



JAZZ NOTES™

THE JOURNAL OF THE JAZZ JOURNALISTS ASSOCIATION™

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JAZZ NOTES HAS GONE DIGITAL.

This issue of *Jazz Notes* is available in PDF only.

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Reviewing a long-awaited book.

On Great Black Music

A Power Stronger Than Itself: The AACM and American Experimental Music

By George E. Lewis

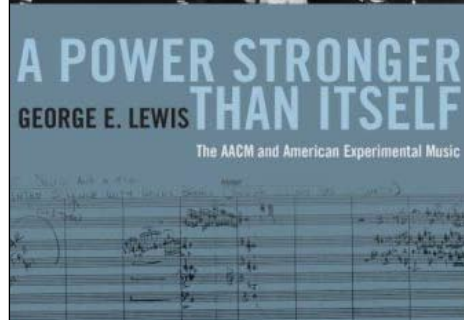
University of Chicago Press, Chicago, IL, 2008; 672 pp.; \$35.00 hardcover

► Review by Alain Drouot

THIS COULD VERY well be the most anticipated book of the year. Since George Lewis announced his plans for a book on the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians (AACM), the influential organization founded in Chicago in 1965, there has been much speculation as to when it would finally be published, not to mention the reasons for what seemed to be recurring postponements.

The long wait is now over and patience will be rewarded. George Lewis's encyclopedic knowledge, thorough research and in-depth interviews have produced an eye-opening work. In terms of expectations, it should be noted, however, that Lewis's purpose is not to present a musical analysis of the output of AACM members, but to trace a contextualized history of the organization. Another goal is to reassert its significance in the development of American experimental music, which has been underestimated in the past.

Avant-garde and New Music have never had mass appeal, but the discrimination black musicians suffered in the music in-



dustry in the first half of the 20th century followed them when they pursued their vision of a forward-looking music in the ensuing years. Lewis describes at length how the AACM struggled—and is still struggling—to be recognized for its innovations and contributions. Every time black musicians have moved the music in new directions, a supposed lack of connection to the tradition has been cited and used to dismiss their output. And somehow this criticism is rarely applied to white musicians. The question of racism is therefore central to Lewis's book. Indeed, it was the issue of racism that

continued on next page ►►

prompted the creation of the AACM and later resurfaced in an internal debate, resulting in white artists being ruled out for membership.

Written from the point of view of an insider (Lewis has been an AACM member since 1971), the book has to be commended for its objectivity and honesty. The author never tries to embellish the facts and refuses to dodge any controversy. In fact, over the years, quite a few questions have created tension within the outfit. For instance, the AACM was reluctant to accept women (today, flutist Nicole Mitchell is co-chair). And one of the most fascinating turning points was coping with the great Chicago–New York divide that has plagued the jazz world and ended up poisoning relations between AACM members. By the late '70s a significant contingent of AACM musicians had migrated to New York, including the two remaining cofounders, Muhal Richard Abrams and the late Steve McCall (the other two, Jodie Christian and Phil Cohran, had already left the organization). The AACM faced a crisis, and its Chicago constituents fought a tough battle to maintain the Windy City as the home base.

Though Lewis's book does not dispel the impression that the first two generations are more important musically than the last two, it provides some useful information about the organization's latest developments and introduces many of the newer members who have risen to lead the AACM in Chicago. What the book does not mention is a lack of visibility; to this day the AACM has failed to make its presence felt. It rents a space (a cubicle, in fact) at the Jazz Institute of Chicago and its website was only recently overhauled, after being in limbo for quite a few years. Also, while it might have fallen outside of the scope of Lewis's book, it would have been interesting to learn about the evolution of the AACM's induction process and the reasons behind it.

The biggest challenge of such a project is relying on recollections that are as much as 40 years old. Lewis is quick

to point out contradictions between testimonies (his account inadvertently presents two versions of Famoudou Don Moye joining the Art Ensemble of Chicago). He also provides as many points of view as possible when trying to shed light on points of contention—the discussion about Sun Ra's potential influence is quite engaging in this regard. On the other hand, transcripts of the first few AACM meetings (Abrams had the habit of recording all discussions) make for one of the book's highlights, as they suffer no doubts and reveal the personalities as well as the concerns of the participants.

Lewis enjoys digressions, but he knows how to turn them into value added. He always provides a context and shows that the organization did not exist in a vacuum, but was a reaction to its times. For instance, he describes less successful attempts at organizing musicians through the experiences of the Black Artists Group in St. Louis or the Jazz Artists Guild in New York, accounts that highlight the AACM's relative sustainability. This year, the AACM will celebrate its 48th anniversary, quite a feat for a musicians' collective. Venturing into sociology and music criticism, Lewis attempts to explain the organization's lack of commercial and critical success.

Factual mistakes are so scarce, and have such minimal impact, that they do not require elaboration. More questionable is Lewis's love for packing stories so full of information that the narrative can lose its fluidity, making it hard to keep track of time frames or musicians discussed. Overall, it is a pleasant read, scholarly but not overly academic in tone, covering a wide stylistic range—from essay to storytelling to autobiography to an astute virtual meeting that closes the book and serves as a potent evaluation of the AACM's current status and look at the future.



Additional book reviews begin on page 11 of this issue.

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The Jazz Journalists Association (JJA) is a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation, promoting the interests of writers, photographers, broadcasters and new media professionals covering jazz. The JJA supports the creation and dissemination of accurate, balanced, ethical and informative journalism on all of jazz's genres; the growth, development and education of the jazz audience and the dissemination of information pertaining to jazz to the general public, by providing forums for the discussion of jazz-related issues and events, fostering the development of journalistic and presentation skills among new journalists and the continuing development of such skills in journalists already engaged in the field.

Making Change

As you know, dear readers, a shortfall in the JJA treasury has led us to an unavoidable decision: to publish *Jazz Notes* as a PDF document only, and to make it available online. The decision will hold for the indefinite future. We'd like nothing more than to be able to afford the ever-rising print and postage costs that ensure the physical delivery of *Jazz Notes* to your door. But for the JJA to accrue debt in this fashion would be irresponsible.

To date, feedback on our move to digital-only has been sparse. However, Bert Vuijsje of Amsterdam expressed his dismay in a recent email:

I just started downloading the new Jazz Notes, but I must say I am not at all happy with this development. I am sure there will have been financial considerations that led to the decision to stop printing this interesting magazine, now in the 18th year of its life. However, I wonder how many JJA members, like me, feel that the new format is much less satisfying for such an important publication. Also, I don't recall any prior announcement of this change (but I may have overlooked something). Anyway, I would like to see this matter discussed in the magazine itself.

Agreed: the matter should be discussed. We invite your responses (email me at david@adlermusic.com) and we'd also encourage you to use the BBS at jazzhouse.org to debate the matter. We should note, however, that all the dis-

cussion in the world would not fill the JJA treasury to the necessary levels. For that, we need a concerted fundraising effort—and not just for *Jazz Notes* but for plenty of other JJA initiatives, as you'll find discussed in Howard Mandel's report on page 4. If you have deep pockets, or fundraising and grant-writing expertise and time to devote to the JJA's important mission, please let us hear from you.

It's worth noting that our online move, however problematic, is in keeping with industry developments in the new millen-

nium. Antonio Terzo, one of the JJA's Italian members, publishes a respected email-zine called *jazzColo[u]rs*, delivered via PDF much like *Jazz Notes* (online at jazzcolours.it). Other online jazz publications include *The Mississippi Rag* (mississippirag.com) and Bill Shoemaker's recent launch, *Point of Departure* (pointofdeparture.org). Record labels are also moving increasingly toward digital promo—a controversial topic among music journalists, though our own Andrey Henkin applauds the development on page 5 of this issue.

As purveyors of the written word, we may always prefer hard copy. All the same, we urge you to take a moment to download *Jazz Notes* (and print it out if you prefer). Whatever the medium, we are every bit as committed to giving you a timely, quality journal that speaks to the widest array of JJA concerns. Thanks for your continued readership and interest. Stick with us, and be in touch.

■ ■ ■



**From the
Editor
David R. Adler**

Moved? New email address? New affiliation?

Please be sure to notify the JJA's membership secretary, Jerry D'Souza, at jerrydsouza@rogers.com

Associate!

“IT’S AN ASSOCIATION, right?” asked lapsed JJA member Stephen Graham rhetorically in recent correspondence, looking for a reason to re-join. “Associate’ may be the key word.”

And he’s absolutely right. When the Jazz Journalists Association first loosely convened, it was about jazz journalists engaged in activities we had in common. In subsequent casual and formal discussions, among colleagues who’d just met and those who’d known each other for years, an organization arose that has created opportunities and programs that further involve us working together. *Jazz Notes*, the Jazz Awards, jazzhouse.org, academically oriented conferences such as last year’s “Jazz and the Global Imagination” presented with Columbia University’s Center for Jazz Studies, public panels, workshops and discussions at industry gatherings and jazz festivals in Boston, Monterey, New York, Portland, Toronto—and parties everywhere: getting together is what the JJA does best. To advance the association, JJA members just have to associate more, and have more associates.

So the President hereby launches a JJA membership drive, aiming to attract new (and returning) members from all journalistic professions who engage with jazz and related musics. We want to extend special invitations to colleagues outside the U.S. and North America. The “global” aspect of last fall’s Columbia conference reinforced the value of a strong professional network with representatives on every continent, offering expertise and perspectives beyond the scope of any one individual or coterie. We can all stand to broaden our horizons, the JJA and its constituent members included. The JJA is honored to have members now in Western and Eastern Europe, Turkey, Russia, India, Japan, Africa, Central and South America as well as Canada and the U.S.—but we know there

are jazz journalists everywhere who haven’t affiliated. Members: spread the word!



Louardes Delgado

President’s Report

Howard Mandel

We welcome full professional voting members for annual dues of \$75, student (non-voting) members for \$25 and non-voting support members for \$300. We welcome writers, photographers, broadcasters, editors, publishers, bloggers and web designers as well as (in the student and support categories) promoters, producers, publicists and philanthropists. Benefits of membership include: *Jazz Notes* quarterly in your email inbox; use of jazzhouse.org for professional postings and queries; access to the JJA’s member database; and for full professional members, nominating/voting privileges and discount tickets to the Jazz Awards; to all unparalleled informal insider contacts and links to other professional organizations throughout the jazzosphere.

Be assured the JJA intends to exploit all new associates—to strengthen the association by bringing in new participants with fresh energy, the better to realize several concrete goals. For one thing, the JJA board continues to negotiate with powerful potential not-for-profit jazz powers in pursuit of a larger, further, dare-we-hope international conference of jazz journalists as a follow-up to last year’s. Also, the

JJA ballot committee has completed a call for nominations in the first stage of balloting that will result in the 2008 Jazz Awards (12th annual). Various JJA members are consulting, mostly on a local basis, with spring, summer and fall ’08 jazz festivals, eager to establish educational and enhancement programs in which our members can meet with the jazz-loving and/or jazz-casual public, raise our profiles and perhaps everyone’s appreciation of the music we cover, creating more buzz around jazz.

Most of these activities can be engaged in anywhere—a jazz journalist doesn’t have to live in New York or any other special place to participate in the JJA, and the JJA is committed to having more contact with and programs for members outside the largest jazz population centers. With members in more places, more contact should be self-generating and more programs should be possible.

So I ask each of you reading this to talk to a jazz journalist friend not currently affiliated with the JJA about joining up. It’s easy—checks may be made out to the Jazz Journalists Association (sent c/o Arnold Jay Smith, 436 State Street, Brooklyn, New York 11217), or payments charged via PayPal, from the virtual office at jazzhouse.org. Just how many professional jazz journalists—full- or part-time—are there in the world, anyway? Oh, yes: having suggested more associating, and having received a flood of correspondence in return, Stephen Graham re-upped, and has offered to reach out to some likely associates in the UK. Our most active Russian member, Cyril Moshkow, has plans to do the same.

In service,

PRESIDENT HOWARD



Is web-based servicing a bad thing? One overwhelmed listener says no.

Digital Promo: Bring It On

► By Andrey Henkin

I WRITE THIS MISSIVE from underneath a pile of CDs. I can't move, I can barely breathe and before I expire from the weight, I implore the jazz community to prevent future tragedies like mine.

All of us who write about jazz have similar piles, or perhaps mountains is the better word. Even with jazz claiming an ever-decreasing part of the music market, one would hardly know it given the rise in independent labels and self-production. The sheer volume is intimidating and frustrating. To keep up is hardly possible anymore.

The problem of timely listening is our own. What needs to be addressed is what to do with the CDs after we are done. Too much product is reaching people who are not interested; ultimately it's wasted. The dirty little secret of the industry is how many jazz writers go out and sell promo CDs after (or sometimes even before) listening. For people who work in the freelance industry to turn around and profit from another group of "freelancers" is morally questionable, in my view.

How can this problem be solved? An easy and modern solution exists that has some added benefits. A move has been made in recent months toward digital distribution: record labels are shifting their promotional strategy away from paper press releases and hard copies to Internet-based methods. Some of these attempts have been imperfect—proprietary music-file players, uncooperative file formats—but these are at least a step in the right direction. One particularly elegant solution was emailed to me recently: a weblink-embedded two-sheet PDF file that linked gracefully to MP3 files and a host of biographical and press materials. Simple, effective and deleted with no carbon footprint when no longer useful.

Details of course need to be worked out, mainly issues of security that beset the whole digital distribution era. But it seems that we as journalists need to be more flexible in order to keep the

Internet-based
P.R. methods are
imperfect but a step
in the right direction.

industry economically viable. I have a box of promo CDs I keep and offer to anybody who comes to my house. Even this skirts the moral line, but I am left without a choice. The percentage of CDs that I ultimately keep is small—and this includes many CDs I actually enjoyed. But considering that I have not listened to some of my all-time favorite albums in months, I am not likely to return to some new release anytime soon. So my giveaway box grows bigger and bigger, and more and more money has been wasted.

A digital model of promo distribution would solve this problem. Unwanted music would be deleted. We would no longer have CDs lost or broken in the mail. There would be drastically re-

duced postal costs. Most important, it would level the playing field. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that the albums and labels that get the most press and accolades are those with the biggest promotional budgets. If all it took was an email list, the major label stranglehold would be broken, and many more artists toiling in obscurity would be discovered. Even established artists would benefit, as smaller portions of their budgets or contracts would have to be committed to promotion.

Even from under the pile of CDs, I can already hear the howls of protest. Some, though they won't admit it, are loath to lose a revenue stream from used CDs. Others can't be bothered to learn the basic online technologies that digital promo requires. And still some will claim that nothing replaces an actual CD on a shelf. For the first group, shame! For the second, welcome to the 21st century. And for the third, if a CD is great and you demonstrate some support of it, no musician will hesitate to send you a hard copy with a letter of thanks, which is a much better use of postage.

■ ■ ■

Andrey Henkin is Editorial Director of All About Jazz-New York. The opinions expressed in this article are his own.



A MEETING OF THE MINDS

FROM LEFT: Gary Giddins, George E. Lewis and June Cross speak at the "Jazz in the Global Imagination" symposium, Columbia University, New York, September 29, 2007. Photographs by Norm Harris.

A report from the jazz world's annual group huddle.

IAJE Invades Lovely Toronto

► By Willard Jenkins

FROM JANUARY 9 TO 13, Toronto played host to the annual conference of the International Association for Jazz Education (IAJE), and I came away wondering if this city was an apt conference host. On the whole the event lacked its usual juice; the energy level was decidedly down, not to mention conference registration.

Perhaps the jazz industry simply did not travel this time around. It seemed at least the threat of inclement weather caused some senior jazz artists to bag the trip, as was evident in the low NEA Jazz Masters attendance. And let's not forget how notoriously lazy and provincial certain members of the New York-centric jazz industry and intelligentsia are about traveling to the "provinces."

Consequently, though expertly programmed as usual, the conference's Industry Track offerings were in many cases—some glaringly so—underattended and lacking their usual buzz. Maybe it was the perception of a lack of the usual sidebar meeting opportunities. Toronto was definitely absent the hang-out atmosphere of the New York conferences, where many folks skip registration but hang out at the hotels all day, simply connecting with friends and colleagues in the business.

The annual Grammy Soundtable always plays to a packed house, but not this time. Perhaps the emphasis on historic recording engineers (Phil Ramone, Al Schmitt) didn't resonate with conferees. I had to dash off to another session, but when I left, the room was barely one-quarter occupied. Similarly, *Down Beat's* live Blindfold Tests are always standing-room-only. But this year's participants, NEA Jazz Master David Baker and educator Jamey Aebersold, didn't have the usual all-star draw.

Howard Mandel (catch his blog at artsjournal.com/jazzbeyondjazz) seemed to be everywhere, wearing his

JJA hat proudly and chairing a couple of sessions. One in particular, a roundtable on the digital age, featured the erudite Canadian critic James Hale and the brilliant Canadian keyboardist-

Industry Track events were underattended and lacking their usual buzz.

composer Andy Milne. I counted fewer than a dozen in the audience for what could have been a lively discussion. The evening concerts, though blessed with their own charms, lacked the draw of the same events in New York. And the exhibit hall was decidedly low-key and down in terms of vendor participation.

Still, it was a good hang. Among the musical highlights was the promising young bassist-vocalist Esperanza Spalding, soon to release her *Heads Up* debut, who gave a fine account of her blossoming skills. I was delighted to hear the engrossing young drummer Otis Brown, who had been a guest as a student on my Jazz Ed TV show on BET Jazz some years back. Cleveland homeboy and percussionist Jamey Haddad also assisted Ms. Spalding, who has special talent written across her forehead.

One of the best-organized and most heartfelt sessions, which did draw a packed room, was the Thursday afternoon "Wynton Kelly and the Musical Company He Kept," a loving tribute to one of the swingiest pianists this music has ever produced. Kelly was remembered principally by drummer Jimmy Cobb, bassist Paul West and his cousin (and NEA Jazz Master) Randy Weston. And just to put the man in the house as it were, the session ended

with the screening of a Jazz Icons DVD performance of Kelly in the company of John Coltrane, rendering "On Green Dolphin Street." Immediately following, Dan Morgenstern ably pinch-hit for Billy Taylor in a NEA Jazz Masters conversation with Roy Haynes. This was followed by a Jazz Masters roundtable with three awardees in the Advocacy category: John Levy, Dan Morgenstern and Gunther Schuller. On Friday, A. B. Spellman interviewed the gathered 2008 NEA Jazz Masters: Candido, Quincy Jones, Tom McIntosh, Gunther Schuller and Joe Wilder. Full disclosure: I work intimately with this program as coordinator of the NEA Jazz Masters Live project.

Friend and colleague Larry Blumenfeld, a tireless champion of all things New Orleans, continues to note the ongoing ills and disparities of the post-storm recovery as part of his ongoing book project (see his blog at artsjournal.com/listengood). Larry chaired a rewarding session he called "In That Number" which included live testimony from Scott Aiges of the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Foundation, along with revealing interview segments on DVD. Alas, though heart was deep in this house, session attendance was pitiful.

Saturday morning, bassist and Berkeley educator Oscar Stagnaro directed the IAJE Latin America Jazz Ensemble under the auspices of the Puerto Rico chapter of IAJE (how 'bout a conference in San Juan?) in a crisp performance thoroughly *en clave*, richly in the jazz tradition. After meetings, I came up for fresh air and copped a comfortable seat for yet another strong performance, this time by the complementary and creative duo of saxophonist-clarinetist Marty Ehrlich and pianist Myra Melford, who has certainly come a long way from the shy young woman I first met as a finalist at the Thelonious Monk piano

continued on next page | ►►

competition years ago. Back then Myra wasn't quite sure of her direction. Now she is an entirely assertive, first-rank pianist and composer with a growing and impressive discography. Having Ehrlich and D'Rivera at the same conference provided the keen-of-ear a delicious opportunity to sample the state of jazz clarinet.

Later, over a meal in good journalist company, jazz record man Ricky Schultz salted the conversation with a tale of his perilous encounter years ago with

the legendary Lew Wasserman. Schultz also spoke of the fresh approach he's unveiling at Resonance Records, a new not-for-profit model. Stay tuned for some good music from that port.

There are major changes afoot at IAJE central: longtime executive director Bill McFarlin has resigned and a search is underway for his successor. And as usual there is a contingent on the board who would like to see the IAJE headquarters depart Manhattan, Kansas, for perhaps a more internationally

resonant and convenient locale. Stay tuned. It will be interesting to see how next year's conference in Seattle turns out—a real test of whether or not the conference should permanently root itself in New York. But let's not be rash. After all, the 2011 conference is scheduled for the Crescent City, and that'll be a guaranteed blast.

■ ■ ■

A fuller version of this report can be found on Willard Jenkins's blog The Independent Ear, at openskyjazz.com.

Are we bookmarked?

Visit jazzhouse.org for the latest JJA announcements, exclusive online content and membership info.

Bidding farewell to a dedicated discographer, 1921–2007.

Kurt Mohr: A Personal Remembrance

» By Ron Sweetman

I ARRIVED IN PARIS in October 1957, and within weeks I had met Kurt Mohr. At that time he worked in a record store on the Boulevard St. Germain, near the intersection with Boulevard St. Michel. We always seemed to find topics of common interest, and our discussions often continued through dinner in a nearby restaurant.

Kurt's father, the German ambassador to Switzerland when Hitler came to power, was granted refugee status and so Kurt and his siblings became Swiss. Kurt was fluent in German, French and English.

Eventually, Kurt invited me to his home in the Latin Quarter. The overwhelming feature of the room was the LPs, piled higher and higher until they threatened to tip over. There were even records on his bed, which he had to move gingerly before going to sleep. There was also a filing cabinet with his precious discographical notes. Kurt interviewed every African-American musician who came to France, noting details of their careers and, most intently,

every recording session they had made. His sympathetic personality, immense knowledge and quiet persistence led musicians to share a great deal about their careers and search their memories for details. From these interviews Kurt developed artist profiles and discographies that were published in a number of magazines, most recently in the French magazine *Soul Bag*.

In 1958 or 1959, Kurt began to work for a French record company. Using his unique knowledge of the U.S. market, he negotiated reissue contracts with King and Vee-Jay. On Odeon he issued Freddy King and Lula Reed recordings from the King catalog. From Vee-Jay he issued collections on the Top Rank label. I recall *Bluesville Chicago*, *Tenor Sax Parade* and *Voici les Rhythm & Blues*. Clifford Scott and Bill Doggett appeared on several of these. Kurt also issued two volumes of *Jazzville Chicago* featuring Frankie Bradford, Arnett Cobb, Julian Dash, Wardell Gray, Joe Hunter, Willie Jones, King Kolax, Jay McShann, Dave Shipp and Lucius

Washington, and of course Kurt wrote the excellent sleeve-notes. He often gave me test pressings of these LPs; sometimes the discographical details were in his handwriting.

Kurt was involved in Mickey "Guitar" Baker's coming to France and recording there. At some stage, the contract with his employer was abruptly broken; Kurt sued and was awarded a monthly allowance that formed his basic financial support for the rest of his life. Most recently he was an advisor to the Classics label, but he had long before mastered the art of living on practically nothing. As long as he could afford coffee, cigarettes and the distinctive paper on which he wrote his interviews and discographical notes, he asked for nothing else. Every time I returned to Paris, I would spend an afternoon or evening with Kurt. A true scholar of post-war blues and rhythm & blues, he was one of the most dedicated and gentle human beings I've ever had the privilege of knowing.

■ ■ ■

Indian Jazz Revisited

► By Max Babi

MORE AND MORE youngsters are learning Western music in India, but the story of jazz's rise here is circuitous. Bombay (now Mumbai) has always been the epicenter of commercial music, and also due to presence of "Bollywood"—India's answer to Hollywood—up to a thousand movies are churned out yearly, each one needing 8 to 21 songs. Many songs are putatively "based" on Western pop/rock hits and many are plain borrowed. Jazz, for its part, became a device in conventional Bollywood nightclub sequences, if only in the background score. It's worthwhile to assess how jazz became an even broader influence, especially on the young musicians who have lived and played abroad, and who grew up listening to the music.

In a catalytic sense, jazz has been influential since the early 1950s, when a powerful American radio transmitter in Colombo, Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) broadcast a good deal of jazz to cover the whole of Southeast Asia. Another broadcast came from Manila, in the Philippines. According to many musicians and musicologists, the overall influence of jazz may have been lower compared to rock, and one cannot deny the presence of a generation gap. Older folks were fond of Frank Sinatra's mel-low crooning and also the Glenn Miller

Orchestra, with its huge repertoire of dancehall tunes.

The Bollywood musicians, composers or "music directors" as they're called in India, produced immensely popular hits that clogged the radio airwaves.

Jazz has emerged as a force in its own right, not just a Bollywood background texture.

Sometimes they composed melodies "inspired" by American pop songs, and sometimes they fitted words to the exact same melodies without any apology. The Edmundo Ross and Tito Puente-type Latin jazz, with its then newfangled cha-cha-cha, mambo and samba rhythms, inspired even script-writers to force a scene in a nightclub, where, for instance, the leading lady would sway to a song based on "Cherry Pink & Apple Blossom White" or Dean Martin's "The Isle Of Capri." Some may call it plagiarism, but a whole generation of well-to-do music composers came up on such a hybrid diet, openly and successfully.

Interestingly, such songs were often set to near strip-tease, with music enhanc-

ing the effect. "Cabaret" was the Bollywood term for the nightclub act. In current parlance it has moved from the smoky confines of nightclubs into any imaginable place: the street or the roof of a train, an arena or even a corridor in a college campus after-hours. These are called "item numbers." Jazzy tunes are often heard as accompanying music. It would thus not be impossible for a non-jazz music lover to confuse cabaret and jazz, due to the visual associations. The vitality of this "item number" is easily gauged from the fact that today, Bollywood starlets who have never reached the top will disrobe aggressively (though partially) for a raunchy number to some sort of jazz accompaniment. Of course they're highly paid for these cameo appearances. Some have made this their entire career.

The present generation of musicians has been more successful than the older Bollywood composers in terms of earnings and fame. And jazz has now emerged as a force in its own right, no longer just a Bollywood background texture. Far removed from the societal confines of an earlier generation that struggled for survival, they have hit paydirt by abandoning traditional Indian instruments in favor of electric guitars, keyboards and drums, often called "jazz drums."

continued on next page | ►►



ABOVE LEFT: The Sidewinders of Pune, performing live at the Jazz Utsav, an international jazz festival in Mumbai (Bombay). Photograph by Mr. Jehangir H.C.D. Jehangir. **ABOVE RIGHT:** Colin D'Cruz with his Indo-jazz group The Brown Indian Band. Photograph courtesy of Colin D'Cruz.

The music stores, perhaps formerly one or two in metropolitan areas, are now too numerous to mention, all of them specializing in Western instruments. Furtado's, a century-old music store in Mumbai, recently opened a branch in ABC Farms complex in Pune, where a couple of open-air restaurants feature a jazz musician over the weekends year-round.

The jazz scene in India has been hotting up, there's no denying, and one is pleasantly surprised to find jazz clubs and gigs sprouting in the least likely places. A country of 1.25 billion souls is quite an incipient market, and the willingness of event planners and human-resource managers to celebrate an event in style seems to be growing. Pune Jazz Club, now in its seventh year, has risen to 300 members, many of them attending the club's monthly meetings, where members showcase a particular jazz musician or a genre of

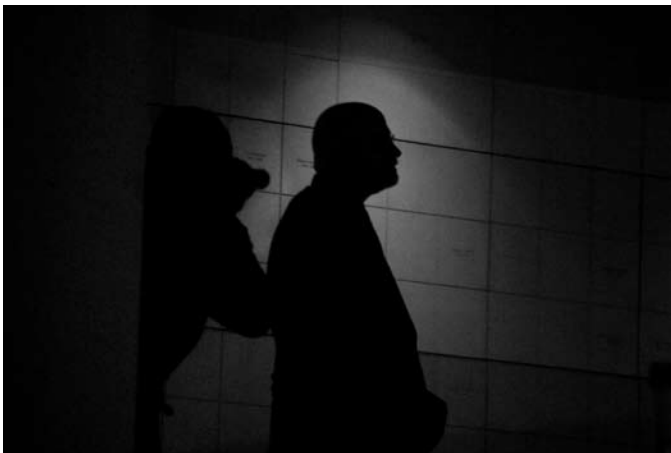
jazz. DVDs are shown for the benefit of members who grew up listening to jazz legends but never saw them perform. The Sidewinders, a local quartet with Indian and non-Indian members promoted by the Pune club, played at the international Jazz Utsav festival, which is held every year in Mumbai.

Going by the number of jazz events, Mumbai and Pune score high given their proximity to the West and the very large influx of tourists, a certain percentage of these being musicians. Another venue, The Soul Avenue, known earlier as The Jazz Garden, featured several jazz artists throughout the year. One of the better-attended gigs was Amsterdam's Saskia Laroo and her quintet.

Colin D'Cruz, a bassist from Mumbai, has entertained countless tourists at luxury hotels that book jazz gigs now and then. After a number of years playing mainstream jazz and funk, he has been promoting his unique Brown

Indian Band, which seamlessly blends the complex elements of jazz with the serenity of Hindustani classical music. Milind Daté, from Pune, who learned the art of bamboo flute from Pandit Hari Prasad Chaurasia, has jammed with Colin at a couple of shows with high success.

The late Oscar Peterson received a warm tribute from this correspondent at the Pune Jazz Club, where a live concert DVD was shown to members. That some people travel by overnight train from Baroda in Gujarat state just to attend the monthly Pune meeting speaks volumes about the love jazz aficionados share and reinforce at every opportunity. It is also encouraging to see youngsters swarm to such meetings, as well as live concerts. Their increasing number and sustained interest unequivocally points to the permanent presence and growth of jazz in India.



LIGHT & SHADOW

TOP LEFT: Broadcaster Gary Walker of WBGO-FM takes a quiet moment during a celebration of the life of Rahsaan Roland Kirk, St. Peter's Church, New York, December 10, 2007. Photograph by Enid Farber.



BOTTOM LEFT: Bass clarinetist Jean-Paul Autin at Bobines Mélodies, a performance of live music set to cartoons, Lyon, France, December 15, 2006. Photograph by Juan Carlos Hernández.

Remembering Frank Morgan, 1933–2007

I HEARD FRANK MORGAN play twice. The first time was at the Catalina Bar and Grill in Los Angeles. He had just been discharged from prison for the last time. Morgan was a holy terror, on and off the horn. In the Mingus style, he'd get excited about the smallest noise in the busy restaurant, stop mid-tune and rant about disrespect. He spent more time lecturing the audience than playing. But when he did play, he blew the place apart. But he turned soft and gracious when he invited Milcho Leviev to come up and play. Morgan introduced him as a total friend, one of the people who consistently visited him in prison, always encouraged him to play and never let him down.

The second time was in 1991, when Morgan played duet with George Cables at the Vancouver International Jazz Festival. The gig was a cozy theater with creaky seats, known locally as the "cultch" (short for Cultural Center). Offstage left, there was a little hidey-hole covered by a curtain. It was a perfect spot to hang out and photograph from a tripod — especially good while shooting a player known for temper tantrums. All I had to do was pick the times when Morgan was playing fortissimo to cover up the trip of the camera's shutter.

It was a quiet concert, the kind of night when musicians play beautiful ballads like "Come Sunday." He played warmly, but after his solos he was clearly nervous, blowing into his horn soundlessly and rubbing his hands together. On one solo, Morgan did a fast decrescendo and I tripped the shutter a micro-moment after he choked the last note. To me it sounded like a rifle shot.

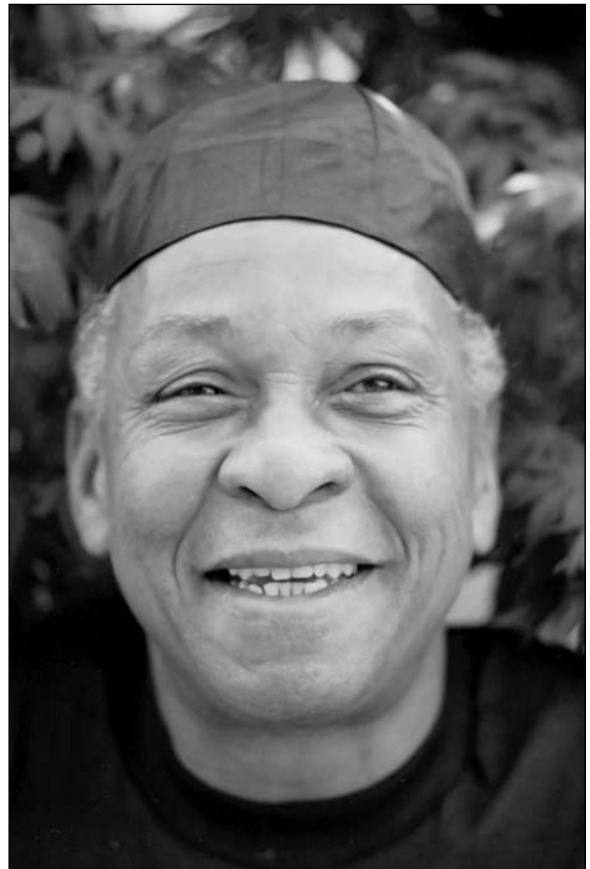
Morgan's head jerked in my direction. He stared intently at the curtain, and while Cables was soloing, he began to saunter nonchalantly over to the hidey-hole. He nudged the curtain aside, smiled and whispered, "Hey man, can you help me? Ask them to turn the air conditioning down! I can't get a sound 'cause my horn is too cold!"

"Sure, Frank," I stammered. I backed out into the lobby and found someone to help. After the gig, Morgan thanked me.

We made a date to do a couple of portraits the next day. I showed up wearing a beanie, the kind people wore in China more than a hundred years ago. Morgan looked at me and said, "Hey man, Monk used to wear a lid like that. Where can I get one?"

"From me," I said. I took mine off and put it on his head. A year later, he used one of my photos for some press releases and that was the last contact we had. But some guys you really can't lose track of. They stay in your mind forever.

—LAURENCE SVIRCHEV



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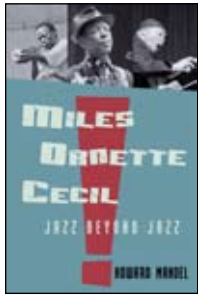
Book Reviews

Miles, Ornette, Cecil: Jazz Beyond Jazz

By Howard Mandel

Routledge, New York, 2008;
292 pp.; \$30.00 hardcover

► Review by Art Lange



MILES, ORNETTE AND Cecil are, of course, icons of jazz or New Music (depending on one's definitions). Their first-name recognition factor, at least among us and our readers if not the general public, confirms this. A great deal more has been written about Miles and his music than the other two; John Litweiler's and Peter Niklas Wilson's books on Ornette are

insightful but examine only a portion of his ongoing career, while we're still waiting for the first book-length study of Taylor's biography and unique sound-world. What Howard Mandel provides us with here is a mixture of informed research, thoughtful contextualizing and personal response, focusing on each artist in their own niche. He doesn't so much compare or contrast their musical styles, beyond his assertion that they epitomize the 20th-century avant-garde—which he sees as a badge of honor, not an audience-alienating albatross around their necks. His approach is not to submit their music to in-depth technical analysis, but rather account for its appeal and power of engagement through detailed description and open-minded cultural and sociological interpretation. And he allows them to speak for themselves, via extensive interviews he has conducted over the years.

Full disclosure: Howard (please permit the familiarity, it's just too awkward to call him Mandel, and "the author" would ring false) and I have been colleagues and friends for over 30 years. But I learned some things about him that I didn't know in reading this book. This is in part because he reveals a lot about his life and personal beliefs by chronicling how he first came in contact with the music of his subjects as a teenager, how he invested time and effort into learning about their music, how it led him to other related artists over the years, and by explaining what it meant (and means) to him. I discovered that he is a romanticist—his point of view is frequently impressionistic and highly idealistic, and when describing music he finds it necessary to not just consider *what* it is, but propose *why* it is as well. His writing implicitly argues that music is not just a self-referential, aesthetic experience, but an inherently humanistic endeavor that informs, inspires and defines us as it entertains.

It was shrewd to ask Greg Tate to write the book's preface, as Tate obviously shares Howard's multicultural, multi-perspective view of jazz, and wisely sets the stage for what is to

come by proposing that "dissonance" is what connects these three otherwise distinctive individuals—not just musical dissonance, but a mode of creativity that reflects a societal friction ultimately disruptive to the status quo. Howard reestablishes and expands upon this in his claim for their avant-garde status—a once-meaningful category that does not connote the isolation and iconoclasm it once did. There's no doubt that all three deserved the tag at certain points in their careers, but the individual successes Howard documents, and the assimilation of their stylistic innovations into the ever-changing, free-flowing currents (if not the "mainstream") of contemporary jazz, attest to the inevitable expiration of that dubious designation. Moreover, stretching the concept so thinly as to embrace both "notorious elders" like George Russell and "20-something ... psychedelic micro-tonal guitarist" Gabriel Marin, as he does in his concluding chapter, threatens to dilute its value, to the point where it signifies only novelty, anything new that falls outside of convention and commercialism.

Howard is an extremely well-versed and surefooted jazz critic. His only missteps here come when he ventures too far into classical music. For example, in calling the "expansive, genre-defying concept and virtuoso realization" of Jelly Roll Morton's music avant-garde in 1926, he states, "...only a handful of chamber music or symphonic scores by Americans or Europeans in that era compare." Only a handful? This seriously undervalues, or ignores, innovative and influential music by Schoenberg, Webern, Bartok, Berg, Stravinsky, Hindemith and Cowell to name just a few, and is unnecessary in order to extol the virtues of Morton's brilliant music.

Elsewhere, he writes that Stravinsky's "Ebony Concerto" and Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" were originally considered avant-garde, but I wonder by whom? Stravinsky's clarinet "concerto" for Woody Herman's Second Herd was a hybrid of caricatured styles (primarily Stravinsky's own) in 1945, hardly the composer's most adventurous period, and the fact that echoes of Gershwin's inflated pop/jazz/classical concoction could be heard in film soundtracks almost immediately suggests it wasn't exactly ahead of its time either. The inclusion of the radical and sonorously outrageous music of Iannis Xenakis into the "meditative" and "minimal" company of Glass, Riley, Reich, and Young doesn't jibe, and though Howard knowledgeably cites Scriabin and Ives as precedents for Cecil's undeniably unique pianism, he surprisingly pulls back from digging into the Taylor/Olivier Messiaen connection, despite recognizing a quote from Messiaen in one of Cecil's performances (and despite the infamous *Village Voice* article of some years back in which Stanley Crouch attempted to smear Taylor with it).

Howard is at his best, however, in the section on Miles Davis. He's selective of the biographical information he highlights, appears to be aware of everything ever written about Miles, and cites other sources liberally but generally in order to springboard into a personal observation or reconnect with a

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broader public context. He finds plugged-in Miles exhilarating and communicates his feelings playfully and persuasively, sprinkling in relevant literary, political and cultural references along the way, though I'm afraid he doesn't pull me along into his hip-perverse appreciation of Miles's final pop-heavy excursions. His description of Miles's music is equal parts sensitivity and sass — especially his characterization of Miles's "pugnacious fling at instrumental hard rock" and the implications he raises concerning the "coordinated freedom of flight" in the last acoustic quintet. Ironically, in quoting Miles's own takes on Ornette and Cecil, he uncovers even more of the similarities between that band and Ornette's early acoustic quartet.

Though Ornette's music is presented as the sprit of *play*, Ornette himself is portrayed as philosopher and poet, seer and shaman. The epic discussion between Howard and Ornette is simultaneously bewildering and illuminating, leading circuitously through issues of communication, being and awareness, freedom of thought and action; Ornette even reveals that he feels misrepresented as a performer of "free jazz" when his true intent has always been to compose. In order to help clarify the enigmatic aura that Ornette projects, Howard turns to the orbit of collaborators around him — Don Cherry, Dewey Redman and Charlie Haden — but the information gleaned says more about Coleman's mystique than his compositional methods. As much as he obviously admires Ornette, Howard doesn't shy away from the contradictions and confusing situations which Coleman joyfully exploits — like a vivid reminder of the painful (to those in the audience, myself among them) San Francisco body-piercing gig. There is a peripheral account of Ornette's association with the Caravan of Dreams, and commentary on his business dealings that imply even avant-gardists benefit from efficient marketing.

Cecil Taylor's music was the toughest nut for Howard to crack initially, and perhaps as a result, remains the one that evades concrete description and extra-musical associations. Cecil's art is offered as nurturing experience, a spiritual balm, requiring liberal doses of curiosity and special tolerance. By relating the details of a casual dinner with Taylor and others, however, provocative tidbits emerge, such as the interest Zoot Sims — a diehard swing saxophonist — expressed in Cecil's music, and the mouthwatering hint that Ira Sullivan and (gasp) Pee Wee Russell may have jammed with Cecil, suggesting that musicians aren't as hung up on styles and reputations as we devoted listeners sometimes are.

The most impressive aspect of the book is Howard's writing: honest and evocative, flavorful and generous, enthusiastic and thought-provoking. We know what we're getting is his hard-earned perspective, not received opinion or second-hand values. *Miles, Ornette, Cecil* may be most valuable to readers relatively new to the music, but even if you're a jazz journalist, it's a good read.

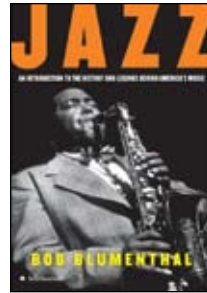


Jazz: An Introduction to the History and Legends Behind America's Music

By Bob Blumenthal

HarperCollins, New York, 2007;
192 pp.; \$16.95 paperback

» Review by Mikayla Gilbreath



SINCE 1969, WHEN he first began writing about jazz, Bob Blumenthal has become not only a highly acclaimed writer but also one of the foremost authorities on jazz. He has contributed to numerous publications and lent his expertise to such organizations as Jazz Alliance International, the Jazz Composers Alliance and the Recording Academy. He received the JJA's

Excellence in Feature and Review Writing award in 2001, as well as its Lifetime Achievement award in 2005. In 1999 and 2000 he won Best Album Notes Grammys for *Coltrane: The Classic Quartet/Complete Impulse! Studio Recordings* and *Miles Davis & John Coltrane: The Complete Columbia Recordings 1955-61*, respectively.

How should a writer with Blumenthal's qualifications and expertise go about introducing a novice to the subject of jazz? There isn't one universal meaning to the word, and there certainly is more than one subgenre. Already, there is so much information available — trying to comprehend it all can seem daunting. In addition, not everyone wants to read a textbook on jazz. We are in the electronic age, and the Internet generation wants its information delivered in little "blips" and pieces, laced with interesting images.

In his first book, which is part of a Smithsonian paperback series, Blumenthal takes all of this into account and manages to hit his target audience dead center. The book is as close to a multimedia presentation as one can achieve in print format. Its numerous images, along with Blumenthal's unpretentious and entertaining writing, entice the reader to see what's on the next page. The book also delivers a significant amount of information while presuming that the reader has little or no previous knowledge.

Blumenthal lays out the history of jazz chronologically, in chapters covering two decades each, making it easier to understand the music's development. Books that instead focus on individual styles can be confusing, because of the overlap of the time periods involved. Within each section, Blumenthal discusses the prevailing jazz styles and highlights the significant performers and innovators of that period, as well as other types of music that may have influenced that era. And he introduces the reader to up-and-comers of the time who would later make important contributions to jazz, as documented in subsequent chapters.

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Once again recognizing his audience's preference for more than just text, Blumenthal places interesting tidbits of information in highlighted boxes throughout the book. And he ends each chapter with a representative list of songs from the given time period. This allows the reader easily to find and listen to each period's leading artists. After all, it's a book about music, and you can't only read about music. You have to listen.

By contrast, an earlier book like John Szwed's *Jazz 101*, which is perhaps more cerebral in its content, could be somewhat intimidating to the jazz novice, simply because of its text-book-like presentation. Although it is an excellent resource, Szwed's book assumes a basic understanding of jazz and perhaps should have been titled *Jazz 201*.

Blumenthal makes learning about jazz completely enjoyable. The book is entertaining and an easy read, the perfect introduction to jazz for the uninitiated—combining the information, images and resources necessary to help one become more than a novice jazz enthusiast. But don't misunderstand. Blumenthal's own insights, gleaned from decades of involvement with jazz, should make the book appealing even to the veteran jazz fan.

A young jazz fan like this reviewer, talking to her friends about the theatric style of Cab Calloway, or the humor of Louis Jordan, or the passion that John Coltrane put into his music, can flip open Blumenthal's book, show them the appropriate page and say, "Look, this guy right here!" The beauty is that these friends will understand.



ABOVE: Dave Brubeck performing at Lincoln Center Out of Doors, New York, August 5, 2007. Photograph by Nancy Kaszerman.

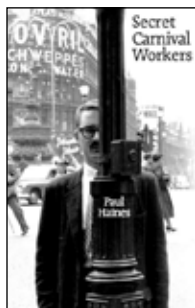
Secret Carnival Workers

By Paul Haines
(Edited by Stuart Broomer with Emily Haines)

With notes on Paul Haines by Carla Bley, Roswell Rudd and Michael Snow.

Coach House Press, Toronto, 2007;
232 pages; \$14.95 paperback

►► Review by Marcela Breton



I READ *Secret Carnival Workers* randomly—dipping into a poem here, a prose piece there, hopscotching my way through the sections. This daring collection of poetry, short fiction, liner notes, jazz criticism and prose fragments, written between 1955 and 2002 by the cosmopolite lyricist Paul Haines, invites such a random reading with its own discontinuities. And it offers

striking evidence that language can mirror the cadence and improvisation of jazz.

Haines, born in Michigan, led a nomadic existence, living in New York, New Mexico, England, France, India and Canada, where he died in 2003. He is best known for his collaborations with numerous jazz musicians, especially Carla Bley, whose jazz opera *Escalator Over the Hill* was inspired by his poetry. Other collaborators include Roswell Rudd, Derek Bailey, Paul Bley and Kip Hanrahan. With Hanrahan, Haines released *Darn It!*, a two-CD set of his poems set to music, performed by artists like Steve Swallow, Carmen Lundy, Evan Parker and Mary Margaret O'Hara. Haines was also an inveterate compiler of what he called "gaslight tapes" or "mystery tapes," which editor Stuart Broomer describes as "bizarre and unidentified assortments of sound that could include any kind of music or a monologue from a drunken Symphony Sid or ... sprinkled therein might be a gem from Paul's own recordings, like Giuseppe Logan and Paul Bley playing together."

Secret Carnival Workers is divided into 14 sections, the last a biographical portrait of Haines by the JJA's Stuart Broomer, formerly editor of *Coda*. Abetted by Emily Haines, the indie singer-songwriter and daughter of Paul Haines, Broomer deserves credit for this portrait, his introduction, the selection and arrangement of material and the various brief-but-illuminating prefaces that open each section. Included are photos of Haines at various stages and locations in his life.

Two sections are devoted to the musicians Carla Bley and Evan Parker. Not surprisingly, the Carla Bley section includes material from *Escalator Over the Hill* and another Haines-Bley collaboration, *Tropic Appetites*. There is also a passage from Bley's 1972 memoir, "Accomplishing *Escalator Over the Hill*."

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Haines also wrote material for a number of Evan Parker projects: an untitled poem for *Saxophone Solos*; a prose piece for Parker's box set *Complete Solos*; a sort of prose poem, "Melodious Nominal Bygones, Yonder," which was part of a BBC live performance by Parker and his trio, with Marilyn Crispell on piano; and a piece titled "Dark Rags" which appeared on a duo release of Parker and Keith Rowe.

Unlike his poetry, prose and short fiction, Haines's jazz journalism is fairly straightforward in style and is as much about locale and regional cuisine as it is about music. "Indoors" is a summary of his listening experiences in the '40s and '50s. He writes that "a trip to Milan meant hearing a freshly released Chet Baker playing in a club with Mussolini's son on piano." Other articles cover the Siena Jazz Festival and the Siena Università del Jazz, Italy's oldest jazz school. In "Five Spot on the Bosphorus," Haines writes about the Akbank Jazz Festival in Istanbul and peppers the jazz criticism with mouth-watering descriptions of Turkish cuisine. After his first day in Istanbul he is asked, "Did you come here for the festival or to eat up all our fish?"

The only book Haines published during his lifetime was the poetry collection *Third World Two*, most of it included here. There is much other poetry as well: some impenetrable, none uninteresting. The poems are of varying lengths, often typed in capital letters, and characterized by brevity, wit, musicality and inventiveness. Here is the complete text of "Practicing Safe Emotion":

PRACTICING SAFE EMOTION
IT WAS THE BACK
OF HIS CHAIR
SHE RUBBED

In his introduction, Broomer calls Haines a "verbal musician," an apt sobriquet for a writer whose poetry and prose has the sudden shifts, moments of surprise, humor, risk and rhythm of jazz. In the short-fiction piece titled "The Charitable Scent," about a black dancer named Benjamin, there is the following sentence, slightly alarming, yet mysteriously seductive and surreal:

*A bleak skeleton, its arch and chest bones stained
with mustard, the cutout cats of humped restraint,
and rosy apples on a spree, blurred into the faces
of fathers winking to their own in expensive bright
costume, and motto-gushing mothers hushing
their children at Benjamin's comic reel.*

Haines was certainly influenced by French and modernist literary traditions. His style is original, clever, light, playful and aphoristic, yet absent extreme self-consciousness.

Haines's liner notes are refreshingly unconventional. For the Kip Hanrahan release *Desire Develops an Edge*, he titles his notes "To Be Done in the Dungeon," and opens with:

*To be done in the dungeon, dancing is done slowly,
to the quick, a new autonomous suitability, a fast*

*ridge of shoulder blades slicing like lines of Latin
fins to the glory of rhythm freed of its perpetual
sheen, any rhythmic similitude chewed through,
then going us one better than the truth, Hanrahan
handling with sophisticated impetuosity
what surges beyond inguinal groans.*

This is writing that rests on the perilous fin between the intelligible and the absurd, like the jazz musician whose playing traces a fine line between music and noise. It is a performance, equal parts courage and artistry.

In "Dark Rags," the liner notes for the Evan Parker/Keith Rowe release, Haines's final comment is: "This music is an abundance of beautiful moments." So, too, *Secret Carnival Workers*. It's an extraordinary work of jazz literature that rewards grazing and rereading. Not unlike with a new and challenging jazz release, it takes repeated encounters to penetrate the hidden meaning and beauty.



New Members

CHARLIE DAHAN is a news editor at allaboutjazz.com who lives in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

BRETT DELMAGE, photographer, lives in Ottawa, Canada (jazzseen.ca).

MARIE-CLAIRE DURAND, student member, is in Montreal, Canada.

TUNCUL GULSOY, jazz program producer, lives in Istanbul, Turkey.

JUAN-CARLOS HERNANDEZ, photographer, lives in Geneva, Switzerland (jazzeyed.20mn.com).

CYNTHIA HILTS, jazz musician and composer, lives in New York.

PETER H. LARSEN, programmer, DR Musik, lives in Copenhagen, Denmark.

PETER B. LOWRY, a reviewer for several publications, lives in Austinmer, New South Wales, Australia.

ALAYNE MCGREGOR, student member, is from Ottawa, Canada.

MARC MYERS, a blogger at jazzwax.com, is from New York.

JESSICA SIMMS, student member, lives in Bowling Green, Ohio.

DAVID M. TENENHOLTZ, student member, lives in Richmond, Virginia.



News of Members

DAVID R. ADLER traveled to Dakar, Senegal as a part of an international press contingent to learn about Birima, Youssou N'Dour's new microfinance initiative. He wrote a cover story on Philadelphia jazz for the April 9 music issue of *Philadelphia Weekly*, and a front-page Arts & Entertainment feature on Danilo Pérez for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* of Sunday, March 23. In addition, David wrote liner notes for Danny Grissett's *Encounters* and John Swana's *Bright Moments* (both Criss Cross), Trio West's *Upper West Side Story* (Yummyhouse) and Joanna Pascale's *Through My Eyes* (Stiletto).

JANE IRA BLOOM, soprano saxophonist/composer, announces the release of a new CD, *Mental Weather*, on the Outline label. Her new electro-acoustic band includes newcomer Dawn Clement on piano and Fender Rhodes, Mark Helias on bass and Matt Wilson on drums and percussion. Recent performances include Bucknell University and a CD launch at Iridium in New York. Press copies are available to JJA members—contact outline@tuna.net.

LAURENCE DONOHUE-GREENE, Managing Editor of *AllAboutJazz—New York* (AAJ-NY), covered the mid-February Portland Jazz Festival for the paper's April issue (which streets, and will be available online, by April 1 at allaboutjazz.com/newyork). The paper's March coverage includes features on Eric Dolphy, Joëlle Léandre and Dick Hyman. Also, in the Spring 2008 issue of *Signal to Noise*, Laurence will publish a feature on Jeff Schlanger's musicWitness® Project. Schlanger, a unique visual artist, is a mainstay and ongoing participant/documentarian at New York's annual Vision Festival, which enters its 13th year this June.

ENID FARBER'S hand-painted photographic exhibition, "Creative License: From Black and White to Sepia to Color," recently seen during the 17th annual Jersey City, New Jersey art-

ist's tour, is on view in New York at the Living Room Gallery at Saint Peter's Church from March 13–April 13, 2008. There will be a reception for the artist on Friday, April 4, from 6 to 8 p.m. This exhibition features some of Enid's photographs of jazz and world musicians as well as friends and other subjects. The portraits on and offstage include such legends as Miles Davis, Cab Calloway, Ray Charles, Fela Kuti, Wynton and Branford Marsalis and Sonny Rollins and Roy Hargrove. For more information please contact Enid at farberfoto@aol.com.

MIKAYLA GILBREATH'S new column, "Mikayla's Totally Jazzed," debuted on January 7 at allaboutjazz.com. This regular column will feature interviews with established artists, emerging young musicians and noted jazz educators. The goal of Mikayla's column is to "reach out to youth and help them connect with the music I love," while still appealing to jazz fans of all ages. Her first article, "Dr. Lonnie Smith: Organ Guru," documents Smith's earliest days as a musician and his rise to prominence as one of the great organists of all time.

RUSTY HASSAN and Guy Middleton presented the Peace and Justice Award to Sonny Rollins at the WPFW 30th Anniversary Gala Celebration held at the Washington Convention Center on December 15, 2007. Over 1,700 WPFW supporters attended the gala, which also honored Dorothy Height, Harry Belafonte, Dick Gregory and Congressman John Conyers. Rusty will always treasure the note he received from Rollins thanking him for his presentation at the event. Artists recently interviewed on Rusty's "Jazz & More" radio show include Dee Dee Bridgewater, Hal Galper, Rashied Ali and Reggie Workman.

THOMAS W. JACOBSEN wrote a feature article on reedman Bob Wilber in the spring (March) issue of *The Clarinet*. (Wilber celebrated his 80th birthday in

March.) Tom has also been invited by the Hot Club de France to be a regular contributor (from New Orleans) to their monthly *Bulletin Du Hot Club De France*, published since 1950.

FRAN KAUFMAN had a show titled "The Jazz Photographs of Fran Kaufman" on exhibit at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, in the Peter J. Sharp Playhouse, from January 22 until February 24. Curated by artist and gallerist Danny Simmons, the exhibit was part of the Brooklyn Next! Festival. The 20 black and white photographs were selected from Fran's archive of photos made over the past 15 years in clubs, rehearsals and recording studios.

HOWARD MANDEL is offering a live, 90-minute multimedia presentation based on his new book, *Miles Ornette Cecil: Jazz Beyond Jazz*, to educational institutions, libraries, community groups and jazz organizations in time for Jazz Appreciation Month (April). He has already appeared at the Chicago Jazz Fair and Ars Nova Workshop in Philadelphia, and his schedule at the Portland Jazz Festival includes a public interview with Ornette Coleman. Howard also offers a similar program, "The Blues—Right Here, Right Now," with New Jersey singer-guitarist Jr. Mack. Both programs include video clips and recorded music complementing discussion points and Q&A sessions. Details are available at HowardMandel.com.

BILL MINOR was interviewed by Karen Chandler and Jack McCray of the Charleston Jazz Initiative (Charleston, South Carolina), when they visited Monterey for archival information on the Monterey Jazz Festival related to Charleston's jazz legacy. The visit included a "tour" of Doc's Lab in Cannery Row, where the MJF had its inception. Bill will be in Charlottesville (for the Virginia Festival of the Book) in late March, promoting his novel, *Trek: Lips*,

continued on next page >>

Sunny, Pecker and Me. In April he will have a signing/reading at Village Books in Pacific Palisades, California, and other venues in the Los Angeles area.

STEVE RATHE continues as senior producer for the Peabody Award-winning *Jazz at Lincoln Center Radio* program and various specials. He also produced the recording of the Wynton Marsalis/Maya Angelou collaboration "Music, Deep Rivers In My Soul" that premiered in December on PBS. With Symphony Space in New York, Steve's Murray Street Productions is launching a new radio program and website "Symphony Space Live" (at symphonyspace.org) featuring full performances ranging from Arturo O'Farrill's Afro-Latin Jazz Orchestra to Ursula Oppens playing piano works of Elliott Carter.

GARY STAGER, Senior Editor of *District Administration* (a magazine addressing school district management), recently earned his Ph.D. in Education from the University of Melbourne. In October, the National School Boards Association named Gary one of "20 Education Leaders to Watch."

ANTONIO TERZO, Italian journalist, is please to note the first anniversary of his publication *jazzColo[u]rs*, a jazz e-zine featuring interviews, articles, reports, etc. The publication, in PDF format and delivered via email, has featured writings by JJA colleagues Alain Drouot (U.S.) and Michael Pronko (Japan), along with many professional Italian journalists. To request the free February 2008 issue please contact jazzcolours@jazzcolours.it. Subscriptions are available at jazzcolours.it

JOHN R. TUMPAK was the featured speaker on November 20, 2007, at the monthly meeting of the Los Angeles Duke Ellington Society. His topic was "The Sacred Concerts of Duke Ellington." On January 28, 2008, John made a presentation titled "The Life and Music of Billy Strayhorn" to The Ebell of Los Angeles, an educational and philanthropic organization founded in 1894. The event took place at the Wilshire Ebell Theater.

DAVID WILD is co-author (with Chris DeVito, Yasuhiro Fujioka, Wolf Schmalzer and editor Lewis Porter) of *The John Coltrane Reference*, which was published at the end of December by Routledge. The massive work (821 pages, 8.5 X 11 format) contains a complete Coltrane chronology and discography, along with rare photos and reproductions of album covers and other details. It updates the Fujioka discography (itself an update to the earlier discography by Wild).



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R.I.P. Late 2007



Deaths in Late 2007

Compiled by W. Royal Stokes and Ken Franckling

OSCAR PETERSON

Trombonist Jim Smale

Clarinetist Phil Cooper; clarinetist and baritone saxophonist Frank Chace

Pianists and bandleaders Oscar Peterson, Günter Noris

Cellist Derek Simpson

Bassist Alan Bates

Singer, guitarist, keyboardist, bandleader, composer, producer and talent scout Ike Turner

Cabaret singer Ruth Wallis

Blues singer Weepin' Willie Robinson

Composer Karlheinz Stockhausen

Musicologist, research institute executive, author and editor H. Wiley Hitchcock

Writer Diane Middlebrooks

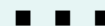
Folklorist, ethnomusicologist, writer, broadcaster, producer, educator and lecturer Henrietta Yurchenco

Filmmaker St. Clair Bourne

Founder and chairman of the Jazz Foundation of America, president of the Jazz Museum of New York and pianist Herb Storer

Correction:

Because of an untraceable source of misunderstanding, producer, promoter and broadcaster Gene Norman was incorrectly included in the Winter 2008 issue obituary list for 2007 as deceased. *Jazz Notes* regrets the error.





FROM LEFT: François Houle, William O. Smith and Jesse Canterbury perform in Seattle, Washington, December 15, 2007. Photograph by Laurence Svirchev.

SIX CLARINETS

LAST DECEMBER, WHEN Laurence Svirchev snapped this photograph of William O. Smith, François Houle and Jesse Canterbury at Seattle’s Chapel Performance Space, he seemed a bit surprised to hear that he had probably documented what was probably a worldwide musical “first.” But then, maybe you’ve already seen three musicians playing six clarinets at the same time. I certainly hadn’t.

The occasion was the celebration of a new album release by Smith and Canterbury, *collage/décollage*, to which Houle contributed a piece.

But it wasn’t just the novelty of those instruments sticking out like pairs of whiskers from three (cool) cats – though surely that’s part of the fun. It was also the gorgeous sounds these guys made together and the interesting historical relationship between them that is worth reporting.

William O. Smith – a.k.a. Bill Smith, when he’s playing with Dave Brubeck – taught for decades at the University of Washington, where he developed extended techniques on the horn, such as super-high notes, multiphonics, “false

fingerings,” playing joints of the instrument separately and blowing across the barrel, sans mouthpiece, to make the clarinet sound like a flute. His book on the subject is something of a classic.

Canterbury, who is a physicist, decided to move from Texas to Seattle in 2000, but first he asked around about teachers and discovered that master French Canadian clarinetist Houle was just across the border, in Vancouver. He studied circular breathing and other techniques with François. Houle, in turn, told Jesse about Bill, from whom he had taken lessons, and Jesse started studying with Bill as well. And thus was born a triumvirate of clarinet mavericks.

The December concert featured a panoply of solos and duets – some hauntingly atmospheric, others chattery and agitated – for various aspects (and parts) of the clarinet, but this photo documents a free-improvised finale.

— PAUL DE BARROS





FIVE THOUSAND WORDS

ABOVE LEFT: Roy Haynes at Birdland, December 14, 2007; photograph by Enid Farber. **RIGHT:** Marc Ribot at the 2007 Enjoy Jazz Festival, Heidelberg, Germany; photograph by Frank Schindelbeck.

BELOW LEFT: Samita Sinha at the Charlie Parker Jazz Festival, New York, August 25, 2007; photograph by Nancy Kaszerman. **CENTER:** The sax line of Claire Daly, Grace Kelly and Giulio Martino jams at the Pittsfield CityJazz Festival, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, October 6, 2007; photograph by Ed Bride. **RIGHT:** Carl Allen takes a break; photograph by Ronnie James.



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