

# CODA MAGAZINE

THE JOURNAL OF JAZZ AND IMPROVISED MUSIC \* ISSUE 215 \* AUGUST/SEPT 1987 \* THREE DOLLARS

ORNETTE COLEMAN \* PAUL RUTHERFORD \* GRACHAN MONCUR III \* DAVID MOSS \* PIERRE DORGE  
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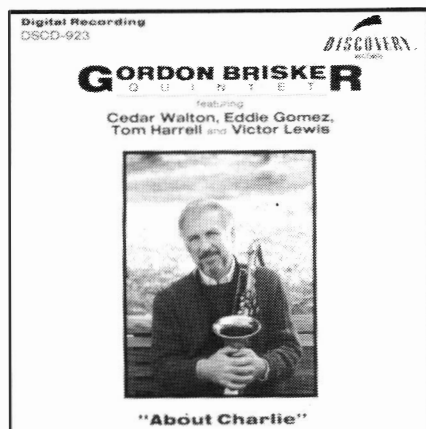


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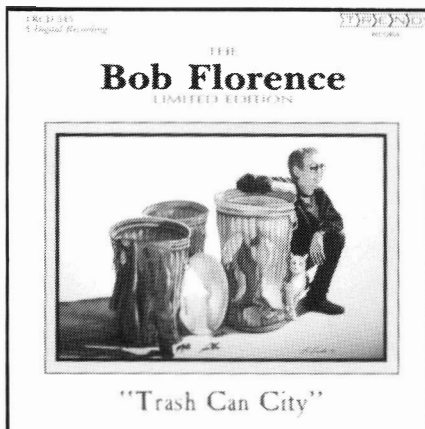
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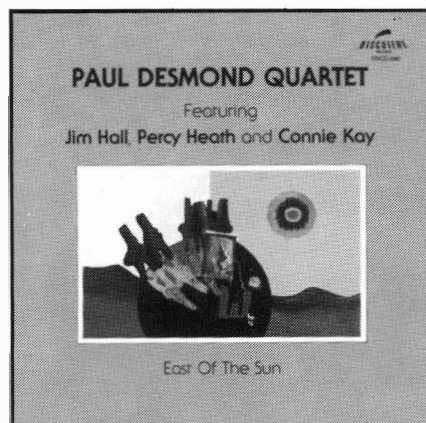
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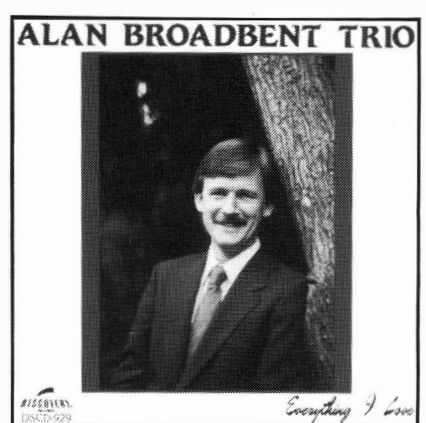
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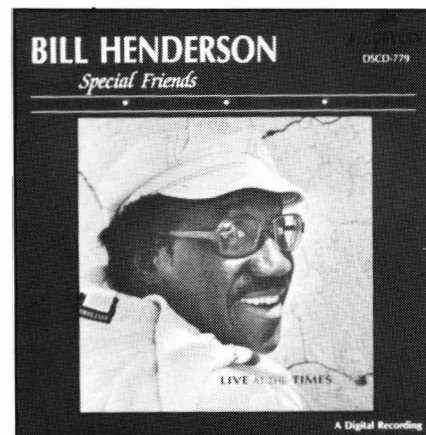
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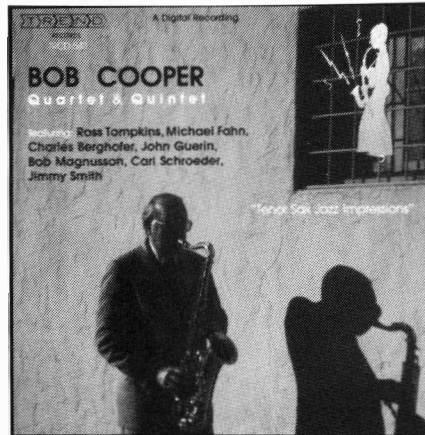
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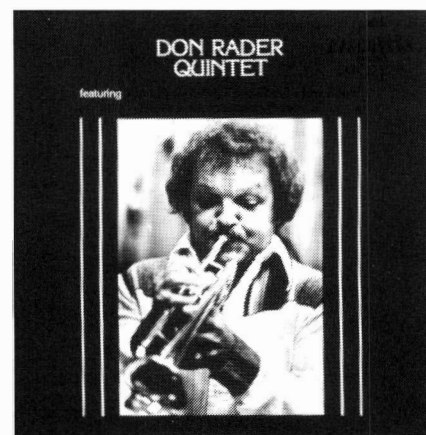
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### ERRATUM

We regret that the name of the author of the Petras Vysniauskas Quartet review in our last issue was omitted. The review was written by *Dominique Denis*.

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## CONTENTS

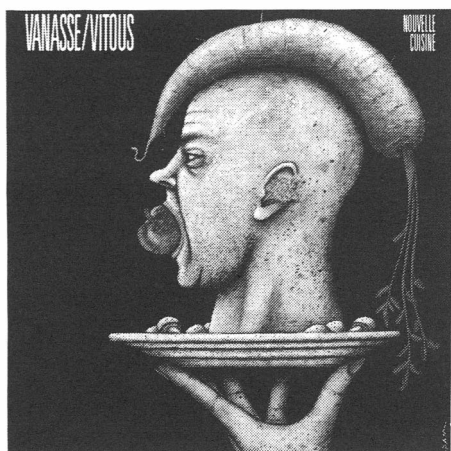
<b>THE EVOLUTION OF GRACHAN MONCUR III</b> - New York writer Elaine Cohen experiences a Grachan Moncur III recording session	4
<b>THE GENTLE HARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE</b> - An interview with the English trombone virtuoso by Coda writer David Lee	7
<b>JAZZ MUSIC ON COMPACT DISC</b> - A survey of compact discs by Scott Yanow	10
<b>ORNETTE IN ALL LANGUAGES</b> - A review of Ornette Coleman in concert with Prime Time and the Original Quartet by Ed Hazell	12
<b>DAVID MOSS: The new New Wave in Jazz</b> - An interview with the New York percussionist by Bill Smith	14
<b>IN PERFORMANCE</b> - Concert reviews of Ellington '87 - Misha Mengelberg Quartet - Michele Rosewoman and Quintessence	16
<b>THE NEW JUNGLE ORCHESTRA</b> - An interview with the Danish guitarist Pierre Dørge by Roland Baggenaes	18
<b>DEMONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY</b> - Canadian guitarist Lloyd Garber investigated by Arthur Bull	20
<b>CANADIAN JAZZ ON RECORD</b> - by Scott Yanow	22
<b>HUGH RAGIN - The Metaphysical Question</b> - Based on an interview with Ed Hazell	24
<b>FESTIVAL SCENES</b> - Reviews of the Toronto DuMaurier Jazz Festival by John Norris, Bill Smith and Hal Hill; the JVC Jazz Festival by J. Hosiasson; the Vancouver DuMaurier Jazz Festival by David Lee; and the Playboy Jazz Festival by Scott Yanow	26
<b>JUNIOR WELLS AT THE HORSESHOE</b> - by Lorne Foster	34
<b>AROUND THE WORLD</b> - News and views from Canada and the United States	35

## THE NEXT ISSUE OF CODA

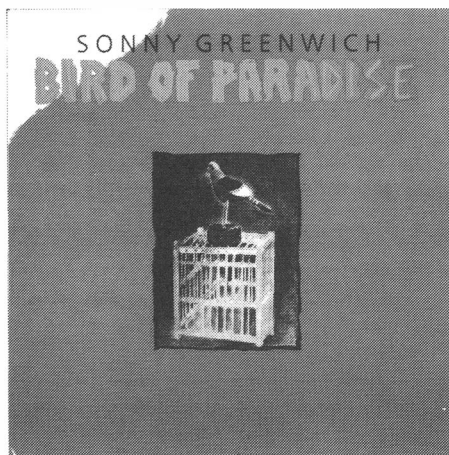
Issue 216 of CODA MAGAZINE features some of the women artists in jazz music.... Spotighting SHEILA JORDAN, MARILYN CRISPELL, CARMEN McRAE and SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN. Plus Steve Lacy, Jazz Festivals, Jazz Literature, Record Reviews etc.....



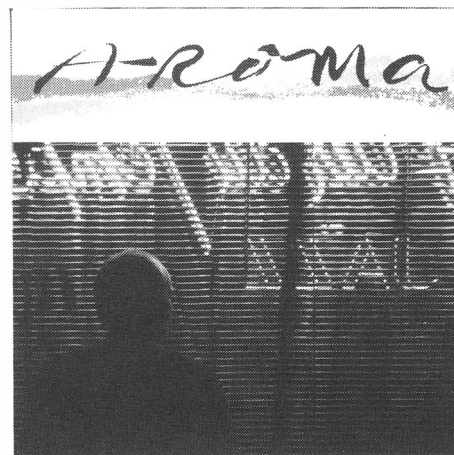
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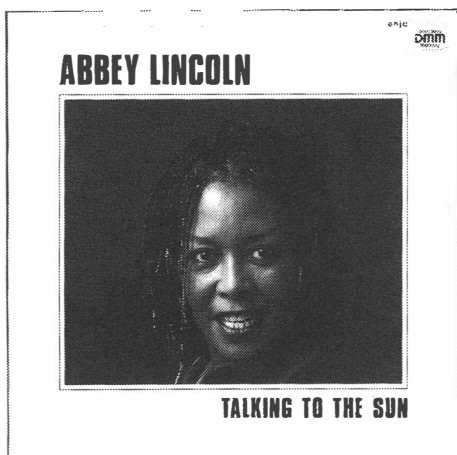
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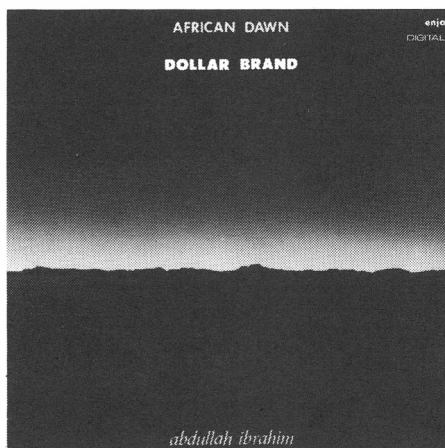
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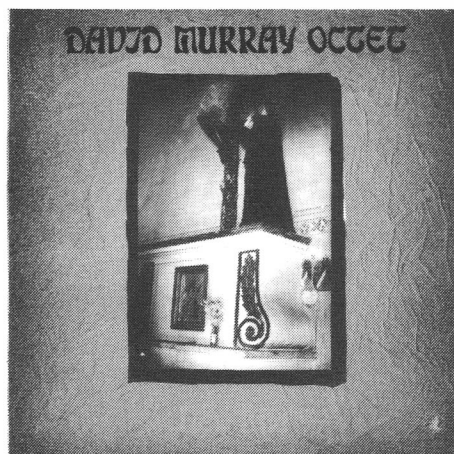
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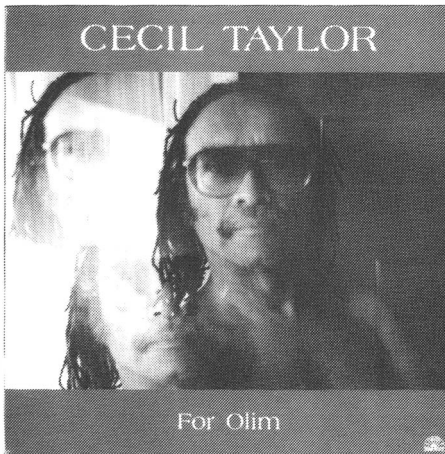
**ABDULLAH IBRAHIM (Dollar Brand) solo**  
**"African Dawn"**  
 Enja 4030



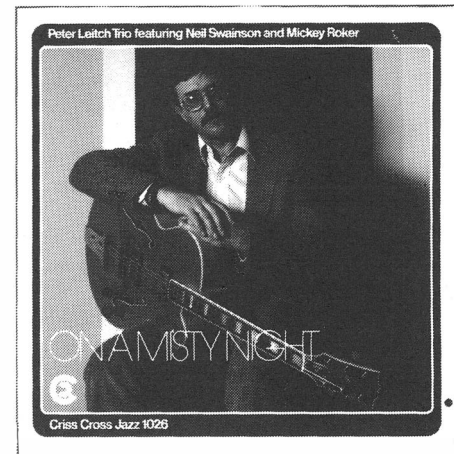
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# THE EVOLUTION OF GRACHAN MONCUR III

NEW YORK WRITER ELAINE COHEN EXPERIENCES A GRACHAN MONCUR III RECORDING SESSION

April, 1987. A Wednesday night rehearsal was in progress, way, way in the back of a downtown Broadway building. No ordinary record date rehearsal, this. Vocalists **Cassandra Wilson** and **June White** stood poised before microphones, turning over some smooth boppish phrases like raw silk. The mercurial and tenacious **Grachan Moncur III** pondered the feel of the audible goods, then backed away to think. "Take it again," he said, "give it more whisper." Cassandra and June obliged.

"The lights are low. / All the hip cats are jammin' / Telling tales about their lives / Some sad, but oohhh, so very wise..."

"Yeah," said Grachan. "Top." He gestured, and the musicians took off again: **Archie Shepp** on tenor saxophone; **Gary Bartz** on alto; **Beaver Harris**, drums; **Chris White** (father of June and producer of the session) on bass; and **Dave Burrell** on piano. With the exception of White and the vocalists, this band has appeared at Sweet Basil's in February, led by Shepp. Now Moncur was at the helm of this mastery of musicians, and Moncur was a stickler, a taskmaster. The tune, *La Rue's Pad* went round and round until the exact, seductive, hard-swinging, easy tempo mellow atmosphere was created. A late night atmosphere, rich with Shepp's curling phrases, Moncur's wrinkly 'bone comments, White's walking bass and the insinuating timbre of June White and Cassandra Wilson's voices blending a bonded scotch of sound. Telling tales about their lives.

Later, Grachan mentioned that *La Rue's Pad* was written for pianist Richard Jordan of Newark. Newark, New Jersey, America's unfavorite city, is home for Grachan Moncur. He grew up there surrounded by music; his father, **Grachan Moncur II** played bass with the Savoy Sultans for many years before leading his own group, **Brother Moncur and His Strollers**. He grew up on the periphery of the hard-core ghetto and never thought himself better or worse than anyone else, black or white. He attended one of the best private high schools for blacks in Laurinburg, North Carolina, but returned to Newark and joined **Nat Phipps Band** alongside his contemporary **Wayne Shorter**. As a teenager in the 1950's, he started "going across the river to Birdland, to hang out on Monday nights with **Lee Morgan** and **Bobby Timmons**. I was intimate with the vanguard of the scene," he pointed out, "so when my parents decided to move to Florida when I was 17, I decided to get my own apartment in Manhattan. That's when I began paying real dues, when I became my own man."

Still a teenager, Moncur and his trombone went out on the road with the **Jackie Wilson Show**, a ten day trip of one-nighters from Baltimore to Texas. The Jackie Wilson Show featured **Red Prysock**, **Arthur Prysock** and

**Jack McDuff** on organ. It also had the hottest young rock star of the time, **Jesse Belvin**. The trip was a turning point in Grachan's life. He'd been hired by a contractor to be part of the **Reggie Willis Band**, and felt a little uncomfortable with the older members of the group because he was coming more from a jazz perspective, than from the blues. But Jesse Belvin and his young beautiful wife were about the same age, 19, so Grachan found compatible company.

"Jesse and Jackie Wilson, the stars of the show, both had big flashy cars and were racing each other across the country to see who could get to the next gig first. They had a bet going on. Not too far out of Baltimore, Jackie's car ran off the road into a ditch and was totally destroyed. Less than half an hour later, Jackie Wilson was at the Cadillac dealer in the next town buying a brand new car. The race was back on."

"Money was no object — these cats were definitely living in the fast lane. We get to Texas, it was a hell of a tour, the main place was Dallas. Most of the ego stuff going on between the fellows was way over my head. I was just completely into music then. The return to New York was a straight shot because we'd played all our gigs. The guys in Reggie Willis' band were getting on my nerves. When we stopped for hot smokes (sausages) at a place outside of Dallas, I asked the guitar player if I could ride with him in Jesse's car. But the line for hot smokes was long. Jesse and them got restless to continue the race and left without me. A few hours later, outside of New Hope, Mississippi, when the sun was coming up, we saw Jesse Belvin's car all smashed up. He'd had a head-on collision with another car. Belvin, his wife, everyone in the car had been rushed to the hospital. But none of them survived."

"I had been spared that time. Shortly after, I returned to New York and studied between Julliard and the Manhattan School of Music. I took some time out to visit my family in Miami, and they talked me in to staying with them again."

"The first time I'd visited them for a few weeks and wound up staying a year or more. Something important to my development happened; a group we had called **The Miami Jazz Laboratory**, with **Blue Mitchell** on trumpet as one of the leading soloists. Musical director was **William Boone**, a very beautiful and unique composer and pianist, one of the few disciples of Herbie Nichols. We had **Bill Peoples** on drums, who had already played with the great **Ray Charles Orchestra**. And a guy named **Big Six**, a bass player from Miami. Our alto saxophonist was **Clister Major**, originally from Chicago and working in Miami as a school-teacher. He loved Coleman Hawkins, all the big

sound cats. So we had ourselves a very good little group. We rehearsed for about a year — only had 4 or 5 gigs for all that rehearsing. Then a new room in one of the big hotels opened, the Sir John Lounge. **Big Black** got the band a gig, and were in there for several weeks."

"The next time I returned to Miami, I played again with the group at the Sir John Lounge. But I was getting bored, I didn't want to stay there. Then I saw a poster that Ray Charles was coming to town. I said to myself, 'I'm going back to New York with that band.'"

"I had put it in my mind. When they came to town the bus pulls up right around the corner from where we're playing. I saw a cat I had known in New York standing on the corner.

"Hey man, what are *you* doing way down here?"

"I'm with Ray," he said, "Look, come to the concert and I'll introduce you."

Moncur was hired for the Ray Charles Orchestra, but he had to go back to New York to audition. The next 2½ years were spent touring and learning from the older trombone players in the band, as well as from **Hank Crawford**. "Ray Charles was a great stepping stone," says Grachan, "that led me into the Jazztet, then with **Jackie McLean**, then **Joe Henderson**, **Sonny Rollins**, the whole bit."

"The whole bit" includes being the first trombone player to be identified with the new music. "I thought it was necessary for the trombone to be part of this music and no one else was dealing with it. Thousands of cats in the woods could have created the kind of style that was considered avant-garde. But I was the first one who took advantage of the opportunity. No one asked me to do it. No one said — hey man, play this!" From 1962-1965 Blue Note Records recorded Moncur's fresh concept under his own name; with Jackie McLean, **Herbie Hancock** and **Tony Williams**, Wayne Shorter, Lee Morgan, and **Horace Silver** (unreleased). The latter 60's brought the BYG dates with Archie Shepp, and Moncur's compositions such as "New Africa", "Hipnosis", "Evolution", "Space Station" and "Frankenstein" have become classics of modern jazz.

So why hasn't Grachan Moncur's name been in well-deserved bright lights this past decade? Where has he been? What happened?

The answer lies in Newark, New Jersey. When Grachan fled Harlem in the early '70's, he returned to the streets of his youth to undergo what he calls his period of redevelopment. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me from an artistic standpoint," he said emphatically, "because I grew. Going all the way back to my roots where people didn't give a damn about me." "You been to Paris? So what. You back here with us, now. We're the same cats in



the same place. Ain't nothing happening here. You gonna make something happen?"

"That's right," I said, "I'm going to stay right here and get my music workshop together. Round up some cats and build a piano workshop."

"I was determined to knock that chip off my shoulder about what I had already done and start dealing with what I hadn't done. Later for everything that happened in the past. When I started in 1973, I thought it would take a couple of years to learn keyboard harmony. I had studied in school, but there's only so much you can learn from school. The 2 years turned into 3, 3 into 4, then 5, 6, 7, 8 — and I was still learning. The more I learned, the more I found out there was more I had to learn. I'm glad I took the patience because I was rewarded for it. I can make sense out of anybody's music — Duke Ellington's or Herbie Hancock's — and from that I gained a better understanding of my own. I can sit down at the piano and teach from it, which is something I couldn't do before."

"Mainly, I gained an understanding of traditional voicings and how to move. And the blues, I gained a lot of insight into real blues from watching *Richard Jordan* and *John Patton*." *Richard Jordan*, one of the original Three Bips and A Bop, the teacher of Babs Gonzalez, was known as *La Rue*, and "La Rue's Pad" came out of this period. Grachan, Jordan and Patton spent months and years at the piano together with Grachan quietly notating and putting into rhythm what Patton and Jordan played. Then he'd surprise them by sitting down the next day and playing exactly what they had improvised the day before from his notation. "La Rue had an incredible ear. He could play anything from the 20's, 30's and 40's as well as all the pop show tunes on the charts. He wasn't a single note man like Bud Powell, but he could do everything with chords and voicings. The flow. He'd say, 'melt, melt down'. Both he and Patton would say, 'C'mon Grachan, you're more advanced than this. Pick up your horn and play with us.' I wouldn't do it though. It took years before my ears became sharp enough to figure out what I wanted to know."

"What I found out was this: once you've been playing your horn a long time a certain way, you don't just stop in midstream and get some new stuff. And just put it in there. It doesn't happen like that. You have to brainwash yourself to get it in. I've been playing my horn 25 or 30 years or more, and once I started studying and picked up my horn, I said, 'this doesn't feel right.' I had to live with this new knowledge a long time until I got it into my ears and into my body to the point where it really sounded better than what I'd been playing previously. I had to get it into my heart and soul. The only way I was able to do that was to alienate myself from everybody — not hang out, not go to jam sessions, not be around anything that would influence me or force me to



go backwards. Because once you get in front of an audience, and have the drums tapping you on the head, bells ringing here and there, piano player going one way, bass player another, the faces in the audience looking at you like crazy anyway, what you're going to do is what you know how to do best. You're going to go back to what you think is going to get you over. So later for all this highbrow new shit you think you have. When the pressure gets on your ass, you say, let me go back and swing this little stuff I know. I had to get over that."

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"The way I play now is like walking a tightrope." Moncur told me after the session. Listening to what was going down at the rehearsal, it was possible to perceptibly hear the trombonist's evolution in process. Especially on the tune "Hipnosis". First recorded with Jackie McLean on the Blue Note album of the same title; then by pianist Dave Burrell on a solo album; then by Archie Shepp as a 26 minute cut on the landmark Black Saint "Sea of Faces" album, "Hipnosis" has undergone further transformation. This "Hipnosis" is a rap version, with lyrics by Grachan and the rap poem underneath the singers' voices written by Grachan's wife, Tracy Moncur.

"What kind of gig is this?" quipped Gary Bartz when he saw what was happening, "a rock gig?"

"Can I smash up my hotel room after this?" shouted Dave Burrell from his isolated nook behind the piano.

The bass line of "Hipnosis", the repetitive piano bass line which surges through the entire piece, gives the composition its urgency, its hypnotic frequency. The bass line acts as a net, a trampoline for the staccato rush of words: "...never will I give up my dream...the music says never, the music says never, the music says never." In deadpan earnest, the voices dictate "Walk the hipnosis. Talk the hipnosis. Play the

hipnosis. Dance the hipnosis." Shepp's tenor flies off the handle with a classic yowling scream of lusty bravado and he's down into a blues solo that builds and indeed tells tales. Bartz's liquid gold alto follows, engraving his own swoops and flights on the idiom. Moncur's sound is bright and passionate, but he is not satisfied and stops the take. Stop and start. Moncur is after perfection.

In all its versions, "Hipnosis" is one of the best examples of the freedom, the spontaneity, and the drive that came into the music during the 60's. In a way, "Hipnosis" exemplifies the new concept. "We were about playing long and hard," said Moncur of his days with Jackie McLean. Jackie and I took it to the max." When I asked him why he thought this new music was created, he replied:

"Well, I'll tell you. We have to go back to Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor and come up to the newer music. What Ornette did was to me just an extension of what Charlie Parker and Miles Davis had done. He extended the rhythmical aspect of the harmony in dealing with improvisation. He just dealt with music from a more linear standpoint — which was a breath of fresh air to hear, especially rhythmically, because they were going past bar lines. This had actually been done before by some of the great blues artists years ago who never got any credit for it. Ornette's groups kind of intellectualized the old blues feelings, intellectualized the bebop feeling, made the whole thing more intellectual. To me it was healthy because I could still hear overtones of Bird (Charlie Parker) in his playing in a faint way, and in a very big way hear the overtones of Miles Davis and Don Cherry."

"I obviously liked it and became interested in trying to find a way to play in that idiom. I never did come up with a way to play in Ornette's idiom, but it opened up a way for me to play something new on my instrument and



to find a direction no one else had taken on trombone; it opened up a door for a new concept of my own music."

"During that same period, one of the most important artists to come along and support that movement was John Coltrane. So when Coltrane did his thing, I leaned more toward where Trane was coming from, as I felt a more traditional link there which seemed natural to me. Ornette became the new thing from the intellectual standpoint. Coltrane became the hardcore soldier, the warrior, the knight in armor, the nuclear bomb! So with Coltrane's energy and Ornette's intellectual concepts and his open rhythms, everybody had some new food for thought. What became the strongest of the two was the Coltrane concept of endurance, with the most energy."

"So in the 60's, musicians became influenced by Ornette's intellect and Trane's energy. Combining both factors was where you got the new breeds that came up between both elements — each as strong as the other. The only ones that really survived were the ones who were able to combine both."

"That's where I was coming from and everybody else who was shot out there at the same time. It was very important to play as long and hard as you could. I mean, if you couldn't play for 2 hours straight, if you couldn't take a good hour solo — (this strikes us both as hilarious) — I mean blood be filling up in your mouthpiece — as long as you could last for an hour, that was the thing. I got very caught up in that. I was the longest trombone player in the world. Cat's be leaving the bandstand to go get some lunch, come back, I'm still up there, haven't even got to the bridge yet."

Grachan also credits Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor to pulling everybody's coat to just how far behind jazz musicians were on the pay scale, and how they could play for the door and make far more money than what the club-owners were offering, that is, when gigs were available. "It took guys like Ornette to come in at Slugs and say, 'That's o.k., you keep the whiskey money, just give me the door.' And these are the first guys that walked out of there with 4 figures. Money was just not good for anybody in the 60's, unless you were Miles Davis. Ornette said to me — 'Now look Grachan man, you got a name. Use your head and get the door, later for these cats who pay that little jive scale.' Nobody wanted to take the chance until Ornette did it. By the time everybody got hip to it, the clubowners didn't want to deal like that with everybody. Years later, a lot of lesser known artists started doing the same thing with the loft jazz idea...Even at the clubs some of the lesser known artists started just working off the door, talking about 'Man, if I'd known this years ago, I'd been making all kinds of money just by having a little faith in myself and a little hustle.'"

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A little hustle is what it's all about. Musicians have come a long ways since the 60's. The rehearsal and the next days' recording session

was the result of the enterprising spirit of bassist Chris White, who, through his affiliation with the Newark Community School of the Arts, has created Lincoln Park Music, a professional division of the school geared toward the training and recording of artists. As composer in residence at the Newark Community School of the Arts, Moncur was selected to lead this session, the fourth in a series. Financial backing for the date came, not from a record company, but from the Geraldine R. Dodge Foundation. The actual record from the tape will be released once a commercial company buys it.

Everyone arrived at the session at noon sharp the next day. By one o'clock, most of the sound check had been done. Archie Shepp, wearing his proverbial pinstripes, and Beaver Harris, neat, in a white shirt and plaid vest, were telling jokes over sandwiches and coffee. Then Beaver Harris, one of the tastiest and crispest drummer jazz will ever see, wandered into the sound booth to rap before disappearing into his glass-walled enclosure.

"We want this to be a classic — every record we make will last. Not just 10 or 20 years, but forever, so long as there's people listening to music."

Grachan, workmanlike in jeans and a navy blue sweatshirt, wearing a Greek fisherman's cap, ran over the lead lines with Archie, while Gary Bartz, warm-eyed, his trademark Afro modified and graying, sat on a stool, nibbled on a sandwich, sipped juice and precariously placed two boxes of reeds on his music stand. The lean, lanky, intense Dave Burrell was again ensconced behind a grand piano. Cassandra Wilson and June White weren't scheduled to appear until later. This early afternoon portion of the session was strictly instrumental. These comrades were getting down to business.

"Stomp it off, Jackson!"

Take One, after several half-finished run-throughs, was on *Yardbird Suite* at an easy tempo. Grachan's trombone grabbed the melody with the saxes behind him; took it relaxed with a mute. Then Archie, who had by now replaced his dapper felt hat with earphones, played an economical solo, biting into the notes and making each one count. Bartz picked it up, pure and limpid. Burrell swung down the bop lines with a minimum of fuss, a graceful get to the meat-of-the-matter pulse. White's bass echoed with fat resonant notes. Moncur led the ensemble back to the head. Silence fell momentarily, then the studio becomes a jumble of opinions voiced in no uncertain terms. Archie stalked to the sound booth to discuss the levels with the engineer, Jim Anderson, a top-notch freelancer, who also recently recorded the demanding John Carter Octet. Gary Bartz slid off his stool and danced along with the playback.

On Take Two, Grachan's sound was far more brilliant, Shepp's fiercer, Bartz's had more blues coloration, Burrell was more emphatic. *Yardbird Suite* sailed beautifully until the final unison harmony fell wide apart. In fact, they

were so outlandishly far from the mark that the musicians laughed for almost five minutes. When things calmed down, Grachan decided to use Take Two and overdub from the bridge on out.

There was an overwhelming big band feeling to the arrangement, although only five musicians were playing. Grachan explained he'd been working on that tune for his jazz workshop he conducts at the Newark Community School of the Arts. He thought he'd put it to use on the album. "At this point," he said, "I prefer being as musical as I can be from a traditional standpoint. I think the music is coming back into some real swinging music."

The next tune, *Getting To Know You*, with wonderfully witty *Tea For Two* insertions by the horns, proved his point well. But Grachan's wide open ears demanded another take. Take Two was more successful and the musicians took a break. A slight tedium had crept into the session, the kind of tedium bred by intense concentration. Calls for water, juice, coffee and whiskey were made. Friends dropped by to rap and listen.

When the band re-grouped, the tune was *Space Station II Invention*. Originally Space Station was recorded by Art Farmer and Bennie Golson when Grachan was with the Jazztet in the very late 1950's. Drummer Roy McCurdy named the melody, the kind of happy, catchy melody that you find yourself singing through the day without even knowing you're doing it. Again, Grachan had re-arranged the tune for this date based on his work for the school, adding a second section to the original 12 bar modal of 4 different chords, a countermelody against the main theme.

The musicians gave their utmost attention to each and every detail, and Grachan Moncur III was grateful. After the date, he reflected: "If you listen to the tape closely, you can hear how sensitive the musicians were. Archie's kind of towing the line on this date, being sensitive to where I was coming from, and so was Gary. They both can be pretty open players, stretching out when they play, but they were towing the line. I think they felt kind of a delicate approach coming from me which made them disciplined. Archie, you know what he pulled on me? He said, 'Damn, Grachan, you make me think I might have been your slave in another life!' Oh, man! They were beautiful. I don't think many cats would have given the time. They were there til we got the job done. Anybody else would have been looking at their watch — man, I got to get down to the Vanguard. They were bullshitting, they were a little blase, but it wasn't like they were watching the clock. I couldn't have asked for too much more."

— Elaine Cohen

For further information on the tape from this session contact: Chris White, Grachan Moncur III or Bill Reader at the Newark Community School of the Arts, Professional Division, Lincoln Park Music, 89 Lincoln Park, Newark, New Jersey, 07102. Tel. 201-642-0133.



# THE GENTLE HARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE

PAUL RUTHERFORD IN CANADA — AN INTERVIEW WITH THE ENGLISH TROMBONE VIRTUOSO BY CODA WRITER DAVID LEE

Paul Rutherford is one of a generation of improvisors who have been forwarding their unique styles of improvised music in England since the 1960s. His trombone playing first attracted attention with the Spontaneous Music Ensemble and other groups associated with the Little Theatre Club in London; groups which included such formidable stylists as Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Kenny Wheeler, Dave Holland, Tony Oxley, John Stevens and Trevor Watts. During the 1970s Rutherford was one of the first improvisors to play entire concerts unaccompanied, employing a fantastic trombone technique which is documented on such recordings as "The Gentle Harm of the Bourgeoisie" (Emanem) and "Old Moers Almanac" (Moers Music). Although active on the European scene in those years, there were no opportunities for him to perform in North America. His reputation on this continent gradually spread, through recordings such as those just mentioned, and through word of mouth among the musical community, as visitors to European festivals, and touring American musicians, would return with stories of the exhilarating new movement in European "jazz", a movement one of whose primary figures was an English trombonist of startling imagination and technique.

In 1978 I had the opportunity to hear Paul Rutherford at the Moers Festival in West Germany, and at a pub called The Plough in London, in a quintet organized by John Stevens. In 1982, when the Bill Smith Ensemble was touring England, we heard Rutherford at the 100 Club with Paul Rogers on bass and Nigel Morris on drums. Of that concert I wrote in *Coda* that Rutherford's "beautiful tone, fluidity and lyricism seemed the very essence of 'jazz' improvisation."

In June 1985 I was surprised to receive a phone call from Paul Rutherford saying that he was in Boston, Massachusetts, and were there any opportunities to come to Toronto and play? Two days later he came up on the bus to play informally in John Oswald's "Pool" at the Cameron Public House, and to appear with The Last of the Red Hot Dadas at the Rivoli — a performance made all the more singular by another guest from out of town, a long-time friend and collaborator of Rutherford's bassist Peter Kowald. The following interview took place in Toronto June 9, 1985.

**PAUL RUTHERFORD:** There was always music in the house, right from the time when I was a kid. My father and grandfather used to play piano; my father played by ear, he wasn't a "taught" musician at all. My brother and sister were both interested in jazz. My brother Dave liked Charlie Parker and Erroll Garner, and all that modern jazz, bebop. My sister liked George Lewis, Bunk Johnson, Louis Armstrong, so there was quite a cross-section of musics.

I originally bought a saxophone but didn't really like it. After about eight months I sold that and bought my first trombone. Actually, I bought a trombone because there was a trombone left at my house by a friend of my brother's and I used to sort of secretly take it out and try and play it. I really liked the feel



of it. At that time I was listening a lot to George Lewis — you realize I mean the clarinet player — Bunk Johnson, and the guy who really set me off was Jim Robinson. I still love that guy's playing. He had a way of dealing with rhythm that was unique. When I first heard him play he must have been in his sixties, he'd worked pretty hard all his life. The same with George Lewis and all the rest of the guys in the band.

I remember going to my first jazz club, Cy Laurie's jazz club, Chris Wellard in fact took me, bless him. He took me down and we met all the people there in duffle coats and long hair and beards. That was the tradists, as we called them. And the modern jazz, the mods, were the guys in suits and bebop glasses and college boy haircuts. Eventually I started playing and I was more into New Orleans jazz. It was when I was about sixteen or seventeen, just after I'd left school. I used to play with dixieland bands and we even had a New Orleans marching band. None of us could play very well but the actual concept of a New Orleans jazz band marching on the streets was quite exciting. It was a lovely experience. Then I got into a group of guys who were more interested in bebop. So we changed our clothes, because we couldn't go to the same club. We got sort of modern suits, button down shirts, and I can actually remember seeing an advert in Down

Beat for real bebop glasses. I remember they cost five dollars at the time and I sent five dollars; I never got my bebop glasses but someone got my five dollars. Then someone told me that in actual fact what you need are **dark** glasses so I did the second best thing and went to a chemist and bought a pair of dark glasses with thick black rims, like Monk wore. Couldn't quite grow a goatee because I was still adolescent; I had to wait until I went to the air force to grow anything, and then that wasn't allowed because you're not allowed to grow anything below your lip. So I went into the air force in 1958 and met John Stevens and Trevor Watts, and I think mutually we kept each other's sanity through that five years. We were in the air force band and that relationship between Trevor, John and me has lasted ever since. In the air force we used to experiment with trying to play bebop and things like that. Then we heard Coltrane, Miles and all that, all those guys, and **that** was our music! Eventually we quite naturally gravitated towards a freer interpretation of what they were doing, quite independently. When we came out of the air force in 1963, Trevor, John and I used to play in a little pub called The Sun in Drury Lane. Harry Miller was on bass, he had just arrived from South Africa. Ironically we had the same lineup as the New Art Quartet with Roswell Rudd, John Tchicai, Milford Graves

and Lewis Worrell, and when that record came out people said that we were copying them. Well, up until that time we had never heard of any of them.

By being together as a foursome we developed a sort of courage of our own convictions. It was a process of finding our own identity musically. We wrote our own tunes and within a year we were also playing complete improvisations. At that same time Mike Westbrook asked me to join his own band, the ten-piece concert band, and I had a long situation with Mike, from about '66 to '76, with various bands.

Through the activities at the Little Theatre Club I met all the other guys who went there. Kenny Wheeler was there, Evan Parker and Derek Bailey, Dave Holland, Barry Guy came to it, and quite a few visiting Americans. Peter Kowald also came there and that sort of started the German connection, where we started to get connected with German musicians and through them with Dutch musicians, and certain American musicians who were in Europe. I was playing with various groups, a lot with Mike Westbrook. I got into contact with Peter Brotzmann, played in one of Peter's bands, played with some of the Dutch guys, then Alex Schlippenbach asked me to join the Globe Unity Orchestra as it was at the time. The first Globe Unity was in 1966 and this was the second one, around 1972. I played with that quite regularly until '81, I think. Alex had a complete reorganization of the band, for reasons which I think had more to do with politics than music. But I had started to find that band a bit restricting. It was getting into a set pattern of presenting the music. Tunes that I didn't feel were very well arranged or put together. And also the improvisations were becoming very, very formal. There would be a big thrash-up, a group of soloists, and then a thrash-up. I mean, it got to be in the end where I would deliberately *not* do a solo because it seemed that everyone else was waiting their turn to go on and do a solo. I found it was sort of degenerating into quite a lazy mental attitude to the music.

Also from about 1970 I formed Iskra 1903 with Barry and Derek and from that period Barry had formed the London Jazz Composers Orchestra. I was one of the founding members of that band and I think that the improvisations we did subsequently with the LJCO were far more in the spirit of improvisation than the improvisations we had done with the Globe Unity. It was much more collective musically. It's ironic that both Brotzmann and Kowald came into the London Jazz Composers Orchestra as well, at the time though for their own reasons, and they brought another good, strong dimension to the band. I found the charts for the LJCO more demanding than the Globe Unity charts, but that's only because of Barry's approach to the music and Alex's approach to the music. They're both different, but both completely valid. And Barry will readily admit, I think, that he was influenced by the Jazz Composers Orchestra of America, Mike Mantler and Carla Bley's thing. Out of all that situation from the early '70s onwards, a group of us formed the Musicians' Cooperative in London, to carry on the impetus of the Little Theatre Club, which had closed down. We would put on concerts at various places, and again if there were visiting musicians we tried to get

them involved in it. That was up to about 1975; during that period also a lot of us started to get into solo performances. That's a form of music making I enjoy because it's hard. You have to be on your toes all the time.

As I remember it, the original Musicians' Cooperative was Derek Bailey, Paul Lytton, Tony Oxley, Evan Parker, myself, Barry Guy, Howard Riley, and I think John Stevens and Trevor Watts were originally in it but didn't maintain their presence for some reason. At about the same time Incus Records was formed by Derek, Evan, Tony Oxley and Mike Walters. Right up until '78 there was quite a lot of activity going on and quite a lot of interaction between Britain and Europe.

In 1982 I formed the trio with Paul Rogers on bass and Nigel Morris on drums. I think that trio goes back to the fact that I was always fascinated by the energy of the John Coltrane Quartet. Coming from the solo situation, where you've really got to pace yourself and work, I wanted to get in that situation where there was a rhythm configuration, bass and drums, and me as a horn. Not exactly "straight-ahead" music, but certainly music with a kind of intensity that I always found so fantastic in Coltrane's quartet. I mean, I'm not Coltrane, I'm not trying to copy Coltrane but that aspect of Coltrane was fascinating to me.

Now, I've just been to a trombone workshop in Nashville, Tennessee. George Lewis put me in touch with the coordinator of the workshop, Tom Everett, who formally invited me to come and participate. That was about eighteen months ago. I had been trying to find various ways of getting there and eventually, after a lot of trials and tribulations, Ray's Jazz Shop in London sponsored me to go. It's been quite a marvelous experience.

One of the things that I found a bit disappointing in the workshop, and that I am finding generally, is that jazz is being taught in schools and colleges and academies, and it seems that they are producing a breed of very fine, capable young musicians who can read and play all the changes and everything, but at the same time, it's actually like a sausage factory; they are all coming out sounding the same. There's no individuality at all, and to me, the one thing that has always been exclusive to jazz is this great expression of the individual. But now, there's a danger I think — in fact the process has already started — the danger of jazz becoming yet another academically produced product. It is producing an almost clone-like situation.

I think a lot of this has come about because of the increased mechanical information, i.e. records, radio, television, whereby students of the music, or lovers of the music, can hear various styles and can, in the comforts of their own living rooms as it were, assimilate the characteristics of a musician and can look upon that as being the end product in itself, i.e. to produce another J.J. Johnson, another Stan Getz, another Charlie Parker. Rather than, as those guys themselves did, being influenced by musicians they respect, but then developing their own genius. None of those guys went to study jazz at college or an academy. Their "academic" training was down on the streets or in the clubs, where they didn't have time to think about "Can I sound like J.J.?" The music was forcing their own individuality out onto

the stage, so to speak.

A professional problem for Rutherford — and for any innovative artist — is the difficulty of readily categorizing his music, in the face of a music market that demands easy definitions. Many musicians are very clear as to what they have to offer creatively, not so clear as to where their music might "fit". I asked Paul if he felt that his contribution to the trombone has been technical, in terms of introducing new techniques, or conceptual, in terms of redefining what the instrument is. Or perhaps even strictly improvisational, in the sense of entering into the process of the music itself.

Generally in the past when my music has been discussed, I've been automatically put into the same bracket as Albert Mangelsdorff, Gunter Christmann, George Lewis... various other contemporary trombone players. But I don't feel a part of that movement, I think I was before that. I started to develop the techniques that I'm using as early as 1965. And the reason that I developed into that line of playing was a realization in myself that to copy someone else was not a good thing, was not a compliment to the person I was trying to copy, i.e. at that time, J.J. Johnson. I was frustrated because I wasn't playing very well because I was trying to copy someone I wasn't. The only way of overcoming that situation was to really think into, inside myself and realize what it would mean to play the way that I really am. And if that meant developing new ways of playing, then that was the road I had to take, and I had nothing to lose.

I must say that, from the period of this realization, I was very fortunate to be involved with some of the most creative musicians in Britain who had similar ideas, i.e. John Stevens, Trevor Watts and Harry Miller. John Stevens worked very hard to get the Little Theatre Club going in St. Martin's Lane, so we had a place to play. We had similar outlooks in music with similar ideas about what we were going to do.

A bone of contention among this community of musicians has been the accusation that they were "anti-American". An accusation that has sustained itself even when they have collaborated with American players, and in the face of recorded tributes to such influences as Edward Blackwell, Billy Higgins and Albert Ayler. There is a dichotomy here that is familiar to any non-American practitioner of "jazz" or improvised music. One may have boundless enthusiasm for the vast body of American improvised music which is such a huge influence; on the other hand, trying to develop professionally in one's own country, it is possible to see a whole body of original work ignored by promoters or producers in favour of the allure of imported talent. A frustration that becomes all the more contradictory when one counts American musicians among one's friends, and is aware of the huge indifference and marginalization they, especially black players, face in their own country. Rutherford, Stevens and company were sometimes cited as having "anti-American" attitudes throughout the period when they were creating some of their own most important and influential music. Much of this stemmed from their resistance to critical responses which often treated their music, however favorably, as



a simple derivation of American developments.

We weren't copying Americans. Unfortunately, insisting that we weren't copying Americans has sometimes given us the reputation of being anti-American, which is of course totally untrue. My attitude has been that, although all the jazz greats so far have been Americans, that doesn't mean that America has a complete monopoly in creativity in music. But that doesn't mean that I'm anti-American.

Similarly, I have felt a bit left out of the current interest in developing techniques on the trombone. Part of this is because the job of analysing what's going on in the music, of defining what's important and what isn't, is in the hands of music critics who can't actually talk about the music. All they talk about are the technical frills employed in creating the music. The techniques that I've developed, like the multiphonics: I didn't invent them, but I think I was the first to use them in an improvising or jazz context. Simply because I developed them myself, and then noticed other people using them after I developed them.

For example, a few years ago someone in Britain reviewed one of my performances and said that because I wasn't using some of the techniques that I used to use, my playing had become more refined or conservative or something like that. Well, that might have been the case from the point of view of the listener, but the reason for that was that I got so fed up with hearing trombone players automatically going to multiphonics and furiously fast passages and techniques in general that I'd actually used quite a long time ago. I still use them, but no one aspect of my playing is going to be a mainstay of my style. If I stay in one particular situation that I have developed then I'm going to become lazy and so is the music. As long as I'm moving somewhere; I think that's the important thing.

I mean, there are some good critics. I had some good reviews of my first album, "The Gentle Harm of the Bourgeoisie" by John Litweiler in the Village Voice, and someone in Cadence for example. They were very flattering to me — but the most important thing to me was the intelligence used by these guys. They were talking about the music, the techniques they mentioned as secondary. Barry McRae in Britain also has the ability to do this. I'm picking out writers who are pretty favourable towards me, but I'm not talking about whether they think I'm playing well or not, it's just that I feel they have actually understood the music. In fact, a critic writing on that level can actually help me to hear something I'm not aware of myself.

But all these areas are peripheral. It seems to me that the broader understanding of this music is still suffering from either well-meaning idiots or just out-and-out shysters. I also think that this festival situation is ridiculous, because you're getting people who have got themselves into an area of manipulation and then *they* decide what sort of project they're going to have at *their* festival. There are thousands of really great musicians everywhere, who are just there to perform, yet they have to go cap in hand to these guys who run the festivals: "Can I please have a gig in your festival?" "Oh yet, you can have a gig in my festival. I'm thinking of having a trombone versus guitar

battle. Are you interested in that?" "Well, actually I don't play guitar or trombone, I play flute." "Ah well, I'm sorry. Maybe I can work you into another concept I *might* have next year." It's the festival organizers' concepts that are being put on the public.

The result of the proliferation of music festivals is that, in exchange for more exposure and higher fees, musicians are often forced to work in ensembles not of their own choosing, which only rarely results in music of the highest quality. That musicians could be flown thousands of miles, accommodated and paid well to make music on a lesser level than they are capable of making with their own groups. I pointed out that, at least in North America, even very established improvisers are going back to playing in small art galleries, storefronts and clubs. Just playing and splitting whatever is taken on the door. That this has been necessary to keep the art going.

There's a curious thing about this. I've become very much aware of this in the process of coming over for this trombone workshop. Boosey and Hawkes pulled out their sponsorship of me at the last minute, and the various government agencies couldn't do anything because of their budgets and deadlines and all that sort of nonsense. The people who actually sustained me and helped me were other musicians, my colleagues and also, in this case probably more importantly, the moral and financial support I got from people who make their living selling records like Ray's Jazz Shop, Ray, Hazel Miller, John Jack and all the people in that shop. In reality they — and there's lots of others like them — have always been the people who have actively and spiritually supported musicians, just keeping the musicians going by going to the gigs. Just various little bits and pieces that really do help the musicians. They are the people who don't get their names in lights — it's the festival organizers who get all the credit for everything. Okay, if we get a gig in a festival those guys are paying us but generally, in real terms, the actual support is coming from the people that you don't hear about. The moral support from the friends of the music has been far more important to me than the organizers of festivals.

We all know the drawbacks of being a musician but I feel fortunate, I am very grateful and happy to be a musician. It does have its responsibilities, the very fact that you play and work with some very, very fine people. You're in a better situation than some poor bastard who's sitting on a workbench churning out garbage or punching a keyboard. You are in a stimulated situation socially. Because of that I feel that you have a responsibility to place before other people not just a release from the usual sort of boredom of living but also alternative ways of hearing and seeing things, feeling things. I mean, an artist is an artist because their imaginations generally are a bit larger than most peoples'. And for being in that fortunate position they have the ability to give back to people, to actually be the eyes and ears of other people, who are doing less interesting jobs. That's our job, that's our profession, that's what we're involved in.

I asked Paul if, when he began to play improvised music in the sixties, he and his

colleagues had assaulted many peoples' ideas about what music was.

Oh yes. You can expect that to happen but one of the great things that sustained our activities was the unexpected appreciation. In one respect too in the sixties we were lucky that there was a great wide open feeling about music. It was a very stimulating era. Socially as well, the sixties were full of expanding ideas and expanding politics. And the eighties are sort of contracting, it's almost the complete reverse. Things are becoming restricted, conservative politically as well as musically. We are coming back to the lowest common denominator in everything. The first thing that obviously suffers is any kind of truth and honesty and how that relates specifically to art and politics.

I suggested that in conservative periods an increasingly large proportion of the population begins to feel disaffected, left out, and that in some instances this means that the audience for alternative statements becomes larger.

That's sort of a strange thing. In Britain, for example, in the past when we've had conservative governments we have actually noticed a few more people coming to concerts. The difference with previous conservative regimes and the present one is that people just don't have the money now. That's the biggest difference. I mean, Thatcher's taken everything away from them. In the sixties that massive explosion of ideas and excitement was so strong that you couldn't fail to be influenced by it, by the optimism that it generated. Now we have very conservative regimes everywhere and there is a sort of social sense of despair. It's a question of people, and especially artists, deciding whether to give up or fight back. I'm for fighting back. I felt very cynical and depressed about everything in the last three or four years, but now I feel more optimistic than ever. There's a lot of good music going down. I think that the actual realities of what these social situations mean are starting to creep up on people. I hope that we're going to be part of that movement. We've got the means to do it musically, to be part of that re-awakening of the best situations for people.

Actually, I think that the biggest dynamic in Britain is the fact that musicians themselves are organizing places to play. John Stevens works very hard for that situation. Elton Dean is locating various places to play. The point is, most of the club activity is organized by the musicians themselves. No one is earning a lot of money but at least they're keeping things going. There is a lot of exciting music going on in London, largely due to the efforts of the musicians and, as I said before, friends of the musicians, the people who supported us all along. The people who put a lot of energy out to run the clubs and organize gigs. And last, but not least, the people who come to hear us. You can't over-estimate the importance of the people who support you in that way. Believing in you enough to come and hear you play. That's beautiful.

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Since this interview Paul Rutherford has been active performing in Britain and Europe. He has toured Latin America, and returned to the U.S. and Canada with the Charlie Watts Big Band. Paul Rutherford can be contacted at 18 Humber Road, Blackheath, London SE3 7LT, telephone (01) 853-4604.

# JAZZ MUSIC ON COMPACT DISC

Are LP's on the way out? This writer predicts that in 5 years (1992), extremely few labels will be releasing music on albums, not because LP's are obsolete (as 78's were by 1955) but because the novelty and convenience of CD's are revitalizing the formerly stagnant record industry. When CD's cost less than \$10 in retail stores, the days of the LP will be numbered.

CD's do have a clearer sound than LP's, making it possible to really hear members of an audience cough during the quiet classical record and musicians grunting and groaning when they play (as on the McCoy Tyner Denon CD). CD's, due to their small size, are easier to store (although 1,000 of them look much less impressive than 1,000 albums) and can contain over 70 minutes of music. During the past few months many jazz labels have been releasing both old and new music on CD's; some of the more interesting packages are covered in this survey.

Polygram has set a high standard in their reissue sets of Verve material on CD, packaging the historic music logically and including informative liner notes by Phil Schaap. Purchasers of the 10-LP Japanese import *Charlie Parker on Verve* (OOMJ 3268/77) have a right to be outraged for the CD *Bird and Diz* (Verve 831 133-2) includes 3 previously unissued takes not part of the "complete" Bird Verve set: 2 new versions of "Leap Frog" and an alternate of "Melancholy Baby". *Bird and Diz* consists of the complete (hopefully) output from a remarkable summit meeting. On June 6, 1950 the reunited pair of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie were teamed with Thelonious Monk (the pianist's only recordings with Bird), bassist Curly Russell and Buddy Rich. Rich's drumming on this session has gotten mixed reviews through the years but I rather enjoy his unexpected presence along with Monk's jarring accompaniment to the horn solos. "Bloomdido" was the classic of the date but the 2 versions of "Melancholy Baby" and all 13 tracks during the nearly-40 minute set have their exciting moments.

The music included on *Stan Getz and J.J. Johnson at the Opera House* (Verve 831 272-2) and *Ella Fitzgerald at the Opera House* (Verve 831 269-2) has confused collectors and discographers for decades. In the fall of 1957 Norman Granz recorded the sets of the Getz-J.J. quintet and Ella on two separate nights (when they were all traveling with Jazz at the Philharmonic), releasing 2 albums apiece; one set in stereo and the other in mono. Since the tunes were almost identical on the two pairs of records, many believed that the stereo and mono albums were from the same performance. Now, on CD the confusion is at least eliminated for virtually all of the music has been made available.

The Stan Getz-J.J. Johnson matchup was Norman Granz's idea and it lasted only as long as the tour. Backed by the Oscar Peterson trio plus drummer Connie Kay (none of whom solo), J.J. (who is normally so cool and restrained) plays some of the most extroverted improvisa-



tions of his career. With the exception of a couple of ballads, all of the selections are taken at rapid tempos (including "My Funny Valentine") and there is a great deal of interplay between the two horns, who really stretch out and drive each other during the many ensembles. The only possible complaint will seem trivial for a set that is already over 73 minutes, but the 3½ minute stereo version of "It Never Entered My Mind" was left off this disc (for time considerations!). Otherwise there are two performances apiece of "Billie's Bounce", "My Funny Valentine", "Crazy Rhythm" and "Blues In The Closet" along with single versions of "It Never Entered My Mind" and "Yesterdays". Getz and J.J. have rarely sounded more inspired and the rhythm section never lets up. This set is a must and a bargain, even at CD prices.

The complete mono and stereo performances of Ella Fitzgerald (backed by the Oscar Peterson trio plus drummer Jo Jones) is included on her CD: two versions apiece of eight songs along with single takes of two others. Ella, whose voice is in glorious form, does not vary her performances that much, and except for "Stompin' At The Savoy" they all clock in around 3 minutes. Since the singer has a countless number of releases currently available this CD is not essential but the music is quite enjoyable. Highpoint of the 60-minute CD is her surprise encore of "Lady Be Good" during which her ad-lib scat is quite humorous, referring to the "fad" of rock and roll and revealing that Ella was not 100% sure what city she was in. On two of the

tracks the JATP horns riff in the background without soloing. The lineup is so outstanding that it's worth noting: Roy Eldridge, J.J. Johnson, Sonny Stitt, Illinois Jacquet, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Stan Getz and Flip Phillips!

Denon (27 Law Drive, Fairfield, NJ 07006), unlike Verve, sticks exclusively to releasing CD's but shares with Verve a consistent high quality both in its music and packaging (and also offers lengthy liner notes). *Long Live the Chief* (Denon 33CY-1018) is, I believe, the initial recording of the Count Basie ghost band and probably the late rhythm guitarist Freddie Green's last appearance on disc. After Basie's death in April, 1984, the orchestra was leaderless but well booked, 9 months later Thad Jones began heading the band but a year later he was forced to leave due to his fatal illness. On May 31, 1986 Frank Foster, one of Basie's top soloists 30 years earlier, became the leader and he has since infused the group with new life, trying very gingerly to allow the music to evolve without losing the Basie identity. Unlike Thad, Foster is not shy to feature himself and his tenor solos are a particular highpoint of this disc. The arrangements, especially those of Foster and Ernie Wilkins, give this classic orchestra a sense of adventure often missing in the early 80's. There are many fine solos from the sidemen, Tee Carson expertly fills in for Count on piano and Carmen Bradford (who impressed Basie) has 2 personable vocals. There are a few "modern" moments (especially on "Autumn Leaves") but nearly half of the 13 tunes are blues and old favorites "April In Paris", "Corner Pocket" and Foster's "Shiny Stockings" should comfort even the most conservative Basie fan. It will be very interesting to see if Frank Foster can do the impossible: keep a ghost orchestra from becoming a cliched museum piece. The 64 minutes of swing on *Long Live the Chief* is a good start.

After several years of leading a top-notch quartet, Phil Woods made his unit a quintet with the addition of trumpeter Tom Harrell, who stimulates the always-enthusiastic altoist into even more intense bursts of joy. Woods, whose every solo seems to shout out the words "Bebop Lives!" is in superb form throughout the 71-minutes of *Gratitude* (Denon 33CY-1316), particularly in his hot tradeoffs with the trumpeter on "111-44" and "Tenor of the Times". Harrell, for too long considered a journeyman, has found a perfect niche for his talents. The competition between the horns inspires the usually laidback rhythm section with pianist Hal Galper taking some of his more creative solos. There are 8 lengthy tracks on



this disc (only one is shorter than 7½ minutes) yet at no point, even on the slower pieces, does inspiration or enthusiasm lag. Highly recommended.

McCoy Tyner's *Double Trios* (Denon 33CY-1128) is less interesting. Tyner, like Monk, Johnny Hodges, Sonny Stitt and many other top players, formed his style early in his career and has worked on perfecting it through the years without altering his sound (why change one's identity?). By essentially standing still, his once very advanced style now sounds downright conservative but Tyner is still instantly recognizable and, despite his many imitators, none sound as viable as the original. Still, Tyner's recent output is not too innovative. On his initial CD Tyner is heard with two separate rhythm sections on 4 tracks apiece: bassist Avery Sharpe and drummer Louis Hayes play 2 of Tyner's less memorable compositions plus an uptempo "Satin Doll" and "Lil' Darling" while electric bassist and drummer Jeff "Tain" Watts play funky rhythms on two new songs, the overrecorded "Lover Man" and a strong "Rhythm A Ning". Tyner half-heartedly switches to electric piano on part of "Down Home" and sounds silly playing over the funk-filled drumming of Watts. Although there are some good moments during this 61-minute disc, Tyner has sounded more comfortable elsewhere.

Projazz (14025 23rd Avenue North, Minneapolis, MN 55441), like Denon, releases its music only on CD's. Liner notes tend to be

sketchy and playing time overly brief for a CD but the music is quite worthwhile. Baritone-saxophonist Ronny Cuber appears on several of the discs with *Two Brothers* (CDJ 623) and *Live at the Blue Note* (CDJ 629) offering contrasting styles. On the former, Cuber is backed by a funky rhythm section (that includes drummer Steve Gadd) and, along with guest altoist David Sanborn, Cuber takes several very soulful solos, particularly on the more blues-based originals. Sanborn, who always sounds strongest on other people's dates, has the most influential saxophone style in popular music today and he is in fine form during this 48-minute set. Probably of greater interest to *Coda* readers is *Live at the Blue Note*. Cuber, 2 decades ago a sideman in George Benson's quartet, sought to revive that group with the original organist Lonnie Liston Smith and trumpeter Randy Brecker in Benson's spot (drummer Ronnie Burrage fills out the unit). The repertoire during this 48-minute club date is typical of mid-60's hard bop groups with a pair of Cuber originals (a blues and "Trane's Waltz") mixed in with the 6 jazz standards. Brecker, despite his many studio assignments through the years, has always been a Clifford Brown disciple at heart while Cuber's guttural baritone will remind many of the late great Pepper Adams. Smith's accompaniment is spare but suitable. Both of these Cuber discs are successful efforts.

In the late-70's a Minnesota-based "Classic Jazz Orchestra" released 2 albums on their

own Brandywine label. Under the leadership of pianist Ted Unseth, the 12-piece unit called the *Wolverines* did an excellent job recreating and interpreting music of the late 1920's from bands as diverse as those led by Cab Calloway, Fletcher Henderson, Paul Whiteman and Ma Rainey. After 7 years of silence, the Wolverines have reappeared on Projazz as an 18-piece big band mostly playing music from the 40's/50's in a style similar to Count Basie's. Only the new leader drummer Brett Forbers and trumpeter Tim Sullivan are holdovers from the old group name and a name change is probably in order. There are a few older pieces ("Dippermouth Blues", "Shanghai Shuffle" and "Chant of the Weed") on their CD but most of the material on the 47-minute *Shanghai Shuffle* (CDJ 618) dates from a later period (such as "Ladybird", "Down For The Count" and an unnecessary "Mack The Knife"). The solos are brief but swinging and the ensembles are tight. Most importantly the charts are colorful and the music quite joyful. If this band could step away a bit from Count Basie and develop its own personality (even "Lunceford Special" and "Woodchoppers Ball" sound like Basie), it could be a significant force. But reservations aside, *Shanghai Shuffle* makes for a fun listening experience.

And reservations aside, it is recommended that all jazz collectors eventually break down and buy a CD player. The existence of CD-only music is forcing us to become audiophiles.

— Scott Yanow

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# ORNETTE IN ALL LANGUAGES

ORNETTE COLEMAN IN CONCERT WITH PRIME TIME AND THE ORIGINAL QUARTET

The Channel \* Boston \* Massachusetts \* April 23rd - 1987

This concert was an event. Any program which puts Ornette Coleman's reunited original quartet on the same bill with Prime Time and throws in a specially commissioned piece for the assembled musicians for good measure has to raise some pretty high expectations. Unlike most "events", which look good on paper but sound ragged on stage, this concert not only lived up to expectations, in many ways it exceeded them.

In this concert, billed as "Ornette — In All Languages" (also the name of the new Caravan of Dreams double album with the same personnel), Coleman set out to demonstrate the musical continuities between his acoustic and electric bands. Denardo explained Ornette's intentions this way: "Whether it's the acoustic quartet or Prime Time, it's the same thing. It's the same music either way." Of course, there are similarities between the groups. Ornette's conception, call it harmolodics or what you will, acts as the root from which the vocabularies of two different, but related, languages have developed. Despite the similarities, the differences are still great enough to polarize the audience. Prime Time, although recognizably Ornette Coleman's band, is louder and denser than the quartet. You also have to like the sound of electric guitar and bass, which produce textures and tone colorings not usually associated with jazz, in order to appreciate Prime Time.

Prime Time, with Calvin Weston and Denardo on drums, Albert MacDowell and Jamaaladeen Tacuma on bass, Bern Nix and Charles Ellerbee on guitar, opened the show. None of the tunes were announced, but *To Know What To Know* and *City Living* from *Opening The Caravan Of Dreams* and *Theme From A Symphony* were among them. Many of the unidentified selections, including the first three, brief, fast, and loud opening selections, will undoubtedly appear on the new album.

The first thing you notice about Prime Time, and the thing many people object to, is they are LOUD. If the volume was high for its own sake, or if Coleman was substituting impressive volume for compelling thought, then you could raise serious critical objections. But Ornette

is doing neither. It's true that the sound level and instrumentation connects the music to a wider popular music base, and it certainly grabs your attention. But the amplification brings out the overtones of the guitar and bass guitar strings, creating a shimmering cloud of untempered notes over the music. These natural tones have always been part of Ornette's music, his use of them in the acoustic quartet setting led to the silly charges that he couldn't play in tune. Now with Prime Time he is surrounded by them. All the tonal possibilities hover around him, increasing the number of choices he can make, his freedom to act. Although the band has recorded, none of the discs capture this aspect of the music. You really have to hear them live to appreciate the richness of the music.



Despite the talk of complete equality of voices within the band, Ornette still directly or indirectly controls each tune. Prime Time can turn and pivot to closely shadow Ornette's twists and turns or confidently venture off on their own Coleman-inspired variations on a motif without losing sight of each other. Since the music is about rhythms, not time, Ornette and the band are free to veer away from any initial beat (the time) into any rhythm suggested by the time. The resulting dense texture is unified by the thematic and rhythmic variations. A good example from the concert was *To Know What To Know*. The funk vamp head gave way to increasingly oblique variations until the original was all but gone. The result was not chaos, but very high level counterpoint.

After a short intermission to let the ears stop ringing, the quartet came on stage. Frankly, they could have stood there and waved to the audience, and I would have been moved.

But, of course, they played, both new tunes and old. Three new tunes (again the titles were not announced) opened the hour-long set. The first consisted of a repeated Middle Eastern riff followed by a short, purely Ornette lick. The second had the south-of-the-border, folk song simplicity of *Una Muy Bonita*. In the third, time was broken up by four abrupt figures shuffled together in an attractive sequence. *Lonely Woman* was the fourth selection, followed by two more new tunes and a final number which I recognized, but can't place.

Although this middle section of the concert was the Ornette you might more easily recognize, there was nothing stale about it. Coleman's *Lonely Woman* solo was perfection. Not one phrase could have been omitted from it without damaging it. One phrase shaded into melancholy, another into joy, another into frustration, in surprisingly logical succession. Perhaps only Sonny Rollins can match Ornette for coherent melodic development. This performance also drove home Ornette's mature use of silence. He rounds each phrase with a pause, preparing for the next, creating a natural, breathing flow of ideas.

The rest of the quartet was also in peak form. Don Cherry displayed a pithy intensity. On the sixth number, his solo consisted of a series of variations on one phrase, first played double time, then subjected to a drawn out, legato treatment, then a staccato, unevenly spaced series of reworkings. The statement was so succinct and unassuming you hardly realized its miniature perfection. Billy Higgins kept up a continuous conversation with the group, playing hurry-up cymbals and bubbling his approval and support on the snare and toms. Charlie Haden's solos were marked by the same concise, deceptively simple song-like quality of Cherry's. No longer new, Ornette's music remains fresh, inspiring, and timeless.

Now the members of Prime Time reappeared on stage along with the quartet



(Haden checked to see if the protective cotton in his ears was firmly in place) for *DNA Meets E=MC<sup>2</sup>*, the piece commissioned by Tufts University with funding from the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities for this performance. The abbreviation and the equation in the title refer, it seems, to each band, and the previous two hours made it clear which was which. This portion of the program had the most problems, although it wasn't unacceptably bad. The sound balance was off, but mixing Haden or Cherry with Tacuma or Ellerbee must give any sound board operator nightmares. And the performance suffered from the chronic problem of newly commissioned music (at least newly commissioned jazz) — the lack of adequate rehearsal time. Generally with commissioned music, the quality of the composition is high, but the musicians haven't had enough time with it to bring out the best in it.

The first section of the three part suite, slow and mournful with each musician playing a different theme, suffered from the crazy mix and some less than clear moments. The second part, a series of unaccompanied solos based on themes written especially for the soloist, was simpler and more successful. Ornette went first, followed by MacDowell, Cherry, Ellerbee, Weston, Tacuma, Nix, Higgins, Haden, and Denardo. Some rather surreal juxtapositions resulted. Nix's jazz guitar (listen to him with Jemeel Moondoc) followed Tacuma's urban funk abstract vamping. Higgins followed Nix with a drum and bugle corp march solo (it was the only rhythm we hadn't heard all night). Denardo's drum machine sounds followed Haden's country and western ballad inspired statement. The concert ended on an affirmative note with the ten piece ensemble playing together on one of Ornette's cheery melodies.

Author Douglas Hofstadter once said, "Making variations on a theme is the crux of creativity." After nearly three hours Ornette showed no signs of running out of fresh ideas. It seems like he will never run out of variations or themes.

Many thanks to project director Chris Rich, the Tufts University Department of Music, project coordinator Carolyn Kelley of the Jazz Coalition of Boston, and technical director Dinky Dawson and the rest of their collaborators and crew, for the the hard work which made this concert a success.

— Ed Hazell

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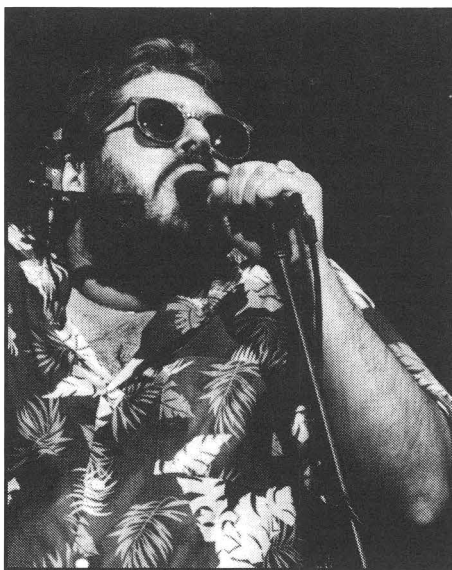
# DAVID MOSS: THE NEW NEW WAVE IN JAZZ

*Coda*, over the past twenty five years has been considered a jazz magazine, and although it has dealt with a diverse selection of musics like the American and European avant garde, that are considered not to be jazz by many "jazz fans", *Coda* has found that it is in fact the interesting part of the periods as they happen. For example Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Anthony Braxton...the whole Chicago scene. For a while it has been thought that jazz has narrowed itself down to either a semi popular artform, or it has actually disappeared. As jazz is known as jazz. Yet here I am at the 1986 Victoriaville Festival in Quebec, Canada, presented with at least half a dozen concepts, with which I have little or no experience. Is this the new New York music, the likes of Fred Frith, Elliot Sharp, John Zorn, Christian Marclay....?

**DAVID MOSS:** What you hear is sort of a New York interweave of a lot of influences. I think that the jazz element has entered our music, because basically we consider ourselves to be improvisers, we weave in other elements that are interesting to us, the hard metallic edge of new wave rock music, a lot of the extended vocal techniques that have in fact been pioneered in contemporary classical musics by people like Joan LaBarbera and Meredith Monk, and there is also a certain element of pop theatre, a dramatic presentation of the music we do, that is another strong influence that maybe was emphasized, not so much in jazz. In a certain sense for the music that I'm involved with, and my crew of people, there is a certain kind of mood that you get yourself into, some kind of physical gesture that people have to do sometimes to play, and this is theatrical. I think we have all these elements, and a lot of it comes together in New York, just because people are there, trying it on. And I tell you a lot of it is trying it on. A lot of it is very conscious, sticking forms together, see what it gives you. Brazilian-underground-garage-funk-music combined with extended vocal techniques and improvised.... you know what I mean, you could add on and hyphenate forever. So I think that is partially the New York experience of this. Hyphenations of music. So this perhaps yields a new interesting result, maybe not the future of anything, but a result which gives information, musical information. I think the pure forms, or what now seems pure in jazz form, which has been historicalised, these things almost don't provide information anymore to our systems. We have the information — we still like to hear the fantastic solo, a fantastic statement from someone, but a lot of us feel we have the essential core information from jazz as an idea, and we use it, but we use other things.

**BILL SMITH:** Is this perhaps an accumulation of what's been talked about for the last decade or so, as world music, and has accumulated in New York as a style?

**D.M.:** Yes, I think it's something like that, well the names are kind of fuzzy at this time, world music to me has always been floating pan-cultural, rhythmically droning ongoing loss of sound. That's what "world music" means to me in many ways. I think however, what New York is trying to do is to stamp it with its own mold. The New York mold is hard edge, to a certain extent, give it an edge, push it, define it, clear strong attack, aggressive corners to it, so let's differentiate it from world music. What is true about what's happening is that all the influences are inescapable, they are just there, we can't get away from them, we hear them all the time. We hear each other's music, we play each other's music. The best thing that is happening is that people are beginning to



realise that it is just not the hyphenation that is the important thing, it's really culling out what you hear that makes your statement a personal statement. You cull out the beautiful curve of a rhythmic idea, you cull out a vocal line, so you say ha! — if I use my instrumental technique, or my knowledge with this, something will grow. I think that's where the vitality is, the rest of it is experimentation, and most experimentation has phases in its own experiment.

**B.S.:** As a drummer were you initially influenced by American jazz music?

**D.M.:** Straightforward, completely, yes. I always considered myself a jazz drummer, basically until 1970. My biggest influences were Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, as was true of many people my age. In fact there were quite a few years where I thought the best thing in the world was to sound like Elvin Jones. And there is nothing wrong with that, except that I had a brainstorm one day and realised I would never be Elvin Jones, that I would never ever sound like him, and this was more of a revelation than it sounds because I realised that there is such a thing as personal style, or a personal approach to what you do, and by trying to grasp this person's approach, rhythmic feeling, to me, whereas I learned something, I got information. I learned how he moved his limbs, I learned a lot from that, but it was a dead end in terms of my development and if I stuck with being the ultimate Elvin Jones imitator..... So at that point I learned if I wanted to continue I would have to take these essences of information from these musical drummers and try to use them whatever way I could. But I was a jazz drummer. I got my basic information and even my technique as

a drummer, from these guys, and in fact the next leap from Elvin Jones and Tony Williams, as a musician, for me, was when I worked with Bill Dixon for two years as his drummer, in his ensemble. This was a compositional revolution for me as a drummer. It made me feel for the first time that I was a musician beyond being a drummer. That I had compositional ideas, that I had preferences and awareness. Bill Dixon encouraged this from me, and encouraged an exploration of drum possibilities up to a certain point. Then he said - we're finished - this is it - we're lost - you've gone too far for me. It went along those lines. Jazz was very... John Coltrane I admire, basically the ultimate statement of what a musician does musically... that's what it is for me, John Coltrane. So that is jazz.

**B.S.:** Although it's not apparent that is your influence in this period, you seem to be much more enlarged than just a drummer. You seem to me to be more like a consummate theatre performer of some kind. How did you transfer from being a rhythm section player to the style of performance that you do with Christian Marclay?

**D.M.:** At first this was not a conscious choice. As I re-defined my own image of a drummer, I found out that the format of jazz, as a drummer, was quite limiting. It was a big contradiction, because it was supposed to be, as far as the outside world was concerned, the most improvisatory form currently available to musicians. Basically the drummer's role was completely rigidified in that format. I played in a group, and if I didn't go dingdigadingdigading, they didn't want me in that group. And God forbid if at that time I opened my mouth to make a vocal sound, I was a pariah — forget it. So basically I found the drummer was only supposed to do one thing, and it took something like the Art Ensemble of Chicago to expand the idea of what a percussionist in a jazz ensemble could do. Milford Graves, and Andrew Cyrille playing with Cecil (Taylor) was a tremendous influence on me. It took their statements, outside of the mainstream. All those people had to work against the mainstream of jazz to a certain extent, to be accepted even in the jazz world. So I thought this rigidity, I've never been good at competition or fighting against a strong thing. I didn't decide it, but I found I was moving towards making different sounds. I started to add objects to my drum set. First thing I did was muffle my drums, I put cloth on my drums. Everyone hated it, all my friends. The drums have to ring — okay — so that drove some people away. Then I started throwing towels on my cymbals — muffle the cymbals. Then I wrapped my sticks in pieces of plastic. Just to try to do things to thwart my technique, which had been developed for



several years, to try to pervert what I could do, and give me some other information. I added more drums, a gong, a cymbal, take away this, add to that. Which was a very slow process, and as I did this, in a sense, all of the musicians that I played with, didn't want to play with me anymore. Jazz musicians. So I began to work alone as a soloist, just work and practice. This is in 1971. At the same time a coincidence happened. This person called me up from Saint Louis, who had heard about me through a friend, and said, would you like to bring a group to Saint Louis and do a concert. I said I don't have a group. This person was a theatre director at a college. She said - Well just play by yourself. She had no idea that to play a solo concert was difficult or challenging. Just come by yourself. So we made a contract, that in six months I would be there. All of a sudden my life was going to change in six months. This was one of the most amazing periods of my life. I made this schedule, practising eight or nine hours a day - trying to develop a solo concept. In fact trying to develop a concept for a solo concert, trying to see how one hour of time could be filled up. Not just filled up with garbage, but made to seem like it was worth something. So six months of this work, plus what I had done just previously with Bill Dixon, the idea of how to put sounds together, from him, I began to get ideas of how to do this. How to work as a soloist. I wasn't really using my voice at all at that point, it was basically pure, continuous drumming, and it was not very theatrical. It was a man sitting at a slightly extended set of drums, playing patterns and some textural stuff. That was the beginning of it. Then it was only a tiny little step at a time that took me into what you see as theatrical or dramatic presentation. I had developed my technique to such an extent my hands were moving, I thought so fast, or it felt like it, but to make a certain thing happen physically with drums I was holding my breath. I would take a big gulp of air, hold it in, and push hard against my lungs. As a result the oxygen in my body, after half an hour, was depleted, and my hands would start to tingle, and the sticks would fall out of them because I had no muscular grip left. This was a self-defeating process. So I said what can I do to change this. I had a great idea - I'll sing. Just for practice I'll go mmmmmmm - make a drone. Just to keep my breath going mmmmmmm - just like that. I was doing this, practicing, and listening to myself and realised it was interesting. Maybe I should try something like this - Mmmmm MM (LOUDER) - and this was an idea that sort of took over, and I began to sing above the drumming as a melodic element. Sing underneath the drumming as a drone element, letting the drumming create the melodic rhythmic dance on top of the voice. Then the idea of letting the voice intermingle rhythmically with the drums so you would have information bouncing back and forth between the rhythm drumming and the voice. That was when I started to become theatrical. Not because I was making it theatrical, but because the voice is perceived as a theatrical event. Once that became clear to me, that when you sing you open up a whole new vista for people, the way they perceive it. You can capitalise on that if you are smart. In a sense you can use that as a way to capture peoples' attention. Get

them involved in what you are doing. That was an amazing idea for me, to use my voice as a real tool, and it also opened up other textural dimensions. Now I had two hands, two feet, and a variety of vocal things that could sustain sounds. That really was the key to texture as far as I was concerned. That took me a five years exploration period that still goes on, working on the layers and textures of sound using an extended drum set which I've developed. Then taking it into some electronic devices which will sustain my sound. Digital storage. Amplified string instruments which are able to produce continuous strumming sounds. I don't think texture in itself is theatrical, but it develops a world. I think my way of looking at it is that textures are worlds of sound and a listener gets sucked into them, can float inside this world of sound. That is also perceived as, if not theatrical, then more than just sitting there listening to music. It has a different edge to it. So all these elements began to combine over a five-six-seven year period. What can I say, it just keeps on going.

**B.S.:** Eventually you obviously start meeting other people. Who are these people that are called the New York avant garde?

**D.M.:** I would say that it's basically white because in a sense these people formed their ideas at a time when white and black musicians weren't interacting very much, and a lot of us struggled against this. At the beginning we talked about it, the idea that we didn't like being, in a sense, an isolated white haven for improvised ideas, and in fact there was an outreach on both sides for people to be working with each other... such people as Butch Morris, to try to make an effort to have integrated groups. I mean in a certain weird way everyone... there were black groups and white groups doing improvised music. Each from perhaps a different history a little bit, but dealing with a lot of the same sounds, and even the same organisational concepts. But we did fight against this. I mean I did a little bit with Butch Morris, I played with Jamaaladeen Tacuma who played in some of my groups at certain times, and we try to make it happen, but I tell you these spheres of action are pretty separate. In fact the economic world outside encourages this separateness. The fact is that in Europe they like to hire the black new groups. They like it, so black new jazz groups stay together. And they have just started to like having these weird, new, young, supposed New York improvisers, who are almost all white. So we are encouraged to stay separate. We hope we can break it apart a little bit. But it's not easy.

**B.S.:** Is there more affiliation, for you, with European improvisers than American jazz. Do you feel more connected with players such as Paul Lytton, Paul Lovens, Evan Parker, Derek Bailey?

**D.M.:** It's really funny, I feel that in many ways there was a parallel, but uninfluenced development going on. Maybe they have been doing it longer than I have, but in fact I had never heard of them and they had probably never heard of me, until well into the time when we had established our personal modes. Then it was clear that some of the ideas were the ideas of the time, that they were being worked on mutually independently. When I first heard Paul Lovens and Han Bennink,

people from that crowd, it was astonishing to me that these ideas were everywhere, and the way of working with the drums particularly, and what to do to change the drums. It was in the air. In fact now, I do feel more affiliation, in terms of sound identification, with them. Although I feel in a certain sense, a lot of European players feel more that they are coming out of the jazz tradition, than I do. They link themselves to it historically, where in fact I feel I've broken the link for myself. This is a funny talk we have, when we talk about this in Europe. In a sense some people think I'm making a joke about jazz, many people say to me that I'm putting down jazz, I'm joking, I'm being a parody of jazz music, and I don't feel or think this at all. A parody to me is a way of working that is non-emotionally involved. Parody to me is an intellectual statement of disdain, to a certain extent. Although it's not so clear as that, it's a little distant. I don't agree with that. The music I'm doing is emotionally very important and powerful to me. So I don't feel parody at all. I do feel that some things I do, I do consciously to say let's not be so pure and careful about these forms. I have a Zildjian cymbal and I throw it on the floor in East Germany, people gasp, this is a cymbal that people cannot buy, and I'm throwing it on the floor. I'm saying don't look at me as a drummer any more, although I'm playing the drums, don't put me in that box. There's more stuff going on. I do break away from the jazz tradition, but I don't deny its power.

**B.S.:** There is a feeling for me, as I have not had a very large listening experience with your music, that there is a new improvised rock based music occurring, and therefore attracts a young audience to it.

**D.M.:** I think that's actually true. I made a conscious decision in this group, and the musicians in this group have made a conscious decision, that the music of rhythmic power is rock music. The new music that has current rhythmic power, in the sense that it gets bodies involved, is this rock rhythmic edge, all the players in the group are involved with that, although Wayne Horvitz also plays straight ahead bebop, and Bill Frisell also plays the eighties revised bebop. There are players who play the traditional stuff too, but we all feel that the power of the rhythmic moment comes from this rock rhythmic statement. I think it's like a short cut, I think rhythmic feelings are short cuts to social interaction. In the fifties up until 1961 - dingdigadingdigading - every song that you heard on the radio had it. This was the short cut for rhythmic meaning. This meant rhythm. This meant song, to most people. I feel that now we have gone through this change, to the majority of the people, most people living today, what means song to them is a different feeling. In a band, like my band, you want to get people involved, with a song, this is the rhythmic way to do it. And once you have their involvement - BAM - you hit them with these other things. The interaction the improvisational voices, the solos, the layers, the intensities. We don't want them worrying about getting into it. We get them into it with the rhythm, and then hit them with the other stuff. So it's definitely rock-inflected.

**INTERVIEW BY BILL SMITH**

## ELLINGTON '87 — DUKE IN CANADA

Inn on the Park, Toronto  
May 16 - 18, 1987

Five years ago a diverse group of Duke Ellington fanatics — researchers, transcribers, collectors, commentators — got together for the first time to share their views and experiences of Duke Ellington's music.

This initial meeting has grown into an annual which has developed dramatically beyond its original horizons. The conference was in England in 1985 and this year the event was hosted by the Toronto chapter of the Duke Ellington Society.

Expansion has inevitably diluted the focus of the original "hard core" of experts who provided the original momentum. This year's event blended together erudite research papers with reminiscences and visual and aural remembrances of Ellington. There was also a lot of music to be heard each evening — just as there had been at Oldham and Newark (1986).

The conference was both educational and entertainment for the many attendees whose expertise went no further than an enthusiasm for Ellington generated by years of hearing his music in person and on disc. For the inside group of Ellington specialists it was an opportunity to share ideas, renew friendships and debate their views in a good-natured way. They came from Canada, the U.S. and Europe to give renewed vigour to the continuing worldwide examination of the work of the 20th Century's most prolific and significant composer.

The conference's success can be attributed to the preparation work by the dedicated group of volunteers who made up the organising committee. Special mention should be made of conference co-ordinator **Eileen Ward**. She was the person who really made things happen. Her reward was the smooth running program and overall ease with which the event finally evolved.

My impressions of the conference are fragmented and far from objective. As the conference's "music director" I attended many meetings and assisted in the overall shaping of the event. I was also busy with musicians, setting up and running a record and book display and hosting **Buck Clayton** — who was a special guest of the conference.

Because of this I only heard bits and pieces of the daytime presentations. The overall theme of the conference was "Duke Ellington in Canada". Presentations by **Barbara Reid**, **Lou Applebaum** and **Ron Collier** focused on two significant Canadian visits by Ellington. His association with the Stratford Festival in the 1950s gave birth to *Such Sweet Thunder* while his project with the Ron Collier Orchestra in 1967 was the only time he performed and recorded music by other composers without his own musicians. This was the beginning of Collier's association with Duke as arranger / orchestrator — a role he maintained until Duke's death in 1974.

**Andrew Homzy's** analytical dissertation on *Northern Lights*, **Ron Anger's** reminiscences of **Louis Metcalf's** Montreal band in the 1940s and **Jim Kidd's** assessment of early Ellingtonia were other Canadian presentations.

Ellington's Canadian connection went back to the 1930s but the big surprise for the delegates was the screening of Duke's 1964 "Festi-



val" TV production. It was shown once by the CBC in early 1965 and has assumed legendary status for its elaborately staged production of the banquet scene from *Timon of Athens* where Johnny Hodges regales the inebriated guests with his sensuous horn — and gracefully accepts some folding money at the conclusion of the performance!

The hour-long program was also notable for its excerpts from *The Far East Suite*, the always invigorating performance of *Rockin' In Rhythm* and the use of excerpts from an extended video tape of Duke playing piano and talking with Byng Whitaker. This program is also notable for the particularly fine playing of **Paul Gonsalves** and the visually creative black and white presentation of the music by Paddy Sampson. It overcomes the visual sterility of many TV productions without becoming overly cute.

The reminiscences of **Alice Babs**, **Buck Clayton** and **Helen Oakley Dance** were particularly valuable. Their warmth and enthusiasm reminded everyone that this music was created by highly talented individualists — and much which is now viewed with reverence was only a spur of the moment impulse when created. Greater weight was given to this by **Stanley Dance** in his somewhat convoluted way when, as the final speaker, he reminded the conference that it was the *musicians* who made Ellington's compositions so special. He stressed the need to listen to and encourage musicians who play Ellington's music with their own personality rather than transcribing and duplicating what Duke himself had done.

Special performances of Ellington's music highlighted the evening programs. These were open to the public and the audiences were greatly expanded for these performances.

It had been a request of the delegates at

Newark that Canadian musicians should be part of the music to be heard in Toronto. Their wishes were acceded to and for many of them it was their first opportunity to hear and appreciate the artistry of these performers.

**Oliver Jones**, **Fraser MacPherson** and **Neil Swainson** came together Saturday night for an elegant, yet informal presentation of some of the better known Ellington compositions. Collectively these musicians have extraordinarily varied backgrounds and experiences to draw upon in the performance of music. This was the first time Oliver Jones and Neil Swainson had worked together but they quickly found a common ground. Their music was hard driving explorations of the themes. Fraser MacPherson is a melodist and his reading of such Ellington classics as *Sophisticated Lady* reminded everyone of the long-lasting qualities of these compositions.

The evening concluded with a two hour video screening of the Stockholm TV production of *The Second Sacred Concert*. **Alice Babs**, a principal singer in the production and a delegate to the conference, was in stunning form and Duke was particularly outgoing. There were some instrumental gems within the work but the choral parts, as in so many presentations of this work, were interpreted by singers lacking the fire and rhythmic drive to properly interpret Duke's message. Then too, it has always seemed to me that *My People*, the secular version of the same work, was always more to the point.

The music performed Sunday and Monday evenings was built around a seven-piece band known as the Ellington '87 All Stars. In its final form it included two Ellingtonians — trombonist **Booty Wood** and bassist **Aaron Bell**. **Ray Bryant** and **Gus Johnson** completed a particu-



larly cohesive and swinging rhythm section. Trumpeter **Doc Cheatham** and tenor saxophonist **George Kelly** joined **Jim Galloway**, the band's musical director, in the front line.

This group performed a program of **Johnny Hodges** compositions on Sunday night. The material was rearranged by **Martin Loomer** from the original recordings but the performances had a character of their own. Rehearsal time was minimal, and this showed in a couple of numbers, but the collective experience and depth of expression available to these musicians transformed the charts into musical vignettes of great charm. The distinctive nuances of Johnny Hodges' way with melodies was always present but the blues flavourings were those of the stylists on stage. In celebration of the occasion Jim Galloway performed on alto saxophone without serious impediment to his own individual sound.

The Wee Big Band took the stage for the second part of the concert. It is a repertory band which owes its existence to the transcribed arrangements from classic recordings rather than being a big band with the personality of its own musical director such as is the case with Toshiko Akiyoshi, Phil Nimmons and Gerald Wilson.

Because of this the Wee Big Band takes on the character of the music it is playing. On this occasion there was early Ellington in *Showboat Shuffle* and, especially, in *Slippery Horn* where the trombone section performed admirably. The highlights of their set were **Gordon Evans'** alto solo within the framework of Billy Strayhorn's *Blood Count* and the superlative reading of *The Tattooed Bride* where **Brian Ogilvie's** clarinet weaved its way through the many tempo changes. This performance, following weeks of rehearsal, was a complete realisation of the musical qualities inherent in this most complex piece of Ellingtonia.

The evening came to a climax with the visiting Americans taking over their respective chairs in the band. They began with stirring performances of two Buck Clayton charts (*C Jam Blues* and *The Duke We Knew*). These were followed by a **George Kelly** feature on *Just A Sittin' And A Rockin'*. The concert built to a climax with a powerful version of *Rockin' In Rhythm* where Aaron Bell's bass and exhortations kicked the band along. As a nice touch the band finished with Ellington's arrangement of *Auld Lang Syne*. Here Doc Cheatham rose to give everyone one of those ad-lib musical gems — a statement which jumped out of the arrangement to fulfill all of the evening's expectations.

The small band returned Monday night to perform three sets of Ellingtonia free of charts and any sense of formality. Ray Bryant, Aaron Bell and Gus Johnson continually fed the ensembles and solo work of the horn players who were in exuberant form. Doc Cheatham and Jim Galloway provided tonal shadings while George Kelly and Booty Wood soloed with straightahead assurance. The bonuses included the evocative warmth of sometime Ellington vocalist **June Norton**, **Rosemary Galloway's** bass playing, the charm and extraordinary vocalese of Alice Babs and the trombone work of **Jimmy Wilkins**.

The overwhelming success of this conference is bracketed by two important losses. Before the conference even took place came the news that **Eddie Lambert**, noted Ellington authority

and organiser of the Oldham conference, had quickly succumbed to a rare form of cancer. Only three weeks following the conclusion of the conference came the news that Booty Wood had died (June 10th) from emphysema. This warm and gentle man had helped give Ellington '87 its special character. This was to be his last major engagement. He gave fully of his talent.

— **John Norris**

#### **MISHA MENGELBERG QUARTET** **Spui-huis, Utrecht, Holland** **June 6, 1987**

Misha Mengelberg is not just an unusual fellow, but more inclined to be totally original, so when I embark upon my yearly visit to Holland as a member of the saxophone group, The Six Winds, I always make a point of spending at least some social time in his company. On this occasion we managed to be together even more than usual, and the delight of driving with him and Aimee to the gig in Utrecht simply enlarged the experience to one more level.

"I don't remember this multi-storey car park being here. I was sure this was it." Perhaps we're lost. One more time around the traffic island. Let's ask. "Ah! There it is." Three doors, so let's try the one with the poster of the Misha Mengelberg Quartet. Spelt his name wrong again.

There is a Woody Shaw record emitting from the sound system when we arrive. Perhaps the most adroit trumpet player of his generation, enough so for him to be on the cover of *Coda Magazine*.

But there must be more to our music, if it is to continue with interest, than rhythmic gymnastics.

Michael Moore, alto saxophone, clarinet and bass clarinet. Ernst Reiserger, acoustic and electric cello. Han Bennink, percussion. Misha Mengelberg, piano.

Free jazz they used to call it. Well, that's true. A movable feast of modern times, with apparitions of history looming/looming subsiding, with all the combinations of this quartet. Misha, scraping, squeaking the metal capped feet of the piano chair in perfect co-ordination with the B-flat clarinet. Han's mouth organ sound or a sweaty shirt muffling a cymbal. A scrape, a slash, or just a moment of silence. A new sound (not effect) moves on into shadow-graph butterflies from the spotlight, through Han's hands, onto the wall. Simple like minded for pleasure. A superior collective art, practiced for these past three decades, to include the blues, a little Monk, or even an occasional tango. Only in Holland you say. No, in fact, only this small group of performers keeping alive the illusion of Dutch avant-gardeness, amidst the more general conservative attitude of European art. All this a spectacle for sure, but more.

— **Bill Smith**

#### **MICHELE ROSEWOMAN and** **QUINTESSENCE** **St. Anne's Parish Hall, Brooklyn, New York** **May 29, 1987**

Michele Rosewoman is an extraordinary pianist. For ten years now I've had the good fortune to witness the growth of a true artist. From 1977, when the Lunar Ensemble, which included trumpeter Rasul Siddik, played the legendary Keystone Korner, to experimental bands with

Baikida Carroll, to the 14-piece New Yor-Uba Orchestra, to Friday night and her latest ensemble, Quintessence, Michele Rosewoman has continually expanded her musical concepts and uniquely percussive piano style to become one of the most powerful leaders and composers on the scene today.

Born in Oakland, California, Rosewoman studied intensely with Ed Kelly, who is one of the pillars of jazz, blues and gospel piano on the West Coast. She also studied conga drumming with Marcus Gordon, a master drummer in San Francisco. A turning point came for her when she first heard Cecil Taylor. The decision to move to New York was inevitable.

Since moving here in 1978, Rosewoman has made important strides in a major synthesis of Afro-Cuban rhythms in jazz. Her solo and trio playing has captured the respect and following of audience and musicians alike. She has groomed what was initially a harmonically and rhythmically dense style into a free-flowing vocabulary that both invents new language and pays tribute to predecessors like Thelonious Monk. In short, she swings like mad, and her personal stamp is always on it.

Rosewoman is always to be found in good company and Quintessence is no exception. Surrounded by slightly younger contemporaries like drummer Terri-Lynne Carrington, saxophonists Greg Osby and Steve Coleman, and bassist Anthony Cox, Michele utilized their high energy artistry to best advantage by featuring each instrument within a compositional context. Despite the inadequacies of a sound system that didn't allow the musicians to hear what they were playing, the music came across with startling clarity.

The set opened with a piece entitled *Lyons*, a tribute to the late saxophonist Jimmy Lyons. Immediately heard were the ensemble and individual strengths: Cox's forceful low note walking; the incredible momentum generated by Carrington's rolls and bashes; the fervent reaches of Osby's soprano on upward spirals; Coleman's spare and biting alto tone — a tone which bespeaks more experience than is evident on his boyish face; and Rosewoman's blues-tinged quirky timing, her ability to splash notes around the keyboard and make them land in the right places. The next composition was something of a dance, beginning with a flourish, a hip, a hop, a squeak, a slide, until thick bass notes knotted themselves tight into Carrington's feisty rhythms. It was naive and sparkling; it was the kind of ever-shifting tune that only sophisticated musicians can play because of the necessity for seamless translations. *The Source*, title tune of Michele's first album, followed and was a good example of how she manages to compose music that continually opens up dimensions in sound. Alto and soprano voices balanced to perfection above threatening thundercloud chords and surging percussion. The horns looped, the bass groaned — a harmonic play for offbeat clusters which somehow smoothed out to a waltzing balladic lushness. Then again, the tempo, the heat, the fire. Rosewoman chanted a Yoruba chant. Coleman abstracted it into his shimmering range while Terri-Lynne's drums commented and thrashed. To conclude the evening, a driving, finger-popping round of steaming avant-funk. Quintessence has an album coming out in July on Enja Records. Watch for it.

— **Elaine Cohen**

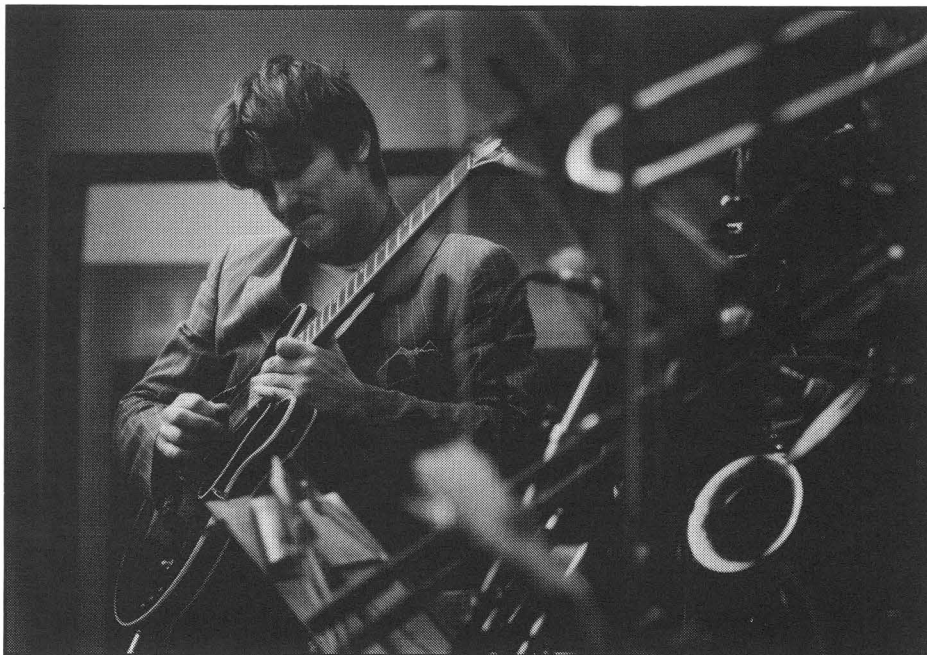
# THE NEW JUNGLE ORCHESTRA

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE DANISH GUITARIST PIERRE DØRGE BY ROLAND BAGGENAES

Pierre Dørge – guitarist, band leader, composer and music teacher – was born on February 28, 1946 in Copenhagen. In the 1960s he played with several Danish ensembles and led his own groups. In 1969 he became a member of John Tchicai's Cadentia Nova Danica and during the 70s he worked with many jazz and rock groups in addition to studying music in Copenhagen. In 1980 he formed the New Jungle Orchestra which has toured Europe, Canada and the States and is considered one of the most original and creative large ensembles in jazz today.

To be a band leader, musician, composer and music teacher are all parts of the same process. To prepare for and teach your students is similar to composing and arranging and sometimes my students perform music that I later introduce to my New Jungle Orchestra. In the last few years *that* band has been my main thing musically. I had never imagined that the band would ever be internationally known to the extent it is today. Now and then I have to pinch my arm and ask myself if I'm dreaming...All of this has happened because of the records we have recorded for SteepleChase and it is extremely difficult for me to explain the reason for our success or whatever you want to call it. The SteepleChase records were distributed in the States as well as in Japan and all over Europe and our music was played on radio stations and reached audiences who found the music interesting and different. The musicians in the band are totally dedicated and as for myself, I try to get *my* music, *my* musical ideas out of them but in a way that is right for the musicians I work with. My music is quite open and it is very important that my musicians are creative and that we are together in making the music happen when it is being performed. I have learned to be more authoritative than before though and have found out that this is *my* band and that I have some ideas I want to have expressed. John Tchicai and I write most of the music for the band and we also play music by for instance Ellington and the Danish composer Helmer Nørgaard. John once said that he and I belong to the same tribe and actually I consider him my teacher. We started working together in 1969 when I was a member of his Cadentia Nova Danica. That band recorded for Joachim E. Berendt in 1969 (*Afrodisiaca*, MPS 15249) and if everything works out we will be playing at Berendt's festival in Germany in June, 1987 with the New Jungle Orchestra.

I formed the New Jungle Orchestra in 1980 together with another Danish jazz musician, saxophonist Simon Spang-Hanssen. We wanted to hear our compositions arranged for and played by a large ensemble and that's what we did at first. I work differently now and direct my



efforts more towards a specific recording project or concert considering what music we have that can be used and where we wish to compose and arrange something new. I may have a theme I want to use and I try to find out who is going to be featured as soloist(s) on that particular piece. Then I arrange the composition with the soloist or soloists in mind. Unfortunately, the next time we meet, in the spring of 1987, we will have to reduce the size of the band and that of course has to do with economy. It is simply not possible to get enough jobs with a full-size band. We hope to go to Canada and the States in the summer of 1987 and we just can't travel with fifteen musicians. Therefore some of the members have to leave the band.

Within the band there is a beautiful understanding and respect among the young musicians and the older, more experienced players like Hugo Rasmussen and John Tchicai. Hugo is respected for the tradition he represents and John for all his musical conquests. In return they respect the newcomers for bringing fresh ideas into the band. When we play at the Montmartre in Copenhagen we play for 500 people at the most, but apparently there is a greater interest in our way of

playing abroad. In Germany, for instance, there is a big audience for our music. We have also played in Poland and I have played in Hungary with the group Thermænius and in both countries we experienced large, very attentive audiences who really took in all the musical details and showed an enormous interest in getting acquainted with music from the Western World. To them that music is like a symbol of freedom – be it or not! We have played at one concert in the States so far – at the Chicago Jazz Festival in 1986 – and I felt the same kind of interest. It was quite overwhelming to play for 60,000 people at an outdoor concert, it was one of those situations where it is hard to understand what is really happening, in a way it's like a dream. To get lost in the music, to go into a sort of trance, may also happen when you play for a smaller audience because it doesn't really matter if you play for 60,000 or fourteen people. Because of the international publicity the interest in my music has also grown in my own country. Here in Copenhagen a new radio station, Radio Jazz, is being established in 1987 and I think it will stimulate the interest in jazz. Radio Denmark plays a good deal of jazz in



many of its programmes but the information about the music – if any at all – is too often very superficial. Everything considered, I experience an increasing interest in jazz – especially when I'm in a teaching situation.

It's a sign of the times that the young musicians are more aware of the jazz tradition than musicians were say 20 years ago. The education many young people get today also make them more conscious of the jazz roots. Many of them learn to play within the bop tradition while there is no system really as far as teaching free jazz is concerned. Free jazz, as we call it, is more open than bop but at the same time it may be very limited in terms of expression. In other words, the young generation can learn to play bop, can study it and sort of grow up with it along with the music of Miles Davis and Wayne Shorter of the 60s. I was very surprised when I was in Hungary and visited their jazz institute. On the day I was there they had a class of traditional jazz, a big band was rehearsing Birdland while some saxophone players were rehearsing a transcribed solo by John Tchicai, one of the solos from his recordings with the New York Contemporary Five, as far as I can remember. I have had a few lessons with Ornette Coleman and what I learned from him were some very simple things, but things I have used a lot. I have been, and still am, very fascinated by Ornette's music but when I started playing I was more influenced by artists like Sonny Rollins and Mingus. Mingus' method of conducting his musicians in the concert situation has also inspired me and Mingus was – like I am myself – inspired by Duke Ellington and his tradition. Another inspiration is Gil Evans. The New Jungle Orchestra is often compared to the Vienna Art Orchestra from Austria and the Willem Breuker Kollektief from Holland.

I hear Albert Ayler a few times back in the 60s. He popped out a lot of places in Copenhagen at that time and he wasn't always very welcome. It is through his records, though, that I have really become familiar with his music which I have listened a lot to. Tchicai is also very much into Ayler's music. Another musician who impressed me deeply was Eric Dolphy whom I also heard in Copenhagen. I recall a bass clarinet solo that lasted, I think, more than a half hour. The place was crowded and people were sitting on tables and at window sills. When he wasn't playing any tones on his instrument the place was so quiet that you might hear a pin drop. It was one of my great musical moments. Around the same time Don Cherry was in Copenhagen with the New York Contemporary Five and Don's way of arranging music

is something I use in my music today, the loosely suggested themes on top of a flowing rhythm. His way of creating themes and his phrasing interested me and I tried to use some of his ideas in my own guitar playing. Among guitarists I am particularly inspired by people like Django Reinhardt, especially by his tone and vibrato, and Frank Zappa. I also listen to John Scofield, John Abercrombie, Pat Metheny and other contemporaries but the way I play is different from theirs. Actually, I don't think I have heard anybody play the guitar the way I do it.

In addition to my work with the New Jungle Orchestra I am busy in other musical areas. People ask me to compose music for other ensembles. I find it hard to write that way and the music doesn't always turn out the way I had thought it should sound. I prefer to create music at the moment it is being performed. During my travels in West Africa I have listened to the local music and in my own music I have tried to blend jazz elements and the ethnic music of Africa. In the oldest jazz, as we know it, there are not many African elements like polyrhythm but as early as in the late 20s we meet African elements in Duke Ellington's music, for instance. I have also been, and still am, deeply inspired by the music of the East. This year I visited Nepal to listen to the music of the Tibetan monks. I try to absorb music and sounds from everywhere and to learn from it.

My newest record is *Canoe* (Olufsen Records 5015), recorded in August this year with two of the members of the New Jungle Orchestra, Morten Carlsen, with whom I have played since 1971, and Irene Becker, my wife. We will continue working in that trio format with the possibility of adding other musicians, the first being percussionist Marilyn Mazur who is featured on the album. The record shows another side of our music, a more ballad-like, airy and contemplative type of music – a contrast to the music of the New Jungle Orchestra you might say...

– Roland Baggenaes

The New Jungle Orchestra can be heard on *Pierre Dørge & New Jungle Orchestra*, *Brikama* and *Even The Moon Is Dancing* (SteepleChase 1162, 1188 and 1208 (CD 31208) respectively), and in early 1987 it recorded material for a new album that will be titled *Johnny Dyani Lives*. Among the musicians Dørge has worked and/or recorded with are Walt Dickerson, John Tchicai, Johnny Dyani, Khan Jamal and Don Cherry.

This interview was done on December 22, 1986 and I would like to thank Pierre and his wife, Irene Becker, for their patience and hospitality.

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# DEMONS OF THE 20TH CENTURY

CANADIAN GUITARIST LLOYD GARBER INVESTIGATED BY ARTHUR BULL \* No. EIGHT IN A SERIES



One measure of musical innovation in recent times has been a player's ability to replace traditional instrumental techniques with his or her own. From Ornette Coleman to Evan Parker there has been a tendency to strip away the received knowledge about how to play an instrument. This tendency has been particularly marked in guitar playing where the traditional body of techniques — finger patterns, chord voicings, hand positions — is very set and, perhaps as a result of this, a remarkably wide range of personal guitar languages has been created by improvisors such as Derek Bailey, Hans Reichel, Eugene Chadbourne, Henry Kaiser and others. It is tempting to place Lloyd Garber's music with this group, and to some extent this makes sense, but he does not fit in one important way: that is, as well as creating his own method of playing, he has created his

own way of thinking about music, and of thinking about life, based on guitar music. His work is as much an exploration of philosophical themes as it is a musical expression.

This approach is clearly exemplified in Garber's latest works, a new book *Demons Of The 20th Century Attack Demons Of Notre Dame* and a new cassette of the same name. The book is made up of scores for seven compositions with accompanying text. The cassette consists of five of those pieces performed live at the Music Gallery. Although released at the same time and consisting of the same pieces, the book and the cassette can be approached independently of each other.

On first reading, *Demons Of The 20th Century* presents some very real difficulties to understanding. Each composition is treated under a number of headings

such as "thoughts" "density" "sketch" and "solo arrangement", without any clear explanation as to their interrelation or meaning. The written text is allusive and elliptical to the point of opacity. The format is not easy to follow. The only conclusion I could draw from this is that this is a book that is not meant to be read quickly from cover to cover.

In fact, if you are willing to take the time there are a couple of things which make it intelligible. One is placing it in the context of Garber's previous work, particularly his previous books, *AUNTIE NATURE*, *UNCLE TREE AND COUSIN BLADE-A-GRASS*, where he clearly defines a number of the concepts taken for granted in *Demons*, such as "gravity" "density" "corresponding motions" and others. With this conceptual framework at hand the going gets easier.

It is also made easier when you realize it is meant to be *used* by guitarists. The best way to read this book is with a guitar in your hands. It then functions as a kind of guitarist I Ching which can be dipped into at random and which is full of fresh insights about playing the instrument. In this sense it is highly recommended to any guitarist who is interested in expanding his understanding of the instrument.

Once these obstacles are out of the way the sense of the pieces described becomes clearer. Each piece is scored in a number of different ways called "Blow-ups": one with tonal content alone; one with intervallic structure in standard notation; a sketch or graphic score of the whole piece; and a playing score with fret diagrams and finger positions. In addition there is a written section with each chapter which describes some of the thinking behind the piece. For example, in "Where Do The Gnomes Live" consists of three different types of harmonic groupings — clusters built on close intervals, chords built on a mixture of consonant and dissonant intervals and chords built in the same interval i.e. all fifths or all thirds. The relations between these types of structure provide the focus of the piece which, seen from all these various angles, is full of insights, musical and otherwise. Thus, each composition/chapter/score becomes a many-sided investigation into the nature of things,

as Garber sees it.

Each piece has a musical logic of its own which corresponds to the idea being explored. For example, "Debt of Nature" is based on a movement from very wide intervals to tight clusters and then single notes and harmonics. He describes this movement like this "Density increases. Two notes, three notes, four notes, then five notes. Prime, the corner of collision. Shrinking, shrinking. Musical cannibalism...Arc from cradle to grave terminates. Harmonics carry on, representing what may be on the other side. Aesthetic dead reckoning." The music and the thought follow the same logic. (If you are a guitarist you have the further option of actually playing the idea out on your instrument!)

In some of the pieces the reader is invited to share in the experience which originated the idea. For example in "Accidents of Time" which is a series of notes forming a kind of matrix (representing a "series of interactions between the player and the notes"), there is a description of sitting in a particular cafe on Bloor St. and observing the criss-crossing network of the electrical wires. From this scene Garber seems to develop a meditation on the fixed nature of nature and then expresses it musically.

If this kind of systematic approach sounds like it should produce formalistic, rigid music it would certainly be the wrong impression, judging by the cassette of the same name. The overall feeling is one of impressionistic suspension, an uncanny sense of motion with any apparent progression either in terms of tonal or atonal melody, and an almost Chinese subtlety of timbre shifts. None of the pieces build to any sort of climax or have a compelling rhythm yet there is a kind of intensity which is the result of thought rather than of expression.

The playing is not all flashy in the way guitar usually is, but is quite amazing in its own way: in order to meet the demands of the compositions he has had to create a whole range of unusual ways of plucking and fingering, amounting to an original approach to playing the instrument. Quite apart from the "philosophical" content (or perhaps because of it) Garber's playing stands on its own as a source of fresh and unusual sound.

In conversation, Lloyd Garber does not come across as a musician who is much interested in his past playing experience and how it has influenced his

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musical development. That is not to say that he does not have an impressive playing career behind him. From his early days playing in Halifax with locally prominent bandleaders such as Arnie Benson, Trevor Jones and Harry Cochrane to his years in Europe – where he played with George Russell and Kenny Clarke among others – he worked and travelled steadily in a wide range of commercial and jazz settings.

But it is not his playing career that he speaks of when he discusses the formation of his musical ideas. Rather it is his early experiences growing up in Middleton, Nova Scotia, which started him asking questions which he is still trying to answer through his music. In his words "What rings out clear is that you cannot have something good without having the bad along with it. This life balance was everywhere on the farm. One of the most beautiful experiences back then was being in constant touch with the Annapolis River which ran through our property. Incredible. And yet it had dangerous currents and lots of unexpected drop-offs. My music came out of this river as much as anything I can think of."

It is here that the uniqueness of

Garber's music lies: he has created a comprehensive systematic theory of music which at the same time flows from his own most personal experiences.

"The ideas – my sense of reality – are the manifestations of my feelings or my sense of awareness NOT the other way around! It may at first seem as though the ideas are the generating force – not so. The source for this music is my response to what is around me. My response to all that, and to myself. Just being quiet and allowing the mind to go back to some zero point of consciousness. That is how the feelings brought about the ideas."

This response is most clearly articulated in musical terms in his first book **AUNTIE NATURE, UNCLE TREE AND COUSIN BLADE-A-GRASS**, and latest book **Demons** this development has gone one step further. As Garber puts it "With **Demons** the music is the centre. The "I" was changed to "one". The intervals (close, mixed & same) were given shapes, certainly not in the conventional sense of melody, harmony and rhythm. I was more into bringing out the full potential of the instrument – and I am a real lover of guitars, especially if they consist of old wood – the ring. And I was concerned with breaking down the octave. I'm speaking about microtones and changing timbres...pings, plunks, klunks, behind the bridge stuff. In fact much of my playing is done on prepared guitar, with extra brass-like strings tuned apart from the equal-tempered system."

His next book "Willy-Nilly" goes further in the direction of abstraction and "letting the Guitar have its own way" as Garber describes it: "it's flat music, not concerned with dramatic or emotional elements, just pure form. This way it achieves such a degree of abstraction. I find it interesting because it is so uninteresting. Minor seconds and major sixths carry on for no other reason than that. I think it's the primitive aspect which draws me to this sort of thing."

In addition to playing and writing Garber is also a well-known guitar teacher. Working mostly from his own books Garber has taught the whole range of students from beginning guitarists to experienced studio musicians – some have been known to fly in to Toronto for lessons. Recently he has begun playing his compositions with ensembles of his students giving an effect he describes as being like "falling rain, the whole river, the whole spectrum."



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*Just Friends / September Song / Don'cha Go 'Way Mad / A House Is Not A Home / The Song Is You / Cow Cow Boogie / Medley: A Handful Of Stars, Stars Fell On Alabama / Duke Ellington Medley* May 1986

This latest survey covering recent jazz releases that showcase Canadian artists includes 3 big bands, 3 small-group sessions and a trio of albums featuring very advanced improvisational methods.

Starting off with the most traditional music, "Good Times" (available from **John Gould**, Moonstone Post Office, Moonstone, Ontario, L0K1N0) is a straightahead swing/dixie set from four little-known but talented players. Leader Gould is the lead voice, playing tenor in a style similar to Zoot Sims, paying tribute to Bechet on the soprano and sounding most original on clarinet (where he deserves credit for playing *Pee Wee's Blues* without attempting the impossible task of imitating Pee Wee Russell). The acoustic rhythm guitar of Mike "Doc" Walmsley is a major plus in this pianoless quartet for his chorded solos recall some of the great guitarists of the 1930's (Bernard Addison, Dick McDonough and Carl Kress). Bassist Dan Mastri, once a member of Vic Dickenson's Saints and Sinners, takes several fine solos (best are his personable bowed improvisations) while drummer Ralph Knapp is fine in support. The happy spirit and the repertoire of mostly little-played tunes help make this an enjoyable session.

The most surprising aspect connected with piano virtuoso **Oliver Jones** is the obscurity he has been in throughout his career. Now in his fifties, the mightily talented Jones plays in an Oscar Peterson vein (with touches of Phineas Newborn) but has his own approach despite the shared repertoire. One of those players who gives the impression that he can play anything, Jones can also exercise great restraint (as on *Soul Eyes* and *The Reverend Mr. Jones*). Bassist Skip Beckwith and drummer Jim Hillman sound comfortable keeping up with the pianist (no easy feat) and lay out a

perfect setting for Oliver's impressive solo flights. It'd be interesting to hear Oliver Jones interact with horns sometime but for now "Speak Low, Swing Hard" (available from Justin Time, 353 Rue Saint-Nicolas # 111, Montreal, Quebec H2H 2P1) serves as a perfect introduction to his unjustly neglected piano wizardry.

Also from Justin Time is "Witchcraft", a set of duets featuring the Canadian bassist-pianist **Don Thompson** and American guitarist **John Abercrombie**. Abercrombie, who has proved that he can play anything from fusion and spacey ECM New Age to rock and bop, here displays a quiet style that would fit in nicely on an early-60's ballad session. With Thompson playing bass on the first four selections and switching to his sensitive piano for the final 3 cuts, the guitarist is clearly inspired. The volume may be low on this date but the intensity is often high, especially on *Sentimental* and *You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To*. Thompson, who does not play piano

like a "second instrument", challenges Abercrombie on the latter selection. This session of standards (the only original, *Fall Colours*, is an adaptation of *Autumn Leaves*) never falls short on ideas. Despite its rather ugly album drawing, "Witchcraft" is full of the beauty of creativity.

The Vancouver Ensemble of Jazz Improvisation is a 17-piece big band that is heard playing the diverse arrangements of pianist-trombonist **Hugh Fraser** on "Classic Veji". Fraser's humor is in evidence on several of the selections, especially the opening runthrough on *I Got Rhythm* chords (*Screeab-Bop!*) and *Blues For Charlie*, a fairly standard bop performance until a 3-way saxophone tradeoff gets hysterical with weird commentary from the other horns and many false endings (a la Don Ellis). Ellis' influence is also felt on the 11/4 *Hyperbontonea*, a feature for the trombones that also utilizes a bit of handclapping and a vocal choir (composed of bandmembers) briefly. More sober are the gospellish *Something Like Home*, an overly complex ballad *Beside Myself* and a straightforward *The Message* which could be a tribute to the Jazz Messengers. Fraser's trombone and piano solos stand out although many other players star, including altoist Campbell Ryga, baritonist Perry White, trumpeter Bill Clark and tenorman Phil Dwyer. A fine effort. (From *Bebop to Now*, 34 Habitant Drive, Weston, Ontario M9M2N9.)

The next 2 albums stretch the boundaries of jazz a bit and, despite the emphasis on improvisation, much of the music is outside of jazz. **Tim Brady's** *The Persistence of Vision* ranges from acoustic ballad sketches to sound explorations. Brady paints musical pictures with his overdubbed acoustic and electric guitars and synthesizers (mostly used for



background color). Avoiding the monotony of much one-mood New Age music, Brady covers a lot of ground by varying instrumentation and emotions. Although not for all tastes, Tim Brady's well-planned album is continually intriguing. (Apparition Records, 37 Spruce St., Toronto, Ontario M5A2H8.)

**James Bailey's** LP is much stranger. On *The Train To The Eighth Dimension*, Bailey makes music out of the hissing of a synthesizer by using a tape delay and gradually altering the rhythms. The results (stretched out over nearly 24 minutes) do sound a bit like a train (sans whistle) for the first 10 minutes or so until the "train" seems to blast into another dimension and its sound is drastically altered while remaining highly rhythmic (but not danceable!) before fading out inconclusively. *From A Window - 1 A.M.*, inspired by a chorus of crickets, has strange sounds from Bailey's "prepared guitar" while **4HC** finds him wandering on a more conventionally tuned guitar, concentrating on sounds. The "Train" piece is the most successful cut on Bailey's uncategorizable album. (Applied Science, 12 Arden Crescent, Scarborough, Ontario M1L4A8.)

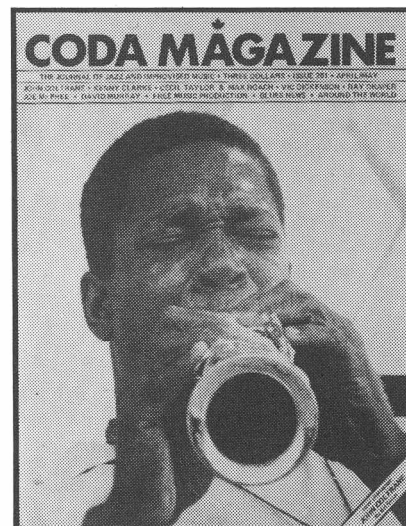
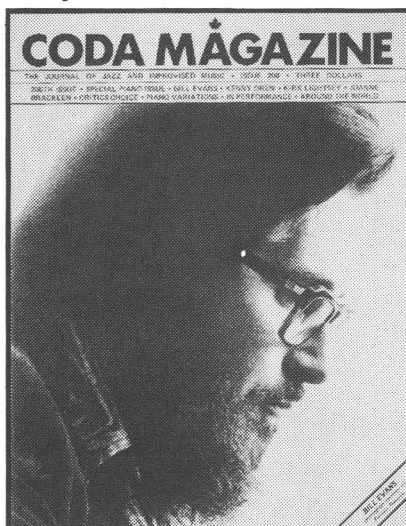
**Neighbours** is an Austrian trio consisting of Dieter Glawischnig (Yamaha electric grand), Ewald Oberleitner (bass) and John Preininger (drums). In 1980 while touring Canada they were joined by the two Canadians Mike Lucas (trumpet) and Michael Stuart (tenor, clarinet, piccolo, soprano, flute) for an utterly fascinating recording session (released on a regular album plus a one-sided LP) that ranks with the very best in free jazz. On four "Movements" (two short pieces and a pair of lengthy works), the quintet improvises freely with such strong communication that the proceedings are consistently dazzling. An idea by one player is quickly echoed and altered by another while inventive grooves build logically from nowhere and gradually evolve into a completely different rhythm. There are no individual solos to speak of but the ensembles allow each player the opportunity to be extremely creative and there are many marvelous moments. As with Ornette Coleman's music, the emphasis is on melody and rhythmic ideas, even when the improvising is atonal. Released on a tiny label by Preininger, "Movements" is very highly recommended even for those who do their best to ignore the avant-garde. Available from North Country Distributors (Cadence Bldg., Redwood, NY 13679). Go out of your way for this one!

This column concludes with a conventional but high quality big band album. Actually **Rob McConnell's Boss Brass** mostly plays in support of **Mel Torme** on his Concord LP. Few other fulltime orchestras today could fit in so naturally with Torme's style and, especially on the uptempo pieces such as *Just Friends* and *The Song Is You*, McConnell's charts bring out the best in the singer. A few of the ballads (especially *A House Is Not A Home* and the *Stars* medley) drag a bit but a charming version of *Cow Cow Boogie* (which includes some atmospheric harmonica) and an inventive Duke Ellington medley (despite the overplayed tunes) which allows the band to romp instrumentally on *It Don't Mean A Thing* help this album to live up to its potential. Fewer ballads and more room for solos would make a second recording even better than the first.

— Scott Yanow

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# HUGH RAGIN: THE METAPHYSICAL QUESTION

Trumpeter Hugh Ragin's passion for (no categories, please) music has led him from grade school choirs and junior high stage bands to jobs with symphony orchestras as well as jobs with Roscoe Mitchell, Anthony Braxton, John Lindberg, Leo Smith, and David Murray.

"I've always been into music in general, and that's really been my feeling all along," he says. "Being a music generalist, I like to play in the Fort Collins (Colorado) Symphony, as well as the David Murray Orchestra."

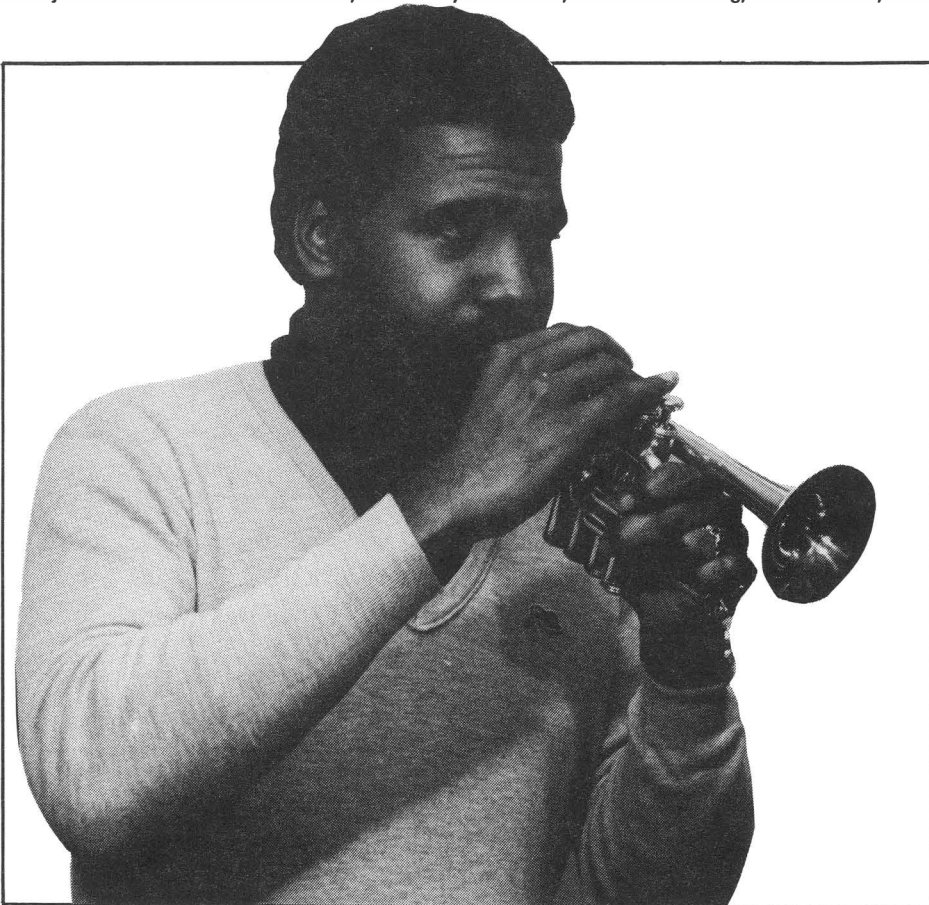
Born April 9th, 1951 in Houston, Ragin began playing trumpet at age 13, after learning a little piano from his mother and singing in grade school. "I can't really say what drew me to the trumpet. I just always liked music, and the trumpet was a way to put it across," he says. Then laughing, he adds, "I actually started playing trumpet because of peer pressure. A bunch of my junior high football buddies all played trumpet in the school band, and it was the thing to do. Maybe there's a cosmic connection there that's hard to see."

Whatever the reason he started, Ragin says within six months after he began, he knew that playing and teaching music was what he wanted to do. Having decided on music as a career, he entered the University of Houston. "When I entered college, I was thinking in terms of music, in general, not necessarily jazz. I would read orchestral scores, to learn what everyone in the orchestra was doing. Looking at scores helped me to be a more well rounded musician. It put me in the music that much more. It didn't necessarily make me a better improviser, but a better musician."

"Toward the end of my stay at the University of Houston, I played in a lot of jazz oriented R&B bands. The Gulf Coast Sound, a blend of jazz, R&B, and gospel, like the Crusaders. After a gig, we would get together with this band from out of town, and listen to Anthony Braxton. We just wanted to expand, to grow. We had a sax player in the band who liked Coltrane, and he would take it out sometimes, so we were aware of what was happening. That would have been around 1974 or '75."

Ragin's experiences in Houston prepared him for his move to Fort Collins and Colorado State University, where he continued his formal education, and where he met other people interested in creative music. "The real bright spot was this guy who studied with Roscoe Mitchell. He called himself "Mars", "Mars" Williams, a drummer. I liked his intensity. We would jam together, and from there we organized a group. We called ourselves Corner Culture, from a tune of that name on a Billy Hart record."

As Ragin's interest in improvised music grew, his commitment to it deepened. In late 1978 he made a decision which would affect his career more than any other ever had. "The end of that year there was a New Year's intensive at Creative Music Studios with the Art Ensemble in residence, and I thought it would be a wonderful opportunity to go and study with Roscoe. I just wanted to go and study and get some of that vibration. I knew that once I left him, I would be composing a lot more and be much more serious. I also studied with Lester Bowie, Joseph Jarman, and Malachi



Favors, but Don Moye was only there for the last two days. Lester Bowie told me about his 50 piece Sho'Nuff Orchestra, but that was in February, and I was teaching in Colorado, so that would be too difficult for me to make. But Roscoe said not to worry because he would have to work in the summer. So I gave him my number and two weeks later, Leo Smith called me and said he and Roscoe were putting the Creative Orchestra together and touring Europe. From then on I was really into the heart of the commitment I made in '78. We added Anthony Braxton on the Orchestra recordings, and we were soloing on the same compositions. He said he might have work in the fall. A month or so after that tour, we were on the road as a duo."

"It's interesting, I used to think of a certain difference between Anthony and Roscoe, but when I went on the road with both of them, I found out that what I thought would only be Roscoe, Anthony would be right there, too. The real difference is how they structure things. They both use standard notation, then they have their own kinds of notation they work with, too. The same for Leo."

"The greatest difference between them is when they get away from standard notation. Leo's two important concepts are Ahkri Invention and Rhythm Units. Roscoe has something he calls "Cards", which is very different.

Anthony has a number of notations he works with. On "Composition 98" he used four sets of notation. One was standard, one was something he calls "Grace Notation", one was graphic, and the other was pulled from his composition for four orchestras. The score is a gigantic sheet with all the parts on it, and we would follow the score to see where everyone else was in the piece. I would say for me, all three of those guys are into music in general. From the composition point of view, the main difference is how they get away from standard notation."

"Just by being around them you realize how seriously they take their composition. All of them ask each other about what they have been writing lately. Coming off those tours, I got into a burst of writing myself."

Examples of Ragin's writing appear on his own two albums, "Team Work", a duet with bassist John Lindberg on Cecma, and "Metaphysical Question", with Lindberg again and drummer Thurman Barker, also on Cecma. The title track of "Metaphysical Question" starts out along the lines of an Anthony Braxton type march, then evolves into swing. The theme is based on a twelve tone row. "Variations on Paganini's Perpetual Motion", from the same album, uses a melody from the Romantic Period of European classical music as a spring-



board for improvisation. Compositions on "Team Work" display a similar mixing of forms and musical concerns. "Elements" symbolically uses four kinds of notation for each of the Aristotelean elements. "Fire" uses graphic notation to get the interpreter thinking in terms of bright colors, Ragin explained. "Earth" is written with standard notation to elicit a "back to the earth feeling". The running down hill, descending theme of "Water" is half graphic, half standard. And "Air" uses special notation to indicate air sounds made with the instruments. "I want to write the kind of music you can't just play, or listen to, and forget. You should find out a little bit about yourself when you play it as well as when you listen to it", Ragin says.

"I'm looking for different sounds in music. I tend to view them as colors, so it's kind of like being a visual artist, too. There are more sounds available than the twelve tones we grow up with. Different cultures don't limit themselves to those twelve tones. I'm just trying to grow and get more out of music. I'm using the piccolo trumpet and flugelhorn for that reason. Braxton kind of put me on to that when we did the duo. Braxton wanted the piccolo trumpet. A lot of "Metaphysical Question" came from being around Anthony.

Returning from those initial tours with the Mitchell-Smith Orchestra and Braxton, Ragin began working on a PhD., which he has since dropped to concentrate on playing and teaching. "I was about two years into it when I wanted to get back on the road and play. A friend of mine, who was in the Maynard Ferguson band, called me and asked if I was still interested in getting away. The next thing I knew I was on the Spring '83 tour. That summer we went to Japan, and in the fall, we traveled all the time. I enjoyed it because Maynard was more into bebop than usual at that time. I was getting a lot of what I call the New York Maynard. The West Coast band is the rock and roll Maynard. That's just my analysis, of course. He gave me solo space, and he is so good with his personnel. He knew the roles of the manager, the light man, and he can play all the instruments. He also showed me some things about Indian meditation."

It was while traveling with the Ferguson band that Ragin met David Murray. "I was on the road with Maynard when we came to the Bottom Line. Being in New York, I wanted to see all the music I could. At the time David Murray's quartet and big band were playing in New York, and I talked to David. This was in '83. Later he called me to make an octet gig, and I've done a couple of things with the octet since, and recorded with the octet, too. ("New Life", forthcoming from Black Saint/Soul Note.) David really has a hold on all the styles and always keeps that going. And he's found a way to take the audience with him."

Besides interpreting classical music, Ragin can obviously play with the very best creative musicians. Just as obviously he has good ideas of his own. So what keeps him in the relative obscurity of Colorado? "I think I was inspired by Roscoe Mitchell. At the time I worked with him, he was living on a farm in Hollindale, Wisconsin, and it's way out there. So you see, you can actually live anywhere on the planet and pivot from there. So here I am living in Fort Collins, and I'm still getting a lot of creative

energy out there. I feel that I have room to create, and get my own concepts together. That's not to say I'll never move, but right now, creatively, it's working for me. As long as I can play music on a high level, that's what counts most to me. There are lots of musicians who don't live in New York that can definitely play on a high level. And when you go to New York, you run the risk of losing your focus."

"I want to do more than just play music. The educator part of me says something has to change in the elementary schools to get more people to open their minds. There has to be a lot of educational change that has to start in elementary schools. I feel this very deeply. I look at music as communication. Which means we need both creative musicians and creative listeners. And when I talk about creative listeners, I'm talking about someone who is willing to take another look at harmony and relationship and broaden their scope. We've learned how to relate to twelve notes, that's what we're taught. There's more to it than that."

"Working and housing conditions concern me, too. I know you can't go to New York and change everything, but it's important to go there and have some ideas. To start toward change. I would have kind of a large agenda, if I was in New York. All four of those things, music, education, housing, and jobs, interest me. I would want to be a positive force on all of those levels. On a microcosm level, you have to integrate all kinds of music. But then on a macrocosm, the life spectrum, you've got to put people together. It's kind of an African perspective on your music."

It seems to me now in this age of conservatism, we're closing up. I'm waiting for us to open up again and look at ourselves as a world people. So this is a perfect time to do some personal woodshedding, so to speak. To get my program together. A lot of things run in cycles, and if they're closed now, they'll be open again. And I'm going to be there, and ready, when they open up."

— Ed Hazell

(based on an interview conducted 10-25-86)

## HUGH RAGIN DISCOGRAPHY

### AS LEADER OR CO-LEADER

<i>Metaphysical Question</i>	Cecma
<i>Teamwork</i>	Cecma

### WITH ROSCOE MITCHELL

<i>Snurdy McGurdy and Her Dancing Shoes</i>	Nessa
<i>More Cutouts</i>	Cecma
<i>Sketches From Bamboo</i>	Moers Music

### WITH JOHN LINDBERG

<i>Trilogy for Eleven Instruments</i>	Black Saint
<i>Haunt for the Unresolved</i>	NATO

### WITH ANTHONY BRAXTON

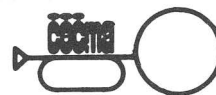
<i>Composition 98</i>	Hat Art
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### WITH LEO SMITH

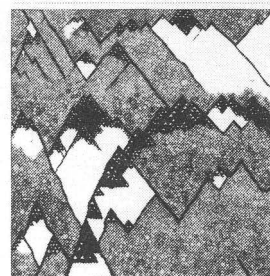
<i>Budding of a Rose</i>	Moers Music
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### WITH MAYNARD FERGUSON

<i>Live from San Francisco</i>	Palo Alto
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# FESTIVAL SCENES



## DU MAURIER DOWNTOWN JAZZ FESTIVAL Toronto, June 21-28, 1987

John Lewis recently discussed his career in Tower Records' Pulse magazine. He observed that a major source for his keyboard style was the attitudes inherent in musicians from the Southwest. "There, when you play as a jazz musician, what you had to do, if you wanted to survive, was what we call telling a story. In other words, something has to happen to make the listener listen and follow from the beginning to the end. Well, in the East people are much more interested in technical display. That doesn't necessarily tell any story; it's more like going to the circus or something, watching somebody walking the highwire. But what was wonderful about the Southwest was that they thought it could do more than that. The idea was involved with your playing whether you were playing popular songs derived from the blues, or another form we had out in the Southwest: wonderful cowboy music, which I liked very much. Cowboy music used lyrics, of course, that always told a story. I grew up with that, and so it's still there."

For eight days and nights Toronto was saturated with music gathered together under the banner of "Downtown Jazz". To judge from the music I heard it would seem that the values espoused by John Lewis mean little to today's musicians. They prefer technical displays of awesome proportions. It is also evident that, in the 1980s, most of the elements which made jazz a unique music have disappeared. The blues feeling and swing rhythms have been replaced by an ever widening smorgasbord of musical elements. Rhythmically the music is dominated by musicians who have grown to maturity through the Rock Culture and an

ever increasing number of influential musicians work out of concepts and ideas inherent in European classical music. The song form has been replaced by motifs largely derived from African sources which have been reprocessed through the popular cultures of South, Central and North America.

The musical scope of Downtown Jazz was as broad as the music itself. Its umbrella successfully covered nearly every element of the music in place today. Overlapping schedules too often presented stylistically similar music at the same time. But the complexities of international bookings and the shortage of lead time put the organizers in a situation where there were limited options.

The excellent program of contemporary music at Harbourfront's sweltering du Maurier Theatre clashed with concerts at Roy Thomson Hall and the John W. Bassett Theatre at the Convention Centre. It made it impossible to hear **Ekaya and Ricky Ford/Ran Blake** or to enjoy both **The World Saxophone Quartet** and **Frank Lowe**. At least those concerts ended early enough that it was possible to catch a late set at clubs such as the BamBoo or Cafe des Copains.

**Abdullah Ibrahim and Ekaya** is one of the few contemporary jazz groups whose music "tells a story". All of Ibrahim's music comes out of his Capetown heritage. The melodies are as close to the earth as those created by country blues people or cowboys. Ekaya is the fruition of a musical philosophy which has been there since his earliest musical days in South Africa. Ibrahim, like Ellington, Mingus and Monk, constantly reworks his themes around his musicians but the underlying truth of his message remains the same.

His concert was long — both in the gener-

osity of playing time and in the brooding despair of its message. This was an occasion to remember many of the people who have given their lives in Southern Africa for the movement. There was little joy in the music — just a sombre, measured reading of themes which threatened but never broke loose of their structures. Much of the material was new — and the writing for the ensemble was exquisite. Soloing effectively in this setting is beyond the comprehension of most American musicians. Only **Carlos Ward** fully translated the melodic, rhythmic nuances of Southern Africa into an improvising role. On this occasion **Sonny Fortune** was the tenor saxophonist. His extended solo statements rapidly slipped into repetitive R&B figures which would have done credit to Big Jay McNeely or Boots Randolph but did nothing for the sensitivities of Ibrahim's music. The audience, of course, loved every note — just as they enjoyed the pyrotechnics of Illinois Jacquet and Flip Phillips with JATP. Ricky Ford's absence was underlined when he sat in following his Harbourfront appearance. As a guest who had returned "home" he restored lyricism to the music.

**Don Pullen's** fiery solo piano was on display for two nights at Cafe des Copains. This is a role he functions in too rarely for he is a major performer whose sound pictures are a testimony to the unending nuances of the blues and gospel music. A lifetime of musical ideas pour forth in Don Pullen's playing. But you have to be patient. A set of his music is very much a **performance**. Not only does he create sensitive, lyrical lines but he also pounds the instrument into submission. His "effects" include a crushing forearm and shimmering cascades of notes from the upper end of the

instrument which merge together into a continuous soundscape. The effect is impressive on a first hearing. But it is a device with limitations. By the third time around one waits for a return to more imaginative musical moments.

Imaginative musical moments were in short supply at many of the events. **Phineas Newborn** is one of the music's major stylists but the dexterity of his unison runs were counter-balanced with ineffectively developed ideas on other numbers. The coherence of musical thought came and went with the moment and he sometimes seemed insecure as a solo performer. Perhaps the nature of his style requires the presence of strong bass and drum support.

Down at Harbourfront's du Maurier Theatre the **Reggie Workman** and **Chico Freeman/Mal Waldron** concerts failed to live up to their promise. **Claude Ranger's** Quartet were in the closing part of their set when I arrived. Only individual statements by the musicians were heard at that stage of the performance. Workman's set promised more. There was much written music on stage and these themes were the links between the solo statements of the musicians — saxophonist **Oliver Lake**, pianist **Marilyn Crispell** and drummer **Andrew Cyrille**. The concert opened with its best moments — unaccompanied solo statements by each musician. Oliver Lake's alto solo especially was an impassioned, multi-layered statement full of the music's most basic nuances but delivered with all the virtuosity of a musician who has taken the language and extended it. But this early promise was not upheld. There seemed little cohesion and a shortage of inspiration from the musicians. Perhaps the music they were working with simply didn't provide the necessary motivation. It all became very monotonous.

A similar problem overshadowed the Freeman/Waldron concert. Both musicians, in the past, have demonstrated that they are at their best when performing well structured compositions — which might be popular songs or jazz compositions. Here they used improvisation as the beginning point for their music. Once one had appreciated the full sound of Chico Freeman's tenor saxophone and Mal Waldron's dense piano sound there was little to hold one's attention. Their personal conversations were offered to the audience in fragments but the topic of the conversations was abstract. The privacy of this conversation was heightened by Freeman's persistent desire to perform in a darkened portion of the stage.

Two of the best settings for music in the warm summer weather which blessed the festival were at Roy Thomson Hall. Each day concerts were held poolside. It was a calm oasis in the middle of the bustling city. But I was only able to get there once to hear the international group Reflexionen. Swiss saxophonist **Urs Leimgruber** is the leader but the presence of pianist **Don Friedman** is what made the music of interest. They use the well-worn but popular concepts of John Coltrane as the starting point of their music. It is competently played but echoes fallen heroes.

**L'Orchestre National de Jazz** doesn't echo heroes living or dead — which might be why it was hard to grasp that the music they performed to a surprisingly small audience on the West Park, had a place in a jazz festival. This is the second year of the orchestra's existence. It

is totally supported by the French government and its musical direction, this year, is the responsibility of pianist **Antoine Herve**. The music, a pastiche of clichés from every element of popular culture of the past decade (and that includes Weather Report and Miles Davis), was excellently played by musicians of outstanding instrumental facility. The weakness of the music was its lack of purpose. A giant screen was needed to provide the visual images to go with the music. There was an impressive trombone solo at one point but the highlight was an unaccompanied soprano saxophone and piano duet. Only then did it seem that all the expensive clutter was removed and we heard a moment of real music.

All the music was real at Cafe des Copains for the two nights with **Tete Montoliu**. He is one of a handful of European musicians who transcend international barriers when playing jazz. He has become a major jazz performer — a stylist who can perform equally eloquently in a solo setting or in the spontaneous framework of duets with a master musician like Bobby Hutcherson. Their duet concert in Barcelona in early May was a staggering example of the challenges and resolutions enjoyed by highly creative musicians who have the ability to instantly juggle a multiplicity of options. At the same time their musicality is at a level where the end result is enjoyable to the listener.

Montoliu's four sets over two nights at Cafe des Copains were a brilliant presentation of well executed standards, respected compositions by jazz performers and ad-lib blues lines. Montoliu's flowing improvisations, replete with humorous twists and turns, was a delightful balance between effortless technical control and an unceasing flow of musical ideas. It was one of the week's truly satisfying events.

So too was an afternoon session at the Sheraton Centre's Traders Lounge where Jim Galloway's Harbourfront All Stars gave a warm-up concert with **Spanky Davis** filling in for the fog-bound Yank Lawson. This music, which could be termed high-tech dixieland, is entirely shaped by the musical desires of its participants. After more than fifty years it is usually no more than an empty shell. And this same process has attacked the credibility of swing and bebop. It is now working its way forward with 1950s hard bop and the music created by Miles Davis and his cohorts in the 1960s.

But this afternoon's performance was different. To begin with it benefited from a great rhythm section. **Ralph Sutton, Milt Hinton** and **Gus Johnson** gave all who cared to listen an object lesson in what the term "rhythm section" truly means. It goes beyond time-keeping, playing the right chords and following dutifully the nuances of the tunes. It is an overall frame around which musicians have the freedom to stretch their imaginations. Spanky Davis has been visiting Toronto for a number of years. While his instrumental ability has always been impressive his musical sensibilities always seemed suspect. On this visit he played solos which were rhythmically flexible, tonally crisp and without any improvising weaknesses. In short he offered solos which were musically enjoyable and consistent in style. At his best he has merged the dramatic excitement of Roy Eldridge with the clarity and tension within Buck Clayton's approach to improvisation.

**Jim Galloway** has established himself in

Toronto as a masterful improviser in his idiom. Now the rest of the world is beginning to understand that he has become a major voice within his chosen stylistic horizons.

The big surprise, for many people, may have been **Ray Anderson**. His own music is an uncompromising blend of traditional tonal elements and contemporary improvisational concepts. He gave a display of this virtuosity Friday night at the Traders when his trio (**Mark Dresser** - bass and **Ronnie Burrage** - drums) performed ferociously. Anderson's extraordinary technique was put to full use as he rose and fell above and below the expected range of the instrument. He married this to a wide variety of tonal effects and devices. It was an unrelenting assault which continued to take listeners to the same point — regardless of whether it was an original composition or a classic jazz composition like *Bohemia After Dark*.

All of Anderson's unique glisses and slurs were present on Saturday (and indeed at Harbourfront for the two nights of performance with the band which included the late arriving Yank Lawson) as he rewrote the trombone parts for this music. His adroit and unpredictable lines were a catalyst while his solos, controlled but not restricted by the framework of the songs, were full of surprises. They were also exciting, emotionally charged statements by a musician who communicated fully his intense joy and satisfaction at playing music with his peers.

The Harbourfront concert, an open air event which is at the mercy of the elements, had to move indoors Saturday night following a short rainstorm much to the discomfort of the audience. The weather was fine on Sunday and the large audience appreciated all the music provided by local bands prior to the concert climax with the All Stars and the two piano team of **Dick Hyman** and **Dick Wellstood**. "Stridemonster" is the name of their band and that was the music on display. They dazzled each other and the audience with their virtuosity while demonstrating that much more than the music of James P. Johnson and Fats Waller is suitable for this kind of interpretation. Unfamiliar popular songs were more in evidence than the exercise pieces so loved by lower level performers.

The lack of a central hotel for the performers reduced artist interaction but the Traders Lounge at the Sheraton Centre seemed a good spot for musicians seeking an opportunity to perform spontaneously. Tenor saxophone giant **Buddy Tate** and Spanky Davis were in residence all week with the **Ian Bargh Trio**. The permutations of musicians changed radically as the evening progressed while the music retained its sense of direction.

**Paquito D'Rivera** took his clarinet to Cafe des Copains and performed a few numbers with Tete Montoliu and the late night scene at Meyers may have attracted some impromptu playing.

There's no doubt that this festival worked well — unlike its predecessors. Everything ran smoothly and audiences were enthusiastic about the music. Jazz, it seems, thrives in smaller more intimate surroundings and those locations seemed to work best. Labatts, the other major sponsor, underwrote much of this activity.



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I regret not hearing Stan Getz, Cecil Taylor and Dewey Redman/Charlie Haden. But for one week, Toronto received a massive injection of major league music. It was well backed up by a large number of home grown presentations. There was more than enough music to satisfy most listeners.

— **John Norris**

Stan was really the first close friend, who was black, that I had. It was not as though we were conscious of enlarging international relationships, or anything like that, mostly we were joined together by our love for one particular joy, the joy of jazz music. Several times a week in a small bar, in a side street off the top of Saint Michaels Hill in Bristol, we would meet, drink a few pints of beer and expand our friendship, which was based almost entirely in the subject of jazz. Of course we loved Dizzy G, Monk, Mingus, Bird and all, but the fanatical focus of our dreams was directed to one Miles Davis. Our knowledge of him, at this point in our lives, was based mostly on four recordings from the Prestige label, all from the year 1956, and featuring the most marvelous of bands. Miles, John Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. In fact, in a broad sense the four recordings (Workin' - Cookin' - Steamin' - Relaxin') provided us with our yardstick by which we judged our affinity with everything else. Not just the music consumed us, but the whole cool persona of what these five players represented in our inexperienced minds. The sunglasses. A way to talk (You dig). The shirts, the ties, even the shoes.

In the autumn of 1960 it was announced in the press that the Miles Davis Quintet would tour Britain, and on Friday the 30th of September a concert was scheduled at the Colston Hall in Bristol.

In the history of our people there has always been the wait for the coming of the Messiah, and as far as Stan and I were concerned, this occasion was about to occur. We talked of nothing else except this forthcoming night of joy. I cannot say that I remember another musical event in these years since, that has generated so much genuine excitement.

It had become a practice, in concert halls, for extra seats to be placed on the stage, behind the band, when it was expected that the concert would be sold past the capacity of the theatre. For the jazz fanatic those seats proved to be perfect, for instead of just being able to hear and see the performers from afar, you were close to them. The entrance from the side of the stage into performance became part of your experience. You could almost touch them.

"Ladies and gentlemen, on drums Jimmy Cobb.... on bass Paul Chambers.... on piano Wynton Kelly.... on saxophone Sonny Stitt...." The sorcerer, impeccable in image, poised at centre stage, raised the green anodised trumpet to his lips.... "If I Were A Bell" .....

In the ensuing twenty seven years my outlook has broadened considerably, but throughout this time the various configurations of Miles Davis' groups have constantly given me pleasure. I have been fortunate enough to hear the bands with Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Tony Williams, Chick Corea, Dave Holland, Jack DeJohnette, and on into

his electric period that continues still until this day.

Wednesday, June 17th at Roy Thomson Hall in Toronto, is advertised as the Gala Preview Concert, and fittingly the band is once again Miles Davis. The theatre, for both shows is almost filled, but not with the people that I would have expected, not fans like myself who have followed his every move for so long, but legions of well dressed yuppies who have come not to witness the legend of the great improviser, but instead to hear a pop music mogul. The band is spread across the stage, two synthesizers, two drummers, electric bass, electric guitar, saxophone and Miles attired in mod Japanese designer clothes, and the anodised trumpet, this time coloured red.

His reputation from the past was often described as anger, the silent one, and indeed in those days of the past, critics who were not aware of his damaged throat, often took his silence as an indication that he was ignoring his audience. He never spoke on stage. For us this was of little importance as we already knew all the names of the tunes anyway. Here was a new Miles, and although I had already read about his new persona, I was not entirely ready for this friendly open man. He acknowledged his players continuously, smiled at the audience, but most importantly he played the trumpet for at least 75% of the performance. So much more left of his beautiful history than I had imagined. A more generous human being. Once again I was thrilled by his magic, soaring atop his new support, controlling all the directions that the music would take in that 90 minute excursion. I do suspect however, if it had been someone other than him fronting this band, it would have been less than interesting, and would on its own, without his genius, rapidly become tedious. I have not listened to Miles Davis in a number of years, I went away for more interesting adventures, well I guess I'm back.

After such a grand preview to the festival, it would, to say the least, be anti-climactic to continue with less than a positive view. In fact the festival as a whole was one of the more interesting presentations that has occurred in this new popular concept of jazz venues. Although the idea of big city festivals do attract a large amount of attention, and bring a much expanded audience to the music, as an old style jazz fan I prefer to hear this art in more intimate surroundings. A little theatre, or even more delightful the natural habitat of the club. And so that is how I proceeded to select my overdose of jazz for the week.

My attention was divided between the du Maurier Theatre Centre at Harbourfront, a tourist pleasure palace, the Cafe des Copains and the Bamboo Club.

Although the popular press would have us believe that Stan Getz opened the Toronto Festival, discounting the fact that Tony Bennett, the preceding evening was the official choice, from my own experience it would have to be my own ensemble on a double bill with **Cecil Taylor**, and the socialising afterwards at the Cafe des Copains with the music of **Don Pullen**, that started the proceedings.

I of course cannot comment on my own music, except to transmit the great pleasure it gave the players, and from the response, seemingly the audience. And to describe Cecil

Taylor's solo piano artistry seems at this point in history to be redundant. He was however most romantic, and extended his performance into song and dance. The other concert that I concentrated on, that took place at the Harbourfront location, was the **Solar System Saxophone Quartet**, which displayed the performing and composing talents of saxophonists Paul Cram, Johnny Bakan, Ernie Toller and Nic Gotham, in a very positive light, and the almost folk like duet of **Dewey Redman and Charlie Haden**. Not really half of the Ornette Coleman quartet, even though several of his compositions were treated with a quiet respect, but more like two old friends whose knowledge of each other, being on the most intimate of levels, produced a delicate music full of the content one would expect from two such eminent artists. A delight indeed.

Time for comment on the Du Maurier Theatre. The sound with its five-second room delay, was most suitable for the presentation of acoustic music, but due to lack of air conditioning, the room temperature was extreme, and on several occasions drove me from the theatre. A new air conditioning system was apparently to be installed the following week. Ironically the theatre was originally an ice house.

The weather was superb, with the sun shining down from the heavens almost continuously, and as there seemed no natural gathering place for the performers to gravitate to in the daytime, my family organised several garden parties at our house. Invited guests included Cecil Taylor, Don Pullen, Oliver Lake and family, Brandon Ross and David Prentice. David who was married the previous week even supplied some of the champagne that was left over from his celebration. Thanx.

But now I must return to my love for the old idea of a club, and the two events that Onari and I attended at the Bamboo were just superb. The first being **Leroy Jenkins and Sting**. Since two years ago when he first appeared at

this club much has happened to his music. Gone is the confusion that I first experienced, to be replaced by Leroy's own idea of what funky means. The band, with Alphonse Gardner on bass, Brandon Ross on guitar and Thurman Barker on drums, provided him with the perfect support for his electrifying violin to cook. A small but very enthusiastic crowd this late at night. A long time ago there was a certain aura that permeated jazz music, those quintets engulfing our senses in jazz clubs. The groups of Miles and Mingus, Horace Silver and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. And now on this final night, for me, the **Tony Williams Quintet**. I had heard them last year at the Edmonton City Festival in a several thousand seat theatre, and after only two or perhaps three tunes, I found myself heading out for other pleasures. The impact of the music lost in that giant space. Here though, at the Bamboo, crammed wall to wall with sweating joyful fans, the quintet found its power, and suddenly there I was, three decades ago with my friend Stan, reaching out to touch them. If only the owners of these establishments knew that they could bring back the power of this great music by presenting concerts of this quality. Funny though, Wallace Roney had a green anodised trumpet. - GREAT!

— Bill Smith

Choosing where to go this year proved a little more difficult than in the past two years' festivals, at least in terms of priority, who have I not seen, who is important to see.

Once of those choices leaned toward a fusion night at Roy Thomson Hall for the **Michael Brecker Band, John Scofield and the Denon CD** players. A two-thirds full house welcomed the first unit on stage: Michael Brecker - tenor, Mike Stern - guitar, Jeff Andrews - bass, Adam Nussbaum - drums and Joey Calderaso - piano. I got the impression this was a group in a hurry, each musician out to impress the rest in the band with their technique. All are extremely outstanding

musicians, but this was not their night musically. Fusion it may have been, but not good fusion. A distinct contrast was most evident in the Denon CD players' portion of the concert. Brother Randy Brecker led a loose unit with Elaine Elias - piano, Peter Erskine - drums, Marc Johnson - bass and Benny Wallace - tenor. Even though there was a need for more unity within this new band, they displayed a keen desire to please the audience. Benny Wallace was, to my ears, alone worth the price of admission. Strutting around the stage, bending, weaving the saxophone, he swung hard in a post bop vein against the straight ahead hard bop style of the rest of the band. The contrasting styles seemed appropriate in this setting, creating an edge.

On Wednesday night I arrived too late to catch Paquito D'Rivera, whom I had seen twice during the past six months, but would have appreciated seeing again. Nevertheless I was treated to an exceptional concert by a remarkable **Gil Evans** New York Band. It was most unfortunate that this band was not introduced from the stage, here was a native Toronto born musician who was celebrating his 75th year, and there was no one out on stage to welcome him home. The band straggled out in groups of two or three and finally Gil strode out and headed towards the keyboards, at which time the band launched into a series of tunes that obviously did not dwell too well on the ears of most of the audience, who rather rudely began to file out of the theatre, either unable or unwilling to give the music a chance. They missed an impressive concert, as those who stayed on will attest. Fresh, exciting, sometimes belligerent, but never boring. It was a pure delight to see and hear this band playing familiar and new charts. Outstanding solos by Hamiet Bluiett, Bill Evans, Miles Evans, Lew Soloff, Chris Hunter and Shunzo Ohno, I seem to have forgotten the names of the french horn player and a trombonist who also were exceptional. The subtle inner-voicings, unusual blending of instruments and a sense of time and dynamics were most evident throughout the evening. This was without question one of the most exciting events of the week-long festival.

In another setting at the Du Maurier Theatre Centre at Harbourfront we were pleased to experience another concert of high quality featuring the **Jane Bunnett Quintet**, Jane playing soprano and flute, Claude Ranger - drums, Brian Dickenson - piano, Al Henderson - bass and Larry Cramer - trumpet, performing originals by Jane and one tune by Carla Bley. A very strong band, united and full of surprises. Excellent solo space for each member, especially a flute solo by Jane on the Bley composition which was full of fire and passion.

**Ricky Ford and Ran Blake** were the headliners of this night's concert, and it was a marriage of two great musical minds from the opening tunes **Satin Doll** and **Monotony**. At times each player would go out on a limb, or to the very edge, only to be brought back by the other, then they would joust and trade off each other much to their own individual delight as it was to the audience's. Their solos were like threads of gold, shimmering in the light, taut and beautiful at the same time.

This feeling was carried over throughout



the whole week at this venue and on Saturday night I had the distinct pleasure of attending another concert this time with Toronto's **Time Warp** as the opening group for **Chico Freeman** and **Mal Waldron**.

Time Warp just gets better and better each time I hear them and are without a doubt one of the better young bands around today. Bob Brough and Mike Murley on saxophones, mostly tenor, with Al Henderson - bass and Barry Elmes - drums conveyed a no nonsense message to an eager audience. Most of the tunes were written by Al Henderson who introduced each piece with his dry sardonic humour and then proceeded to dig in with the rest of the group to give vent to some really inspiring music. The outstanding tunes were **Duke's Time**, a poignant duet featuring tenor and alto in unison, and **Robert Johnson's Blues** with a striking bass solo by Henderson. The band had a spontaneity that at times appeared to have been rehearsed.

The impact of Mal Waldron and Chico Freeman in person is totally awesome. Long solos by each musician, no introductions of tunes, which for the most part segued on to each other very much like a suite. Freeman demonstrated his circular breathing technique, and used the complete range of the tenor in many moods. Waldron, a master of the keyboard, excelled both as an accompanist and as soloist. Two encores were offered to an audience that was completely enthralled by this duo's music.

Sunday afternoon and evening gave us a chance to hear our local artists in their best element, at the Water's Edge Cafe at Harbourfront.

**Rick Wilkins**, who is more known for his writing/arranging and playing with the Boss Brass, took advantage of this opportunity to front a quartet featuring Lorne Lofsky - guitar, Bob Price - bass and Joe Bendza - drums. The band offered a mixed bag of tunes with the warm tenor of Rick at times reminding us of Zoot Sims and Flip Phillips. A cohesive unit, plenty of solo space and interesting material to work with gave the afternoon a great start. **Lorne Lofsky** came out to play more fine guitar as a leader of his own trio for the second group of the afternoon. Kieran Overs playing bass and Bob McLaren - drums, ably assisted Lorne in a set of material ranging from Miles Davis' **Nardis**, Denny Zeitlin's **Quiet Now** through some standards and a Steve Swallow composition. **Memo Acevedo** and his Latin Jazz Band is as visually exciting as it is aurally. A mixture of cultures was evident in the band members as well as the music, which ranged from Afro-American, Jamaican, and Brazilian influences. Hot, would be a mild description of this band, from the opening number to the end of the set, they had the over-capacity audience clapping and shouting for more. Memo throughout playing percussion and shouting encouragement to the individual soloists and communicating to the audience a spirit of fun.

The evening's performances got under way with trumpet/flugelhorn player **John McLeod** fronting a band with Mark McCarron - guitar/guitar synthesizer, Scott Alexander - bass and Barry Romberg - drums. Practically all the material performed was written by John and showed us that his compositional

prowess is equally as good as his playing. A great deal of lyrical quality appeared in both of these areas, and gave the rest of the band incentive to express their ideas in like fashion.

A wonderful interpreter of lyrics is vocalist **Bobbie Sherron** who, with Brian Browne - piano, Scott Alexander - bass, Bob McLaren - drums and Eugene Amaro - tenor sax gave the audience a well organized and sensitive set of tunes.

The closing group for this last day of the Festival was a big band led by drummer/composer/arranger **John Cheesman**. One of the most hard driving big bands I've heard in quite some time, performing all original material, this alone is a distinct pleasure, but each and every member of the band was exceptional both in the ensemble and as an individual soloist. Outstanding were Mike Malone - trumpet and Alex Dean - tenor. The trumpet section led by Arnie Chycoski was a pure joy, like a knife cutting through butter, and always together in pitch. A delightful way to end a day of top Canadian talent.

In closing I must comment on two venues, the Harbourfront Theatre is a natural place for jazz presentations, needs only some air conditioning to complete the comfort of great sightlines and very natural acoustics. I confess I can't say the same for Roy Thomson Hall, which is very austere, with a poor sound system and the audience is always too far away from the performers. There are numerous other reasons for not having jazz events held there, but this is not the place to vent one's disenchantment. I must say these problems do not extend to the staff, who are most courteous and always pleasant to deal with. What I saw and heard at this year's du Maurier Festival was well worth the time and effort, and I look forward to an even better week next year.

— Hal Hill

#### **JVC JAZZ FESTIVAL New York, New York June 19 - 28, 1987**

The dean of jazz festivals — successor to Newport and Kool — this year's New York event listed 45 programs, seven of which were scheduled for two shows each, thus totalling 52 performances. Of the 47 which took place in Manhattan, nine were held at the renovated Carnegie Hall; six of the concerts I attended involved amplification, and the sound was almost consistently abominable. The piano — when it could be heard at all — invariably sounded like a spinet with reverberation. Even though Oscar Peterson's majestic instrument proudly proclaimed its illustrious Bosendorfer paternity, no clear notes could be heard, the music resulting in a blur which, in the upper register of the keyboard, pierced the ear of the listeners. Most of the artists' announcements were unintelligible: to calm a loudly complaining audience, Joe Williams disclaimed all responsibility for the sound system. "I am just a singer," he finally said and shrugged. No recording can faithfully render the total experience of a live performance, much less replace it. However, when the sound is as bad as it was at Carnegie Hall — and unfortunately this is the case at many jazz concerts — instead of going through the effort,

expense and agony, music lovers are much better off staying at home and listening to records. It is astonishing that the producers of the JVC festival (which after all bears the name of a sound equipment manufacturer) should have failed to solve the problems which arise in the relation between Carnegie Hall acoustics and amplified instruments.

By comparison, the sound at Avery Fisher Hall seemed excellent. Miles Davis' concert on opening night included a twelve bar traditional blues, a pop song, and his usual modal funk fare. Kenny Garrett played aggressive blues-tinged alto and soprano saxes, Joe McCreary roared on the electric guitar and Rodney Jones played powerful funky lines on the electric bass. There were two keyboard players — Bobby Irving and Adam Holzman — Ricky Weldman was on drums and Mino Cinelu on miscellaneous percussion instruments. Mr. Davis was very much in command, played great trumpet, and produced music that was satisfactory from many points of view.

Ray Charles' concert at Avery Fisher Hall was a delight in spite of the corny antics of the Raelettes: the band swung and the leader managed to transform every song, including **La Paloma** and **Some Enchanted Evening**, into a superior personal vehicle. His piano playing was superb and his voice modulated with perfect pitch between falsetto excursions, low notes, and the pure emotion of the raspy baritone that is his trademark.

It drizzled most of the day at the Sunday picnic which the New Jersey Jazz Society produced at Waterloo Village. However, nobody seemed to mind the weather and a large crowd peopled the grounds. Most of them assembled under the big tent to listen to the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, Marty Napoleon's Jazz Band, Red Richards and the Jazz Aces, Derek Smith's Jazz Band and Jay McShann's Kansas City Memories. George Masso's trombone, Norris Turney's sax, Ken Peplowski's clarinet, and Milt Hinton's bass were the highlights at the tent while Howard Alden's and Marty Grosz' acoustic guitar duet was the surprise at the Old Tavern and Dick Wellstood's stride piano, alternating with the guitars of Bucky and John Pizzarelli, had the audience spellbound at the Gazebo.

At the Weil Recital Hall Marian McPartland presented an attractive selection of tunes that ranged from Stevie Wonder's **Isn't She Lovely** to Billy Strayhorn's **Isfahan**. Dick Hyman played a program of Irving Berlin compositions that was erudite, enlightening and entertaining. Kenny Barron subbed for David McKenna in a virtuoso set in which he used a sort of modern stride left hand on **Embraceable You**, took **Softly As In A Morning Sunrise** in a very, very fast tempo, included a medley of Ellington songs, one Monk selection, and ended with his own brilliant **Calypso**. Cedar Walton's set — which included a suite of Monk's works, standards like **Everytime We Say Goodbye** and a couple of originals — was quite outstanding. Roger Kellaway, who played the last recital, chose not to play jazz.

The American Jazz Orchestra, organized by writer Gary Giddins and conducted by John Lewis, performed in Cooper Union's Great Hall in a well-executed selection of Henderson, Ellington, Lunceford, Basie, Thornhill, Goodman, and Benny Carter compositions and





arrangements taken from the original scores and/or transcribed from the original recordings. The band is made up of top New York musicians and it really makes many jazz milestones alive again on stage. For the Trummy Young vocal on Jimmy Lunceford's *Margie*, they brought veteran trumpeter Doc Cheatham who sung the part with great gusto; Eddie Bert played the trombone part.

There were two tributes at the festival. Both were held at Town Hall and concerned pianists. George Shearing assembled a superior dixieland band (Warren Vache, t; Kenny Davern, c; Scott Hamilton, ts; George Masso, tb; Slam Stewart, b; and Oliver Jackson, d.) that played witty arrangements which, among other classics

of the genre like *Jazz Me Blues*, included hilarious versions of *Desafinado* (which Shearing called *Dixafinado*) and *Lullaby Of Birdland*. He also duetted with Hank Jones and played a set with Dizzy Gillespie, Jimmy Heath, Eddie Gomez, and Jimmy Cobb. The final concert of the festival was "The World of Hank Jones" at Town Hall. One of the greatest jazz pianists alive, Mr. Jones makes every performance of his a joy to the listener. On this occasion he played sets with George Mraz; with Frank Wess, Eddie Gomez and Keith Copeland; duets with Kenny Barron and George Shearing (again); and played a set of his own compositions, arranged by Manny Albam, with Joe Wilder, Al Cohn, Rodney Jones, Ray Drummond and Marvin

Smith. There was an unfortunate choice of singers, but his piano playing was a gem throughout and his unaccompanied numbers, *Oh What A Beautiful Morning* and *On Green Dolphin Street*, were worth the concert's price by themselves.

It is a pity that an important part of the festival was marred by incompetent sound people. Let us hope that, with all the money that is spent on these gigantic events, they will soon come up with a solution to handling amplified instruments in halls that, like Carnegie, are made for acoustic music. Maybe they will even stage a jazz concert without amplification....

— J. Hosiasson

#### **Du Maurier International Jazz Festival Vancouver, B.C., June 26 - July 5, 1987**

The success of, for example, the Edmonton Jazz Festival has proven that you don't need to be near to a huge population base, or have an enormous indigenous jazz scene, to put on a successful jazz festival. What you do need are festival directors who know enough about the music to know what kind of music they want to present, and how to market it, on the basis of quality or/and hype, to which audience. Directors who are capable of searching out private, corporate and government funding, who love the music, and who are honest, so that audiences, musicians and sponsors don't come out of the festival feeling burned.

Balancing all of these qualifications is difficult, but as far as I can see Ken Picking, John Orysik and Bob Kerr, with a multitude of staff and volunteers, have put on a wonderful jazz festival which presented hours and hours of music to thousands of people. Often great music too, as far as I could tell.

Vancouver has a long history of indigenous jazz music characterized by some very active collectives, such as the famous Cellar Club, which existed from the 1940s to the 1960s and the New Orchestra Workshop in the late 1970s (which has just been revived this year by some of its original members). Over the years the city has managed to develop substantial audiences for forms of music which would be considered terribly avant garde or at least pretty marginal in other North American cities of comparable size (about a million total population). Accordingly, the Du Maurier International Jazz Festival featured a lot of very modern music, and its headliners (Etta James, John Scofield, Michael Brecker, Jeff Healey) were drawn more from the areas of modern jazz, R&B, blues and fusion rather than mainstream swing (although Peter Appleyard, Rob McConnell/Ed Bickert and Carmen McRae were also featured performers).

I should explain that I was in Vancouver to perform in the festival myself, playing bass in the Al Neil Trio. The festival took place in a variety of theatres, outdoor plazas and clubs throughout the city. Some of them were great places acoustically to hear and see a band, such as the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, some were slightly more informal places to drink and socialize along with the music. One of the best of these was the French cultural centre, the CCC, where the Al Neil Trio performed. Not that I feel I should review our own performance but let me say that **Al Neil** has forwarded several generations of improvised piano styles

in Vancouver, as a pioneer bebop pianist in the late forties and fifties, expanding into free improvisation and intermedia in the sixties and later. He is also well-known as a writer and visual artist and I feel it is always a privilege to be artistically associated with him - especially in this, allegedly his last performance so that he can semi-retire to devise collages. The trio's drummer, **Gregg Simpson** is a brilliant painter, and percussionist, who also appeared in the festival with the free-jazz trio of pianist Paul Plimley, the Vancouver Art Trio with tenor saxophonist Bruce Freedman, and Gregg's own "Lunar Adventures" with Coat Cook (tenor), Clyde Reed (bass) and Ron Samworth (guitar) - a band too creative to be called fusion.

After my gig with Al and Gregg I went over to the Vancouver East Cultural Centre to hear the **Vinny Golia Septet**. This indicates the breadth of vision of the festival organizers - Vinny Golia and seven other of his Los Angeles associates were brought up to perform for a whole week in Vancouver in different configurations. In doing this the festival turned their proximity to the U.S. west coast scene to their advantage just as, for example, Montreal and Toronto do their proximity to New York. In Vancouver for the week were Vinny Golia (reeds), Michael Vlatkovich and John Rapson (trombones), John Fumo (trumpet), Bill Roper (tuba), Wayne Peet (piano), Ken Filiano (bass) and Alex Cline (drums). The Golia Septet featuring all of the above except Rapson was superb, careening from neo-bop intricacy to loose, blowy ensembles all played with great relish. Golia seemingly has the ability to develop long-term musical relationships with such players as Cline and Peet and one hopes he can continue doing so with wonderful players such as these. An outdoor concert the next day featured the same band, without Golia and Peet, under **John Rapson's** leadership, and I was surprised to hear how different the music was, though of similar high quality - and providing an adventurous alternative to the usual music proffered to the "lunch-hour" crowd. A trio of Rapson, Filiano and Golia at Isadora's was, again, very different. The musicians obviously worked very hard to assemble a broad repertoire for their week in Vancouver and the results were impressive.

Also at the VECC I was able to hear the trio **BassDrumBone** - which to some might be better known by their previous name "Oahspe", better yet by the individual names of Ray Anderson trombone, Mark Helias bass and Gerry Hemingway drums. Like the Golia groupings they incorporated a broad range of sensibilities, from free textural improvisations to **Yardbird Suite**, into a singular warm, joyful music, delighting a capacity crowd. Another kind of music was put forward by the **Rova Saxophone Quartet**. A music not very "jazzy" compositionally but just as based in rhythm, the quartet's first set was based on a multitude of hyperkinetic repetitions, building patterns as bases for improvisation. Very dramatic and exciting. Their second set began with a long, apparently improvised piece where the quartet manipulated tablefuls of toys - balls, dinosaurs, artificial roses, etc. - to provide each other with compositional cues - although the visual comedy this created was possibly more intended to engage the audience than to make a profound musical point.



After their concert I went over to the Landmark Jazz Bar - a hotel bar typically Canadian in being huge and windowless - to hear the **Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet featuring John Zorn**. I have never warmed to Zorn's music, despite having checked it out fairly assiduously, in concert and on record, and tonight I discovered the reason for this: musicians are rarely convincing when working outside their own *metier*, and Zorn's *metier* is obviously bebop. The Sonny Clark Memorial Quartet was superb. Playing pieces by Clark, Hank Mobley, etc. Wayne Horvitz on piano (someone told me later he was playing like that because he was exhausted from traveling; I just thought he was playing very sparsely and beautifully), Robert Previte on drums, riding and dropping bombs, and the excellent Vancouver bassist Rick Kilburn - I thought he was a regular member of the band until he was introduced. Zorn's angular alto style is perfect for this style of music where so much depends on extending melody, and breaking out of it.

I heard a guitarist, Michael Hedges, opening for Abdullah Ibrahim and Ekaya (the latter most notable, I thought, for the beautiful flute and alto work of **Carlos Ward**). Later, during the intermission for **Eugene Chadbourne** and John Zorn's duet at the CCC, I was sounding out Alex Varty about slick lines to put in my review. "I was thinking of writing," I said, "'Eugene Chadbourne could chew Michael Hedges up and spit him out.'"

"I can't do it," this voice from the crowd says, "I'm a vegetarian."

Well Eugene, you wouldn't have to swallow. Chadbourne's duet with Zorn was hilarious, the saxophonist acting more or less as straight man to the guitarist's musical anarchy, his eerie ability to completely change styles in the middle of a phrase.

It is a moot point to argue whether musicians such as the Chadbourne/Zorn duo are extending "jazz" or leaving "jazz" or destroying "jazz". What is more interesting, and meaningful, is the way in which they are creating an improvised music, and bringing in so many influences outside of jazz. This was an area of

development that was evident in so many groups in this festival. For example, the trio of **Rene Lussier** (guitar), **Robert Lepage** (clarinet, alto saxophone) and **Jean Derome** (flute, alto sax, synthesizer) brought in electronics, prerecorded tapes, tangos and vocals to produce an effect less of "jazz", than of a new form of folk music (isn't this how jazz began?) - artists using every available resource towards forming their own statements. Their repertoire included *Silent Movie*, "about the brain of Ronald Reagan", *Last Tango in Vancouver*, and an instrumental piece based on "a Greek jukebox falling into a Greek washing machine". Their music was one of the delightful surprises of the festival.

Even Toronto's **Romaniacs**, who work very much in the area of pastiche (their performance taking the form of an extended workshop to prove that even such tunes as the Rolling Stones' *Paint It Black* fall into their category of "ethno-fusion music") were able to produce instrumental improvisations as fiery and adventurous (violin-mandolin-guitar-bass) as those of many "jazz" groups.

With a festival of this scope, it is obviously not possible to cover even a fraction of the activities in a single review. I regret to say there is much excellent music I heard, and doubtless lots I didn't hear, which I'm unable to mention at all. Perhaps it's more important to try to convey what an enjoyable thing the whole event was, to be in a geographically very beautiful city such as Vancouver in the summer, and be able to hear music, if you're so inclined, from noon until late at night. Such an attractive situation that especially during the first week of the festival, when the weather was very sunny and hot, there was a rumour that some of the visiting musicians had to be forced to leave town after their concerts to go to their next gig. A good time was had by all, the festival will happen again next year in June, and if you're interested watch the pages of **Coda** for information, or contact the Coastal Jazz & Blues Society, Ste. 203, 1206 Hamilton Street, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 2S9 Canada.

- David Lee

#### 1987 PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL Los Angeles, California

Los Angeles has never been a major league jazz city despite its size. There have been periods when L.A. has played an important part in improvised music (as a temporary home for Kid Ory and Jelly Roll Morton in the 1920's, the Central Avenue scene of the bop years and in the 50's as the birthplace of West Coast jazz), but in general Los Angeles has been rightfully known as a commercial city where jazz night-clubs are twenty miles apart and mostly feature studio musicians playing for kicks.

The Playboy Jazz Festival, now in its ninth year, is the closest thing L.A. has to a creative music festival. Always featuring a wide variety of styles (some outside of jazz), the two marathon 8½ hour concerts are held over a June weekend at the Hollywood Bowl before a partying and somewhat noisy crowd. Acoustic musicians tend to be at a disadvantage but, given the right combination of showmanship and musical excitement, even the quietest

group can garner its share of applause. 1987's edition, despite a slow start, was mostly at a consistently high level, climaxing in a magical Lionel Hampton performance.

Saturday started off with the Hemet High School Band, struggling unsuccessfully through some overly ambitious charts; they were in over their heads. Completely inexcusable was Duke Dejan's out-of-tune Olympia Brass Band. New Orleans music is the world's happiest music played well; rarely have I heard this style so plagued by demons. This horrendous outfit brought back the grand old days of 1905, before there were any decent instruments. When a band gets lost on *Lady Be Good*, it's time to drag them off.

Much better was **The Leaders**, the all-star sextet composed of Lester Bowie, Arthur Blythe, Chico Freeman, Kirk Lightsey, Cecil McBee and Don Moye. Their slightly-conservative set had fine solowork from all of the players and a hilarious Louis Armstrong imitation from Lester Bowie on *Blueberry Hill*.

Count Basie's ghost orchestra (directed by **Frank Foster**) was swinging but predictable during their short performance; not enough was heard from Foster's tenor. **Joe Williams** eventually joined the band and was in prime form for his usual repertoire, even making his risqué blues lyrics sound fresh.

Musically, **Stan Getz's** set was the day's highpoint. The veteran tenor was very inspired by his quartet (which co-starred pianist Kenny Barron) on such songs as *Just Friends*, Barron's *Voyage* and *7 Steps to Heaven* (dedicated to its composer, the late Victor Feldman). **Sarah Vaughan**, whose voice remains a marvel, got the crowd's attention by displaying her incredible range on *Chelsea Bridge*, *Autumn Leaves*, *If You Could See Me Now* and a song only she can save, *Send In The Clowns*. After the latter, she was greeted by a standing ovation but the lack of an M.C. to call out her name killed any chance of an encore; Sassy left in disgust.

**Grover Washington Jr.** is constantly criticized by jazz critics, not for any musical faults but because he gets so much more applause than mainstream players. Strip away the adulation and what remains is music of very high quality. His rhythm section is funky but subtle and although the music is quite danceable, Washington takes long involved solos, even on his hits *Mr. Magic* and *Just The Two of Us*. Grover's tone, especially on soprano, has become classic; he is instantly recognizable after two notes and remains the pacesetter in his idiom, which could be called rhythm & jazz.

After Washington blew the crowd to a frenzy, **Charlie Watts'** gigantic 31-piece orchestra closed Saturday's performance. The tunes ranged from dense Kenton sounds to swing charts and although the potential of this hilarious-looking band (10 tenors!) was not reached (why have 7 trumpeters solo on the same tune?), it was an enjoyable set and a rare chance to see such players as Evan Parker and trumpeter Jimmy Deuchar.

Sunday started off with a young quintet. Remember these names: trumpeter Walter White, Rick Margitza on tenor, pianist Gary Schunk, bassist Ken Kellett and drummer Danny Spencer. Their set of restless acoustic modern jazz was in the same vein but not

derivative of the Blanchard/Harrison unit. Much more will be heard from them in the future.

**Mundell Lowe's** fine west coast quartet played a set dominated by boppish blues and they really cooked on a Latin original *Contento*. **Jack Dejohnette's Special Edition**, now a quintet, mixed together Mick Goodrich's rockish guitar and Gary Thomas' flute (reminiscent of both Dophy and Newton) in a continually fascinating set of non-stop invention that explored many different moods and grooves. In contrast **Etta James**, after a few decent blues, switched to dull soul/funk. At this point in time an estimated 98 (!) beach-balls appeared, causing chaos and joy throughout the bleachers.

**Branford Marsalis** on tenor, his recently revived alto and soprano (where he now sounds closer to Coltrane than to Wayne Shorter) was in superb form for his quartet set (which also featured pianist Kenny Kirkland). *Giant Steps*, a playful *Doxy*, McCoy Tyner's *Passion Dance* and a few originals were given explorative treatment. Marsalis fully deserves all of the publicity he has received.

Activist **Ruben Blades** led a Latin jazz group for a salsa set. Blades, like Sting (when he had Branford) is the weakest musician in his own group but trumpeter Luis Ortiz's explosive solos inspired the crowd to form long wild conga lines. R&B soprano star Kenny G., an excellent musician whose style at this point is too close to Grover Washington's, grandstanded his way through a well-received performance. His solos are more intricate in concert than on records and at one point he took a long unaccompanied solo that made expert use of circular breathing and blues phrases.

**George Benson** played a diverse set that had three uptempo pieces (including a rapid *I Got Rhythm*) with an organ trio, some pop with Earl Klugh (who despite a pretty sound has never been in Benson's league) and finished off with *On Broadway*, which was greeted with thunderous applause.

What an unfair spot to put **Lionel Hampton**; closing a marathon weekend by following Benson! But Hamp has sixty years experience in show biz and he was ready. As the stage revolved, his young orchestra was already roaring with screaming trumpets and honking saxes. The departing crowd stopped in their tracks. While the brass used derbies colorfully, Hampton jumped all over the stage, running from the vibes to the drums, playing some two-fingered piano, singing and on *Mack The Knife* taking some dance steps that killed the audience. By the time Mr. Energy had played *Milestones*, *Four On Six* and a 10-minute *Sing Sing Sing* (complete with 3-way drum battle), the audience was dancing in the aisles again. *Hey Ba Ba Re Bop*, *Flying Home* and *In The Mood* (during which the saxophone section went out into the audience) thrilled the crowd.

As he stood alone on the stage, everyone else howled in appreciation, literally banging their fists on the stage while people threw flowers at Hampton's feet. Lionel signalled to the security men that he wanted to play more but it was too late; the band had scattered. Finally, Hampton sadly shuffled offstage, for the first time looking his 78 years while the applause continued to ring. It was over.

— **Scott Yanow**

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# JUNIOR WELLS AT THE HORSESHOE

I've discovered through a life long study that one of the major recognizable differences between black and white people, apart from hue, is their versions of genius. White people typically equate genius with "being odd". While black people typically equate genius with "doing big things as simply as possible".

For example, in conversation an academician once confided to me that York University has the world's top Hegel scholar. (For those of you who aren't familiar, Hegel is a dead German philosopher). "A true genius", he said. And to emphasize this point, he told a story of how this York University genius is so absent-minded that he sometimes forgets where he lives, and can't find his way home.

As a black person, I find this simply odd. Not odd as in "Oooh! What a genius, ah!". But odd as in "Oh Lawd, Git me outta heer, dees watt boys is crazy!" To my knowledge, no black person would ever, ever, call somebody who couldn't find his own home, a genius. And perhaps this is what is meant by those who charge that blacks are not as adept as whites at abstract thinking. It is true. Blacks could never find genius in Hegelian studies, because they can only conceive of finding it where people live. Or, to put it another way, in The Black Perspective, a genius is someone who can find his way home, even when he hasn't got one. Can I hear an amen...

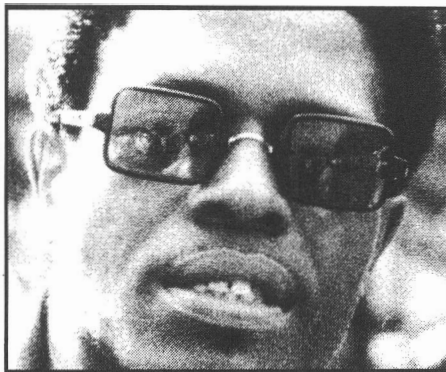
The life and music of Junior Wells is a case in point. As those who attended the Toronto summer show will attest, he doesn't just sing The Blues, he exudes The Blues. He seems to make it come out of the pores in his skin. And for all of his technical precision, his main interest in his music is to infuse life with the simplicity of "total expressiveness".

As part of the annual DuMaurier Jazz and Blues Festival in Toronto, The Junior Well Chicago Blues Band made its June 25th appearance at the Horseshoe Tavern on Queen Street near Spadina. The Horseshoe — unlike the tiny neighborhood bars on Chicago's South Side where Junior usually plays — is a sprawling half-bar-half-auditorium; with assorted standup bars, a pool table, a shuffle-board table, a comfortable seating area, and even a medium size dance floor. It is decorated with records pasted on the walls, alongside of framed posters of former visiting artists. And in the oppressive heat of this summer night in the city, bushy haired waiters and waitresses were sprinting frosty drinks to a near packed house.

The anorexic Cameron Crowd wafted

in on the sticky breeze from the east. And the Giant Hippies from The Brunswick House rolled in like thunder from the north. But for the most part the crowd was eclectic; all ages, all colours, and all kinds of apparel ranging from bib overalls to business suits.

Junior Wells, for his part, mingled with the crowd before the show wearing a three-piece greyish blue suit and tie, with a stick-pin and a big white fedora. It was almost exhausting just looking at The Godfather of The Blues trussed in this Chicago finery. And the audience was taking bets on how long he could go before shedding layers of clothing. But he never did. Despite his obvious discomfort in the sweltering club atmosphere, he remained true to the Chicago Bluesman Dress Code.



When he finally took the stage, with the Toronto urban dwellers primed and ready, Junior proclaimed: "I want you all to shake your thing. There ain't no blues if you don't shake that thing." The message was clear. The war against the heat and the dominant reality was on, and he was taking no prisoners. He became completely immersed in his music, standing in front of the microphone with his shoulders tensed and haunched, and his hands acting out the emotions of every verse of every song. He reached at one time into his left suit coat pocket for a harmonica, and at another time into his right side pocket for a handkerchief to mop up The Blues seeping out in the sweat from his brow. Then, just when the audience felt it couldn't be taken any higher, he drove straight through the ozone with a house-jarring rendition of *Messin' With The Kid*:

"What's this thing goin' all around town  
The people are sayin' you gonna put  
the kid down

Oh Lawd, look at what you did  
You can call it what you wanna  
I call it messin' with the kid"

Throughout the night Junior frequently referred to himself as an old man. But

this is due more to the hard-driving life he's led, than to his age. Junior is 52, born in Memphis, on December 9, 1934. And he's been playing since he was fourteen, sneaking into clubs when he was still too young to hold down a job.

Nearing the end of the show, he sang his head-shaking, toe-tapping *Tribute To Sonny Boy Williamson*. Sonny Boy, Junior confessed, "was my teacher and he taught me well". There were other teachers, of course; Junior Parker, Big Walter Horton, Little Walter Jacobs. But he still feels closest to Sonny Boy — the second "Sonny Boy Williamson", Rice Miller, who died in 1965 after returning from a successful European tour.

Since the 60s Wells has worked closely with guitarist Buddy Guy, who began as a sideman and ended up with equal billing. Together they collaborated on their finest work, and some of the funkiest Chicago Blues to ever come down the pike (*Hoo Doo Man* and *It's My Life Baby*). Today, however, Wells and Guy live a mainly separate but equal musical existence in South Chicago, both alternating at the likes of Pepper's Lounge, Theresa's, and The Blind Light Club.

I believe it is fair to say, The Black Perspective is epitomized by The Blues Tradition, and The Blues Tradition is epitomized by the likes of Junior Wells. One could marvel at the corpus of his work. And we were given a full dose of it at this year's DuMaurier Jazz and Blues Festival. He has appropriated the entire Blues Tradition, and has refined it into a comfortable mixture of life and art. He mingles and plays, plays and mingles, until everyone in the vicinity is in touch with their raw emotions. So after two sets when the Horseshoe lights went on, I was hardly surprised to notice Torontonians at home, and fluent, in Wellsian vernacular. And as the crowd filed into the street, it echoed with the call and response of new Blues Shouters: "Looky here"; "I got just one more thing I wanna say"; "Can you help me out Stevie"; "Come on baby"; "Know what I mean"; "Pick it up and git with it"; Don't play it loud, play it funky".

Now, one possible theory that could come out of the Wells engagement in Toronto is that we were graced with an historical lesson in some classic North American music. But, I suspect his goal was something much bigger. He furnished us with living proof that in the heat of the night, there's nothing like Good Blues and Cold Beer.

After all is said and done, his genius is as simple as that.  
— Lorne Foster

# AROUND THE WORLD

**CANADA — The Clinton** continues to be the focal point for jazz activity in Toronto. The Sunday programs give listeners a good opportunity to hear the musicians who will be making an impact on the music over the next few years. In a sense it is comparable to such clubs as The First Floor and the House of Hambourg in the 1960s. There is a new generation of musicians actively contributing to the music. Many of these musicians were part of du Maurier's Downtown Jazz — the focal point of jazz activity this summer. Hopefully that festival will generate momentum for other activity in the months to come.

**George's Spaghetti House** has also noticed the changes taking place in Toronto's jazz community. John Sherwood, Ralph Bowen, Time Warp and In Transit (a quartet consisting of Perry White, Reg Schwager, David Young and Michael Lambert) were all heard at the club in early summer. Moe Koffman, Sam Noto, Pat LaBarbara and Phil Nimmons (August 10-15) help fill out the current roster.

**Walter Wolfman Washington**, the blues man from New Orleans was at Albert's Hall in late May. His new recording for Rounder is attracting a lot of attention. Otis Clay was at the club July 27 to August 1.... Harbourfront hosted a weekend of blues music July 24-26 with Denise Lasalle, Hezekiah Early and the Houserockers and John Littlejohn among the featured performers.

A number of events piggybacked themselves onto the Downtown Jazz Festival. The **Connie Crothers Quartet** was in town for two nights and saxophonist **John Tchicai** stayed in Toronto to perform for two nights at the Clinton with Bill Smith. They had recently worked together in Europe as part of the saxophone ensemble The Six Winds.... **Peter Appleyard's** on-going "A Tribute to Benny Goodman" was at The Spectrum June 30 with Billy Butterfield, Peanuts Hucko, George Masso, Slam Stewart, Bucky Pizzarelli and Butch Miles in the lineup.

Legendary dancer **Honi Coles**, in Toronto for performances in the musical "My One And Only", was at Cafe des Copains to listen to **Sammy Price** during the veteran pianist's engagement in early July.

**Oliver Jones** worked at New York's Positano club with bassist Chip Jackson and drummer Bobby Thomas in April. He is scheduled to return there in late summer for an appearance at Sweet Basil which will be recorded for Justin Time Records.

Banff's summer jazz program included several concerts. John Coltrane's death 20 years ago was commemorated on July 17 while the big band concert on July 25 included music by Duke Ellington.... Edmonton's Yardbird Suite featured the duo of Gene Bertoncini and Michael Moore and the Houston Person / Etta Jones Quintet in June. The club takes a summer break before reopening in September.... Edmonton's Scott Rogal and Vancouver's Fred Stride were co-winners of the 1987 PROCAN Jazz Composers Award.

The CBC, once again, broadcast seven hours of jazz from the Montreal Jazz Festival on July

3. The Newport All Stars, Jim Hall, Oliver Jones and Hermeto Pascoal were among those featured.... Another CBC radio special (aired July 10) was a program of **George Gershwin's** music. It was followed by the first of three programs by Gene DiNovi on Porgy and Bess.... CJRT-FM was recipient of the Canadian Music Council's award for best jazz broadcast in 1987 with its Sound of Toronto Jazz program with Moe Koffman's Quintet. Concert recordings from du Maurier's Downtown Jazz are being heard Saturday mornings through the summer. Artists recorded were Tony Williams, Phineas Newborn, Pat LaBarbara, Abdullah Ibrahim and Ekaya, Tete Montoliu, Don Pullen, Jim Galloway's Harbourfront All Stars, Stride-monster (Dick Wellstood and Dick Hyman) and Phineas Newborn.

John Gilmore's Harold "Steep" Wade discography has been published in issue 6 of Names & Numbers.... New recordings by the **Sonny Greenwich Quartet** and a duo of vibraphonist **Jean Vanasse** and **Miroslav Vitous** have been released by Justin Time Records. Unisson has a quartet recording of tenor saxophonist **Art Ellefson** available Tommy Flanagan, Dave Young and Barry Elmes complete the personnel. The Ed Bickert Trio (Don Thompson, Terry Clarke) join tenor saxophonist **Buddy Tate** in a program of ballads for a Sackville release recorded in 1981.

— John Norris

**BOSTON/CAMBRIDGE —** A quick run through is the only way to keep up with the Boston area jazz scene. Even this listing is only a part of the activity.

Among the clubs, the highlights are the **Art Farmer/Benny Golson Jazztet**, **Tony Williams Quintet**, and **Horace Silver Sextet** at the Regattabar. **The Mal Waldron Quartet** with Reggie Workman, Chico Freeman, and Chuck Fertal appeared April 17-19. **The Art Ensemble of Chicago**, **Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Arkestra**, the **Gil Evans Orchestra**, **Max Roach Quartet** and the **Lou Donaldson** group, presented by the Boston Jazz Society, came to Nightstage. The 1369's busy schedule includ-

ed a Tribute To **D Sharpe** featuring a host of Boston-based friends and fellow musicians, **Jay Clayton**, **Ricky Ford with Freddie Waits**, **Cecil McBee** and **Ronnie Mathews**, **Roy Haynes Quartet** featuring **Jimmy Slyde**, and **Andrew Cyrille**, **Fred Hopkins**, and **Henry Threadgill**. March was **Alan Dawson** month at the 1369. Dawson performed in a quintet with Billy Pierce and Andy McGhee, a quartet with Gary Bartz, and quartet with Barry Harris and a trio with Kenny Burrell.

The Joint, sponsored by WBRS at Brandeis University, continued its uncompromising program of World Class Jazz with **Bob Stewart and John Clark**, **William Parker and Paul Murphy**, **Rahn Burton**, **Laurence Cook** and **Dan O' Brien**, **Force Field with Terry Jenoure**, **Brandon Ross** and **Kamal Sabir**, and **James Emery**. The free concert series-radio broadcast celebrated its fifth anniversary with a concert of percussion masters featuring **Dennis Charles**, **Beaver Harris**, **Thurman Barker**, **Gerry Hemingway**, and **Lawrence Cook**, alone and in combinations.

A larger than usual number of concerts added to the Boston scene over the last four months. Coelocanth Productions presented **Borbetomagus**, and **Ernst Reijseger and Alan "Gunga" Purvis** at Alumni Lounge on the Tufts Campus in Medford. At the Newton Arts Center, **James Emery** played solo on the same bill with the **Musica Nova** guitar quartet on March 8, and **Gerry Hemingway and Earl Howard** performed solos and duets June 17. The Harvard/Radcliffe Jazz Reunion concert featured special guest **Illinois Jacquet** and **Lester Bowie**. **George Adams** contributed two big band arrangements for his appearance with the local big band Orange Then Blue on May 3. The Sound/Art Festival at Mobius Theater featured collaborations between musicians and visual artists, including **David Moss and John Driscoll** and **Douglas Ewart and Michael Timpson**. The Great Woods Performing Arts Center booked **Max Roach** solo and with tap dancers **Chuck Green**, **Jimmy Slyde** and others on June 20. In the evening of that same day, **The Modern Jazz Quartet**, **Carmen McRae**,



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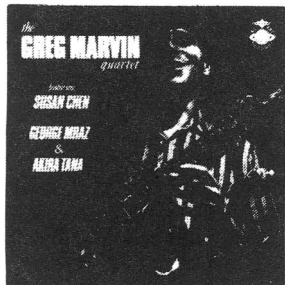
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and the Count Basie Orchestra appeared at Great Woods. **Anthony Davis** performed with the Jazz Composers Alliance on April 8. Studio Red Top featured the **Reggie Workman Quartet** with Oliver Lake, Marilyn Crispell and Andrew Cyrille at the Villa Victoria Center on June 28. Despite an increasingly large and loyal jazz audience in the city, the **Boston Globe Jazz Festival** in March took no chances, presenting Sonny Rollins, Sarah Vaughan and Billy Eckstine, a tribute to Dizzy Gillespie, and Stanley Jordan and the Leaders among others in a virtual carbon copy of previous years.

The summer looks promising. — **Ed Hazell**

**CLEVELAND** — By local standards the winter past was a mild one. Me being new to these northern winters had hoped for a hard-core slammer-jammer panhandle hook, but don't tell my confreres that at the bus stop, they'd have me hanged — it's a very conservative town. Good town to tour through as the public is hungry for music. They've got their famous Orchestra with Dohnanyi twirling the baton for half a million per year. And they've got the Rock & Roll Hall Of Fame being built downtown among all sorts of hoopla — and in their giddiness I've oft heard the remark that Cleveland is the birthplace of Rock & Roll — I haven't attempted to pop anybody's bubble, though if any city could lay claim to such, it would have to be New Orleans. (In the 50s Cleveland dj Alan Freed popularized the use of the term "Rock & Roll"). And well, there is much rock & roll here, but that reflects the area's socially repressed and economically depressed youth's bid to get out. Country music has not much of a stronghold here and the blues and jazz are as I've stated in prior reports.

The 8th annual Tri-C Jazz Fest hit April 2 through 11 with a slant on the educational — films, photo displays, seminars; I attended an interesting clinic where **Richard Davis** explained his bass technique and demonstrated various approaches and effects; another workshop had **Ellis and Wynton Marsalis** engaged in an involved didactic on the state of the art and etc., these guys are intelligent, and I couldn't help thinking that Wynton might be sitting in on some of Stanley Crouch's raps; other clinics were given by Terrance Blanchard, Jane Ira Bloom and Paquito D'Rivera. The festival included about 60 events, besides the clinicians mentioned all of whom gave concerts, other stand outs were **Adam Makowicz'** solo piano at Chung's and alto saxophonist **Howie Smith's** composition **Further Progress In Concert** at CSU. We attended the elegant State Theatre concert of April 10 with the **Johnny Griffin Quartet, The Modern Jazz Quartet, and Carmen McRae**. The MJQ were mesmerizing! Jeez, John Lewis made that piano sing, and in a way reminded me of Cecil Taylor — the way they sit, approach, hold their hands — as if another piano had been rolled out, the other two pianists of the evening were good but Lewis had something extra going that made it ring like a bell. Milt of course can turn a Mozart line into a blues. Heath right in the middle, and Connie Kay made me realize how much I miss that early bebop style of time keeping on the ride cymbal, clicking the high hat and dropping bombs and accents on the snare, great great sound.

I've always hoped that when I finally caught Carmen McRae that she would play some piano; this she did after dismissing her trio and played **Perdido** and another. I have her performance about a 7. Johnny Griffin was what made me run all week prior, I was so excited to finally get a chance to catch him in action, maybe too excited, I guess I expected him to dismantle his sax right on stage in between choruses, oil it, grumble and dig into another shard splintering tirade. The late Lamar Wright told me how he caught Griffin sitting in with Dexter circa 1981 in NYC, "Man, Griffin just ate Dexter up! Just chewed him up and spit him out!" and I said "Well Dexter has been touring a lot lately, maybe he was tired" and Lamar barked, "Yeah, tired of hearing all those notes!" (No enmity here, Lamar and Dexter were acquainted since their teen in L.A. — In Lamar's last years he was given to being a little bit testy).

Of the locals around town, every Sunday for the last twelve years organist **Eddie Baccus** and his trio; smiling bebopper Ray Miller on guitar; Elijah Goodwin on drums and whoever of an afternoon drops by and sets in has held court at the Raiz-Eil Outing Club, 83rd and Quincy — Baccus at the pulpit, dark shades, head wavering back and forth, hard grinding scorchers of **Night In Tunisia, Song For My Father, Misty** and **On A Clear Day**. I asked him where he fits into the pantheon of organists between Smith, Groove, McDuff and McGriff and he claimed fondness for Don Patterson of Columbus, Ohio. Eddie was born in North Carolina, played in Columbus 1958-61, then moved to Cleveland. Album "Feel Real" recorded in '62 (Smash Records, released '63) with George Cook, drums; and Roland Kirk on flute under a pseudonym. Baccus says the Three Blind Mice story is a myth, that there never was such a group, saying that Kirk sat in on one of his sets once and that if "that constitutes a group, well...". There was another group called The Blind Wanderers. Young guitarist Maceo Noisette has been sitting in with them lately with a good strong bebop sound on his new Gibson ES 335.

The annual Ohio Bell Jazz Festival was the weekend of June 5-7 at Blossom (outdoor amphitheater). Many greats performed: I would have liked to see James Moody join up with Diz again, and The Timeless Allstars, and Stevie Ray Vaughan, and etc., but alas I chose to pass. With so many restrictions, i.e. "no bottles, can, alcohol, children under 6, cameras..." I just figured this was a preview of scenes to come; you know, just bring your wallet, get herded onto a humid field of 15,000 and be subjected to ten hours of music and cops, both of which I am not fond of.

Another around town I've been meaning to mention is ragtime pianist **George Foley**. Usually at the Elbon Cafe and Piano Bar featuring John Richmond on horns who is also the Plain Dealer newspaper jazz reviewer in town. Foley has a couple of albums presently available.

There's more on the North Coast, and there's time, next I want to relate a bit about Donald Ayler, later.

— **Mark Weber**

**HARTFORD** — The Yale Jazz Festival, held March 27 and 28, opened with a "battle" of big bands and closed with a look into the future



of small group jazz. **Toshiko Akiyoshi's** big band served as an orchestral backdrop for Lew Tabackin's intricate improvisations, whereas **Mel Lewis' Jazz Orchestra** emphasized ensemble scoring that led inexorably to solo statements. The following evening, **Dizzy Gillespie** introduced a sextet of successors that included Wallace Roney, Greg Osby and Ralph Moore. The **Terence Blanchard-Donald Harrison Quintet** featured three distinctive young stylists: Blanchard, who juxtaposes precise smears and intricate runs; Harrison, who blends the sweetness and fleetness of Bird with the spacing of John Gilmore; and Cyrus Chestnut, who chooses his notes with an ear attuned to his keyboard's dynamics and tone colors as well as its harmonic potential. While the first two groups offered a look at the future, the **Don Pullen-George Adams Quartet** offered a futuristic look at the present. Adams sweeps from R&B to Ayler in a single phrase, while Pullen builds through blues and bop to bristling dissonance in the same measure. Seldom have such compatible stylists performed together on a sustained basis. Their associates, **Cameron Brown** and **Dannie Richmond**, remain among the most under-rated players in the music. The quartet played a set of new material with the old vitality that has made them one of the most exciting working groups on the scene.

Real Art Ways has featured several exciting, under-appreciated artists in recent months. **Marilyn Crispell's** February 28 solo concert revealed her uniquely percussive keyboard style. Crispell reinterpreted Monk and Coltrane with an approach that suggested a contained Cecil Taylor or an extroverted Ran Blake. **Leo Smith** ranged the spectrum of music in his April 9 solo concert, from Rastafarian trumpet anthems and dreamy odes on koto to a dramatic juxtaposition of flugelhorn and a variety of African and Persian instruments against the ethereal backdrop of a pre-recorded tape. Sharing a March 21 bill with composer **Russell Frehling**, composer-percussionist **Brian Johnson** displayed a unique approach to the instrument employed in his *For Very Very Amplified Vibes and Voice*. In the semi-spontaneous work, Johnson brushed breezes from the vibes with his fingertips while breathing, snorting and mumbling a counterpoint of avant-garde humor.

At its season-closing concert, the Hartford Jazz Society featured the crooning of **Arthur Prysock** and the clowning of his brother **Red**. Preceding the Prysocks' April 12 homecoming, **Jimmy McGriff** brought his quartet back to his old stomping grounds for a swinging set. Guitarist Wayne Boyd soloed and sang impressively with the organist at the March 8 show.

The clubs as well as the concert halls featured an abundance of activity. Street Temperature, one of the most enjoyable fusion bands around, ventured from its home base, Hartford's 880 Club, to play behind Larry Coryell May 31 at Pearl Street in Northampton, Massachusetts. The 880 Club's Celebrity Jazz Series featured its semi-regular guest artists and a host of overdue returnees. **Eddie Henderson** has become almost a monthly visitor, much to the delight of the audience and Don DePalma's house trio. In his most recent appearances, Henderson has invited local tenor

saxophonists to sit in with him. April 16, **Antoine Rooney** rose to the challenge of Henderson's musicianship, playing with the confidence and fire he needed to lend authority to his technical accomplishment. May 21, **Steve Marien** matched Henderson's dramatic improvisational stance with the polish and power of his soloing. **Valery Ponomarev's** May 7 return to the club not only featured his fine blowing, but also the impressive work of Alex Nakhimovsky, a Russian pianist presently living in the Hartford area. Ponomarev told the audience it was the first time he'd spoken Russian on the stand in thirteen years. **Bill Saxton** ended a lengthy absence from Hartford May 28 with a joyful, inspired performance. **Dewey Redman** made a welcome return in April. On the low-down blues that is Redman's forte, bassist Phil Bowler sat in and dug in as well. March 5, **Bob Berg** nearly blew the roof off the club in one of the finest outings a tenorman has ever had there. The Miles Davis sideman boasts a crisp attack, an endless flow of ideas and a brilliant ferocity in his approach to reshaping the standard repertoire. February 27, the **Arch Ensemble** gave one of its most inspired performances. The seven-man group presented an expanded repertoire of challenging compositions, featuring tight harmonies in the heads and gutsy solos in the middle. Saxophonist George Sovak has lit the inner fire that brings his fresh ideas to full life.

**Hotep Cecil Bernard's** trio works regularly at Benjamin's, as a feature in its own right or as backup for guest artists like Johnny Coles and Katherine Farmer. Each member of the trio plays with a delightful blend of force and sensitivity. In addition to the trio, Benjamin's has featured Mulgrew Miller's trio and hosted the Artists Collective's Master Jazz Series. The Collective's March 12 presentation featured **Gary Bartz**. Bartz employs a tenor saxophonist's approach to phrasing on the alto. He gave his repertoire of material composed or recorded by John Coltrane a lively interpretation characterized by intensity and a propensity for interpolation.

Lexis, a group featuring David Bindman, Leo Smith, Joe Fonda, Wes Brown and Andrew Drury, performed April 26 at Wesleyan University.

The Club Car has featured the trio of Everett Freeman, Emery Smith and Alvin Carter on a semi-regular basis in recent months.

— **Vernon Frazier**

**NEW YORK — Benny Carter's** weeklong engagement at Carlos 1 was reason enough to be in New York during the JVC Jazz Festival. His mercurial performances reaffirmed the essential ingredients of the music at a time when the city was bristling with activity. The alto saxophonist's improvisations were extended and always provided the listener with fresh variations on familiar themes. The choice of material was excellent and the rhythm section of Richard Wyands, Lisle Atkinson and Al Harewood was exemplary. They provided Carter with rhythmic interaction of the highest order. Wyands' piano solos, in particular, were always exciting interludes between Carter's statements.

**Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers** were at Sweet Basil, Charlie Haden's new quartet with

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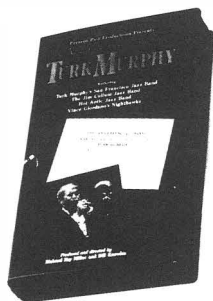
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Ernie Watts, Alan Broadbent and Billy Higgins was at the Village Vanguard while the Blue Note featured the Max Roach Double Quartet and the orchestras of Toshiko Akiyoshi and Gerry Mulligan.

**Sweet Basil's** summer program included the first appearance of the Pierre Dorge New Jungle Orchestra, new Impulse! recording star Henry Butler (with Alvin Batiste, Ron Carter, Joe Chambers), a weeklong collaboration between Richard Davis, Sir Roland Hanna, Ricky Ford, Cecil Bridgewater and Freddie Waits and the return of popular attractions James Moody and Abdullah Ibrahim's Ekaya.

Menicon Contact Lens used the music of Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers for a recent commercial.... a eulogy for **Maxine Sullivan** was held April 10 at St. Peter's Church.... Music by Mary Lou Williams and Duke Ellington was performed April 27 by an all star orchestra under the direction of Arthur Cunningham at the Loeb Student Center.... The Paramount Center for the Arts in Peekskill, N.Y. presented a tribute to composer-arranger Manny Albam in the spring. A seventeen piece orchestra performed some of the composer's music.... A benefit concert was held May 17 at St. Peter's Church for **Carol Britto** to offset large medical bills incurred by the pianist.... An augmented version of Abdullah Ibrahim's Ekaya was presented at Town Hall May 21 along with the vocals of **Sathima Bea Benjamin**.

... Peter Leitch's All Star Quintet was at the Blue Note June 8. Robert Watson, James Williams, Ray Drummond and Marvin "Smitty" Smith worked with the guitarist.... Walter Thompson's Big Band was at Greenwich House June 12.... The World Music Institute organised an impressive summer festival lineup of artists for its summer concert series. The **Billy Bang Quintet and Henry Threadgill's Wind String Ensemble** opened the series June 6. They were followed by Black Swan Quartet and Muhal Richard Abrams Quartet (June 13), New Winds and Dewey Redman Quartet (June 19), Anthony Davis' Episteme and John Carter's Octet (June 24), Leroy Jenkins' Sting and the Gerry Hemingway Ensemble (June 26) and Amina Claudine Myers Quartet and Craig Harris & Tailgater's Tales (June 27).... Jazz art by Bob Parent and Marion Brown was on display June 26 to July 5 at La Galleria El Bohio.... The City College Quintet - a group of students and recent graduates organised by bassist/music professor Ron Carter - was chosen as a finalist to compete in the San Sebastian Jazz Festival on July 22.... The Ray Alexander Quintet and the Joyce DiCamillo Quartet performed June 18 on a summer night jazz cruise on Long Island Sound.... Sun Ra's Arkestra cast its web over thousands of people in Central Park June 20.... The 1987 version of the Greenwich Village Jazz Festival takes place August 28 through September 7 in many clubs as well as the Saturday night jazz cruises and an all day "Music Is An Open Sky" Mini Festival.

— **John Norris**

## ODDS & SODS

Information on **summer jazz festivals** continues to escalate. But by the time you read this most of them will be history. It seems impossible for these events to send out their information early enough to be of much use to magazines with a

lengthy lead time.

For the record, then: Sandpoint, Idaho's event was held July 31 to August 9 under the direction of Gunther Schuller.... Amsterdam's NOS Festival was held August 13-16 with Bob Brookmeyer, Phil Woods, Ed Blackwell, John Carter, Chris McGregor, David Murray and various Dutch groups.... The Cahors Blues Festival was held July 10 and 11 with Albert Collins, Jessie Mae Hemphill, Pinetop Perkins, Luther Allison and Louis Myers.... Copenhagen's festival ran from July 3 to 12.... McEwan's Edinburgh Festival runs from August 15 to 22 with many traditional bands, and mainstream stars Buddy Tate, Jay McShann, Ralph Sutton, Jim Galloway among those featured.... The Riccella Jonica Festival in Southern Italy takes place August 26-28 with Jan Garbarek, Charlie Haden Liberation Orchestra, Muhal Richard Abrams, Michael Mantler and the newly organised Anglo-Italian connection of Paolo Damiani and Keith Tippett.... The Modern Jazz Quartet, Monty Alexander, Dizzy Gillespie, Randy Brecker, Wynton Marsalis, Stan Getz and Dexter Gordon were part of the Montreux Festival July 12-18.... The 1987 Pistoia Blues Festival (Italy) was held July 2-5 with B.B. King, Albert Collins, Koko Taylor and the Muddy Waters Band among those featured.... The Pori Festival in Finland ran from July 4 to 12.... The San Sebastian Festival took place July 21-26 with Sarah Vaughan, Branford Marsalis, Stanley Jordan and Ornette Coleman among the featured performers.... Verona Jazz '87 took place June 27 to 30 with Oscar Peterson, Chick Corea-Gary Burton, Benny Carter, Horace Tapscott and Arthur Blythe.

**A Louis Armstrong 87th Birthday Celebration** took place July 3 at Wakefield, Mass. Colonial Hilton with Art Hodes, Doc Cheatham and Benny Waters the headliners.... The Black Eagle Jazz Band continues its Thursday evenings at the Stickey Wicket Pub in Hopkinton, Mass.... A benefit concert for New Bedford Women's Center was held June 20 with music organised by Boston's Studio Red Top. The all-women **Ruby Redd Orchestra** and guests provided the music.... The Kronos Quartet, Dave Brubeck, New Black Eagle Jazz Band, Ahmad Jamal and Milt Jackson were at Jacob's Pillow in Becket, Mass. this summer.

The Randy Brecker/Eliane Elias Group were at Philadelphia's Chestnut Cabaret June 22. The jazz video "The Coltrane Legacy" was shown at the same event.... Bassist **Milt Hinton** was awarded an honorary doctorate of humane letters May 17 at William Paterson College.... August 9 is the date of this year's Syracuse Jazz Festival. John McLaughlin and Sun Ra are among the featured groups.... B.B. King will be at Art Park in Lewiston September 7.... Mose Allison was at Cleveland's Cain Park amphitheater July 3. OTB and Kevin Eubanks followed July 17.... The outdoor terrace of Detroit's Hotel Pontchartrain is the site of a summer long presentation of jazz artists. Maynard Ferguson, Tania Maria and Paquito D'Rivera were among the headliners.... The World Saxophone Quartet were in Ann Arbor July 3 for a concert organised by Eclipse Jazz. ...Chicago's Avalon Theater is being renovated and will reopen as a new version of the historic Regal Theater (long demolished).... Banu Gibson, Jim Cullum's Happy Jazz Band, The

Salty Dogs and the Red Rose Ragtime Band were headliners at St. Louis' 23rd annual classic jazz and ragtime festival June 10-14.... The tenth version of New Music America takes place in Miami December 2 - 11, 1988.... the date for the 1988 Paradise Valley Jazz Party is March 12-13.... Ellis Marsalis is the host of Jazztown, a 13-part radio series on contemporary New Orleans jazz which is being distributed in stereo via satellite to nearly three hundred public radio stations. The series runs from October to December and features such artists as The Dirty Dozen Jazz Band, Alvin Batiste, Red Tyler, The Rebirth Jazz Band, Chester Zardis, and the Young Tuxedo Brass Band.

Horace Tapscott, prior to a European jaunt, was at Catalina's Bar & Grill in Hollywood June 17-18... August Wilson's award-winning play "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom" opened June 5 at Los Angeles' Theatre Center... Friday evening jazz cruises aboard the Larkspur ferry offers an alternative way for Bay area residents to enjoy jazz music... The Rent Party Revellers, which includes Coda correspondent Tex Wyndham, played at the Puget Sound Jazz Festival the last weekend in July and they will be in San Diego the last weekend in November for another festival.

National conferences on the blues have been coordinated by the National Blues Connection Association. The second of these meetings takes place September 11-13 in San Francisco during that city's blues festival. The final one is incorporated into Blues Music Week, November 9-15 in Memphis... Seattle's informative jazz newspaper "Earshot Jazz" included in its May 1987 issue an extensive interview with recording engineer Jan Kurtis about the John Coltrane sessions made in Seattle in 1965... January 7-10, 1988 are the dates for the next convention of the National Association of Jazz Educators. It will be held in Detroit at the Westin Renaissance Hotel... Cornucopia, a Seattle based magazine wholesaler, has added Coda to its list.

The ninth edition of Belgium's International jazz contest takes place September 12-13... Jazz activity in Spain is on the increase. A number of hard-working individuals have helped establish a touring circuit for all styles of the music. While Tete Montoliu remains the only major international name there are other musicians who will be heard from in the future. Barcelona is the focal point for much of the country's activities. Quartica Jazz (Mallorca 207, Sobreatico 1a, 08036 Barcelona) is the country's leading jazz magazine. It's monthly issues focus on performances within the country as well as reviewing recordings and carrying articles and interviews on major performers. It is worthwhile reading for those who understand Spanish. "Jazz Si" is a tabloid size jazz newspaper which seems more concerned with the views and ideas of Spain's own music community. Its first issue appeared this May - in time to promote a series of jazz events at Barcelona's Club Bikini. This series was notable for an exceptionally fine midnight concert showcasing the talents of Bobby Hutcherson and Tete Montoliu in a duo setting. For more than an hour their interwoven improvisations kept the audience in rapt attention. They gained inspiration from each others motifs and ideas to deliver solos of great depth and imagination. Barcelona's jazz community is focused around its jazz specialty record stores.

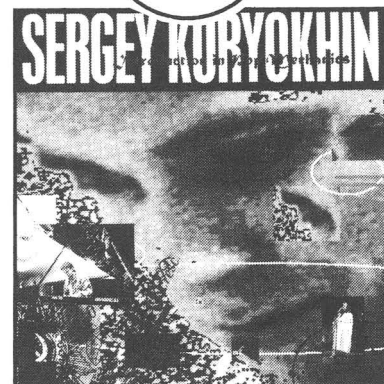
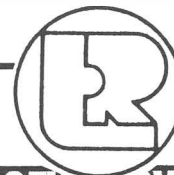
Jazz Collectors is located at Psje Foraste, 4 bis, 08022 Barcelona. It's a good starting point for information and recordings when in Barcelona. That city is also home of Fresh Sounds - a company which specialises in facsimile reissues of collectible lps from the 1950s. The highlights of its recent releases are a reissue on lp of Don Byas' Spanish recordings in the 1940s and a two-lp box set which contains all of Sonny Criss' Paris recordings. A handsomely illustrated booklet makes this latter set especially attractive.

European airlines should always be your choice if you wish to enjoy jazz while "in flight". They are far more responsive to the tastes of intelligent adults than North American airlines. Worst of all are Canada's carriers. Their idea of in-flight music is to find the most puerile music available. Swissair travelers in April-May were able to listen to more than an hour of vintage recordings by the Chick Webb Orchestra compiled by noted jazz aficionado Johnny Simmen.

Zurich's Widder Bar closed out the season with a one-nighter by the Modern Jazz Quartet, two nights with Stan Getz, three nights with The Great Guitars (Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, Charlie Byrd) and week-long appearances by pianists Walter Davis and Junior Mance... Dee Dee Bridgewater is starring in the musical "Lady Day" at London's Piccadilly Theatre. Tony Coe, Colin Purbrook, Paul Morgan and Clark Tracey are the supporting musicians... Tommy Flanagan and Kenny Burrell were at Ronnie Scott's in June.

"Jazz News" is the name of Ireland's new jazz magazine. It's handsomely produced and has 36 pages of editorial and advertising material. It's modeled on the UK magazines and covers all areas of the music with a specific slant on activities in Ireland. Information and subscriptions (7.5 pounds) are available from Jazz News, 28 Lansdowne Road, Dublin 4, Ireland... "The Black Female LP's Catalogue & Price Guide" is a 100-page book listing recordings by singers who work in the jazz, soul, blues and R&B areas. The selection of artists is comprehensive and an estimated value is given for each lp in its original version. Each entry lists the lp's title, its catalog number and the year when it was first issued. Tune titles and accompanying musicians are not given. It is available from its compiler Gilles Petard, 8 Quai de Stalingrad, 92100 Boulogne, France. Cost, including mailing, is US \$12.00... Greenwood Press announces the publication of "As The Black School Sings". It catalogs Black Music Collections at ten selected black universities and colleges and contains detailed information on their holdings. The 185 page book retails for \$35.00... Thierry Bruneau, 16/32 rue Raspail, 92270 Bois-Colombes, France and Uwe Reichardt, author of the recent Eric Dolphy discography "Like A Human Voice", are collaborating on a book on Dolphy which will be published in English and French. They are anxious to obtain interviews, photographs, articles, unissued tapes and photocopies of articles which have appeared in jazz magazines.

The CD is transforming the horizons of record collectors. Many recordings, long unavailable, are now resurfacing. MCA in Japan is reissuing most of the Coltrane material from Impulse! These CD's are also being distributed in Europe and offer a more complete representation of the period that has so far emerged



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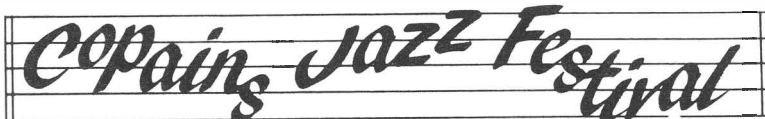
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# Café Des Copains

50 Wellington Street East, Toronto 869-0148

The Cafe des Copains is a small, charming French cafe situated in the heart of the Saint Lawrence area of downtown Toronto. It features a moderately priced French bistro menu, with a fine selection of wines.



**RONNIE MATHEWS** — August 10 to August 22 \* A highly distinctive stylist whose piano work with Max Roach, Freddie Hubbard, Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin has been widely acclaimed. His solo strength comes from his established roots within the music.

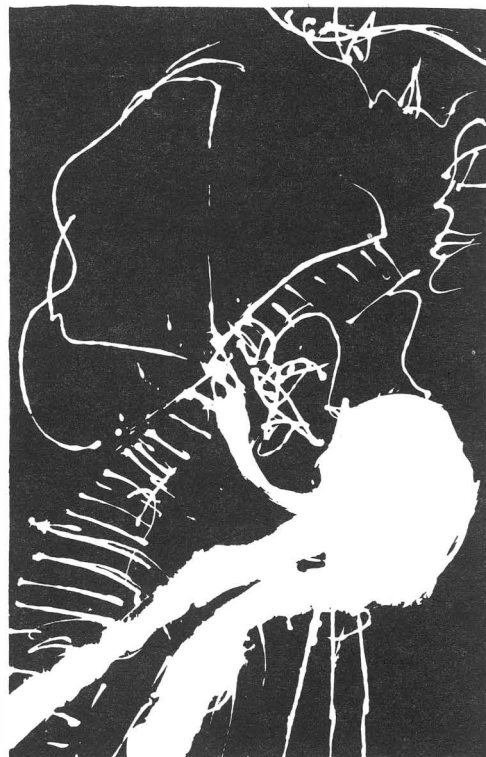
**NORMAN SIMMONS** — August 24 to September 5 \* He evokes images of Hank Jones and Oscar Peterson but you can always hear the blues roots of his Chicago background. His solo skills are equal to those as an accompanist for some of the music's best singers.

**MULGREW MILLER** — September 7 to September 19 \* A key performer with such leaders as Tony Williams, Art Blakey and Betty Carter. He is now a leading soloist in his own right who gives fresh insight into the jazz language.

**JUNIOR MANCE** — September 21 to October 3 \* The soulful, blues-based roots of jazz pervade everything by Junior Mance. This engagement will be a rare opportunity to hear his mastery in a solo setting.

*Coming soon...* Barbara Sutton-Curtis, Ray Bryant, Barry Harris and many more fine artists....

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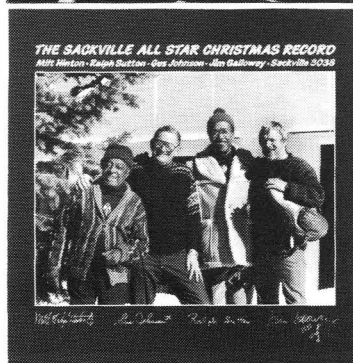
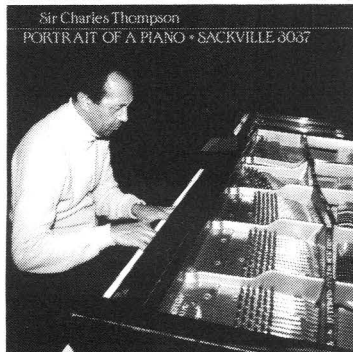
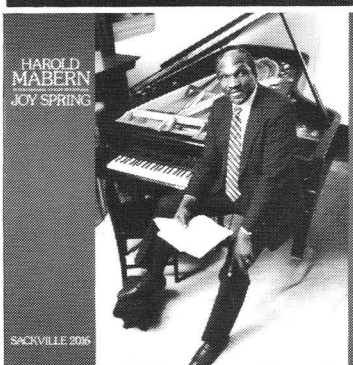
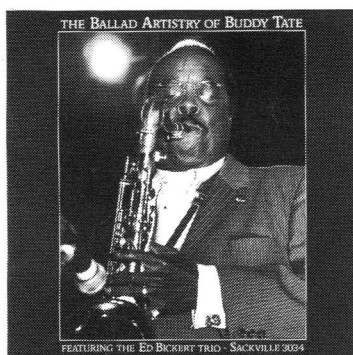
in the U.S. They are also filling out the CD's (in some cases) with additional material. The Coltrane Quartet (AS-21) has Big Nick added while the date with Johnny Hartman includes an instrumental version of *Vilia*. Basie's KC 7 includes "Tray of Hearts" and Gil Evans' "Out of the Cool" has added Sister Sadie. The Coltrane material also includes both takes of *Ascension*.

Alligator's recent releases included a dynamic live set from Koko Taylor... Capri Records has issued an lp of duets by guitarist Dale Bruning and bassist Paul Warburton... "Valencia Chocolate" is the title of Burton Greene's new lp on Holland's Cat Records... New from Criss Cross are lps by Clifford Jordan, Peter Leitch, Chet Baker and Ralph Moore... Al Defemio is a drummer who also operates a highly acclaimed roadhouse in Yonkers, N.Y. He has also released an album featuring himself in quartet settings with Benny Golson, Frank Wess and Jack Wilkins. Pianists Mickey Tucker, Kenny Barron and Mike Longo are also heard. The record is available from Defemios, 600 Tuckahoe Road, Yonkers, N.Y. 10710... Fresno Jazz (P.O. Box 866, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023) has released a 2-lp set by Steve Lacy of his 1954 Jaguar sessions. There are 16 selections never available before... Violinist John Blake's newest Gramavision release is "Adventures of the Heart"... Mobile Fidelity is the new distributor of the BBC CD series "Jazz Classics in Stereo". It is unclear whether they will also handle Canadian distribution or make available the CD's by individual artists (Morton, Arm-

strong, Bix, Bessie Smith, Johnny Dodds) as well as the compilation issues. Mobile Fidelity has also issued CD's of Billie Holiday in Rehearsal (Paramount), Zoot Sims at Ease (Famous Door), Two Jims and A Zoot and Mannekind (ex Mainstream)... New World Records has issued Buddy Tate's MJR recording "The Texas Twister" on CD and lp. The company has also released a new recording by Steve Kuhn titled "Mostly Ballads" with Harvie Schwartz on bass... Reservoir Music has issued "Shining Hour" featuring Joe Puma, Hod O'Brien and Red Mitchell... Rory Stuart's newest recording is "Hurricane" which has been released by Sunnyside Communications... Art Munroe's second lp for V.S.O.P. Records will be called "Back in the Groove"... "Civilization" is the title of the new Tony Williams' Quintet recording for Blue Note. Kenny Burrell's new guitar band's first recording (done live at the Village Vanguard) is also available on Blue Note. Upcoming from the company is Jack Walrath's debut lp to be called "Master of Suspense". It features Kenny Garrett, Carter Jefferson, Steve Turre, James Williams, Anthony Cox and Ronnie Burrage. There will also be a second release by the Don Pullen - George Adams band... The Fantasy Group continues its hectic release schedule. New releases on Contemporary by Frank Morgan, Joshua Breakstone, Bud Shank and Terry Gibbs are already available. So too is Jimmy Heath's "Peer Pleasure" on Landmark. Twenty titles from the Fantasy catalog represent the latest OJC lp release. Since then has come the first 30 CD releases on OJC. Just out

on Milestone are Hank Crawford's "Mr Chips" and Jimmy McGriff's "The Starting Five". Richie Cole has signed with Milestone and is busy recording his first album. Barney Kessel, back at Contemporary, has recorded an album with the Monty Alexander Trio. Art Farmer is showcased on a soon-to-be-released date called "Something to Live For: The Music of Billy Strayhorn". Both Bobby Hutcherson and Mulgrew Miller have recorded for Landmark... Jack DeJohnette and Michael Brecker have new lps on Impulse! MCA has also released, in the U.S., the most recent Rob McConnell Boss Brass sessions. They have been available on Innovation for the last year... Charlie Haden's new quartet with Ernie Watts, Alan Broadbent and Billy Higgins has recorded for Verve. The album was issued at the end of June. Verve has also signed singer/pianist Shirley Horn... Stash Records has issued CD's of John Pizzarelli and Steve Turre.

Pianist/vibraphonist **Victor Feldman** died May 11 in Los Angeles following an asthmatic attack. He was 53... Veteran trombonist **Turk Murphy** died June 2. He was 71... Clarinetist **Heinie Beau** died in Los Angeles April 19... Trombonist **Booty Wood** died in Dayton, Ohio June 10 from emphysema. He was 67... IAJRC president **Bruce Davidson** died May 25 in Nashville... Jazz photographer **Bob Parent** died July 5 in New York... Talent scout and record producer **John Hammond** died in New York July 10. He was 76. Trumpeter **Kid Thomas Valentine** died June 2 in New Orleans. He was around 91 years old. — *compiled by John Norris*



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