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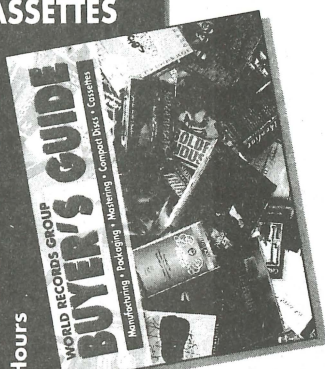


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NOW ORCHESTRA WITH SPECIAL GUEST LEO SMITH

FEBRUARY 12TH AT WESTERN FRONT

NEW ORCHESTRA WORKSHOP SOCIETY is proud to present the **NOW ORCHESTRA** under the direction of **RON SAMWORTH** and **COAT COOKE** in concert with master composer/improviser **WADADA LEO SMITH**.

Mr. Smith will conduct an educational workshop on the afternoon of **FEBRUARY 12TH (2-4PM)** exploring his music and philosophy.

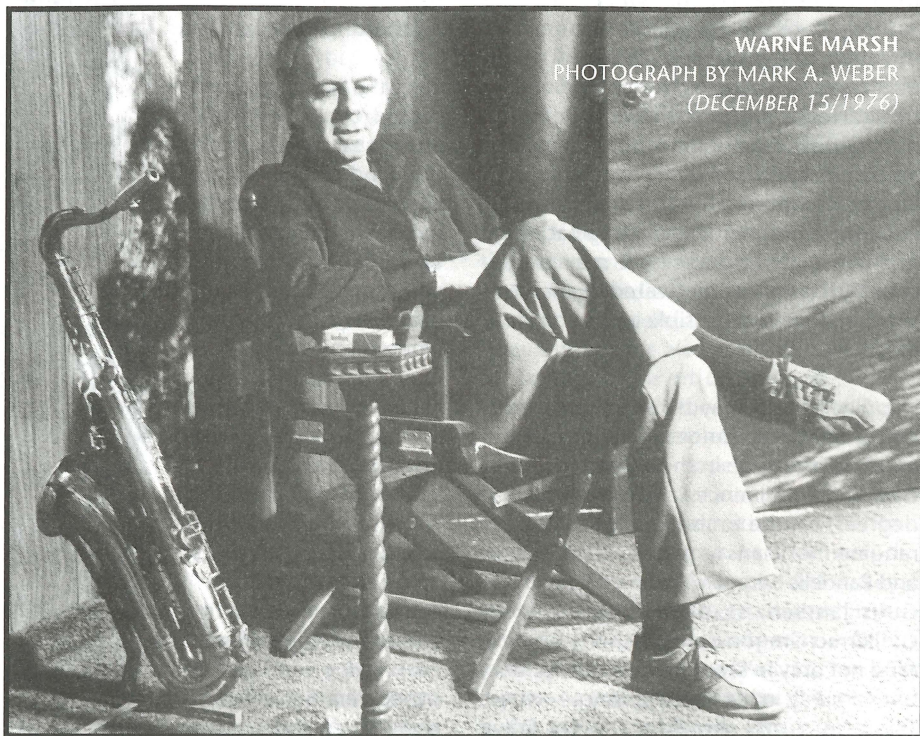
Musicians of all levels and the general public are invited to participate and observe, and there is no admission charge.

The residency will conclude with a concert in the evening of **FEBRUARY 12TH** with the **NOW ORCHESTRA** and **WADADA LEO SMITH** at **WESTERN FRONT**.

THIS PROJECT IS A CO-PRODUCTION OF THE COASTAL JAZZ AND BLUES SOCIETY AND THE WESTERN FRONT.

whiskey-aged vocalist. There may be a touch of irony in several of the song selections — why else tackle chestnuts like *Imagination*, *That Old Feeling*, and the by-now-hackneyed *Melancholy Baby*? — leading to moments of an uncharacteristic expressionistic harshness and a few phrases born out of frustration. But when things click, they are marvelous. *All The Things*

ently stated pulse, there are always open spaces in which Konitz may perch, plummet, and soar. With bassist Dallas walking heroically around and through the chords without overly asserting them, Konitz is free to follow the implicit chord changes of these songs, alter them, sustain them, suggest new ones, or ignore them completely. He does all of the above.



You Are builds gradually and only finds the melody at the very end (an old Tristano trick). *Pennies From Heaven* is used as a canvas for a collage of free-associative quotes and comments. He stretches the melody of *What's New* like taffy, shrewdly seduces *Embraceable You* with a laid-back demeanor the antithesis of Bird's full-frontal assault, double-tracks altos on *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You* as if trying to trip himself up.

Had a selection of these tracks been issued at the time, the album would have been another plus on the credit side of Lee's ledger, but little more. It was obvious that something was missing. That something was Elvin Jones. About a week later Elvin replaced Stabulas behind the drums, and magic happened. Altering accents, shifting beats, Jones sometimes gives the impression of two drummers playing at once, but thanks to his supple handling of an implied and not consist-

The key word here is "free." Tristano taught that only with a complete, almost subconscious, understanding of a song's structural parameters could a soloist ignore the form at hand and invent something musical from deep within his or her own consciousness — the true meaning of improvisation. For Konitz in this case the material is so familiar to him — *I Remember You*, *All Of Me*, *I'll Remember April*, *Out Of Nowhere*, and the like — both in their original state and as Tristano-style reconfigurations, that he seldom touches upon the actual themes. Thus the combination of rhythmic flexibility, harmonic ambiguity, and melodic (not thematic) development and variation here affords Konitz a freedom he had possibly never previously experienced. (Outside, of course, of his earlier experiments in freedom with Tristano and friends.) Challenged to the maximum, Konitz responds with improvisations that are every bit as *free* as anything Ornette Coleman was