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MUSIC IS RAPID TRANSPORTATION



OLD SONGS, NEW SONGS: ONE SCOTSMAN'S MUSICAL JOURNEY

BY ALAN STANBRIDGE

ABERDEEN

Some of my earliest musical memories, from the mid-late 1960s, are of sitting around in the living room of our council house in Aberdeen (Scotland, that is), with my mother and father, Gladys and Ernest (I called them by their first names from my teenage years), and my two older sisters, Catherine and Dorothy. These memories are mainly of watching television, which was an integral part of my growing up, and which was also a very social activity—most often, we watched television together, as a family.

From those years, I remember the *Billy Cotton Band Show* (“Wakey-Wake-haaay!”), one of Ernest’s favourites, which was part dance band repertoire, part vaudeville. Then there was *Juke Box Jury*, hosted by David Jacobs, which proved to be a useful introduction for a 10-year old to the Hits and Misses of the current pop scene. *Thank Your Lucky Stars* was ITV’s rival programme, which featured Janice Nicholls and her famous “Oi’ll give it foive” catchphrase. *Sunday Night at the London Palladium* was also regular viewing, along with the now infamous *Black and White Minstrel Show*, which ran on the BBC until 1978 (!), and featured English and Welsh singers in blackface. There’s something quaintly charming about the fact that it all seemed so innocuous back then. And then there were some performers who seemed to pop up on television all the time: George Chisholm, Kenny Ball, Louis Armstrong, and Shirley Bassey (who Ernest, in his typically groan-inducing fashion, insisted on calling Birley Shassey—I guess my fine sense of humour had to come from somewhere). And let’s not forget the *Eurovision Song Contest*, which provided much amusement in our household every year.

In addition to the television, we also had a rather spiffy radiogram, the size of a small battleship, with a flip-up lid and a pull-out front, and one of those classic radio dials with all of those oh-so exotic place names: Hilversum, Marseilles, Stockholm, Reykjavik, Budapest. I’m not sure what ever happened to that thing, although it would have taken at least 10 fully-grown men to get it out of the living room. The radiogram also had storage space for LPs and 78s, of which we had a modest collection, reflecting the combined tastes of Gladys and Ernest: *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* (Gladys’s favourite), *Paint Your Wagon*, *Oklahoma!*, *The King and I*, *The Student Prince* with Mario Lanza, and various Mantovani, Harry Secombe, and Strauss waltzes. We also had the requisite Scottish collection, which included much Jimmy Shand accordion music, and favourite songs by Andy Stewart: ‘Donald, Where’s Yer Troosers’ and ‘The Muckin’ o’ Geordie’s Byre’ (helpfully translated by Ernest as ‘The Cleansing of George’s Cowshed’).

My sister Catherine is fully 10 years older than me, and although she listened to bands like the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the Kinks in her teens, she soon lost interest in popular music, and turned to classical music, which had little appeal for me at that time. But my sister Dorothy, a little closer to me in age, was perhaps more of a musical influence, and, in my early teens, I ended up inheriting many of her 45 rpm singles, which reflected a particularly British perspective on the pop scene of the 1960s: the Beatles, Herman’s Hermits, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Freddie and the Dreamers, Cilla Black, Dusty Springfield,

and the Dave Clark Five. I listened to all of those records, and regularly watched *Top of the Pops*, which was standard viewing for young pop-pickers like myself. But one record in particular sticks in my mind: ‘Yeah, Yeah’ by Georgie Fame and the Blue Flames. Its funky rhythm and blues sound was very different from much of what I had heard previously, and the song featured a very short but very cool tenor saxophone solo. Without knowing it, this was what a young boy had been looking for. And the lyrics included that great line about “playing records, beside a groovy hi-fi”, which, in retrospect, turned out to be remarkably prescient.

As I entered my mid teens, my musical influences started to come more from my schoolmate peers, some of whom were listening, not to the mainstream popular music of the day, but to heavy metal and progressive rock, which held much more appeal. So I fell in with the Deep Purple/Led Zeppelin/Yes/ELP/Mike Oldfield/Pink Floyd crowd at school, although I never owned a greatcoat (honest), and seldom walked around with LPs tucked under my arm, their covers and titles prominently displayed. Progressive rock has taken a critical drubbing over the years for its pretentious, large-scale musical structures and overly long, extended solos. Yet, curiously enough, while the criticisms are often valid (you know who you are...), it was the combination of structure and improvisation that attracted me to the music in the first place, and which still, to a very large extent, continues to motivate much of my interest in music.

At the time, however, it was the improvisatory aspects of the music that drew most of my attention, and I found myself listening closely, nay obsessively, to solos by Richie Blackmore, Jimmy Page, Steve Howe, and Keith Emerson. I remember evenings at a friend’s place, just outside Aberdeen, where, when his parents were out, we would listen, *ad nauseam*, to Wishbone Ash, Taste, and Rory Gallagher. His father had a killer stereo system, with a fancy record player, a high-end open-reel tape deck, the most enormous speakers I’d ever seen, and a white shag carpet (the carpet wasn’t technically part of the stereo system, but it’s an important detail, and an evocative reminder of the period).

It’s important to note that my growing interest in music was only one of my teenage passions at the time, which also included, most notably, aeroplanes and sports. Our house was in a semi-rural spot, right on the edge of Aberdeen, and my bedroom window overlooked our local farmer’s fields, as well as the flight path for Aberdeen’s Dyce Airport, which was situated in lower ground about five miles north. I became an enthusiastic aircraft spotter (they seemed so much more interesting than trains), and a sort of honorary member of the local flying club, where I would often get back-seat flights in four-seater Cessnas (I have vivid memories, as a wide-eyed 14-year old, of one particularly exciting flight to Edinburgh). I attended Aberdeen Academy, which later became Hazlehead Academy, moving from its downtown location to the outskirts of the city. (The old Academy building is now a shopping centre, which always makes going back there a rather strange experience, given that I studied Russian in that trendy clothes store). I became very involved in sports, captaining school teams in (field) hockey and volleyball, and I was an avid golfer, playing regularly on the municipal course behind the school. At this stage, then, music was still competing with other interests and enthusiasms for my attention.

But in May 1974, just as my secondary school days were ending, I entered a significant new phase of my life: I became a Record Collector. The first LP I bought, for the princely sum of £2.50, was *Tattoo*, by Rory Gallagher, from Norco House on George Street in Aberdeen. Up until then, I’d mainly listened to other people’s records, and occasionally borrowed them. Now, I was heading off on a long musical journey that would see me amass a collection of over 7,000 recordings by October 2010, the vast majority of them actually purchased, rather than simply acquired. (I’ve seldom, even as an amateur, gone down the music critic road: although the prospect of endless packages of review copies arriving on your front doorstep might seem appealing, it’s always struck me as something of an unwelcome burden).

Blame this one on my Scottish background—the stereotype of the parsimonious Scotsman is known around the world—but it became obvious to me fairly quickly that acquiring

LPs second-hand was the way to go. Not only was it financially practical for a virtually penniless university student, but it also introduced a serendipitous quality to the record buying process that has remained one of my great satisfactions in life. At the height of LP culture in the 1970 and 1980s, and of CD culture in the 1990s, there were few activities I found more relaxing and satisfying than cruising second-hand record stores for hours on end, and eventually emerging with a handful of gems, including music both familiar and unfamiliar. Indeed, one of my major disappointments in recent years has been to witness the slow, lingering death of the CD, and the resultant drought in second-hand CD stores, many of which have been forced to close, victims of the digital age, when downloading strings of ones and zeros has replaced the notion of the recording as artifact.

At this point, I could get all misty-eyed about the glorious artifactuality of the LP, and of the 78 rpm record album before it, which have been remarkable vehicles for innovative design, from Alex Steinweiss's early work for Columbia and Decca, through classic Blue Note, Impulse, and the work of Hipgnosis, to contemporary ECM. The CD has always seemed like a rather poor substitute in terms of the design opportunities it offered, although its convenience and ever increasing sound quality were hard to argue with. But convenience is a slippery slope, and the first decade of MP3 culture offered radical convenience without the hassle of quality. More recently, the introduction of genuinely lossless audio formats has done much to improve the sound quality of digital music, although the absence of artifactuality remains a significant problem for this child of the LP era. But I digress.

GLASGOW

In the autumn of 1974, at the tender age of 17, I left Aberdeen to study at Glasgow University, which had a highly regarded program in Aeronautical Engineering. The decision was based on a rather ridiculous conversation with my school Career Councillor (who, significantly, was also the school's Metalwork teacher): "Let's see: good at Maths and Physics; interested in aeroplanes. Ever thought of aeronautical engineering? Good program in Glasgow. What's that? An A in English? That won't take you anywhere. Music? No, keep that as a hobby. Next!" So, there I was in Glasgow, about to embark on one of life's great educational mis-steps. I survived a year of the Aeronautical Engineering program before transferring out, and eventually emerged three years later with a rather ordinary B.Sc. (Ordinary) degree that included courses in Abstract Mathematics, Psychology, and Sociology. Not my finest moment.

But the time in Glasgow was formative in many other ways, and it was at that point in my life that music moved to centre stage. Up until then, as the Metalwork man had suggested, I had treated music simply as a hobby, albeit an enthusiastic one. I hadn't come from an especially musical

family—my now 95-year old Auntie Dodie was a keen amateur pianist, bashing out hymn tunes on the upright that had been in my mother's side of the family since the 1920s (Auntie Dodie's real name is Helen, although Catherine had called her Dodie as a child, and the name stuck); and Ernest always expressed an enthusiasm—sadly unrealized—to play the clarinet. But I didn't learn an instrument growing up, and although I remember some Music classes with one especially idiosyncratic Music teacher at Aberdeen Academy, music was never a feature of my secondary school life. Over those four years in Glasgow, however, my exponential engagement with music saw it become not only a central, fundamental interest, but also, ultimately, the basis of my professional career, and I'm very happy to say that most of my working life has been directly involved in music, or thoroughly informed by music, in one way or another.

My first year in Glasgow was spent in a co-educational student hall of residence, which proved to be enormously helpful in pursuing the typical things that typical first-year university students are typically interested in. More significantly, perhaps,

I found myself immediately involved in two social circles that totally transformed my involvement with music. The first was a group of long-hairs who introduced me to Frank Zappa, Van der Graaf Generator, Soft Machine, Hatfield and the North, Caravan, and many other examples of the then highly active Canterbury music scene. At a time when the soundtrack for the residence Common Room was dominated by the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, rocc, and Supertramp, we self-styled Bad Boys would delight in usurping the sound system, playing Zappa and Beefheart's 'Willie the Pimp', a typically tortured Peter Hammill vocal, or a Mike Ratledge organ solo at full volume, until being asked politely to cease and desist.

The period was also one that saw the beginning of my engagement with live music, which, with the exception of a few local bands, simply hadn't been an aspect of my experience growing up in Aberdeen. I remember some spectacular gigs at the Glasgow Apollo, including Rory Gallagher and the Sensational Alex Harvey Band; seeing Roger Chapman and Charlie Whitney (ex Family) at the University Union; and a trip to London to see Van der Graaf, around the time of *Godbluff* (which involved sleeping out in St. James's Park—hotels weren't an option). And, somewhat later, in 1977, there was the sheer delight of seeing a still-nascent Talking Heads open for the Ramones at Strathclyde University, at a time when David Byrne's between song chat consisted of simply "The name of this song is..."

But most significant of all was a trip from Glasgow to Edinburgh's Usher Hall, in late 1974, to see Chick Corea's Return to Forever. It seems like something of a cliché to call a concert *life-changing*, but the expression is perfectly appropriate in this case. My friend Ian and I spent the entire concert in the front row of the balcony, jaws hanging open, scarcely believing the virtuosity on display and the sheer excitement of it all. I bought the new Return to Forever record, *Where Have I Known You Before*, soon afterwards, and that signalled the start of a long engagement, not only with fusion, but with jazz more generally. Sandwiched between the electric tracks on the record were three short acoustic piano

solos by Corea, which I found myself drawn to as much, or more than, the flashy fusion stuff. I was soon searching through Corea's back catalogue, and, before I knew it, I was listening to acoustic jazz. Corea quickly led me to Keith Jarrett's work, which introduced me to the ECM label, and to music by Jan Garbarek, Gary Burton and Ralph Towner. This was something new. Previously, my understanding of what *jazz* might be was restricted to George Chisholm's trombone antics on TV, Louis Armstrong singing 'What a Wonderful World', and various stereotypes that inevitably involved fat, balding men with clarinets and cardigans, playing Dixieland.

And it's here that the second of the social circles mentioned above came into play. In addition to the long-hairs, the residence residents included a small coterie of jazz fans, all of whom were in their final year, and therefore about three or four years older than me. In particular, Niall Murray quickly became a firm friend and an invaluable guide to this new musical world that I'd just discovered. Niall's knowledge of jazz was both broad and deep, and we started hanging out in the dining room of his parents' home in the south side of Glasgow every other weekend, checking out his latest purchases and indulging in an ongoing series of informal history lessons. Hence, alongside my continuing involvement in the music of Zappa, Soft Machine, and their ilk, and my exploration of the specifically British developments on the contemporary jazz scene, which an interest in the Canterbury scene pointed readily toward (including music by Westbrook, Surman, Coxhill, Riley, Tippett, Stevens, Osborne, and Oxley), Niall was soon introducing me to classic works by Miles, Coltrane, Monk, Ornette, Dolphy, and Evans (both Gil and Bill). But this period was also the peak of the New York Loft Jazz scene, and each month seemed to bring new releases by David Murray, Henry Threadgill, Don Pullen, Anthony Braxton, and others, and these new sounds filled Niall's dining room on a regular basis. Niall's father often dropped by to assure us that what we were listening to was "rubbish", although he was fooled momentarily by the opening of Braxton's glorious marching band piece, 'Composition 58', which brought smiles

of approval and a “That’s more like it!”, until Leo Smith’s *out* trumpet solo, one minute into the piece, had him fleeing from the room in disgust.

And all of this musical exploration was achieved not only with Niall’s help, but also with the invaluable assistance of the reviews by Max Harrison, Jack Cooke, and others in *Modern Jazz: The Essential Records*, which Niall had recommended heartily, and which became something of a well-thumbed bible/guidebook in this period. Similarly, a series of articles and reviews in the *Melody Maker* by Steve Lake and Richard Williams, two of the most insightful of critics, served to shape and inform much of my burgeoning interest in jazz and contemporary music. Both Lake and Williams had broad tastes in jazz that overlapped readily, like my own, with popular music, and it was Lake’s heartfelt tribute to Tim Buckley, after his tragic death in the summer of 1975, that first led me to Buckley’s work. I also listened regularly to the marvellously erudite Charles Fox on BBC radio, and to Jim Waugh’s jazz programme on Radio Clyde. Jim’s show featured David Baker’s ‘Honesty’, from George Russell’s *Ezz-thetics*, as its theme tune, offering an early introduction not only to Russell’s remarkable arranging skills, but also to Eric Dolphy’s astonishing alto playing, full of energy, fire, and *joie de vivre*.

A few personal high-points in this musical journey are worth noting: listening to Mike Westbrook’s *Citadel/Room 315*, on the radio, late one night in Aberdeen, and being blown away by Surman’s spare solo on ‘View From the Drawbridge’; hearing Jan Garbarek’s version of ‘Witchi-Tai-To’ for the first time, and being left speechless; responding to the simple profundity of Robert Wyatt’s ‘Sea Song’, on *Rock Bottom*, which still, to this day, reduces me to tears; feeling the visceral thrill of my first encounter with Tim Buckley’s incredible voice, on ‘Down By the Borderline’, from the *nonpareil Starsailor*; discovering another remarkable voice, in the shape of Jack Bruce, on his mini-epic ‘Theme From an Imaginary Western’, on *Songs For a Tailor*; dropping the stylus on the first side of Captain Beefheart’s *Trout Mask Replica*, and heading off on a wild and crazy journey from which I’ve never fully recovered; listening to Eric Dolphy on George

Russell’s extraordinary version of ‘Round Midnight’, on *Ezz-thetics*, and literally leaping out of my chair with excitement; hearing Sheila Jordan on Russell’s unique arrangement of ‘You Are My Sunshine’, on *The Outer View*, and being moved, amused, frustrated, and confused (my fascination with the pie-in-the-face ending of the piece leading ultimately to me publishing an article on Russell’s versions of the song); discovering Carla Bley’s *Escalator Over the Hill*, and doubting genre classifications ever since; discovering Ornette Coleman’s *Skies of America*, and doubting genre classifications ever since; listening to the Art Ensemble of Chicago’s *Message To Our Folks*, and understanding what “Great Black Music: Ancient to the Future” actually meant; hearing Oliver Lake’s pithy, slash-and-burn alto solo on ‘Shadow Dance’, on Billy Hart’s *Enchance*, late one night in Glasgow on Jim Waugh’s jazz show, and deciding—at that very moment—that I was going to learn to play the saxophone; listening to ‘Solstice’ on Keith Jarrett’s *Belonging*, and crying like a baby; hearing Anthony Braxton’s ‘Composition 6c’, on *Montreux/Berlin Concerts*, and understanding that, yes, humour does belong in music, and needn’t compromise the integrity of music-making (“one of the finest examples of collective improvisation since Mingus’s ‘Folk Forms No. 1’, said Charles Fox, setting me off on yet another musical adventure); and listening to Braxton’s ‘Composition 55’, on *Creative Orchestra Music 1976*, and realizing, with a rush of excitement, just how much this music meant to me.

I did go and buy that saxophone—a second-hand Boosey & Hawkes alto, which I gave to myself as a 21st birthday present, having asked family and friends to give me money rather than socks—and much of the first half of 1978 was spent teaching myself the rudiments of both music and the saxophone. I quickly developed into an enthusiastic, if utterly rank, amateur saxophonist, happy to annoy the neighbours at the drop of a hat. (Apologizing to my upstairs neighbour for one especially noisy weekend party—I lived in a ground-floor flat in a classic Glasgow tenement—she famously responded: “Oh, dinna worry—I’ve heard you much worse with your saxophone.”). Over the years, I took a number

of music courses and improvisation workshops, at Goldsmiths College and elsewhere, and played with a couple of rehearsal bands. Some of those workshops were memorable affairs, and I remember valuable sessions with Eddie Harvey, Bobby Wellins, Keith Tippett, Andy Sheppard, Dave Burnand, and Jamey Aebersold (although my friend Ken and I took issue with many of Aebersold's rather narrow techniques, and weren't shy about voicing our frustrations).

Learning to play had a huge impact on my engagement with music, and fostered not only a greater appreciation of the technical aspects of music, but also a way of listening that was quite unlike the listening I'd done in the past. But I never had any

ambitions to be a professional musician—for one thing, the life-style never appealed to me, and I was happy to keep my playing at simply an amateur level, as an enjoyable and rewarding adjunct to my other involvement with music. Over the last 15 years or so (my time in Canada), I seem to have more or less stopped playing—playing the saxophone in a condo is not the mark of a gentleman—and I now have a standard response when people ask me if I'm a musician: "I own a saxophone." I like to think I'll get back to it one day, but it doesn't feel like a priority in the context of a life that always seems to have enough other priorities, most of the time.

LONDON

Having completed my rather ordinary Bachelor's degree in the summer of 1978, I was determined to find a way to be more fully involved in music, and London seemed like the place to be. Every week, I drooled over the gig listings in the *Melody Maker* and bemoaned all the concerts I was missing. In particular, John Stevens's Friday night residency at The Plough in Stockwell, in south London, was a source of much drooling, and the desire to hear some of these gigs provided much of the impetus for my move to London in September 1978. My friend Davey and I decided to move at around the same time, and we ended up sharing a flat in Islington for several years. I spent my first 18 months in London unemployed, but volunteering for the Jazz Centre Society (JCS), which promoted jazz gigs in and around the city, and had been formed with the aim of establishing, you guessed it, a centre for jazz in London. My role as Membership Secretary and Leaflet Delivery Boy (and, subsequently, Board Member) represented a foot in the door to the world of arts management, and gave me free access to lots of JCS gigs. And, every Friday, cycling for the best part of an hour across London on my trusty Flying Scot racing bike, I became a regular attendee at the Plough, and heard some incredible music.

I was also a regular at the London Musicians Collective (LMC), which offered a crash-course in

free improvisation, and at several other small-scale venues around the city, which introduced me to the key players in both the first and second generation of London-based jazz players and improvisers. A favourite memory from this time is of Derek Bailey and Han Bennink in a duo performance as part of one of Derek's Company Weeks at the Institute of Contemporary Arts (ICA). After rummaging backstage, Han emerged with two enormous branches (part of a theatre set), and, having moved his drum stool back about 10 feet, proceeded to trash both the branches and his drum kit. Derek, meanwhile, put down his guitar and unpacked an impressive tenor banjo, which he began strumming inaudibly, under Han's racket. When Han suddenly stopped, as Han was wont to do, it turned out that Derek was playing a rather nice version of 'The Girl From Ipanema.' True story, you know. I also became active on the scene as an occasional consultant and promoter, working on PR and grant applications for Ken Hyder's Talisker, and booking a couple of gigs for the duo of Derek Bailey and Tony Coe, who recorded a fascinating album for Incus, which is still shamefully unavailable on CD.

London's record stores, and especially the now sadly defunct Mole Jazz, were the source of much distraction and pleasure at this time, within the confines of a modest budget, and my record

collection was slowly expanding, with a much greater emphasis on jazz. This was the heyday of Black Saint and Soul Note, of ECM and Hat Art, and it was an exciting time to be involved in contemporary jazz. Hearing Julius Hemphill's *Coon Bid'ness* was a highlight of this period, and his remarkable alto solo on 'The Hard Blues', remains, in my modest opinion, one of the finest saxophone statements ever committed to disc, bringing new pleasures on repeated listenings over a period of more than 30 years. Listening to Steve Lacy's *Trickles* was a similarly compelling experience, and led to me becoming a dedicated Lacy devotee. Duo concerts in London (with Mal Waldron) and Paris (with George E. Lewis) are vivid memories, and Lacy's unique musical vision remains unsurpassed.

Other highlights in this period included discovering the music of Booker Little and Jimmy Giuffre, both of whom have remained life-long passions. I can still remember the thrill, in 1979, of listening to Little's *Out Front*, and realizing, with a mixture of awe and inadequacy, that I was the same age (namely, 23) that he had been when he recorded this classic statement. The combination of Little's distinctive compositions, his unique approach to arranging (those dissonances!), and some fiery improvising by Little, Eric Dolphy, and Max Roach, seemed to capture perfectly what it was that drew me to this music. And I can recall literally swooning, like a society lady at a Liszt recital, at the sheer gorgeousness of the version of Carla Bley's 'Jesús María' on Giuffre's *Fusion*, by the trio with Paul Bley and Steve Swallow, one of Giuffre's most fertile and innovative musical contexts. I undertook, at that moment, to hear everything that Giuffre had ever recorded (an ambition I've almost realized, with the exception of the elusive *River Station* on CELP— all assistance gratefully received). Giuffre's work also led me to the much-maligned Third Stream (including George Russell's remarkable *All About Rosie* and Giuffre's still-undervalued pieces for clarinet and strings), which has been a source of continual interest, as well as an important element in my current research work. But an expanding record collection called for a better stereo system than the one that had seen me through my university years,

and, within that same modest budget (why eat when you can have good quality sound reproduction?), I purchased the system that I would end up having for the next 25 years: a Rega Planar 3 record deck, an A&R A60 amplifier, and Linn Kan speakers.

By this time, on the basis of various reading and conversations, I had also begun exploring 20th Century classical music, and a key source of stimulation was my local Islington public library, whose vinyl collection was restricted to the H-L section of the alphabet (with other branches dealing with the rest of the alphabet). So my local library was ideally placed to furnish me with all the Charles Ives that I needed, and I'm fairly sure I borrowed the entire (substantial) Ives collection. I was also listening to Bartok's string quartets (drawn immediately to the energy and aggression of the final movement of the 4th quartet), to Kodaly's *Sonata for Solo Cello* (in a classic performance by Janos Starker, at the prompting of Keith Rowe, I seem to remember), to Nielsen's symphonies (a chance aural encounter in a record store introduced me to the famous side drum passage at the climax of the first movement of the 5th Symphony), to John White's *Piano Sonatas* (beautiful, witty miniatures that I heard White perform in a recital at the ICA), and to Messiaen's *Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum* (a monumental performance of this monumental piece, in London's Spitalfields Church, left me, as they say, gobsmacked). All of these works began to open up new avenues and directions for musical exploration.

But the late 1970s and early 1980s in London were also the time of punk and post-punk, and by the time I'd started working as a Box Office Assistant at the ICA, I was fully involved in these exciting and innovative scenes. Some of the live gigs from this period are still vivid memories: the Clash, the Stranglers, the Fall, Gang of Four, A Certain Ratio, Throbbing Gristle. And the gig by The Associates, with Billy McKenzie and Alan Rankine, at the Hope & Anchor in the summer of 1980 has to be one of my all-time top live experiences. That same summer, the ICA started its series of Rock Weeks, and programmer Mike Hinc and myself worked with the Manchester-based group The Diagram Brothers on

releasing their first single, 'We Are All Animals', on Mike's Construct Records, a classic post-punk DIY project. So I became Alan Diagram for a while, and handled all the distribution for the single, ensuring it got to small-scale record stores around the country. The single was a modest success, and made a reasonable dent in the independent charts. The Diagram Brothers went on to record *Some Marvels of Modern Science* for the New Hormones label, and this album, and all of the early singles, were recently reissued on the LTM label. Alan Diagram says check it out. (www.ltmrecordings.com/diagrambroscat.html)

In the autumn of 1980, I started an arts administration training program at City University and, in addition to a work placement in Birmingham (where I had the opportunity to hear Captain Beefheart, shortly before he quit live performances), I went on a 12-week research visit to the United States. It was a memorable trip, during which I covered over 12,000 miles through 15 states, meeting with more than 50 arts organizations, in a review of the funding situation for the contemporary performing arts in the US. I also heard some great live music: Henry Threadgill, George E. Lewis, Ray Anderson, Olu Dara, Frederic Rzewski (playing 'The People United Will Never Be Defeated!'), Don Cherry, Charlie Haden, Von and Chico Freeman, James Chance and the Contortions, Gunter Hampel, and Leo Smith. And, in San Francisco, I was introduced to Conlon Nancarrow's player piano music for the first time (the recordings on 1750 Arch Records), by Eva Soltes, Conlon's agent for many years. And I have vivid memories of listening, with my friend of a friend host in Los Angeles, to *Remain in Light* by Talking Heads, which had only recently been released; we confidently proclaimed it one of the finest rock albums of all time (a judgement that still stands).

By the end of 1981, I was working at London's Almeida Theatre, as Administrative Director, and fully involved in the Almeida's music program, which, most notably, included a major festival celebrating John Cage's 70th birthday. Hearing John Tilbury playing Cage's *Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano* (and watching him

spend several hours preparing the piano) was a memorable experience, as was Cage's remarkable work, *Roaratorio*, performed in a converted church, and involving Cage, six Irish musicians, and an elaborate loudspeaker system, in a project that almost broke the Almeida's budget. The Cage at 70 festival was one of four major Almeida events filmed by Channel 4, as part of a series directed by Peter Greenaway, which also featured Robert Ashley, Meredith Monk, and Philip Glass, all of whom succeeded in expanding my musical horizons further. And the opportunity to meet and hang out with these artists and performers was something special, and I have happy memories of chatting with John Cage at the Irish pub jam session that followed the final performance of *Roaratorio*. Subsequently, in 1983, as a freelance research consultant, I worked on a Channel 4 documentary entitled *Jazz on Four: Crossing Bridges*, which featured several improvising guitarists that I'd suggested to the film's producers: Fred Frith, Keith Rowe, Hans Reichel, John Russell, and Brian Godding (and, at the request of the producers, Ron Geesin). I'd hoped to include Derek Bailey in that list, although, in his typically wry fashion, Derek suggested that he'd be happy to be involved if the film was only about him.

In late 1983, I became the first Director of Jazz Services, a touring, education, and service organization that was the result of the separation of the National Jazz Centre project from the old Jazz Centre Society. (Sadly, after securing a building in Covent Garden and starting renovation work, the National Jazz Centre project folded in 1987 because of financial problems, which was a source of much grief for all concerned). During my time with Jazz Services, I was thoroughly involved in music promotion, coordinating tours and working closely with many of the key figures on the British jazz scene (including John Stevens, Keith Tippett, Dudu Pukwana, Django Bates, Don Weller, and Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath), as well as a number of visiting American artists (including Lee Konitz, Henry Threadgill, Bobby Watson, and Ted Curson). In addition to my own professional work, several major festivals, most notably the Bracknell Jazz Festival, the Camden Jazz Week, and the Actual

Music Festival, were significant sources of musical stimulation, offering the opportunity to witness live performances by many of the artists I'd previously heard only on record. Several concerts stand out as vivid musical memories from this period: the Art Ensemble of Chicago at the Roundhouse; Ornette Coleman's Primetime (the original line-up) in Camden Town; the Arthur Blythe Quintet at Ronnie Scott's; Henry Threadgill's Sextet (the seven-piece one) at the 100 Club; and Astor Piazzolla's New Tango Quintet at the Almeida Theatre. I also discovered the unclassifiable Residents around this time, marvelling at the sly musical invention on the Gershwin side of the *George and James* album (the siren replacing the clarinet glissando at the beginning of *Rhapsody in Blue* remains a personal favourite), and having the pleasure of seeing *The Mole Show* at the Hammersmith Odeon.

During this period, I completed an A Level Music course at Goldsmiths College, and although the course did little to change my ambivalence

towards the music of the classical period, a session on Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* proved to be the beginning of an enthusiastic love affair with early and baroque music, which had previously flown well under my musical radar. Hearing Purcell's 'When I am laid in earth' for the first time, sung by Emma Kirkby, was something of a revelation, and I was soon listening to all the Purcell, Bach, and Telemann I could lay my hands on, drawn to the music by its improvisatory spirit. Discovering the music of Heinrich Ignaz Franz von Biber was a further revelation: Biber's gorgeous 'Passaglia for solo violin', especially as performed by Andrew Manze, remains at the top of my list of Desert Island Discs; and in his remarkable piece 'Battalia' he comes on like a 17th Century Charles Ives, still astonishing me every time I hear it. I've subsequently discovered the glorious viol music of Sainte-Colombe and Marin Marais, and, through my friendship with the Toronto-based accordion virtuoso Joseph Petric, the keyboard music of Rameau and Scarlatti.

GLASGOW / BIRMINGHAM

After a couple of years in Nottingham and Bristol, involved in various arts centre and consultancy work (a period that included a memorable British tour by George Russell), I ended up back in Glasgow, as Director of the Glasgow International Jazz Festival, programming and coordinating the 1988 and 1989 festivals. During this period, I promoted concerts, commissioned new music, and organized special projects with some of the biggest, and some of the most interesting, names in the business: Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, Stan Getz, Oscar Peterson, Stephane Grappelli, George Shearing, Gerry Mulligan, John McLaughlin, McCoy Tyner, Art Blakey, Slim Gaillard, Michael Brecker, Abdullah Ibrahim, Astor Piazzolla, John Surman, Willem Breuker, Fred Frith, John Zorn, Derek Bailey, Trevor Watts, Keith Tippett, Lol Coxhill, and many, many more. It was a remarkable period in my life, with more musical highlights than I could possibly list here, although hearing Stan Getz at the Theatre Royal—like a Rolls Royce,

purring along the open highway—is a cherished memory. (The concert was recorded by the BBC and subsequently issued on two CDs on the Concord label: *Yours and Mine* and *Soul Eyes*. Ex-Director Stanbridge says check 'em out). A further highlight of this period was a conference trip to Montreal, which involved discussions with Fred Frith on a special project for the 1989 Festival. Fred's project, *Keep the Dog*, involved René Lussier and Jean Derome, and I was quickly introduced to the delights of the Quebec-based *musique actuelle* scene, which has remained a significant musical enthusiasm ever since.

Remarkable as it was, however, my time in Glasgow was not without its frustrations, especially in terms of the Jazz Festival's role as simply another component in Glasgow's run up to being European City of Culture in 1990. In that sense, Glasgow's post-industrial turn to culture represents an archetypal example of culture-led urban regeneration strategies, which, as many similar case studies have

revealed, often produce short-term, unsustainable results, which characterizes Glasgow's experience in a nutshell. Although I couldn't fully articulate these frustrations at the time (subsequently, as an academic, I've reflected on, and published on, these issues, which inform my academic teaching in cultural policy), they led to considerable conflict with my Board of Directors, and I left the Festival at the end of 1989, moving to Birmingham, and eventually taking up the post of Centre Manager at Midlands Arts Centre.

Over the next four years, I was fully involved in Birmingham Jazz, a local promoting organization, focusing especially on special projects and commissions, and working alongside the indefatigable Tony Dudley-Evans, who remains a stalwart on the Birmingham music scene. The New York Downtown scene was highly active at the time, and a highlight of this period was commissioning Tim Berne to write a new piece, 'Impacted Wisdom', which featured his group Chaos Totale, with Django Bates as a special guest. The project toured briefly in England and was subsequently recorded by the JMT label, on the album *Nice View* (which has been reissued by Winter & Winter). Under Tony's influence, Birmingham Jazz had — and has — an eclectic

programming policy, and, in addition to concerts with Loose Tubes, the ICP Orchestra, the Willem Breuker Kollektief, and the outrageous Billy Jenkins, we worked closely with the Birmingham Contemporary Music Group on joint commissions, involving Bill Frisell, Mike Gibbs, John Scofield, and Mark Anthony Turnage.

At that time, Birmingham was going through its own process of culture-led urban regeneration, involving much renovation of the downtown area, the completion of a new Symphony Hall, and a year-long music festival, Sounds Like Birmingham, which celebrated the city's status as UK City of Music 1992. My former wife, Gina Brown, served as Media Relations Officer for the festival, and we enjoyed a year of back-to-back music performances, with many musical highlights, most notably the Rustavi Choir from Georgia, as part of the Spirit of the Earth festival. In this period, I also stumbled happily across the work of Guy Klucevsek, which continues to amuse, delight, and move me, and which led to an ongoing engagement with contemporary accordion music, encompassing the work of Gianni Coscia, Stian Carstensen, Jean Louis Matinier, Kimmo Pohjonen, Richard Galliano, and Joseph Petric.

OTTAWA / TORONTO

After completing a Master's degree in Communications at Wolverhampton University, I moved to Ottawa in 1994 to undertake a Ph.D. in Sociology at Carleton University. The decision to leave my arts management career was not taken lightly, although I found that as I progressed through the ranks of senior management I seemed to be getting further and further away from what had motivated me to get involved in the arts in the first place. My doctoral thesis, *Who Could Ask For Anything More? Cultural Theory, Contemporary Music, and the Question of Canons*, included several jazz-based case studies, allowing a whole new form of engagement with the music. My time in Ottawa was extremely interesting and enjoyable, and new

musical discoveries continued to come thick and fast, with many highlights provided by the Ottawa Jazz Festival, including one especially memorable concert by Dave Douglas's Tiny Bell Trio.

During this time, I began to explore several previously neglected — by me, at least — musical genres in more detail. I had been listening to Frank Sinatra since the early 1980s, following through on my friend Niall's early recommendation that the best way to get to know the standard repertoire of much mainstream and contemporary jazz was to check out Frankie. But Sinatra soon became an enthusiasm in his own right, which led, in turn, to an interest in American popular song, and to an exploration of the Broadway and Hollywood

musical traditions. In more recent years, these genres have become significant areas not only of musical discovery and enjoyment, but also of academic research and writing, and they represent an important part of my current work. Alongside these interests, I also pursued my growing enthusiasm for film music, with a particular emphasis on the music of Bernard Herrmann, John Barry, Ennio Morricone, and Nino Rota, and began exploring the world of contemporary composed music in earnest, focusing on work by Michael Torke, Graham Fitkin, Mark Anthony Turnage, Aaron Jay Kernis, the Kronos Quartet, and the various members of Bang on a Can, including Michael Gordon, David Lang, and Evan Ziporyn.

In the summer of 1996, the speculative purchase of the CD *Slow Fire*, by Paul Drescher and Rinde Eckert (in Ottawa's now defunct Shake Records), led to a significant engagement with the work of these two remarkable artists, and to personal friendships with both. Although I had been previously familiar with Paul's work with Ned Rothenberg (the spectacular *Opposites Attract*), the encounter with Rinde was a revelation, and Gina and I were so enthusiastic we made trips to upstate New York and California to see them perform in Steve Mackey's *Ravenshead*, a new piece produced by Paul's Ensemble and featuring Rinde in a solo role. The piece was based on the tragic story of Donald Crowhurst, who committed suicide after his disastrously failed attempt to participate in the single-handed, round-the-world yacht race sponsored by the *Sunday Times* in 1968. As a 12-year-old in Aberdeen, I had been fascinated by Crowhurst's story, and collected newspapers and press clippings on the topic. Thirty years on, pack-rat that I am, I was able to offer Paul these press clippings for a display in the foyer of the theatre for the Berkeley premiere of *Ravenshead*. It was a win-win situation. A subsequent trip to Philadelphia, in 2005, to see the staged revival of *Slow Fire*, remains one of my most treasured musical memories, and my ongoing relationship with Paul and Rinde, based on a CD purchase 15 years ago, is a highly valued aspect of my current musical involvements.

In addition to the interests highlighted above, I've also been drawn to a number of innovative artists and performers on the fringes of so-called popular music, and this has become a key aspect of my current musical interests. Hearing Hector Zazou's *Songs From the Cold Seas* and Björk's *Homogenic* in the mid-1990s were significant moments, highlighting the radical eclecticism and cross-pollination that characterizes many contemporary music genres, and leading to the exploration of several significant individuals and groups, including Jah Wobble, the Propellerheads, Aphex Twin, Autechre, Fennesz, and Philip Jeck. In particular, the work of David Sylvian in recent years has been a major enthusiasm, combining an interest in song form with an increasingly radical experimentation, and his albums *Blemish* and *Manafon*, which include collaborations with Derek Bailey, Christian Fennesz, Evan Parker, Keith Rowe, and John Tilbury, represent some of the most innovative work in recent popular music. Sylvian's work with Burnt Friedman on the Nine Horses project (on the CDs *Snow Borne Sorrow* and *Money For All*) is similarly compelling, and *Slope* by Steve Jansen (Sylvian's brother) was one of the more exciting musical discoveries of recent years.

And, alongside all of that, I've maintained a continuing and central interest in contemporary jazz, keeping up-to-date with current developments and exploring historical aspects of the music that I'd previously missed. It was Don Byron's *Bug Music* that first exposed me to the music of Raymond Scott, back in 1997, and my old friend Niall who introduced me to the work of Robert Graettinger—in the shape of his remarkable *City of Glass*—during a trip to Edinburgh in 2004. Somewhat surprisingly in retrospect, I had been previously unfamiliar with both of these extraordinary characters, and I've subsequently pursued the work of Scott and Graettinger with great enthusiasm. West Coast Jazz and Cool Jazz have been other recent areas of concentrated study, with a focus on the work of Shelly Manne and Shorty Rogers, complementing my well established interest in Jimmy Giuffre.

In terms of contemporary trends, the European scene continues to be the source of much remarkable music, whether in the shape of Heiner Goebbels's *Surrogate Cities* (the opening section of *Suite for Sampler and Orchestra*, 'Chaconne/Kantorloops', is one of the most profoundly moving pieces of music I know), the continuing exploits of those wacky Dutch guys (a 2007 concert by the ICP Orchestra in Ottawa remains an all-time high), or the work of Nils Wogram's Root 70, whose collaboration with Burnt Friedman on *Roots Dub* (an acoustic *remix* of techno pieces by Flanger) offers some fascinating directions for the fusion of contemporary jazz and popular music. On the North American front, I've continued to follow the members of the New York Downtown scene, making futile attempts to keep up with Zorn's rather extravagant output (although his Filmworks series has developed into a significant body of work), and remaining intrigued and engaged by the work of Wayne Horvitz, Ned Rothenberg, Dave Douglas, Tim Berne, and Bobby Previte. In particular, Horvitz's work has been a source of constant enjoyment: the quietly astonishing 'Duet and Rolling', on *Monologue*, is a prime candidate for Desert Island Disc status; and his recent *Joe Hill: 16 Actions for Orchestra, Voices, and Soloist*, featuring Rinde Eckert among others, is a fascinating and unclassifiable piece of contemporary music. And against the neo-conservative backdrop provided by Wynton Marsalis and his cronies, it's refreshing to hear a number of contemporary groups offering genuinely innovative and forward-looking work, including the Bad Plus, John Hollenbeck, and Mostly Other People Do the Killing.

And much of this music, in recent years, has been heard in glorious high-end stereo. In the fall of 2006, I began to consider updating my trusty stereo system, which I'd lived with for 25 years (and which I'd augmented in the late 1980s with a Denon CD player and tape deck). Given the improvements in CD technology over the years, and in light of the fact that my CD collection had begun to outnumber my LPs, it seemed like the time was right. Throughout much of my period in Ottawa, I'd had the pleasure of hanging out with a group of crazy audiophiles, all of whom had spectacular sound systems. We got together regularly for

fascinating listening sessions which repeatedly introduced me to new musical experiences, especially on the classical front. Sound advice was therefore close at hand, and, in the company of my friend Michel, I spent several months auditioning components and choosing a new system. I eventually settled on Naim equipment (CD5x, NAC112x, NAP150x, Flatcap 2x), accompanied by a pair of Linn Katans (and I still have the reliable Rega). Surprisingly, for a Scotsman, I haven't regretted a penny of this substantial investment, which has thoroughly transformed my listening experience and habits. A groovy hi-fi, indeed.

Ultimately, my move into academia has proved to be the right decision, giving me the freedom to pursue my interests in music at a level that was not previously possible. The vast majority of my current research at the University of Toronto, where I moved in 1999, is focused on jazz, popular music, and contemporary composed music, and my teaching, in the context of a Visual and Performing Arts program, dovetails nicely with my research. My forthcoming book, *Rhythm Changes: Jazz, Culture, Discourse*, will be published by Routledge, and I also wrote the main entry on Jazz for the *Continuum Encyclopedia of Popular Music of the World*. During my time in Toronto, I've seen the city's somewhat moribund jazz scene transformed by the interventions of the Association of Improvising Musicians and by the activities at Somewhere There, a venue opened by Scott Thomson in 2007 (see Scott's essay in this volume), and I've enjoyed friendships with Scott, with the jazz writer Mark Miller, and with several of the musicians on this burgeoning local scene. The Guelph Jazz Festival has also been a consistent source of stimulation over the last few years, and the solo concert by Steve Lacy, one Saturday morning in Guelph in 2003, shortly before his death the following year, is an especially treasured memory. My involvement in these scenes, and my engagement with the various musics highlighted above, represent only the latest stage in an ongoing musical journey that has been thoroughly involving and consistently rewarding. But what about that career in aeronautical engineering...?



MOMENTS MUSICAL, OR, DANGEROUS LISTS

Lists are dangerous things. Often, it seems, the message that a list is intended to send is not the message received. So the following list of recordings is offered with some trepidation. This is not a list of *top* anything, and I'm not recommending that anyone hear these recordings before they die. Rather, it's simply a chronological, and highly selective, list of some of my LP and CD purchases since 1974. The recordings I've chosen to include represent significant moments in the history of my personal engagement with music over the years. In many ways, the journey speaks for itself, although the attentive reader will notice that I've referred to a number of these recordings in the preceding text. As I've suggested above, many of these recordings represented important jumping off points, doors opening, new landscapes to be explored, and I can still remember – quite vividly in some cases – the sheer excitement of discovery that attended many of these first encounters.

It's also worthwhile noting that while I've always been an enormous fan of recorded music, it's a very specific way of engaging with music, which has always been complemented by my enthusiasm for the live music experience, whether as a fan or as a promoter. I've mentioned many of these formative live events in the essay above, although there's always a lingering frustration with the fallibility of memory, and with the sheer ephemerality of the live experience. So I keep returning to the reliable, dependable thingness of my record collection, which, coupled with my continuing engagement with live music through concerts, festivals, and small-scale gigs, remains a major source of satisfaction and pleasure. The list that follows is more heavily focused on the earlier days of my record-buying, when, it seemed, new musical avenues were opening up virtually every day. So many happy memories...

Alan Stanbridge

ALAN STANBRIDGE

ARTIST	TITLE	PURCHASED
Rory Gallagher	Tattoo	1974
Chick Corea/Return to Forever	Where Have I Know You Before	1974
Van Der Graaf Generator	H to He	1974
Family	Old Songs New Songs	1975
Soft Machine	Third	1975
Hatfield and the North	The Rotter's Club	1975
Weather Report	Sweetnighter	1975
Mike Westbrook	Citadel/Room 315	1975
Miles Davis	In a Silent Way	1975
Gary Burton	Ring	1975
Jan Garbarek	Witchi-Tai-To	1975
John Coltrane	A Love Supreme	1975
Frank Zappa	Hot Rats	1976
Fripp & Eno	Evening Star	1976
John Surman	How Many Clouds Can You See?	1976
Michael Mantler	The Hapless Child	1977
Robert Wyatt	Rock Bottom	1977
Tim Buckley	Starsailor	1977
Gil Evans	Out of the Cool	1977
Eric Dolphy	Memorial (Iron Man)	1977
Jack Bruce	At His Best (Songs for a Tailor/Harmony Row/etc.)	1977
Captain Beefheart	Trout Mask Replica	1977
Howard Riley	The Day Will Come	1977
Keith Tippett/Centipede	Septober Energy	1977
George Russell	Outer Thoughts (Ezz-thetics/The Outer View/etc.)	1977
Albert Ayler	Reevaluations	1977
Brotherhood of Breath	Brotherhood of Breath	1977
Tony Oxley	The Baptised Traveller	1977
Carla Bley	Escalator Over the Hill	1977
Ornette Coleman	Skies of America	1978
Art Ensemble of Chicago	Message to Our Folks	1978
Billy Hart	Enchance	1978
Keith Jarrett	Belonging	1978
Anthony Braxton	Montreux/Berlin Concerts	1978
Anthony Braxton	Creative Orchestra Music 1976	1978
Joe Harriott	Memorial 1973	1978

MUSIC AS RAPID TRANSPORTATION

ARTIST	TITLE	PURCHASED
John Stevens/Trevor Watts/Barry Guy	No Fear	1978
Charles Mingus	Mingus Presents Mingus	1978
Julius Hemphill	Coon Bid'ness	1979
Lester Bowie	Fast Last	1979
Booker Little	Out Front	1979
John Greaves/Peter Blegvad	Kew.Rhone.	1980
The Associates	The Affectionate Punch	1980
Steve Lacy	Trickles	1980
Frank Sinatra	Songs For Swinging Lovers	1980
Bill Evans	Peace Piece and Other Pieces (Everybody Digs Bill Evans/etc.)	1980
Charles Ives	String Quartets	1980
Henry Threadgill/Air	Open Air Suit	1980
Béla Bartók (Juilliard String Quartet)	The Six String Quartets	1980
Zoltán Kodály (Janos Starker)	Sonata for Unaccompanied Cello	1980
Trevor Watts/Amalgam	Prayer For Peace	1981
Talking Heads	Remain in Light	1981
Conlon Nancarrow	Studies For Player Piano	1981
The Diagram Brothers	Some Marvels of Modern Science	1981
Derek Bailey	Aida	1981
Tom Waits	Blue Valentine	1981
Carla Bley	Social Studies	1981
Carl Nielsen (Schmidt/LSO)	Symphony No. 5	1981
Thelonious Monk	Thelonious Monk & John Coltrane	1982
Jimmy Giuffre	Fusion	1982
Various Artists	Jazz Compositions (Third Stream)	1982
Leonard Bernstein	West Side Story	1982
Lennie Tristano (& Buddy DeFranco)	Crosscurrents	1983
Olivier Messiaen	Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum	1983
Henry Purcell (Parrott/Kirkby)	Dido and Aeneas	1984
The Residents	George and James	1985
JS Bach (Leppard/ECO)	Four Orchestral Suites	1985
Jah Wobble/Holger Czukay	Snake Charmer	1986
John Zorn	The Big Gundown	1988
Astor Piazzolla	Tango Zero Hour	1988
Willem Breuker Kollektief	Bob's Gallery	1988
Fred Frith	The Technology of Tears	1988
Les Granules (Derome/Lussier)	Soyez vigilants... restez vivants! Vol. 1	1988

ARTIST	TITLE	PURCHASED
Louis Scelvis	Chine	1989
Wayne Horvitz	This New Generation	1989
Heiner Goebbels	The Man in the Elevator	1989
Philip Glass	Koyaanisqatsi	1989
Semantics (Rothenberg/Sharp/Bennett)	Semantics	1990
Tim Berne/Caos Totale	Pace Yourself	1991
Rustavi Choir	Georgian Voices	1992
Guy Klucevsek	Polka Dots and Laser Beams	1993
Michael Torke	The Yellow Pages/Vanada	1995
Bang on a Can	Industry	1995
Paul Drescher/Rinde Eckert	Slow Fire	1996
Hector Zazou	Songs From the Cold Seas	1996
Bernard Herrmann	North By Northwest	1997
Ennio Morricone	The Untouchables	1997
Don Byron	Bug Music	1997
Raymond Scott	Reckless Nights and Turkish Twilights	1997
Heinrich Biber (Andrew Manze)	Violin Sonatas	1997
Björk	Homogenic	1998
John Southworth	Mars Pennsylvania	1998
Heiner Goebbels	Surrogate Cities	2001
Propellerheads	Decksanddrumsandrockandroll	2001
Robert Graettinger/Stan Kenton	City of Glass	2005
Sainte-Colombe (Les Voix humaines)	Concerts a deux violes esgales Vol. 1	2005
The Bad Plus	Give	2005
Iain Ballamy/Stian Carstensen	The Little Radio	2006
David Sylvian/Nine Horses	Snow Borne Sorrow	2007
John Hollenbeck	Joys & Desires	2007
Nils Wogram/Root 70	Heaps Dub	2009
Mostly Other People Do the Killing	This is Our Moosic	2010

MUSIC IS RAPID TRANSPORTATION

LAWRENCE JOSEPH, DAN LANDER, DONAL MCGRAITH,
BILL SMITH, ALAN STANBRIDGE, SCOTT THOMSON & VERN WEBER

PHOTOS: GORDON BOWBRICK, HERB GREENSLADE & BILL SMITH

The Who
Bob Dylan
Ornette Coleman
Cassiber

EDITED BY DANIEL KERNOHAN

Rolling Stones
Miles Davis
Nico
Chuck Berry
Peter Brötzmann
Dave Brubeck
King Crimson
Randy Weston
Julius Hemphill
Pere Ubu
Craig Taborn
Aksak Maboul
Carla Bley
This Heat
Dave Burrell
John Cage
Captain Beefheart
John Zorn
David Tudor

This book leads the curious reader towards new musical experiences hitherto unknown to them. Whether a fellow travelling musical obsessive or one to whom much of this is uncharted waters, the book maps out paths to exciting sonic adventures. The direction is not from low art to high art, but from the familiar to the unfamiliar. From musicians who are known to all, to artists who are known only to a few. Along the way, new moments of joy.

This book is in three parts. The first includes seven idiosyncratic journeys from the popular to the farthest regions of music. These listening autobiographies explain the importance of artists of both international renown and almost complete obscurity. The second part has over one hundred small essays describing personal musical epiphanies, exploring not only the contributions of each artist, but also providing connections to other related artists for further listening. The final section of the book consists of seven lists of what each writer considers the most important recordings in their own listening education. While perusing these lists, one will find hundreds of routes to use in the search for a musical northwest passage.

The book is lavishly illustrated with 34 fine photographs.

Hans Eisler

Art Bears

Derek Bailey

Paul DeMarinis

Robert Wyatt

Charlie Christian

Pascal Comelade

David S. Ware

Susie Ibarra

George E. Lewis

Anthony Braxton

Phil Minton

Harry Partch

Mat Maneri

Cecil Taylor

Alice Coltrane

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