only information but also the essence of the music. "Imagine The Sound" achieves this goal quite well.

— Brian Auerbach

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"The reader is treated to Smith's fascinating introduction to Jazz. His way of describing a musician's choice of options makes it clear why certain artists chose 'new' music or self-determination.... Smith's writings about Anthony Braxton are very stimulating and would make a fascinating book on their own. His words and photos seem to transcend the fads and he does a good job of putting 'new music' into an historical perspective.... there is a positive mood that emanates from the book that makes it well worth your time and money."

— Richard B. Kamins, Cadence



IMAGINE THE SOUND No. 5 - THE BOOK



Photographs And Writings By Bill Smith

"There are some classic jazz shots and some marvels of spontaneous design that reflect Smith's vision at its strongest.... Smith himself is the dominant presence in the book. His text does not accompany the photography as much as the photographs illustrate his text. Imagine the sound? No, imagine the life."

— Mark Miller, The Globe & Mail

"It is a delightful and finely produced book. I was prepared to enjoy the photographs... but I had not remembered the insight into a musician's personality which Bill can capture in his lens.... The other unexpected delight is the unpretentious text which accompanies the photographs."

— Ron Sweetman, Jazz Ottawa Newsletter

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Imagine The Sound contains almost 100 black & white photographs, including Miles Davis, Louis Armstrong, Cecil Taylor, John Coltrane, Jimi Hendrix, Albert Ayler, Max Roach, Marcel Duchamp, John Cage, Sonny Rollins, Duke Ellington, Vic Dickenson, Dollar Brand, Anthony Braxton, Charles Mingus, Paul Bley, Rashied Ali, Andrew Cyrille, Jimmy Lyons, Sun Ra, Bill Evans and many more. The photographs are accompanied by writings by Bill Smith. **Imagine The Sound** is available to **Coda** readers by ordering directly from the publisher for only **\$16.95**, postage and handling included. (Outside of Canada, please pay \$16.95 in U.S. funds). Order from:

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ANATOMY OF A FESTIVAL ONE

PARADISE VALLEY JAZZ PARTY Camelback Inn, Scottsdale, Arizona March 15-16, 1986

Jazz parties have become an important part of the jazz calendar in the 1980s. Like festivals, they bring together some of the best musicians and let them play in compatible combinations. The focus of the event is usually determined by the organisers and often the musical combinations are far from those which the musicians would choose themselves. Needless to say, the results can vary widely.

The inspiration for these events has been Dick Gibson's annual party in Colorado over Labor Day weekend. An early offspring was the Blue Angel Jazz Party (several records document the musical success of that event) but the 1980s has seen the jazz party become the largest growth industry in the U.S. jazz community. The music caters to an older and affluent generation who have increasing leisure time and the finances to travel easily and comfortably. There are several such events in Florida as well as parties in Wilmington (N.C.), Odessa and Midland (Texas), Menlo Park (CA), Minneapolis and the Paradise Valley Party in Scottsdale.

Don and Sue Miller are the brains and energy behind this event — which this year celebrated its ninth anniversary. The consistency of the musical policy and the smoothness of the organisation has finally brought full houses. Unlike the corporate sponsorship enjoyed by big festivals, this party was carried through the lean years by its proprietors. Now it sells out its 400 seats very quickly.

Twenty-two musicians, who stylistically covered the ground between Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker, were selected for this party. All are consummate musicians — the kind who can instantly turn a piece of music into an individual statement and play with sufficient flexibility to blend with other dialects of the basic language.

Four sessions (two on each day) offered the patron eighteen hours of almost continuous music. Each set ran around 25 minutes with only a minimum of solo showcases. Much of the event featured at least three horn players working with various rhythm combinations. The producer juggled the combinations to give everyone a reasonable opportunity to be showcased but the constant shuffling, while a delight for the audience, gave little time for a particular combination of musicians to become comfortable on stage.

This is the dilemma facing all such presentations. The demise of organised bands has meant that almost every event has become a jam session. The consistency of the performance depends entirely on the musical level of the performers and their ability to instantly find a common direction.

Each set at the Paradise Valley Party had a designated leader who was responsible for the repertoire and direction. It is to the credit of the participating musicians that few tunes were recycled. Only *Body and Soul* and *St. Louis Blues*, that I recall, were given multiple renditions and each one of them was so different it didn't really make any difference.



There were many musical surprises which rose above the consistency of the overall performances. Lew Tabackin, although used sparingly, was always outstanding. He has matured into an outstanding jazz soloist and he continually succeeded in playing with complete individuality within the contours of the musical spirit of the event. Also remarkable was the bass work of Richard Davis. His playing was of vitality, humour and drive. His obvious enthusiasm about all of the music was contagious. And he was only one of three magnificent bassists (Milt Hinton and Major Holley were the others) who carried the load for three percussionists (Butch Miles, Jeff Hamilton, Bobby Rosengarden) whose expertise is technical rather than spiritual.

Other memorable moments were a version of *Blue Monk* by Clark Terry, Kenny Davern, Al Grey, Ray Bryant, Major Holley and Bobby Rosengarden; Buddy Tate ripping through a great solo on *Lester Leaps In* with Ralph Sutton and Richard Davis pacing him all the way; Bob Wilber's lyrical reading of *Here's That Rainy Day*; Urbie Green's smooth interpretation of *Old Folks*.

Carrie Smith and pianist Bobby Enriquez were the catalysts which ignited the audience. Carrie Smith's theatrical presentation of a song quickly turns on an audience. She is a good singer and proved it Sunday evening with a low keyed set that incorporated *Skylark* into a wide ranging group of songs. Enriquez is a visually dynamic performer who rarely provides space for a breath in his improvisations. His knowledge of the jazz repertoire is wide and he fit stylistically with all the different musicians he worked with. It is his technical facility which is impressive rather than musical content of what he plays.

A couple of surprises added spice to the event. The Voices of Inspiration, a local gospel group, brightened up the Sunday afternoon session with their fervent performance. Outstanding was the final number featuring a remarkable lead vocal soloist (whose name no one seemed to catch) in *You Must Be Born Again*.

Musicians participating in this event were Joe Newman (who was the honored musician for 1986), Clark Terry, Billy Butterfield (trumpets), Al Grey, Urbie Green (trombones), Kenny Davern, Bob Wilber, Buddy Tate, Lew Tabackin, Spike Robinson, Pepper Adams (reeds), Ralph Sutton, Ray Bryant, Bobby Enriquez (piano), Barney Kessel (guitar), Milt Hinton, Richard Davis, Major Holley (bass), Butch Miles, Jeff Hamilton, Bobby Rosengarden (drums) and Carrie Smith (vocals).

You can be added to the invitation list for this party and other jazz events organised by Don and Sue Miller by writing them at 6014 N. Nauni Valley Drive, Paradise Valley, AZ 85253.

— John Norris

(Editor's note: We regret the mislaid copy which resulted in the lateness of this review).

DUTCH JAZZ PARTY Huis Ter Duin Hotel - Noorwijk May 9-11, 1986

When Dutch millionaire and jazz enthusiast Hans Loonstijn married Annette Blankensteyn, owner of Holland's leading jazz record shop, the Jazz Inn, Amsterdam, in May 1985, their mutual enthusiasm for jazz made it almost mandatory that the wedding party should be enlivened by some live jazz performances. So they invited Monty Alexander, Harry Edison,



Johnny Griffin, Slide Hampton, John Clayton and the octet of Dutch pianist Cees Slinger, with guest Dusko Gojkavich, for this special occasion.

Monty Alexander suggested to Loonstijn that informal jazz parties were a popular feature of the U.S. scene and that it was perhaps time that Europe inaugurated such an event. The Loonstijns went for the idea in a big way and the next day Hans booked a trip to Denver for himself and his wife to take a look at Dick and Maddie Gibson's famous Colorado Jazz Party.

"We studied everything very carefully," says Hans, "and we decided to put together our own jazz party in Holland."

And that's how it happened that between May 9 and 11 in the Huis Ter Duin Hotel in the North Sea resort of Noorwijk, a prime collection of jazz celebrities assembled to play some spirited, informal jazz for an audience of around 400 enthusiasts who had paid a subscription of 425 guilders (\$175) for the privilege (plus hotel accommodation).

The line-up was Clark Terry, Harry Edison, Conte Candoli (t); Slide Hampton, Al Grey, Benny Powell (tb), Al Cohn, Frank Foster, Scott Hamilton, Red Holloway, Spike Robinson, Buddy Tate (reeds), Monty Alexander, Roland Hanna, Cedar Walton (p), John Clayton, David Williams (b) and Ed Thigpen, Billy Higgins and Jeff Hamilton (d). Ernestine Anderson and Dee Daniels took care of the vocals and the special surprise guest was Milt Jackson. Representing Holland — and most impressively — were Cees Slinger (p), who spent many days arranging the programme, Ruud Brink (ts), Jacques Schols (b) and John Engels (d), plus a most remarkable big band of young amateur Dutch musicians, the Tribute Big Band, conducted by John Clayton.

Within the inevitable limitations imposed by the jam session formula, the Jazz Weekend was an undoubted success both on a musical and artistic level. "We will have lost a little money on the event," said Hans Loonstijn afterwards, with the air of a man who was not too troubled by the fact, "but we've been delighted by the

reaction of audience and musicians and we shall definitely be staging this as an annual event from now on".

One of the undoubted highlights of the event was an outrageously hilarious, mock Dutch version of "Mumbles" by the inimitable Clark Terry, who must be most people's idea of the ideal jazz party musician. There was superb bass playing from John Clayton — time faultless, intonation impeccable — crisp drumming from Ed Thigpen and some remarkable piano pyrotechnics from Roland Hanna. But it is a little invidious to single out musicians for special mention because almost all of the music was of a high order — straight-ahead, hard-swinging, easy-listening happy jazz.

The atmosphere of the event was completely congenial, with jazz lovers from Holland, Belgium, Italy, Germany, England and the United States enjoying the opportunity to chat with some of their favourite musicians between sets.

A most impressive debut for Europe's jazz party.
— Mike Hennessey

JVC FESTIVAL New York City

While the first JVC festival in New York — the most recent embodiment of Newport in New York — featured far fewer concerts than have been presented in recent years, there was nonetheless enough music to keep one busy getting from venue to venue. Such was the case on the evening of Saturday, June 21, the second night of the festival. The three concerts I attended were a microcosm of the entire festival. Not surprisingly, this night I heard musicians who might be categorized as established but relatively neglected, more heard about than listened to, and big name.

Ellis Larkins came first. Long known as a masterful accompanist to various superb singers, he is also a sensitive soloist with a coterie following. Something over 200 people heard him play a beautiful one-hour solo set at the Bruno Walter Auditorium. He offered no surprises, unless beauty, maturity, elegance, and grace are surprising. To me he is the direct pianistic descendant of Teddy Wilson, although his playing is somewhat more subdued and introspective than Wilson's. Larkins favors the middle groove; he avoids emotional extremes. He also favors medleys, ranging this night from two to four tunes each, although he began his concert with discrete performances of *What's New* (a greeting to the audience?) and *Keeping Myself For You* (another message to us?). The highlight of his set, though, was the concluding medley of compositions by or associated with Duke Ellington. Following *Flamingo* and *Just A Lucky So And So*, Larkins played *Prelude To A Kiss*, which he had been suggesting all evening with bits of its melodic line here and snatches of it there. The medley and the set concluded with a predictably controlled *Things Ain't What They Used To Be*. Larkins played these last four tunes masterfully, but they were especially poignant because of the presence in the audience of Ruth Ellington, Duke's sister. Although she led us all in generous applause, Larkins offered no encore.

Had he played longer, I could not have gotten to Town Hall in time for the beginning

of what promised to be the most exciting event of the evening, the Ganelin Trio and Lester Bowie. It wasn't, primarily because of the Soviet group's performance. They were stiff and metronomic throughout the planned part of their program. Their music sounded as if they were playing from a score that they had not previously seen. One is tempted to say that they were uninspired. Such rigidity is deadly with improvised music generally, but especially with free music, where inspiration is everything. The response to the performance was, expectedly, enthusiastic. Following numerous bouquets (literal and symbolic), the trio offered two encores, during which they hinted at the reasons for their substantial reputation. They loosened up, improvised on themes of Soviet folk songs, and engaged in some actions (these by saxophonist Vladimir Chekasin) that the audience was apparently supposed to interpret. These symbolic movements reminded me of Anthony Braxton's mathematical song titles. But the music swung. While I have not heard an abundance of Eastern bloc and Soviet musicians, I have heard some, and the Ganelin group is probably the best of them (although the Milan Svoboda Quartet, from Czechoslovakia, compares favorably with them). But to be honest, in the larger context (Western) of free music, the Ganelin Trio is at best second rate, at least on the basis of this evening's playing.

If the Ganelin Trio disappointed, Lester Bowie and his Brass Fantasy did not. They are preposterous; they are wonderful. From the stunning and startling visual effect of their gold and orange coats to the leader's brown and white wing tips and doctor's coat to the do-wop arrangement of the Flamingos' *I Only Have Eyes For You* to the three trumpeters swaying to the music as did back-up rock singers in the 1950s, one sensed a parody of many aspects of the music business. Of course it is parody. This group is fun. It has energy, which stems from Bowie's ebullient personality. Despite the humorous content, however, these are serious musicians who create inspired and inspiring music. In addition to Bowie and the three other trumpeters (Stanton Davis is especially effective as a latter day Cat Anderson), there are two trombonists (Steve Turre and another whose name I did not hear), a French horn player (Vincent Chancey), a tuba player (Bob Stewart), and a drummer (Phillip Wilson). Their music is accessible; it is immediate. It draws heavily on the New Orleans brass band tradition, with a strong dose of rhythmic inventiveness. Even so unlikely a tune as Bowie's *No Shit* had the texture and rhythm that one heard from the best of Charles Mingus's groups. The Brass Fantasy has been together for three years, and it deserves a larger audience than it has had. Just as Sun Ra and the Art Ensemble must be seen to be appreciated fully, so too must Bowie's group.

Miles Davis can play, and he does. Making such a statement about a musician of his stature seems absurd, but not too many years ago he occasionally played infrequently and haltingly, and those who have not heard him recently need to be reassured. The week before the JVC festival Davis appeared on the Amnesty International telethon with this same group and performed magnificently. So did he at Avery Fisher Hall. He was the major soloist and, obviously, the dominant personality. (Despite

his renowned disdain for audiences, he manipulated this one subtly but surely.) His muted trumpet remains one of improvised music's most immediately recognizable sounds, and one of the most affecting. This night he favored the mute, but he also played open, with a certain brilliance. Saxophonist Bob Berg and a new guitarist were the only other regular soloists. The former went through the paces; the latter generated enthusiastic response, including several embraces from the leader. Actually, though, the various sidemen's individual voices matter little. What counts is their collective sound and dense rhythmic base. Miles is a strutting peacock whose beauty cannot be approached, so why pretend that it can be? He is an original. Unlike the two earlier performances I had heard this evening, the Davis concert was sold out, or almost so. A few people waited outside for Davis to conclude so they could listen to the next group, Spyro Gyra. Those unfortunates missed a great concert. Sated, at 1:00 Sunday morning I left the hall, leaving Spyro Gyra to others. Any group following Miles this evening would have been anticlimactic.

— Benjamin Franklin V

THIRD ANNUAL CHICAGO BLUES FESTIVAL June 6 - 8, 1986

The Chicago Blues Festival is a free, open air event held in Grant Park (a remnant of turn of the century formal park design), located close to the downtown, immediately behind the Art Institute. The three day program is slotted onto three stages. There are two informal afternoon stages that theoretically alternate sets to maximize exposure. The main evening program is presented in the Petrillo Bandshell. In the middle of it all are the handy beer, food and record concessions.

Aside from locating the festival in a relaxed and spacious environment, organizers displayed great imagination in packaging a varied blues program that ranged from the pre-war St. Louis blues of Henry and Vernell Townsend to the very contemporary funk blues of the Robert Cray Band. Non-blues headliners such as the Staple Singers, Bo Diddley, Chuck Berry, The Neville Brothers and Dr. John no doubt were responsible in large part for the daily attendance ranging from 70,000 to 100,000.

With puddles, damp grass, and rain still threatening, Willie Kent and His Blues Gents got things off to a loose, downhome Chicago start. Bassist Kent opened with his *All Night Long* and *All My Life* from his recent Blue Soul single, then turned things over to his harp player, Mad Dog Lester Davenport, for some well-phrased Little Walter influenced instrumental and vocal work. Davenport is one tasty harp player. Jimmy "Taildragger" Jones dropped in for some Wolfish antics and his theme song *My Head Is Bald*. Guitarist Johnny B. Moore and drummer, Pete Williams rounded off what was essentially a tight, competent unit bent on having a good time. Next up was an A.C. Reed unit featuring Maurice John Vaughn on guitar and Zora Young on vocals in a set that was plagued by apparent stiffness and a bad mix.

The formal Friday evening program opened on a very urbane note with a reunion of Willie Dixon's Big Three featuring Baby Doo Caston

on vocals and piano. This was a well rehearsed, superb remake of Dixon's pre-Chess sound with shades of Nat King Cole, the Three Blazers and the Cats and the Fiddle blended in. The bass/piano interplay between Dixon and Caston was a real treat. Next along was a smoking Otis Rush set backed by keyboard wizard Eddie Lusk and his band. Rush went through a hard-edged string of tunes ranging from *Right Place, Wrong Time*; *Crosscut Saw*, and *I Can't Quit You* to the workhorse, *Caledonia*. The reunion of Memphis Slim and Matt Murphy did not work so well because of sound problems and stiffness. Bo Diddley united with Clifton James, Billy Boy Arnold, Lafayette Leake and Bob Stroger turned in a deplorable performance that the crowd loved. Chuck Berry closed things off, and according to the local press, was the hit of the festival.

Saturday afternoon was wet. While catching Smokey Smothers a monsoon soaked me down to the notepad and kept me from catching Cedell Davis, Hezekiah and the HouseRockers, and the Chicago piano set with Moose Walker, Jimmy Walker, Detroit Jr., etc. Smokey Smothers is a soft, downhome vocalist and slide guitarist. His backup unit with harp, drums, and bass tended to overpower him (again a rock mix). He really could have used a strong second guitarist. Actually things did improve when John Brim guested and an aging Floyd Jones was called up to sing some of his "dark road" classics. Later in the afternoon Artie "Blues Boy" White put on a high energy Bland/ZZ Hill type of show. Good stuff to pump up the crowd for the main evening show.

The Saturday night show opened with a Bill Doggett quartet doing Bill's biggies and featuring a hot Esther Phillips style vocalist, Toni Williams. Aside from Doggett's fat organ sound, there was some good involvement by guitarist Ray Freeman and tenor man Babba Brooks.

The high point of Saturday night was Sonny Rhodes as part of the San Francisco Revue doing a torrid Texas reading of his own *House Without Love*. For that he got an earned standing ovation. Also hot was vocalist Frankie Lee as he smoked through Johnny Taylor's *Still Called The Blues*, *Lu Ann* (from the Hightone LP), and *Funny*. The S.F. Revue also included Johnny Heartsman, who didn't get enough guitar solo space for my tastes, and Jimmy McCracklin, who treated the audience to ditties like *Think* and *After Hours*. He was in great form. A real blot on the San Francisco skyline was Sugar Pie DeSantos' abysmal performance as she tried to grind her way through a shoddy, unprofessional set. She should have got the hook. Backing for the S.F. Revue came from guitarist Bobby Murray's band. I saw Murray's band backing Frankie Lee, Otis Rush and Johnny Heartsman in San Francisco, and I remain impressed by the feeling and professionalism these guys put into it.

Next up was local favourite Otis Clay and his 7 piece Chicago Fire Band. Clay is a 1960's style, O.V. Wright influenced soul man who, true to that tradition, knows exactly how to work a crowd. He performed numbers mainly from his live Rooster release, which, by the way, is well worth getting. A disappointing climax came from a ho-hum Neville Brothers set.

The sun shone on Sunday, and the afternoon audience was treated to some pre-war

blues by Henry and Vernell Townsend. Henry alternated on piano and electric guitar, and was joined by an unobtrusive, yet unnecessary harp player by the name of Big Al. Although I would have liked some acoustic guitar work, it was still nice to hear superb readings of *Can't You See*, *Tears Came Rolling Down* and *Cairo Blues*. Another pleasant surprise was Dr. Ross in great solo form performing his usual assortment of Boogie Disease jumps along with beautiful blues like *G.M. Blues*. On the disappointing side was an uninspired Frank Frost unit. On the other hand, Jimmy Johnson's band featuring John Watkins on some vocals and second guitar and Saint James Bryant on piano was great. Particularly good were Watkin's vocals on *Here I Am* and Johnson's *Reconsider Baby* and *Little By Little*.

Sunday night's highs came from Albert King and the Robert Cray Band. King had a tight six piece band, and gave lots of room to his organ player, second guitarist and tenor man. Not having heard King live for a while, it was just great to have this master of the sustained note work joyously through Cray's *Phone Booth*, *Flooding in California* and the classic Larry Davis tune *As The Years Go Passing By*.

For four pieces the Robert Cray Band certainly can project a fat, funky, refreshing sound. Cray can survive easily without a second guitarist, and his vocals remain among the strongest in contemporary blues. Combine this with his repertoire of strong lyrics and you have one high quality show. Less appealing was the Eddie Boyd/Robert Jr. Lockwood pairing. Like the Memphis Slim/Matt Murphy combination, Boyd and Lockwood did not reach the magical heights anticipated. Mind you, Boyd was strong, and Gene Barge did make some good tenor sax statements as Boyd dished up the likes of *Third Degree* and *Five Long Years*. The unit, including veterans like Dave Myers and Odie Payne, really didn't warm up until it was time to bring them down.

The festival closed with Pops Staple and the Staple Singers. Mayor Harold Washington, the major promoter of the festival, gave Pops Staple a Chicago "Legion of Honour" medal for his contribution to the City's rich black musical heritage. Pops did a really moving, autobiographical downhome solo set before his daughters took over to close out in showbiz fashion.

In closing, the real highlight of the Festival was off site in a club. On Sunday night we went to B.L.U.E.S. to catch Sunnyland Slim and his band. Now Sunnyland and this band, including Robert Covington on drums, Roger Stroger on bass, Sam Burkhardt on tenor, and Steve Freund on guitar is hot on their own. Sunnyland was in excellent form. However, the evening turned into a blues piano superjam when Moose Walker, Eddie Boyd, and Memphis Slim showed up to sit in. Moose did a beautiful version of *Busted*, Eddie Boyd stepped up to redo his festival program, and Memphis Slim rolled through *The Comeback*, *Messin' Around* and *Wish Me Well*. The backing from Slim's band was phenomenal. Memphis Slim's set had the magic of his old HouseRocker days, and Freund sounded like Matt Murphy should have. Now this was the real Festival climax!

For information on next years' festival contact: Mayors' Office of Special Events, 121 North LaSalle Street, Room 703, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

— Doug Langille

Blues For Pee Wee Russell

For many people, Charles Ellsworth (Pee Wee) Russell Jr. epitomized the romantic image of a jazz musician. He embodied the notion of the eccentric artist with the marvellous talent, the creative drive, the insatiable thirst for alcohol, the life on the edge of poverty, the role as the outsider, that signifies our awareness of the lifestyles that musicians are believed to have led during the classic Jazz era from the twenties to the fifties. Yet for all the anecdotes of wild living, Pee Wee was a dedicated musician and a self-effacing, introspective, vulnerable man.

Apart from his proximity to the "average" jazz musician, Pee Wee was remarkable for many things, most notably, his idiosyncratic tone and his wildly risk-taking solos, which went largely underappreciated during the years he made a living working for Chicagoan or Dixieland bands. After an already long career, he gained confidence in the 1950s and achieved a reputation as a precursor to the modernist jazz-makers. His face, elongated and angular with deep dark eyes set against a long, wide nose, expressed almost as much emotion as his clarinet when he played one of his loping, quirky and exciting solos. Above all, there was the miracle that he lived — and played well — until the age of 63, despite having been pickled in alcohol from the age of 16.

Pee Wee didn't talk about himself very much, but he was "the sort of man about whom anecdotes are told." There is much detail about his early career, playing in regional bands, drinking with Bix Beiderbecke, and many amusing tales about his salad days in New York, depicting where and when and with whom he worked. The stories are filled with affection and admiration, yet one is left with the feeling that the man was always sad and aimless. His wife, Mary, was once told by one of her friends that "even (Pee Wee's) feet looked sad." Without Mary's strength and stability, one can imagine that Pee Wee would not have lived to realize those last twenty, fulfilling years of his career.

Born in 1906 in the American midwest, Pee Wee was the late and only child of an intelligent, middle class couple. The parents recognized their son's talent and provided him with instruments and lessons. At 13, he discovered the clarinet, and it became his passion. After intensive studies with a member of the pit orchestra at his town's only theatre and visits to whatever live music he could find, the young Pee Wee started to pick up jobs as part of the afternoon music on Mississippi river boats. (Negro groups provided evening entertainment). He was offered a job in Juarez, Mexico with Herbert Berger's orchestra when he was only 16; he hoped his parents would prevent him from going, but they didn't. The move, which he interpreted as rejection, scarred him for life.

Pee Wee saw "shooting in the streets day and night" in Juarez. He played for Berger and others, eventually joining Peck Kelly's band in Houston in 1924. There he met Jack Teagarden and Leon Prima. During this time, Pee Wee became, in Jess Stacy's words, "a good drunk." He maintained that condition for the rest of his life. In 1925, Pee Wee met Bix Beiderbecke, the legendary composer and trumpet player. "He was like a disease," observed Russell, "everything he played, I loved."

The two young musicians became inseparable.

They played, drank and double-dated together. Their lifestyle was rude, vigorous and charismatic. "We had enough freedom to do what we wanted to do and no stern fathers to stop us," reminisced Russell at a later station in his career. Bix and Pee Wee were remarkably alike. Products of proper middle class homes, they rebelled from their rigid family structures, finding a common liberation in jazz. Free improvisors before that notion was acceptable, Pee Wee and Bix submerged their jazz roots in the popular white dance orchestras that passed for revolutionary during that time. While making their bread with the likes of Whiteman and Goldkette, they instigated late-night jam sessions with hot young musicians like Jimmy McPartland, Benny Goodman and Dave Tough.

The life that Pee Wee and Bix led during those days at Hudson Lake, Indiana encapsulated much of the spirit of the Roaring Twenties. Mezz Mezzrow recalled visiting their cottage in his artful biography, "Really The Blues":

It was three in the morning when we busted into that yarddog's stash that Bix and Pee Wee used for a cottage. Jim, the funk in that dommy was so thick you could cut it with a butterknife, and them cats had the whole insect population for their roommates...

The first thing they did when they unglued their lamps each day was to reach for the gallon of corn that always leaned against the bedpost and wash out their mouths. Those cats used corn mash like it was LAVORIS.

Pee Wee left the midwest for New York in the late twenties. He played in Red Nichols' Five Pennies for financial reward, but his most memorable set was with the Mound City Blowers with Coleman Hawkins in a brilliant session. This was the occasion for his first great solo on *Hello Lola*. Lola was his girl at that time and they apparently had quite a tempestuous relationship. It was not uncommon, over the next decade for Pee Wee to show up for night club gigs looking somewhat the worse for wear after a particularly brutal scene with Lola.

During the thirties, Pee Wee continued to play, honing his craft with players like Pops Foster, Bud Freeman and Joe Sullivan. It is important to remember that it was not Pee Wee's physical charms that struck Bix back in the twenties and Monk forty years later. The clarinet is a difficult instrument to master and with Russell, one encounters a musician who could be persuasive in a variety of different styles and idioms.

New Yorker writer Whitney Balliett observed that Pee Wee "had several tones. In the lower register... he gets a hushed, edgeless sound. In the middle range, his tone becomes more explicit, suggesting soft, highly polished

wood. In the high registers... Russell sounds remote..." Balliett also commented that "he is particularly affecting in a medium or slow-tempo blues."

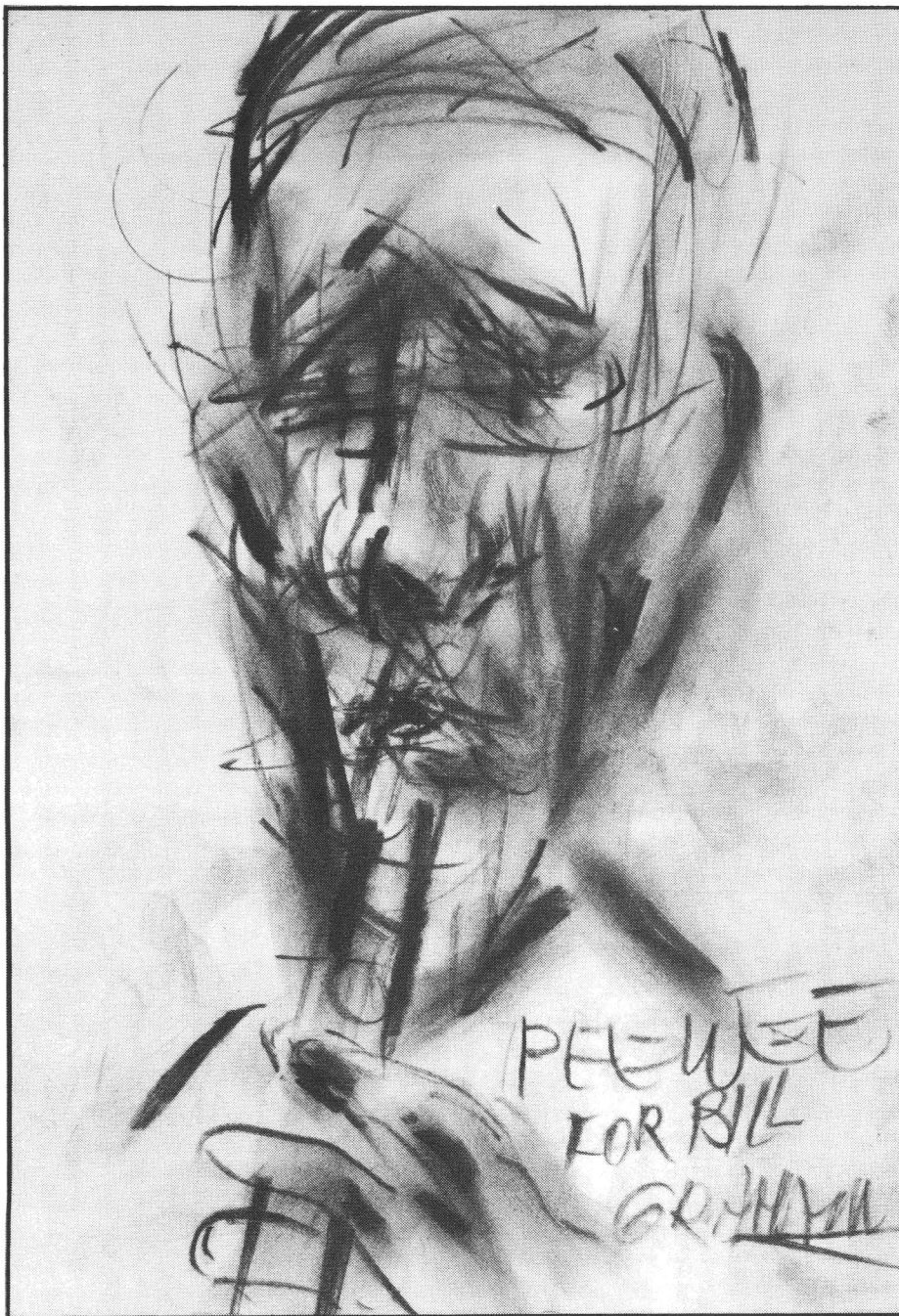
As a blues player, Pee Wee was second to none. His original tunes tended to be blues, from his Commodore sides in the forties through *Pee Wee's Blues* in the fifties to *Mariooch*, a composition dedicated to his wife, Mary. That tragic sense was reflected in the hound-dog look on Pee Wee's face that made him a proper bluesman. The blues allowed Russell to make use of all parts of his instrumental arsenal from his patented growling tone — so unique to the clarinet — to the breathy whispering sensual quality that he could employ during his sentimental moods. Listening to the 1955 version of *Pee Wee Blues* in which Russell changes tones from low to high register while ringing emotional changes from the listener, one can only echo the comment of Charles Edward Smith, "This is a noble melody," and a noble player.

By 1935, our "noble Roman," Mr. Russell, was playing with Louis Prima, the vocal-trumpeter on 52nd Street in New York. By that time, Swing was beginning to happen and prosperity was just around the corner for an economically depressed USA. Gangsters were still a powerful element in big city life, adding to the depression with their own particular tithe. Russell and Prima were hit on by the mob for protection money. Pee Wee called on an old friend from Prohibition days, Lucky Luciano.

"He sent Pretty Amberg over in a big car with a bodyguard as chauffeur. Prima sat in the back with Amberg and I sat in front with the bodyguard. Nobody said much, just 'Hello' and 'Goodbye,' and for a week they drove Prima and me from our hotels to a midday radio broadcast, back to our hotels, picked us up for work at night, and took us home after. We never saw the protection-money boys again."

Pee Wee travelled with Prima and his band for over a year, making it to the West Coast. When he returned to New York, he discovered that the kind of free, smallgroup jazz that he loved to play now only existed in a Dixieland context. Russell began to play with the gregarious guitar player, Eddie Condon, at Nick Rongetti's club in Greenwich Village. The place, called "Nick's", became famous for its Chicagoan musicians (Freeman, Tough, Max Kaminsky) and their exuberant representations of Dixieland jazz. Pee Wee's face was immortalized in *Life* magazine; Milt Gabler began to record the Condonites for Commodore records; the whole sound became known as Nicksieland.

Russell was always the kind of person who would allow himself to be put into situations and then would somehow cope with them. He played with Eddie Condon's band at Nick's for



most of the forties, despite the fact that Eddie treated him like a clown and that he found playing Dixieland night after night to be very restrictive. The conditions were hardly conducive to creativity, yet Russell consistently astonished his listeners by coming up with weird and wonderful new solos, night after night.

During that time, Pee Wee was at the height of his personal popularity. He became identified as *the* Dixieland jazz musician, employing his clarinet in a funkier manner than did his "swinging" contemporaries, Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman. Pee Wee's hound-dog looks became part of the Broadway scene. He met and courted Mary Chaloff, the woman who was to change his life. The Commodore records added to his notoriety and acknowledged his

individuality as the jazz clarinetist closest to the bull-fighter, Manoleto: both men would have preferred death to the dishonour of playing their roles at less than their peak intensity.

Pee Wee produced some of his best work during this period. His solos embodied a sense of adventure that marked him as a radically different musician even during his Condon/Nicksland days. Listening to alternate takes from his Commodore recordings made during those days, one is struck by his daring-do, his intrepid fervor that forces him to play almost totally different choruses from one take to another. In this regard, he reminds one of Charlie Parker's performances for Savoy, which often changed completely by the time the producer had decided that another version of the tune should be recorded. Though photos exist of musicians

laughing while Pee Wee dead-ended on a featured number during his Greenwich Village gigs at Nick's, it is remarkable how fresh his music feels compared to those of such technically proficient contemporaries as Edmond Hall or Barney Bigard. That is due to Pee Wee's spirit, which shines through his mistakes and reinforced his presence as an uncommonly articulate musician. Of his adlibs, Pee Wee remarked, "You get in and if you're lucky you get out... You've got to get lost once in a while... The more you try the luckier you get."

The turning point in Pee Wee's life came in 1951. He had separated from Mary two years earlier and had been suffering for many years from what everyone thought was malnutrition brought on by alcoholism. He had worked for pianist Art Hodes in New York and Chicago and then found himself in San Francisco.

He was still drinking but he was unable to eat. His weight dropped drastically until he weighed less than one hundred pounds. Doctors there were able to determine what doctors in New York had missed: Russell had pancreatitis, and several cysts were removed from his liver. He was admitted to the charity ward of the County Hospital, because he had neither money nor insurance. Fortunately, word of his condition got back to his friends in New York. Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden made bedside visits, then held a huge benefit performance for him. Benefits were also held in New York, supported by free advertising in newspapers and on the radio.

When his health had improved enough for him to return to New York, Pee Wee was a changed man. The response to his illness made him realize that he was loved and admired as a musician. His personality changed: he moved back with Mary, who remarked that the quiet man she had known was replaced by a man who couldn't stop talking. He had renewed confidence in his ability to make music and finally broke out of the Nick's/Eddie Condon/Dixieland rut he had been in for so many years.

By the late fifties, Pee Wee had fully recovered from his near-fatal bout with malnutrition and pancreatitis. His playing became as robust as it had been in the early forties. The major difference was that now he was playing in groups that allowed him to solo for greater lengths and with much more freedom than he had enjoyed during his Condon days.

In 1958, he and Ruby Braff were invited up to Canada to play for a Toronto television show. *Coda* publisher John Norris recalls meeting them then, and eventually taking them to a "more congenial atmosphere" where they could relax with local musicians. Pee Wee and Ruby responded by participating in an all-night jam session that produced music which was, to John's (admittedly younger) ears, "miraculous." At the end of the evening, John drove Pee Wee and Ruby to the airport for a dawn flight back to the States. One recalls events like these because they are representative of Pee Wee's — and many musicians! — lives. The late night jam sessions, the drinking, the convivial conversations with aficionados and fellow players, the women drawn to the passion of these events: these are the occasions that are the essence of Russell's, and his contemporaries', lives.

There will always be a controversy surrounding Russell's style and manner of playing.

Did he really play those choruses because he was hearing something new or was he just struggling to put down *anything* interesting because it would be novel if not true? Coleman Hawkins took Russell's performances seriously. Replying to trombonist Bob Brookmeyer's comment after a session together that Pee Wee's choruses were "really way out," Hawkins remarked, "for thirty years, I've been listening to him playing those funny notes. He used to think they were wrong, but they weren't. He's always been way out, but they didn't have a name for it then."

Hawkins and Russell were the featured artists on the album that elicited Brookmeyer's comments. Together with pianist Nat Pierce, bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Jo Jones and the trumpet player Emmett Berry, they played a brilliant repertoire of blues, mixed with traditional and modern tunes in a romantic and exciting manner. Russell's solo on *If I Could Be With You (One Hour Tonight)* is a particular delight. In his first solo, Pee Wee revels in the melody, displaying a sad, poetry tone that marks him as a great balladeer. He inspires Hawkins to great heights of virtuosity for his choruses, kicking the rest of the group — and the record — into high gear. After the Hawk and Berry reply to his lyrical burst, Pee Wee returns with, as John McDonough puts it, "two dazzling choruses... [which explore] the entire range of his instrument, taking chances with widespread intervals, long lines, disconnected phrases, working it out as he goes." This recording, along with another made a year earlier with Buck Clayton, trumpet,

Tommy Flanagan, piano and a rhythm section of Wendell Marshall and Osie Johnson, forced critics and the jazz public to re-examine Pee Wee's work.

It also inspired trombonist Marshall Brown to approach Russell about collaborating, providing the foundation for a new group. Brown conceived as Russell as a modernist, capable of playing the works of John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk. The witty, caught-in-mid-stride quality of Monk's compositions proved particularly fitting for Pee Wee's ironic, understated sensibility. As a group leader, Brown asserted himself organizationally and compositionally, allowing Pee Wee to create his solos under the tight-knit structure that he understood best. A youthful rebel from military boarding school, Pee Wee never ceased to be most creative in restrictive environments. Playing to charts under a rigid task-master as strong as Eddie Condon, Russell responded with some of his finest work. In the mid-sixties, the Brown-Russell group achieved a singular success playing modern tunes, opposing the Dixieland mold into which Pee Wee had previously been put.

There was a creative urge in Pee Wee that waited only for the right medium to come along. As a child, the clarinet had provided the outlet that the violin, piano and drums had not. In his later years, although he was leading an interesting and creative life musically, he was spending a great deal of his spare time watching television. To divert him, Mary bought him a set of paints and brushes. Almost immediately, a new side of Pee Wee emerged.

He began to spend all his time with the paints and created some brilliantly coloured and charming abstract paintings. It is interesting, though, that he did not make the move himself to find an outlet; each time, it came to him from someone else.

Similarly, he was inspired to start writing letters by a British admirer, Jeff Atterton, and again he demonstrated great talent. Or rather, he had terrific conversations with Mary, who would simultaneously edit and transcribe what he had to say. In his typically self-effacing manner, he wondered why anyone would be interested in his life story:

I haven't done anything except spent my life with a horn stuck in my face. My personal life may have been more stormy than the average office clerk but almost everybody's life is more stormy than that.

Pee Wee is probably right. That average clerk should not be type-cast as dull nor should we assume that every jazz musician has led an interesting life. Still — for Pee Wee — the companion and collaborator of personalities as varied as Bix, Prima, Condon and Monk, one can only say that here was a life that justified the stormy weather that surrounded him.

— Marc Glassman and Judy Wolfe Glassman

Sources used for this article were: John Norris' reminiscences; liner notes by Charles Edward Smith, Nat Hentoff and Dan Morgenstern; *Really The Blues* by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe; New Yorker articles by Whitney Balliett; and the Time-Life monograph by John McDonough.

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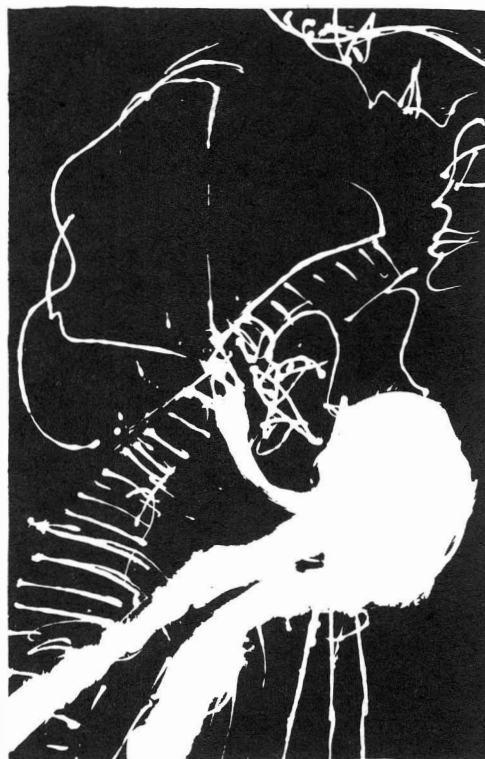
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A RARE MAGAZINE AUCTION * NUMBER ONE

This is the first of several auctions of rare out of print jazz magazines which have been acquired recently. They are basically in good condition but covers show marks of their age and there is some discolouration of inside paper for the same reason. **Note:** Some 1950-1952 copies of Jazz Journal have a crease line on their covers from the original mailing method. (s)= soiled or damaged cover (t)= taped cover.

Minimum bid is Can \$4.00 per magazine. You can also enter bids for a complete volume (year) where available. The minimum bid for a complete year of Jazz Journal is \$60.00 and for Down Beat it is \$130.00. Postage (at printed matter rate) is extra. Airmail and first class mail is also available. Only winners will be notified. Deadline for bids is **OCTOBER 30, 1986.**

Send all bids to John Norris, c/o Coda Publications, P.O. Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ontario M4J 4X8.

DOWN BEAT

Down Beat covered both jazz and popular music from its inception in the 1930s. It used a newspaper format until the 1950s when it became a regular magazine which maintained a publishing schedule of two issues per month.

DOWN BEAT

1945: December 15
1947: January 1
1948: May 5
1949: October 7
1951: March 23, June 15(s), November 30, December 14, 28
1952: October 22, December 3
1953: January 14, 28; February 11, 25; March 11, 25; April 8, 22; May 6; June 3, 17; July 1, 15, 29; August 12, 26; September 9, 23; October 7, 21; November 4, 18; December 2, 16, 30
1954: February 10, 24; March 10, 24; April 7; May 5, 19; June 30 (20th anniversary issue - 138 pages); October 6; November 17
1955: January 12, 26; February 9, 23; March 9, 23; April 6, 20; May 4, 18; June 1, 15, 29; July 13, 27; August 10, 24; September 7, 21; October 5, 19; November 2, 16, 30; December 14, 28.
1956: January 11, 25; February 8, 22; March 7, 21; April 4, 18; May 2, 16, 30; June 13, 27; July 11, 25; August 8, 22; September 5, 19; October 3, 17, 31; November 14, 28; December 12, 26
1957: January 9; February 6; March 21, July 25; September 5; October 3; December 17
1958: January 9, 23; February 6, 20; March 6, 20; April 3, 17; May 1, 15, 29; June 12, 26; July 10, 24; August 7, 21; September 18; October 2, 16, 30; November 13, 27; December 11, 25
1959: January 8, 22; February 5, 19; March 5, 19; April 2, 16, 30; May 14, 28; June 11, 25; July 9, 23; August 6, 20; September 3; October 1, 15, 29; November 12, 26; December 10, 24
1960: January 7, 21; February 4, 18; March 3, 17, 31; April 14, 28; May 12, 26; June 9, 23; July 7, 21; August 4, 18; September 1, 15, 29; October 13, 27; November 10, 24; December 8, 22
1961: January 5, 19; February 2, 16; March 2, 16, 30; April 13, 27; May 11, 25; June 8, 22; July 6, 20; August 3, 17, 31; September 14, 28; October 12, 26; November 9, 23; December 7, 21
1962: January 4, 18; February 15; March 1, 15, 29; April 12, 26; May 10, 24; June 7, 21; July 5, 19; August 2, 16, 30; September 13, 27; October 11, 25; November 8, 22; December 6, 20
1963: January 3, 17, 31; February 14, 28; March 14, 28; April 11, 25; May 9, 23; June 6, 20; July 4, 18; August 1, 15, 29; September 12, 26; October 10, 24; November 7, 21; December 5, 19
1964: January 2, 16, 30; February 13, 27; March 12, 26; April 9, 23; May 7, 21; June 4, 18; July 2, 16, 30; August 13, 27; September 10, 24; October 8, 22; November 5, 19; December 3, 17, 31
Grabag: an assortment of early Downbeats which have had articles clipped and/or are in deteriorated condition: 2 from 1930s, 17 from 1940s and one from 1953 - 20 in all to highest bid.

JAZZ JOURNAL

Jazz Journal has been the most influential English jazz magazine since it began publication in April 1948 under the editorial direction of Sinclair Traill. Each issue contains articles, reviews and opinions. It is also illustrated with many photographs.

JAZZ JOURNAL

1948 (Volume 1: June-December)
No. 2(s), 3, 4(s), 5, 6, 7, 8(t)
1949 (Volume 2: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1950 (Volume 3: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1951 (Volume 4: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4(t), 5, 6, 7/8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1952 (Volume 5: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1953 (Volume 6: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1954 (Volume 7: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4(t), 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1955 (Volume 8: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1956 (Volume 9: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1957 (Volume 10: January-March, May, July-October)
No. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10
1958 (Volume 11: February-April, June, December)
No. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1959 (Volume 12: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1960 (Volume 13: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1961 (Volume 14: January-December)
No. 1(t), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1962 (Volume 15: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1963 (Volume 16: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1964 (Volume 17: January-August, October-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12
1965 (Volume 18: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1966 (Volume 19: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1967 (Volume 20: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1968 (Volume 21: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12
1969 (Volume 22: January-December)
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12

AROUND THE WORLD

CANADA — Only two locations now present jazz on a regular basis in Toronto. Cafe des Copains continues with its highly successful presentation of major jazz pianists in a solo setting while George's Spaghetti House maintains its policy of showcasing the talents of some of the city's more established performers. Many musicians now have to organise their own engagements in a wide variety of settings — often on a local neighbourhood basis.

As the city's second major festival lumbered into view under the sponsorship of Du Maurier (who also helped make possible the festival in Vancouver) East 85th, which had begun showcasing US visitors again (notably trumpeter Donald Byrd — on the comeback trail as a jazz performer), closed once again. This time it seems as though the decision is final.

The Toronto chapter of the Duke Ellington Society will be hosting next year's International Ellington Conference — the fifth annual worldwide gathering of Ellington experts and enthusiasts. The conference will take place May 16-18 at Toronto's Inn on the Park. Ellington fans should contact Alan Shiels (416) 742-5752 or Eileen Ward (416) 422-4656 for further details.

The Shuffle Demons celebrated the release of their first lp with a party at El Mocambo on June 14.... Toshiko Akiyoshi, in Toronto for the DuMaurier Jazz Festival, was presented with a plaque by the Japanese Consulate acknowledging her thirty years of contributions to jazz.... Karen Young and Michel Donato have appeared twice recently at the Bamboo.... A cross section of Toronto's jazz performers in all disciplines of the music was heard at Harbourfront the weekend of July 11-13. 39 different bands were showcased over the duration of the three day event.... Bobby Bland, Margie Evans, Lowell Fulson, Cleanhead Vinson, Otis Rush, Downchild Blues Band and Robert Junior Lockwood were the headliners of Harbourfront's Blues Festival July 25-27. Vinson returns to Albert's Hall September 15-20.... Marty Grosz and Milt Hinton joined Jim Galloway, Ian Bargh and Jerry Fuller for a concert June 1 at Mayfield Secondary School in Brampton. The school has an active and thorough music program.... Flutist Elise Wood was in Toronto and performed with John Hicks at Cafe des Copains.... Rob McConnell got his chops together during a week long stint at George's Spaghetti House in late May. The Boss Brass went to Los Angeles for an appearance at the Playboy Festival as well as six nights at Donte's.... Global Television's sign off music these days is the work of vocalist Sara Hamilton.

... Saxophonist Jody Golick was profiled in NOW (Toronto's weekly free paper of the arts/entertainment) recently. The graduate of York University's music program stated "Jazz music had become playing by numbers for me. It's a very technical sort of music, and it didn't have a lot of heart in my mind, at that time, so I started playing blues because it was entirely about feeling".

Jazz Calgary presented Wynton Marsalis in concert June 28. Their annual jazz festival was held July 24-27. As usual the highlight was the

day-long presentation of Calgary musicians at Prince's Island. Bob Erlendson's band, Karen Young and Michel Donato, P.J. Perry and Brian Buchanan's Trio were heard in club settings as another part of the event.

Tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace was at Edmonton's Yardbird Suite May 31 and at Vancouver's Town Pump June 1 during a short western swing... A summer jazz camp at Grant McEwan Community College was part of this year's Edmonton Jazz Festival.... Les Sabina, a Windsor teacher, won PRO Canada's first jazz composer's award... PROCAN has also published a handbook guide for composer's and lyricists. It's available free of charge from PROCAN's offices in Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal, Edmonton and Halifax... The Schwann Catalog, the most detailed listing of recordings in the U.S. and Canada rarely contains recordings made in Canada — even when they are widely distributed in the U.S. **Audio Key** is the name of a Canadian publication designed along the same lines as Schwann. It is available from Audio Key, P.O. Box 2036, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3R3.

Guitarist Reg Schwager's new lp "Resonance" is on the Justin Time label.

Journey In Jazz is an on-going project by sculptor Carmen Arguelles to present a visual and aural history of jazz in Canada through life-size and/or larger than life figures complete with instruments and supporting artifacts which focus on different aspects of the music. Twenty-three musicians will be showcased when the work is completed. The intention is to tour the completed presentation across the country so that Canadians can become more aware of the contributions of their jazz artists — past and present. Information on the project is available directly from the artist at 4078 W 17th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V6S 1A6.... The Vancouver music community was saddened by the sudden death July 5 of Howard Broomfield at the age of 38. The Boston-born percussionist and music scholar was well-known and respected for his weekly program "The Listener" on Co-Op Radio, and for his work with Murray Schafer and Al Neil.

by John Norris

BOSTON — Don Cherry and Ed Blackwell, who appeared at Charlie's Tap on May 2 and 3, play a music which springs from all that is good in human nature. Their music is warm, benign, open, a combination of jazz and world folk music traditions which seem entirely natural. Monk and Ornette Coleman are absorbed as easily as reggae or West African Doun'Gouni music into a typical set.

Ray Anderson, after several area appearances with other bands, led his own trio, with Bob Stewart on tuba and Gerry Hemingway on drums, at Charlie's Tap on May 30 and 31.

Sun Ra and his 13 piece Cosmo Angel Omniverse Jet Set Arkestra made their first Boston area visit in over 5 years to Nightstage in Central Square, Cambridge on June 10. I think the key to Ra's ancient (well, old)/modern wisdom is he knows how to create contemporary, relevant art which is also entertaining.

On June 24 at Nightstage, Abdullah Ibrahim

and Ekaya opened their first set with two numbers that were all solemnity, dignity and tears. The joyous outbursts of **Blues For A Hip King** seemed all the more miraculous by contrast, a testimony of the resourcefulness of the human spirit, which is capable of optimism and resiliency under the worst of conditions.

There continues to be more jazz in Boston than there is oil on the world market. Reggie Workman and dancer Maya Milenovic performed at the Cambridge Multicultural Arts Center on May 8. Mose Allison (May 15-17), Dakota Staton (May 22-24) and Flip Philips (June 12-14) were all at the Starlight Lounge. Sam Rivers was at the Emmanuel Church on May 6. Nightstage also presented Jan Garbarek on June 8, Carla Bley on June 18, and the Paris Reunion Band, with Woody Shaw, Slide Hampton, Joe Henderson, Nathan Davis, Benny Bailey, Kenny Drew, Jimmy Woode and Idris Muhammad on June 26. The 1369 Jazz Club presented a series of Wednesday night appearances by Art Blakey alumni, including Terence Blanchard on May 21, Wallace Rooney on June 4, and last minute substitute non-alumni Oliver Lake on June 18. At Charlie's Tap the Leroy Jenkins Quartet played on May 9 and 10 and the Bill Dixon Trio played on May 16 and 17. Cedar Walton, Ron Carter and Billy Higgins played the Regattabar on May 17. Ornette Coleman, Charlie Haden, Jack DeJohnette, Denardo Coleman and some guitar player named Pat Metheny appeared at the Berklee Performance Center on May 11.

Also, my sincere apologies to KENYATTE Abdur Rahkman, who I misidentified as Karim Abdur Rahkman in my last column. Mea maxima culpa.

— Ed Hazell

HARTFORD — When illness forced Roscoe Mitchell to cancel his May 2 solo concert at Real Art Ways, Joseph Jarman proved himself the only possible replacement. On **Sing**, a Mitchell composition, Jarman explored the theme's juxtaposition of sustained notes and flutters until he discovered the point of their convergence. Jarman's own **Pome Song (First Moon)** was an enchanting Pan-dance for soprano. **Recent Report**, another Jarman original, featured bulletins from beyond the alto saxophone's traditional range, an array of traffic-jam noises, and bottom register rumblings. Jarman's technical virtuosity and textural variety made his performance a tour de force.

Marion Brown, in his May 11 concert at Wesleyan University, sounded almost shy. Although his lyricism and technique remain at a high level, he played very softly and contributed very brief solos to his quintet's effort. The extroversion of Fred Hopkins more than compensated for Brown's introversion, however.

Brown's sidemen, Billy Bang and Andrew Cyrille, contributed compositions to the performance.

The New Haven-based Creative Musicians Improvisors Forum, inactive for the past year, contrasted the styles of Mario Pavone and Bobby Naughton in a May 4 concert at Yale University's Dwight Chapel. Pavone, performing

in a duet with Marty Ehrlich, employed a head-on approach that evoked the spirit of 1960's energy music, tempered with a heightened sensitivity to textural variety.

Bobby Naughton, on the other hand, employed a more formalistic approach. Naughton's newest Unit performed its set of Naughton, Carla Bley and Eric Dolphy compositions with a contained intensity that rendered each piece as finely wrought as a poem. Naughton's lean improvisations allowed Joe Fonda and Randy Kaye ample room for musical interjections.

Propelled by the success of its first concert, the Connecticut Jazz Confederation staged its second showcase of local musicians. Lloyd's hosted the event, which featured the Mario Pavone-George Slovak Ensemble and the Kent Hewitt quartet with vocalist Roberta Peck Vater.

While the Confederation continued to present local artists to the jazz community, the Hartford Jazz Society continued to promote internationally-known musicians. To conclude its fine concert season, the Jazz Society presented a group co-led by Frank Wess and Frank Foster May 4.

May 17 and 18 the Learners Compass presented a program of performances and discussions on jazz and its history at New Haven's Educational Center for the Arts. Performers included Bob Nelloms, Dick Katz, Barry Harris, Jeff Fuller, Loren Schoenberg and Allen Lowe. Lecturers included Martin Williams, Dan Morgenstern, John Szwed and Phillip Greene. Allen Lowe coordinated the event.

The 880 Club's All Star Jazz series featured trombonist Sonny Costanza, the impressive Bob Mover, the exuberant Melvin Sparks and the sizzling Thomas Chapin in its May lineup. Eddie Henderson highlighted the June roster with a display of the most dazzling trumpet chops this side of Freddie Hubbard. Several weeks later, Jeremy Steig turned in a superlative performance. Steig's pianist, Lee Ann Ledgerwood, displayed an individualistic style. Her fresh, adventurous ideas challenged the other musicians on the stand and led them in new musical directions. Ledgerwood is definitely a pianist worth hearing. Bill Hardman, Claudio Roditi and the Pavone-Slovak Ensemble returned to the 880 Club for June engagements.

In May and June, Waterbury's Hillside Restaurant featured Michael Rabinowitz, Thomas Chapin, Bob Mover, George Alford, Allen Lowe, Tom Varner, Gerry Bergonzi, the duo of Bob Kobus and Mark Templeton, C.I. Williams and the Pavone-Slovak Ensemble. — **Vernon Frazer**

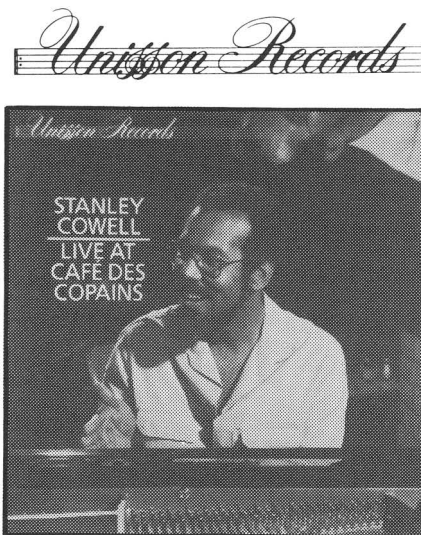
NEW YORK — The 1986 **Greenwich Village Jazz Festival** is ON! That is the good news disseminated to the world by co-producer Horst Liepolt at the end of June. Despite the withdrawal of the sponsor the week-long celebration in New York's major jazz clubs will take place once again between August 22 and September 1. The opening event, on April 22, will be a three room extravaganza at the Village Gate where seven bands, including Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers will perform without an admission charge. A low \$10.00 festival pass will get jazz enthusiasts into Arthurs, Blue Note, Carlos 1, Discovery of Soho, Fat Tuesday, Sweet Basil, Village Corner, Village Gate, Village Vanguard and Club 55 without additional admission fees. There will be two Saturday night cruises, an all

day open air festival, free recitals by overseas artists and a film series at the Bleecker Street Cinema. Musicians taking part include Tania Maria, Clifford Jordan, Dizzy Gillespie, Toshiko Akiyoshi's Orchestra, Hamiet Bluiett, Highlights in Jazz with Doc Cheatham and Dick Katz, Betty Carter, Gary Burton, Abdullah Ibrahim, McCoy Tyner, Andrew Cyrille, Marion Brown, Junior Mance, Jon Faddis, Donald Harrison/Terence Blanchard, Harlem Blues & Jazz Band, Randy Brecker, Oliver Jones, Arild Andersen/Jon Christensen.

The JVC Festival, successor to the Kool Festival but still George Wein's Newport in New York event, was shorter than usual this year but continued to offer a wide assortment of music. The two events at Waterloo Village were among the more relaxed and congenial presentations. Joanne Brackeen, Dick Wellstood, Ray Bryant, Art Hodes, Derek Smith, Adam Makowicz and Sir Roland Hanna were under the programming direction of Dick Hyman on Saturday evening. As usual there just wasn't time to fit in all the complex juggling of combinations dreamed up by the director. Dick Wellstood was in outstanding form and it was his solo work plus the distinctive (and readily identifiable) styles of Ray Bryant and Art Hodes which were the highlights. Preceding the piano spectacular was The Wolverines Jazz Band from Switzerland under the leadership of trumpeter Hans Zurburg. The professionalism, polish and execution of the band was outstanding and their wide-ranging repertoire was drawn from many different classic jazz sources. The band made quite an impact.

Sunday at Waterloo was more wide-ranging in its artistic viewpoint than is usually the case. The tastes of the audience were apparent, however. Only a minority chose to listen to the bop-tinged work of Sir Roland Hanna's group which was musically determined by the vibraphone-guitar work of Warren Chiasson and Chuck Wayne. Kenny Davern's Jazz Babies was much more to everyone's liking. Ed Polcer's firm cornet work and a rhythm section of Marty Napoleon and Phil Flanigan kept things moving. Oliver Jackson chose to showcase the work of some young voices working within the music's tradition. Flutist Ali Ryerson and tenor saxophonist Harry Allen showed they are competent performers who have yet to find their own way. The highlight of the afternoon was the authoritative voices of The Duke's Men under the guidance of trombonist Art Baron. Norris Turney was wonderful and Heywood Henry and Joe Temperly are experienced performers. Lloyd Mayers' piano work was always a delight but it was the overall cohesion and swing of the band which got the audience moving. This was ideal music for the occasion.

A slightly larger band of all-stars, billed as **The Paris Reunion Band**, were in residence at The Blue Note. Despite the weight of experience enclosed in the minds of Woody Shaw, Benny Bailey, Joe Henderson, Nathan Davis, Slide Hampton, Kenny Drew, Jimmy Woods and Idris Muhammad there was little attempt at developing a cohesive ensemble sound. The charts were only brief frames for the solo work — and those solos while often of exceptional quality, were too long. For much of the time these talented musicians were simply standing and waiting. The promise was more



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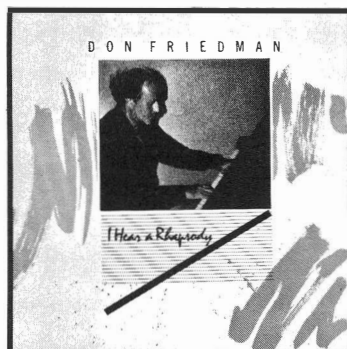
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than the performance on this occasion (one hour long set).

The electricity of which **Roy Haynes** is capable was much better displayed at a party thrown by MCA Records at Sweet Basil on June 23. Haynes and bassist Rufus Reid performed with new Impulse contracted artists pianist Henry Butler, guitarist Henry Johnson and tenor saxophonist Mike Brecker. The ad-lib performances of tunes from the classic jazz repertoire of the 1950s was charged with energy and full of inspired solos. Unfortunately music with so much electricity will stand little chance of finding its way onto tape. Butler's initial Impulse release, like that of trumpeter Mike Metheny, is a carefully crafted package aimed at reaching wider audiences than those who enjoyed the spontaneously created music at Sweet Basil that afternoon.

Pianist **Jack Wilson**, back in New York from Los Angeles, has been working at Joanna on Monday nights with support from various bass players. His fluent interpretations of standard compositions as well as many jazz originals proved he is a pianist who has kept in touch with the music during his years on the Coast.

The Village Voice's annual jazz supplement focused on the tenor saxophone with articles about Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. It was a fitting and timely reminder of what really represents greatness in this music.

Flutist Colette Michaan was at Cami Hall May 17... Anthony Davis' group Episteme was heard in concert June 3 at Greenwich House... Percussionist Warren Smith was at the Aronow Theater June 6 in a presentation titled **W.I.S.** with singers/actors E.L. James and Novella Wilson. Cecil Bridgewater, Craig Harris, Norris Turney, Harold Vick and Dave Moore were among the participating musicians... The Walter Thompson Big Band was at Greenwich House June 10... Oliver Lake's Blue Star and Marion Brandis (flute), Myra Melford (piano) and Leroy Jenkins shared a bill at the Brooklyn Bridge Anchorage on June 15... David Amram's opera **Twelfth Night** was presented at New York University June 27/28... Bob Parent's latest exhibit "Forty Years of Jazz: A Chronicle" was on display July 1-31 at the 4th Street Photo Gallery... Phineas Newborn, Steve Lacy, Art Farmer/Benny Golson and Charlie Haden were all at Sweet Basil... The 9th annual New York Women's Jazz Festival took place June 8-15 at the Jazz Center of New York... The 92nd Street Y presented its second Jazz in July Festival beginning July 22. Max Morath, Carrie Smith, Dick Wellstood, Ralph Sutton, Jay McShann, Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks, the Copasetics and clarinetists Peanut Hucko, Kenny Davern and Eddie Daniels were among the musicians performing under the artistic direction of Dick Hyman... A summer long series of 15 concerts organised by the International Art of Jazz in suburban New York areas began July 6 with the Glenn Zottola All-Stars at Morgan Park, Glen Cove. The Count Basie band and the Eddie Condon All-Stars are also scheduled to perform... Sarah Vaughan will be at Waterloo Village September 20... Chet Baker and Wynton Kelly were profiled by radio station WKCR in July.

— John Norris

the excellent Yoshi's Night Spot June 10-13. June 12 David Murray came to Kimball's Club with John Hicks, Ray Drummond and Edward Blackwell.

Saturday evening June 14 pianist Jon Jang's Quartet with special guest Fred Houn on baritone sax participated in a benefit for East Wind Magazine. This is a high quality journal of Asian-American thought and action. The new issue entitled "The Cutting Edge: Asian-American Creativity and Change" is a clear expression of the pan-pacific concept in the arts. In an up-coming issue of Coda I will speak at length about this subject. East Wind Magazine can be contacted at: P.O. Box 26229, San Francisco, CA, 94126. Jang's quartet featured on this evening Francis Wong on tenor sax, Eddie Moore on drums and James Lewis on bass. Jon's music is powerful. His second recording "Are You Chinese Or Charlie Chan" is important for its balance of progressive politics, cultural insight and good music.

Koncepts Cultural Gallery in Oakland re-lit their beam inaugurating a "Master of Jazz" summer concert series. The first program was solo piano from Mal Waldron and his very active left hand. That was June 9. On June 16 Kenny Barron and Bobby Hutcherson came together for a series of duets. The entire evening was stunning. Their Monk medley caused this reaction: Monk still provides the richest material, sub-stratum from which to evolve improvisation. Monk's revolutionary breakthrough, enhanced and carried on this evening, was the fertile use of history without enslavement to it and without denying it. The act of recognition motivates any and all who care to take it where they please, being true to the music, not the notes. These two gentlemen enriched us all.

Back to Yoshi's Sunday June 22 for the Steve Lacy Sextet. This was Lacy's first visit to the bay area with the sextet. Four years ago he was here with the quintet. Steve Lacy is one of the true visionaries in this music. (Or any music.) He has talked about how his material needs to age, this night he called it tricky, sometimes difficult. He stood on stage like a music director, listening, suggesting, sometimes verbally, often with notes or sounds. He leaves plenty of room for his players' expression. He soloed only occasionally preferring to allow his fellow musicians to stretch. Irene Aebi brings so much confidence and warmth to the music, especially with her singing. This evening's north star was a new tune, **Morning Joy** with words by the late poet Bob Kaufman. Steve Potts' alto and soprano playing are unbelievable, OK! I think J.J. Avenel lived in Mississippi in a previous life and has dedicated his bass fingers to unearthing this memory. Bobby Few has the facility of Horowitz (really!) at such a 'young' age. His ideas, when comping, not to mention soloing, contain major symphonic works. Oliver Johnson. It is no exaggeration to say that he plays more music on his drums than most others of your choice. You must forgive my bubbling enthusiasm on these pages because Lacy (along with Cecil Taylor and Bill Dixon) is evidence of the NOW. So I can never get enough.

— Brian Auerbach

ODDS & SODS

SAN FRANCISCO — "The Leaders" came to

Illinois Jacquet, who made his mark 45 years

ago with his distinctive solo on *Flying Home* with Lionel Hampton, has been celebrating that fact this summer. His big band shared the bill with Ella Fitzgerald at Mansfield, Ma. July 19. The band then performed for a week at the Village Vanguard (July 29-August 3) in New York City. From there the band went to Mariac, France for a festival appearance.

The focus of this year's Jazz Times Convention, to be held at New York's Roosevelt Hotel September 4-7, will be ways in which the jazz industry can more effectively present and sell its products to the public. There will be seminars on legal aspects of the music business, programming and promotion of recording jazz radio, fund raising for jazz artists and societies, and discussions of the video and CD markets. There will also be a seminar with Roy Eldridge discussing his life and role in jazz, viewings of historic movies and many other activities.

Sonny Rollins inaugurated this season's jazz series at Jacob's Pillow, Lee, Ma. on July 6... Rebecca Parris was at the Regatta Bar of Cambridge's Charles Hotel May 8-10. She shared the stage with George Coleman... Boston's Studio Red Top will be moving in the fall to the Villa Victoria Cultural Center, 85 West Newton Street at the corner of Tremont in South End. Wanetta Jackson & Co. performed there July 20 and Barbara London performed at Cambridge's Multicultural Arts Center August 3 with Richard Davis and Phil Wilson... The Benn Conger Inn in rural Groton between Syracuse and Ithaca is a country inn with a fine restaurant. It also has a first class jazz record collection (courtesy of owner Mark Bloom) which is the source material for the ambient music at dinnertime. A nice touch... The Howland Ensemble was at Washington's Blues Alley July 28... The University of Pittsburgh's 16th Jazz Seminar takes place October 29 through November 1... The Atlanta Hyatt Regency is the venue for the 14th conference of the National Association of Jazz Educators. It takes place January 8-11, 1987... Buddy DeFranco is the headline performer at the 1986 IAJRC convention to be held in Tampa August 16-18. Mousey Alexander, Nick Brignola, John Lamb, Don Lamond, Eddie Shu and Phil Urso are among the participating musicians... The 1987 New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival takes place April 24-May 3.

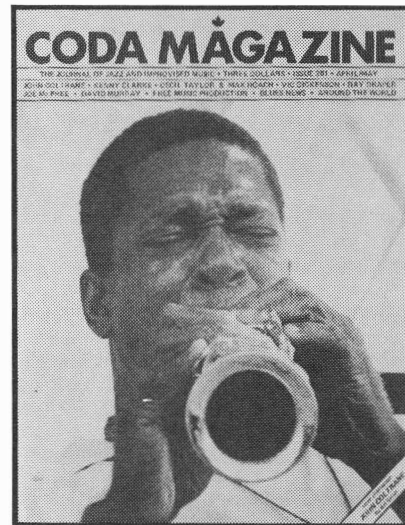
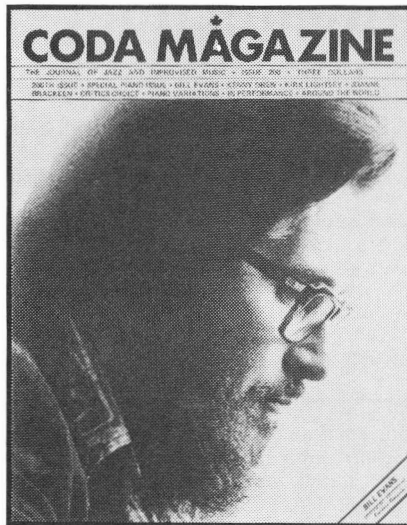
Gunther Schuller is the new director of a summer festival at Sandpoint, Idaho. There is to be a concert August 14 with Jon Hendricks as well as a performance by the New England Ragtime Ensemble. A "Jazz Training Program" takes place between August 6-16 under the direction of Schuller and Douglas Richards.

Wild Bill Davison was crowned emperor at the Sacramento Jazz Festival in May! He was also saluted at New York's JVC Festival but actually only played a small part in the proceedings which ended up being a nostalgic evening for the fading talents of veteran musicians who once made strong statements in the music.

The Jan Garbarek group were at Los Angeles' Theater Center June 26-27... Joe Sample, Harvey Mason, Teddy Edwards and Ernie Andrews were among the jazz artists taking part in the Los Angeles Garlic Week celebrations July 13 with performances on San Vicente Blvd... the 1986 **Pacific Coast Jazz Festival** takes place August 31 at the Holiday Inn, Irvine.

BACK ISSUES OF CODA * ONE DOLLAR EACH

We are offering any of the following issues of Coda Magazine for only \$1.00 each, with a minimum order of 10 (\$10.00). They will be sent to you postpaid. All countries except Canada please remit in US funds, or the equivalent in Canadian dollars.



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- 198 (Oct. 1984) - Bud Powell, Sidney Bechet, Barre Phillips, Bob Mover, Jazz Literature
- 197 (Aug. 1984) - Lew Tabackin, Steve Lacy, Fred Anderson, Bebop on Record
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- 183 (April 1982) - Roswell Rudd, Milford Graves, Art Davis, Sonny Rollins on RCA
- 180 (Oct. 1981) - McCoy Tyner, Joe Sealy, Loek Dikker, Fred van Hove
- 179 (June 1981) - Dannie Richmond, Jimmy Knepper, Blues News
- 178 (April 1981) - Dexter Gordon, James Clay, Imagine The Sound, Al Neil *
- 177 (Feb. 1981) - Milt Jackson, Sheila Jordan, Keshavan Maslak, Jazz Literature
- 176 (Dec. 1980) - Abdul Wadud, Dave Baker, Fred Katz, Writers' Choice, Blues News
- 175 (Oct. 1980) - Anthony Davis, Beaver Harris/Don Pullen, Dave Burrell, Pisa Festival *
- 174 (Aug. 1980) - Leroy Jenkins, Jemeel Moondoc, Eddie Jefferson, Charles Brackeen
- 173 (June 1980) - Art Blakey, Roy Eldridge, Ellis Marsalis & Alvin Batiste *
- 171 (Feb. 1980) - Archie Shepp, Dewey Redman, Hat Hut Records, Blues
- 170 (Dec. 1979) - Abbey Lincoln, Olu Dara
- 169 (Oct. 1979) - Amina Claudine Myers, Kenny Burrell, Pisa & Bracknell Festivals
- 168 (Aug. 1979) - Albert Mangelsdorff, Barry Altschul, Blues News, Moers Festival
- 167 (June 1979) - Evan Parker, Incus Records, Red Callender, Bill Russell, Rova Sax Quartet
- 164/65 (February 1978) SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE COUNTS AS 2 - Jeanne Lee, Gunter Hampel, Lester Bowie, Hank Jones, Vinny Golia, Nick Brignola
- 163 (Oct. 1978) - Henry Red Allen, Frank Lowe, Albert Nicholas
- 161 (June 1978) - CODA's 20th Anniversary Issue - Julius Hemphill, Doc Cheatham *
- 160 (April 1978) - Willem Breuker, Joe Pass, Enrico Rava, European record labels
- 159 (Feb. 1978) - Randy Weston, Milt Hinton, Blues News
- 158 (Dec. 1977) - Joseph Jarman, Eddie Durham, Bobby Hackett
- 157 (Oct. 1977) - Bobby Bradford, John Carter, Chet Baker, Butch Morris
- 156 (Aug. 1977) - Stephane Grappelli, Stuart Broomer, Hot Club de France, Moers Festival *
- 155 (June 1977) - George Lewis, Lloyd Glenn
- 154 (April 1977) - Milt Buckner, Christmann/Schonenberg
- 153 (Feb. 1977) - Steve Lacy, Marty Grosz, Mal Waldron, Blues News
- 152 (Dec. 1976) - Warne Marsh, Bill Dixon *
- 151 (Oct. 1976) - Don Pullen, Benny Waters
- 150 (Sept. 1976) - Milford Graves, Will Bradley
- 135 (Jan. 1975) - J.R. Monterose, Louis Armstrong Filmography, Strata-East Records
- 134 (Dec. 1974) - Julian Priester, Muggsy Spanier Big Band, Steve McCall
- 133 (Nov. 1974) - Charles Delaunay pt. 1, Rex Stewart, Howard King
- 132 (Oct. 1974) - Karl Berger, Jazz Crossword, Johnny Shines
- 131 (Sept. 1974) - Rashied Ali/Andrew Cyrille, Milford Graves, Johnny Hartman, Swing *
- 127 (March 1974) - Gene Krupa

AUGUST 1973 - CODA's 15th Anniversary Issue celebrating LOUIS ARMSTRONG

* Please note: our stock of asterisked issues are almost depleted. Order now!

Featured artists include the Gerald Wilson Orchestra, Ronnie Mathews, Walter Bishop, Frank Morgan, Claude Williamson, Dizzy Reece, Harold Vick, Art Davis, Jimmy Rowles and Tootie Heath... The 1986 **Long Beach Blues Festival** will be held September 15-21. Already booked are Little Milton, Koko Taylor, Sunnyland Slim, Robert Jr Lockwood, Katie Webster, Albert King, Hank Crawford, Jimmy Johnson, James Cotton, Junior Wells and Buddy Guy.

George Sams and Middle Passage were heard in concert May 22 at 503 Broadway in San Francisco... ROVA will team up with multi-instrumentalist Anthony Braxton for a concert August 22 in the Veterans Building Green Room, 401 Van Ness... The **Jazz In The City Film Festival** takes place August 22-24 at the Pagoda Palace in North Beach. David Chertock's film clips share the billing with "Ornette: Made In America", "On The Road" with Duke Ellington and the 1968 documentary about Charles Mingus... The 20th anniversary version of the U.C. Berkeley Jazz Festival takes place August 29-31. Sarah Vaughan, Sonny Rollins, Ahmad Jamal, Tania Maria, The Leaders (Don Cherry, Chico Freeman, Arthur Blythe, Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee, Don Moye), Art Ensemble and Rare Silk are among the participants... San Francisco's fourth **Jazz in the City Festival** runs from October 6 to 11. The event will showcase the talents of Bay Area musicians... Bumbershoot, the 16th annual Seattle Arts Festival, takes place August 29 to September 1 and, once again, jazz will be well represented... Tex Wyndham played cornet with the Rent Party Revellers at the Central City, Colorado Jazz Festival August 14-17 and will be at the San Diego Festival November 28-30. The band's second lp will be issued this fall on George Buck's Jazzology label. Tex also played ragtime piano at the Central City event and will also be at an all ragtime event August 29 at Octorara High School in Atglen, Pa.

The Steve Lacy Sextet toured extensively in Canada and the U.S. during June/July. Steve will be back in the fall for a series of solo and duet performances. Contact Patrick Darby, 3964 Hotel-de-Ville, Montreal, Que, H2W 2G7 (514-285-1242) for bookings and/or further information... Benjamin Franklin V is establishing an archive of South Carolina jazz and blues musicians. Any information will be appreciated. Contact him at the English Department, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S.C. 29208... As an addenda to the Shorty Rogers/Red Nichols article in **Coda** # 207 it should be pointed out that the article was written prior to Rogers' renewed recording activities with Concord, Contemporary and Concept (Bainbridge).

The Merrydown Jazz Festival (May 2-25) was an early starter for the festival season. The event took place in Brighton, England... The first ever British Jazz Month is to be held in October 1987 and will incorporate all facets of jazz activity — from small club sessions to major concerts. Jazz Services (5 Dryden Street, London WC2E 9NW) will coordinate this project... Bill Smith (soprano saxophone as well as our venerable editor) was in Holland May 3-19 as part of a six saxophone band which also included Dies Le Duc (soprano), Paul Termos (alto), John Tchicai (tenor), Ad Peijnenburg (baritone) and Klaas Hekman (bass).

NAMES & NUMBERS

a magazine dealing with discographical research on jazz, blues and related music. Reviews, label listings and sundry discographical information. Each issue has 32-40 pages, fully indexed, four issues published per year, subscription (1 year) airmail Hfl 8,50 — (US \$13.), sample issues airmail Hfl 8,50 — (US \$4.).

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The band was invited to the North Sea Festival for performances in early July... More European festival dates (past and future): Verona Jazz '86 — June 30-July 2; Ravenna Jazz 1986 — July 2-5; Copenhagen — July 4-13; Palermo Jazz Estate '86 — Fusion Time — July 5-11.

The fifth IJF European Jazz Competition takes place in Leverkusen, Federal German Republic from October 30 - November 1... Bob Stewart, David Leibman and Tomasz Stanko were in Finland this year for teaching engagements... Saxophonist Juhani "Junnu" Aaltonen received a long-time grant from the Finnish government — the third jazz musician to receive such an award in that country... Drummer Jukki Uotila worked with Randy Brecker during the trumpeter's July tour of Europe... The U.M.O. Big Band has been on tour in Canada and the U.S.... Helsinki's SeaJazz Festival takes place August 14-17.

The Australian Jazz Quartet held a reunion concert at Adelaide Town Hall June 6 as part of South Australia's 150th Jubilee celebration. Clarinetist Geoff Kitchen died January 26 in Melbourne. He worked for many years with Frank Johnson's Fabulous Dixielanders. Art Hodes was on tour "down under" in late April. Ralph Sutton and Richie Cole made the long trip in June.

O.S.P., published every two months, is a Belgian independent magazine devoted to "non-conventional music". It's available through Alain Croibien, rue des champs 50, 6-4020 Liege, Belgium... Also published in Belgium is Le Point du Jazz. Issue 20 is now available and it remains one of the most erudite (in French) publications devoted to classic jazz. It is now the main outlet for the authoritative writing contributions of Johnny Simmen and is available from Jacques Tricot, Avenue Van Overbeke 48, B-1080 Bruxelles, Belgium... Michael Danzi in "American Musician in Germany 1924-1939" narrates his memoirs of the jazz, entertainment and movie world of Berlin during the period between the two world wars. The book has been edited by Rainer E. Lotz and is published by Norbert Ruecker, Postfach 14, D-6384 Schmitten 1, West Germany.

MCA Records has reactivated *Impulse*, one of the classic jazz labels of the 1960s. Re-

mastered for lp, cassette and CD are the following cassettes: Count Basie and the Kansas City 7; John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme"; John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman; Art Blakey's "A Jazz Message"; Benny Carter's "Further Definitions"; Duke Ellington and Coleman Hawkins; Gil Evans' "Out Of The Cool"; Ahmad Jamal's "The Awakening"; Quincy Jones' "Quintessence"; Charles Mingus' "Black Saint and the Sinner Lady"; Oliver Nelson's "Blues and The Abstract Truth" and Sonny Rollins' "On Impulse". There is also a new CD compilation of Coltrane material which includes two previously unissued selections. New recordings by pianist Henry Butler and trumpeter Mike Metheny complete the initial release... Dave Pell and Roy Harte have set up office to prepare CD masters of their old tapes as well as new ones which might become available. The material will be leased or sold to companies releasing music... New from London's JSP Records are 1962 J.B. Lenoir recordings issued for the first time... Saxophonist John Park, who died in 1979, has now had some of his music released on record. "If Winter Comes..." collates small group sessions in Kansas City and Texarkana. The lp is on Jazz Mark 105, P.O. Box 943, El Dorado, Ar 71730. Timeless recordings now in circulation include Art Blakey "Blue Night"; Woody Shaw with the Tone Jansas Quartet; Lou Donaldson live in Bologna; George Adams/Don Pullen live at Montmartre; the Eugen Cicero Trio and two Chris Barber albums... Denmark's Storyville Records has issued three lps from material broadcast originally on "This Is Jazz" in 1947. The material, much of it new to lp — and with good sound quality — is issued under the leadership of Wild Bill Davison, Edmond Hall and Albert Nicholas. CD's of twenty of the company's most popular recordings are also scheduled for early release... Trumpeter Chris Clifton — an outstanding Louis Armstrong style trumpeter — finally has a recording to demonstrate what he can do. It's available on GHB-190. One side is a small group with the other a scaled down nine piece band playing Armstrong big band charts. It's been a long wait for a man who worked often with Lil Armstrong at the Red Arrow in 1959... Pianist Art Monroe is to have a new lp issued by V.S.O.P. Records... Sweden's Four Leaf Clover Records celebrated 15 years of activity with an attractive new catalog. It's available from the company at Jarnvagsgatan 70, S-172 Sundbyberg, Sweden.

Bassist Bob Casey died April 9 in Marion, Illinois... Mama Yancey died May 4 in Chicago at the age of 91... Drummer Cliff Leeman died April 26 and Wallace Bishop May 1... Bassist Teddy Kotick died April 17 and John Bubbles' death has also been reported. Trombonist Clyde Bernhardt died May 20 and trumpeter Johnny Detroit died in New Orleans at the age of 94... Ute Pehl, tour organiser and friend of many travelling musicians in Germany, died Witsun weekend following a lengthy illness in Frankfurt... Clarinetist Benny Goodman died June 13 at the age of 77... Tenor saxophonist Hank Mobley died May 30 at the age of 55... Pianist Barry Kiener died May 26 at the age of 30.

— compiled by John Norris

NOTE: SEVERAL OF THESE COLUMNS HAVE BEEN EDITED BECAUSE OF OUR SPACE LIMITATIONS IN THIS ISSUE.

JazzTimes CONVENTION



Photos by
Mitchell Seidel



This year's convention will deal with more "How-to" hands on presentations following up on the practical ideas of support for Jazz that were indicated during last year's convention.

We will deal with specific problems and their solutions affecting the Jazz Community.

Handouts will be distributed throughout the conference.

Our tentative schedule will give you an overview of the conference. More sessions, players and receptions will be announced in the next issue.

Who should attend? Musicians, agents, promoters, presenters, Jazz Societies/Support Groups, educators, Jazz radio, print and electronic media, recording industry personnel, fans and everybody involved in any aspect of the Jazz community.

Be there and be recognized. The JazzTimes Convention is the place to stand up and be counted.

Register now for the entire convention and be eligible to win the one week Jazz Cruise aboard the S.S. Norway this October.

Call the Roosevelt Hotel today and reserve your room.

You can always cancel if you have a change in plans. \$69, \$77, \$85, \$93 Single Occupancy; \$76, \$84, \$92, \$100 Double Occupancy; \$25 for each additional occupant in a room; \$250 One-bedroom Suite; \$350 Two-bedroom Suite. Room charges are subject to state and local taxes. The Hotel cutoff date to guarantee these special rates is August 21st. **Call the Roosevelt Hotel 800-223-1870 in the U.S., 800-442-3420 in New York State, 212-661-9600 in New York City.**

SAVE ON AIR FARE

Pan American World Airways is the official carrier for the convention. Save at least \$20 off the lowest price on your round trip air fare. Call Vista Travel at 800-826-6415 in the Washington, D.C. area, 202-328-9555 (9:00 am to 5:00 pm E.S.T.) to make your reservation.

GROUP DISCOUNTS

Three or more people from the same organization deduct 10%—Call person-to-person collect for larger group rates.

Among those who attended last year's convention: Guest of Honor, Billy Taylor, Widespread Jazz Orchestra, Congressman John Conyers, Dan Morgenstern, Milt Hinton, Frank Foster and Herb Wong.

ATTENTION EXHIBITORS

The JazzTimes Convention is a showcase for your product or message. Our conventioners can visit your exhibit space on Friday 9/5 and Saturday 9/6 from approximately 1:00 P.M. until 7:00 P.M. Table rentals are at \$199 each. No registration fee is required for booth personnel. The registration fee is required to attend all other convention functions.

There are a limited number of tables available. Reserve yours today! A \$100 deposit is required for each table. The balance is to be paid by August 1st. No refunds after August 1, 1986.

ATTENTION RECORD DEALERS

The JazzTimes Record Fair on Sunday 9/7 from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. will be widely publicized and open to the public and will include a one-day opportunity to buy, sell and trade collectible Jazz records, books, and memorabilia. All interested collectors and professional record dealers are invited to attend. Six foot tables are available at \$50. There is no convention registration fee required to sell or trade at the record fair. The registration fee is required to attend all other convention functions.

There are a limited number of tables available. Reserve yours today! A \$25 deposit is required for each table. The balance is to be paid by August 1st. No refunds after August 1, 1986.

For up-to-date information

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7/86

Please register me for the 5th annual *JazzTimes* Magazine Convention.

Please check the appropriate box. *

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<input type="checkbox"/> Optional—One Lunch	\$ 25		

*You must register for the full convention to be eligible for the Jazz Cruise Drawing.

If you are registering for less than the 4 days, please specify the exact day(s) you are registering for.

____ Thursday 9/4 ____ Friday 9/5 ____ Saturday 9/6 ____ Sunday 9/7

If at a later date you decide to attend any additional days your initial payment will be credited towards the full registration fee.

You may also charge your *JazzTimes* Magazine Convention registration fee (please check)

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The registration fee includes all panel sessions, workshops, seminars, receptions, movies, exhibits and our *JazzTimes* Record Fair.

The registration fee does not include hotel accommodations or air fare. Registrant substitutions may be made. 10% cancellation fee will apply to cancellations prior to August 14, 1986; absolutely no refunds after August 14, 1986. Your pre-registration must be received in our Maryland office on or before August 28, 1986. After that you may register at the door.

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Book your accommodations at the Roosevelt and fill in the Hotel information for our records.

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