Ladies Sing the Blues
AT THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL

REVIEWED BY LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO: BURT GOLDBLATT

Billie Holiday, who died 20 years ago July 17, has been very much on the minds of the jazz community. During a six-week period three major tribute concerts were presented in her memory. The first, part of the Newport Jazz Festival, featured Teddy Wilson, Sweets Edison and many other instrumentalists who were associated with Billie on her records, with Carmen McRae and some old films of Billie herself.

The second, in Las Vegas, also involved McRae and the Holiday films, along with a set by Garvin Bushell, the 78-year-old clarinetist who played with Holiday's guitarist father in the Fletcher Henderson orchestra a half century ago.

The most elaborate occasion of all was a concert advertised as "Ladies Sing the Blues," held August 12 at the Hollywood Bowl. It promised to be spectacular, with five major singers as participants: Nina Simone, Maxine Weldon, Morgana King, Carmen McRae and Esther Phillips. This concert differed from the others in two respects: no film clips of Billie were shown and no instrumentalists who had been in any way associated with her took part.

In classic Hollywood style, a large orchestra was assembled—42 men, complete with string section—under the direction of Ray Ellis, who had arranged and conducted the music for Lady Day's two final sessions in 1958 and '59, *Lady in Satin* on Columbia and another on MGM.

Ellis and his orchestra started the evening shakily with an overture composed of songs identified with Billie, though the balance and performance were so ineffectual that once or twice it was hard to determine what was being played. But Ellis later did a very capable job of backing the singers.

Jim Gosa, the articulate disc jockey from KKGO, Los Angeles' all-jazz radio station, offered an introductory speech as master of ceremonies. Life is brief, he said, but art endures: on this occasion, each of the singers would express her personal debt to the greatest jazz vocal artist of them all. He then brought on Nina Simone, for one of her first local appearances in many years (she has been living in Europe most of the time).

Like all the singers, Simone wore a flower in her hair, but in her case it was not a gardenia. Looking elegant, somewhat like an Egyptian princess, she kicked off the evening with one of the earliest songs associated with Holiday, *What a Little Moonlight Can Do.* The highlight of her set, however, was *Porgy,* which 20 years ago was more of a hit for Simone herself than it had ever been for Billie. For her fifth and final number, *I Can't Face the Music,* Simone accompanied herself at the piano.

Maxine Weldon, the only singer of the five to bear some visual resemblance to Billie in stature and personality (the gardenia accentuated it), dealt confidently with her five songs, although like Simone she included a couple that were not particularly thought of as Holiday material: *No Greater Love* and *When the Sun Comes Out.* The latter was interpreted with a more overt dramatic quality than Billie in her understated way would ever have used; but it worked for Maxine Weldon, earning her a stronger ovation than Simone had received.

Morgana King, perhaps better known as an actress than a singer in recent years (she appeared in "The Godfather" with Marlon Brando), revealed a startling command of high notes and was the first singer to offer a couple musicians the chance to stretch out: Jerome Richardson played tenor and Chauncey Welsh played trombone in *Them There Eyes.* King's sound is oddly impersonal, marked by strange, melodic twists and affectations that have nothing to do with jazz and seem to add little. As the only non-black singer of the evening, perhaps she was under pressure, and then there were those in the audience to whom the presence of, say, Peggy Lee, would have been more logical. Her best efforts were expended on a doubled-up treatment of *As Time Goes By,* which Billie recorded in 1944.

After the intermission, the evening got into high gear with a set by Carmen McRae. She had sung no more than 16 bars of *Miss Brown to You* (a great old pop song recorded by Billie in 1935) when it became obvious that this was what we had all been waiting for—a genuine, unaffected jazz singer whose roots have much in common with Billie's and who, in fact, was Billie's long-time friend. Carmen was sensible enough to realize that the orchestra would be more of a burden than a help on some of her tunes, so her accompaniment consisted of her regular pianist Marshal Otwell, with Jay Aldersen on bass and Mark Police on drums.

After *Good Morning Heartache* and *Trav'lin' Light,* both with the trio, she spoke warmly about the composer of her next song *(Some Other Spring),* Irene Kitchings Wilson, who was Teddy Wilson's first wife and who introduced Carmen to Billie. Just as it had for Billie decades ago, *Some Other Spring* worked wonders for Carmen, a masterpiece of lyrics (by Arthur Herzog, Jr.) and music.

Carmen was accompanied by the full orchestra for this song and also for her closer, *Strange Fruit,* which she only recently began performing live. The riveting poem about a lynching, with words and music by Lewis Allan (Billie introduced it in 1939), evoked in all its majesty the poignant cry that was Lady Day at her most unforgettable. For many in the audience, even though Carmen had neglected to tell the story of the song's origin and the connection with Billie, *Strange Fruit* sustained itself simply on its own merit and was a high point of the evening.

Up until this time, although the concert was advertised as "Ladies Sing the Blues," no blues had been sung. This was immediately corrected with the appearance of the final singer, Esther Phillips, who offered a somewhat confused version of *Billie's Blues* in which she fouled up the lyrics and repeated one verse.

It is hard to understand what has happened to Esther Phillips recently. A unique performer with a tart sound, often compared to Dinah Washington, she was a consistently affecting singer for many years, but the idiosyncracies that were always part of her style are now so exaggerated that they have simply become mannerisms. On *Lover Man,* what should have been a vibrato became a sort of wobble, a nervous, stuttering "ah-ah-ah" attached to the end of each phrase. The same characteristic could be heard in *There'll Be Some Changes Made* and *I'll Be Around.* Matters got really out of hand on *I Get a Kick Out of You,* during which Phillips at one point was completely lost and apparently did not know where the orchestra was in the song.

To close her set Esther began singing *God Bless the Child,* for which she was joined at eight-bar intervals by each of the four other singers. Finally, when all five were onstage, they fell silent while the record of Billie herself was played over the public address system. It was a moment charged with genuine drama, one that came off as effectively as anything heard during this generally well-received concert.

The crowd, which numbered over 10,000, simply would not let the singers go; but Ray Ellis had nothing else prepared to play for them, so they wound up throwing their flowers at the audience, singing and scatting the blues in a somewhat anticlimactic manner.

The irony of this unusual night at the Hollywood Bowl is that is wasn't really any one of these singers who drew this large audience. It was Billie Holiday, whose name in retrospect holds some kind of glamorous and nostalgic attraction for a generation most of whose members never saw her and may only know of Billie through a motion picture that was a travesty of her true story.

Nevertheless, "Ladies Sing the Blues" was a well-intended endeavor and, considering that it was the first major concert ever promoted by the producer—Jack Sidney III, an augury of more such affairs to come: Sidney has already been invited to produce a big jazz concert for next year's season at the L.A. Philharmonic.

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7/19/79

Dizzy: have horn, will prevail

To Be or Not to Bop by Dizzy Gillespie and and Al Fraser (Doubleday: $14.95)

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

Among the many musicians not yet preserved between biographical covers, John Birks Gillespie was long preeminent. The often-lamented lack of a comprehensive book dealing with his evolution as an artistic force in jazz and his life and times as a troubled American has been responded to by the appearance of this very sizable work.

Running 552 pages, "To Be or Not to Bop" was transcribed and edited by Al Fraser, associate professor of African-American studies at Cheyney State College in Pennsylvania. He uses the fashionable technique of reproducing first-person interviews with men and women who have known the subject as a friend, relative, colleague or musical idol. Gillespie himself is quoted often enough, and at substantial length, to prevent the result from degenerating into a scissors-and-paste collection.

I may be accused of favoritism, having known Dizzy for 38 years, but it seems reasonable to assess this book objectively as one of the most valuable documents, from the sociological as well as the musical standpoint, ever to deal with a jazz figure.

Gillespie emerges as a warm personality, inquisitive, humorous, self-aware, not always sophisticated politically ("I remember twice being on a picket line. I can't remember what it was I was picketing for . . ."), well adjusted and emotionally mature, in contrast to several fellow artists whose attitudes and values as quoted here sound more bitter than analytical, more pejorative than perceptive.

The story of Gillespie's origination of the genre known as bebop is told in minute and fascinating detail. It has often been claimed by musicologists that Charlie Parker, his partner in the early days, was the major creative force behind the movement. Gillespie's summation is simple and to the point: "There were so many things that Charlie Parker did well, it's hard to say exactly how he influenced me. I know he had nothing to do with my playing the trumpet, and I think I was a little more advanced, harmonically, than he was. But rhythmically, he was quite advanced . . ."

Dizzy Gillespie

Musical analysis occupies little space. What we learn about primarily is the experience of being young, brilliant and black in an America that was more likely to stifle than succor a talent such as Gillespie's.

Those seeking sensationalism will not find much titillation here. Sure, Diz smokes pot ("I wouldn't call that drug abuse"), tried cocaine, admits to having courted death in 1973 when he was almost DOA from an overdose of narcotics. But it is his discovery of the Bahai faith and the reevaluation of his life while recuperating that provide some of the book's most compelling moments.

Gillespie is one of the jazz world's noblest and most astonishing survivors. He lived through an era that was literally killing far too many of his contemporaries; he became the first jazzman ever to tour overseas for the U.S. State Department; he has one of the longest marriages in his profession (now in its 40th year), and is at once one of the most brilliant, creative, funniest and best-liked innovators in the history of jazz. In these pages, more often by accident than design, he shows us why.

Only in the captioning of generally excellent photos has Fraser flunked out. Some captions omit vital names (in one picture Ella Fitzgerald, Gene Krupa, Roy Eldridge and others are unidentified), and even Carmen McRae is misspelled. But nitpicking aside, "To Be or Not to Bop" is indispensable—of very special value as social history.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL 8/22

Crawford Sound Blends Jazz, Pop, Soul

BY LEONARD FEATHER

If a star was not born at the Hollywood Bowl Sunday evening, Randy Crawford wasn't to blame. The fact is that her incubation period virtually ended when she recorded the title song of "Street Life" with the Crusaders. Since then her star, in the ascendancy for the past three months, has needed only the affirmation of a major personal appearance. The performance of her hit recording at the Crusaders' concert, with 13,500 in attendance, gave her the right impetus at the right time.

The Crawford sound is a potent blend of soul, pop and jazz; the composition by Joe Sample, with lyrics by Will Jennings, is one of the most valid examples of contemporary songwriting. "Street Life" was Crawford's only number in what was primarily the Crusaders' evening, but its impact was dynamic; in fact, the ovation was such that she had to repeat it as an encore.

For the three founder members (Stix Hooper, drums; Wilton Felder, saxes, and Joe Sample, piano), who have worked together since their Houston high school days in the 1950s, this was a climactic occasion in a career marked by many changes of direction and nomenclature. Wayne Henderson, the trombonist whose blend with Felder's tenor sax was the essence of the old Crusaders' sound, left in 1976; nowadays there is a guitarist (two on this occasion), but instead of a single group sound many directions are explored, with results that are variously boring and rewarding.

Joe Sample has emerged as a multiple talent, a versatile composer and arranger, an admirable pianist, and perhaps the most successful master of the electric keyboard. Of his two specialties, "Melodies of Love" at the concert grand was particularly impressive in a long quasi-classical opening passage, though it was not until the rhythm section added a steady beat that the audience reacted. "Carmel," the title song of his album, was hampered by pretentious excess of arrangement; his combo version on the record showed the virtues of simplicity.

The orchestra, conducted by Calvin Simmons (and sometimes also simultaneously by Felder), was put to good use now and then, though as often as not the more significant moments were provided when the string section fell silent.

The opening half of the concert, Noel Pointer was on stage for longer than his talent justified. Billed as "classical/jazz violinist," whatever that is, he plays electric violin, without either the classical perfection of Perlman or the jazz finesse of Grappelli. He doubles on piano, sings and writes some of his own material.

Pointer's craftsmanship is beyond dispute; his artistry is something else again. This segment of the concert was more notable for "On a Southern Wind," composed by Joe Sample and performed by the orchestra as an overture.

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Horace Silver

IN HIS THREEFOLD participation as pianist, composer, and combo leader, Horace Ward Martin Tavares Silver has made an unusually long and consistent impact on the jazz scene. The solo lines he spins today, and the original tunes he writes for his quintet, differ very little in essence from his accomplishments of the mid-1950s, when he began to emerge from the sideman ranks to international acceptance as a seminal new figure.

Horace was born September 2, 1928, in Norwalk, Connecticut; his father was of Portuguese descent, from the Cape Verdean Islands. After studying saxophone in high school and piano privately with a church organist, Horace played local gigs around Connecticut on both instruments. He was leading his own piano trio one night in Hartford, Connecticut, when saxophonist Stan Getz appeared as a guest star. Impressed by the keyboard work of this unknown, who was then not quite 22 years old, Getz hired Horace's trio as a unit to go on the road with him.

After touring with Getz for a year in 1950–51, Silver settled in New York City, where he entered on a period of freelancing that provided the kind of well-rounded experience any aspiring musician needs in order to mature. Among his employers were saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young, vibraphonist Terry Gibbs, trombonist Bill Harris, bassist Oscar Pettiford, and most significantly drummer Art Blakey, with whom he worked intermittently for several years.

During these early incumbencies Silver impressed fellow-musicians as a capable bebopper in the shadow of Bud Powell, who of course was the dominant influence of those days; but soon it became clear that a new style was emerging. Horace at times would play funky, earthy figures and use old-timey, gospel-derived harmonic patterns that led to his being associated with what some experts called the hard-bop funk retrogression.

In a sense, what he achieved during that period, mainly the middle and late 1950s, was the mixing of modern bop elements with a return to the fundamental qualities of early piano jazz. Not too long afterward, a similar process would be heard in the work of Ramsey Lewis, Les McCann, and others; but Horace was the only artist who carried this concept through successfully in a horns-and-rhythm setting.

RAYMOND ROSS

The first record ever to appear under Horace Silver's name was a trio date recorded for Blue Note in 1952. With only a few exceptions, every record he has made since then has been for this company, probably establishing a world record for longevity. There was an overlapping period when he recorded with similar-sounding groups under Art Blakey's leadership and under his own. In 1954 he won the *Down Beat* New Star award on piano. By September 1956 he was able to put together a quintet on a regular touring basis instead of just for record dates.

During the 1950s Horace began to build up a long series of hit instrumentals that were to become jazz standards. "The Preacher," in 1955, was most typical of the funky aspect, based on a traditional 16-bar format. Other hits were "Doodlin'," "Opus De Funk," "Senor Blues" (a minor blues waltz), "Nica's Dream," "Sister Sadie," and "Juicy Lucy."

But it was in 1965 that "Song For My Father" brought Silver an unprecedented measure of popular success. During the next few years he and the group expanded their framework as Horace became interested in lyric writing, fashioning words and music for a trilogy of albums under the generic title *The United States Of Mind*.

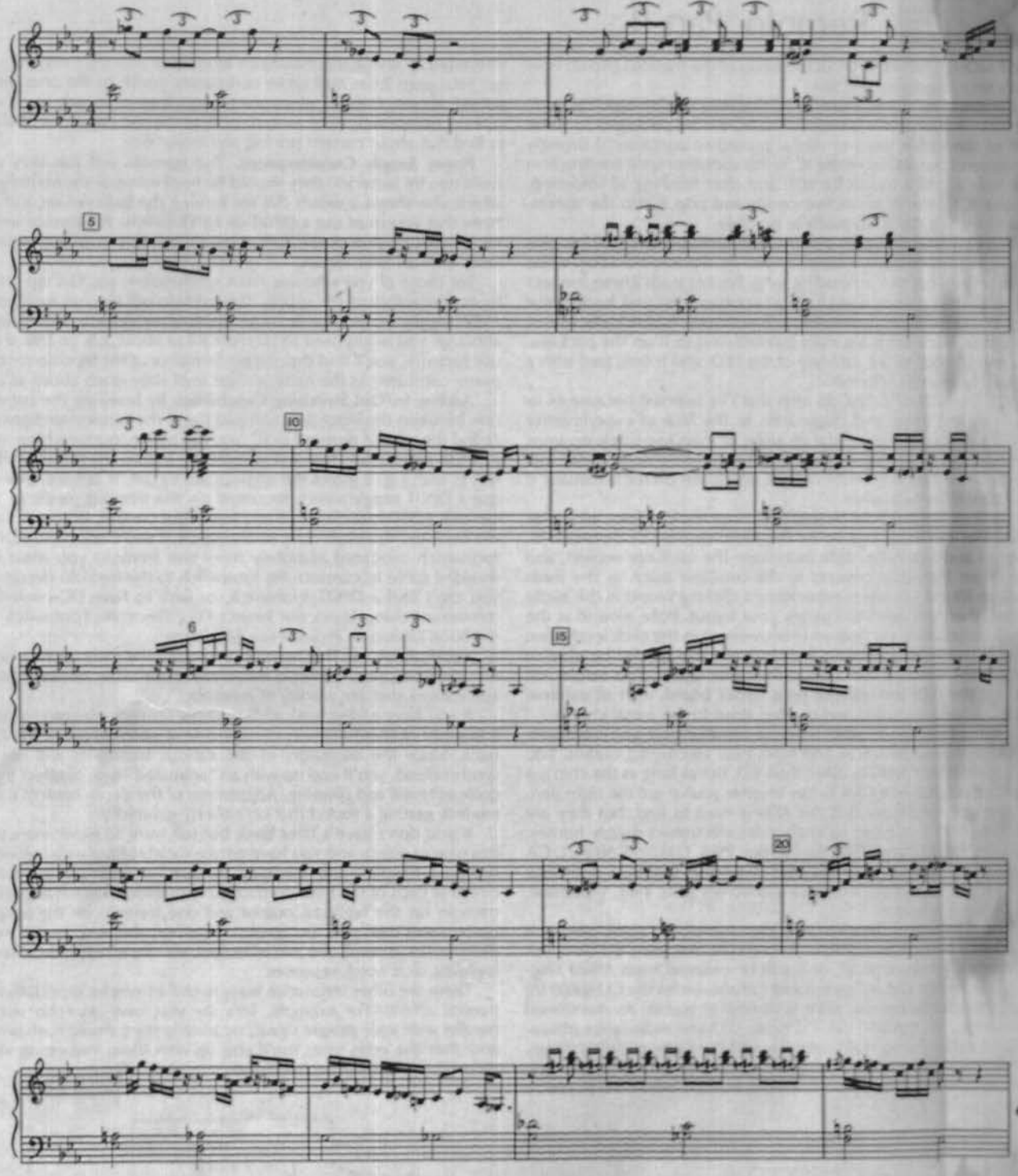
The 1970s found him touring more and more often around the world, breaking up his groups and organizing new quintets only periodically. He began to record with a 13-piece orchestra and with various enlarged instrumental or vocal settings on albums whose titles reflected their instrumentations: *Silver 'N' Brass*, *Silver 'N' Voices*, and so on.

Along with these developments Horace kept his past track record very much in evidence, most notably a few months ago when *Sterling Silver* [Blue Note, BN-LA945-H], an album comprising previously unissued cuts from the 1950s and '60s, was released. From this LP, part of his solo in "Cryin' And Sighin'" has been excerpted here.

This passage begins about 1'23" from the top and continues through 2'25". It represents three eight-bar choruses in C minor, with the bass player providing the roots below Silver's left-hand tritones. The simple left-hand part is characteristic of Silver at this laid-back tempo.

Notice how often he lets the left hand begin the phrase before the right-hand melody gets going—every two-bar phrase begins this way except those at bar 5 and bar 17. The funkiness of his melodic sense can be seen in the use of two-note lines with the lower note moving, as in bars 3 and 12. The grace notes leading up to the 5th at bars 4, 11, 14, and 23 also exemplify this aspect of his work.

"Beauty of style and harmony and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity," someone pointed out long ago. It is worth noting that men such as Horace Silver continue to remind us of this lasting verity, which was set down by Plato, in *The Republic*, some 2,350 years ago.



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

BACHARACH: NO RAINDROPS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Burt Bacharach. The very name is a synonym for pop-music success in the 1960s. As hit follows hit through the decade, he becomes the man who has everything. Two Oscars, three Grammy awards; an unending succession of hit songs, with lyrics by Hal David, recorded most often by Dionne Warwick, produced by the Bacharach-David team; no less than 39 of them on the charts during a 10-year span. As if that were not enough, and assuming that what the world needs now is love, add Angie Dickinson as Mrs. Bacharach.

Then, not all at once but gradually over a few years, it all falls apart. The partnership with Warwick ends; she sues Bacharach and David. He writes the score for a picture, "Lost Horizon." The movie bombs, in a big way. The Bacharach-David partnership ends. So does the Bacharach-Bacharach team as he and Dickinson split. His name fades out of the charts.

It all sounds like material for a movie for which Bacharach might some day write the score. What matters now, however, is that this man of unquenchable talent has picked himself up, ended his dry spell, and presently is as busy and future-directed as he has been since the glory days.

Burt Bacharach

Burt Bacharach, whom most women of my acquaintance still find devastatingly good looking, sits back and reviews the traumatic events of his recent years, speaking with particular enthusiasm about his latest album, "Woman" (A&M SP 3709). Though there are three vocal cuts, with lyrics by the respective singers (Carly Simon, Sally Stevens and Libby Titus), essentially this is an orchestral set with Burt conducting the Houston Symphony. The result is a deftly conceived and superbly executed illustration of his undimmed gifts as a classically trained composer.

"I'm especially proud that we cut the entire album live, in one four-hour session, at Jones Hall in Houston. I don't think there's anything else out there at the moment that's quite like this. We've cut down one piece, 'New York Lady,' for release as a single."

The idea for the album was born a year earlier when he conducted the symphony in a mixture of old and new material. "We've been living in a plastic world, where the strings come in three weeks later and wear headphones to hear what's been recorded; the brass and woodwinds do the same thing four weeks after the rhythm tracks were made, and they're not even playing in tune. What's wrong with having everybody playing at once, interacting, responding to one another? It was an exciting, Russian-roulette premise. In four hours, what happens if a cable blows? Well, we took that chance, and it worked."

The Houston project is one of several new ventures that have made this a year for Bacharach not just of promises, promises, but of results, results. He has several new song-writing partners. One is Michael McDonald, lead singer with the Doobie Brothers. Through McDonald, he was recently reunited with Dusty Springfield, raising speculation that the man who provided her with "Look of Love" among other hits may work on producing a new album with her.

He has been writing with Paul Anka, under conditions he finds unusually stimulating to the creative juices. This summer, for the first time in years, he decided not to go out on tour, with Anthony Newley or anyone else; nor would he hang around Del Mar watching his horses (asked how many he owns, Burt replied: "Too many"); nor would he fall into the easy Palm Springs life of tennis and lying in the sun to which he has succumbed in the past.

Instead, he rented a house in Jackson Hole, Wy., where he has been working in solitude except for the times when Paul Anka has flown there in his jet.

"Paul usually writes both lyrics *and* music, but he has shown tremendous energy and enthusiasm for working with me. We finished nine songs in three days, and several of them, I think, are terrific.

"It's been great in Jackson Hole. No jockeys come knocking at my door. I work 11, 12 hours a day. With my isolation comes a certain loneliness, a self-enforced ritual of not getting close to the people in the community, of eating dinner alone every night. I'm getting discipline back into my bloodstream."

Along with the songwriting ventures, he has a new film chore lined up. "After 'Lost Horizon' I just stopped writing for a year; when you invest so much energy and the film is a disaster, it's discouraging even when you get a hit recording out of it." ("Living Together, Growing Together," a big single for the Fifth Dimension, was from the score.) The new film, tentatively titled "I Love You, I Love You Not," was

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AT THE STUDIO ROOM

Larry Gales: A Man With a Bass

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Since he moved here from New York in 1969, Larry Gales has been at the disposal of anyone in need of a first-rate, all-around bass player. Of the bands he has led himself, a seven-piece group heard Wednesday at the Sound Room in Studio City seems more likely than its predecessors to endure.

Gales, though a composer and arranger, devoted most of his time to the music of others. A long warmup version of "Just Friends" and a brisk workout on Miles Davis' "Walkin' " gave everyone a chance to shine.

Buster Cooper, an inveterate scene-stealer whose style used to spark the Duke Ellington trombone section, brought his customary roaring sound and peppery personality to the horn. He plays like a man who has never heard the word legato and doesn't want to know it.

Paul Weeden, an expatriate guitarist on a visit from Norway, made one wish he were a permanent Southlander. A powerful soloist in the Wes Montgomery tradition, he also is an excellent rhythm guitarist in a section energetically filled out by Gales, drummer Bruno Carr, and Bill Henderson (not the singer) on electric keyboard.

Completing the front line are Rashid Ali, a low-key tenor saxophonist; and Nolan Smith, the trumpeter recently with Count Basie. Smith alternated horns in a call-and-response fashion, playing a phrase with the trumpet held in his right hand before answering it with a fluegelhorn in the left.

Gales doubled as a singer on his own tune, "Peach Melba," but his forte is the upright bass, and within it lies a double forte, the bowed solo. His precisely performed arco choruses were consistently inventive.

This is a dynamic, no-fusion jazz combo that should be on records. Gales & Company will be heard Sunday at 2 p.m. in a free concert at the Museum of Science and Industry in Exposition Park.

JAZZ

SINGER REMAINS UNSUNG

BY LEONARD FEATHER

There is a curious indifference on the part of the record-buying public to jazz singers. Regardless of age, race or sex, they remain largely unhonored, unbought and unsung.

Sure, Ella Fitzgerald has maintained a moderate level of success over the years, and Billie Holiday had a couple of hits long ago; yet a survey of the past 20 years would reveal that such respected upholders of the vocal tradition as Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae, Joe Williams, Helen Merrill and their contemporaries have had few if any chartbusters. (Jazz instrumentalists who became crossover pop singers, from Nat King Cole to George Benson, can hardly be included in this category.)

A typical victim of this apathy is Lorez Alexandria, a confident, distinctive stylist who has a dozen albums to her credit, not one of which has had strong commercial impact. Good taste in choice of material and accompaniment, refusal to jump on the bandwagons of musical fashion, are detrimental, of course, to sales. Thus the latest Alexandria release, "A WOMAN KNOWS" (Discovery DS 800), will appeal to a limited group of the cognoscenti, many of whom may have trouble finding it.

Chicago born (she made her first album there in 1957), Ms. Alexandria settled in 1961 in Los Angeles, where she cut two memorable (yet not remembered) albums for Impulse.

As then, her backing on the new set is modest, acoustic, with minimal arrangements. The performances remain in one's mind after a first hearing partly because the songs, for the most part, are unfamiliar, or at least not overworked, and because she treats them with respect and endows them with her commanding yet unpretentious sound.

For samplers, try Jack Wilson's "A Lover Knows," a charming waltz with lyrics by Carl Sigman, arrangement and piano by the composer; and Clare Fischer's "I Remember Spring," a laid-back bossa nova with gentle flute by Charles Owens and jazz guitar by Rick Zunigar. But even the one old standard, "I Can't Get Started," stripped of all accompaniment except Wilson's piano, transcends its period lyrics ("In 1929 I sold short . . .") to take on a valid new life.

Lorez Alexandria: A good jazz singer nowadays is hard to find . .

Producers Albert Marx and Dennis Smith deserve credit for accomplishing so much with such a modest budget. Four stars.

Economic limitations, obviously, do not insure a great album, any more than an expenditure of $100,000 (common nowadays) guarantees a chef-d'oeuvre. "IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW" by Etta Jones (Muse MR 5175) finds a mature performer, whose musical sense has never been in any doubt, bogged down by stale tunes ("Ghost of a Chance," "I'm in the Mood for Love") and by a tendency to try too hard, which at times affects her intonation. The combo (tenor sax, vibes and rhythm) is competent, and the occasional hint of Billie Holiday in Jones' sound is welcome. Two stars.

"MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA" (Tel-Arc 10044) is the first LP since this band lost Thad Jones, its co-director for 13 years. Since the six cuts were all arranged by Jones, and all but one ("Easy Living") are his compositions, the Jones imprimatur remains firmly in evidence.

Much is made of the digital recording, so vastly superior, we are told, to the old system ("in the way written history is superior to oral"). Keener ears than mine may agree; all I noticed was that the reed section is underrecorded in "Cherry Juice."

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FEIFFER

by JULES FEIFFER

LEONARD FEATHER

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and the bass has more presence than the horns during the thematic statement on "My Centennial."

Thad Jones' cornet is missed, but the band retains three valuable soloists in Dick Oatts on alto sax, Jim McNeely at the piano and Richard Perry, whose tenor sax is enveloped in colorful Jones textures throughout "Easy Living." It remains to be heard how the orchestra will sound using other arrangers; meanwhile, for this set, three stars.

Richie Cole, the alto saxophonist who came to the fore as sidekick to the late Eddie Jefferson, is well represented on "KEEPER OF THE FLAME" (Muse MR 5192). Jefferson makes a farewell appearance on two cuts. Coincidentally, "I Can't Get Started," a highlight of the Lorez Alexandria LP, is a bright facet of the Cole picture, as is the title tune with its cheerful integration of sax and guitar (Vic Juris) in the ensembles. On "Harold's House of Jazz" (words by Dave Lahm, son of the late Dorothy Fields), Jefferson's hollering indicates that the genre of vocalese he introduced was a fading novelty.

Cole attempts now and then to relate to newer forms (but on "Strange Groove" the implication is that he only does it tongue in cheek). At heart he's an unregenerate 31-year-old bebopper, and there aren't too many of those around. Three and a half stars.

Cole also appears as a sideman on "HOME FREE" (Muse MR 5135) by the trumpeter Red Rodney. Sloppy ensembles, weak trumpet by Rodney on "Out of Nowhere" and a bass sound so light that it's as if a house were being built with the foundation on the second floor, combine to reduce this to a valueless, meaningless album of the kind that is being ground out nowadays by the dozens. One star.

"NEVER BEFORE . . . NEVER AGAIN" is the apt title affixed by guitarist Tony Romano to a set of 1954 tapes he made with Joe Venuti, now issued on Dobre DR 1066. Simple guitar backing was all the violinist required to trigger a supreme performance, and that is what Romano gives him.

Typical Venuti horseplay turns the final cut, "Angelina," into an Italian vocal comedy routine, but for the most part this is music of the highest and purest order, to which today's so-called jazz violinists should turn in respect and envy. No musician now living is in a class with Joe Venuti, or with Art Tatum or the handful of other instrumental geniuses jazz has produced. Four and a half. Obtainable from Box 1987, Studio City 91604.

Versatility per se is manifestly of no aesthetic value; however, used as a stepping stone toward variety and to avoid monotony, it can be most helpful, as Nick Brignola shows in "NEW YORK BOUND" (Interplay IP 7719). On Ornette Coleman's old blues "Tears Inside" he plays muscular alto sax; for "Sophisticated Lady" he switches to baritone and emulates Harry Carney, to whom the track is dedicated. "In Your Own Sweet Way" finds him a little less assured on flute, but his soprano sax is masterful on Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz" and the closing "After You've Gone," a jazz standard from the Dixieland era, displays him in commendably fluent form on clarinet. Walter Bishop Jr. (piano), Sam Jones (bass) and Roy Haynes (drums) make up the formidable rhythm section.

A 1960s alumnus of Cal Tjader and Woody Herman, Brignola has remained hidden away in upstate New York where he has been teaching. Students who pick up on "New York Bound" will learn a lot right here. Four and a half stars. Obtainable from Box 93, Calabasas 91302.

More Brignola occurs in Sal Nistico's "NEO/NISTICO" (Bee Hive BH 7006). The leader here is an ex-Herman and-Basie tenor sax, a big bear of a hornman who blows vigorously through two originals, two pop standards, Gillespie's "Anthropology" and Wayne Shorter's "Fee Fi Fo Fum." With Brignola on baritone and Ted Curson on trumpet, this is an example of born-again be-bop with Coltrane overtones. Three stars. Obtainable from 1130 Colfax St., Evanston, Ind. 60201.

The reissues on CTI continue to remind us how much vibrant talent was brought together on that label in its profusion days. Milt Jackson's "SUNFLOWER" (CTI 8004) has only four long cuts, with such sidemen as Freddie Hubbard (in handsome tandem with Jackson on "People Make the World Go Round"), Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter. Strings are added on for "For Someone I Love.' Do they make records like this any more? Four stars. □

& A Beginning— The Prez Awards

Well, it has really happened. Visitors to New York may now proceed to West 52nd Street and see, even walk on (or walk around if they are suitably respectful) the names of five contributors to the jazz legend of that street, right there in the sidewalk, engraved for posterity.

Attending the unveiling, June 26, I was reminded of the somewhat offhand way in which this event had effectively been born. Eight years ago a book by Arnold Shaw, now known as "52nd Street" and published by Da Capo Press, was issued as "The Street That Never Slept." Reviewing it for the *Los Angeles Times* I added as a footnote what I thought must be an impossible dream.

Hollywood, I observed, had preserved the memories of its great stars by implanting their names in the sidewalk along Hollywood Boulevard. Why could not 52nd Street, where so many giants of jazz had once populated the many clubs, accord similar honors to some of them in the same fashion?

The proposal was made only half-seriously, since in 1971 it seemed quite unlikely that anyone would have enough respect for jazz and its creators to follow up such a fanciful suggestion. However, Arnold Shaw took my suggestion quite seriously. He flew to New York to meet with the director of the Parks Council Urban Improvements Program. Approval was tentatively granted, subject to the acquisition of funds.

A committee was formed to raise $20,000. Arnold Gingrich, who had spearheaded the whole *Esquire* jazz program in the 1940s, was a member, as was Abel Green, editor of *Variety*. It all came to nothing and Shaw returned, disheartened, to his Las Vegas home.

All was not lost, however, thanks to such later activists as Billy Taylor and Dave Bailey of Jazzmobile and a few highly placed executives at CBS Records: Bruce Lundvall, Dr. George Butler and Robert Altshuler. With the help of these men and other enthusiastic activists, fantasy beame reality. A preliminary ceremony held in 1978 announced the first twelve musicians to be elected for eventual inclusion in the "walk of fame." This year, half-way through the Newport Jazz Festival (but not under its sponsorship), 52nd St. officially became Swing Street. Five sand-blasted granite plaques were inserted in the sidewalk bearing the names of Lester Young, Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker and Coleman Hawkins.

In the block where today a jungle of skyscrapers dominates the scene, a treasury of small clubs had proliferated in the 1930s and '40s. On this street, where such rooms as The Onyx, The Three Deuces, Jimmy Ryan's and The Famous Door once flourished (not to mention The Hickory House and Kelly's Stable down the block between 6th and 7th Avenues), hundreds of fans and curiosity seekers drifted into the area before the midday ceremony began. A big truck supplied by Jazzmobile presented Ernie Wilkins directing a large orchestra in such appropriate tunes as Thelonious Monk's "52nd Street Theme." It was at once inspiring and poignant to see, among those attending the ceremonies in an official capacity, the widows and sons of Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins; Thomas Waller, Jr., son of Fats; Harriett Pettiford, widow of Oscar, and Oscar Jr.; and two living winners who have been inducted this year, Red Norvo and Slam Stewart.

Other new winners this year included Ben Webster, whose award (a certificate indicating that the plaque will eventually be implanted) was given to the 81-year-old Andy Kirk, in whose band Webster played in 1931; and Errol Garner, whose award was accepted by Slam Stewart. The event was carried off without a hitch. Max Roach, an eloquent master of ceremonies, spoke forcefully about the neglect of jazz by the media, the value of the music as a reflection of America's democratic principles and its importance in achieving "unity with diversity."

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, once a would-be trombonist and long a jazz activist, also spoke well in introducing some of the guests of honor. Mayor Ed Koch addressed the crowd briefly.

Arnold Shaw and I reminisced about how it had been on 52nd Street in the 1930s, a decade before the bebop era, when the small swing groups of Wingy Manone, Stuff Smith, Louis Prima and Red Norvo played the clubs. (One of the first 52nd Streeters was Art Tatum, who played at The Onyx in its original location shortly before Repeal.)

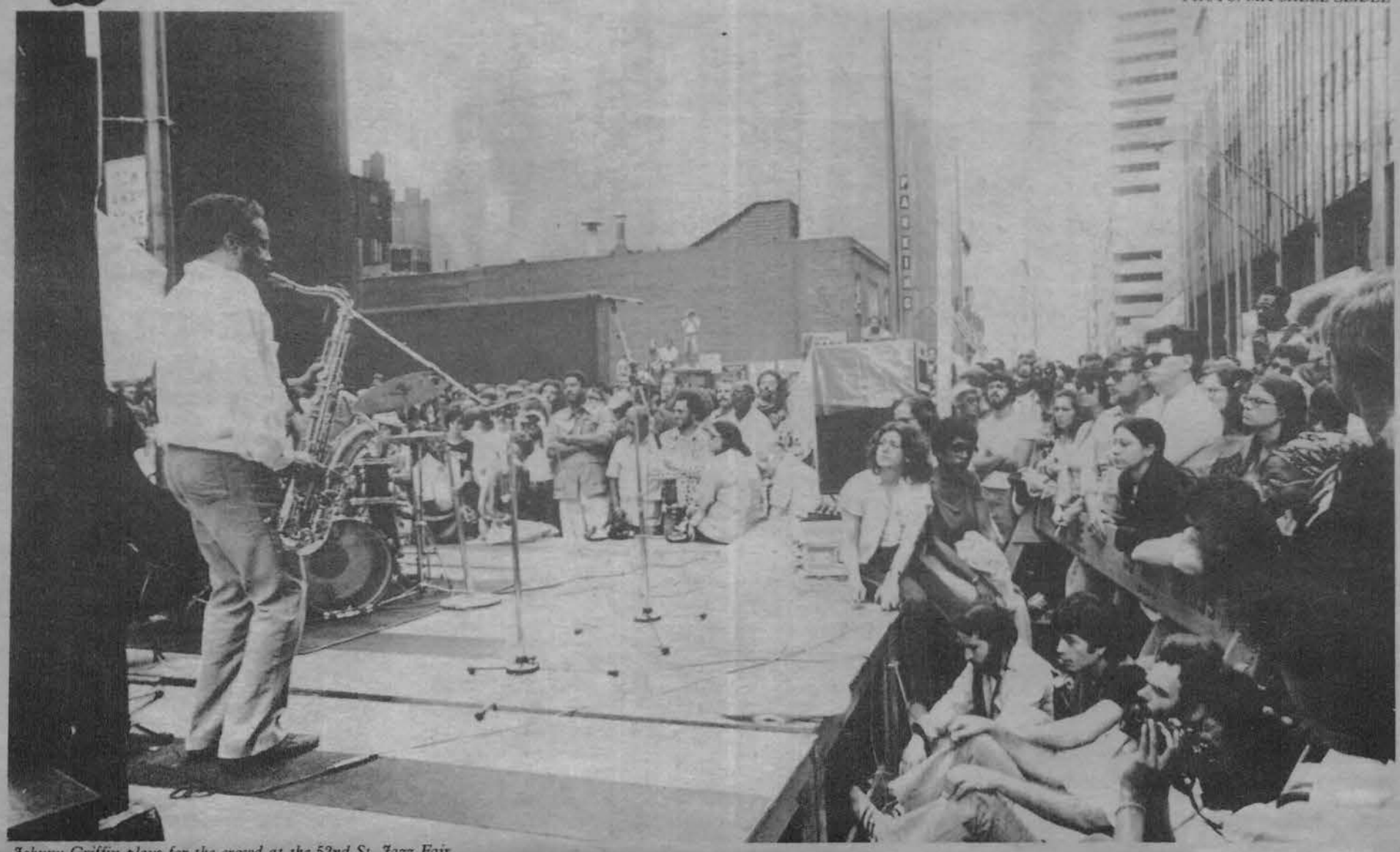
Late that night, when the street was dark and relatively deserted, I came back for a closer look at the plaques. Each bears the name of the musician and a likeness of the instrument he played; in the case of Billie Holiday, her name surrounds a microphone and a gardenia. Each plaque is about a foot square, and at the base are the words "The Prez Award."

How much longer the walk of fame will grow, and whether the others already elected (Tatum, Stuff Smith, Roy Eldridge, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Sarah Vaughan and Kenny Clarke in addition to those mentioned above) will be added in the near future, depends not only on the availability of funds but on the permission that has to be granted from owners of the adjacent buildings. All of the present five plaques are directly outside the CBS offices at 51 West 52nd Street; because of the cooperation of CBS, there was no problem here. Now that the idea has been started, it seems unlikely that any of the neighboring landlords will stand in the way.

The irony, of course, is that had someone told Prez or Lady Day, Bird or Coleman Hawkins during their lifetimes that their names would one day become a part of history in this manner, they would have laughingly offered a reply such as "You've got to be kidding." Fortunately, fewer people are kidding about jazz today. If only for this reason, the symbolism of the 52nd Street ceremony is something unique and wonderful to behold.

—Leonard Feather

PHOTO: MITCHELL SEIDEL



Johnny Griffin plays for the crowd at the 52nd St. Jazz Fair

Jazz critic Leonard Feather (left) with Arnold Shaw, author of the book "52nd Street"

Max Roach (left) and Bruce Lundvall, President of CBS Records, as first plaque was unveiled for Lester Young.

L to R: Max Roach, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Lester Young Jr., and his sister, Yvette Young.

Red Norvo (left) with Buck Clayton.

LEONARD FEATHER

CIRCUITOUS ROUTE TO AN LP PROJECT

PHOTO BY LARRY BESSEL

Gayle Moran

The release of Gayle Moran's first solo album ("I Loved You Then, I Love You Now," Warner Bros. BSK 3339) is an event of more than passing interest, arrived at belatedly by a circuitous route.

Until 1974, when she joined John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra, playing keyboards and singing, Moran had done everything else except work in a pop band. From a life that had encompassed playing for a college choral ensemble, singing at a Billy Graham crusade, touring with the Norman Luboff choir, with a folk group, even spending a year on the road with "Jesus Christ Superstar" in a small singing role, she was thrust into a world she had only dimly known.

The album displays her as pianist, organist, synthesist, singer, composer, arranger and producer. A participant on various levels—coproducer, now and then co-composer and copianist—is Chick Corea. Moran has been the woman in his life vocally, pianistically and romantically since 1976, when she joined his Return to Forever. It was Corea who, after she had settled in New York, encouraged her to expand into composing. Her "Soft and Gentle," heard in Corea's "Leprechaun" album, paved the way for her solo LP project, for which she wrote or co-wrote all 13 numbers.

A small, cheerful woman with a predilection for Victorian clothes, she assembled her protean collection of talents in the course of a career that began at 14 when she went on tour as pianist with a gospel group. She was born in Jackson, Mich., but the travels of her father, an Evangelical Methodist minister, indoctrinated her early into the realities of life on the road.

"I wanted so badly to sing," she says, "but in school and in church I was stuck with playing the piano because I read music quite well. So I thought of myself as basically a pianist and kept practicing six to eight hours a day after school."

Five years at Seattle Pacific College, majoring in music, earned her a teaching degree when she graduated in 1966. By then, though, she had become reluctant to teach and determined to perform.

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JAZZ REVIEWS

Aldcroft & Co. at Pasquale's

Pasquale's, the beachfront Malibu jazz emporium, continues in the course of its six-nights-a-week schedule to make occasional room for a full orchestra. In the case of Randy Aldcroft, heard there at last Sunday's matinee, it was hard to determine whether this was an overgrown combo or a cut-down big band.

Aldcroft, a trombonist and composer, uses four brass, two saxes and five rhythm, yet he and the other arrangers have done an effective job of putting the odd instrumentation to intelligent use.

Like so many other jazz groups, this one has an overlapping personnel: Four of its dozen members work regularly with the Toshiko/Tabackin orchestra. Among them is Steve Huffsteter, a fine fluegel soloist who in this session doubles as a singer. The vocal on his own waltz "Happy Man" had a woolen yet affecting texture.

Aldcroft, a rather colorless leader who does too little playing, seems to have a predilection for waltzes. In addition to "Happy Man" there were his own "Tricky Licks" and a harmonically oblique Dave Brubeck piece, the old "Mr. Broadway" theme.

Another composition was written in alternating bars of 3½ and 4 beats, which means that if you try to tap your foot to it you can go crazy. But make no mistake, this is a jazz orchestra, hitting its best groove in such material as the orthodox 4/4 "Nemesis Blues," featuring the excellent Randy Kerber on electric keyboard.

The rhythm section, driven by Peter Donald's inspired drumming, fell apart only in "Cherry." This old jazz standard was arranged ahd phrased awkwardly, and played too fast for comfort, with Joel di Bartolo on electric bass where an upright was needed.

The charts leave room for spirited solo work by Barry Zweig on guitar, Tommy Peterson on saxophones and others. Teamwork was commendable, considering the band's scattered schedule. Aldcroft & Co. will play next on Sept. 7 and 8 at the Sound Room in Studio City. Meanwhile, at Pasquale's, pianist George Cables' quintet opens Friday for a three-day run.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Seawind Blows at Santa Monica Civic

Despite a triple bill, it was a far from full house Saturday when Seawind headlined a concert at Santa Monica Civic. Possibly the record business recession is overlapping into the concert halls.

Unchanged in personnel since its arrival here from the Islands in 1976, Seawind is built around the personality of Pauline Wilson, the group's only native Hawaiian. Performing originals by her husband, drummer Bob Wilson, the petite singer displays a surprisingly powerful sound and flawless diction.

For the most part the band's soloists play a subordinate and rarely creative part, although Jerry Hey's fluegelhorn stood out in "He Loves You," a high-energy samba. The arrangements are deftly integrated, mostly built on the two-horn sound of Hey and saxophonist Kim Hutchcroft. Keyboard soloist Larry Williams doubled briefly on tenor sax to extend the front line to three.

The evening began with a set by Richard Tee. A New York musician who has grown wealthy in the studios, Tee brought with him a band notable for the presence of Steve Gadd, possibly the most kinetic and adroit of all the rock drummers.

The combo's material, with Tee on keyboards and a nondescript trumpeter and saxophonist, was of no special consequence, but Tee's chameleonic musicianship was excellently displayed in an unconventional "Take the 'A' Train." Beginning with florid impressionism, it evolved into a wild uptempo ride in a super Les McCann vein.

Completing the show was a quartet led by the guitarist Robben Ford. During this evening generally designed to drum up business for the ear doctors, Ford achieved the dubious honor of almost reaching the threshold of pain. However, his voice, in a song by David Nichtern called "It's Hard to Keep a Family Together Anymore," revealed a not unpleasant nasality halfway between Mose Allison and Jose Feliciano.

Ford was better represented singing and playing a blues, but whoever was in control of the sound system deserves an indeterminate sentence in an echo chamber surrounded by 120 decibels.

—L. F.

LEONARD FEATHER

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"My first real chance to sing came when the soloist with the college choir became ill and I took over. Ironically, years later, when I was singing in 'Jesus Christ Superstar,' the situation reversed itself. The pianist in the pit band got sick and the conductor told me, 'Tonight you play the whole show.'

"I was real proud of myself; I had no music to read from because the regular pianist hadn't used any, so I just played it all from what I remembered. That was one of the few times I've sensed a little male chauvinism; I could tell the musicians didn't feel a girl could handle the gig on keyboards. But after the first night they were convinced, and I wound up playing the show for 10 days."

The chauvinistic vibes, if they existed, also reversed themselves later in her career, for it was during her brief incumbency in a band called Jatra that John McLaughlin heard her—and "hired me because he said he wanted to have women in his band."

Her influences were mainly classical. "That's the way I was trained, so of course I admired Rubinstein and Horowitz. Young Peter Serkin, Rudolf Serkin's son, is a friend of mine."

Similarly, she has listened to Beverly Sills and other opera singers, although her interests have encompassed Sarah Vaughan, Barbra Streisand, Joni Mitchell, Phoebe Snow and the late Minnie Riperton. ("I don't ever consciously try to sound like anybody.")

Torn between the classical and pop routes, she came to the crossroads. "After 'Superstar' I was offered a real good job playing with a Cole Porter show in Cleveland. I love Cole Porter and I would have been the main attraction—white piano and all that. I was tempted to do it; but something inside me said I could go beyond that, in terms of spontaneity and improvising and doing my own writing; so that's when I really made the big decision. I moved to New York on my own. I really didn't know anyone, except Chick a little bit, and he was in and out of town touring."

Her objective then was to meet creative artists, open up new musical horizons. The extent to which she has succeeded is displayed in the multifaceted album, for which she contributed her first string quartet writing (in the title song), and composed everything from a polite, almost Victorian work for piano, violin and harp ("Remembering") to the blues/gospel flavored "Do What You Do," in which she and Al Jarreau form a double vocal choir via overdubbing. Other guest contributors are Melissa Manchester and the virtuosic bassist Stanley Clarke.

Electronic experimentation has become a passion. On the Jarreau cut, she employed a mellotron, containing prerecorded tapes of her voice, and put down 10 parts—actually five parts doubled. With Jarreau adding four parts doubled, the effect is that of 18 voices on the track.

Her collaborator as pianist and composer on "Snowflake" is Diane Hubbard, daughter of L. Ron Hubbard, founder of the Scientology movement. Moran has been heavily into Scientology, to which Corea introduced her and to which she attributes much of her success and firm sense of spiritual direction.

She created the album cover concept, utilizing the title song to suggest what it was like "then," with Moran wearing a 19th-century gown from her wardrobe of antique clothes. The "I Love You Now" back cover, in total contrast, finds her in an outfit clearly designed to prepare her for the 1980s, and surrounded by a battery of electronic keyboards and synthesizers.

What the upcoming decade will hold for her cannot easily be predicted. Chance plays an inevitable part in any career marked by a diversity of talents. "Basically," she says, "I'd like to keep on doing everything I'm doing now, get into more writing and expand my musical palette.

"Any time I see a great performance of anything, it stirs up something inside of me that stimulates me to do it myself. For instance, when I heard Toshiko Akiyoshi, the composer and pianist, leading a big band in music she had composed and arranged, I thought to myself, 'Oh my God, what a joy it would be to do that.'

"Meanwhile, one goal I have in mind may be a little easier to achieve. I'd like to play a two-piano concert with Chick, maybe in Carnegie Hall. I've had that dream for quite a while. Maybe I can get him to slow down a little bit, and I'll speed up a little bit and meet him halfway." □

WHAT'S UP

Bill Cosby is starring at Harrah's Headliner Room through Aug. 29. He'll be followed by Tony Orlando.

Magician Doug Henning is performing in the Sahara Tahoe's High Sierra Theater through Aug. 28.

Don Arden's "Hello Hollywood, Hello," is on tap at the MGM Grand Hotel's Ziegfeld Room.

Red Skelton and Franceen Devon headline in the Celebrity Room at John Ascuaga's Sparks Nugget. They'll appear through Sept. 1.

Engelbert returns to Del Webb's Sahara Tahoe for one week, Aug. 29-Sept. 4. He'll appear twice nightly in the High Sierra Theater at 8 p.m. and 11:30 p.m.

In 1967, a chance appearance on British Television ("Sunday Night at the London Palladium") caused the handsome Englishman to skyrocket from obscurity to superstardom.

His romantic rendition of an old American ballad, "Release Me," began selling at the rate of 100,000 copies a day following the television broadcast, and Engelbert, the phenomenon, was born.

A string of hugely successful recordings followed, including "The Last Waltz," "A Man Without Love," "Love is All," "Winter World of Love," "We Made It Happen," "Sweetheart," and "Another Time, Another Place." Then, surprisingly, by the early 1970s Engelbert had sold a staggering 125 million records.

Two years ago, the relationship between Engelbert and his former manager ended and the singer began to take more active involvement in his own career. As part of the new "self-assertion" program, he shaved his famous sideburns and moved his family from England to America.

Engelbert switched record companies, joining the Epic label and introduced, "After The Lovin'." Despite high record sales prior to its release, "Lovin' " was Engelbert's first platinum album and single.

COSBY: WIT, PHILOSOPHER . . . DRUMMER

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Since 1965, when Bill Cosby took to the air and became part of the national consciousness through "I Spy," millions of words have been written about him as actor, comedian, philosopher, husband, father, and education student. (The dissertation that earned him his Ph.D. at the University of Massachusetts concerned the problems of minority children in urban schools.)

Almost totally ignored has been a fact always central to Dr. Cosby's life: he could as well have made jazz the subject of his doctoral thesis. As a drummer he may seem to be a dilettante, but his concern for the art form has long been evident to those of us who, in the pre-"I Spy" days, were apt to find him seated alone late at night in some small Los Angeles club, drinking deep of the sounds of Miles Davis or John Coltrane.

During a pleasant evening with Camille Cosby and their five children at their alternate home in Pacific Palisades (their main residence is outside Amherst, Mass.), Cosby spent a few hours, as he so often has, expounding on a subject always dear to his heart.

"As a spectator," he said, "I go and watch, see and feel. Jazz is a music that was responsible for my dealing with my humor the way I do. During the period that was most meaningful to me—from the early 1950s through 1964—there was a sense of timing, a drive, of building to many crescendos, that was unique.

"It was a time when you could go in the record store and be sure that no matter what you bought, it would be great. Art Blakey and Horace Silver with those wonderful records for Blue Note. The Modern Jazz Quartet. One of the great albums, Jimmy Giuffre with the MJQ. Mingus with his humor and wildness.

"I remember enjoying Miles so much when both Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley were with him. In fact, Miles' most vital contribution may be the sidemen he's had who went on to do their own thing. During that free-form period, when he had Tony Williams on drums—Tony was about 17—and Herbie ,Hancock on piano, I laughed a couple of times because I thought these boys were running away with the old man. But that just wasn't so. Miles always knew where he was going. Every time he formed a new group the street talk would be 'Oh-oh, that's the end of Miles,' but he'd come up with something new and great, and everybody said '*phew!*'

"I'm not saying that this was the only creative era. It's just that there is a different thinking pattern to the way so many musicians play now. A lot of it has an intellect that requires a learning procedure, which I am not willing to go for. Sure, I enjoy the Chick Coreas, the Herbie Hancocks, and this fine pianist Don Pullen who was with Mingus, and a tenor of the post-Coltrane generation like Joe Henderson. But what I grew up with I am more familiar with, therefore it sounds better to me."

Though he never became a true professional himself, musicians have been a part of Cos' social circle since he was an adolescent in Philadelphia. Today he numbers among his close friends such veterans as

PHOTO BY LARRY BESSEL

Bill Cosby

Dizzy Gillespie and drummer Max Roach. The ragtime pioneer Eubie Blake is his house guest every Christmas.

He has mixed feelings about the direction jazz has taken during the past decade. "Fusion music has become very, very boring to me. I liked the drummers who built or played patterns, like Max Roach, or built to a climax like Art Blakey, or had a drive like Philly Joe Jones. I enjoyed hearing Elvin Jones connecting with Coltrane, urging him on, as if he were saying, 'I am your power.'

"What do you have today to compare with that? Recently I went to see a group with a drummer who brought a whole "Sanford & Son" junkyard of percussion onstage with him. The band set up a vamp and kept repeating that monotonous *titty-boom, titty-boom* beat . . . this cat had about 10,000 drums, yet everything was a pounding fusion and nobody got above a limited emotional level. I'm not saying these kids aren't proficient; it isn't that they cannot play, but they *choose* to play this way, and it's not for me."

Given his antipathetic view of "titty-boom" music, how did Cosby feel about the revolution caused by Miles Davis when the trumpeter's "Bitches Brew" album virtually gave birth to the jazz-rock phenomenon?

"I think I'm one of the few people who really appreciated it. See, I'm anti-rock and rock to me, despite all its intellectual viewers and reviewers, is very, very simple. But Miles did something else: He took the blues line and spaced it differently, so that people didn't even realize it was the blues. He put a pattern in there for the bass player to hold onto, and then played around it; and, of course, the drummer was titty-booming strongly.

"I find it sad that some people today don't know about all this. One time I was playing Harrah's at Lake Tahoe and didn't have any music to listen to, so I drove to the local record store. Well, they had George Benson and they had the Crusaders, who used to be jazz but aren't any more, but when I asked the lady—she was about 19—'Do you have any Miles Davis?' she said, 'Who's Miles Davis?'

As a 15-year veteran of network television, Cosby has firm opinions concerning TV's perennial neglect of jazz.

"I think the people who are crusading for more jazz are partly right. You can get an argument as to whether or not it's color prejudice. But I saw this young white kid, Scott Hamilton, and they were giving him accolades on the 'Today' show, saying he was taking whatever the old guys like Ben Webster used to play on tenor sax and

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NEW BYRD COMBO 9/3

Doctor Is In at Concerts by Sea

BY LEONARD FEATHER

There were great expectations Thursday at Concerts by the Sea. It was reported that Dr. Donald Byrd, a scholar, educator and trumpeter who had made a fortune playing pop-rock, had retained two mature jazz musicians for his new band.

The rumors were true up to a point. The new Byrd combo, assembled after a year of inactivity, includes on the one hand his old friend from Detroit, Clare Fischer, on electric keyboard and Gary Foster on saxophones, both well known for many years in the jazz community. On the other hand, there are two of Byrd's students from North Carolina Central University, Norris Duckett on guitar and 19-year-old Ronnie Garrett on electric bass. Tying it all together is East L. A. drummer Butch Azevedo.

Byrd claims that with this group he is attemptimg "to bring rock and jazz people into each other's territory." To the extent that Foster and Fischer, and sometimes Byrd, played up to their normal potential, he succeeded.

His problem lies in the insistence, during most numbers, on simple, uninspired two-bar riff tunes, often saddled with unison vocals by Duckett and Garrett. A typical tune would consist of the words "Hey, pretty baby, I wanna be with you," repeated ad nauseam. These songs are perfectly geared to an age group prevented by law from entering the club.

But there was also "Cielo," a beautiful theme played by just Byrd and Fischer, in which the lyricism and warmth, despite Byrd's slight insecurity, shone through. Fischer's "Pensativa," a bossa nova, was used as a showcase for Foster's relaxed, attractive flute. A Brazilian-oriented tune had splendid work by Foster, Byrd, and Fischer.

In numbers like these, Byrd peeled off all the layers of musical deceit that had enveloped him while he was busy breaking sales records. The reaction was strong enough to indicate that he can afford to raise the rock curtain a little higher, get his chops in perfect shape, and remind us that he is still the skillful, genuine performer we knew in his pre-"Black Byrd" days.

SHEW-MAYS QUINTET AT DONTE'S

Vibrant, Creative Post-Bop Jazz

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The Bobby Shew-Bill Mays Quintet was first exposed to a large audience in June when it appeared as the opening act at the Playboy Jazz Festival. The combo's first album is due out next month; meanwhile a series of Wednesday night gigs at Donte's is helping build a following for its vibrant brand of post-bop jazz.

The three principal soloists fulfill multiple roles: Shew plays fluegelhorn mainly on the slow tunes and trumpet on the uptempos; he shares the composing credits with Mays, who doubles on piano and electric keyboard, and Gordon Brisker, a tenor sax soloist and flutist.

Shew's sound is as broad and rich as his ideas are ready and inventive. He never seems to be running through phrases just to avoid a blank space; every solo has a sense of logic, of continuity, either urgent or lyrical as the mood dictates. A contemporary of Woody Shaw, he ranks with Shaw and Art Farmer among the most consistent of today's horn players.

Brisker's charming Latin-flavored "Olvera Street," Shew's jagged, tightly voiced "Dancing Bishop" and Mays' brooding "No Hurry" were among the five attractive original vehicles heard during an hour-long set. Thad Jones' "A Child is Born," the only standard tune, found Shew in an appropriate lullaby mood.

Bob Magnusson is more than a great rhythm player: he virtually defines the state of the art on the upright bass. Whether bowing or plucking a solo, he has something fresh and melodic to say, and states it with a sound that is firm and clear. Dick Berk's drumming seemed to urge Gordon Brisker into his best tenor solo on "The Red Snapper."

For pessimists who, hearing so much fusion music on the air, feel that jazz has gone irreversibly off the rails, the Shew-Mays quintet offers reassuring evidence that creativity is still flowing forcefully in the wind. The group will be back at Donte's Wednesday.

AT OLD NEW YORKER

Scatman Crothers' Nostalgia Trip

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Nostalgia, as Simone Signoret has wisely observed, isn't what it used to be. Her point is vividly demonstrated in the Scatman Crothers Show at Jimmy Allen's Old New Yorker, an attractive supper club on Riverside Drive in North Hollywood.

Riding high with his "Chico and the Man" role, Crothers at 68 remains a vital figure whose aim in his nightclub act clearly is to keep things moving. They move all right, but in too many directions and for about 20 minutes too long.

Among his routines are a comedy monologue about Christopher Columbus, in the style of Louis Jordan; several antiquated numbers which he sings or scats with no particular originality; and a couple of lapses from taste such as the towel-around-head version of "The Sheik of Araby."

He does sing one pleasant ballad, "Sweet Lorraine," and one amusing song, "Some of My Best Friends Are Shoes." Entertaining, too, if you recall the original, in his treatment of the old pot anthem, "If You're a Viper," which he intermingles with the "One Hundred Years From Today" lyrics, producing such lines as "Don't save your reefers, just pass them around . . ." But as the show wears on and on, he tells half-ounce jokes that fall with a two-ton thud.

Scatman surrounds himself with three attractive women, who sing backup and do their own turns. Kandi Moore is stunning, a taller Barbara McNair; one can only wish that her singing and dancing were the equal of her beauty. Pretty Sandi Humphries sings "God Bless the Child," but stylewise, though better than Moore, she hasn't got her own.

Clora Bryant is miscast. A gifted trumpeter, she is confined mainly to a Satchmo imitation, which she sings well, but her horn style is not remotely like Armstrong's.

Crothers in recent years has shown his ability as a serious actor, yet his supper club persona remains linked to the image of early black Hollywood, to the days of Mantan Moreland and Willie Best. That kind of nostalgia we really don't need. Surely he could update and upgrade his songs and routines, discard the thin-sounding four-stringed guitar and offer a hipper act more worthy of his talent and personable manner. His show closes Sunday.

JAZZ IN BRIEF

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"HOAGY CARMICHAEL: A LEGENDARY PERFORMER AND COMPOSER." RCA CPL-1-3370. Elaborately produced in the fine style of RCA's "Legendary" series, with a big illustrated booklet, this is an oddly assorted collection, with Carmichael performing on six of the 14 tracks, among them a piano solo version of "Star Dust" (wrongly listed as "piano solo with vocal"). "Star Dust" is additionally performed by the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, complete with Frank Sinatra and the Pied Pipers, vintage 1940.

Also given a double treatment is "Georgia," sung first by Ethel Waters, not at her best, and later by Carmichael with his own all-star band, to which Bix Beiderbecke contributes a poignant final statement.

Carmichael is quoted as having been disappointed with the sound of his voice on records, yet it has a quaint appeal that fits such Southern Fried melodies as "Judy," "Lazy River" and particularly "Washboard Blues," in a 1927 version with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. Of the non-Hoagy vocals, the best are by Mildred Bailey, to whom "Rockin' Chair" virtually belonged, and Kay Starr, whose 1958 "Lazy Bones" is the least ancient item of the collection. "Skylark" is a 1942 curiosity, sung by Billy Eckstine with Earl Hines' big band.

9/9/79

JAZZ

MAGNUSSON SWIMS IN A SUNNIER POND

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Jakob Magnusson today is a little fish in the vast music pond of Hollywood. He feels, though, that the move was worth the effort, since only yesterday he was a big fish in a pond not noticeably hospitable to jazz of any kind: For two years a local newspaper poll voted him the No. 1 pianist in Iceland.

Iceland?

Not, you might think, the likeliest locale for hot jazz or even cool jazz to flourish. The very name seems so remote and forbidding that Magnusson's background and experience as a music-stimulated youth growing up in Reykjavik becomes doubly remarkable.

"I lived all my life there," he says, "until the end of my teens; except that I spent summers, from the age of 13, as a ranch hand on farms in Scotland, Denmark or my grandfather's farm in Reykjavik. He raised cows, chickens, horses, sheep. Farming is the biggest industry after fishing. I never thought about becoming a professional musician in Iceland because there didn't seem to be enough of a music scene for survival."

Iceland is not totally isolated. If you stand up on a very high mountain on a very clear day, you can barely spot the shores of Norway to the east and Greenland on the west, and at once you feel five degrees warmer. You had better make this inspection tour in the summer, however, when daylight lasts almost all night, rather than in winter when the nights are 22 hours long. ("This can be a bit depressing. Also, people have to work very hard for a living, so on weekends they really like to freak out . . .")

Magnusson became aware of jazz through his father, a businessman and jazz fan who had a collection of classic 78s. Then, too, in the southwest corner of the country, at a naval base established by the Americans during World War II, a radio and TV station were established, lasting until they were shut down 10 years ago on the grounds that they constituted an unhealthy influence.

Icelandic government-controlled TV has one channel, six days a week, eleven months a year, from 6 to 11 p.m. There is a single radio station, heavily into classical music; but it was here that Magnusson found his lifelong hero. "Jon Muli is one of the best songwriters Iceland ever produced; he could be called the Burt Bacharach or Cole Porter of Iceland. But he was also a radio announcer, and every Thursday somehow he managed to sneak in 45 minutes of jazz, just before the station shut down.

"Muli was into the old bebop stuff—Thelonious Monk, everybody—and even managed to get Art Farmer to bring his fluegelhorn to Reykjavik and play with local jazzmen. We had a few other visitors: Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald in the '60s, more recently Oscar Peterson. Andre' Previn came over six years ago, conducted the Icelandic Symphony, also played jazz piano with a trio. This was set at one of the art festivals that are held every couple of years."

Magnusson launched his first band in high school; the group cut three albums. "It was nothing serious; I really wanted to see the world, so in 1974 I decided to take my Hammond organ on my back and go to England to try my luck. Yes, there were three Hammond organs in Iceland."

England was the turning point. He met the Icelandic model and actress Anna Bjorn, who is now Mrs. Magnusson. (She played Paul LeMat's magnificent Scandinavian in "More American Graffiti.") He came into contact with Long John Baldry, the legendary 1960s blues figure. Through Baldry, he met other blues and jazz people, who, he says, turned his musical thinking around.

"My generation had been heavily influenced by British rock, the Beatles. In retrospect, it seems strange that people who didn't know how to play their instruments, never studied or trained themselves, had no discipline, would be the big stars and make all the money, whereas the people who worked hard on their music were starving."

At a jazz festival in Stockholm, he was asked to play in a jazz group that included one representative of each Scandinavian country. This was the definitive event: "From that point on, I really started working at it seriously."

His move to the United States was accidental. "I had returned to Iceland with Anna. When there wasn't enough work in music I was doing all kinds of other things. I studied political science at the University of Iceland. I had learned English and Danish at school, and also knew German, French, some Latin, and of course Icelandic, which is close to Norwegian, so I was able to work as a tour director escorting foreign visitors to remote corners of Iceland. I was also working as a political journalist and playing studio gigs on the side, when this call came from Long John. He wanted me to join him for a tour of Canada."

After a four-month tour that ended in Vancouver, Jakob and Anna decided to vacation for a week in Los Angeles. "On the second day here, we said this is it. That was early in '78. I had to start from scratch."

It did not take too long, however, to round up the talent for a quartet, and to persuade Warner Bros. Records to listen to his one previous solo album, which consisted partly of pop/rock material, partly of jazz and experimental sounds. A contract and his first American LP ensued, with Henry Lewy as coproducer. The augmented band includes such Hollywood heavies as Tom Scott, Victor Feldman, Ernie Watts, with guest spots by Jerry Hey, the Seawind trumpeter, and Michal Urbaniak, the Polish violinist.

In addition to playing keyboards, vocoder and synthesizer, Magnusson programmed many of the electronic instruments; he composed and arranged all the music with his bassist, Steve Anderson. The album, "Special Treatment" (Warner Bros. BSK 3324), is the first step along a road that will soon lead to concerts with the quartet.

Living in his home in the hills above Hollywood, Magnusson spends much of his time composing. His plans call for return visits to Iceland, since he has never lost his great affection for his fatherland.

"I think it's quite wonderful that despite difficult economic conditions that make it hard for most people to do much of anything but work in the fish factory, Reykjavik with its population of just 120,000 has managed to keep its symphony going."

Just as in the United States, there has been opposition to jazz: "A group of conservative people there talk about it as whorehouse music; a lot of the older folks brand anything that's loud or aggressive as jazz. My family never liked the idea of my becoming a musician in the first place, let alone a rock or jazz musician.

"But things are changing. They have a little society going now that is trying to promote jazz. They brought in Art Blakey recently. People are turning their heads toward jazz a lot more, and I think I may have had something to do with this, being a former rock musician who moved away from that rock 'n' roll format.

"In fact, there are times when I miss the cultural stimulus of Iceland. California has this easy, softer, laid-back life style; you don't feel the need to fight.

"Growing up in a place like Reykjavik gives you a different outlook on life. In a way, I'm grateful that I had to struggle and suffer awhile before things started coming my way."

Still, if he stands up on a mountain on a very smogless day, it's nice to see Catalina. □

PHOTO BY MARTHA HARTNETT

Jakob Magnusson, musician from Iceland, surrounded by instruments in the studio behind his home.

"BROWNE SUGAR." Tom Browne. Arista GRP 5003. It seems almost unfair that Browne, a struggling newcomer, should be submitted so soon to the inspection of critics, but the excessive media hype accorded him makes this unavoidable. He is an adequate, and quite likely promising, trumpeter who seems to have been influenced by Freddie Hubbard, but the character of the material and the excessive production to which he is subjected make it all but impossible to gauge his real potential. Given some artistic freedom instead of the elaborate orchestral setting that envelops him here, he might reveal a measure of originality.

9/16

—LEONARD FEATHER

AT CARMELO'S

The Gallic Charm of a Jazz Duo

BY LEONARD FEATHER

More than 10 years have elapsed since Monique and Louis Aldebert, both former members of the Double Six of Paris, settled in Los Angeles and began working as a sort of Gallic response to Jackie and Roy Kral.

Last Thursday they surfaced again, at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks, playing during the cocktail hour and working without accompaniment; that is to say, Ms. Aldebert sang with pianistic and occasional vocal assistance from her husband.

The Aldeberts' advantages have simultaneously been their handicap. They exude a very special understated charm that is subtle enough to elude the average listener. The multilingual Monique dealt in four languages during the set caught: mainly English, but also French, Italian and the international jazzspeak of shoo-be-doo-be-doo.

Many of their works are original. Their lyrics are poetic, and, considering that they are working in a foreign language, remarkably well designed. Monique also has worked with other melody writers, supplying words for such songs as Joe Sample's "It Happens Every Day."

Louis Aldebert's voice lacks the distinctive quality of Monique's; however, the vocal duet touches are well meshed and his piano is harmonically resourceful.

At last week's performance the couple worked under duress with the crowd, some of them watching a ballgame at the bar. On their date at Carmelo's Thursday they will work the regular night shift and will have the advantage of a bass player and a drummer. Perhaps that will enable them to engage the audience's attention, which is the least they deserve.

JAZZ FESTIVAL

Full House at Monterey

BY LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY—Just two weekends ago, the fairgrounds here were the scene of what was expected to be Monterey's biggest rock festival in a decade. But the so-called Tribal Stomp was a disaster, with audiences in the hundreds instead of thousands. The loss was estimated at $180,000.

Last Friday, a week later, the 22nd annual Monterey Jazz Festival drew a capacity crowd (7,000). Both Saturday programs were sold out well in advance.

Some blame the failure of the rock event on its use of nostalgic acts from the 1960s. Yet ironically, the star roster assembled by general manager Jimmy Lyons for the jazz affair was overwhelmingly devoted to artists in their 40s, 50s and 60s. Some, in fact, had taken part in the first couple of festivals in the 1950s.

Stimulating Good Vibes

Of course, the perennial success of the Lyons events is not due simply to the music. The sense of continuity, and the ambiance, constitute half the fun. The smell of fried chicken and other aromas from the concession concourse alongside the arena, the kitschy novelty stands, the renewal of friendships that have grown among long-time patrons, all help to stimulate the kind of good vibes rarely found at any other festival.

Still, there were serious problems Friday. Two blackouts of light and sound, the first lasting 12 minutes and the second a half-hour, threatened to cause chaos. Dizzy Gillespie, always ready in an emergency, stepped out to play, with makeshift lights and no mike. He was joined by a dancing mime, Feno, who had been entertaining the crowds outside the arena. An acoustic jam session soon developed, with

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A Full House for Jazz at Monterey

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Stan Getz and others. The audience, lighting matches instead of cursing the darkness, was commendable cool through it all.

The evening, billed as "Jazz, the International Language," was a reflection of the conservatism for which Lyons and his musical director, John Lewis, have long been criticized. Norway, presently the scene of more innovative ideas than any other country (as reflected in the unique EMC records made in Oslo), had no constituents on hand.

Cuba, which has a hot new band in Las Irakeres, was instead represented by the 67-year-old Machito, leading a pickup band of Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York musicians who played Latin dance music that only came to life when Clark Terry and Gillespie sat in on the last tune.

Tete Montoliu, 47, a blind pianist from Barcelona, long admired throughout Europe, displayed superb articulation; each note of every phrase was struck with bell-like clarity. There were glancing Art Tatum runs and boppish Bud Powell lines, but Montolieu is his own man. Red Mitchell's bass and Trevor Cole's drums were intensely supportive.

Bosko Petrovic, from Yugoslavia, took his vibraphone and quartet through a pleasant set, styled midway between the Modern Jazz Quartet and early Gary Burton. Davor Kajfes, the pianist, played lean, spare lines somewhat evocative of John Lewis, who happens to be his brother-in-law. Because he now lives in Sweden, Kajfes returned later to represent that country in a heavy, somewhat Brubeckish treatment of Monk's "Round Midnight."

Toronto's Moe Koffman, 51, revived his 1958 hit, "Swinging Shepherd Blues," in a set that made up in good spirits what it sometimes lacked in depth. But on the alto sax in "Donna Lee," at an impossible tempo, Koffman sounded like a bebop windup doll. The Koffman quintet's principal asset is his guitarist, Ed Brickert, one of Canada's preeminent jazz instrumentalists, whose solos would have lit up the stage had they been played during the blackout.

The Saturday Monterey matinee, once known as a memorable celebration of the blues, has degenerated drastically. Now billed as "Mardi Gras Mambo—the Sounds of New Orleans," this is a tired ritual.

It can only be hoped that Lyons will restore the pristine blues beauty of his original Saturday matinee concept, to set it back on the right track.

The evening show, "Saturday Night Live With Dizzy and Friends," was a mainstream affair.

Woody Herman, the grand survivor of the big band epoch, has learned so well to adjust to changing circumstances that he and his young sidemen are prepared to do anything short of turning handsprings. In addition to playing some of the orchestra's regular music (a splendid translation into big band terms of John Coltrane's "Countdown," arranged by and featuring tenor saxophonist Frank Tiberi), they introduced new arrangements by the trombonist/guest conductor Slide Hampton.

The Herman contributions were further strengthened by guest soloist Gillespie, trumpeter Woody Shaw, alto saxophonist Joe Roccisano and pianist Victor Feldman.

The organized segments of the evening (Stan Getz with a splendid new guitarist named Chuck Loeb, Gillespie and his quartet reunited with the congas wizard Big Black) came off better than most of the jam session episodes. Eiji Kitamura played a gentle, unpretentious "Sophisticated Lady" that was imitative of nobody.

Diane Shuur, at the piano singing "Chair in the Sky" from the Joni Mitchell "Mingus" album, displayed a beautiful sound, strength, clarity and startling upper-register fidelity. Flora Purim, who deserved better treatment, walked on and scattered during a Stan Getz bossa nova.

9/18

'STARS OF TOMORROW'

Youth Well Served at Monterey Jazz Festival

BY LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY—Like most of its predecessors, the jazz festival ended here Sunday night on a jubilant note. Economically it was a near total success with only 850 seats unsold during the five-concert weekend.

Paradoxically, a program built around amateur musicians is the most eagerly awaited every year. Jimmy Lyons' pride in his Sunday high school band matinees is boundless and justified.

Billed as "Jazz Stars of Tomorrow," the presentation began with Phil Hardyman directing Berkeley High's winning big band through a set in which, as is often the case, the teamwork and precision were even more remarkable than the improvisations; however, a trombonist, Sarah Cline, played some gutty, big-toned blues. She was heard later with the All Star Band, drawn from many schools from around the state.

A Winning Combo

The winning combo this year came from Eagle Rock High. Coached by John Rinaldo, they brought spirit and spontaneity to works by Wayne Shorter, Steve Swallow and Warne Marsh. The group consisted of Eliot Douglass, 17, piano; Dean McCoy, 16, drums; Scott Colley, 15, bass, and most conspicuously Larry Koonse, the 18-year-old guitarist and composer, son of the former George Shearing guitarist Dave Koonse. Young Larry was also heard with the All Star Band, playing very eloquently a three-part suite originally written for Joe Pass.

Inspiration, concentration and ambition have brought teen-aged jazz performance to an unprecedented level. It was not surprising to hear that $23,000 had been collected by the Young Northside Big Band, a 23-piece orchestra from Sydney, Australia, to subsidize a trip to Monterey. Their work Sunday justified the fund-raising efforts. Though they did not maintain the total competence of the American bands, such contributors as James Morrison, trombone, Dale Barlow and Paul Andrews, tenor saxes, indicated how intelligently the young of a distant country can absorb the nuances of an alien art form.

Directed by Dr. Jack Wheaton, the California All Stars distinguished themselves playing works composed and conducted by guest writers, some of whom doubled as guest soloists. Woody Herman took the orchestra through a Gary Anderson arrangement of Faure's "Pavanne" that sounded not a whit less effective than when Herman's own Herd plays it. Monday's review neglected to mention a lovely treatment of "What Art You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" played by Stan Getz with the Herman band.

Clark Terry, represented as trumpeter, singer and arranger, and Mundell Lowe, whose "Suite and Hot" was written with great skill but without excessive complexity, were among the most successful contributors. John Lewis sat in at the piano for an agreeable Dave Chesky arrangement of Lewis' own "La Ronde."

Hero of the Day

The hero of the day, the youth for whom the standing ovation was longest and strongest, was Matt Catingub. Half Filipino, half Samoan, the son of singer Mavis Rivers, he is 18 and has been playing alto sax and composing jazz for only two years.

Catingub's kaleidoscopic three-part suite "Monterey II" displayed his passion and control as a player along with his astonishing maturity as a writer.

The excitement generated by the youth-controlled afternoon concert set up a challenge for the six veterans presented Sunday evening. Woody Shaw's quintet was a whirlwind of tensely energetic solos, principally by Shaw's trumpet and Carter Jefferson's saxophones, with themes supplied by drummer Victor Lewis.

Singer Helen Humes started conventionally with pop standards but soon brought her high, overage schoolgirl sound to a batch of riveting blues, and closed with a guaranteed show-stopper, the old West Indian song "Shame and Scandal in the Family." The John Lewis-Hank Jones piano duo set was pleasant during the ad-lib jazz pieces but became tiresome when they started reading and turning pages in a long Europeanized suite by Lewis.

The Prez Conference septet led by Dave Pell offered its affectionate tribute to Lester Young, and was aided by Joe Williams, whose blues vocals stopped the show. Jimmy Lyons had to quiet the crowd with a promise that Williams would be back to sing with the Buddy Rich Band.

Rich and his tight-as-a-drum ensemble played very well but, except for an arrangement of "Birdland," their material lacks the warmth, textures and variety of Woody Herman's repertoire.

The two Sunday shows compensated for most of the weaknesses of the previous concerts; still, there is no excuse for sloppy programming, or for cavalier treatment of both foreign and American musicians (saxophonist Richie Cole never got on stage at all). If these faults are not corrected, Monterey's reputation could suffer irreparable damage around the world.

9/13

Free Jazz Concerts to Resume at Ford Theater

The annual series of Sunday afternoon jazz concerts at the John Anson Ford (Pilgrimage) Theater in Hollywood, a Southland institution for 12 years, is being resumed Sunday.

The concerts were suspended last year when the passage of Proposition 13 made it impossible to obtain the necessary funds for the free-admission events.

They will now be presented under county sponsorship, with J. Foster as administrator, in collaboration with Local 47 of the Musicians' Union. Bill Gerber and Gary Weiss are producers.

The Jeff Lorber Fusion group and Rolad Vasquez's Urban Ensemble will play the opening concert Sunday at 2 p.m. Others presently set include Jakob Magnusson's group, Oct. 7; the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band, Oct. 14; Supersax, Oct. 21, and Lee Ritenour (tentative), Oct. 28.

Free tickets for each event will be available on a first-come, first-serve basis at Tower Records in Westwood Village, Panorama City, Sunset Blvd. and Anaheim.

—LEONARD FEATHER

9/16

JAZZ

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH PARTY

BY LEONARD FEATHER

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—In 1963, Dick and Maddie Gibson were satisfied with everything about life in Denver except the lack of jazz. The problem was soon surmounted after the Gibsons had written letters to similarly deprived Coloradans, invited 10 musicians from New York, rented a hotel room in Aspen, Colo., charged the 200 friends who had answered the letters $25 a head to help defray costs.

The Gibsons at that point were the parents of two small sons, a daughter, their first jazz party and, two days later, a third son. The party has grown as relentlessly as the children. This year's event was budgeted at $82,000, drew close to 600 patrons at $300 per couple, and involved 50 musicians. The Gibson children, now teen-agers and adults, have become avid jazz fans. There are presently a dozen unrelated jazz parties, all patterned along Gibson lines, organized with encouragement from the founding father: in Texas, Michigan, Arizona, even in Kingston, Jamaica, elements of a year-round party circuit have been building.

Held, like its eight immediate predecessors, at the sumptuous Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs, Gibson's 17th annual gathering was probably the greatest yet, though the task of improving on perfection must be hazardous even for these mature and enthusiastic performers.

PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Dick Gibson, host of Colorado jazz party with guest, Joe Newman.

The party experience is unlike that of most American jazz festivals, where too often boozy, noisy audiences and long waits between sets to mount or dismount electronic gear become inhibiting factors. At Gibson's the music starts punctually and is all but continuous; the customers are attentive, sober, and seldom move from their seats in midset; the ambience is akin to being wrapped in a cocoon of miraculous creativity, sealed off from the outside world.

Between 2:30 p.m. Saturday and 8:45 p.m. Monday some 31 hours of improvised jazz were offered by groups whose personnel was never duplicated. Gibson over the years has become a master of musical

Jazzmen Reunite in a Sax Session

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Al Cohn and Zoot Sims have been working together off and on, and coleaders of a quintet since 1966. Recently reunited, they lined up a tour that includes their current stint at Concerts by the Sea.

Though the careers of the two tenor saxophonists have run parallel in many respects, Sims has been playing continuously while Cohn has devoted much of his time to composing. Perhaps for this reason, Sims' tone and phrasing are subtler, though Cohn's harder, slightly gruff sound blends superbly during the ensemble choruses.

Both men clearly were inspired by Lester Young, but they have evolved their own directions; stylistically they are fraternal rather than identical twins. Playing basic 32-bar original tunes, often by Cohn, sometimes by Sims or even, in the case of "Tickle Toe," by Lester Young, they remain true to the swinging essence of the era that produced them.

Their rhythm section for this brief fling justifies the often abused "all star" label. Shelly Manne, at the drums, is the perfect anchor. Monty Budwig's bass work is upright even in the other sense of the word: pure, honest, incorruptible.

Dave Frishberg, though perhaps not the ideal pianist for this group (he tends at times to sound rather too laid back), took over the bandstand at midset to sing a couple of his dryly witty compositions, one of which, "I'm Hip," should long ago have won a Grammy. It hasn't, of course; the Grammy Awards aren't that hip.

Cohn's ballad solo, "More Than You Know," found him in an affecting groove, closer to the warm, full-blooded Coleman Hawkins character than to Lester. Sims reached his peak on "Tickle Toe," spinning long lines that gently soared and fell, his time and control never less than perfect.

It might be claimed that we are on long-familiar ground with the Cohn-Sims combo, but with good reason. The empathy and library they have built over the years call for maintenance rather than change. They close Sunday.

chairs, determining which horn players shall be juxtaposed with what pianists, bassists and drummers, how large a group to organize for each set, and how to accord all the musicians enough featured spots to leave them happy.

Much of the Colorado joy lies in a camaraderie that finds old friends brought into rare social and musical reunions. The jazzmen catch up on one another's lives, observe which saxophonist or pianist has switched wives or companions since last year, and deplore the news that Flip Phillips has been prevented from attending due to a hurricane in Florida, Vic Dickenson because of a foot infection in New York, and Carl Fontana owing to grief over a sudden divorce in Las Vegas.

There is, too, the special pleasure of greeting again such regulars as trombonists Trummy Young from Honolulu and Roy Williams from London; Zoot Sims, slimmed down after his major surgery, and now, he proudly announces, permanently sober; Dick Hyman of New York and Roger Kellaway from Los Angeles, who meet only once a year at the party and invariably provide spontaneous piano duets that are the equal of anything Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock have ever dreamed up.

Of the 50 performers this year, 42 had partied for Gibson at least once before. Among the eight newcomers, two provided some of the weekend's most rewarding moments. Jay (Hootie) McShann, a rotund pianist from Kansas City, played the blues as if he had invented the idiom, and delivered the nasal, declarative vocals on such tunes as "Hootie's Ignorant Oil" and "Confessin' the Blues" as if he were the reincarnation of Walter Brown, who sang them on the original records by McShann's swing era band.

John Collins, the guitarist who spent 13 years in the shadows of the Nat King Cole rhythm section, was the party's latest reclamation from oblivion. Like Joe Venuti, Maxine Sullivan and others whom Gibson brought back from obscurity, Collins simply needed the right exposure. Playing such ballads as "The Girl Next Door" (verse and chorus) and "My One and Only Love," he revealed a rare delicacy and chordal sensitivity.

Gibson regards his sessions as basically instrumental. Horn blowers who care to burst into song are free to do so, but singers as such are rarely hired. This year, in addition to Joe Newman's Satchmo impression and vocals by Clark Terry, Ralph Sutton and Doc Cheatham, Maxine Sullivan materialized, small almost to invisibility, trimly gowned and neatly coiffed as ever, singing straight melody yet bringing to each tune something more than its inherent value.

Sullivan was this year's surprise guest. Fittingly, she began with "Surprise Party," sang five more not-too-overworked standards, then responded to the crowd reaction by disinterring "Loch Lomond." This was her first hit,

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LEONARD FEATHER
PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ
Jay McShann

THE CASE OF JAY McSHANN is a classic instance of an artist who remains ignored, or at least incompletely appreciated, only to enjoy substantial recognition later in life. Since touring Europe in 1968 he has been increasingly in demand for tours at home and abroad, and on records; yet for many years after the break-up of his band in the mid-1940s, he remained in relative obscurity in Kansas City.

Often known by his nickname "Hootie," McShann was born in Muskogee, Oklahoma, on January 12, 1909, according to most reference books, though lately he has been insisting that the correct date is January 12, 1916. He studied piano from the age of 12, was at Fisk University briefly, then led his own band in Arkansas.

A chance visit caused him to settle in Kansas City, where in 1937 he formed the band that first brought him a measure of national recognition. This was due partly to the blues vocals of Walter Brown, whose "Confessin' The Blues" was McShann's first hit. (A relatively unknown member of the sax section was Charlie Parker, whose fitful employment with McShann included a visit to New York in 1939.)

The band recorded a few sessions for Decca in 1941; there were also a couple of piano solos with rhythm, and a few later combo dates for independent labels, but by 1946, after a period of Army service and a brief residency in Los Angeles, the pianist/leader had drifted back to Kansas City. What few records he made suffered inadequate exposure.

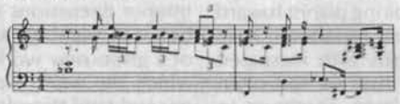
The renaissance of interest in McShann resulted in his participation in a documentary film, *The Last Of The Blue Devils*, devoted to Kansas City jazz veterans and inexplicably not yet released. He also toured several Eastern European countries with a show entitled *The Musical Life Of Charlie Parker*, in 1974. Some of his other appearances in recent years have found him in the company of Claude Williams, a veteran violinist and guitarist who was a member of the early Count Basie orchestra.

McShann enjoyed a strong association with the blues, and many of his best-remembered records found him in the company of such singers as Julia Lee and Jimmy Witherspoon. Ironically, it was not until he became a featured blues vocalist himself that he began to receive some of the recognition he has long deserved as a pianist.

Last year, while appearing with a trio at Michael's Pub in New York, McShann headed a series of sessions for an Atlantic album, *The Big Apple Bash* [SD 8804]. Among the participants on various tracks were such veterans as trumpeter Doc Cheatham, trombonist Dickie Wells, Herbie Mann on flute and tenor sax, and Gerry Mulligan on baritone sax. To me, however, the most intriguing cut by far was "I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water," on which McShann sang and played this classic 12-bar blues accompanied only by guitarist John Scofield.

VERYL OAKLAND

Like almost all blues of this type, this was in 4/4 time, with McShann playing four beats to the bar during most of the first chorus and Scofield pumping out a bass-like four-beat line; however, because of the use of triplets, it has been transcribed in 12/8. Conventional jazz notation would have employed dotted eighths and sixteenths in place of the various quarters and eighths used here. [*Ed. Note: Jazz pianists would have no trouble duplicating McShann's rhythms if the solo were notated like this:*



We preferred the 12/8 notation, which in this case is equivalent to 4/4 with each dotted quarter taking the place of a quarter, because it makes the rhythm more apparent to readers who are not familiar with the conventions of jazz notation, and also cleans up the page by eliminating a lot of triplet brackets with little 3's over them.]

McShann uses several devices that combine to constitute a thoroughly authentic blues feeling. Particularly important is his use of right-hand effects in which the lower note, mostly played with the thumb, is strongly articulated and constitutes the melody line, while upper notes such as the *Eb*'s in bars 1 and 3 are played so lightly as to be almost inaudible. This, combined with the see-sawing between the *A*'s and *Bb*'s (or the *D* and *Eb* in bar 6), help establish a typically funky 1930s blues effect.

McShann is by no means a primitive blues player; on the contrary, bar 4 shows how his comparative harmonic sophistication can lend a personal character. He moves from a C chord to a rootless *G9#5*, thence to an implied *E7* and an *F7* (again without the root). Thus despite the presence of four chords within one measure, he winds up just where he must in order to retain the blues essence, at the IV of the orthodox I–IV–V–I blues progression.

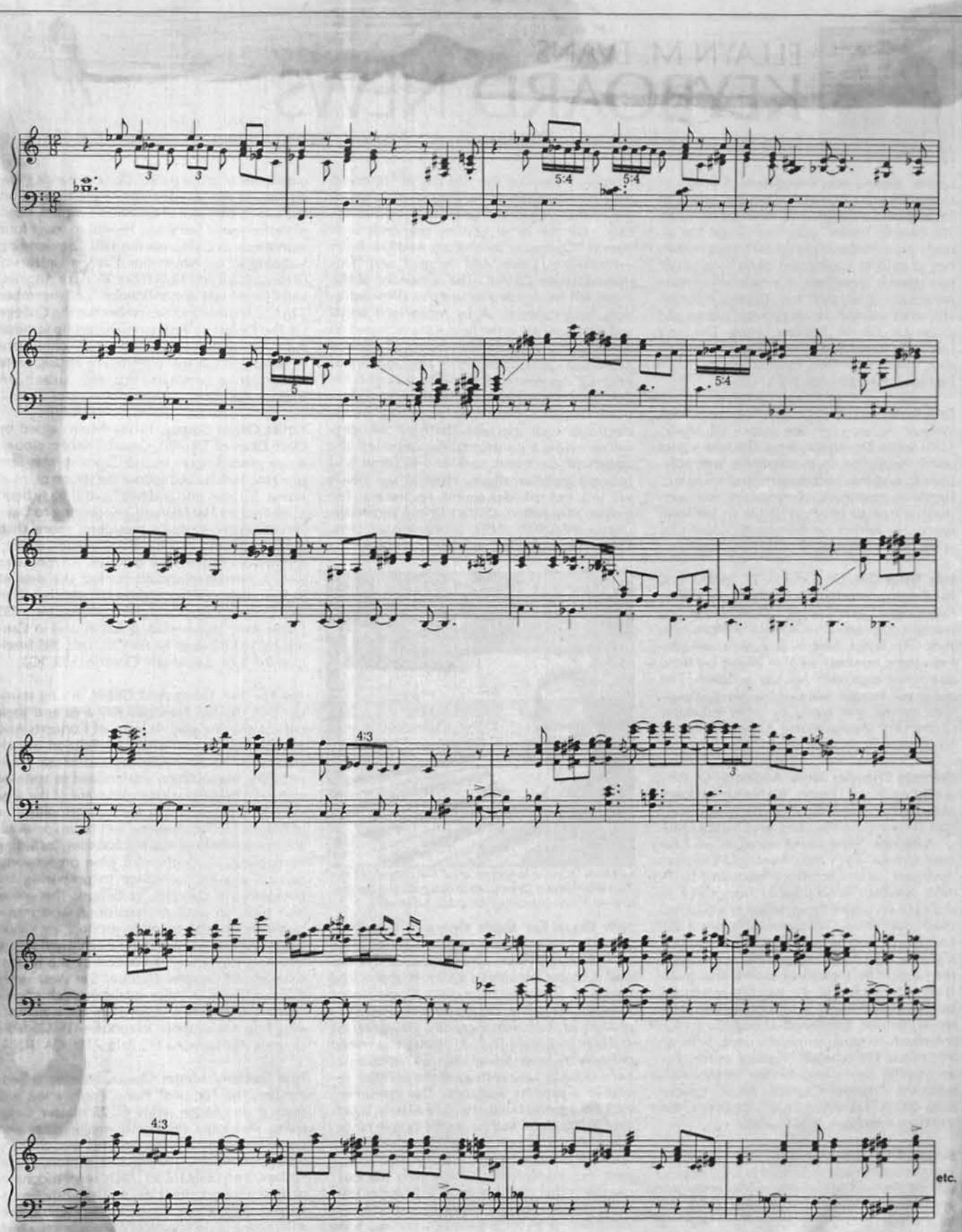
The *G#* and *A* in bar 8 offer another example of the melody in the lower level of the right-hand line, the two C#'s being underplayed.

Frequent use also is made of grace notes and of thirds during the first chorus; however, at the end of bar 12 he launches into a series of octaves with interior thirds. This has always been a compellingly emotional blues effect, as are the tremolos in 13 and 23.

Bar 18 is worthy of special study. Including the grace notes there are 19 notes in the fast-moving line; the slide from *Bb* and *Eb* down to the *F* and *D*, using the thumb and little finger, is another concept that helps to make this a totally compelling illustration of the blues genre.

The *B♮* at the beginning of 20 comes as something of a surprise during a solo that has emphasized so many flatted thirds and sevenths; however, its use is logical, since it is part of an *Em* chord leading to the *A7* (among many players of the 1930s the change to a VI7 at this juncture of the blues was quite common).

What is most remarkable of all is that there is nothing so technically demanding about these two choruses that any reasonably well equipped pianist could not perform them; yet it takes a certain natural feeling for jazz, and most particularly for the blues, to make the improvisation come alive. As much as any artist in his field, Jay McShann has that unique quality that has become a globally imitated aspect of the Afro-American heritage.



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

JAZZ JOURNAL/JUNE 1979

STATESIDE SCENE ~ *West Coast*

by Howard Lucraft

Benny Carter (just re-married) composed a slew of new big-band originals for his upcoming LP on the Pablo label . . . **Anita O'Day** recorded a new album for Gene Norman's Crescendo Records. Producer **Leonard Feather** advised: "In the past Anita has done the same tunes so many times. This recording has new things for Anita. She romped through the new material. As always she's scary — she's so creative. And **Ernie Watts** (tenor, flute and soprano) blew some inspiring interludes." . . . Talking of **Leonard Feather** reminds that his attractive vocalist-daughter Lorraine (now a solo "chirp") has a new Concord disc in the shops. "Although this record is jazz I'm into the contemporary thing as well," Lorraine hastens to point out. The LP (CJ78) also features **Scott Hamilton**, the young tenor man who so surprisingly plays with a **Hawkins/Webster** sound and style. After many years of travelling with a road company of "Jesus Christ Superstar" Lorraine now plays several of the Los Angeles area jazz clubs and Las Vegas. . . . Guitarist **Ivor Mairants** spent a week in Los Angeles and managed to visit a few of his many American guitarist friends. I took him to the Merv Griffin TV show to hear **Mundell Lowe** picking some nice little bits of jazz. **Ray Brown's** Fender bass lines didn't disappoint either! Later he saw **Vincente Gomez** ("my first flamenco favourite"). We also went to Donte's in North Hollywood for the debut of the young **Brian Mitchell Quintet.** Brian is the tenorist/flautist son of **Whitey Mitchell** (and nephew of Red Mitchell). **Bruce Fowler,** a new young trombonist with an agile technique, impressed Ivor. Former **Harry Roy** and sessioner bassist **Al Burke** (now a Hollywood resident) threw a party for Ivor. A bunch of British ex-patriots attended including **Bob Efford, Max Geldray, Laurie Bookin and Woolfie Phillips.** . . . **Richard Pullin,** American trombonist and composer, domiciled in Holland 1968 to 1974, may be remembered for some appearances in England during that time. Now back in California he's running the jazz operation of the radio station at the University of California in Northridge. Late in February he persuaded the Musicians Union to allow jazz instrumentalists to play free for a broadcast-concert. "I want to maintain the dignity of jazz," he affirmed. "We aren't charging admission for the concert but we do need donations to keep jazz on the air." The show ran from 6 p.m. to 4 a.m. with drummer **Chuck Flores** and his Octet, singer-pianist — hip composer **Dave Frishberg,** the **Frankie Capp—Nat Pierce** big band with singer **Ernie Andrews,** the **Bill Berry** big band, clarinetist **Abe Most,** trombonist **Bennie Powell** both playing with **Jon Hendricks'** "Evolution of the Blues" group, the full **Bill Holman Orchestra,** the **Bobby Shew Quartet** and Pulin's own outfit, **Full Circle.** With negligable advertising sadly only about 150 jazz fans attended.

Los Angeles Times 9/23/79 (syndicated)

JAZZ

WOMEN'S AD LIB AT KEYBOARDS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The past year has been marked by a rare efflorescence of women performers in jazz. Principally as a result of the successful Women's Jazz Festivals, held in March of 1978 and 1979 at Kansas City (and now being widely imitated in other cities), job opportunities for musicians long victimized by sex discrimination have been slowly improving.

Most of the great records by women instrumentalists of the past are lying cobweb-covered on the shelves of major record companies. They refuse to reissue them and, ironically, don't bother to prevent small companies from appropriating and releasing them without permission in sloppily produced packages. However, new LPs are appearing, produced by legitimate operators, three of which offer a rare study in contrasts.

Mary Lou Williams, heard in "Solo Recital—Montreux Jazz Festival 1978" (Pablo Live 2308-218), is herself almost a living history of jazz. The first cut of her live album, played without accompaniment, finds her treading a confident path from spirituals through ragtime to blues, Kansas City swing and boogie-woogie. She negotiates each style as if it were her private domain.

Later, in standards ("The Man I Love," "Tea for Two"), her best known original blues tunes ("Little Joe From Chicago," "What's Your Story Morning Glory") and a haunting soliloquy, "Concerto Alone at Montreux," Williams brings her personal mix of power, energy and harmonic finesse to a rainbow of moods that remind us of her perennial progressiveness. During almost 50 years as a recording artist she has continued to broaden her outlook, allying her basic pre-Swing Era tenets with the values of today. This is the most successful of her series of Pablo Albums. Five stars.

JoAnne Brackeen, whose star has been swiftly ascending during the past few years, has moved to Columbia Records via its Tappan Zee affiliate. Her first album for the label, "Keyed In" (Columbia JC 36075), will bring her to a much broader audience than she reached in a series of albums on independent labels. This makes it all the more regrettable that Columbia has not seen fit to provide liner notes. The foldout cover, offering nothing but a 2-foot-long drawing of a key, is hardly an exercise in subtlety.

An alumna of the Woody Shaw, Art Blakey, Stan Getz and many other combos, Brackeen now leads a splendidly unified trio with Jack De Johnette on drums and Eddie Gomez on bass. She has made giant steps both as pianist and composer. A fine piano, superbly recorded, brings out the full value of the seven original compositions that make up this LP.

"Let Me Know," a stately theme with rolling trio interplay, "El Mayorazgo" with its odd mixture of Mexican and quasi-Oriental sounds, and "Twin Dreams" with its quirky repeated bass figure are among the most dynamically inventive of Brackeen's works. Though she is closer to McCoy Tyner than to any other contemporary, Brackeen's command of every area from tonality to free-music Cecil Taylor avant-gardism marks her as one of the freshest piano innovators of recent years. Four and a half stars.

Toshiki Akiyoshi's success as composer and bandleader has limited her activity as a piano soloist, but "Dedications" (Inner City 6046) finds her in good company, with bass and drums, performing works by seven of her favorite musicians. She is in high gear and full control on "Tempus Fujit," written by Bud Powell, the early bebop pioneer who helped formulate her style.

Akiyoshi's territory is dea(center: more orthodox and tonal than Brackeen but less tradition-rooted than Williams. Her best cut is an old Oscar Pettiford blues, "Swingin' Till the Girls Come Home." Originally an uneventful but ebullient blues line, it is sublimated here through a slowed-down tempo and a gently chorded approach that greatly enhances the melody. Four stars.

□

YES AND NO DEPARTMENT: Pianist Hank Jones is twice represented this week. His "Ain't Misbehavin'" (Galaxy 5123) was perhaps inevitable, since he has spent most of the last year onstage in the Broadway show; however, caught between two styles, he is consistently true neither to the Fats Waller stride-swing of the '30s nor

PHOTO BY PHIL STERN

Mary Lou Williams is almost a living history of jazz.

to his own natural bent, the bebop of the '40s-'50s. Moreover, contrary to the notes' assertion, the added horns on three of the six tracks fail to capture the spirit of Waller's old combo. Two stars.

On the other hand, Jones in "Hanky Panky" (Inner City 6020) has no overworked songs to deal with; he has an ideal rhythm team in Ron Carter, bass and Grady Tate, drums; he takes fresh and/or unfamiliar tunes by Sara Cassey, Claus Ogerman and others, playing only two standards among nine cuts. Four stars.

□

JOYS OF SAX: Zoot Sims is teamed with a long-respected Swedish guitarist, Rune Gustafsson, in "The Sweetest Sounds" (Pablo Today 2312-106), notable for their samba treatment of the title song and customized versions of "Goodbye Yellow Brick Road" and "A Song for You." Three and half . . . Stan Getz probably has a commercial winner in "Children of the World" (Columbia JC 35992), which finds him surrounded by Lalo Schifrin tunes and arrangements, synthesizers etc. However, except when he uses the echoplex, what you have is still what you Getz: one of the most durably persuasive of tenor sounds. Three stars . . .

Lee Konitz plays brilliant alto on "What's New" in Shelly Manne's "French Concert" (Galaxy 5124), recorded live, illuminated by Mike Wofford's lyrical piano. Four stars.

"What's New" gets another alto sax resuscitation in "Stan Kenton Presents Gabe Baltazar" (Creative World 3005). Like several of the charts and performances in this big band set, it is somewhat overarranged and overblown. A redeeming factor is the writing and playing on Don Menza's "Love Song." Three stars. The Baltazar album (like Konitz, he is an ex-Kenton alto sax soloist) has an annotation by Kenton, whose office, by the way, will retain and probably expand his Creative World catalog.

Still a third "What's New" crops up in an album by yet another former Kenton alto soloist, Art Pepper, who has a free-swinging new set called "Among Friends" (Interplay 7718). So what else is new? Three and a half.

□

SHORT CUTS: "Louie Bellson Jam" (Pablo 2310-838) is misleadingly titled, since most cuts have small band arrangements. Highlighted by the presence of the late trumpeter Blue Mitchell, this was one of his last albums. The opening number is Mitchell's engaging "Melody for Thelma." His horn is ideally suited to Bellson's entrancing ballad "Time to Ride a Moonbeam." Four stars.

□

WELCOME TO THE CLUB: Latest addition to the ever-expanding list of jazz labels is Storyville, a Scandinavian company that at last has a U.S. outlet. Among the first bunch of releases, all in the three-to-four star range: Warne Marsh Quintet, with Lee Konitz (SLP 4001); a rare Duke Ellington set, from the sound track of a 1962 film Duke made for the Goodyear Co. (4003); Harry (Sweets) Edison and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis (4004); an Eddie Condon set featuring Wild Bill Davison (4005); a little known group of boogie-woogie piano airchecks, mostly by Pete Johnson and Meade Lux Lewis (4006), and clarinetist Edmond Hall at the old Hangover in San Francisco with the Ralph Sutton quartet (4009). Storyville lives at Moss Music Group Inc., 211 E. 43rd. St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Long may it thrive. □

SOME LIKE IT 'HOT' 4/29

Ferguson: Still Chops of Steel

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The title of his latest album says it all: "Hot." That is the current condition of Maynard Ferguson's 14-piece orchestra, heard Wednesday at the Roxy and probably for several blocks beyond it.

Ferguson's audiences, seeking the ultimate in pyrotechnical displays by a trumpeter with chops of steel, need look no further. On the other hand, music lovers searching for taste, dynamic contrast and sensitivity will have to turn elsewhere. During "Gabriel," described by Ferguson as a jazz-gospel-rock-spiritual march, there was one genuinely melodic passage, but the hypertense treatment was hopelessly at odds with it, effectively canceling out its value.

The potential of this crisp, precise ensemble, and Ferguson's devastating technique, make one wish that Nick Lane, his principal composer and arranger, could find it in his heart and pen to reduce the constant fever pitch. The brassy overkill never lets up, whether it's "Birdland" or "Rocky II" or "Star Wars" or the egregious degradation of the "Vesti la giubba" aria from "Pagliacci," which moves from tasteful introduction to total traduction.

But wait. Ferguson brings on Vemu Mukunda, who plays the vina, and Cassandra with her tamboura. East and West merge, at first cautiously; Ferguson even mutes his horn in the sacred Indian song, with its puzzling meters and long, slow phrases. A fuguelike passage ensues, Maynard adds some almost Hebraic touches, and you can't tell West from East from Middle East. This work, with its unison vocal interludes, was by far the most stimulating performance of the evening.

The band is not short on soloists, but generally, even during the frenetic bebop rundown of Sonny Rollins' "Airegin," they have little chance to achieve much amid the clamor. Guitarist Tom Rizzo and saxophonist Mike Migliore came off best.

Ironically, Ferguson's excellent drummer, Jim Rupp, recently graduated from the Ohio State University Jazz Ensemble, a college group far more diversified in its material and its shadings, more artistically oriented and generally interesting than the band to which he now lends his skills. But, as Rupp must have realized, Ohio State is not show business.

Junko Mine, a Japanese jazz singer, also appeared in Monterey—an odd choice given the talent in Japan.

not constitute a showcase. A carefully organized World Jazz Festival would do justice to those who have been shortchanged in their U.S. appearances.

A matinee concert Saturday could present the diverse and stimulating keyboard sounds of France's Martial Solal, South Africa's Dollar Brand, Switzerland's George Gruntz, East Germany's Joachim Kuhn, Poland's Adam Makowicz and, of course, Tete Montoliu. America's adopted son, George Shearing, would also qualify. Any one of dozens of Americans such as Keith Jarrett or Herbie Hancock would add musical and box office value.

A "Violin Summit" Sunday matinee would constitute a similar study in contrasts, with Stephane Grappelli, Didier Lockwood and Jean-Luc Ponty (France), Michal Urbaniak (Poland), Svend Asmussen (Denmark) and Papa John Creach (United States).

The Saturday evening concert would concentrate on vocalists, with Cleo Laine (Britain) and Sarah Vaughan (United States) as main attractions, as well as Flora Purim (Brazil), Urszula Dudziak (Poland), Georgie Fame (Britain), Karin Krog (Norway), Monica Zetterlund (Sweden).

Finally, a Sunday-evening jam session unlike those to which we have become accustomed at domestic convocations. This would take into consideration the musicians' compatibility, their familiarity with the tunes to be played, and their sympathetic temperaments.

This concert would be divided into several groups. The amount of talent available today, without even taking Americans into consideration, is unprecedented. Germany's Albert Mangelsdorff is by all odds one of the two or three most original trombonists currently active. Others firmly established overseas (and in most cases familiar to the U.S. audience at least through records) include Kenny Wheeler (Canada), Enrico Rava (Italy) and Terumasa Hino (Japan), trumpets; Victor Assis Brasil (Brazil) and Zbigniew Namyslowski (Poland), reeds; Gunter Hampel (Germany), vibes; Philip Catherine (Belgium/Britain), Ed Bickert (Canada), guitar; Niels-Henning Orsted-Pederson (Denmark), George Mraz (Czechoslovakia), Dave Holland (Britain), Eberhard Weber (Germany), bass; Daniel Humair (France), Jon Christensen (Norway), drums; Airto Moreira (Brazil), percussion.

This list does not even take into account such long-established names as Oscar Peterson and Toshiko Akiyoshi. It is intended as a reminder of the degree to which the scene has expanded and of the potential musical validity of a deliberately international slant.

The festival would call for financing substantial enough to ensure maximum media attention, with complete television coverage, critics from five continents, and panel discussions in which they could trade ideas (and possibly blows) with the musicians. In sum, an exciting, all-encompassing weekend, like no previous event in jazz history. The whole weekend could be preserved on video discs: this, too, has never before been done.

How about it, George Wein of Newport. Or George Gruntz of Berlin. Or perhaps some other entrepreneur, looking for a peg on which to hang the jazz festival concept. The idea is yours for what it may be worth, and I hope, for the sake of the insufficiently promoted talents it will help to nourish, that it will give the recognition they deserve. □

17

9/30

JAZZ COMMENTARY

FESTIVAL FIT FOR A GLOBAL EVENT

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The jazz community, after growing from infinitesimal cult status to global proportions, is now ready for the one event it has never had: a world festival, completely international in outlook and scope.

The viability of such a project came vividly to mind during the recent Monterey Jazz Festival. Two events during a well-intended presentation, billed as "Jazz—the International Language," pointed up the positive and negative aspects that need to be carefully sifted before a program of this kind can be assembled.

First the positive: Vincente (Tete) Montoliu, a pianist from Barcelona, gave an all-too-brief recital of dazzling creativity. Though a phrase here and there suggested elements of Art Tatum, Bud Powell and others, Montoliu has developed a powerfully improvisational personality.

His background was supremely unlikely to equip him for a life in jazz. He was almost completely deprived of exposure to jazz. His father, an English horn player with the Barcelona Symphony, encouraged him to become a concert pianist but Montoliu's direction was irreversibly changed when his mother played him some Duke Ellington records.

Three years later, the expatriate American saxophonist Don Byas lived in the Montoliu home and became Tete's informal teacher. Though he was able to stage jam sessions in a local theater, the barren Spanish scene slowed Montoliu's acceptance. His first significant exposure was an appearance at the 1958 Cannes Jazz Festival.

During the 1960s he played all over the Continent with every visiting American from Roland Kirk to Archie Shepp. By the late 1970s he had an international reputation dating back 20 years; why it took so long for an American festival promoter to bring him over is anybody's guess. (He was here in 1967, playing 10 weeks at a New York club.) Montoliu, incidentally, has been blind since birth and is now also partially deaf.

The other event at Monterey, just a half-hour later, was the appearance of Junko Mine. Her tone was pleasant, her manner cool, but she sang as if she were auditioning for a Tokyo nightclub and had been studying old Helen Forrest records. Since Japan is the world's second jazz country and since scores of Japanese instrumentalists have developed exceptional skills (New York alone is said to have lured some 30, many of whom are working as busboys or waiters in Japanese restaurants until the right gig comes along), the choice of Junko Mine to represent Japan was incredible. She would not have justified importation from San Jose, let alone Tokyo.

PHOTOS BY BUNNIE TIEDEL

Vincente (Tete) Montoliu, blind jazz pianist, was a whirlwind of dazzling creativity at Monterey.

What did these two incidents prove? The first reminded us that jazz talent of the first magnitude has long been developing outside the United States; the second offered more evidence that mediocrity, too, is international, that taste must be exercised in organizing a festival.

Out of this grew a long siege of pencil chewing during which the following plan emerged:

The World Jazz Festival could take place, obviously, anywhere on earth; perhaps preferably outside the United States in order to stress its main theme, i.e., the spread of jazz talent beyond the borders of the country to which it is indigenous.

American artists' representation would be approximately equal to that of the other contributing territories. For example, Weather Report, co-led by an Austrian and an American, could be a leading attraction at one concert.

There is enough real talent to justify the mounting of a weekend-long celebration along these lines. The Weather Report concert could open Friday evening, along with combos led by Jan Garbarek (the poll-winning Norwegian saxophonist and composer), Jakob Magnusson (Iceland), Las Irakeres from Havana and Victor Assis Brasil, the alto saxophonist from Rio.

Brasil's treatment at Monterey still rankles in his memory. After 30 hours in planes and airports, he was thrown into a jam session group backing Junko Mine, where he played for two minutes; the next night he was lumped together with Scott Hamilton, a tenor player, in a Dizzy Gillespie group, playing an unfamiliar tune. This revealed only that he and Hamilton were incompatible with each other and with Gillespie. Such hastily assembled jams do

10/2

Willie Bobo Band Gets Down to Basics

"I ran away from home to hang out here in Malibu."

This was Willie Bobo's explanation of his surprising appearance for a four-day stint at Pasquale's. Normally he leads a 10-piece orchestra in person, augmented on his records by strings, extra horns and even vocal assistance; but on this occasion he showed his independence of such trappings.

Pat Senatore, the bassist and boniface of the club, led the accompanying unit, with Alan Broadbent (temporarily replacing George Cables) at the piano, and Roy McCurdy, back at the club after his tour with Sarah Vaughan, on drums.

Bobo's perennial Congero, Victor Pantoja, was added to this trio for the opening number, Miles Davis' "Solar." When Willie himself joined the group on "Blue Bossa," the three man percussion section created a fascinating network of cross-rhythms. If there were a dance floor at Pasquale's, what happened during the next hour would have proved more danceable than any disco sounds yet devised.

The intimate setting enhanced the impact of Bobo's perennially affecting ballad vocal hit, "Dindi." In addition to

POP MUSIC REVIEWS

Continued from 10th Page

singing and playing, he rapped with the audience, kidded with the musicians, called out instructions to Broadbent in a hilarious improvised arrangement of "Summertime" that was half-Latin, half-Liberace; in fact, by the time this busy, fast paced set was over, it seemed he had done everything but repaint the room.

Bobo's unique flair for blending music, humor and entertainment should enable him to secure other bookings in rooms that cannot afford his regular ensemble.

—LEONARD FEATHER

YOUTH MOVEMENT

Watrous Band Cooks at Donte's

BY LEONARD FEATHER

A new generation of highly qualified musicians, equipped to interpret big-band jazz with a dazzling precision and enthusiasm, has been growing up in America's colleges. Drawing his personnel from campuses in California and Texas, trombonist Bill Watrous has reorganized his orchestra, which he presented over the weekend at Donte's.

The musicians are almost all in their early 20s. The drummer, Chad Wackerman, is 19. Regrettably, but not surprisingly, among the 18 men on the bandstand there is not a single black face. Despite its Afro-American origins, very few young blacks nowadays are relating to this musical genre.

Watrous, a personable leader, has it all together, playing ballads as smoothly as a modern Tommy Dorsey and tearing into his jazz solos with a creative flamboyancy that never lets up.

Much of the material originates from within the band, written by saxophonists Gordon Goodwin or trumpeter Ken Kaplan. The latter's samba, "The Road Goes Ever Onward," employed four fluegelhorns and four flutes in a burst of vivid color.

Shifting continually in volume, mood and beat, the orchestra jumped from J. J. Johnson's lyrical "Lament" to a rock piece, "What It Is," to a splendid Tommy Newson reworking of Villa Lobos' first movement of the "Bachianas Brasileiras." Of the soloists other than Watrous, Goodwin and Kaplan seemed hasty and not very inspired; Ron Stout came closest to a personal style with his fluegel on "Just Friends," and Jim Cox added spice with some exhilarating piano, particularly during a sonorous arrangement of Chick Corea's "Windows." This arrangement displayed rich tonal textures, especially during a fast waltz passage for four soprano saxes and a clarinet.

In short, here is an orchestra that knows the value of shading, of contrast, of excitement, avoiding the stridency noted in Maynard Ferguson's ensemble while appealing to an audience in the same age group. Watrous and his youthful cohorts deserve encouragement—in that elusive form known as more gigs.

10/6/79

PEPPER AT LIGHTHOUSE

Chamber Jazz at Concerts by the Sea

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Communication is the name of the group, *and* the name of the game, at Concerts by the Sea. With bassist Red Mitchell as communicator-in-chief, aided only by pianist Tommy Flanagan and saxophonist Jerry Dodgion, the interaction is clear, pure and a model of what chamber jazz should be.

Mitchell, who tunes his bass like a cello (an octave lower), is not only a subtle, supple rhythm purveyor but also a fascinating soloist, whose every chorus is marked by loping runs, glissandos, melodic ingenuity and chordal surprises.

Dodgion, who spent a decade playing lead alto with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, is still a master of elegant and swinging thematic statements and improvisations on saxes and flute. As for Flanagan, his many years on the road with Ella Fitzgerald have not reduced his value as a jazz soloist. He remains the gentle bebopper, rhythmically precise and harmonically beguiling, always playing with delicate ease.

The combo plays mostly old jazz standards; in fact, it is not innovative, not spectacular and certainly, with its drumless constitution, not energetic; it is merely beautiful. Mitchell, who has wisely decided to keep the group together, will be at the Redondo Beach club through Sunday.

Farther up the shore, at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Art Pepper is putting his alto sax through its paces. Perhaps it was not advisable to listen to him immediately after hearing Dodgion, but even on the basis of comparison with Pepper's own high prior standards, this just didn't seem to be his night.

Playing short, wiggling phrases, he seemed to be waiting for someone to light a fire under him. To put it succinctly, Pepper wasn't hot.

He has a fine pianist in Milcho Leviev. His other sidemen, Bob Magnusson on bass and Carl Burnett on drums, are splendid musicians but tended to overplay when Leviev attempted to take a solo. The quartet closes Sunday.

JAZZ

ROLLINS: SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The expression on the faces of Doc Severinsen's musicians said it all. They sat entranced, and as Sonny Rollins reached his last cadenza the camera showed them breaking into uncharacteristic applause.

After "The Tonight Show" ended, a couple of the sidemen, who normally don't lose a moment heading for the door, took time out to stop and thank Bill Cosby, the guest host, who had made good on his promise to bring the saxophone colossus to an audience of 15 million, by far the largest he had ever faced.

At Cosby's suggestion, instead of a conventional blow with a rhythm section, Rollins had devoted his tenor outing to an unaccompanied improvisation that lasted close to six minutes. Such adventurous opportunities are all but nonexistent on commercial American television, even at 12:50 a.m.

The appearance was a landmark, and one well timed, since Rollins' new album ("Don't Ask," Milestone 9090) has just been released. The least any such exposure can accomplish is a transition from "Sonny Who?" to "Oh, yeah, I saw him on 'The Tonight Show.'"

Rollins, a man given to intense self-criticism, was dissatisfied with his work, claiming that he was called onstage suddenly, had to run up a flight of stairs, was winded when he began playing, and so forth. Nobody who knows Sonny Rollins will ever expect him to find complete pleasure in anything he has accomplished.

"Television can be a valid musical experience," he admits. "Five years ago they did an hour-long special with me for BBC, part of it recorded live at Ronnie Scott's Club in London. They took scenes of me in a park, followed me around all over town.

"In Japan, too, I've done live TV shows, interviews—they have the equivalent of the 'Today' show, and I did that during one visit. Naturally, I'm glad the 'Tonight' show happened, but I hope they have more of this kind of thing in the future."

The career of Theodore Walter Rollins, now clearly in the ascendancy, has taken him through triumphs and traumas. There have been long periods of self-imposed exile from music, during which he reassessed his values, did his lonely saxophone workouts in the solitude of the Williamsburg Bridge, studied metaphysics and Rosicrucianism, jogged regularly, and rid himself of everything from narcotics to drinking to smoking. A second sabbatical, from 1968-71, found him in Japan investigating Zen Buddhism, and in India, where he spent four months in an ashram outside Bombay.

Once regarded as a taciturn figure, with more than a hint of the eccentric or mystic, Rollins today seems happier and healthier than at any time in his roller-coaster life. He and Lucille, his wife of 19 years, live in a country home in Germantown, an upstate retreat a couple of hours train ride from New York, where he is able to spend several months each year relaxing, practicing, composing, exercising or meditating.

"Practicing my horn is itself a form of meditation, although I still do a lot of yoga. I'm thankful that I have enough time and

Sonny Rollins

privacy in my life now to play, meditate, get charged up and come back out on the road. I'm not the kind of person to do that constantly; if I'm out traveling on one-nighters for five weeks, I'm a nervous wreck. Too much road time makes it a job instead of enjoyment, and happily, enjoyment's what it is right now."

Another advantage in the reduction of his traveling obligations, he observes, is that "this is the only way to keep a group together nowadays. I've had my men since the spring of 1978, and I think the reason they stay with me is that they have time to do other things. When we do go out on the road, they're nice tours: Europe, Japan, or American college dates. If we were working on more of a full time basis, the combo wouldn't last long."

Musically, Rollins has been analyzed in the typical compartmentalizing manner of the critics, who have variously pigeonholed him through phrases they designate as bop, hard bop, cool, avant-garde, electronic, fusion, jazz/rock and on ad infinitum. It would be more correct simply to recognize in him an artist willing and eager to indulge in any opportunity for evolution or experimentation that may present itself. Instead of recoiling from change, he examines it and, whenever the vibrations seem right, incorporates it.

"I welcome anything that enables me to expand my own expression," he says. "I've never electrified my own horn, but on 'Disco Monk' in the new album I overdubbed a second sax part, played some acoustic piano, and my pianist Mark Soskin doubled on clarinet, electric keyboard and string ensemble synthesizer. On another cut, 'Tai Chi,' I played the lyricon.

"I'm afraid of getting into too many special recording effects, because I think of myself as mainly a performing artist. I don't want to make a personal appearance without being able to reproduce exactly what people heard on the record."

Many of the seminal figures in jazz history have achieved eminence without devoting extensive time to a study of their peers. Duke Ellington, perhaps the most illustrious example, seemed only vaguely aware of what went on in the contemporary music scene. Rollins admits that he doesn't get around a great deal, though he does listen to records now and then.

"I like some of the crossover stuff, and the soul things. I suppose the guys whose music I grew up with are still making records, but I don't get to hear them. My producer, Orrin Keepnews, told me he just recorded J.J. Johnson; a few other guys like Horace Silver are still making albums too, I guess, but you just don't seem to hear them on the air, and never see them on television."

Though his influence has been powerful and enduring, he is scarcely conscious of the existence of a virtual school of tenor players who clearly came up under Rollins' influence. "I've heard other people say that Lew Tabackin is a Rollins-inspired tenor player, but I haven't noticed much of me in Lew's playing."

Rollins has always been a maverick in his choice of material. Given to odd quotes from unlikely sources, he has a mental file cabinet of antique pop songs that may number in the thousands. He looks for this catholicity of taste in his sidemen, and was happy to find it a year or two ago when Keepnews recommended Mark Soskin for the keyboard chair.

What would he like to do that remains in the realm of the unaccomplished? Rollins pauses momentarily.

"I'd like to be able to enlarge my group, not just for records but also on the road. It would be nice to have a couple of other compatible horn players, and an extra percussionist. Travel expenses make that almost impossible nowadays.

"In the area of writing, I'm working on something now that's sort of an extended work for saxophone, which I'd like to record with a larger instrumentation."

In the wake of the mass exposure afforded by his "Tonight" shot, and the apparent commercial viability of his new album, Rollins' objectives seem modest. □

10/9

JAZZ AND POP MUSIC REVIEWS

New Tyner Group at Royce—the Real McCoy

The McCoy Tyner group, as heard Friday at Royce Hall, was almost the same combo he presented in the same hall exactly two years ago, but with one unimportant change and one important addition.

The change: a different drummer, George Johnson. The addition: John Blake, a violinist who adds a vital new dimension to Tyner's music.

Formerly with Grover Washington, Blake plays with an irresistible rhythmic drive. He provides a perfect foil for the leader's passionate, churning piano statements, keeping his amplifier high enough to allow him to dominate the three-man front line; in effect, he takes over the function of a trumpet player.

Most of the works performed found Blake alongside Joe Ford on flute or soprano sax, with George Adams on tenor sax, in the statement of a typically driving Tyner theme, with fiercely intense backing by a rhythm section that mixed Brazilian, African and Cuban elements. When Blake's turn came for improvising on the basic structure, he would build from climax to super climax in a meteoric display of originality.

Tyner, of course, was as awesome as ever. In his opening solo number, "Passion Dance," the speed and interdependence of his hands suggested two wildly dissonant solos at once, interlocking with demonic ingenuity.

Among the septet pieces that stood out were Tyner's "Nubia," the attractive "Ballad for Aisha," with its dazzling bass solo by Charles Fambrough, and the half-hour "Festival in Bahia," with the percussion and flamboyant personality of Guilherme Franco contributing to the explosive mood. The encore, "Motherland," was Blake's composition.

Joe Ford was the more consistent of the horn players; Adams seemed less concerned with the choice of notes than with the proliferation of them. Using split tones and body English, rolling his eyes heavenward, he drew audience applause with every solo. During one segment of "Fly With the Wind" he and Ford engaged in an effective two-flute foray.

Blake was the postconcert topic of conversation. He is surely the most important new violinist to reach the jazz forefront during the past several years. Tyner and company will be back in town to play the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach Oct. 17-21.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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10/18

AT PARISIAN ROOM

Ted Curson Fronts an Ad-Hoc Group

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The group now appearing at the Parisian Room under the direction of Ted Curson is carrying on, through its instrumentation and modus operandi, a tradition that goes deep into the background of jazz.

Trumpet and saxophone constitute the front line, backed by acoustic piano, drums and upright bass. The tunes, rooted in the 32- or 12-bar format, are used for the opening and closing choruses; everything else, except for an occasional background effect, is strictly ad-lib.

Time has wrought slight differences: Curson also plays fluegelhorn and piccolo trumpet, a small horn with a pipe-like sound. His saxophonist, Nick Brignola, plays baritone instead of the traditional alto or tenor, and occasionally alters the blend by picking up a soprano for an ensemble chorus.

All told, though, it isn't very far removed from a combo concept identified with Horace Silver, Art Blakey and the early Miles Davis. Curson brings a fresh touch here and there in some of his compositions. "Reava's Waltz," which he wrote while working with Charles Mingus, is a bristling ¾-blues that afforded Brignola a chance to display his voluble bebop chops. Curson, on trumpet, generated intensity in a gritty and personal style.

Less engaging was "Straight Life," a blues in which his piccolo trumpet sounded thin and shrill. "Round Midnight," with Curson on fluegelhorn straining for high notes that seemed to be just out of reach, found his intonation and inspiration flagging.

Economics dictated that instead of bringing an organized quintet, Curson hired a local rhythm section. He was fortunate to find in bassist Kevin Brandon a doubly gifted performer who not only anchors the rhythm team but also deployed a technically outstanding and melodically individual solo style.

Rounding out the unit were Dwight Dickerson at the piano and Dick Berk on drums. They are competent, but it is Brignola and Brandon who give his ad hoc group a measure of distinction. Curson is a long-respected artist but on opening night, perhaps fazed by the lack of rehearsal, was not generally in optimum form. The quintet closes Sunday; opening Tuesday, Esther Phillips.

"Jazz Alive" has helped enhance the public awareness not merely of the big bands of those old remote days, but also of the eclecticisms of fusion music, the updated rhythms of bebop and the undated progressivisms of the avant-garde. These educational and entertainment ventures are primarily the brainchildren of two men, both 30 years old, both steeped in jazz lore.

A major participant in carrying the torch for the series was Steve Rathe, now its executive producer, whose radio experience dates back to his early teen years. Listeners in Glen Rock, N.J., picking up a weak local signal that bore such messages as: "Hello, this is Steve Rathe on WSMR: and now here is 'Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini," might have been taken aback to learn that the call letters were the initials of Steve M. Rathe, who used a library ranging from old 78s by Enrico Caruso, borrowed from his grandfather, to "Bikini" and other youth-aimed pop singles. The prodigious disc jockey built and operated WSMR out of his parents' basement.

After earning a BS in radio, television and film at Ithaca College, N.Y., Rathe became a cable TV pioneer, producing and directing several shows for an Ithaca cable station from 1969-71. He worked for Canadian Broadcasting Corp. before signing up in 1974 with National Public Radio, where he hosted "Folk Festival U.S.A." before embarking on "Jazz Alive!"

Owens, another lifelong devotee of radio, was hanging around a Thousand Oaks station at 14, where he was first a pinch-hit announcer, then won a regular deejay shift and at 16 became the news director. While at UC Santa Barbara, he was music director of the college station, rising in the ranks to general manager by his senior year.

"I've been involved with jazz since the late 1950s," he says. "I spent thousands of hours listening to the bands—Ellington, Hampton, Goodman—and the combos of Miles Davis and Coltrane." Owens came to NPR and "Jazz Alive!" in July 1977, after producing one of the pilot shows in San Francisco.

"This is as much pleasure as work to me. I think we've shown there's a growing national audience that wants to support and listen to jazz."

By taking care of the technical end and by setting up broadcasts from locations where the audience reaction adds to the live ambiance, Owens is able to transmit, via the 220 NPR noncommercial member stations, a sense of the improvisatory spirit essential to the best jazz. Taking care of the more informative and educational end of the series are the succinctly eloquent narrations of Dr. Billy Taylor.

First nationally prominent as leader of the band on the David Frost TV show from 1969-72, Taylor, 58, is rumored to have enlarged his closet to accommodate an ever-expanding array of hats. A pianist, composer ("I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel to Be Free," a civil-rights anthem of the '60s), lecturer, music activist and businessman, he has been a

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LEONARD FEATHER

Continued from Page 99

presidential appointee to the National Council on the Arts, a board member of ASCAP and of the Newport Jazz Festival, founder and president of Jazzmobile, vice president of the Recording Academy, and holder of too many other prestigious titles to list.

Taylor handles all his assignments with the aplomb and erudition they require, yet with affability and a singular lack of pretention. The Oct. 29 special, featuring several of his compositions, will provide a deserved reminder of the vital role he has played, along with Rathe and Owens, in the success of "Jazz Alive!"

Each program is released for broadcast during a two-week period beginning with the dates indicated, as follows:

Today, "Strides of March," a jazz party with such swing gentry as Zoot Sims, Dick Hyman, Buddy Tate and Milt Hinton. Next Sunday: Stan Getz, Steve Getz (My Son the Drummer) and others at the Telluride Festival. Oct. 28: Elvin Jones in Chicago and Ahmad Jamal in Boston.

Nov. 4: Singer Michael Franks, live from Washington, and funk/rockers Spyro Gyra, from Buffalo. Nov. 11: Old and New Dreams Band (Asian, Middle Eastern and Afro-American sounds) from San Francisco, and avant-garde pianist Paul Bley from Washington. Nov. 18: Al Jarreau, Carmen McRae and others in a tribute to the late Irene Kral, from Hollywood. Nov. 25: Irakere, the fusion band from Havana, at a Washington gig; Mongo Santamaria from San Diego.

Dec. 2 will bring the seminal contemporary saxist and flutist Sam Rivers; Dec. 9, the Kansas City Women's Jazz Festival, taped last March; Dec. 16, Gil Evans' orchestra and others; Dec. 23, a tribute to Count Basie, with Jay McShann and singer Carrie Smith. Finally, Dec. 31, the third

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JAZZ

10/14

NPR BRINGS IT BACK 'ALIVE'

BY LEONARD FEATHER

You don't have to be very long in the tooth to feel nostalgic about live radio. Many of today's jazz fans were introduced to this music on what were known as "sustaining" (i.e. nonsponsored) late-night remotes. Many of these shows featured the eagerly awaited sounds of the big bands.

At the risk of waking up late and almost missing grade-school classes, millions of young Americans waited for their nocturnal kicks. Would Duke Ellington be on tonight from the Hurricane? Would the Grand Terrace send forth Earl Hines' big-band sounds over the Blue Network? Was John Kirby still jumping at the Pump Room? Count Basie at the Lincoln?

Audiences comparable to those who now turn to Johnny Carson (perhaps "Saturday Night Live" would be a better analogy) had their radios set for whichever of the network stations might be carrying these 15-or-30 minute segments, heard nightly during the halcyon days from as early as 10 p.m. clear through until 1 a.m. There were even afternoon broadcasts in the very early years; some older fans recall hearing Chick Webb's band, with vocals by Ella Fitzgerald, in matinee sessions over NBC.

Such delights tapered off during the years when TV took over while live radio entertainment and, ipso facto, all live jazz died out. With the demise in 1972 of the Arthur Godfrey CBS show, by then the only remaining daily-network series of its kind, radio was reduced to a transmitter of sports, news and endless recorded music, a format that has prevailed ever since. The dance-band network remotes did continue, however, in one lone holdout, the New Year's Eve specials, but even those were dropped a few years ago.

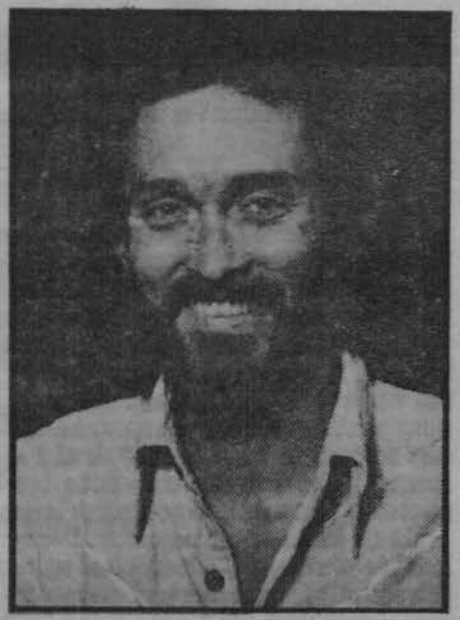
Then came a rare and priceless renewal and enlargement of the tradition, in the form of National Public Radio's "Jazz Alive!" A program so bold in objective and so successful in outcome that the exclamation point is well deserved, "Jazz Alive!" is presently celebrating its third anniversary as the only weekly national radio program of jazz in public performance.

The 1979 fall season kicked off with an example of the series' more popular and accessible aspects, with Mel Torme backed by Gerry Mulligan's orchestra, at the Kennedy Center in Washington. This was followed, however, by a sharp turn leftward that indicates the program's insistent breadth of scope: Archie Shepp, the 1960s' radical of the saxophone, symbol of racial pride and political consciousness, shared a program with drummer Max Roach who, like Shepp, is a musician, educator and spokesman for black music.

Shepp and Roach were both taped live at the Ann Arbor (Mich.) Jazz Festival. Live radio, you see, isn't always literally live, but live-on-tape, complete with audience reaction, and beats listening to a disc jockey dishing up schlock pop or nostalgia.

"Actually," says producer Tim Owens, "several of our best shows really have been live. We carried the entire White House Jazz Festival in June of 1978, with President Carter introducing an all-star cast. We did New Year's Eve live remotes in '77 and '78, picking up shows from clubs in various cities. Chick Corea and Woody Herman were on live from the Newport Jazz Festival in the summer of '78.

"Our next live-live broadcast will be 'Billy Taylor and Friends,' Oct. 29 from New York, with Billy leading a 19-piece orchestra with Dexter Gordon on saxophone and Johnny Hartman as guest vocalist."



Steve Rathe, left, and Tim Owens of National Public Radio's "Jazz Alive"

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Chevron's Robert E. Clarke (left) presents the Dictaphone 400L Audio Logger to KUSC general manager Wallace Smith.

Chevron Renews and Diversifies Support

Robert E. Clarke, regional vice president for Chevron, USA, Inc., recently announced the company's renewal of its annual unrestricted grant to KUSC.

Chevron was one of the first corporations to aid KUSC when the station began to build its noncommercial broadcast service in 1977. "Chevron's leadership has not only provided critical support," says KUSC general manager Wallace Smith, "but has also helped KUSC to attract grants from other organizations."

Chevron's annual unrestricted grants have also been used successfully as matching challenge grants during the last two fall pledge weeks. In each case, listeners responded by more than tripling the grant sum through new subscriptions to the station.

In addition to renewing its annual support, Chevron recently contributed a Dictaphone 400L Audio Logger. The audio logger allows the station's engineering staff to record all programming, 24 hours a day. The logger operates at ultra-slow speed, permitting up to a full week's programming to be recorded on a single reel of tape. Chevron's gift frees KUSC's engineering staff from the tedious job of maintaining program logs manually.

For many years, Chevron, along with the Skaggs Foundation, has underwritten the live broadcasts of the San Francisco Opera. These broadcasts from the War Memorial House can be heard on KUSC every Friday evening at 7:50 p.m. through the end of November.

TICOR Makes First Award to KUSC

The TICOR Foundation recently made a first-time grant to KUSC. Explaining the thinking behind the contribution, foundation executive director John M. Crowley said, "I sensed unusual potential at KUSC. The station had newly-expanded facilities and staff and was in an excellent position to develop its broadcast service to Southern California. I knew TICOR's contribution would be well used."

TICOR Foundation earmarked its contribution toward KUSC's Los Angeles Philharmonic broadcasts. The first season of this 26 week national series received support from several foundations (see accompanying stories on Atlantic Richfield and United California Bank), as well as from National Public Radio, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and producing station KUSC.

Concerts from the Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont can be heard Sundays at 6 p.m. The festival is under the artistic direction of Rudolf Serkin, and enjoyed close association with the late Pablo Casals.

Volume 1, No. 1

Soundings is published quarterly by KUSC-FM and is sent to leaders of corporations, businesses, financial institutions, foundations and government to inform them of the activities and progress of this public radio station.

Anne H. Lyness, Editor
Chris Dickey, Art Director

soundings
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University Park
Los Angeles, California 90007

91.5KUSCFM

USC TOWARD CENTURY II 1880 1980

U.S. POSTAGE 15¢ LOS ANGELES CALIF OCT 18 '79 650055

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FALL 1979
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soundings

Corporate Support Vital to Public Radio

The support of private business and industry is essential to the survival of public radio in America. Corporate underwriting of stations and specific programs is relatively new. Public radio itself has only recently begun to achieve the impact of its elder relative, public television.

We are proud of the support of those corporations and businesses which have already invested in KUSC. Their contributions, combined with the individual donations of KUSC subscribers and financial assistance from the University of Southern California, have enabled us to emerge as both a major National Public Radio station and as an important service to the citizens of Los Angeles.

Public radio is a community asset. Executives who value the quality of life in the areas where they and their employees live and work increasingly recognize its merits. Commercial radio is vital to America and will always provide the major program service to a community. Public radio enhances the total output of the medium by using its noncommercial advantage to deliver special events not available on commercial broadcasts.

KUSC's comprehensive appeal is demonstrated by its singularly distinctive programming. We bring to Los Angeles features such as the highly acclaimed national news magazine *All Things Considered*, regular season broadcasts of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Mobil's *Masterpiece Radio Theatre*, and our daily classical music programs.

We hope you are familiar with KUSC and we encourage you to listen to us at 91.5 FM. Our goal is to provide an important music, arts and information alternative for Los Angeles that will enhance the cultural advantage of living and working here. The support of public radio by you and your colleagues is an essential component in achieving that objective.

Wallace A. Smith

Wallace A. Smith
General Manager, KUSC

Atlantic Richfield Foundation Leads Philharmonic Series Funding

Atlantic Richfield Foundation has taken a leading role in support of nationwide radio broadcasts of the Los Angeles Philharmonic with a grant of $65,000. This landmark radio series includes the Philharmonic's entire 1978-79 season under the aegis of its new music director, Carlo Maria Giulini. The performances, produced by KUSC and distributed by National Public Radio, were broadcast from April through September in 140 U.S. communities.

KUSC's general manager, Wallace A. Smith, describes the series as a joint effort on the part of the Philharmonic, the foundation, and NPR. "We join the Philharmonic in thanking Atlantic Richfield Foundation whose $65,000 grant has helped to defray performance rights for the 26 broadcasts," he says. "We are also pleased that NPR is helping to fulfill the desire of Southern Californians to share the music of their great orchestra with the rest of the nation."

Atlantic Richfield Foundation's grant not only enabled KUSC to move ahead with recording the series, it provided leadership which was instrumental later in the year in attracting a major contribution from the United California Bank Foundation in support of the broadcasts (see accompanying story). The investments of these two foundations boosted the project from its proposal stage to the series heard across America.

For Atlantic Richfield Foundation, this project is an extension of a long-standing commitment to the cultural life of Southern California. Walter D. Eichner, executive director of the foundation, explained, "The Los Angeles Philharmonic is an absolutely outstanding orchestra. We hope that this radio series will make that fact abundantly clear to serious music enthusiasts everywhere."

KUSC's development director, Susan Stamberger, summarized, "The initial response to this series has been extremely pleasing. Both the orchestra's performance and the quality of the production have been praised by listeners across the country. With the substantial help of Atlantic Richfield Foundation and now the United California Bank Foundation, we have launched the first Los Angeles Philharmonic radio broadcast season, an event we hope will continue for many years to come."

Opening night of the Los Angeles Philharmonic's 1979-80 concert season will be broadcast live, Thursday, October 18, at 8:30 on KUSC. Carlo Maria Giulini will conduct Verdi's "Requiem" with soloists Renata Scotto, Lucia Valentini-Terrani, Veriano Luchetti, and Martti Talvela, and the Los Angeles Master Chorale. The program will be produced by KUSC.

Nonesuch Develops Record Coupon Premium

Over the past two years, Nonesuch Records, distributed by Elektra/Asylum Records, a division of Warner Communications, Inc., has made a major in-kind contribution to KUSC by donating records for use as premiums. Premiums are offered as incentives for new listener subscriptions during KUSC's on-air fundraisers. The Nonesuch records are especially popular with KUSC's classical music audience.

For the spring '79 fundraiser, Nonesuch created an innovative variation on the record premium — a coupon which could be redeemed for a Nonesuch recording. This allows subscribers to select records of their choice. And, since the subscriber chooses the premium at one of six retail outlets (Tower Records coordinates this effort for Nonesuch), costs to KUSC for packaging and mailing are sharply reduced.

KUSC's development director Susan Stamberger credits Keith Holzman, vice president, production, Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch, for these premiums. "It was Mr. Holzman who offered to donate the recordings, and he who developed the coupon idea," she says. "An avid fan of KUSC, he has actively and imaginatively supported our efforts to develop a financial base from listener subscriptions."

KUSC Wins Broad Community Support

By Susan Stamberger
Director of Development, KUSC

Only a broad base of funding–corporate, listener, foundation, government and university–will insure KUSC's freedom to be responsive to its large and diverse public in Southern California.

The emergence of public radio nationally is paralleled by the dramatic growth of KUSC in Los Angeles. In the early '70s the University of Southern California recognized KUSC's potential as a community resource, and hired full-time management to develop the station. By December 1976, with initial funding from the university and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, 91.5 was broadcasting at the maximum power allowed, with studios and offices housed in a spacious facility. Since then, KUSC has enlarged its professional staff from 5 to 30, doubled its record library, and lengthened its broadcast day from 18 to 24 hours.

Community response to KUSC has been as dramatic as the station's growth. Audience measurements by the American Research Bureau (ARB) show a 500% increase in listeners since 1976. KUSC subscribers now number 10,000, and have contributed a cumulative $575,000 during this period. The number of corporations and foundations supporting KUSC has grown from 5 to 20. It is projected that 45 percent of KUSC's budget this year will be met by listener and corporate donations. USC provides annual operating funds of $250,000 to $300,000, in addition to institutional support for maintenance and other basic administrative costs.

Upcoming KUSC simulcasts with KCET/ Channel 28 include a *Live From Lincoln Center* performance of Kurt Weill's opera, "Street Scene," with the New York City Opera, Saturday, October 27, at 8 p.m.

UCB Foundation Underwrites Philharmonic Series

The United California Bank Foundation made a major $25,000 grant for the national radio syndication by KUSC of the Los Angeles Philharmonic's 1978-79 concert season. The gift helped defray the cost of performance rights — an expense already partially funded by Atlantic Richfield Foundation (see accompanying story). National Public radio affiliates broadcast these concerts in communities across the country.

The grant reflects UCB Foundation's commitment to the arts. As foundation president Lloyd Dennis explained, "Music is a universal language of the arts and we appreciate the efforts of KUSC in making these concerts available to a national audience." Mr. Dennis went on to say that the series is an outreach effort which UCB understands and in which they want to share.

The broadcasts were heard in 140 communities nationwide. In California, 14 public radio stations from Sacramento to San Diego carried the concerts, reaching residents of every major population center in the state. The potential radio audience of the stations is estimated at 18 million people — 89 percent of California's population.

Individuals among this national audience responded with letters and telephone calls to KUSC. One gentleman from Pekin, Illinois sent his thanks, "Through you and your underwriters' efforts and contributions these fine events are made available to millions of Americans who otherwise would be unable to enjoy them." He continued, "I think this is one of the best efforts anyone can make to preserve and enhance the appreciation of fine music in this country ..."

KUSC Covers the Southland

In December 1976, the KUSC transmitter was relocated on Lookout Mountain, high in the Hollywood Hills, and power increased to 10,700 watts in stereo, the maximum permissible for new FM broadcasting facilities in California.

KUSC's signal now covers a listening area bounded by Newport Beach, Thousand Oaks and Pomona, with a potential audience of some 12 million persons.

KUSC also reaches many listeners via television cable systems. Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, Laguna Hills, San Diego and other areas receive 91.5 on cable connections. Even Teleprompter Cable TV in Beverly Hills has added KUSC to its service!

Classical Music Fan Underwrites Feather's Jazz Show

David L. Abell is a study in contrasts.

His company was KUSC's first business underwriter, having helped support the station before fundraising officially began.

He is a classical music lover, but underwrites a program devoted to jazz.

His company sells fine pianos and organs, yet Abell's keyboard specialists are noted for their expertise in electronic music.

Abell's association with 91.5 began in 1977 when Leonard Feather moved his show from another station to KUSC. Abell had sponsored the noted jazz critic on the commercial station, had often listened to and enjoyed KUSC, and was intrigued by the prospect of assisting KUSC while maintaining his professional ties to Feather.

Jazz is the American classical idiom, Abell says, and *The Leonard Feather Show*, which presents classics and important trends in the jazz world, has the advantage of the Times critic's unique perspective.

Abell is devoted to music and is active in local musical circles. He is past president of the Valley Symphony and serves on its advisory board, is on the Valley Youth Orchestra board and, each year, in cooperation with Yamaha Pianos, sponsors the Young Musicians Foundation $1,000 piano prize.

The Leonard Feather Show, which last year won a CPB local programming award, airs on KUSC Sunday nights at 9.

Subscriber Support

Continued from Page 100

annual "Jazz Alive" marathon gala, from three cities, until all hours.

And so on into the 1980s. If it weren't for the broad spectrum of musical styles involved, you'd swear you were staying up without parental consent, grabbing stolen moments with your Atwater Kent.

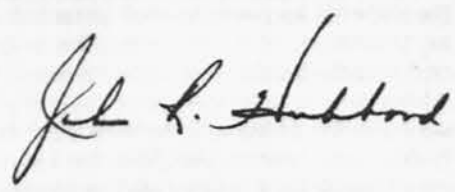
(Note: Southland NPR member stations include KLON-FM, Long Beach, 88.1; KUSC-FM, Los Angeles, 91.5; KPCS-FM, Pasadena, 89.3; KCRW-FM, Santa Monica, 89.9; KCPB-FM, Thousand Oaks, 91.1; and KCSN-FM, Northridge, 88.5.)□

USC's Hubbard Describes KUSC Role

The University of Southern California is dedicated to excellence in all aspects of its activities as a major institution of higher learning. KUSC through its classical music service represents an extension of that excellence to the community.

The University recognizes the opportunity to serve the citizens of Los Angeles through a high quality public radio station such as KUSC. The support of KUSC by business and industry provides another opportunity for a partnership between the University and the community of Southern California to provide a valued community service.

I am encouraged by the outpouring of support for KUSC by individual citizens of this community. The personal investment of more than 10,000 individuals is indicative of the high place KUSC holds in the lives of people in Los Angeles. The University's increased support for KUSC is based largely upon the belief that individuals, along with corporations, foundations, and other institutions, will demonstrate their interest in sustaining a high quailty public radio service in this city. The initial support of corporations noted in this first edition of *Soundings* is an encouraging signal that the civic community in Southern California does recognize the importance of KUSC in the cultural growth of this city. We look forward to this continued support as we work together to achieve a public radio service which will not only serve the citizens of L.A. but reflect the cultural accomplishments of Southern California throughout the nation. We want KUSC to set the standard by which fine arts public radio stations across the country are measured. We think the people of Southern California deserve no less. We hope you want to be part of this dream.



Dr. John R. Hubbard
President
University of Southern California

Getty's Grant Tripled By KUSC Listeners

Getty Oil Company's unrestricted grant to KUSC served as a challenge grant during the spring on-air fundraiser. "Getty's $5,000 grant brought an additional $10,000 from KUSC listeners in less than two hours," development director Sue Stamberger reported.

Sidney R. Petersen, Getty's president, said the company wants to be responsive to the interests and needs of its employees and their communities. "Many of our employees are interested in the arts — from Los Angeles' movie and recording industries to performances at the Music Center," he said. "It was that interest which motivated our support, and we're very pleased with the response by KUSC listeners." Mr. Petersen is also a director of the Los Angeles Symphony Association.

IBM Funds Vienna Broadcasts

IBM has provided funding for nationwide broadcasts this fall of three operas performed by the Vienna State Opera and the Vienna Philharmonic during their first visit to America. National Public Radio will provide exclusive live coverage of the Kennedy Center performances: "Fidelio" on Saturday, October 27, at 3:30 p.m.; "Le Nozze di Figaro" on Tuesday, October 30, and "Ariadne auf Naxos" on Tuesday, November 6, both airing at 5 p.m. IBM has provided $60,000 for the broadcasts, and earmarked $90,000 for their own promotion of the programs in cooperation with NPR.

$25,000 Brings Home Hours of KUSC Music

Frequent listeners to KUSC are familiar with the voices of the station's five full-time staff announcers, three program producer-hosts and the "regulars" on *All Things Considered* and other programs from National Public Radio.

But every now and then another familiar, though unidentified, voice graces the airwaves at 91.5.

On Monday, Friday and Saturday mornings and also on Wednesday evenings, the mystery voice can be heard to say that (this) "program is made possible (in part) by a grant from Home Savings and Loan Association."

The "voice," one of the most noted in radio and television, belongs to George Fenneman.

Mr. Fenneman, whose broadcasting credits are varied and distinguished, is perhaps best remembered for his television performances as Groucho Marx's straight man. Currently host of Channel 4's weekly *On Campus* show, he has for many years been a spokesman for Home Savings and Loan.

A one-year, $25,000 underwriting grant from the financial institution brought Fenneman's voice to KUSC. As undesignated program underwriting, the grant supports a variety of KUSC programs. Funding for specific programs is possible through designated underwriting. Home Savings' grant has helped enable KUSC to broadcast a recent series of concerts by the USC Symphony, the just-concluded NPR-produced *Netherlands Concert Hall* programs, and the annual New York Philharmonic series.

According to KUSC's Sue Stamberger, "The generous grant from Home Savings makes it possible for KUSC to bring many hours of high-quality classical music programs into homes, offices and automobiles throughout Southern California. Home's investment in KUSC is truly a community service, and is greatly appreciated by our listeners, as well as by all of us at the station."

TRW Makes Unrestricted Gift

The TRW Foundation has made an unrestricted contribution to KUSC which is being applied to the station's general budget. This grant provides unrestricted support rather than specific program underwriting. This funding may be applied to salaries, supply or equipment purchases, plant maintenance, overhead or the costs of station operation. Unrestricted grants are essential to the station's budget, as they provide funding for the necessary expenses not provided by restricted grants.

TRW's director of public affairs, David Freeman, advocates unrestricted gifts that can be applied at the recipient's discretion. "These contributions are a pleasure to give and to receive," he said. "They are a compliment to the recipient. I think companies in the private sector need to consider giving grants for general operations."

Continued from Page 100

annual "Jazz Alive" marathon gala, from three cities, until all hours.

And so on into the 1980s. If it weren't for the broad spectrum of musical styles involved, you'd swear you were staying up without parental consent, grabbing stolen moments with your Atwater Kent.

(Note: Southland NPR member stations include KLON-FM, Long Beach, 88.1; KUSC-FM, Los Angeles, 91.5; KPCS-FM, Pasadena, 89.3; KCRW-FM, Santa Monica, 89.9; KCPB-FM, Thousand Oaks, 91.1; and KCSN-FM, Northridge, 88.5.)□

JAZZ 10/21

MIXING ART WITH BUSINESS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

WASHINGTON—Business is business, jazz is art and seldom the twain can meet. Nevertheless, meet they did, at an unprecedented convention here attended by some 200 jazz activists, advertising and promotion men, record retailers, producers, radio programmers, artists, media people and management representatives.

The series of panel sessions was staged under the auspices of Radio Free Jazz. Contrary to its confusing title, this is neither a radio station nor a liberation movement but a monthly magazine, the name of which will soon be changed to Jazz Times.

According to Ira Sabin, publisher of the magazine and organizer of the convention, "Our objective is to double the interest in and exposure of jazz through a useful exchange of ideas." Though this lofty ambition may not be achieved, there was general agreement among the visitors (most of whom paid up to $150 to attend the 10 seminars) that they came away a little wiser, more aware of one another's problems, and eager to meet again next year.

Most remarkable of all was the great proportion of panelists who, no matter how deeply they may now be involved in the business end of music, came to jazz originally as fans and are still motivated by their love of the music. Where else in the arts can this kind of relationship be found?

Nowhere was this more powerfully demonstrated than in the case of Nesuhi Ertegun, who gave the keynote address. Presently the head of a huge conglomerate known as WEA International (Warner-Elektra-Atlantic), he now roams the world coordinating the international interests of its branches. Many years have passed since he was active as a producer of jazz records for Atlantic (the company was founded 30 years ago by his brother Ahmet; Nesuhi joined it a few years later), but his concern for the music remains rooted in a long and passionate experience.

"When I came to this country I learned a lot about human greatness, and also a lot about human stupidity. When I wanted to get together with American musicians whose records I had admired back home in Turkey, I found there was no place in Washington where we could meet; no hotel or restaurant where I could take my black friends. The only place we could put on sessions was the Turkish Embassy." (The Erteguns' father in the early 1940s was Turkish ambassador to the United States.)

Settling in Los Angeles, Ertegun was approached by Orson Welles to put together a band of New Orleans veterans for a radio program. The reaction was so enthusiastic that Welles kept them on the show regularly, creating a demand for recordings of the band which the lethargic companies of the day failed to recognize. "Since nobody else had the sense to record them," said Ertegun, "I did. Before I knew it, I was in the record business."

From Good Time Jazz and Contemporary Records he moved East to join his brother at the fledgling Atlantic company, then deeply committed to jazz. Thus a dilettante interest in the music led to a flourishing business career.

Ertegun praised those of today's powerful business figures who used their positions to help jazzmen: Norman Granz for his work in breaking down segregation, Bruce Lundvall of Columbia and Clive Davis of Arista for their insistence that jazz be marketed on an appropriate scale. But he warned against confusing commercial success with artistry.

"Harold Robbins, I'm sure, has outsold William Faulkner 100 to 1. That doesn't prove anything about his talent. We have to recognize that the Ellingtons and Armstrongs are as important to our culture as the Faulkners and Hemingways.

"Fusion music has its place, but in its lower-level forms it is unbearably loud, an assault on the eardrums that can lead only to chaos, confusion and catastrophe. Similarly we must guard against today's subservience to 32-track techniques. Safer, saner, more natural ways of recording are needed. Just listen to what Ellington accomplished on one-track records made in 1928 and you'll realize that the music, not the technical aspects, must come first."

"When I came to this country I learned a lot about human greatness," said keynoter Nesuhi Ertegun.

Ertegun's speech set the tone for much of the convention. Granted, there were typical displays of ego-tripping: heads of jazz organizations sneaking appeals for support, disc jockeys grinding axes. (One musician plugges his project for a 1,000-piece orchestra.) Generally, though, there was the sense that all must work together in trying to reconcile the aesthetic and economic realities of jazz in a rock-dominated market.

Some of the other points of interest raised during these three garrulous days:

—During the jazz radio programming panel, Dr. Herb Wong, a Bay Area professor, writer and broadcaster, pointed out that 800,000 students are presently enrolled in jazz education—more than twice the number of members of the American Federation of Musicians.

—Michael Cuscuna, moderator of the record producers' panel, offered an example of the kind of thinking he had to deal with at the corporate level: "If you really want to launch your John Coltrane product," barked a vice president, "why don't you have him make a direct to disc album?" (Coltrane died in 1967.)

—Irv Kratka, head of Inner City Records, disclosed that he had issued 240 jazz albums during his four years running the label. "This has been a golden age. More and more people are turning from rock to our music." But Kratka presented only one side of the picture. Such long respected companies as Blue Note and Pacific Jazz, now swallowed up in the EMI-United Artists monolith, today have no artists' roster at all and exist only through sporadic reissues.

—Some lively exchanges sparked the artists' panel, moderated by pianist Billy Taylor. "Obviously" said Taylor, "the artist is the most important person in the jazz record business. Without him there would be no product; yet the record industry traditionally has treated the jazz artist very shabbily, piously announcing, 'Everyone knows jazz doesn't sell,' and often refusing to give the performer creative control in the presentation of his music."

The panelists ranged from bebop veteran Milt Jackson to pianist/singer/producer Ben Sidran, who made one cogent comment: "If Charlie Parker were alive today, somebody would try to cut a disco single with him and try to get him to sell 3 million."

Les McCann, however, disagreed with Dr. Taylor's premise. "If an artist makes a bad LP," he said, "He'll always

JAZZ IN BRIEF 10/21

"QUADRANT." Pablo 2310-837. The personnel says it all: Joe Pass, guitar; Milt Jackson, vibes; Ray Brown, bass, and Mickey Roker, drums. The consummate artistry of all four compensates for the lack of surprises in this free-swinging set. Of the seven cuts, an old tune called "Grooveyard" by the late jazz pianist Carl Perkins is the most attractive. The others are unpretentious originals by members of the quartet, and two Gershwin standards—typical of the mainstream music one has learned to expect from Norman Granz's company.

"WHAT I MEAN." Cannonball Adderley. Milestone M-4753. Another valuable addition to this company's series of reissues. The double pocket set comprises two sides by the Adderley Quintet, at the time when the group's pianist was Victor Feldman, and two sides by a quartet, with Cannonball, Bill Evans, Percy Heath and Connie Kay. Splendid choice of material by Evans ("Waltz for Debby"), Feldman ("New Delhi"), John Lewis, Thelonious Monk et al. Wynton Kelly plays piano on the two cuts that have Feldman switching to vibes. Timeless, priceless music.

"COLOR POOL." David Friesen. Muse MR 5109. If you are a bass player, or a bass player's wife (or even husband), here is the ideal gift. Friesen is the only musician on six of the nine cuts, but an air of solitude is rarely evident, since he multitracks two or four bass parts, or adds a flutist, or brings in a drummer on whose improvisations he overlays a series of atonal piano peregrinations. On "Living Water" he lays the bass aside and overdubs two piano parts. His keyboard work is an acquired taste, but as a composer and bass virtuoso Friesen is a powerful presence.

—LEONARD FEATHER

tell you afterward, 'They *made* me do that.' But nobody ever forced me to do anything."

The final panel, dealing with management, was under the guidance of Maxine Gregg, a sharp and outspoken New York businesswoman who handles Dexter Gordon, Johnny Griffin and her husband, Woody Shaw. Panelist Todd Barkan, operator of San Francisco's Keystone Korner Club, was concerned with potential effects of greater exposure of jazz ("People in Iowa would dig Art Blakey if they had the chance"). Joe Segal, the Chicago promoter who for 15 years has staged an annual memorial concert honoring Charlie Parker, dealt with what he called the lack of jazz support among black audiences and the failure of the black press to educate them.

George Wein was subjected to a blistering attack during the questions-from-the-audience segment. His Kool Jazz Festival concerts, it was alleged, serve to promote cancer (they are sponsored by the cigarette company) and contain no jazz. Wein, after briefly dismissing the first half of the accusation as irrelevant, admitted that Ashford & Simpson and the others who make up such concerts do not qualify as jazz artists, but that the sponsors feel the word jazz adds cachet, and that if the title were changed to "Soul Festival," as it logically should be, business would drop off 50%. In any case, he added, these "beautiful black soul events" enable him to make money which he can plow into his Newport, Nice and other festivals that are truly dedicated to jazz.

Of course, even a business convention, given the subject, had to include music. Arista Records supplied Jeff Lorber's Fusion combo, but later that night some real cooking took place as trumpeters Red Rodney, Ted Curson and Bill Hardman, violinist Michal Urbaniak and others locked into a spirited bebop battle.

Most heartening of all, a trio of black teen-agers from Philadelphia took part in one session and, instead of playing the disco or funk or R&B as one might have expected, tore off several choruses of "I'll Remember April" to a steady four-beat jazz pulse. All things considered, Ira Sabin's convention was successful enough to give hope to businessmen and confound the musical pessimists who, for lo these many decades, have been signaling the imminent death of jazz. □

JAZZ REVIEW 10/23

Audience Swings With Goodman

They came in droves, and in Mercedeses, to Pasadena Sunday night. The first and second generation of Benny Goodman loyalists, they filled the Ambassador Auditorium, packed the pit, overflowed onto the stage. Even the third and fourth generations were represented (a tiny towheaded girl near me confessed to being 65 years Goodman's junior). The ads had read: "Benny Goodman and His Sextet." But he has no such group, no organized replacement for the likes of Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams. In place of those pace-setting catalysts, the audience saw a familiar collection of local musicians, picked up for the evening. Seven of them, in fact—inflation has even hit sextets.

After a slimmed-down version of his old big-band theme, "Let's Dance," Benny played "Undecided," turned the stage over to his combo, and was not seen for 40 minutes. In fact, the rest of the concert's first half could as well have been a night at Donte's. Same men, same music.

Things picked up gradually after intermission. The maestro returned, ran uneventfully through "Lady Be Good," waxed lyrical on "Here's That Rainy Day." Then, with "I Found a New Baby," the rhythm section (Lou Levy, John Pisano, Frank Capp and Monty Budwig) at last inspired him into his first serious involvement of the night.

The balance of the program alternated between Goodman showcases ("Poor Butterfly," "Airmail Special") and solo pieces for the sidemen. Pete Christlieb, in his first job with Benny ("But I played with his dad, who's a fine bassoonist," Goodman recalled), levitated the house, a dynamo on tenor sax, with "Love for Sale."

Less spectacular but quite sensitive was Dick Nash's "Shadow of Your Smile" on trombone. Trumpeter Chuck Findley, though at times a mite too boppish for a swing group, managed to capture the spirit of "That's A-Plenty," nowadays Goodman's standard Dixieland showpiece.

It wasn't quite a repeat of his triumph at the Playboy Jazz Festival, where the audience was younger, blacker and looser (Sunday it was virtually all white); but Benny Goodman still offered frequent reminders that he has set a standard of virtuosity, of sheer magical inspiration, and has maintained it in a career that dates back, on records, to 1926. Who else around today, except Count Basie and Earl Hines, can match that record? —LEONARD FEATHER

Ultracapacity House for Supersax Show at Ford 10/24

In a rare initiative, KCET (Channel 28) decided recently to televise three of the Sunday afternoon jazz concerts live from the Ford (Pilgrimage) Theater. The exposure accorded to the first program, aired Oct. 14 with the Akiyoshi/Tabackin orchestra, produced an ultracapacity house for last Sunday's show, starring Supersax.

This open-air setting nestled in the Hollywood Hills has always provided an ideal ambience. Even the small screen communicated this, thanks to excellent audio and camera work.

One camera zoomed in on the stage from a rostrum in back of the amphitheater; another, hand held, offered fascinating closeups of the frantic fingering involved as Med Flory and his four fellow saxophonists interpreted their harmonized arrangements of vintage Charlie Parker solos.

Though the band has changed its personnel in the seven years since its first public gig, the repertoire still leans mainly on masterpieces by the early Bird. Despite its derivative nature, the Supersax concept has not worn thin, thanks to the excitement inherent in its phenomenally precise teamwork.

Joanie Somers, hosting the show, elicited from Flory the information that this award-winning combo may soon break up. Judging by the audience reaction Sunday, a decision to disband would be widely regretted.

The program was simulcast in stereo on KCRW-FM and KUSC-FM. Next Sunday at 2 p.m. the third and final telecast will feature jazz/rock by Robben Ford and Kittyhawk.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Grover Mitchell Fronts New Band

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Grover Mitchell means business. Entering Concerts by the Sea, where his new orchestra played Wednesday, you could see from the musicians' sharp gray uniforms that this is no kicks band designed for occasional gigs.

Mitchell, who spent the 1960s in Count Basie's trombone section, has long dreamed of leading his own ensemble. The 17-piece group he has assembled devotes most of its time to his own compositions and arrangements. As might be expected of a Basie alumnus, many are variations on the blues. Scattered through the band are a half-dozen Basie alumni, most valuably Curtis Peagler, whose alto sax on Mitchell's arrangement of "Willow Weep for Me" blended blues passion with overtones of bop; and Frank Szabo, a strong lead trumpeter in a generally potent brass section.

It is refreshing to find a lineup differing from the same interchangeable faces who play musical chairs in so many Southland bands. Unfamiliar, for example, were the old-timey plunger-muted trombone of Jim Cheatam and the crisp, swinging piano of his wife, Jean. The latter belongs to a solid rhythm section along with Ted Hawke on drums and Red Callender on bass.

Weakest as a section are the saxes. Too often their teamwork lacked precision and the blend of vibratos essential to any reed team.

Rita Graham, in her two vocals, displayed a confident sound but was hampered by an arrangement that tended to swamp her.

Mitchell himself, a most personable leader, should play more. Though not an exceptional jazz trombonist, he revealed his forte in "Marisa," an original ballad which he played in a legato, latter-day Tommy Dorsey style.

Given the thinning ranks in today's big-band jazz scene, the arrival of Mitchell with his very accessible brand of music is welcome. The orchestra shows promise that only frequent rehearsals and jobs will enable it to fulfill.

AT TWO DOLLAR BILL'S

Benny Maupin Leads Pulsation

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Two Dollar Bill's, a restaurant at 5931 Franklin in Hollywood, devotes most of its menu to natural style foods and much of its musical diet to electrified jazz/rock. This weekend the bandstand was turned over to Pulsation, led by Benny Maupin.

One of Maupin's claims to fame was his participation as bass clarinetist in the Miles Davis album, "Bitches' Brew." He has spent most of the 1970s playing various instruments with Herbie Hancock. His own group, for which he composes most of the music, reflects both these aspects of his background in its mixture of funk and jazz/rock.

During a 90-minute set, the sounds swung from volatile and violent to idyllic and lyrical. In the former category were most of the pieces on which Maupin played soprano: "Song for Tania," "Water Torture" and others. Using wah-wah effects and a somewhat strained sound, he was backed by drums, percussion and three electric instruments: guitar (Mike Miller), bass (Romeo Williams) and keyboard (Carl Schroeder).

It was a shock to find the tall Lincolnesque Schroeder, who was Sarah Vaughn's accompanist for seven years, hunched up over the electric keyboard, subbing for regular pianist Billy McCoy. One of the latter's compositions, "Love Letters," brought the most relaxed moments, as Maupin on alto flute engaged in a long, lambent out-of-tempo introductory duet with Schroeder.

Among the more valid illustrations of Maupin's versatility were "Farewell to Rohsaan," in which piano and guitar repeated an ominous figure in 5/4 behind his tenor sax, and "Sweet Magnolia," with the leader employing a wind synthesizer.

It is regrettable that Maupin no longer concentrates on the bass clarinet and that he does not devote more time to his admirable flute work. Still, Pulsation offers examples of his talents that come off well enough to earn this group the place on the chart at which he is presumably aiming.

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LEONARD FEATHER

Continued from Page 71

Harmon (of the jazz rock group Matrix), singing by Flora Purim, and guitar by Laurindo Almeida, appearing with his partners in the L.A. Four. The protean Argentine composer Lalo Schifrin and the greatly underrated Richard Hazard are also expected to be heard from, conducting new pieces.

The third event, set for Jan. 15, Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday, will be a tribute to the civil rights leader. Elliott has asked Andre Crouch to write a new work, which he expects to constitute a rock/jazz/gospel synthesis. Due to be heard on the same evening will be Don Sebesky's new piece, "Bird and Bela in B Flat," and a tribute to Duke Ellington by Gunther Schuller.

"America's Musical Roots" will be examined Feb. 12 with the premiere of David Grusin's "American Symphony," and John McEuen of Nitty Gritty Dirt Band fame will get down to bluegrass roots with his banjo.

Inevitably using the tired cliche "All That Jazz" as its title, the March 11 concert promises special excitement, with an appearance by Oscar Peterson, performing his "Canadiana Suite" with the Orchestra. Saxophonist Phil Woods will be introduced in a newly commissioned work.

Finally, April 1, "A Celebration With Song" will veer toward the middle of the popular road, with Johnny Mathis and Henry Mancini, but will also include Freddie Hubbard, for whom Claus Ogerman, one of the most gifted of contemporary orchestral writers, is working on a trumpet concerto.

This schedule, surely as comprehensive as any subscriber can hope for, was achieved with a maximum of thought and a minimum of funds. "The Foundation for New American Music, under whose auspices the Orchestra was launched," Elliott says, "owes a great deal to people like Norman Lear and Jerry Perenchio, who were our main backers."

Funding is a huge problem for the Orchestra, though Elliott feels that a grant from, say, the National Endowment for the Arts will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, everyone, including the guest soloists, will be working for scale.

This might not have been such a complete labor of love had Elliott and Ferguson been able to obtain/the cooperation of a record company. Elliott spoke more in sorrow than in bitterness when he recalled the vicissitudes of securing a contract:

"Before our debut concert last spring, nobody came forward with an offer to record us, so we decided to go to the bank, arrange our own financing and tape the whole evening ourselves.

"When we had the tapes ready to submit to record companies, our disillusionment set in. We were turned down cold by, among others, Columbia, Warner Bros., Capitol and Phillips. Ironocally, the only sugnificant overture came from West Germany. I went to Hamburg, played the tape for an executive and was told that as soon as we mastered it, the album would be put out there. But we didn't want to commit ourselves when this included no guarantee of an American release, so we had to pass it up.

"You won't believe the kind of reaction we got in the States." (Oh yes, I will.) "The typical comment was, 'We wouldn't know what to do with it.' They couldn't pigeonhole it, which was a situation they just couldn't deal with.

"You hear a lot of talk among the big record people about supporting American music, but when you try to translate words into action all you get is disappointment. The production cost of our album was about one-third that of the average rock LP, and it could sell for decades all over the world, yet nobody wanted to take that gamble. This is an idea that is understood better in Japan, Germany, France, anywhere outside the United States. Why not here?"

There were some incidents, during the attempts to sell the tapes, that bordered on the ridiculous. "One day we were at Tom Scott's studio when his manager, Paul Cheslaw, called Bruce Lundvall's office at CBS. The guy in New York, Lundvall's assistant, after listening to all this enthusiastic talk about us, wanted to know, "What style is it?" Tom Scott kiddingly said, "Tell him it's disco!" Elliott laughed hollowly as he recalled the incident. But it wasn't disco and, of course, CBS passed.

All these avenues having proven dead ends, the coleaders went further into the financial hole by starting the Foundation for New American Music label. The LP, complete with several works played on that catalytic night last April, has just been pressed and will be on sale at each of the concerts. It is also obtainable for $10 from the Foundation, at 4215 Coldwater Canyon Ave., Studio City 91604.

If the record sells, and if the overall concept of the orchestra is given the chance it deserves, Elliott and Ferguson plan to move it far beyond its Los Angeles base. "This would be the perfect unit to take overseas under State Department sponsorship," Elliott says. "I don't know of a better group to represent American music in all its aspects."

If, on the other hand, the LP and, perish the thought, the orchestra itself cannot establish a firm foothold, neither Elliott nor Ferguson will suffer in terms of their ongoing careers. They have been partners since 1967, with an impressive array of television and movie credits: "Charlie's Angels," "The Rookies," "Barney Miller" and the new Dick Van Dyke show.

Before their association, Elliott wrote for Broadway musicals, moving to Los Angeles to work on the Judy Garland television series. Ferguson studied with Ernst Toch and Aaron Copland, led a chamber jazz sextet, was active in the poetry-and-jazz movement in the late 1950s, and conducted for Johnny Mathis from 1960-63. Both men were associated with the Andy Williams TV show.

Those are valuable credentials that brought very tangible cash rewards, but presently the sights of Elliott and Ferguson are set on something bigger and better than any Broadway stage or Hollywood studio can offer. They want to bring total music to a total audience. It's a lofty ambition, and the 84 dedicated men and women who constitute the Orchestra share their belief that the dream can become a reality. □

"What's wrong with being eclectic?" said Jack Elliott. "The days when people insisted that you decide whether you represented classical music or jazz or pop, or any other area of music, are gone forever."

Elliott, along with his fellow composer-conductor Allyn Ferguson, is the mastermind for whom the Orchestra was the culmination of a long-shared ambition to build an all-purpose vehicle. Elliott and Ferguson were motivated to sound out sympathetic, well-qualified musicians who could meet the unusual demands of such a project.

"We found most of our talent among the musicians who live the studio life," said Elliott. "Somebody who does a 'Charlie's Angels' session in the morning, a movie score date with Leonard Rosenman in the afternoon and a pop record gig at night is likely to be able to meet any challenge. Our string players are familiar with the romantic style, but to be at home with Mozart doesn't preclude the ability to swing, if a rhythmic passage calls for it."

A stocky, bearded mass of energy, Elliott communicates in rapid-fire declarative statements the enthusiasm that gave birth to the Orchestra and led to its formal debut at the Pavilion last April after a preview public performance at the Academy Awards.

The premiere season of six subscription concerts represents an initiative unlike anything else on the contemporary music scene. True, there have been earlier attempts to create a so-called "Third Stream" in which the traditions of jazz, folk music and other elements were successfully amalgamated with the disciplines of European classical music to form an American melting-pot synthesis.

Gunther Schuller (who gave us the phrase "Third Stream") and John Lewis, then director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, tried something comparable with their Orchestra U.S.A. in the early 1960s. Stan Kenton undertook an ambitious experiment with his Neophonic Orchestra (also at the Pavilion) in the mid-1960s. As Elliott observes, "It was an impressive and worthy venture, but by excluding strings, Kenton left an important color out of the palette."

That Orchestra U.S.A. and the Neophonic were short-lived can be attributed to several factors. As novelist/songwriter Gene Lees wrote in a perceptive assessment of the Orchestra, "First, you must have composers who are comfortable both technically and aesthetically in two idioms. Second, you must have instrumentalists who are similarly adept . . . third, you need a body of critics who can recognize the value of music resulting from this versatility."

Suitably equipped composers and players are more numerous today than they were during the early Third Stream struggles. The critics, Lees said, have not broadened their viewpoint, but "fortunately, the standards of art are not in the end determined by critics but by the artists themselves."

Critical reaction aside, Elliott feels strongly that orchestral music in the late 20th century is written for an appreciative public, as opposed to the days when classical works were commissioned by royalty or by wealthy patrons of the arts.

The general audience, whatever its predilections, seems likely to find music geared to its taste at one or other of the season's half dozen events.

Movie music? The kickoff concert Monday will bring the world premiere of John Williams' score for the film "1941," as well as such vintage motion picture scores as symphonic suites from "The Best Years of Our Lives" by Hugo Friedhofer and from "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" by Michel Legrand. David Raksin, in addition to being represented by his music from "The Bad and the Beautiful," will be the evening's host.

Latin-Americana? The second presentation, Dec. 12, will bring the tonal textures of Brazil, with writing by John

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PHOTO

Allyn Ferguson,

10/28

JAZZ

THE ORCHESTRA: ECLECTIC OUTLET

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"The Universal Language" is the title of a concert to be presented during the premiere season (starting Monday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion of the Music Center) of the 84-piece ensemble known as the Orchestra. It also symbolizes what this unique aggregation is all about.

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PHOTO BY RONNIE KAUFMAN

Allyn Ferguson, left, Jack Elliott cofounded the Orchestra, a collection of 84 musical eclectics

NOV. '79

STAN KENTON 1912·1979

BOB PARENT

By Leonard Feather

HE WAS A GIANT, no doubt about that: a big man in physical stature, and a creator of vast, imperious musical sounds that left few of his listeners neutral. Whatever the correct assessment of Stan Kenton's legacy, there can be no doubt that throughout a bandleading career that began on Memorial Day of 1941 and ended when he played his final date in Costa Mesa, California, in August 1978, he was a figure of controversy, often shifting abruptly in his stated aims and in the size and style of his ensembles.

Whether as pianist, composer, or arranger, or as a powerful influence on many of the musicians who played or arranged for him, Stan Kenton was a figure to whom such adjectives as "imposing," "dynamic," "ambitious" invariably were applied. He was a man of strong convictions; even if those convictions often contradicted one another from one band to the next, he believed passionately in whatever course he charted at each stage of a multifaceted career.

To talk of such a phenomenon as "the Kenton sound" is nonsensical, since there were, during those 38 years, perhaps a dozen different orchestras with varying instrumentations, arrangers, styles, and slogans. All that these groups had in common was that they were large (though some were much bigger than others), enthusiastic, and provocative.

That Kenton would become a figure of world renown did not seem to be predestined. As Carol Easton recalled in her fascinating and thoroughly documented biography, *Straight Ahead: The Story Of Stan Kenton* [published in 1973 by William Morrow Co.], Kenton's father was a lifelong loser: "Floyd invariably failed: a grocery store, a meat market, a car agency, a garage…a roofer, a mechanic, a carpenter, even a tombstone salesman…. As a businessman, Floyd Kenton was always more concerned with being well liked than with getting the job done."

Stan was born February 19, 1912, in Wichita, Kansas, to Floyd and Stella Newcomb Kenton. His mother was to become the driving force in his life: it was she who became his first piano teacher, who encouraged him in all his endeavors, who was there when he needed her after a failed band venture or marriage. (Stella died only a couple of years ago, in her late eighties.) Stan loved his mother but always said he could not communicate with his father.

Stan was the oldest child. Beulah was born when he was two, and three years later, when his sister Irma Mae was born, the family moved to California.

Kenton for two years resisted his mother's attempts to make a pianist out of him, but he had a desperate drive to be somebody of consequence, and in due course he decided that music gave him an identity. Through two teenaged cousins who were already making money playing jazz, Stan was exposed to this music, and was promptly converted. "From the time I was fourteen years old, I was all music. Nothing else ever entered my mind."

His idols were Gershwin, Earl "Fatha" Hines, saxophonist and trumpeter Benny Carter, Louis Armstrong. At 17, a stringy, self-conscious six feet four, he played at school parties. In 1930 he had his first real pro job, in a sextet led by two xylophonists. Other jobs soon followed, in Arizona, in Los Angeles, and then on tour with Everett Hoagland, in whose band he stayed for 18 months. His best sideman experience was with Gus Arnheim; during those days, too, he studied harmony and theory with Charles Dalmores.

After playing in a band led by tenor saxophonist Vido Musso, and jobbing around the Hollywood studios, Kenton decided the time had come to strike out on his own. He rented a cabin in the mountains, spent several months writing arrangements, then put a rehearsal band together.

His first gig as a leader was the memorable opening at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa Beach, California. The band's style was marked by staccato phrasing, particularly by the reed section, and a few competent but hardly inspired soloists, such as Red Dorris on tenor sax and Chico Alvarez on trumpet.

The band's theme, "Artistry In Rhythm," recorded on its first Capitol session in 1943, became its first hit (there had been a few previous records of minor interest for Decca). [*Ed. Note: For a transcription of "Artistry In Rhythm,"* see p. 44.] By mid-1944 there had been an almost complete turnover in the personnel, which now included a 17-year-old Stan Getz on tenor sax. Anita O'Day gave the band its first vocal success with "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine." Her successor, June Christy, scored with "Tampico" in 1945.

Though some critics found it pretentious and unswinging, the band caught on. An important change was effected by the addition of Pete Rugolo, a composer-arranger who from late 1945 was the main force in the shaping of the band's style.

The band grew in strength with the addition of such men as trombonist Kai Winding, Bob Cooper and Vido Musso on tenors, and Shelly Manne on drums. But the strain of touring compelled Kenton to disband in April of 1947. For a while he talked about becoming a psychiatrist, but he continued to front bands on an irregular basis, staying away from the dance halls and trying to concentrate on concerts with what was billed as "Progressive Jazz."

Leonard Feather is the author of many books and countless articles on jazz and jazz musicians, including the monumental Encyclopedia Of Jazz *[Horizon Press] as well as his monthly Piano Giants Of Jazz column in* Contemporary Keyboard.

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Kenton, who had a teenaged daughter by his first wife, became a father again with the birth of Dana, in 1956, and a son, Lance, in 1958. Meanwhile, after more financial problems, Kenton went back on the road. In 1961 he formed a new band that included, along with the usual trumpets and trombones, a quartet of musicians playing the mellophonium. This instrument, employed supposedly to

…right laws. Around the same time he established Creative World Music Publications, which has made the Kenton library of music accessible to schools and, through licensing agreements with various record companies, made available once again countless important jazz albums that had been lying on the shelves, deleted from the catalogs. Most of Kenton's Capitol LPs have been reissued on Creative World [Box 35216, Los Angeles, CA 90035].

Kenton's several attempts to bring jazz wider audiences on television enjoyed modest success. He fronted a specially assembled orchestra of New York musicians for a CBS series called *Music '55*. An

…is a lifetime product and prisoner of the puritan ethic; therein lie his strength and his weakness, he drive and his hangups, his greatest achievements and his most humiliating defeats."

Easton's summation may seem harsh to the countless friends Kenton made over the decades for himself, for his orchestra, and for his efforts to advance the cause of jazz. Nevertheless, it is possible to accept her evaluation while pointing out that at the same time, for all his weaknesses, the music world of this century is certainly substantially better off for having produced a Stan Kenton, about whom we can argue angrily or reminisce fondly, according to our personal predilections. □

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As the arrangments became more cerebral, Kenton enjoyed some major successes, including a sold-out concert at the Hollywood Bowl. In 1950 the "Progressive Jazz" orchestra gave way to the most ambitious venture of all, a 40-piece ensemble with strings, French horns, tuba, and Latin percussion. This was known as "Innovations In Modern Music," and some of it, such as Bob Graettinger's avant-garde *City Of Glass*, was far removed from jazz and as inaccessible as anything Kenton every presented.

Some of the less gargantuan "Innovations" pieces took the names of the sidemen they featured: "Shelly Manne," "Maynard Ferguson," "Art Pepper." But the reactions were mixed, and in 1951 the band collapsed under its vast economic weight.

Then came the period many of us recall as the most successful of all in terms of the essence of jazz: the band that swung. Unlike the ponderous groups that preceded and followed it, the Kenton ensemble from 1952–7 had a quality not unlike that of the great Woody Herman Herd. With arrangements by Gerry Mulligan and Bill Holman, solos by Zoot Sims and Lee Konitz on saxes, Conte Candoli on trumpet, and Frank Rosolino on trombone, this was an orchestra capable of satisfying even European audiences, where the skeptical fans who had had no time for Kenton's more elaborate experiments found this group much to their liking during two European tours.

It might be said that the Kenton era reached its peak in 1955 with the release of an elaborate boxed set of records on Capitol, complete with a thick illustrated booklet tracing the orchestra's career from the beginning through the mid-'50s. It wasn't too long after the issue of this album that the band began to lose some of its momentum. As trumpeter Al Porcino once commented: "The closest we came to having a really great swing band was 1955...but I think Stan feels that when the band really starts swinging and the guys are having a ball, he is not in control."

The mid-1950s also were the years when a teenaged Kenton fan, Ann Richards, met Stan, wound up singing with the band, then married him. According to Mel Lewis, Stan's drummer at the time, "Nobody was happy about it. Ann was the downfall of the band." Others felt Richards was a good influence on the maestro.

Kenton, who had a teenaged daughter by his first wife, became a father again with the birth of Dana, in 1956, and a son, Lance, in 1958. Meanwhile, after more financial problems, Kenton went back on the road. In 1961 he formed a new band that included, along with the usual trumpets and trombones, a quartet of musicians playing the mellophonium. This instrument, employed supposedly to bridge the gap between trumpets and trombones, flopped resoundingly, despite arrangments by the talented Johnny Richards and Gene Roland. According to Carol Easton, in 1964, "There was no job. No music. And no audience."

Kenton's records moved erratically. The 1961 adaptation of *West Side Story* was successful, but the bombastic album of themes by Wagner, arranged by Kenton and Johnny Richards, was trounced by most critics.

One of Kenton's worthiest ventures, the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, was organized in 1964 for a series of concerts at Los Angeles' brand new Music Center. This augmented ensemble featured guest soloists and composers, providing a valuable outlet for Lalo Schifrin, Dizzy Gillespie, Oliver Nelson, George Shearing, Hugo Montenegro, and others. Claude Williamson played piano, leaving Stan free to conduct. There were some good reviews, but once again financial woes spelled disaster for the enterprise, which offered its final performance, before going broke, in the spring of 1967. Thus another "Third Stream" attempt to bridge the worlds of jazz and classical music had failed to draw capacity crowds or to break even financially.

The rest of Stan Kenton's career was notable less for his orchestras, which for the most part seemed to echo past glories, than for his admirable efforts to stimulate jazz education. He was a pioneer in the concept of holding clinics and seminars on school and college campuses. During many of these appearances he would take part or all of the orchestra along, and some of his sidemen also would give lectures in harmony, history, theory, or instrumental performance. His Jazz Orchestra In Residence program, launched in 1971, took his band to schools for periods ranging from one day to one week. By 1975 he was conducting at least 100 clinics annually, as well as four week-long summer clinics on college campuses.

Kenton was always the indomitable crusader. Late in the '60s he appeared at the Senate subcommittee hearings in an attempt (eventually successful) to secure revision of the antiquated music copyright laws. Around the same time he established Creative World Music Publications, which has made the Kenton library of music accessible to schools and, through licensing agreements with various record companies, made available once again countless important jazz albums that had been lying on the shelves, deleted from the catalogs. Most of Kenton's Capitol LPs have been reissued on Creative World [Box 35216, Los Angeles, CA 90035].

Kenton's several attempts to bring jazz wider audiences on television enjoyed modest success. He fronted a specially assembled orchestra of New York musicians for a CBS series called *Music '55*. An hour long TV special he produced in 1968, *The Crusade For Jazz*, was widely used in colleges. A year later he produced *The Substance Of Jazz*, a film designed for educational use.

Kenton's later years were marked by a third unhappy marriage, occasional successful overseas tours, and long intermittent illnesses beginning in 1971. He continued to maintain a library of arrangements in the thickly textured Kenton idiom, often by Hank Levy, Ken Hanna, and Bob Curnow, sometimes using 5/4, 7/4, and other odd meters.

On the plus side of the Kenton balance sheet, it would be unfair not to take into account his almost Messianic drive to succeed, to prove that whatever music he believed in at the moment had validity and was destined for posterity. Too, the countless great musicians who came up through his ranks owe him an incalculable debt; most of them have spoken highly of Stan and found in him a virtual father figure.

As the creator of durable compositions and arrangements, neither he nor the many writers who contributed to his libraries could produce more than a fraction of the standards by Duke Ellington that are played every day all over the world. Even "Artistry In Rhythm" itself has not become a permanent part of the jam session repertoire.

Perhaps it was no coincidence that Kenton recorded an album of Wagner, the darling of the political conservatives. There seemed to be a relationship between Kenton's musical outlook and his social and political views. He was one of the very few musicians I ever met who openly campaigned for Barry Goldwater, whose idea of a great American was George Wallace or Spiro Agnew. He simply couldn't understand the uproar that ensued when he once complained (in a telegram published in *Down Beat*) about the allegedly excessive number of black winners in the magazine's Critics' Poll. "Scratch the superficial veneer of sophistication," Carol Easton wrote, "and you find, at the core of the man, the provincial, chauvinistic, myopic, unshakable views of the quintessential WASP.... Stan is a lifetime product and prisoner of the puritan ethic; therein lie his strength and his weakness, he drive and his hangups, his greatest achievements and his most humiliating defeats."

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NOV. '79

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Tommy Flanagan

TOMMY FLANAGAN BELONGS to a small and elite class of pianists who have established a reputation for accompanying singers—often to the point where their individual accomplishments have been largely overlooked. Although it is true that a great measure of Flanagan's recognition around the world has been due to his international travels with Ella Fitzgerald, he is in fact a soloist of rare skill whose achievements date back to a time more than a decade before his first brief encounter with her.

Tommy Lee Flanagan was born March 16, 1930, in Detroit, and took up clarinet at the age of six. He began studying piano five years later, and was only in his mid-teens when he played his first local gigs. The Detroit scene in the 1940s was a hotbed of incipient jazz talents; among Flanagan's first associates were Lucky Thompson, the tenor saxophonist who would later work with Basie and Kenton; and Milt Jackson, the original bebop virtuoso of the vibraharp.

Before he went into the Army in 1951, Tommy played in a group led by Billy Mitchell, another tenor sax star who later worked with the Count. The sidemen in that combo included cornetist Thad Jones and his younger brother Elvin on drums.

Tommy's harmonic sensitivity, which he developed early in his career, led to a felicitous association with guitarist Kenny Burrell, with whom he teamed up in Detroit in 1954. Later there would be another happy alliance with a guitarist, Jim Hall. Early in 1956 Tommy made a permanent move to New York, where he was soon caught up in the busy jazz scene of which Birdland, the flourishing night club at Broadway and 52nd Street, was the focal point.

Although he names Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson as vital influences, Flanagan points to two other pianists who helped him to find his direction. They were Hank Jones, elder brother of Thad and Elvin, whom he heard during his formative days in Detroit; and Bud Powell, the pioneer bebop keyboard adventurer, with whom he came into close contact after moving to the Apple. In fact, on occasions he subbed for Powell at Birdland. "Don't discount the fact," he adds, "that I wasn't just influenced by piano players. Charlie Parker's saxophone was helping to turn all of us around in those days. I never worked with Charlie, except for a couple of sessions when he came to Detroit, but I sure listened to him."

RAYMOND ROSS

For a long while, in fact, Flanagan's image was that of a bebopper. He played in a combo led by the bop bassist Oscar Pettiford, toured for a year with trombonist J.J. Johnson, and spent three months with Miles Davis.

During this period he worked for a couple of months in the summer of 1956 with Ella Fitzgerald. This marked the beginning of a relationship which would last intermittently for more than 20 years. Off and on, too, he was involved with small bands of a mainstream character, among them the quintet of trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edison, with whom he toured in 1959–60; and a quartet under the direction of the tenor sax pioneer Coleman Hawkins, in 1961. He was back with Ella from 1963–5, then served as Tony Bennett's musical director in 1956 before resuming working for Ella on what turned out to be a full-time basis.

Like many pianists who have become known as accompanists, he had a concurrent life as a recording artist on his own. The first Flanagan piano solos were recorded in 1957; over the years there have been many others, as well as such unusual ventures as a Flanagan-Hank Jones piano duo session, *Our Delights* [Galaxy, 5113]. Tommy has often enjoyed the company of other pianists. "I did a four-piano concert," he recalls, "with Marian McPartland, Teddy Wilson, and Dick Wellstood; then we did a *Today* TV show with Marian, Teddy, and Ellis Larkins. That was just before I had my heart attack in March of 1978."

Sidelined by illness, Flanagan rejoined Ella only briefly before deciding that the road was no longer for him. He left her finally in July of last year, and since then has played a variety of gigs, some solo, one with a trio that went to Japan, and a tour with fluegelhornist Art Farmer. His latest solo album, due out this month, is a collection of Harold Arlen songs, for Inner City Records.

One of the best up-tempo tracks in Tommy's album *Something Borrowed, Something Blue* [Galaxy, 5110] is his treatment of the Dizzy Gillespie bebop standard "Groovin' High." The excerpt shown follows immediately after the exposition of the theme.

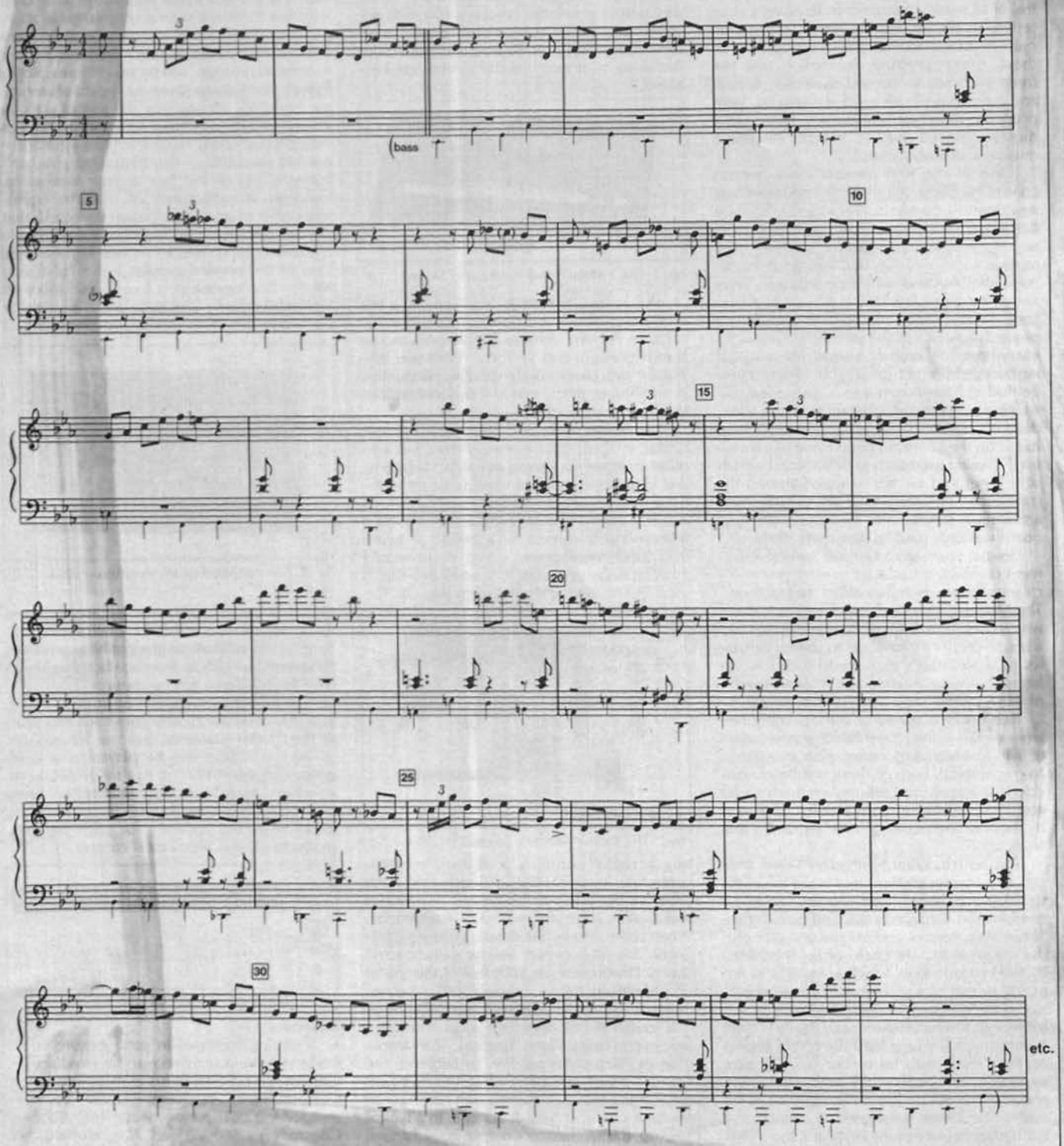
The two-bar pickup leads into an introductory "be-bop" phrase in the opening bar of the chorus. Note, by the way, that this tune is simply a variation on the chord pattern of "Whispering," a popular song of 1920; thus, in effect, Flanagan is playing a chorus on the changes of "Whispering."

The song begins with two bars on an unadorned *E♭* chord followed by two bars on *D7*; note Tommy's neat inclusion, on the fourth beat of bar 2 and the first beat of bar 3, of four notes from an *Am7* that lead logically into the *F♯*, *A*, *C*, and *E* of the *D9*. Bars 13 and 14, in the original tune, were based on another plain *E♭*. Flanagan circumvents this in 14 by raising the melody line a half-step and adding the harmony implied by the new melody —another typical bebop ploy.

For the most part, this is an unspectacular, easily swinging solo at a very brisk tempo that swallows up an entire chorus in half a minute (i.e. two choruses per minute or ♩=256.) Such is the momentum that on reaching the end of the chorus (bar 32) Tommy overlaps, keeping the eighth-note line going until the first beat of bar 2 of the next chorus, which is included here.

For other aspects of Tommy Flanagan's style in a less overtly boppish vein, listen to his own composition "Something Borrowed, Something Blue," or Horace Silver's "Peace," both in the same Galaxy album.

An Excerpt From Tommy Flanagan's "Groovin' High" Solo



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

11/4

LEONARD FEATHER

McCOY TYNER: MACHO PIANISM

When McCoy Tyner speaks, he speaks low. The thoughts expressed in his soft voice occasionally trail off in midsentence; an idea may be dropped and another picked up.

When Tyner plays the piano, no trace of any such restraint or uncertainty is detectable. Occasionally he has been called romantic, pensive, introspective and lyrical, but the adjectives more often applied are (to name just a few) searing, swirling, intense, energetic, powerful, visceral, angry, exhausting, intense and overpowering. He is the quintessence of macho keyboardmanship.

As a composer, he has been growing in stature ever since his seminal six-year association with the John Coltrane Quartet, which began when he was 21. Under Coltrane's influence he experimented with modes and started to develop conspicuously both as writer and soloist.

The ethnic and international scope of his performances is reflected in the titles of his works: "Mode to John," "Aisha" (named for his wife), "La Cubana," "Asian Lullaby," "Festival in Bahia," "Nubia," "Indo Serenade," "Man From Tanganyika." An evening in a concert hall with Tyner's music can be variously a breathtaking, inspiring, even devastating experience, and an inspection tour of five continents.

After a recent performance with his seven-piece band in Los Angeles, Tyner discussed his music and the reactions to it, some of which have implied that he uses dynamics and coloration at the expense of melody.

"Everything we play has a melodic framework, a point of departure that we work from. Certainly I use colorations and dynamics extensively, but we still have a recognizable form in all our music. A few of my compositions—such as 'Fly With the Wind,' which I recorded with a string section—are quite long and are divided into segments; but looking back, I can only remember a few pieces like that. For the most part, my songs are fairly short, simple melodies; there are not a lot of notes involved, but the melodic aspect is very important, especially if you put it on top of an attractive chordal basis. That's what gives you an interesting combination—a theme to play on and a harmonic groundwork to lend character to your variations."

As anyone who has observed a Tyner performance must know, there is much more to his achievements than melody and harmony. His improvisational powers are astonishing; at times his left and right hands weave contrapuntal, interlocking lines, almost as if two minds were engaged in creative correlation.

"That's a technique I've developed over the years," he says. "It's sort of a question-and-answer type thing, a form of interplay with oneself. It can even be two simultaneous statements. I have never tried to use technique for its own sake; I don't believe in exhibitionism, but if at some point you need to project a certain feeling, or combination of feelings, it's good to have the tools with which to express them.

"Before I joined John, when I was with Art Farmer and Benny Golson in a group called the jazztet, I had adequate technique, but John provided me with my real training ground. It's funny—how can you explain the growth process? Still, I look back on those years with John—1960 to 1965—as the real turning point.

"One important lesson I learned from John was that his appeal wasn't due to the complexity of his music. It was the diversity that mattered; he had so many elements that he made every performance fascinating, even for someone who was musically untrained. I may play the same song hundreds of times, but I'll play it a different way every time. Like John, I keep enough change in my music so that neither I nor my audience can become bored."

These observations brought a logical question to mind: How much did Coltrane dominate and influence Tyner? How might his life and music have differed if the two had never met?

"It wasn't a matter of his domination; as a matter of fact, he wasn't a dominant person. John made the statement himself that all four of us gave our individual contributions to the group." (The others were Elvin Jones on drums and Jimmy Garrison on bass.)

"John undoubtedly influenced me a great deal, opened up avenues of thought, but as far as the piano is concerned,

McCoy Tyner

that was something I had to work out for myself. Even though John was, so to speak, the engineer of the train, each of us had to fashion his own concept. The stimulation was mutual; while we always felt the strength of John's presence, he told us that what he played was a reaction to what was happening around him.

"So, in answer to your question, I think I would have gone ahead anyway, but John was very helpful in making it happen; he provided an exceptionally good ground in which to cultivate whatever I had to offer."

During and since the Coltrane association, Tyner continued to refine his artistry at the acoustic piano. Convinced that this instrument is by no means stagnant, he feels no need to change over to the electric keyboard in order to find new paths to follow.

"I don't mind using an amplifier on the piano. With a drummer and the other instruments in the rhythm section, you couldn't be heard without one. But that's not the same thing as using an electric instrument. I draw the line between amplification and electronics."

For several years, Tyner has been enjoying a continuous upsurge of popular interest. His group has elicited reactions as thunderous as the music itself. His Milestone Records have earned him several "Album of the Year" awards at home and abroad. The latest set, "Passion Dance" (Milestone 9091), was recorded live in Japan with Ron Carter on bass and Tony Williams on drums.

Since 1974 he has been voted the No. 1 pianist annually in the Down Beat readers' poll. Tyner takes pride in having garnered so many honors without indulging in fusion albums or any other form of concession.

"I never had the urge to make a record just for the purpose of selling more copies. I didn't actually think I'd ever become a bona-fide commercial artist in the first place. Of course, what you do depends on what your values are, how big your financial appetite may be. Sometimes it's hard to go against the grain, to refuse to compromise; but I'd like to think that quality has something to do with whatever success we have had.

"I believe also that flexibility has a great deal to do with it. Jazz has certain characteristics that make it distinguishable from any other form of music—the African background, the ultra-rhythmic element—yet it can incorporate a broad range of other concepts.

I noticed that Tyner had used the word "jazz," a term looked on with some disapprobation in certain circles. "I don't disagree with that word," he said. "People can call it black music and I won't say that's incorrect; but I don't feel anything limiting or insulting about calling it jazz."

Whether it can best be characterized as jazz or black music, Tyner's concerts seem to draw much of their strength from audiences of college age, predominantly white. I asked him why he does not seem to have as large a black audience as he should.

"Perhaps it's just because black people don't have much of a chance to hear us, especially on the radio, where some of the jazz stations, particularly in New York, are not playing enough pure forms of the music."

Would there be any value in using some form of government subsidy to enhance the accessibility of pure jazz?

"Well, if we can't get enough support from the business community, the way big companies subsidize some of the jazz festivals, then government involvement might be necessary. I know that in Europe, where there is government controlled radio and television, people get a tremendous variety of music at a very low cost. They've found the formula over there, whereas here everything is so profit motivated that an awful lot of important things just get swept under the rug."

Tyner has a point, of course; but fortunately, in his case, a stage has been reached at which he can achieve his artistic goals, earn substantial material rewards and not feel pressured. He is fortunate to be with a record company that understands his values and his needs; and we in turn are lucky that nobody has ever pressured him to make a disco version of "Aisha," or a funk treatment of "Fly With the Wind." □

11/2

Count Basie Band Still Carrying On

Back on the bandstand after having been stricken by an improbable case of chicken pox that cost him a tour of Japan, Count Basie was in town this week for a couple of engagements. One of these was a Halloween party thrown Wednesday by KGIL at the Sportsmen's Lodge.

Since his last local appearance there have been three changes. Two are major, having occurred in the rhythm section that has always been Basie's backbone: Duffy Jackson replaced drummer Butch Miles in August, and last Monday Cleveland Eaton, formerly bassist with Ramsey Lewis, took over from John Clayton.

The newcomers work well with each other, with Basie and with guitarist Freddie Green. The latter joined the orchestra in 1937 and refuses to look for a steady job. (Green is one of two sidemen who were in the band before Duffy Jackson was born; Charles Fowlkes, the baritone saxophonist, came on board in 1951.)

The third newcomer is Dale Carley, whose muted trumpet was eloquently in evidence on "Blues for Stephanie," written by John Clayton. Carley, like Jackson, is 26.

Jackson seems to be slightly less dominant than his predecessor. Whether anchoring the rhythm or taking a solo role in a hurricane-speed arrangement of "Summertime" his dynamics, and his multiple cymbal work, indicated that he and the band are very right for each other.

This was a dance date, offering the conditions under which Basie & Co. tend to play more freely than in a concert hall. Looking fit and playing with his eternal elliptical grace, the 75-year-old leader reminded us again that while change and evolution are endemic to any art form, it is impossible to set too high a price on constancy and devotion to a proven tradition.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JoAnne Brackeen at the Lighthouse

11/8

Beyond question the pianist to watch for in the 1980s is JoAnne Brackeen. Her performance at the Lighthouse, where she opened Tuesday, revealed new dimensions of a talent that has been growing steadily throughout the past decade.

This was the first local job for the Ventura-born composer and soloist since she left Stan Getz in 1977 to branch out on her own. Concentrating on original material, she was totally unpredictable and consistently creative.

One piece, "Golden Garden," moved from the sweeping, stately solo introduction, splendidly articulated, into a frenzied rhythmic passage backed by bassist Clint Houston and drummer Sun Ship (Woody Theus). Another, "Habitat," was built on a tense repeated lefthand figure in 10/4 time.

Some of Brackeen's music seems to verge on atonality, yet certain pieces are based on complex chord structures. Whichever direction she takes, her dynamic and melodic inventiveness assure a constant flow of intriguing ideas. If one were obliged to make a comparison, it might involve the name of McCoy Tyner, but she has long since found her own sound and style without special indebtedness to anyone.

The only standard of the set was a florid treatment of Duke Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood," so heavily disguised that it took a couple of minutes to identify it.

Houston, as noted previously when he was her colleague in the Getz combo, is a phenomenal bassist. Sun Ship, new to the group, tended to be overpowering at times, especially in his use of the cymbals.

JoAnne Brackeen's artistry demands as much of the listener as of the performer, but it is unquestionably worth the effort. She will be at the Lighthouse through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Selective massacring of the English language

Less Than Words Can Say by Richard Mitchell (Little, Brown: $8.95)

Examining the sorry state of the English language, Richard Mitchell overlaps Edwin Newman's "Strictly Speaking" and "A Civil Tongue" while finding new insights and demolishing old icons.

In particular, he zeroes in on the academic community, where the problem has become epidemic. Quoting a typical paragraph of jargon, Mitchell characterizes the writer as "one of those educationist types, no longer a

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

teacher, if he ever was one, but a permanent bureaucrat . . . his writing . . . is pompous and self-important, intended to impress the reader with (his) skill and erudition."

Confusion is compounded when one of these academicians becomes guilty of the very sin he criticizes. "Students," he writes, "do not read well . . . they have gained knowledge . . . through years of exposure to television, films and other image-oriented media." Mitchell devotes two pages to a devastating attack on the marble-mouthed "image-oriented media" phrase.

His conclusion is that educators' decreasing literacy and tendency toward the pompspeak of bureaucracy has led indirectly to vandalism and crime. This is not as farfetched as one might imagine before reading Mitchell's lucid, penetrating examination of the educational decline.

Another of his targets is the concept of black English, which he calls "a gimmick that would certainly postpone black literacy for decades and perhaps forever." The unacknowledged assumptions he attacks are that "most black kids are too stupid to learn fluent, standard English . . . Some few are, perhaps, not too stupid, but to teach them fluent, standard English is hard work for the teachers . . . It would be better, in any case, if they *didn't* learn fluent, standard English, since we would then have to admit some of them to important and lucrative professions." In other words, the advocates of black English are, perhaps unwittingly, racists.

Mitchell's plea for clear, precise English constitutes an admirable example of the practitioner as preacher.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

AT SNOOKY'S

Beverly Spaulding: Versatile Jazz

BY LEONARD FEATHER

West Los Angeles has a new jazz room. Snooky's, on Pico Blvd. near the Santa Monica Freeway at Bundy, has built up gradually over the past three months to what is now a seven-night music policy.

Beverly Spaulding

A visit Thursday provided two surprises. First, the food is by far the best available in any Southland jazz club. Second, the regular Thursday night attraction is a trio led by the remarkable Beverly Spaulding.

The set opened with Spaulding at the piano playing a vigorous samba, "Ojos de Rojo." Soon she picked up a flute to offer a sprightly, swinging solo, occasionally interrupting herself with wild whoops and shouts.

Next came several examples of her chameleonic vocal talents, ranging from Bessie Smith's "Gimme a Pigfoot" to "Easy Living" and her own slightly Janis Joplinesque "Bittersweet Blues." The coarse, attractive edge to her timbre, especially in such songs as Al Jarreau's gospel-flavored "Could You Believe," brings a powerful jazz inflection to everything she sings.

The trio then played "Ramblin'," an early tune by Ornette Coleman. Spaulding performed it on alto sax, sounding not unlike the composer himself. Minutes later she was playing finger-style guitar, accompanying herself as she sang an old-timey, 16-bar blues.

What amazes most about Beverly Spaulding is not that she does so many things so well, but that she looks much too young to sound authentic in so many contrasting idioms. In the course of two sets she spanned five decades on four instruments. Her sax work is uneven—on one tune she tended to overblow—but by and large her versatility works wonders for her.

In her combo, which backs her regularly and plays the charts with precision, are Tommy Hill, an excellent bassist, and George Neidorf on drums. Why Spaulding is not better known is a mystery, but chances are the word will spread fast. Snooky Mazzaro, the owner, will bring her back every Thursday indefinitely, using various other straight-ahead combos to keep the bandstand warm through the rest of the week.

The Making of Jazz by James Lincoln Collier (Delta: $6.95). A paperback edition of the comprehensive history published last year in hardcover by Houghton Mifflin, this is one of the most lucidly written and perceptive works of its kind. The author, a musician himself, seems reasonably free of bias as he examines in sensible detail the work of everyone from Johnny Dodds and Benny Goodman to John Coltrane and Cecil Taylor. Recommended as a textbook for jazz history classes.

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There was an element of chance in the way you found out about Charlie Christian. Maybe others today are waiting for a similar situation."

"I don't think so. For one thing, there was the black problem, and you don't have that any more; the blacks are the first to get the jobs now. But I don't think that is the point. A lot of people in my band weren't that well known, but were good solid musicians; you stick the other ones around them and you have an organization. That's my point."

The point sounded confused to me, especially since the group assembled for Goodman to front in Pasadena happened to be all white. But as the pioneer who in 1936 became the first to present black and white musicians together publicly, when it was considered imprudent, even dangerous, Benny certainly cannot be accused of racial prejudice. Social naivete, perhaps, rather than racism.

Having paid professional dues virtually all his life (he began playing in Chicago dance bands at 13), Benny Goodman, the maker of history, the seeker of new stars for his entourage, has been transformed into a more readily satisfied leader whose philosophy is simple: "I'm not looking for geniuses. You never find them. What you have to watch out for is good, solid people, and just go from there, because if you're waiting for the other kind to show up, you'll be looking from here to China. See what I mean? Take a group like the one last night. I thought they played pretty well, for a moment's-notice situation."

I agreed, pointing to the brilliant tenor saxophonist Pete Christlieb, who was working with Benny for the first time.

"Where's he from?" Benny wanted to know.

"He's a regular on the 'Tonight' show and he has an album out under his own name."

"On the 'Tonight' show? Well, you never hear him. That's a funny band, isn't it? I mean, I guess it's a good band, but I don't know what the hell he's doing. It's a screaming band, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think they're that loud. It's a clean, swinging band."

"Swinging?" Goodman echoed the word in a recoil-with-horror tone. Asked whose band he equates with swinging, he acknowledged that Count Basie "always sounds good." But he granted that there his knowledge of the contemporary scene is less than comprehensive, adding: "I don't know a lot of these cats. Like that trumpet player who was with me last night—who is he?"

Chuck Findley."

"Well, if someone like that was in the position to be featured on radio, like those fellows who used to be with me, then people would start saying, 'Who the hell is this kid? He can really play.' But there's no spotlight now, no place for these kids to be shown. Now last night these people heard this trumpet player, and I bet they went away fairly well impressed."

Goodman's point has a solid basis in fact. New musicians can no longer come up, as they generally did throughout the swing years, starting out as featured sidemen. He failed to allow, however, for the emergence of a talent pool that did not exist when swing was the prevailing force: the college jazz bands.

"Sure," said Benny, "I know about them. I've heard some of those Texas college bands, but they're on a different kick. They're strictly on a Stan Kenton-Count Basie kick. Not that there's anything wrong with that."

"More Kenton than Basie, wouldn't you say?"

Yeah; and you know, that has never been my idea of a good school, because there's been a lack of a certain amount of refinement to that kind of playing."

"Are you talking about solo style, or ensemble style?"

"Well, whatever it is. I can't imagine Bunny Berigan playing that way. I think if some of these kids had a more mellow quality, that would sound better." Goodman interrupted himself to laugh in the chortling, Santa Claus manner that had peppered his conversation. Then he added: "Don't get me wrong. I think Christlieb is talented as hell."

The world of Benny Goodman in his 71st year is peopled by youthful strangers, new values and new aesthetic attitudes whose intricacies he does not feel constrained to investigate. Understandably, having made a unique contribution both as virtuoso instrumentalist and as harbinger of a new phase in jazz history, he feels no need to discover or prove anything more. As befits an artist of his stature, he is satisfied to rest on his laurels, to play his horn when the mood takes him, allowing us to share in a very special glory that is by no means a thing of the past. □

LEONARD FEATHER

GOODMAN: A RIGHT TO PLAY THE BLUES

Benny Goodman

Benny Goodman is one of the luckier survivors of the Big Band Era. Instead of having to concern himself, as do Count Basie, Harry James, Woody Herman and Mercer Ellington, with keeping the orchestra intact and the bookings rolling in, he simply picks up a few dates when he feels like it—a classical concert here, a jazz gig there—and arranges for a small supporting group to be assembled locally.

On a recent trip to California, he performed at a concert to an overflow house in Pasadena, bringing to his work much the same improvisational magic he had displayed during his historic breakthrough at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles in the summer of 1935.

Goodman later talked about his new book, "Benny: King of Swing" (Wm. Morrow; $25), a handsome, gold-wrapped package, is subtitled "A pictorial biography based on Benny Goodman's own archives." Although the first 56 pages are given over to a text by Stanley Baron, very little is told that was not related more fully in Goodman's biography, "The Kingdom of Swing." (The latter, published 40 years ago and coauthored by Irving Kolodin, ought to be reissued.) But the photographic meat of the new book—Benny as a child, as a world tourist, friend of royalty, finder of talent, virtuoso of chamber music—is a marvelous mine of nostalgia.

"It started out to be autobiographical," said Goodman, "but I decided I didn't want that. I just don't have that kind of total recall, and I've seen so many biographical books packed with gross misstatements. To be a best-seller you've got to be provocative and tell a lot of horseshit. So I thought, well, we'll find some good pictures and make an attractive book."

Digging into the past brings out mixed emotions in the 70-year-old swing patriarch. Last year he assembled a full orchestra for a Carnegie Hall concert commemorating the 40th anniversary of his original barrier-breaking recital there. Of his many famous graduates, only Lionel Hampton and Martha Tilton took part. The evening was lambasted by most of the critics.

Asked about his own feelings, Benny said: "Did it get bad reviews? I didn't see 'em." (He was under great pressure at the time; his ailing wife died a few days after the concert.) As for the shortage of alumni, "Well, a lot of those people can't play the way they used to. You can't always resurrect the past. Now I don't know what the

JAZZ IN BRIEF

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"AIN'T IT SO." Ray Charles. Atlantic SD 19251. The Charles voice, unmarred by time and still deeply affecting when the arrangements allow it, deserves better material and presentation than he is offered here. There are three standards. "Blues in the Night" is played and sung partly as a waltz, with a strangely tight arrangement that lacks an iota of spontaneity. "Some Enchanted Evening" is a partly successful attempt to translate Richard Rodgers into the language and spirit of the blues. "What'll I Do" includes the seldom heard verse of the Irving Berlin 1924 hit, dipping into funk for the chorus. Of the other cuts, only one stands out: "Turn Out the Light and Love Me Tonight" with its gospel flavor, voices and strings, achieves a more honest mood than the rest. We are not told who wrote which arrangements (perhaps on the assumption that it doesn't matter), who plays the saxophone solos, or even whether Charles himself was responsible for the brief keyboard passages. Too often the backup horns sound like so many automata. Ray Charles should reassess his values if he is to retain the admiration of his old fans and gain the admiration of the young. He was making more exciting records than this 25 years ago with an eight-piece combo. Two stars.

"MINGUS AT ANTIBES." Charles Mingus. Atlantic SD 2-3001. Previously unreleased, this session taped live at the Antibes Jazz Festival in 1960 is stronger in personnel than in performance. Long versions of six familiar works are stretched out over four sides, but some, particularly "Better Git Hit in Your Soul," and "Prayer for Passive Resistance," have been heard in studio versions with superior recording. Bud Powell, a guest artist on one side ("I'll Remember April"), is not in peak condition. For completists, the presence of saxophonists Eric Dolphy and Booker Ervin will justify purchase; selective collectors will not rank this among Mingus' greatest achievements. Three stars.

DEC. 79

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Jazz Piano In The '70s

WELL, WHAT KIND of a decade has it been in jazz piano? In a word, extraordinary. In another word, unprecedented.

As the decade began, jazz itself was going through a turbulent series of changes, in which the piano was inextricably caught up. The acoustic days were drawing to an end; amplified guitars were being heard from at increasingly stentorian volume; all other instruments, even sometimes drums, were being subjected more and more frequently to amplification. The more electric pianos were played, the more often they were called electric keyboards; eventually, in a weird irony, the grand piano began to be referred to by some as an "acoustic keyboard."

On the creative level, a jazz world that had confined itself for decades to a basic set of harmonic and melodic laws known as the tonal system passed through a critical stage that saw the emergence on a significant scale of modality, polytonality, and atonality, and the frequent abandonment of form in the sense of the old-fashioned 32- or 12-bar chorus. Many of these developments had become apparent through the revolutionary work of saxophonists, such as Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane, but not much less significantly as a result of the insistent cries for change uttered by pianists: Cecil Taylor, then McCoy Tyner and many others.

Still, as the 1970s dawned, these apocalyptic visions were not clear to the general public and had not been adopted by the jazz world at large. The predominant personalities in jazz piano were Oscar Peterson, still a symbol of the swinging era and the conventional forms that went back to Art Tatum and his contemporaries; Bill Evans, who had emerged during the 1960s as a weaver of lyricism and impressionistic beauty; and Herbie Hancock, still in his pre-rock stage and manifesting some of the same characteristics as Evans.

By the end of the decade, though these three still enjoyed success and prominence, Hancock had been dodging back and forth between his old image and the funk-rock experiments that began with his hit instrumental "Chameleon" [from *Headhunters*, Columbia, PC-32731], an apt title indeed. The 1980 counterparts of Peterson, Evans, and Hancock, at least in the sense of the extent to which they have become cynosures of attention and major influences, are Taylor, Tyner, and Keith Jarrett.

All three are no less firmly established as composers; in the cases of Taylor and Jarrett, their prolix performances are, in effect, largely spontaneous compositions that have expanded the scope of contemporary piano on every level. Taylor's work at times is heavily rhythmic, involving a tremendous output of energy. Though his jazz roots are dimly discernible, basically he is an avant-gardist who cannot be categorized. His award-winning *Silent Tongues* [Arista, 1005], a solo recital at Montreux, is perhaps the most representative example of his recent work.

Keith Jarrett has made a gradual transition from post-bebopper (he was with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers in 1965) to Miles Davis sideman and experimenter, to solo recitalist whose excursions take him into every area of jazz and classical piano (predominantly the latter), often for an hour or more uninterruptedly—a trend that became indicative, by the end of this decade, of the dimensions of things to come.

Tyner's approach is more heavily interlarded with the sounds of Africa, the Middle East, and the Orient, with potent articulation, a use of modality that has been widely copied, and occasional use of standard material to which he lends a vigorously personal touch.

Another protean artist whose achievements reached a far wider audience during the '70s was Muhal Richard Abrams. Founder of the AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Music) in Chicago, which later gave rise to the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Abrams is considered a founding father of the modern Chicago school.

For Chick Corea the '70s were a time of flux, as he applied his writing and playing skills to nineteenth century romanticism, hard rock, Latin textures, and occasionally jazz (most rewardingly on last year's two-piano concert tour with Herbie Hancock).

Other holdovers from the 1960s who found that the audience's receptivity had rendered their music more accessible were Randy Weston, Ran Blake, Jaki Byard (a player of rare versatility, at home with stride and avant-garde alike), Don Pullen (a brilliant Charles Mingus band graduate and student of Muhal Richard Abrams), and Cedar Walton, the Art Blakey alumnus who has made giant steps both as soloist and composer.

Pianists who had paid many years of dues accompanying singers or working as sidemen in bands and combos found outlets for their creativity through albums under their own names: Joe Sample, of the Crusaders, who has enjoyed great commercial success while maintaining his musical integrity; Roland Hanna, Tommy Flanagan, Barry Harris, Kenny Barron, and countless others.

The increasing internationalization of the jazz piano scene was pointed up by the accomplishments of Toshiko Akiyoshi (better known as a composer and bandleader, but still a fine soloist in a Bud Powell bop-derived mold); the extraordinary blind pianist from Barcelona, Tete Montoliu, a hit at the September '79 Monterey Jazz Festival; Martial Solal, from France; Dollar Brand (who now prefers to be known as Abdullah Ibrahim), a Duke Ellington discovery from South Africa who has stretched from tonality into a freedom bag; Alan Broadbent and Mike Nock, both from New Zealand; Milcho Leviev, a technically adroit and often inspired import from Bulgaria; and Britain's Gordon Beck.

Among the more recent arrivals in the big time, Joanne Brackeen is one of those most likely to make a lasting impact. Harmonically imaginative, the possessor of a creative compositional mind and fast-expanding technique, she recorded a consistently innovative album of original works for a recent Columbia release, *Keyed In* (JC-36075). Others likely to make their mark during the 1980s are Andy Laverne (who succeeded Brackeen in the Stan Getz Quartet), Richie Beirach, and Stanley Cowell.

Virtually all those mentioned up to this point have been primarily products of the '70s and candidates for greater prominence in the '80s. The picture would not be complete, however, without mention of some who had reached a plateau of fame in earlier years and who continue today to make welcome contributions.

Among those who come to mind are Roger Kellaway, a soloist of explosive vitality; Dick Hyman, known as the man who can play everything and will balk at nothing; Jimmy Rowles, at last enjoying long-deserved recognition as a messenger of lyricism and humor; Ahmad Jamal; Dave Brubeck, less active in jazz piano than in fusion sounds with his sons, religious writing, etc.; Les McCann, devoting much of his time to singing; Phineas Newborn Jr., a superb pianist in the '60s who has suffered setbacks due to health problems; and such bandleader-pianists as Count Basie and Nat Pierce.

The 1970s saw many of the most capable pianists devoting much of their time to electric piano, Clavinet, various synthesizers, and related instruments: Joe Zawinul (the co-leader of Weather Report, whose talent as an exponent of jazz piano was more fully exposed during his days with Cannonball Adderley), Sun Ra, George Duke, Jan Hammer, Lonnie Liston Smith, the youthful Patrice Rushen (born in 1954, a jazz piano discovery in 1970, later a defector to fusion music), Carla Bley (who combines freedom music with touches of broad humor), and Gil Evans, whose orchestra enjoyed success in the crossover world.

Still among us were such perennial giants of earlier decades as Mary Lou Williams (now a teacher at Duke University, but still active in clubs and on records); Eubie Blake, heading for his 97th birthday in February and still miraculously busy; Jay McShann, a bandleader of the '30s who made an invigorating comeback as a blues piano specialist during the last few years; and the daddy of them all, Earl "Fatha" Hines, whose incisive right hand and convoluted right-and-left-hand rhythmic patterns haven't needed to undergo much change in more than 50 years.

A sad concluding note: Thelonious Monk has been in all but total retirement for several years. The 1970s also saw the loss of several giants, among them Duke Ellington, Hampton Hawes, Stan Kenton, Willie the Lion Smith, and far too many more.

It might seem to be the logical step to conclude with a prediction of jazz piano developments during the next ten years. Past experience has shown me the dangers inherent in extending one's neck. The only real certainty about developments in music, as in all the arts, is the guarantee of uncertainty. There is always the likelihood that new developments will come along, surprise us all, and leave us wondering how we could have been so foolish as not to see them on the horizon.

Have a nice decade!

11/18

LEONARD FEATHER

BLUE NOTE: 10 NEW RELEASES ON LIFE

Sometimes it seems that the record industry owes a special debt, perhaps even a special Grammy category, for the artists who resurrect long-shelved works.

When a company becomes so active that its recording projects outpace its release schedule, the inevitable result is that certain sessions become lost in the shuffle and remain on the shelf. In other instances, the issue of an important artist's work may be delayed, or even canceled, simply because of lack of appreciation or comprehension at the executive level. (This was the case during a long stretch at Capitol Records, where the eventually famous Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" records were held up for many years because nobody understood what they were all about. The same was true of Lennie Tristano's historic "free jazz" sides and many other ventures recorded during Capitol's brief flirtation with the modern jazz of the 1950's.)

Michael Cuscuna is primarily a producer, with numerous credits in the jazz and pop fields (Woody Shaw, Anthony Braxton, Bonnie Raitt, Buddy Guy); but a few years ago he dug into the vaults at Blue Note Records for hidden treasures. This unique scavenging operation produced enough material for no less than 10 albums, all of which have just been released for the first time.

That Cuscuna found much of this material as far back as 1975-76 gives an indication of the confused situation that has existed at Blue Note in recent years. During the 1940s and '50s, run by the German refugee jazz fans Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, Blue Note grew from a two man operation into a uniquely successful company that based its policy entirely on artistic merit. Art Blakey, Horace Silver and dozens of others came to prominence on the label.

As it must, seemingly, to all independents, Blue Note fell prey to the blandishments of a major company and was sold around 1966 to the then flourishing Liberty Records. In due course Liberty was sold to United Artists, United

Bobby Hutcherson is still playing in much the same unadulterated fashion as on his early works.

Artists became part of EMI, and Blue Note, after a period of swollen profits occasioned by the commercial funk of Donald Byrd, lapsed into conglomerated obscurity.

For the past year or two the company has been in limbo; all its contract artists (including Donald Byrd) have moved elsewhere, except for Horace Silver, who is about to make his final album before switching affiliations. Silver holds the world's record for long-fidelity; he made his first Blue Note date as a leader in 1952 and, aside from a couple of brief side ventures, has been there ever since.

Now, thanks to Cuscuna, Blue Note rides again, on the coattails of artists who recorded these hitherto unreleased sessions between 1958 and 1968. The albums, far from sounding dated, generally bring more valid representations of the performers than do some of their later fusion effusions.

There is more to these sessions that you can deduce from the names on the covers. Freddie Hubbard, for instance, though not heard as a leader, is a prominent sideman on Dexter Gordon's "Clubhouse" (Blue Note 989), on Wayne Shorter's "The Soothsayer" (988) and on one track of Bobby Hutcherson's "Spiral" (996).

Lee Morgan, in addition to leading his own combo on "Sonic Boom" (987), is a major participant in Hank Mobley's "A Slice of the Top" (995), Jackie McLean's "Consequence" (994), and organist Jimmy Smith's "Confirmation" (992). Donald Byrd, who has his own outing on "Chant" (991), reappears on one side of Stanley Turrentine's "New Time Shuffle" (993). Other hidden gems are an early McCoy Tyner on the Shorter, as well as on "Solid," a set by guitarist Grant Green (990); and Herbie Hancock's participation in the Byrd quintet.

This may well have been Hancock's very first recording. Byrd, who had heard him in Chicago, brought him to New York in January of 1961 to join his quintet, which was co-led by baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams. This session, made three months later, shows that Byrd had unerring taste in picking his sidemen. Hancock, who had barely turned 21, was more than merely promising; his work here is remarkably mature. Byrd in his pre-electric, four-beat jazz bag, blows with an unadulterated drive and confidence. Byrd remains tacit on "Sophisticated Lady," played with grace and passion as a solo by Pepper Adams.

The timing of this release could not have been more propitious, since it serves to counterbalance a brand new Byrd, entitled ". . . And 125th Street, N.Y.C." (Elektra E-247). Except for some lucid moments on a pretty tune called "Marilyn," this egregious item with its kindergarten lyrics, first grade rhythms and limited blowing is a pathetic reflection of what happens when success and mass sales become a top priority.

In fact, the consistent artistry shown throughout these Blue Notes offers a needed reminder that when these musicians were making music to satisfy their souls, the results would have timeless validity. Cuscuna, in his notes on the Wayne Shorter album, refers to the "straight-ahead" sessions Shorter made for the company from 1964-7, and refers to the final one of these as "Wayne's last pure date."

Shorter, of course, is making a valid contribution of a different character; Weather Report, it seems to me, has its own brand of purity. But it is sad to reflect that of the other leaders represented here, only Dexter Gordon, Bobby Hutcherson and Jimmy Smith are still playing in much the same unadulterated fashion as when they taped these Blue Note dates.

Grant Green, a guitarist who in the final years of his life cut a series of dull, commercial albums, died last January. "Solid," his 1964 session, with Joe Henderson and James Spaulding on saxes, Elvin Jones and Tyner in the rhythm section, reminds us how much he was capable of creating.

Jackie McLean and Turrentine also have aimed at the charts with pop albums. Lee Morgan, one of the most elegant postbop trumpeters of the '60s, was shot to death in a New York club in 1972. Had he lived, I suspect he would have remained true to his Gillespie-inspired values.

Hank Mobley's case is the saddest of all. He could well have been as familiar a name today as Sonny Rollins or Stan Getz. The four original tunes on his LP were written while he was in prison, serving time on his third narcotics conviction. His life has been fragmented by heroin, along with a combination of unlucky elements such as the theft of his horns, and a bureaucratic foul-up with his birth certificate that kept him from making a European tour.

The music on these Mobley sides finds his tenor in an unusual setting, with euphonium and tuba to widen the range of the horn section. (He had the Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" group in mind.) According to the poignant notes, Mobley today is living in poverty in Philadelphia, wracked by ill health, lacking the money to buy a new and adequate saxophone.

These albums in effect are a tribute to the spirit and honesty of the men who produced them. Ironically, they and their work are all but forgotten. Wolff died a few years after the Liberty takeover, and Lion, in the Hutcherson notes by Joe Goldberg, is referred to as "the late Alfred Lion." I hope Lion will get a kick out of reading this, since he is alive and well and living in quiet retirement in Cuernavaca, Mex. Perhaps he will also share in our gratitude that the salvage specialists are helping to keep alive the music he worked so hard to perpetuate. □

11/21

Danny Brin at Carmelo's: A Conventional Guitar

Assessed in musical terms, the decade now approaching its end essentially has been the era of the guitar. Never before has any instrument undergone as many radical changes, not only in the variety of technical modification —flat bodies, electronics, fuzz tones, distortions of every kind—but also in the multitude of stylistic approaches.

Because of these revolutions in standards, a musician on the order of Danny Brin, who brought a trio into Carmelo's Sunday, seems as conservative as a Madison Avenue executive in a three-piece business suit. He is a relatively young man harking back to an older school, playing a conventional guitar with modestly enhanced sound.

If there is nothing spectacularly different or inventive about a Brin solo, at least he never offends the ears with tonal excesses. He operates at about 10% of the volume level employed by, say, Robben Ford. His single-note solo lines, with chorded interludes, are pleasant, as are his Brazilian-style compositions such as "Indelible." But for the most part he played standards such as "Summertime," the Miles Davis "All Blues" and the John Coltrane "Naima," furnishing what is basically a brand of jazz dinner music.

During a five-tune set, three numbers had drum solos, surely a bit much for a guitar trio, though Joe Correro's handling of this role was competent enough. Alan Jackson, playing upright bass, acquitted himself creditably.

Victor Feldman will assemble a group for Carmelo's Friday and Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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11/25

LEONARD FEATHER

PETERSON IN CHARMING STYLE

"NIGHT CHILD." Oscar Peterson Quartet. Pablo Today 2312-108. Peterson is one of the most recorded artists in jazz, but this set is extraordinary in three respects. "Night Child" consists entirely of his own compositions; it features him almost exclusively on electric keyboard; and he is heard at the helm of an all-star combo with the finest of the Norman Granz elite: Joe Pass, Louis Bellson and the Danish bassist Niels Pedersen.

Peterson has too seldom given the public an opportunity to appreciate his talent as a writer of melodically charming themes. "Solar Winds" with its otherworldly introduction, the smart and jubilant "Dancin' Feet" and the lively waltz "Charlie" are best among the six cuts. Even "Teenager" (presumably aimed at the youth market), for which Pedersen switches to electric bass and an atypical thumping style, comes off reasonably well.

Peterson's use of the electric keyboard sets in rare perspective the most delicate aspects of his style. The title track, however, the only one in which he doubles on acoustic piano, reminds us that this is still his main artillery. Altogether, a five-star special.

"LAB 79." North Texas University Lab Band. North Texas has produced some of the most honored (and most traveled) of all the college bands. Again, the performance of the arrangements (all written by students) is stunningly professional. The solo level, as usual, is slightly less mature, though composer-fluegelhornist Mike Steinel shows promise in his lyrical "May." "Easy to Love," the only standard, shows the reed section doing with an old Cannonball Adderley solo what Supersax has done with Charlie Parker. Three stars. Obtainable from Box 5038, North Texas Station, Denton, Tex. 76203.

"TENOR SAX JAZZ IMPRESSIONS." Bob Cooper. Discovery TR-518. How long must an artist wait? Bob Cooper has been standing too long on the sidelines—or rather, in the studios, doing the kind of anonymous work that has shielded him from due recognition. The notes, claiming that he is in a class with Zoot Sims and Stan Getz, do not exaggerate. In this direct-to-disc set he plays two standards and six originals, of which "True Grits" and "Fat Tuesday" are genuinely new creations rather than retreads of old chord sequences. As for the rhythm section, with Bob Magnusson on bass how could he go wrong? A four-star special for students of unalloyed mainstream jazz.

"NEW COLORS. Frank Marocco-Ray Pizzi. Discovery TR 516. Recorded direct to disc, Marocco again displays on the accordion a thoroughly engaging sound that has none of the old wheeze-box quality, tending rather to resemble a superior modern organ. On these five standards and two slight originals, he is paired with the saxophones and flute of Pizzi, who achieves a warm timbre on tenor but has some awkward, unswinging moments on soprano. Three stars.

"MOSAIC." The Best of John Klemmer, Vol 1. MCA 2-8014. The 17 cuts in this double-LP offer a satisfying cross section of Klemmer's work since 1975, starting with "Touch" and incorporating various combos, usually with a soft-rock or Latin beat. Three have an orchestral setting. Most of the small group items include Dave Grusin on electric keyboard. Klemmer's album notes give a good indication of what he is all about; he writes of the desire for beauty, simplicity and peace in a world of ever increasing change and stress.

"BALLADS AND BLUES." Tommy Flanagan. Inner City IC 3029. So many records of this caliber are gushing forth that we tend to take them for granted. What we have here is 43 minutes of pure, bop-rooted piano jazz, with tunes by Gillespie, Parker, Flanagan and his bassist George Mraz, among others. Flanagan's gentle touch makes it seem deceptively easy. Mraz plays a splendid bowed solo on his own "Blues for Sarka."

"JIMMY KNEPPER IN L.A." Jimmy Knepper Quintet. Inner City IC 6047. Best known for his years off and on with Charles Mingus, Knepper is a volatile trombonist, heard here in a relaxed jam-session setting. His work is marred by occasional intonation lapses, but an admirable spirit infuses the set, helped in large measure by Lew Tabackin, who produced it and keeps the cauldron boiling with his tenor sax. (On two cuts he plays flute briefly.) Good rhythm support by Shelly Manne and Monty Budwig, but Roger Kellaway's normally fiery piano is somewhat laid back and underrecorded. □

11/24

JAZZ IN BRIEF

"THE CAT AND THE HAT." Ben Sidran. Horizon SP 741. Sidran sings with a pleasingly casual style and timbre, plays keyboards and synthesizers and is the writer of most of the lyrics here for a series of transmogrified instrumental works by John Coltrane, Thelonious Monk and others. It's a curiously mixed set, with jazz and rock moments, good solos by such guests as Joe Henderson, on tenor sax in "Seven Steps to Heaven," which has hip words about Miles, Trane and Bird. The male-chauvinist verses of "Girl Talk" are replaced by a new set that feminists may find just as upsetting.

"EQUIPOISE." Stanley Cowell. Galaxy 5125. A pianist with extensive classical training and experience, Cowell retains his ties to jazz in "Dr. Jackle," a whiz-bang bebop blues, and the more relaxed, swinging "Musa and Maimoun." The latter, along with the sedate "November Mood," shows Cowell's depth and inventiveness as a composer. Roy Haynes is the drummer in this trio set. Bassist Cecil McBee not only plays superbly but is represented as a writer in the enchanting "Lady Blue."

"NATIVE SON." Infinity 9022. Native Son comprises Kosuke Mine on saxes, Takehiro Honda on keyboards and three other Japanese jazzmen on guitar, bass and drums. Japan has some spendid musicians, but Native Son seems to be showing that in Tokyo, too, they are aiming for sales with funk, jazz/rock and other fusion forms. In this low-priority import, they sound like schooled performers playing down to a lowest common denominator.

"MY KIND OF MUSIC." Rickey Kelly. Los Angeles LAPR 1006. Kelly, a vibraphonist from San Francisco, is backed by a small group of Los Angeles musicians in a contemporary but not-too-far-out set. Kelly wrote five of the six themes, the best of which are "The Masai," in 5/4, on which he plays marimba and blends attractively with the flute; and "Belize," again with marimba, plus vocalese effects by Diane Reeves. Kelly shows promise in this unspectacular but intermittently rewarding debut.

"YOUNG DJANGO." Stephane Grapelli. Pausa 8041. If the Quintet of the Hot Club de France had been a quartet, and had been able to record in stereo, this is how it might have liked to sound. The difference is that Grapelli's 1979 sidemen here are incomparably better musicians. They are Larry Coryell and the Belgian Philip Catherine on guitars, with the Danish Niels Pederson on bass. Most of the tunes were written and recorded in the 1930s by Django Reinhardt and Grapelli. The violinist-leader (71 the week this was recorded last January) is is superb form.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Teri Thornton at the Money Tree

Teri Thornton is back on the scene. Though her name will be familiar to those who recall her hit record of an old television theme, "Somewhere in the Night," she will be new to younger audiences, having spent the past decade in retirement.

At the Money Tree in Toluca Lake, she came supplied with an arsenal of first-rate songs: Gordon Jenkins' memorable "This Is All I Ask," Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life," her own harmonically intriguing "Wishing Well" and a traditional blues.

Singers of Thornton's caliber are currently in short supply. Her sound is warm, full and attractive; she is capable of melodic variations that show her strong jazz roots. To display her impressive range she began "On Green Dolphin Street" in the lower register, then for the second chorus leaped up surprisingly to take it an octave higher.

In terms of musicianship she is in a class with Carmen McRae, but stylistically Thornton owes allegiance to nobody. It is a delight to have her in our midst again, a pleasure compounded by the accompaniment of the Karen Hernandez Trio.

Hernandez and her bassist, "Senator" Eugene Wright (best known for his 10 years with Dave Brubeck), have been at the Money Tree since early 1975. Recently the owner sprang for a new, improved piano, and for the addition of a drummer, Eddie Williams.

Hernandez is a pianist of chameleonic moods, drinking deeply of the blues in the funkier moments of her instrumental set, but also very convincing in such Latin-tinged pieces as "Adoro" and "Poinciana."

Teri Thornton closes Dec. 1. —LEONARD FEATHER

11/28

JAZZ AND POP MUSIC REVIEWS

Weekly Concerts Return to Improvisation

The Improvisation, a Melrose Ave. club where weekly jazz concerts were held during most of 1977, has returned to the policy with a series of Sunday-afternoon sessions under the direction of Leslie Drayton.

Each week Drayton, a trumpeter, presents his own 19-piece orchestra along with guest singers and instrumentalists. He arranges almost all the music, and his own compositions predominate.

A few tunes sport a rock beat, but essentially this is your down-the-middle, basic jazz ensemble. Whether showcasing his own fluent horn work in "God Bless the Child" or displaying other soloists in such original works as "Mystical Mirage," Drayton emerges as a personable leader with an estimable writing flair.

Although a few of the sidemen have been heard in other local bands, such as Grover Mitchell's or Gerald Wilson's, others are relative newcomers like Fostina Dixon, who flexed her muscular baritone-sax individuality in "Southern Extremity." More familiar were trumpeter Snooky Young, of "The Tonight Show" band, growling some splendid blues trumpet in the Savoy Ballroom tradition; the ubiquitous Al Aarons on fluegelhorn; trombonists Garnett Brown and Thurman Green; and the highly emotional Curtis Peagler on alto sax.

The band's weakest feature is its rhythm section, whose members generate no excitement singly and fail to swing collectively. The reed team has some challenging, well-textured charts to deal with, but is not always in tune. The brass section, with a French horn, is strong and exciting.

Guest soloists Sunday were Valerie King, playing some agreeable, legitimate flute on "Mellow Flight," and a superior gospel blues singer, Phyllis Battle, who battled with a recalcitrant microphone and won by a bar's breadth.

The Drayton presentations will continue Sundays from 4 to 8 p.m.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Lowe a High in Donte's Guitar Series

11/29

The Monday-night guitar sessions, for years a staple at Donte's, continue to provide some of the Southland's most reliable jazz, as was evidenced this week by the return of Mundell Lowe.

Because he was taping for "The Merv Griffin Show," on which he plays regularly, Lowe started late (business before pleasure). Until he arrived, his quartet became the Bill Mays Trio, as the pianist ran through a few tunes backed by Monty Budwig on bass and John Dentz on drums. Reviewed last month when he appeared here with Bobby Shew, Mays is a skilled soloist who leans more toward lyricism than energy.

Mundell Lowe's presence elevated the intensity level by several notches. Opening with a bright, buoyant tune on the chords of "Moten Swing," he promptly offered evidence of his stature as the inheritor of a noble tradition; that is to say, the spirit of Charlie Christian, founding father of the electric guitar, lives in him.

He is given to long, engagingly constructed lines; his time and rhythmic sense are flawless. A warmly personal character emerges when he curls his melodic imagination around the delicately harmonic contours of "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face."

The missing ingredient is Lowe's talent as a composer. Writer of many scores for motion pictures ("Billy Jack") and television, he needs a broader canvas and a more organized context than is available in a one-night stand of this informal kind.

Bill Mays will be returning to Donte's Friday and Saturday as a member of the Bud Shank Quartet. Meanwhile, for Mundell, it's back to the studio treadmill until another jazz gig comes along.

—LEONARD FEATHER

12/2

The Latin Tinge by John Storm Roberts (Oxford: $12.95). Though regrettably brief (219 pages of basic text, plus glossary, etc.), this is a welcome addition to the music library in that it covers an area largely ignored until now. Roberts takes us from the tango and rhumba up through bossa nova and today's salsa scene.

His writing is authoritative, but the book lacks one vital element: musical illustrations. Still, this will provide a valuable source for other works that may follow it.

—LEONARD FEATHER

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO THE EDITOR

10/26/79

Dear "Think Jazz":

I received your October issue and was fascinated to read, in Eugene C. Venerable's "Impressions of Monterey," that Tete Montoliu "In 1864 went on the road with Roland Kirk, and since then has gained widespread recognition among jazz musicians."

I believe this is in error, since at that time Rahsaan Roland Kirk's pianist was Hubert Blake Sr., father of Eubie Blake. I remember catching them in a concert at Congo Square during the 1864 Mardi Gras – or was it 1865?

As you may gather from my total recall, I am even more venerable than Mr. Venerable himself.

Sincerely,

Leonard Feather

Oops, sorry, Leonard, not Eugene Venerable's mistake, but typesetter's erro. Or maybe it was one of those Gremlins that we always hear about.

John Lindner

12/2

Blues singers, from Banjo Joe onward

Blues Who's Who by Sheldon Harris (Arlington House: $35; illustrated)

Although the world of the blues ran parallel to that of jazz and frequently overlapped it, there has long been a need for a comprehensive reference work dealing with blues people exclusively.

This massive tome, weighing in at close to seven pounds with its 775 pages, is one of the most painstakingly researched the music world has ever seen, and will be indispensable for scholars from New Orleans to New Zealand.

The author, claiming that the blues is basically a vocal art, has limited his subjects to singers, a large number of whom also play guitar or some other instrument. There are 571 alphabetically arranged biographies, with more than 400 photographs.

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

Writers of blues books in the past have tended toward an exclusionist policy, dealing mainly with the primitive rural artists. Harris' far broader scope has enabled him to include Dinah Washington, Joe Williams, Louis Jordan and many others neglected by too many of the purists. But his subjects also go all the way back to Gus Cannon, a.k.a. Banjo Joe, who was 95 going on 96 when the book went to press; and to countless obscure, long-dead figures.

Some odd omissions, such as Ruth Brown and Mose Allison, seem even stranger in the light of an entire page devoted to Pug Horton, an English pop singer who has dabbled in the blues. It would have been helpful, too, if Harris had singled out the artists' best-known compositions or records instead of listing endless songs alphabetically. The Lil Green listing, for example, makes no mention of "Why Don't You Do Right," her big hit.

In addition to the biographies, there are bibliographies of books, periodicals and record companies; film, radio, TV and theater indices, and a list of 6,800 songs (flawed because co-authors, who in many cases may have been the real writers, are not listed unless they are singers whose biographies appear in the book).

Despite its forbidding price, "Blues Who's Who" is an invaluable accomplishment. It is certain to remain the standard reference volume, perhaps as long as the indomitable blues idiom survives.

Feather is The Times jazz critic.

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LEONARD FEATHER

BRACKEEN: A PIANIST FOR THE '80s

12/2

Throughout the history of jazz, there have been in each decade two or three pianists whose towering individuality stamped them as influential new creative forces. During the 1970s McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett have dominated; in the '60s Herbie Hancock and Bill Evans were comparably important; in the '50s Oscar Peterson, and so on all the way back to Earl Hines in the '20s. Destined for a similar eminence during the 1980s is JoAnne Brackeen. As in the case of her predecessors, one can say of her work: Here is a music that was unplayed until this artist began playing it.

Generating tremendous strength and conviction, Brackeen devotes most of her time to her own compositions, which are harmonically complex and structurally ingenious. Her power communicates to an audience with a rare intensity.

It is a little late to start saluting her, for she became a professional musician, working in Los Angeles with such established figures as Dexter Gordon and Harold Land, as far back as 1958. There are two reasons for her having become a late bloomer: first, during the California years she was unrecorded and virtually underground; second, she spent almost all of the 1960s away from the jazz scene. Between sets during an engagement at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, she explained her gradual emergence.

"I've been married since 1960, and from then until 1969 I was really not active, because I started having children—four in not much more than five years. They're now 19, 18, 16 and 13. My husband, Charles Brackeen, plays tenor and soprano saxes and has been working with Paul Motian, the drummer, for two or three years. He is on two ECM albums. We like to keep our professional and personal lives separate."

The maintenance of an individual identity has always been central to JoAnne Brackeen's life. Even physically, she has stood apart: at six feet even, weighing in under 130 pounds, she is not hard to pick out in a crowd. Born JoAnne Grogan (Irish-American) in Ventura, she attended Los Angeles Conservatory of Music on a scholarship, but orthodox learning was not for her. At 11, she had begun copying Frankie Carle's records note for note ("Those were the only piano records my parents had"). What she learned from the Conservatory was that they didn't teach jazz, a music to which she had by then become attracted, and, more important, she could learn more by using her own ears and imagination than any formal lessons could show her.

Though she listened to everyone from Charlie Parker and Bud Powell to John Coltrane and McCoy Tyner, Brackeen's

when I was on the road during the day, that was my time, and I kept on working out this other stuff that I could hear."

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Please Turn to Page 96

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12/4

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Featured at the opening will be an all-star quintet led by pianist Dudley Brooks, with Bobby Bryant on trumpet, Marshal Royal on alto sax, Eugene Wright on bass and Earl Palmer on drums.

The Bruce Cameron group will follow Tuesday through Dec. 13, followed by the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin big band Dec. 14-15. The room is scheduled to be open seven nights a week and there will be matinees with recorded music from 4 p.m. —LEONARD FEATHER

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More appropriate to the present-day market are the Bruce Cameron Ensemble, on hand tonight and Thursday, and the Akiyoshi/Tabackin big band, due to roar in Friday and Saturday. Willie Bobo and other popular Southland attractions are set to follow.

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JoAnne Brackeen

thinking was turned around early, when she was exposed to the revolutionary music of Ornette Coleman. When the saxophonist was living in Los Angeles, around 1958, she recalls hearing him at a club called the Hillcrest.

"That was the first time I ever heard music that sounded like heaven to me. I loved a lot of other people, but all of it was in a set form; Ornette was on another level. This was like on the inside of my ears—it opened up a whole 'nother world.

"That was near the start of my career, but most of the bands I worked with didn't call for that kind of playing, so I just developed a way of fitting in with whatever was happening around me. At the same time, when I was on the road during the day, that was my time, and I kept on working out this other stuff that I could hear."

The "other stuff" turned out to be a series of masterful original compositions in which she defies the conventions of traditional form, uses odd time signatures, and explores to the limit (if any) of her imagination.

I asked whether playing with such relatively traditional combos as those of Blakey (1969 72), Joe Henderson ('72-'75) and Stan Getz ('75-'77) had confined her.

"Not really, because I always found ways of playing further out that wouldn't offend them; however, if I had played, with Stan Getz, what I'm playing right here and now, I would have been fired right on the spot. Still, there were a lot of things to learn. Stan is a master."

Brackeen's rare talents as composer and improvising soloist are rooted in an extraordinarily keen perceptivity. When she makes a remark such as "Cecil Taylor sounds like Bud Powell to me now," she is saying in effect that differential calculus looks to her like arithmetic. Yet her music seems more accessible than Taylor's, possibly because it is more structured.

"Well, I don't want to shock anybody," she says, "but I also don't want to hibernate—I did enough of that when I was having children. So I'm trying to do what I want to do, but I'm still playing more or less a compromise. It would be just great to be given, say, five years' worth of living with complete freedom, so that you could just go ahead and explore music seriously all the way."

Despite the sense that she has not taken herself all the way out on the limb, she has been developing inexorably for close to 20 years. "Even during the years when I wasn't working, I was always writing tunes. I've got tapes of me made in '62, '63,

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ELECTRIC

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LEONARD FEATHER

Continued from Page 95

that sound very much like the music I'm doing right now. The only difference is that back then, I couldn't always make the notes come out the way I wanted to hear them.

"My playing today has reached the point where anything I hear in my mind, I can execute; or if I think of something I want to play, I evolve the necessary technique. So the creativity and the technique stimulate one another."

Two geographic moves played pivotal roles in her life. It was not until she moved from Ventura to Los Angeles that she transferred her attention from Frankie Carle to the world of jazz ("I prefer to call it creative music"), and it was after the Brackeens picked up stakes to settle in New York in 1965 that her imagination was fully inspired.

"Ornette and everybody else of importance had moved East. Being in New York made me feel like I belonged on the planet. I mean, it's beautiful in California, but I always felt like a foreign object here. People never moved or felt or thought anything like the way I did. In New York at last I felt like an ordinary person walking down the street. I found the involvement, the music, the feeling of things happening."

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There is a point in most creative lives where a sense is arrived at that a talent long obscure, or only partially observed, is about to explode into full-scale acceptance. This happened with Brackeen, mainly during her two years with Getz, but not exclusively because of that association. It was around this time that she began recording albums of her own, thus presenting herself without restrictions and drawing full attention to her unique gift as a composer. The most recent, and most easily obtainable, is "Keyed In" on the Tappan Zee label, distributed by Columbia, but three other imaginative sets are available on Choice Records, another is on Muse, and a sixth, harder to find, is on the German MPS label.

After leaving Getz, she decided to remain a leader in her own right, as she had been intermittently since 1972, working off and on with a bassist at a club called the West Boondock.

She has had her choice of some of the best bassists on the contemporary scene—usually Eddie Gomez, Cecil McBee, Sam Jones or most recently Clint Houston—as well as such drummers as Billy Hart, Jack deJohnette, Motohiko Hino and Woody Theus (Sun Ship).

"It would be nice to have a permanently organized group," she concedes, "but it is wonderful to be able to draw on a pool of musicians who play at the kind of energy level I want, who play into what I hear. They're all fascinating to me in different ways."

The belated turnabout that has taken her from small clubs to festivals around the world has not brought about any change in JoAnne Brackeen's attitude. She has no drive for success per se. As she analyzes it, "I've been so involved with trying to learn all the music I hear in my head that I never think much about the work aspect one way or another. I'm just concerned with the music; however, I enjoy the publicity, not for its own sake, but because it draws so many people who can hear this feeling that I want to share."

"Don't you think," she was asked, "that people's ears are a lot more receptive nowadays than they were when you came on the scene in New York?"

"They certainly are. It's amazing."

What is more amazing, of course, is JoAnne Brackeen. As the 1980s begin, she is charting a course for a dawning era just as surely as the Fats Wallers and Teddy Wilsons were pointing out new directions half a century ago. □

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A new jazz club will decorate the Southland scene starting Monday. Located at 2424 Wilshire Blvd., it will be known as the Maiden Voyage (the name was inspired by Herbie Hancock's similarly titled composition).

Hajime Shinuzaki and Robin Otani will run the club, which has a capacity of 250. It will be the first Japanese owned and operated jazz room in Los Angeles.

Featured at the opening will be an all-star quintet led by pianist Dudley Brooks, with Bobby Bryant on trumpet, Marshal Royal on alto sax, Eugene Wright on bass and Earl Palmer on drums.

The Bruce Cameron group will follow Tuesday through Dec. 13, followed by the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin big band Dec. 14-15. The room is scheduled to be open seven nights a week and there will be matinees with recorded music from 4 p.m.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Irvine Festival for a Green Orange

In Orange County, never exactly a jazz hotbed, things have been looking up lately. A great measure of the credit is due to the enthusiasm of Carrol Coates, a transplanted English songwriter turned promoter.

Last week, under his auspices, the Laguna Beach "Friends of Jazz" festival was held Saturday and Sunday at the Irvine Bowl. The two lengthy matinees climaxed a week-long celebration, with four evening miniconcerts by college bands held in the adjacent Forum Theater.

All these events were produced by Coates as a benefit for the Laguna Greenbelt, an environmental organization dedicated to "keeping Orange County green."

The 2,600-capacity Irvine Bowl drew about half a house Saturday but did much better Sunday. Several of the performers have been reviewed here in recent months at other concerts: Carmen McRae, Seawind and the Bruce Cameron Jazz Ensemble.

Like all jazz promoters, Coates had to strike a balance between commercial and artistic appeal, leaning toward the former on Sunday and the latter on Saturday, when his chief attractions were McRae, Kenny Burrell and the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band.

Toshiko Akiyoshi had come down with a bad case of the flu and was under doctor's orders to stay home. In the great Japanese tradition that the show must go on, she was all but carried onstage before the band's second tune, barely strong enough to play piano, let alone stand up and conduct the band. Lew Tabackin took over the announcing chores and, with his usual fiery tenor sax as the principal driving force, took the orchestra through six of Akiyoshi's compositions. However, due to her condition and several recent changes in personnel, it would be more fair to withhold a full review until the band's appearance Dec. 14 at Maiden Voyage, the new Los Angeles Club.

The Roland Vazquez Urban Ensemble opened the Saturday show on a flat note. Its three-horn front line exhibited a poor blend, perhaps due to the lack of strength shown by the new trumpeter, Ron King. The group has a workable jazz/rock/Latin concept, but the spark was somehow missing. In contrast, Kenny Burrell's set was a spirited jam session with such dependables as Jerome Richardson, Conte Candoli and Shelly Manne.

At both concerts a group of jazz dancers performed; the Saturday show was of special interest because the recorded music by Dave Brubeck had the dancers moving to a 7/4 and 5/4 beat. Unusual, too, was the set billed as Harmonia, with pianist Bill Mays and multihorn man Ray Pizzi providing a background for Frankie Nemko Graham, who recited the set of her verses in a revival of the jazz-and-poetry gambit.

Clare Fischer, playing electric keyboard, introduced his "Salsa Picante" septet, very heavy on percussion but mainly of interest for the leader's compositions and the flute solos by Sam Most.

The long delay while setting up Kenny Rankin's sound equipment was not justified by his value as singer-guitarist or pianist. Talent aside, his appearance in a jazz festival was about as logical as a barbecue at a bar mitzvah. But clearly he was a good box-office investment and was received enthusiastically, as was the closing set by Seawind.

Coates, convinced that this year's showing augurs well for the future, announced that "Friends of Jazz" will be an annual event.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Kay Starr Solos With Bob Crosby

Nostalgia is still doing fine at the box office, if not in creativity. Tuesday at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, a capacity house responded ardently to a big-band retrospective with Bob Crosby and guest soloist Kay Starr.

Crosby has had no organized band in many years, but can always assemble a group including a number of his alumni. The 14-piece collection of tuxedoed gentlemen heard Tuesday seemed at home with his library of big-band Dixieland arrangements, but somehow less enthusiasm was generated from the bandstand than from the audience.

The fans were unfazed by the sometimes perfunctory nature of the band's performances. There were a few bright moments: Eddie Miller, the only remaining founder member, applied his gentle tenor sax tone and melodic ease to "Dream," and Art Depew, a splendid trumpeter, managed to blow his way out of some of the ensembles; but trombonist Bob Enevoldsem, possibly the most talented musician on stage, was not accorded a solo.

Crosby is now so set in his ways that not a single fresh tune or concept was heard. A sterile Cole Porter medley and a lackluster roundup of big-band hits (from which Count Basie was mysteriously missing) lacked only the glitterball. The genial maestro filled his usual anomalous role of nonplaying, nonsinging leader, unwatched conductor and affable master of ceremonies, reminiscing about the good old days.

It took Kay Starr to bring the concert into the second half of the 20th century. With John Pisano added to the band and her conductor Danny Guerrero at the piano, she applied her unique sound—strong, sincere and soulful—to the hits of Ann Murray, Kris Kristofferson, Rita Coolidge and Neil Sedaka.

Her well-balanced and well-received set included "Hard-Hearted Hannah" and "I Can't Stop Loving You," and had to end with "The Wheel of Fortune," but her use of several contemporary songs demonstrated that you don't have to wallow in nostalgia or lean exclusively on yesteryear as a crutch.

—L.F.

Satchmo 12/7

"Satchmo," airing tonight at 9:40 on KCET Channel 28, is advertised as a two-hour special. The actual length, minus pledge breaks, is about 95 minutes, into which producer-director William Cosel has compressed an affectionate portrait of Louis Armstrong as singer, magisterial entertainer, seminal trumpeter (but this aspect is not stressed nearly enough) and ambassador of goodwill.

The first half-hour is a continent-hopping miscellany of television and film clips, mostly in black and white, interspersed with on-camera reminiscences by Louis, in color. Here is Satchmo with Crosby, Streisand, Sinatra, Como, Ed Murrow; singing "Black and Blue" in Ghana, "C'est Si Bon" in Paris, "Mack the Knife" in London. Musically, his "back of town blues" in a BBC film show is the purest batch of Satch.

For jazz historians, the second half-hour offers richer rewards: A rare film made in Copenhagen in 1933; Billie Holiday in her two duets with Louis from the film "New Orleans," and the unforgettable partnership with Jack Teagarden in "Rockin' Chair."

The final segment consists of a film George Wein made at Newport in 1970, with six trumpeters paying their tribute to Armstrong on his birthday.

Throughout the program, the sense of Satchmo's unique charisma and requited love for his audiences comes across vividly. The selection of material might be debated. Instead of two or three different versions of "Sleepytime," "Hello, Dolly" and "Mack the Knife," we could have used a minute or two explaining just what Armstrong's role was as a vital force in instrumental jazz.

Still, "Satchmo" comes across as warmly endearing as Louis did in life. WNET/13, New York, put the show together, with Armstrong's widow and George T. Simon as creative consultants.

The program will be repeated late tonight at 2:10 a.m.

—LEONARD FEATHER

THE TRANSFER: INTO THE SWING OF IT

BY LEONARD FEATHER

For anyone who has been inclined to regard Manhattan Transfer as a cute novelty act, the group's latest LP ("Extensions," Atlantic SD 19258) will be a revelation. In a concerted effort to achieve a more sophisticated image, the quartet has delivered its finest album to date, one in which at least two cuts ("Birdland" and "Body and Soul") rank among the most brilliant group vocal achievements of the past 10 years.

There have been two groups by this name, with Tim Hauser as the common link. Formed in 1970, the original unit, says Hauser, "was into that Stax-Vault-type Rhythm and Blues stuff, and certain country things. It wasn't my kind of scene, so I split in August, 1971."

The mobilization process for the second Manhattan Transfer would seem to involve a moral: If you want to form a group, drive a cab. After calling it quits with the first MT, Hauser says, "I was broke, so for a while I drove a taxi. One night, a fare, Laurel Masse, asked me what I did besides drive. I said I was a musician; she told me she was a cocktail waitress, but she knew me from my records and was looking for some singers to team up with.

"Two weeks later, I picked up a drummer. I helped him with his drums; he invited me to a party, where I met Janis Siegel."

Soon afterward, Masse's husband, who was playing drums with the pit band in the show "Grease," introduced her to a colleague in the show, Alan Paul. He came to a rehearsal, was intrigued by the group, and joined. The new Manhattan Transfer was officially born Oct. 1, 1972. Two years later, after the quartet had free-lanced around New York, Ahmet Ertegun signed them to Atlantic Records. The unit remained unchanged until last May, when Laurel Masse was replaced by Cheryl Bentine, at 24 the group's youngest member.

HAUSER: I was born in Troy, N.Y., and raised in New Jersey. I moved to New York when I was 22. I was always interested in orchestrated sounds, swing music. The new Manhattan Transfer grew out of a nice mutual feeling when Laurel and Janis and I hung out together in the summer of '72. When Alan joined us, we rehearsed every day for six months before playing our first rig.

Our manager said we ought to be on the West Coast to coincide with the release of our first album. He said, 'If you don't happen in L.A., forget it.' So we worked the Roxy, then did a tour during which Hugh Hefner sponsored us in Chicago.

Things moved very fast and we found ourselves working Las Vegas; but that sort of hurt our underground image and gave us more of a slick, commercial pop appeal. Fortunately, things began to take off in Europe, where "Tuxedo Junction" was a small hit; so we played London and toured the continent.

In 1977, our "Chanson d'Amour" became No. 1 for several weeks in France and England; we got to play MIDEM, the music industry convention in Cannes, where they threw roses onstage after our show. Since then we've been back for several tours and TV specials.

SIEGEL: I'm from Brooklyn, and I've been singing professionally since I was 12. I was with a female trio; we played acoustic guitars and sang folk music and my own material. Harmony was my first love.

We became involved with Diane Davidson, whose style of singing was new to me—sort of "Etta Jones Goes to Nashville." In fact, my group, Laurel Canyon, went to Nashville with her.

During that time I heard John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme," which made a deep impression; I became interested in Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, but I never sang jazz until I met Tim. He gave me a real education in everything from the swing vocal groups to '50s rock 'n' roll.

We've all become pretty good readers in the group, because a lot of the arrangements are written, and in four-part harmony everything has to be precise. I wrote out the whole arrangement on "Birdland" in the new album, and on some parts we quadrupled the voices by overdubbing, to really give it that strength.

PAUL: I was born in Newark and started singing when I was 7. My career was split up: first, a heavy vaudevillian influence—Al Jolson, Eva Tanguay, Eddie Cantor. As a child I toured the Catskill Mountains. I did "Oliver" on Broadway when I was a kid, and "The King and I" and "A Hole in the Head." Then, while I was in high school, I left the theater and got into rhythm and blues.

I majored in music at college, and for a while taught junior high school. Soon after that I joined "Grease" and stayed with it 18 months.

I always was fascinated by swing music, scat singing, by Ella and Sinatra and Tony Bennett, and the Modernaires type groups. I got into harmony—I had sung in a college choir for years—so Manhattan Transfer represented a challenge, something that would enable me to grow musically.

BENTINE: I'm from Seattle. My father is a musician; he plays clarinet and saxophone and had a band in my home town all my young life. They called him the Benny Goodman of the Northwest.

When I was 16, I began singing with his band—all the swing tunes—and stayed until I was 20. Then I worked out of Seattle with the New Deal Rhythm Band, another swing group made up of young people my age. Two years ago I moved to Los Angeles, I waitressed around for a while and sang showcases, until Manhattan Transfer auditioned me.

Aside from the swing-era singers, my influences have been mainly show people: Judy Garland, some Barbra Streisand.

PHOTO BY MARIANNA DIAMOS

The swinging Manhattan Transfer, left to right, includes Alan Paul, Cheryl Bentine, Tim Hauser and Janis Siegel.

Central to the success of the quartet's new album are several other vital contributors. Jay Graydon not only produced it but also wrote some of the arrangements, played guitar and/or synthesizers on some tracks, and tossed in some additional vocal work on his own "Twilight Tone" (used in tandem with Bernard Hermann's old "Twilight Zone" TV theme).

The late Eddie Jefferson, to whom the album is dedicated, wrote the lyrics to the first chorus of "Body and Soul," which he recorded himself many years ago. Jefferson, who was fatally shot in a senseless grudge killing last May outside a Detroit club, was the first lyricist ever to set words to recorded jazz improvisations.

"Body and Soul," in fact, uses none of the song's original words and virtually none of its melody, except for the first few bars. The Jefferson lyrics—as well as those in the second chorus on the MT version, which were written by arranger Phil Mattson—are based entirely on the ad-lib tenor sax solo by the late Coleman Hawkins, recorded in 1939.

"Birdland" is a bird of another color. It is primarily a vocal version of the actual written melody by Joe Zawinul, for which Janis Siegel did a vocal arrangement so close to the original that the effect is stunning. Jon Hendricks, who wrote the lyrics, set words to just about everything on the original Weather Report record, including Zawinul's synthesizer solo toward the end.

"Hendricks is incredible," said Hauser. "For one section he had three different sets of lyrics going on at once. He was extremely helpful at rehearsals, explaining things we just couldn't figure out."

Manhattan Transfer is proud of its new, hipper image, and particularly happy that "Birdland" is picking up AM airplay. The quartet is unanimous in its desire to retain and expand its quality format, as Hauser explained in outlining upcoming plans:

"We've commissioned Phil Mattson to do a four-part arrangement on the first Eddie Jefferson adaptation I ever heard, 'Moody's Mood for Love,' based on the sax solo by James Moody. We plan to do Horace Silver's 'Doodlin'.' Gene Puerling has done an arrangement of 'A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square' for us to sing a cappella."

Make no mistake: "Tuxedo Junction" is still a part of MT's act, along with the outrageous comedy and costumes to match. First and foremost, this is a polished group of entertainers, visually and musically; but beyond that, by deciding to elevate its musical sights, Manhattan Transfer is arriving at a simultaneous artistic and commercial breakthrough. It's a refreshing, even inspiring note. □

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SECOND CONCERT

The Orchestra, Purim at Pavilion

By LEONARD FEATHER

The second concert in this season's series by The Orchestra, at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Wednesday, belatedly gave evidence of its eclecticism. True, the "universal language" theme proclaimed in ads was barely hinted at; two of the four works used South American rhythms and that was about the size of it. But the use of jazz elements, almost subliminal at the October premiere, was extensive and partially effective.

The heroes of the evening were Chris Swansen, composer of the newly commissioned "Badger Music for Phil Woods," and Woods himself, for whom this four-movement suite was a tour de force. Playing alto sax (also soprano sax in one movement), this commanding soloist was brilliantly showcased, with splendid string writing, a slow and lyrical melody in the third movement and a lively waltz in the fourth. A master of tonal variations, from pure and clean to savage and growling, Woods was in his element throughout.

Only the brass players and a rhythm section were employed for Lalo Schifrin's "Gillespiana." This work was commissioned by, named for and introduced (in 1961 at Monterey) by Dizzy Gillespie; in fact, each movement was designed to show an aspect of the trumpeter's personality. In a short-sighted display of false economy, it was decided that The Orchestra could not afford to hire Gillespie himself.

Conte Candoli did an admirable job in this awkward spot, but he is not Dizzy. Not even Jon Faddis is Dizzy. Luckily, the suite, for which Schifrin conducted and played ebullient piano, has great inherent merit, particulary the blues movement for music trumpet and flute (Joe Farrell) and the closing toccata with its Latin alternations of 6/8 and ¾ patterns.

Flora Purim was presented in a cycle of three songs, at times achieving more of a Near Eastern than a Brazilian mood. She is one of a kind, with her vocalese, her clever use of two microphones and eerie echoplex effects. There were some attractive harmonies and a highly proficient arranging job by Jon Harmon, best known as the writer for Matrix, but Purim's husband, percussionist Airto Moreira, was way back in the depths of the stage, barely audible. The set cried out for the Brazilian energy and excitement that marks a typical Purim nightclub performance.

Les Hooper's "Fantasy for Soprano Sax and Orchestra" did less than justice to its subject, Jerome Richardson. When he finally was heard from, several minutes into the work, it was too little and too late. Hemmed in by bombastic writing, he was given hardly any of the improvisational freedom that would have displayed his personality. Richardson, a respected studio musician/jazzman and a talented composer, should have been assigned to write a piece for himself.

Having established its thorough professionalism and its versatility, The Orchestra, alternately conducted by co-founders Jack Elliott and Allyn Ferguson, is groping slowly toward a confident sense of direction. It hasn't quite arrived there yet.

AT MAIDEN VOYAGE

Toshiko-Tabackin: A Salutary Success

By LEONARD FEATHER

The title of one of Toshiko Akiyoshi's best known compositions is "Warning—Success May Be Hazardous to Your Health." If she was implying that mass popularity can easily lead to artistic deterioration, her point is well taken. Fortunately, Toshiko and Lew Tabackin, her co-leader in their orchestra, have registered the achievements while avoiding the temptation.

Heard over the weekend at Maiden Voyage, the new downtown jazz club on Wilshire Blvd., the orchestra reaffirmed the values it has been polishing since 1972. The traditions of big-band jazz are retained; to afford the improvising soloists a comforable point of departure, some of Toshiko's compositions, though melodically her own, are based on familiar harmonic sequences, such as those of "Lover," which becomes "Chasing After Love," and "Strike Up the Band," transformed into "After Mr. Teng." Others are rooted in the blues.

The most attractive works are more exploratory. "Farewell to Mingus," preceded by a verbal eulogy to Charles Mingus, is whose band Toshiko once played, is a poignant tenor saxophone concerto for Tabackin, at times almost Ellingtonian in character though the composer's use of brass and flutes lends it her own imprimatur.

"Lazy Day," with Toshiko weaving fluent single-note strands at the piano, is mainly a vehicle for the baritone sax of Bill Byrne, who suggests a more bop-oriented Gerry Mulligan. "Salted Gingko Nuts," its tight, humorous voicings an affectionate satire of Gillespie's "Salt Peanuts," displays the individuality of the four-man trombone section.

There have been several changes in personnel. Dan Higgins and Ray Reed on alto saxes and John Gross on tenor are newcomers, as are drummer Steve Houghton and bassist Lou Fisher. All are vital, self-possessed performers. Tabackin, of course, remains the dominant voice, his tenor sax showing depth, strength, fluidity and vitality through one solo chorus or cadenza after another.

In his flute work the intensity remains, but most impressive is his total technique and control. "Autumn Sea," opening with four flutes and a bass clarinet, backed by felt-muted brass, is one of Toshiko's most delicately textured new showcases for him.

With its kaleidoscope of American, Oriental and occasionally Latin colorations, the Akiyoshi/Tabackin orchestra has it all together: class and contrast, personality and panache. Success, in fact, has been salutary.

The Maiden Voyage is booking a variety of combos for the holiday season; for details, call 384-4563.

good one. 12/16 WILLIAM S. MC...

Jazz: A Photo History by Joachim-Ernst Berendt (Schirmer: $35). The prolific German jazz authority has written a well-informed text to accompany 370 photographs drawn from his archives. The pictorial and textual coverage are reasonably comprehensive, spanning the decades from New Orleans at the turn of the century through today's free-jazz, avant garde and jazz-rock. Many of the photos are unfamiliar and reproduction is generally good. —LEONARD FEATHER

Excuses, Excuses, or How To Get Out

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12/9

LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ BOOK: NO HERO, ONLY HEROIN

Some time during the 21st Century, when students are looking back at the historiography of jazz and its makers, they may well be given a lopsided impression that the truly creative musicians involved in this art form were all emotionally unstable men and women whose lives were scarred by alcoholism and dope addiction, who were unable to adjust to society.

The annals of this genre of jazz literature began in 1946 with "Really the Blues," the widely applauded but thoroughly inaccurate and self-serving autobiography of the late Mezz Mezzrow, a dope pusher and opium smoker who never quite made it as a musician. Later came "Lady Sings the Blues," Billie Holiday's story, a dishonest volume that led to an even less truthful movie; "Raise Up Off Me," the jazz-and-junk story of pianist Hampton Hawes, and biographies of Charlie Parker, Ray Charles and others, all with enough narcotics emphasis to insure a reasonable sale.

If ever there was a book guaranteed to reinforce the stereotype of the jazzman-as-junkie, it is "STRAIGHT LIFE: THE STORY OF ART PEPPER," by Art and Laurie Pepper (Schirmer; $12.95). This self-portrait depicts the author, either through his own words or those of others interviewed, as weak, passive, self-destructive, irresponsible, immature, a chauvinist who uses not only dope but people and, surprisingly in view of his frequent associations with black musicians, a hater given to reviling white women who consort with black men. As for his ego, he admits to having been devastatingly handsome ("I could probably have been a movie star") and a genius.

There is another side to him, however, one that I have found in occasional personal contact: Intelligent, articulate, sensitive, amusing. Too little is made of Dr. Jekyll, perhaps because he wouldn't sell as many books as Mr. Hyde. (As for his apparent racism, that seems less like Pepper talking than an echo of his late father, who, Art once said, "Used to rave about niggers, Jews and wops." Art himself has often recalled how much more comfortable he felt among blacks and Chicanos than among whites, an attitude that comes across frequently in the book.)

The reader looking for the seamy underside of the jazz life, or for the vicarious sexual adventure, will find it all here: from booze to pot, heroin, pills, cocaine, any conceivable way to get high; and, along with this, the prisons and jails and rehabilitation and recidivism.

Pepper is an alto saxophonist whose first major jazz job, at 17, was with the combo of Lee Young, a drummer and brother of Lester Young. From there he went to Benny Carter's orchestra.

Because in those days a black band could not include a white sideman along on a Southern tour, it was arranged for Pepper to leave Carter and join Stan Kenton, in whose band he eventually gained national prominence. Some of his recollections of this period provide an informative and amusing picture of the typical road-band scene; however, it was during his Kenton tenure that a woman singer with another band turned him on to heroin, and from this point on (in 1950, when he was 25) Pepper went steadily downhill, as does the book.

PHOTO BY K. ABE

Art and Laurie Pepper co-authored "Straight Life."

What many knowledgeable readers will find most offensive about "Straight Life" is its pretense at honesty. The dust jacket hype calls it "a completely honest look at himself," yet Pepper's recollections are colored by evasive self-defense and a tremendous amount of blame transference. He is honest only in the sense that all the grim facts are here, from county jail to the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital at Ft. Worth to San Quentin, but in his reactions and assessments he tries to deceive both himself and the reader.

He feels no apparent remorse when, while married to his first wife and serving in the Army in England he rapes a woman, then finds he has contracted a disease. When he drives his second wife, Diane, to three suicide attempts and to heroin addiction (she was later arrested for attempted prostitution), he is contemptuous not of himself but of Diane, whom he sums up as "The Great Zeeeero." It would be fascinating to hear her side of the story, but Diane has not survived to tell it.

The principal victims of the blame-shifting, predictably, are his parents. No mention is made of the countless musicians who, despite a childhood no less deprived than Pepper's, overcame these handicaps and evolved into mature, respected artists.

If these comments seem subjective rather than evaluative, the reason can be found in several questions that come to mind. First, if Pepper had exactly the same God-given talent but had never been involved with narcotics, would he ever have rated a biography? Second, there are two books available dealing with Billie Holiday, but none on Ella Fitzgerald; two books about Charlie Parker, but none commemorating Johnny Hodges or Benny Carter. "Straight Life" thus becomes the latest manifestation of a disturbing pattern.

Shelly Manne, who contributed several pages to "Straight Life" and who tried to help Pepper whenever he could, similarly has never been the subject of a book. It is obvious why: for the same reason that the books on Duke Ellington, and too many other jazz biographies of a non-sensationalistic nature, have had disappointing sales. Well-adjusted jazzmen don't make good book copy.

Objectively, let it be added that Laurie Pepper, wife No. 3, who met him in Synanon, has done a commendable job both of trying to keep him in line and of editing the tapes. She emerges from these pages smelling like a rose—perhaps the only point on which the author will find himself in agreement with this review.

Although at the end he seems no more sure of himself than he was in the junkie years, it is possible to believe that, at 54, Pepper may have some creative years ahead. (Presently he is not even smoking.) As for his attempt at a career in literature, the potential reader would be better off investing in two or three of his albums.

Whatever his personality problems, as a musician Pepper has never let his public down. He has not made a fusion album, has never sounded less than admirable on a long series of records spanning more than 30 years. One of the most brilliant alto saxophonists now living, he can be heard on "Discoveries" (Savoy 2217), recorded in 1952-54; "Pepper + Eleven," the classic 1959 session with Marty Paich's arrangements (Contemporary S 7568); "Living Legend," a 1975 date with Hampton Hawes, Charlie Haden and Shelly Manne (Contemporary S 7633). His most recent release is "Straight Life" on Galaxy 5127. I heartily endorse every one of these works of Art. □

JAZZ IN BRIEF

"UPON REFLECTION." John Surman. ECM 1-1148. A one-man-band session with the British-born Surman recording in Oslo, playing baritone and soprano saxes, bass clarinet and synthesizers. Many inventive avant-garde moments, though it is harder to tolerate a synthesizer figure, repeated ad nauseam for 10 minutes in "Edges of Illusion," than it is to accept him totally unaccompanied on soprano in the Scottish reellike "Caithness to Kerry." An odd set, uneven but not often dull.

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—L. F.

12/21

JAZZ AND POP MUSIC REVIEWS

Art Blakey Still Keeping the Beat

Can the Art Blakey who opened last week at the Parisian Room be the same drummer who lit up the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra in 1939? Who first recorded under the name of the Jazz Messengers in 1947?

He is, indeed, and in a world whose watchword would seem to be "everything must change," the indestructible Blakey is a rejuvenating constant. The various editions of his band have brought to prominence an endless line of talents in the hard bop mold. The names and faces change, but the music, though slightly more explosive at times (particularly when Dave Schnitter reaches for high notes that are beyond the legitimate scope of his tenor saxophone), is still essentially the same, and none the worse for it.

Pianist James Williams opened the set with a gospel waltz based on the anthem "Lift Every Voice and Sing," but it took only a brief solo by Blakey to guide the sextet into its accustomed high-energy territory, with Bobby Watson in an impassioned alto-sax excursion.

Since every member of the combo is a composer, there is no shortage of well-tailored material; however, Blakey still dips back into the old book for the likes of "Blues March," written by Benny Golson, a 1950s Messenger. It was in this tune that Valeri Ponomarev, the Moscow-born trumpeter who joined the group three years ago, did his best work. A newly adopted citizen of the United States, he also clearly is at home in blues country.

More bright moments were produced during a Latin-tinged theme by Schnitter, with augmented-chord interludes that suggested elongated suspensions in midair. With Dennis Irwin's bass work still a powerful undercurrent, the band has remained unaltered in personnel since it was last reviewed at the Parisian Room in early 1978.

Blakey revealed that he will soon be augmenting the group, adding a guitarist and a second trumpeter, both 18 years old. His search for young blood to infuse into jazz is as encouraging as the undiminished vigor with which, at 60, he drives this timeproof, 200 proof band. He will be here through Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Lucien Goes First Class at the Roxy

Jon Lucien's three-day visit to the Roxy (closing tonight) is a spare-no-expenses trip. Presumably in the hope of landing a new recording contract, he has surrounded himself with a 20-piece orchestra with no less a guest soloist than Herbie Hancock.

Any singer who replaces the string synthesizer with four live viola players and four in-person cellists deserves a little credit up front. Add four trombones, four woodwinds and four rhythm, with arrangements by the likes of David Blumberg (who also conducted) or Billy Byers, and the sheer musicality of his setting becomes an expensive but fail-safe insurance policy.

The characteristics that brought Lucien to Stateside prominence still serve him well: the resonant baritone, assured timbre and phrasing, the West Indian piquancy of his announcements. Contemporary material works better for him than standards: his own "You Don't Need Me" and a tune by his pianist Mike Garson, "I'm Coming Home."

Among the standards, "I've Got You Under My Skin" came off effectively, lending itself well to a rock treatment, but Cy Coleman's heavily disguised "Witchcraft" could as well have been something out of the Michael Jackson songbook. "My Funny Valentine," displaying Lucien's slightly unctuous ballad side, was notable for a flute interlude by Joe Farrell.

Lucien maintains a firm command of his audience, though the reliance on slow tempos indicated the need for some attention to pacing.

The climactic moments of the show occurred halfway through, when Lucien introduced Hancock, who played "Speak Like a Child" and "Maiden Voyage," both memorable products of the days when he didn't have to worry about whether his feet would fail him. Everything was exactly right: the gorgeous melody of the first song, Hancock's free-spirited improvisations, the orchestral settings. A third number, "Butterfly," for which he switched to electric keyboard worked almost as well. This was, in fact, a very special event during a career that has found Hancock's multiple talents dispatching him in so many directions almost simultaneously.

The audience reaction was heartening, proof that Hancock can elevate a willing crowd to his own most creative level.

—LEONARD FEATHER

1/2/80

Henderson, Hendricks at Carmelo's

The marquee at Carmelo's indicated a rare treat. The names of Bill Henderson and Jon Hendricks, jointly billed, seemed to promise a summit meeting of two major vocal jazz talents.

What happened over the weekend failed to live up to such sanguine expectations. The whole, in fact, was less than the sum of the parts, with each performer doing his customary thing separately and hardly any attempt at collaboration.

Henderson, when reviewed here some months ago with his regular group, displayed some of the ingenious results obtainable by interweaving two similar songs contrapuntally, with Joyce Collins singing the other line. No such initiative was taken by Hendricks and Henderson. Having rehearsed very little, they turned the occasion into a loose jam session.

Following a Henderson solo set, the two men indulged in one scatting foray, after which Hendricks did a couple of tunes on his own. One, a song by Antonio Carlos Jobim, with Hendricks' lyrics, began to go somewhere when Jerome Richardson's flute solo was joined briefly by Hendricks' whistling. Ferde Grofe's "On the Trail," also fitted out with words by the singer, was entertaining, with guitarist Mundell Lowe and others joining in and Henderson reappearing to toss off a few riffs.

Finally, when Hendricks brought on his wife Judith for "Jumpin' at the Woodside" and "Cloudburst," Henderson was off mike most of the time, so that the Lambert, Hendricks & Ross effect didn't quite come off.

The room was packed and the audience happy—but then, those are normal conditions at Carmelo's nowadays. When two important talents appear as a team, they ought to put a little more teamwork into what goes on. This could have been the start of something big, but somehow it slipped through their larynxes almost untouched by human effort. Next time they try it, it is to be hoped the duo will go for some genuine duets.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LEONARD FEATHER
PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ
Lennie Tristano

LIKE A FEW OTHERS in jazz history (Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker come to mind), Lennie Tristano (1919–1978) transcended the instrument he played. His importance as a pianist was inseparable from his vital role as an overall motivating agent for an untold number of musicians who came into the Tristano orbit during his most successful years, mainly the late 1940s and the '50s.

Born into a second-generation Italian family in Chicago, Tristano from the age of four was able to pick out simple tunes on the piano. His eyesight, weak from birth (supposedly because he was born at the height of the post-World War I influenza epidemic), was further reduced by a serious case of measles when he was six; two years later he was placed in a school for handicapped children. By 1928, when he was nine years old and totally blind, his parents sent him away to a state institution in a small Illinois town. "That kind of place," Tristano said, "did one of two things to you: you became either a complete idiot, or a person. I was lucky enough to fall into the second group."

The brighter boys at the school received special treatment. Lennie studied piano, saxophone, clarinet and 'cello, played dance dates at local taverns, and became a skilled mathematician (a talent that was not unrelated to his musical development).

He graduated from the institution to the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, where he earned his Bachelor of Music degree in three years. For a while he played most of his jobs on tenor sax—one in a rhumba band. But, he recalled, "By 1944 I had reached the point on the piano where I could rifle off anything of Art Tatum's, and with scandalous efficiency."

However, Tristano was already far beyond any prior influence and had begun experimenting in polytonality and atonalism, for which efforts he earned the bewilderment of many audiences and was fired from at least one job.

At the instigation of Chubby Jackson, bassist with the Woody Herman band, Lennie and his wife moved to New York in 1946. For a while he led his own trio with Billy Bauer on guitar and Arnold Fishkin on bass, but gradually he became the focal point of a group of young innovators who were attuned to his new concepts: alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, whom he had known in Chicago, tenor saxophonist Warne Marsh, Bauer, Fishkin and others. They were part of a combo that recorded, in 1949, a unique series of cuts that were reissued a few years ago in an album called *Crosscurrents* [Capitol, M-11060].

Barry Ulanov, who propagandized ardently for Tristano in the pages of *Metronome*, then an important jazz magazine, wrote about Tristano's music in his book *A History Of Jazz In America* [Viking]: "This new jazz...rests upon the pillars of all music, the great supports that buoyed the polyphony of Bach and gave depth to the elegance of Mozart. It marks a strong parallel to the development of the twelve-tone structure in classical music—a parallel, but not an imitation. Whatever the limitations of the three-minute art form on records...the performances of the Tristano group represent at least a partial unfolding of the resources of the participating men."

Tristano soon built up his reputation as a mentor, a sort of jazz guru to whose Long Island apartment many musicians would pilgrimage for instruction in technique, harmony, and theory. I remember this well, for during most of 1949 I was one of his students. He was a challenging taskmaster, playing chords and asking me to identify them, or naming chords and substitutions and getting me to play them. He had an oddly withdrawn personality, yet his latent enthusiasm and dedication were unmistakable.

In 1951 Tristano opened his own studio; from that time on he appeared very rarely in public, remaining in seclusion as a teacher until he began to appear at New York's Half Note in 1958–9, and again (reunited with Konitz and Marsh) in 1964. He made a brief tour of Europe in 1965. During the 1970s he occasionally held private recitals at the studio by some of his students.

Tristano's discography is painfully limited. There were a few dates in 1946–7 for labels that are long since defunct, and one session for Prestige in 1949. After the Capitol dates later that year he was virtually unheard from until 1955, when he returned to make an extraordinary album for Atlantic, for which the bass and drum parts were pre-recorded, enabling him to overdub and use multiple taping as well as slowing down or doubling the piano speed—this at a time when such experiments were all but unknown in jazz. His last release was an album assembled specially for issue in Japan.

Reflecting the controversial nature of his music, the album notes for *Crosscurrents* were written by a Dutch critic, Martin Schouten, who took a somewhat snide, condescending view of the Tristano combo. "Marsh and Konitz had a pale, characterless tone," he wrote, "resulting in an unusual but dull kind of jazz.... [Tristano had] a puritanical and rather schoolmasterish attitude that made him a conservative revolutionary."

Clearly the writer was looking to Tristano's music for something it did not attempt to project: the kind of extrovert character associated with the bop movement and its pioneers, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. But Lennie Tristano was aiming at a cooler sound. Gerry Mulligan, who played with Konitz in the celebrated Miles Davis "Birth of the Cool" recordings, commented that "As far as the birth of the cool is concerned, I think Lennie is much more responsible than the Miles Davis dates. It's hard to say unemotional, because it's not exactly that, but there was a coolness about his whole approach in terms of the dynamic level. Lennie always had his own thing going; he never came out into the big world."

Tristano's most remarkable legacy was described by Ulanov: "At eight o'clock one Friday evening, May 13, 1949, after two hours of more orthodox recordings, five men (Tristano, Bauer, Fishkin, Konitz, Marsh) began to make permanent the most audacious experiment in jazz: They created a spontaneous music, out of skill and intuition, at once atonal, contrapuntal, and improvised on a jazz base."

Four numbers were recorded. Lennie recalled: "As soon as we began playing, the engineer threw up his hands and left his machine. The A&R man and the management thought I was such an idiot that they refused to pay me for the sides or to release them. Free form meant playing without a fixed chord progression, without a time signature, without a specified tempo. I had been working with my men in this context for several years, so that the music which resulted was not haphazard or hit-and-miss."

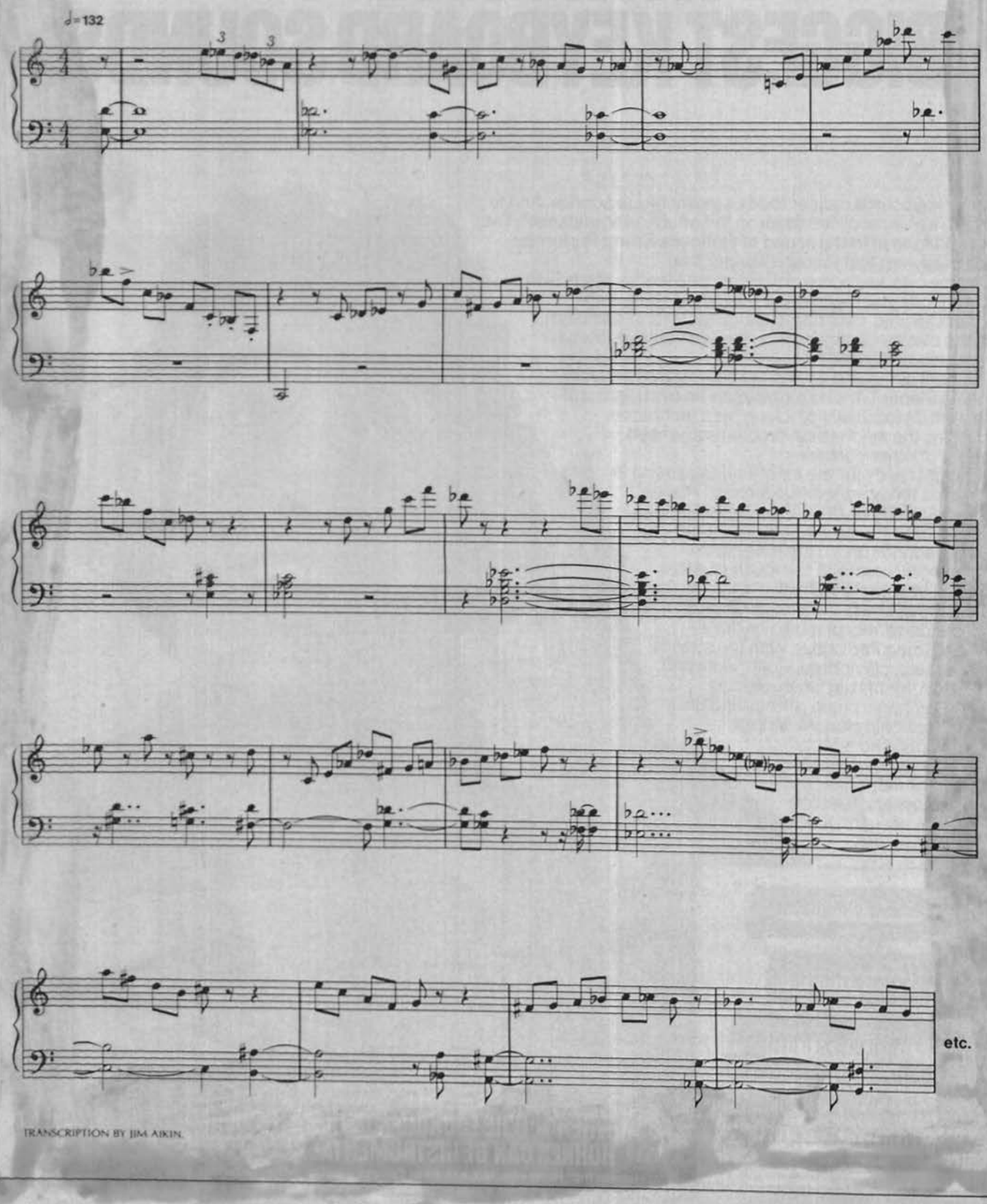
Several months later, a local disc jockey known as Symphony Sid managed to secure copies of those two of the four sides that had not been erased from the tape. He played them on his show off and on for several years; finally Capitol, pressured by requests, paid Tristano and released them. As Lennie said: "In view of the fact that 15 years later a main part of the jazz scene turned into free form, this incident is very significant.... To my knowledge Miles Davis is the only noted musician who acknowledged in print the real nature of the music on those sides."

The skeptical Dutch critic suspected that "Tristano ventured into this area because at the time atonality and ametrical rhythms were the latest thing in music that was European, respectable, and of the far-out variety." Nonsense. Tristano and his colleagues did what they did for the same reasons Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, and eventually countless others undertook comparable experiments, a decade or so later. They wanted to extend their music beyond the borderlines that had always restricted it. They sought new avenues because the old ones had become blind alleys.

This is the way it has always been with every new idea in jazz: The daring of the artist has to do battle with the contumely of the critics. But ultimately it is the artist who wins out. Today the contribution of Lennie Tristano is recognized for just what it was, 30 years ago.

The excerpt from "Intuition" (from *Crosscurrents*) shown opposite, actually the introduction to this 2½-minute cut, tells its own story. Bear in mind, when you read or play it, that nothing remotely like this existed at that time, and that the reactionary attitude of a record company almost prevented posterity from ever hearing it at all.

Lennie Tristano's Introduction To "Intuition"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

PHOTO BY TONY BARNARD

Among those who commented on jazz in the '70s were Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin, above; Bill Evans, top center; Sonny Rollins, top right, and the always sassy Sarah Vaughan, right.

oms has contributed to the music's popularity, added a note of approval for the large-scale exodus from night clubs to concert halls and the greater respect this engendered. Similarly Mike Nock, the avant-garde composer/pianist from New Zealand, noted with pleasure "the wide cross-fertilization of many musics and cultures." Sarah Vaughan extended the concept: "With jazz and rock and Brazilian music all getting together and overlapping, we have a different and exciting brand of music."

Several respondents saw the picture from their own specialized viewpoint. The percussionist Airto Moreira rejoiced at the influence of Brazilian music in the United States. Lew Tabackin, co-leader with Akiyoshi of the late 1970s' poll-winning orchestra, believes that "the forming and development of our big band was very important," and who will deny his claim? Trumpeter Clark Terry, intensely active in college clinics and seminars, is sure that "the bringing of jazz musicians to the campuses is one of the greatest things that has happened to jazz . . . The association of students with the pros is helping to produce an army of fine young jazzers." (Yes, but where will they go?) Trombonist Bill Watrous is similarly high on the growth of jazz education.

Sonny Rollins answers succinctly: The best development has simply been the "increased exposure of jazz." Wayne Shorter, co-leader of Weather Report, is gratified by "a breakdown in the traditional grammar of jazz, the old A-A-B-A forms. New shapes and structures are enhancing the musicians' story-telling potential."

Pianist Horace Silver was the only musician to hail a particular business organization. Despite his many years with Blue Note Records (or perhaps because of them), he notes that "Columbia Records took an active interest, signed up a lot of great jazz artists and did a fine promotional job on them."

2. What was the worst thing that happened for jazz during the 1970s?

Most frequently mentioned were, first, what Lew Tabackin called "the profusion of fusion," or the inroads of jazz/rock and other musics deemed meretricious; and second, the malfeasances of the record companies. Both were mentioned by six respondents.

"Actually," said Herbie Hancock, "the jazz/rock fusion was both the best and the worst thing that happened. The best, because it helped us to reach out to a broader public and rid jazz of the stigma of not being commercial; the worst, because it became difficult for musicians to play pure jazz; also because club work fell off while fusion mu sic drew people to concerts."

"The switch of so many great talents from jazz to disco or crossover sounds," wrote Horace Silver, "robbed too many young players of their source of inspiration." JoAnne Brackeen deplored the use of the word jazz for "predetermined, uncreative, passive music requiring little or no talent, and presented to the public as 'jazz' on radio stations . . ."

Regarding the record companies, Bill Evans laments their pressure on artists "to reach for sales by formula—especially since the people bringing the pressure are notoriously unqualified in most cases." "The record business is being run more and more like the film industry," said Toshiko Akiyoshi.

Hubert Laws' comment: "For reasons of commercial viability, the record companies signed many new people who are unskilled in the art of improvisation. This trend serves to lower the standards set by the Ellingtons, Parkers, Coltranes and Tyners."

Three respondents cited the deaths of notable figures as the most regrettable events. The names of Cannonball Adderley, Louis and Lil Armstrong, Don Byas, Harry Carney, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Don Ellis, Bobby Hackett, Hampton Hawes, Stan Kenton, Roland Kirk, Charles Mingus, Frank Rosolino, Lennie Tristano, Joe Venuti, Ethel Waters and Ben Webster constitute only a very selective list of the losses jazz has suffered.

The derelictions of television, or of the media in general, were noted by Elvin Jones, Clark Terry and Art Farmer. Oddly, nobody cited the healthy upsurge in live jazz via radio, thanks to such projects as the National Public Radio series "Jazz Alive."

Joe Pass was concerned about "the tie-in between jazz and drugs, through the media, appealing to the public's baser instincts."

George Gruntz complained that "the jazz community has lost its feeling of fellowship and solidarity. There was a time when all jazz artists could jam together; nowadays the personalization of styles and tastes makes this impossible."

The only ad hominem response came from Bill Watrous, who made no bones

EUBIE: BORDELLO TO BROADWAY

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Recommended reading for anyone in search of a broad view of American life is "EUBIE BLAKE" by Al Rose (Schirmer, $10). Blake had early hardships to contend with. His parents had been slaves; his father recalled working from dawn to dusk in the cotton field and being whipped by a sadistic overseer. Eubie himself knew how it felt to have white children throw rocks at him. Yet today, with his 97th birthday a couple of months away, Blake's worst vice is his two-packs-a-day habit. ("But we ain't all built alike, and if the great scientists say that smokin' is bad for you, you pay attention.")

Here is Eubie at 15, playing in a Baltimore bordello; at 19, going to New York as a buck dancer; Eubie and his perennial partner Noble Sissle making history with the first real black Broadway musical "Shuffle Along" in 1921; his associations with Jim Europe, the legendary black Army bandleader of World War I, Sophie Tucker, Florence Mills, Al Jolson; characters such as One Leg Willie Joseph ("the greatest ragtime piano player I ever heard"), Abba Labba, No Legs Casey, Cat Eye Harry, Sheet Iron Brown, the Shadow, the Beetle. His recall of these turn-of-the-century keyboard colleagues is amazing.

Al Rose has taken care to give Blake due credit for his initiatives in paving the way for blacks to achieve dignity. Blake and Sissle were the first Negro act ever to play successfully to white audiences without blacking their faces in the burnt-cork stereotype. Rose deals well with the nuances of black-white relations in those Jim Crow days.

Much of this story has been told before, in the bigger, more elaborate and richly illustrated "Reminiscing With Sissle and Blake" by Bob Kimball and Bill Bolcom (Viking Press, 1973). But a great deal has happened since then: Eubie took his first plane trip at the age of 90, rendering him far more mobile, and the past six years have found him intensely active after two decades of semiretirement.

The story is told in a breezy, show-biz style (salaries are "emoluments"; Bert Williams was "a titan of comedy," etc.), but somehow it fits the period setting. "Eubie Blake" is brief, with its 165 pages of main text, yet it fully evokes the entertainment world of the early 20th Century and presents a three-dimensional portrait of its central subject.

Not many men wait 96 years for their biographies to be published. James Hubert Blake timed his entry onto the bookshelves with the wisdom that has marked his whole career. □

JAZZ '70/'80

IN SEARCH OF A DEFINITION FOR THE 1970s

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The 1970s will be remembered, at least among many of us who have lived through them in the role of chroniclers, as the decade of the irresolvable dilemma. The question, "What is jazz?" has become more than ever before incapable of a firm answer.

Can the slickly packaged fusion sounds of Bob James and Earl Klugh be defined as jazz? Does Herb Alpert's "Rise" album define the term jazz as it is understood today? Can Angela Bofill qualify as a jazz singer?

Virtually every jazz critic the world over would answer all three questions in a resounding negative; yet in mid-December these artists occupied the top three slots in Billboard's list of best-selling jazz LPs.

The paradox is even more complicated than that. The latter half of the 1970s saw the emergence of a new breed of music, much of it on the Oslo-based ECM Records label, most of it involving a strong improvisational element. The groups or artists have included Oregon, the guitarists Pat Metheny and John Abercrombie, and the pianist Keith Jarrett, who may have earned a future place in the Guinness Book of Records with the release of his "Sun Bear Concerts." Composed of five complete solo piano recitals given by Jarrett in Kyoto, Osaka, Nagoya, Tokyo and Sapporo, it ran to a record-breaking 10 albums and was issued in a boxed set priced at $50.

Jarrett and other ECM artists have established a growing retinue of admirers, particularly in Europe and Japan, and to some extent in the United States. Are they playing jazz? Leading experts disagree. The musicians themselves are not particularly anxious to be so categorized.

Another movement that began to gather strength during the 1960s and has since become a major force can be observed in the work of players who emerged from the Chicago-born AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Music) and its spinoff units such as the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Air. Many of the black progenitors of these organizations have moved to New York. Some, particularly the trombonist George Lewis and the saxophonist Black Arthur Blythe, are musicians of extraordinary talent.

But are they playing jazz?

Again the point is moot. Most of these artists have expressed a reluctance to be stigmatized as jazz musicians; they prefer the word to be bruited about that they are creating black classical music. In Germany, where their avant-garde manifestations have enjoyed special attention, the term "free jazz" has been applied to this phenomenon. Still, the characteristics long associated with jazz—a swinging, rhythmic pulse, a steady beat, tonality—are often totally and deliberately excluded.

Moreover, some of the exponents, particularly the multireed virtuoso and composer Anthony Braxton, have worked extensively with American and European whites; so even the "black classical" definition may be just as inapplicable as the word jazz.

As you can see, we have a problem. If jazz was ever definable—and in retrospect it seems that the music of earlier decades was far more easily classified than that of the 1970s—it certainly has reached a point at which there is almost no agreement on where the borderline lies that separates it from the records on the charts, the ECM sounds, or the AACM manifestations. The debates that went on during the 1940s, when advocates of bebop were locked in a holy war against the diehard "Moldy Figs" with their advocacy of the New Orleans traditions, seem like ladies' tea party chatter compared to the arguments now raging with respect to the various fusion forms.

There were a few events during the '70s about which no disagreement exists concerning their jazz validity. Without doubt, bebop or hard bop, a music associated with the '40s and '50s, came back in full force, enabling such expatriates as the saxophonists Dexter Gordon and Johnny Griffin to make triumphant returns to their homeland. Dizzy Gillespie lives; Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, some of whose members were not born when bebop drew its first breath, are bringing essentially the same message today as when their original incarnation was organized.

There has been a small but significant group of young musicians playing in styles inspired by an earlier generation. Instead of being sucked into the fusion or free-music vortex, they reflect the tonal, swinging values of their swing- or bop-era predecessors. Typical of this trend are the fiery trumpeter Jon Faddis, who joined the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra at 18; Tom Harrell, a trumpeter discovered by Horace Silver; the saxophonists Scott Hamilton, Ted Nash, Dave Schnitter and Richie Ford, and the guitarist Cal Collins.

Another carryover from earlier years, though with a decidedly contemporary touch, is the big band. The Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin orchestra leads the field.

Along with all the new concepts, the past few years have seen their share of welcome revivals: a new career, in her 80s, for Alberta Hunter, and in his 90s for Eubie Blake. Fats Waller and Eubie were adopted by the Broadway stage with shows dedicated to their music.

Given the broad range of genres now known in some quarters, rightly or wrongly, as jazz, is it reasonable to claim that jazz musicians today enjoy more artistic freedom? When this question was posed to some 24 leading artists, the responses showed eight claiming there is less freedom; 12 believe that the new proliferation of contrasted idioms has let freedom ring; two replies were qualified; one was noncommittal; one musician had no response.

On the positive side, pianist JoAnne Brackeen commented: "They are freer to be more free or less free—whichever fulfills them most." Guitarist Joe Pass said: "More free—but they don't use the freedom properly; they are too busy trying to get a hit." From saxophonist Lew Tabackin: "Today in America we have the choice to be true to our convictions; but we have to be prepared to suffer the economic and social consequences. It's time to grow, to give in, and there are many rationalizations; still, we do have a choice." Others who hear more freedom are Dave Brubeck, Art Farmer, the Swiss pianist George Gruntz, the German composer Joachim Kuhn, trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff, saxophonist Sonny Rollins, Sarah Vaughan and Joe Williams.

On the negative side, Gerry Mulligan observed: "There's a lot of talk about freedom, but precious little understanding of the responsibilities it entails—politically as well as musically." According to trombonist Bill Watrous, "We are free artistically in our own attitudes toward what we do; however, as far as the rank and file, which includes the record company executives as well as the masses they serve, we are in a temporary chastity belt." Composer-pianist Horace Silver complained: "They are either propelled into a certain direction by record people, or they follow what the masses are doing, in order to make more money. Few have the courage to stand by what they believe in."

"New talents," said pianist Bill Evans, "don't find the freedom that new talents did in the 1960s or even the '60s, unless they are established, and very independent and strong." Also voting on the "less free" side were Toshiko Akiyoshi, Hubert Laws, Airto Moreira and Mike Nock.

Straddling the fence was Elvin Jones, who noted: "The answer depends on the integrity of the artist and his economic alternatives." Herbie Hancock was equivocal: "We are freer in having larger budgets to work with, better recording techniques, more time to spend in the studios. When I

PHOTO BY TONY BARNARD

The prolific pianist Keith Jarrett, top left, saxophonist Dexter Gordon, top right, and guitarist Joe Pass were among the jazz stars of the 1970s.

TOP 10 JAZZ RECORDS FOR THE 1970s

First, a technicality: All of us with our reviews of the so-called decade are operating under a misapprehension. The first decade Anno Domini did not conclude on the last day of A.D. 9, but rather on the final day of the tenth year, i.e. A.D. 10. Therefore, the present decade actually ends Dec. 31, 1980, and we're all jumping the gun by a year.

Second, a warning: The following is not a ten-best list. No self-respecting art form deserves to be treated in a manner that suggests competitive merits rather than inherent virtue. The albums chosen consist of outstanding examples of various aspects assumed by jazz during the period that began Jan. 1, 1970 and ended this week. (The order is alphabetical.)

Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band: "Insights." RCA AFL 1-2678.

Duke Ellington Orchestra. "New Orleans Suite." Atlantic 1580.

Bill Evans. "Alone (Again)." Fantasy F-5942.

Herbie Hancock. "V.S.O.P." Columbia PG 34688.

Thad Jones/Mel Lewis. "Consummation." Blue Note 84346.

"Oscar Peterson et Joe Pass a Salle Pleyel." Pablo 2625-705.

Singers Unlimited. "Friends." Pausa 7039.

McCoy Tyner. "Enlightenment." Milestone 55001.

Sarah Vaughan. "I Love Brazil." Pablo 2312-101.

Weather Report. "Weather Report." Columbia C 30661.

with Blue Note I was not too much concerned with sales. Today, with Warner Bros., it's a bigger ball game, and in a sense that's less free; however it has brought me to the attention of a far greater audience."

What developments can be expected in the jazz of the 1980s?

Many replies pointed to the imminence of new forms of amalgamation; however, they disagreed on whether or not this is a happy prospect.

Comments Herbie Hancock: "Look at the crossovers—Joni Mitchell getting into jazz with her 'Mingus' album, even Dolly Parton going from country to rock. I went from jazz to fusion to disco and rhythm & blues; my next album will touch rock and Latin bases.

"The 1980s will bring a real renaissance," Hancock added. "New areas, new forms, more use of computers in music, yet at the same time more interest in acoustic sounds, a back-to-nature movement parallel to the ecology movement."

"Musicians will continue to incorporate other idioms," said Horace Silver, "but will weed out the commercial tripe and bring back the sense of depth that has been missing."

JoAnne Brackeen expects "new instrumentations—a musician will play many instruments excellently; I hope a deep creativity will increase. Perhaps this country will look into more rhythmic subtleties and pitch variances—and communication with the public, let's hope, will expand tremendously. Uplift the planet!"

Less optimistic is Toshiko Akiyoshi: "There will be less of the essence of jazz, and more popular fusion music to be confused as a new jazz direction."

Her husband, Lew Tabackin, has Cassandra-like nightmares: "It will just be more of the same, with record companies brainwashed into thinking jazz in its natural form isn't profitable. They are wrong, but rationality is not a part of the record industry. Their extremely powerful influence will tend to promote less important music."

Dave Brubeck foresees "less disco and more jazz." Clark Terry, the eternal optimist, looks to "more jazz on TV, more true jazz clubs, less emphasis on rock, and more total involvement of the younger musicians."

The struggle between business and creative interests concerns Chick Corea, who expects, however, that "the big business aspect of buying and selling of the arts will begin to run itself dry, and the creative part will be more emphasized." Flutist Hubert Laws also expects "more creativity on the part of a few artists, despite the exploitation by agents, managers, lawyers and record companies."

Art Farmer expects to find "an audience with appreciation of simple musical values, not so easily impressed with sham." Bill Evans believes the 1980s will bring "a great potential decade, and a telling period for separating the men from the boys, in terms of integrity and incorruptibility."

George Gruntz has a divided crystal ball. "The first half of the '80s will see more diversification, more use of acoustic instruments; then in the second half of the '80s these many directions will unite into one new doctrine, a style none of us can predict—but for the first time in jazz history the European, non-U.S. developments will be of vital importance in whatever this new trend may be."

Regardless of what they expect to take place, what would these same performers *like* to see in the decade now upon us?

Chick Corea: "I just want to see more and more people become involved in the creating of music rather than the selling of it." Mike Nock, despite his association with the avant garde, observes: "I'd welcome an advance in some of the traditional values that flowered briefly in the early 1960s: music concerned with harmonic beauty, melody and the concept of swing." Hubert Laws: "more players excited at the idea of playing together, motivated by music rather than dollars."

Bill Evans would like to find "less concern with the disease of 'avant garde' in favor of developing the trunk of jazz tradition." Brubeck, too, would welcome a rediscovery of the history and roots of jazz by the younger generation."

Lew Tabackin elaborates on the same thought: "We should expand from within the tradition. I'd like to see new branches growing from the original root and fulfill our great legacy. The strengthening and development of small record companies can be helpful." Gerry Mulligan would like to find the traditions "developing according to the precepts of Louis, Duke and Bird, rather than Clive Davis (or Miles Davis, for that matter)."

Sonny Rollins, who discovered the power of the media when he appeared on the Tonight Show, says, "I would love to see more of our music on TV, in the form of concerts; also more mid-sized and better rooms around the country for live engagements." Similarly, from Elvin Jones: "I would be happy to see a realistic implementation of the art form of jazz in the mainstream of the recording and TV industries."

My own projection is somewhat more cautious. Nobody ever has been able to see around corners in the arts. Some new development of which we have no inkling may arise to turn the world of jazz around. Perhaps the least accessible of today's artists—the Cecil Taylors, the big band of Sun Ra—will achieve mass acceptance, just as the music of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, once believed far too radical ever to reach a popular audience, was duly absorbed into the central nervous system of jazz.

Because this chameleonic music has changed more in the past 20 years than in the previous half-century, any prediction of its likely status in 1990, or even in 1984, can only be wild guesswork. The one event to which I can look forward eagerly, with the knowledge that it will be a unique celebration, is due to take place not too . Feb. 7, 1983. On that date, God willing, we will all j bie Blake in heralding his new role as the first jazz ce arian. □

Leonard Feather

FINALLY, JUMPING FOR JAZZ

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The 1970s found jazz accepted to a degree that had long seemed inconceivable. The postulate that this is in fact America's indigenous art form has been adopted by innumerable schools and universities where jazz-for-credit classes are held. A growing realization of the need for subsidy has been reflected in a tenfold increase (since 1970) in the annual grant funds available to musicians and organizations from the National Endowment for the Arts. The U.S. State Department continues to send jazz artists overseas.

Festivals have multiplied on every continent. Musicians who had faded into obscurity were brought back to center stage at Nice or Newport.

The knowledge that jazz was primarily the brainchild of Afro-Americans no longer holds back its acceptance on most levels of American society. Black jazz artists have held teaching posts at Yale, Duke, Princeton and other leading campuses. Integrated groups such as Jones/Lewis, Miles Davis and Weather Report have become the rule rather than the exception.

It was an encouraging decade for women in jazz. Discrimination on the grounds of sex was more latent than racism and just as insidious; but the first Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, in 1978, led to imitations at home and abroad.

Despite the growing uncertainty in defining jazz (see feature, page 74), this was beyond question a time of immense progress. The elders (B.B. King, Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald) retained their following, while the great newer names, from Muhal Richard Abrams to Josef Zawinul, strengthened their hold on young, perceptive audiences the world over.

More than ever, it was a time for the internationalization of jazz. Brazil had already established this point during the 1960s, but soon the influx grew as we welcomed visitors (or immigrants) from Poland (pianist Adam Makovich, violinist Michal Urbaniak, singer Urszula Dudziak and many others), France (violinist Jean-Luc Ponty), Italy (Enrico Rava, the avant-garde trumpeter), Germany (the poll-winning trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff), the Scandinavian countries (saxophonist Jan Garbarek, trombonist Eje Thelin, bassist Niels Pedersen), Spain (the brilliant blind pianist Tete Montoliu), Belgium (guitarist Philipe Catherine), and too many Japanese to name.

Japan, in fact, became the second most important jazz country, with a constant influx of American musicians on tour while dozens of Japanese jazzmen settled in the U.S. and, in several cases, wound up with jobs in leading New York groups.

In every country, with such obvious exceptions as Albania and mainland China (but that won't take long), the inroads were powerfully evident. Still, what matters most of all is that here at home the prospect of our accepting jazz as America's true 20th-Century classical music now looms as an imminent reality. We have indeed come a long way from Storyville. □

A Superstar Evening of Jazz Alive

By Conrad Silvert

A small club in San Francisco's North Beach district last night and early this morning became the focus of celebration for music lovers across the country as National public Radio broadcast Keystone Korner's "Art Blakey Jazz Festival."

Keystone has been presenting year-ending superstar jazz events for half of its eight-year existence and this was the second time the network broadcast the festival to anchor its special New Year's Eve "Jazz Alive!" program.

The national attention was appropriate, because this was an historically significant event. Blakey this week was not only appearing with his current Jazz Messengers but also with such storied Messenger alumni as Jackie McLean, Curtis Fuller, Cedar Walton, Billy Harper and (last night only) Freddie Hubbard. Additionally, Blakey was joined all week by percussionist Airto Moreira, who complemented the venerable drummer brilliantly, and trumpeter Eddie Henderson, who fit right in.

Whenever Blakey invades Keystone, feelings are particularly buoyant and the blood seems to pulse in pace with the music. This week's alternation of sets with old and new Messengers served only to heighten the fervor. Blakey, a 60-year-old dynamo whose playing grows more powerful (and wise) with age, took brief twenty-minute breaks while playing four sets per night. When the all-stars were on stage, Blakey's current band — James Williams, Valery Ponomarev, David Schnitter and Robert Watson — were to be seen standing nearby with rapturous faces. When he was offstage, Jackie McLean walked around muttering ecstatic epithets and Billy Harper wore a look of glazed bliss. (Bassist Dennis Irwin was the only current Messenger who also played with the all-stars.)

As the six-day engagement progressed it became obvious that Keystone wasn't large enough to enclose the people who wanted to be there. The doorway between the stage and backstage area was clogged with standees, waitresses had to fight customers to get to the bar, both exit doors remained open to give vent to the overflow, and one creative listener found privacy and comfort by sitting cross-legged atop the cigarette machine.

Blakey received the adulation in stride. He assumed the mantle of jazz father-figure lightly, introducing the other musicians with admirably concise encomiums and, on numerous occasions, pointing out his beginnings as a drummer with modesty and humor.

As Blakey told the story a while back to a magazine nterviewer, he started out as a piano player in ittsburgh.

"I didn't know anything about piano and Errol arner came in and took my gig and the band. I ended being a drummer because a gangster told me —

Art Blakey (left) with that superstar smile on his face just keeps getting better and some of the musicians who helped carry the message were (top, from left) Billy Harper, Jackie McLean, Curtis Fuller, Dennis Irwin and Eddie Henderson

"'You want to work here kid, then play the drums and don't argue with me.'

"I went up there and played the drums."

Blakey never had to look back. He became one of the most sought-after drummers in jazz. He was one of the most dynamic drummers to have mastered bebop and he played with every giant of his day, from Miles Davis to Charlie Parker to Bud Powell to Sonny Rollins.

As a leader of the Jazz Messengers for more than 25 consecutive years, Blakey has nurtured an incredible amount of talent, including (in addition to those with him at Keystone this week) Wayne Shorter, Kenny Dorham, Donald Byrd, Lee Morgan, Art Farmer, Hank Mobley, Johnny Griffin, Reggie Workman and even, for a brief time more than a decade ago, Keith Jarrett. Only Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Miles Davis have helped to spawn a similar number of "giants."

Onstage at Keystone, Blakey rode atop the music and, when occasion demanded, used his patented rimshots and press rolls to drive the musicians along like a merciless headmaster. All the while, he smiled his huge, hang-jaw smile, frequently rolling his eyes skyward as if in a heavenly trance.

Blakey's visiting progeny all played with a fierce enthusiasm. Cedar Walton, the musical director, swung so hard it hurt; Curtis Fuller swooped and swaggered on his trombone with a gentle sensuality; Jackie McLean played his alto with a singing lyricism that contrasted nicely with Billy Harper's virtuosic attack. Eddie Henderson sounded like a young and happy Miles Davis, especially on material like "Up Jumps Spring."

Blakey played a variety of vintage stuff, most of it uptempo, and gradually a kind of theme song developed, "Caravan," the title of one of Blakey's best albums. During this, Blakey kept a basic pulse on the tom-toms while Airto launched into a short, explosive solo that invariably brought down the house.

To help commemorate the event, National Public Radio producer Michael Cnscuna imported Leonard Feather and Gerald Wilson from Los Angeles. Feather narrated the details of time and place while Wilson wandered backstage with a mike to catch snatches of conversation.

It was a night worth preserving.

LEONARD FEATHER 1/6/80

GOLDEN FEATHERS TO '70s NOTABLES

Awards were unknown in the days when "media" was merely the obscure plural of a Latin noun. Shakespeare, Michelangelo, Debussy and Monet all passed on to their respective rewards without ever winning a poll or receiving a citation for notable achievement. History has nevertheless recorded their contributions quite accurately.

Awards today are almost as common as the participants in the art forms they salute. There are basically two kinds of honors: those that are based on popular votes, and the others, usually considered more prestigious, that are conferred by a jury of the winners' peers, or of critics (known to the losers as "self-appointed experts").

Jazz awards have existed for at least 43 years: the first significant plebiscite was organized in 1936 by Down Beat, which has also run a Critics' Poll since 1953. It produced some strange results, particularly in its "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition" category. Among the winners were Odell Brown, Frank Chase, Rod Levitt, Jay Cameron, Lester Lashley and other names that slid, deservedly or not, into an obscurity from which they refuse to arise. In fairness, it should be added that the critics' main choices, for established talents, showed a perceptivity that far exceeded that of the readers.

All this is submitted by way of prologue to the 15th annual Golden Feather Awards, which this year will salute the accomplishments not of a year but of a decade. Looking over the accolades passed out in these pages, it is remarkable how many achievers saluted just 10 years ago have either left us or have left jazz.

Of the 1970 GFA recipients, Quincy Jones and Roberta Flack are now successfully active in other areas; Louis Armstrong, Paul Desmond and Joe Venuti are departed; Miles Davis retired in 1975. This leaves only one 1970 winner (Man of the Year B.B. King) still active in just about the same field.

Awards in subsequent years were given prematurely to artists whose contributions I hastily overestimated; Maria Muldaur, for instance, the Pointer Sisters, Gato Barbieri. Others deserved their kudos at the time, but later slipped away from our reach into the gaudy green-lined world of pop: the pianist Patrice Rushen, whom we hailed when she was 17; a promising flutist, Bobbi Humphrey; a young trumpeter named Chuck Mangione.

Golden Feathers were given not only to performers, but to the catalysts who helped make them accessible: George Wein; Norman Granz with his Pablo Records; the late Lester Koenig of Contemporary Records; various producers for Columbia, Arista, ECM, Horizon and other companies; talent scout John Hammond, and the founders of the Women's Jazz Festival.

In retrospect, many of the artists selected during the '70s seem no less deserving in the more penetrating glare of a 10-year searchlight. The big-band figures were Duke Ellington, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, Stan Kenton, Mercer Ellington, Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin. The instrumentalists included Hubert Laws, Jon Faddis, Freddie Hubbard, Cannonball Adderley, George Benson (Man of the Year for 1976), Herbie Hancock (ditto '77), Dexter Gordon, Woody Shaw. Also John Lewis ("Undefeated Champion" award, after the breakup of his Modern Jazz Quartet); the vocal group Quire, which had a short but happy life on one album, and the Phil Woods Quartet, Matrix, VSOP, Supersax and the Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Singers elected into my one-vote Hall of Fame were Sarah Vaughan, Frank Sinatra, Billie Holiday (posthumously), Cleo Laine, Urszula Dudziak, Linda Hopkins, Helen Humes, Alberta Hunter and Al Jarreau.

I would not want to rescind a single one of these awards, though my enthusiasm for a couple of those winning combos has faded a shade or two along with the years. Nor would I want to retract my "Grand Old Man" presentations to Eubie Blake, the late Joe Venuti and, somewhat hastily for a man then in his 60s, Benny Goodman.

What does seem conspicuous is the absence of several names. The contributions made by certain figures of indisputable significance having somehow slipped past unacknowledged, this would be an appropriate time to make amends. Here, then, are seven people who, in one way or another, enriched the jazz scene during (and in several cases before) the time span now under examination. Because their work transcends assignment to any particular year, these are offered as Golden Feather Awards of the 1970s.

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LEONARD FEATHER

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Man of the '70s: John Birks (Dizzy) Gillespie. The bulk of his most innovative work admittedly was completed before the '70s or even the '60s began, yet the evidence of his contribution remains ebulliently in our midst. When he chooses to take himself seriously, which may not be as often as we would like, Gillespie remains demonstrably the supreme master of his horn. He is also the author of the valuable, recently published autobiography, "To Be or Not to Bop."

Woman of the '70s: Ella Fitzgerald. Incredibly, her award shelf covers more than 40 years: She won the Down Beat readers' poll in 1937, the year the female vocal category was established. Nor is she coasting on past achievements: for recent evidence there is a superb public television special, "Ella" (due to be seen in early February on KCET). She remains the definitive achiever in her field, each song a flawless vocal gem of phrasing, tone and control.

Combo Leader of the '70s: McCoy Tyner. This might perhaps as well read Pianist or Composer, since Tyner's accomplishments are inseparable from one another. A series of albums with his various groups offer high-energy proof that he has been as influential in his area as John Coltrane, his mentor in the early and middle 1960s, had been to a prior generation.

Virtuoso of the '70s: Joe Pass. How this genius escaped an award escapes me. No guitarist since Wes Montgomery has accomplished as much in terms of creativity blended with complete technical finesse. He too was a participant in the Ella Fitzgerald TV special.

Avant-Gardist of the '70s: Anthony Braxton. My first reaction, back around 1971, was one of incomprehension; to this day some of his albums seem prolix, overintellectualized and inaccessible. Still, as a multi-instrumentalist on about a dozen wind and/or reed instruments, and particularly as a composer of singular originality, he has earned an unquestionable place in the forefront of the new jazz, new music or call it what you will.

Media Hero of the '70s: Jimmy Carter.

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LEONARD FEATHER

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By calling a convention of the mighty to jam at the White House one bright summer afternoon in 1978, and by making a clearly earnest, well-informed off-the-cuff speech lauding jazz as America's indigenous art form, he accomplished more for the music in one day than had any previous man in public life without any direct relationship to the music world.

Survivor of the '70s: Woody Herman. Another giant whose inadvertent omission from previous listings makes this belated award doubly agreeable to bestow. With so many of the swing-era maestri falling by the wayside, Herman has maintained a splendid ensemble of men young enough to be his children or grandchildren. His 40th anniversary concert at Carnegie Hall in 1976 was a milestone, but he will certainly find many others to pass.

It has been a custom to acknowledge, in the form of Moulting Feather presentations, the work of those who have done the least to enhance the image of jazz, or the most to tarnish it. The end of the 1970s reveals the dark through the length of the tunnel. A backward glance indicates that one group deserves a heap of moulting, even molten, feathers heaped on its collective head: the long, dreary succession of record producers who, convinced that they could turn the latest talented youngsters into a money factory, fitted them up with all the accoutrements that led to instant artistic destruction. I won't name names: you fellows know who you are. Moreover, if you keep on doing it long enough, you and the musicians and all the rest of us will be out of jobs.

I prefer to presume, as did some of the respondents to my questionnaire, the results of which were published in two previous columns, that the true believers will escape the clutches of these Frankensteins, and that jazz will thrive and evolve during the 1980s as it has for the past several decades, long before the term "record producer" was ever heard of.

A happy and creative decade to all. □

'ELLA' SPECIAL

Channel 28 to Air One 'Soundstage'

Several weeks ago, "Ella," a superb musical show built around Ella Fitzgerald, was seen on KOCE, Channel 50, the PBS station in Huntington Beach. It was not screened locally on KCET, but will finally get an airing Feb. 3 in a simulcast with KUSC-FM (91.5).

That's the good news. The bad news is that "Ella" is the only one of this season's "Soundstage" specials scheduled for Channel 28. This remarkable series, now in its sixth season, has been generally, inexplicably neglected by the Los Angeles outlet, despite its having finished every year among the top 20 shows aired by the PBS network stations.

Viewers here will miss a show starring Chick Corea, Gary Burton and Al Jarreau, as well as shows with the Doobie Brothers, Gordon Lightfoot, Joan Armatrading, Elvin Bishop and others.

"Soundstage," created and produced by Ken Ehrlich, originates at WTTW-TV in Chicago. It has been acclaimed as the best music series on television, hailed for its eclectic mix of pop, jazz, country and soul. Yet the explanation offered by Joan Lence, KCET's director of program scheduling, is, "We tried it in 1975, and it didn't do well for us, so we dropped it. We tried using it in 1978, and again there was no response."

There was no elaboration as to what such phrases as "didn't do well" and "no response" mean to a non-commercial station where artistic value is supposed to take priority over ratings.

Ehrlich is now based in Los Angeles, where he has produced specials with Liza Minnelli, Lou Rawls and Dionne Warwick, and is currently working on the Grammy Awards show for CBS-TV. He says: "It galls me that this lovingly crafted series, accepted by viewers across America, is blatantly shunned in Los Angeles. If viewers knew what they're missing, they would be just as upset as I am."

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ AND POP

Cedar Walton in the Parisian Room

Cedar Walton, playing this week at the Parisian Room, is a pianist and composer who came to prominence with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Like many keyboard artists who passed through the Blakey ranks, he was often compared to Bud Powell, the progenitor of the bebop piano style, but it has long been apparent that Walton has molded a solid, harmonically rich style of his own.

Though he has no regular organized combos, Walton is always capable of assembling a group of sympathetic colleagues who share his view of music: namely, that it must swing, and that mutually inspiring pure jazz improvisation has to predominate.

On this occasion he has been fortunate to corral an old friend from Dallas, his home town, the tenor saxophonist James Clay. A Southland resident in the late 1950s, Clay returned here from Texas for a record date. He is, now as then, a muscular and commanding performer in whom a slight Sonny Rollins influence can still be detected.

Walton, playing mostly standards, displayed his customary blend of harmonic imagination and rhythmic intensity. He can bring to an overworked piece such as "Lover Man" or Eddie Heywood's "Canadian Sunset" enough of his personal touch to instill new life into it. The waggish "Evidence," a Thelonious Monk tune that stops and goes like an automobile with a faulty generator, took on a brash new character as Walton and Clay toyed with it.

Rounding out the group are Tony Dumas, a bassist heard on records with Walton, and a long time associate, Billy Higgins, on drums. Higgins was an enthusiastic soloist and driving rhythm section component in the attractive "Midnight Waltz," built on a 24-bar blues pattern.

Completing this show is the house comedian, Reynaldo Rey, who landed on target with some well delivered barbs about a range of topics from the ayatollah to gas prices.

The show closes Sunday. Coming back home next Tuesday is saxophonist Red Holloway, the Parisian's musical director.

—LEONARD FEATHER

1/11/80

HIROSHIMA AT THE ROXY

A Blast With Redeeming Sonic Values

Hiroshima seems to have changed its meaning from fission to fusion. More than 34 years later, the once awesome name has been adopted by a nine-piece band that offers, in an exciting and well-staged show, one of the ultimate illustrations of cultural cross-fertilization.

At the Roxy Wednesday, the show began dramatically. Darkness. Silence. A bang-the-drum-slowly introduction (specifically, the Japanese Taiko drum, played by Johnny Mori). Little by little the members whipped themselves into a percussive frenzy. Eventually the lone horn player, Dan Kuramoto, played a simple modal melody on tenor sax, followed by his wife June Okida Kuramoto, whose beautifully interwoven koto playing is the leavening element in a band that often explores, and explodes, in rock territory.

June Kuramoto is the only Japan-born member; most of the others, though Asian, are third-generation Japanese-Americans from East Los Angeles. The electric keyboard player, Richard (Arms) Mathews, apparently is in the band by occident.

The pleasing timbres of the two vocal soloists, Jess Acuna and Teri Kusumoto, are sometimes joined with the voice of Dan Kuramoto, who writes most of the group's original material. The lyrics, with their overtones of fantasy and upbeat imagery as in "Room Full of Mirrors" and "Holidays," are marginally above what one expects from a pop band.

The instrumental numbers are most remarkable for the koto passages, but the guitarist, Peter Hata, in whom elements of Mahavishnu and Al DiMeola may be detected, runs a close second.

Dan Kuramoto is less an outstanding soloist than a purveyor of striking coloristic effects, playing soprano and tenor sax, flute and bamboo flute. What makes Hiroshima work is its unique and universal blend of elements: Anglo-American rock, Afro-Cuban rhythms, exotic Far-East instruments and sounds. Visually, the impact is strong, though the steambath effect, enveloping the stage in one tune, seemed a little excessive: I was afraid that Teri Kusomoto would be unable to finish her song due to smoke inhalation.

With its dynamic range from gentle and Oriental to rockish and uproarious, Hiroshima has woven a distinctive music that seems destined for commercial and musical achievements. In June Okida Kuramoto, the band has a virtuosa performer unlike any other on today's popular music scene.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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FROM "THE AUSTRACIAN" (also in L.A. Times 1/13)

Edited by MARIA PRERAUER

Transitions and the new Brubeck

LEONARD FEATHER, the world's best-known jazz critic who arrived in Australia yesterday, writes on the new-look Brubeck Quartet which opens tonight at the Sydney International Music Festival at the Regent Theatre

HAS it really been 12 years since the original Dave Brubeck Quartet broke up?

It has indeed, and in the intervening time the Brubeck career has gone through a series of traumatic changes.

There have been tours with his three sons, in the formation billed as Two Generations of Brubeck; intermittent ventures with Gerry Mulligan's baritone sax in the role previously occupied by Paul Desmond's alto; a few reunions with Desmond, until the latter's death in 1977.

Along with all this, Brubeck has continued to concern himself with the writing of extended works, most of them religious in nature.

Lately, Brubeck has been touring at the head of a new quartet distinctly different in character from its predecessors. Although two of his three sidemen have worked with him off and on for several years, the combo in its present form has only been together since August 1979, and has made only one album, released recently on Concord Jazz Records.

"This group just gradually happened," says Brubeck, "as so many things in life tend to do. For example, I never really planned to have my sons work with me, although I wound up doing so in one way or another for the best part of eight years.

"I'm really enthusiastic about this new quartet. Jerry Bergonzi is really a master on tenor sax. He was with me before, with the kids — in fact, he came out of my son Darius's group. We toured the United States, Australia and Europe with the Two Generations concert package through the mid-1970s."

Born October 21, 1947, Bergonzi was raised in Boston, where he established a firm reputation as a teacher. In addition to tenor and soprano saxes, he plays clarinet, drums and bass. He saw service with Roy Haynes, Charlie Mariano, Hal Galper and others in Boston and New York as well as playing with the Chuck Israel Orchestra, before joining Brubeck permanently in the fall of 1978.

Bergonzi's aggressive style, with his furious runs and impressive technique, led to reviews in which he was compared with Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane — a striking contrast to the cool, laid-back personality of Desmond, who seemed to represent the essence of the Brubeck sound during his 16 years with the old quartet.

Brubeck's theory that "things just keep happening" is well illustrated by the accidental circumstances under which his new drummer, Butch Miles, came to join him last August. Raised in Charleston, West Virginia, where he attended college from 1962-66, Miles first came to prominence touring with Mel Torme from 1971-74, then joined Count Basie in January 1975. He was still with Basie when Brubeck's son Danny decided to leave the family group.

ULF KAISER'S impression of the new Brubeck Quartet: Butch Miles and Jerry Bergonzi (top) Dave Brubeck (centre), and Chris Brubeck (below left)

"I was hoping to get Alan Dawson back but he had his own group in Boston and didn't want to go on the road; so for a while I used a lot of different drummers. I had Randy Jones, who came here from England with Maynard Ferguson's band; then Specs Powell played with me in the Caribbean but he's moved to Los Angeles. During that time, too, I had Mel Lewis with me on the recording of the Mexican Christmas Cantata, which I wrote with my wife Iola.

"One night Butch was off the road, and since he and Danny knew each other, he said he'd like to work with me one night. Although we both enjoyed it tremendously, I never dreamed he'd want to leave Basie. But he told me he'd like to join permanently.

"I talked to Count, who said, 'I really can't spare him, Dave; I'm taking the band to Europe this summer and I need him,' so I decided to forget the whole thing.

"But Butch didn't want to forget it, so he and Basie talked it over, and it wound up with Duffy Jackson replacing Butch in the Basie band. What's really funny is that when I first told Basie I needed someone, he said to me 'Why don't you get Duffy Jackson?'

Surely, I said, the demands and disciplines in Basie's band and in your combo must be very different for Butch?

"The interesting thing about that," said Brubeck, "is that Butch knows every one of my tunes. He told me he had been coming to hear our group since about 1957, when he was 13 years old. Sometimes I may call a tune that my son Chris doesn't know, and Butch will remember it. He had great respect for Joe Morello and they are good friends."

Morello, a key Brubeck component from 1956-67, subsequently became busy conducting clinics for a drum company and teaching privately.

"As you know," said Brubeck, "Joe lost his sight completely a few years ago and he gets around with a guide dog. Recently my group, with my sons, and Marian McPartland played a benefit for the school from which Joe got his dog."

(The other member of the old quartet, bassist Gene Wright, who toured with Dave from 1958 until the group disbanded, is well set: for almost five years he has been with pianist Karen Hernandez at the Money Tree Restaurant in Toluca Lake, California.)

The only remaining junior Brubeck in the group is 27-year-old Chris, who plays electric bass and occasionally (with Bergonzi using his bass double) switches to trombone. Formerly leader of his own group, New Heavenly Blue, and later of a rock unit called Sky King, Chris seems equally at home in jazz, rock, folk, fusion and classical music.

"He wrote an off-Broadway show," says Dave proudly, "all of the songs and about half the lyrics."

As for the other two sons, Danny, 24 and Darius, 32, their father reports that, along with Chris, they recently took part in two albums with guitarist Larry Coryell. Danny and Darius now are working with their own group, together with a bassist from Boston.

The senior Brubeck's plans for 1980 involve a variety of projects.

He will continue to tour with the quartet, in addition to writing most of the music for it.

"My latest large-scale writing assignment was commissioned by a publishing company that works closely with the Catholic Church. It's an exciting challenge for me: I had to do a lot of research, all the way back from the Gregorian chant up to the present day. This work will be a mass for the church — not for the Pope specifically, although one of the records by the Pope that is now out, opens with some of my liturgical music.

"Altogether, I'm far more active than people seem to think. In 1979 alone I played at least 120 concerts. I have ballets going, and there's another one coming up in New York.

"I have classical concerts in Europe, where many other people are playing my music. According to BMI (Broadcast Music Inc.), I'm the fourth most played American composer in their lists.

"That's really interesting, because I don't even get listed in Down Beat as a composer."

Another venture to which he looks forward eagerly is a concert next summer at the Hollywood Bowl that will also involve Eubie Blake and Teddy Wilson — an aggregate of 223 years of keyboard talent on one stage.

Not long past his 59th birthday, Brubeck can look back on a career of precedent-setting. He recorded the first jazz album to sell a million copies (Time Out in 1960); was the first jazz artist to perform at a State function in the White House; and, with his combo, held on to first place in more annual polls than he can remember.

His performances with Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic, which were recorded, helped to open up new concert opportunities for the jazz-classical fusion.

Brubeck looks up for inspiration

JAZZ musicians Dave Brubeck, right, and Les McCann in Sydney yesterday

INTERNATIONAL jazz pianist Dave Brubeck says he is a tired and worried man.

His new major work is a Catholic Mass form, and it is the Mass that has caused him to worry. He is not a religious man, certainly not a Catholic. He is concerned that through ignorance of the faith he may offend someone unintentionally.

Catholics will not be his only critics, he said. The work is also likely to come under the scrutiny of the Jewish community.

The worries are probably unnecessary. Already a section of the Mass has been used as an introduction to an official recording of speeches Pope John Paul II made in the U.S.

In the last month one of Brubeck's works, La Fiesta de la Posada, has been played in churches in America and is now the most popular Christmas cantata in that country.

Both these works come as a surprise, for Brubeck is a jazz pianist famous for his quartets, his music with Paul Desmond, for rhythmic innovation, and Take Five. And he is in Sydney for the International Music Festival, which opens tonight.

Just before he left home, he reviewed numerous tracks from the old quartet days and before, as some of these are to be re-released.

In his 30 years of music-making he thinks he has gained experience that makes things "a lot easier to do", and thinks his old recordings will stand the test of time.

His new quartet, with Jerry Bergonzi playing tenor saxaphone, Butch Miles drums, and his son Christopher on bass, should also reaffirm his great ability.

Brubeck has left his mark on jazz, and more besides. He has three sons, all accomplished musicians, and he is quick to praise their talent.

He is confident there will be Brubecks making music for years to come.

The world's best known jazz critic, LEONARD FEATHER, writes about the new-look Brubeck Quartet in the Art- Australian on page 10.

1/20

LEONARD FEATHER

THE PIANO AND 'CALIFORNIA'

Andrew Hill is one of the most articulate and adventurous musicians of our time. As composer and pianist, he displays a sensitivity, a feeling for contrast that I find all too rarely among his contemporaries. What will he be doing in 1980 if he continues to evolve at his present pace? The prospect is fascinating to contemplate."

I wrote those words in 1969, when 1980 was the beat of a distant drum. Last week, receiving a new album by the Haiti-born, Chicago-raised pianist, I attempted to call him and found he has no telephone. Always somewhat reclusive and never one to compromise in the interest of material rewards, Hill has enjoyed the respect only of a small coterie of critics and musicians. The outcome apparently has not lived up to the 1969 prospect.

"From California With Love" (Artists House AH 9) consists of two long unaccompanied improvisations, each taking up an entire side of the album. In his notes, Hill comments: "While making this record I had a fear—had I lost the energy and conception that New York City is allegedly supposed to give an artist?" He concludes, however, that the LP is "equal or superior to anything on the market" and characterizes his music as "interesting . . . happy . . . warm. There was an angry period, but you get tired of pounding the piano."

Music like Hill's, which at first hearing is rough going, has qualities (interesting, happy, warm, as he put it) that place it on a higher level than that of, say, Cecil Taylor, whom I have always found less accessible, though he presently has far more of an audience than Hill. Like Taylor, Hill has been recording off and on since the 1950s; unlike him, he relies more on subtlety than

PHOTO BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD

PHOTO BY ROBERT A. MELNICK

Pianists Andrew Hill, left, and Jack Wilson: different styles, equal quality

energy, and has reaped precious few rewards. For those willing to make an investment of serious listening time, this is a five-star item. It's carried by Artists House, 40 West 37th St., New York, N.Y. 10018. Cost: $7.

Hill is also on display, backed this time by bass and drums, in "Nefertiti" (Inner City 6022). Recorded in 1976 for a Japanese label, this comprises six cuts, slightly more compositional but no less typical of his strong individuality. Five stars again.

Hill's concern about the debilitating effect of living in California is refuted in another new piano recital, Jack Wilson's "Margo's Theme" (Discovery DS-805). Wilson had a second problem to contend with that was far more serious than the Southland life style: Soon after the release of his last album he suffered severe injuries in an automobile accident, not the least of which was a fractured left hand.

Months of great pain, the loss of 35 pounds and a long convalescence were clouded by the fear that his chops might be permanently impeded. Amazingly, Wilson has bounced back with an album that is at least the equal of anything he has done.

As has long been his custom, he favors a simultaneous two-piano technique, often playing the melody in unison on Fender Rhodes electric with the left hand and Mason Hamlin grand with the right. This is done to devastating effect on "He That Murmureth," an original tune based on the chord pattern of "Night and Day."

Backed by bass and drums, Wilson cruises through this set of standards and originals with a confidence he probably never expected to regain. Four-and-a-half stars.

The concept of the bass player as leader is becoming more and more common. In the years since Charles Mingus began leading his various combos, Ray Brown, Ron Carter, Niels Pedersen, David Holland and a dozen others have led their own groups on albums. Bob Magnusson, a worthy addition to the list, is heard in "Revelation" (Discovery DS 804).

Playing with the fire and creativity he demonstrated on tour with Sarah Vaughan and more recently with various Los Angeles groups, Magnusson draws strong but never overpowering support from Joe Farrell on flute and saxophones, and the lyrical pianist-composer Bill Mays. Three-and-a-half stars.

Another superlative bassist is Cecil McBee, presented with his own quintet on "Music From the Source" (Inner City 3023). This is, however, less bass-oriented than the Magnusson set, consists of only three tracks (one of which takes up an entire side) and is somewhat reduced in impact by the screaming freak-toned repetitions of a hard-nosed tenor saxophonist, Chico Freeman. McBee describes him as "uninhibited." Perhaps he is right, and possibly this is not always a virtue per se. Two-and-a-half stars.

Ornette Coleman is represented in two of the new Artists House releases. "Soapsuds Soapsuds" (AH 6) offers him in the intimate setting of a duo with bassist Charlie Haden. Coleman, who burst on the scene as a major force in 1959, playing alto saxophone, is heard here on tenor, an instrument less suitable to his personality. Moreover, he starts with "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," a theme with all the emotional impact of "Three Blind Mice"; and on "Some Day" he plays trumpet, an instrument that has been defeating him for close to 20 years. This is neither Coleman's nor Haden's finest hour. Two stars.

Coleman returns as sideman and coproducer (with John Snyder) on "Tales of Captain Black" (AH 7). The principal figure here is one James Blood (previously known as James (Blood) Ulmer, and even earlier as plain James Ulmer). He plays electric guitar, supported by Jaamaladeen Tacuma on electric bass and Ornette's son Denardo Coleman on drums. There are heavy overtones of rock here, indicating that this may outsell the other items on the Artists House roster.

The eight-page leaflet that accompanies all the elaborately produced Artists House albums includes a diagram described as "James Blood's Harmolodic Guitar Clef," a reference to a musical theory evolved by Coleman. I can't make head or tail of it, and wonder whether the music would be any more significant if I could. Rating: I pass.

The art of big-band jazz has been given a notable boost during the past two years by the almost-all-Canadian orchestra of a trombonist-composer-arranger named Rob McConnell. A busy Toronto studio musician, McConnell assembled his 22-piece orchestra to commit to high-quality vinyl a stunning set of performances that embraces new views of swing and bebop standards. "Take the A Train" becomes a trip to Spanish Harlem; Charlie Parker's "Confirmation" is a vehicle for Sam Noto's trumpet and Moe Koffman's alto sax, encased in a smoking arrangement.

Billed as "Rob McConnell & the Boss Brass Again!" (Umbrella GEN-1-12), the two-record set ends with "Pellet Suite," a deftly designed work in four movements, setting the orchestra's considerable solo strength in bold relief. Four stars. Umbrella Records is distributed by Audio Technica, 33 Shiawassee Ave., Fairlawn, Ohio 44313. Locally, try Ray Avery's Rare Record Shop in Glendale. □

THE AUSTRALIAN

World Feature Article

Feather fostered the rule-breakers

JAZZ

MIKE WILLIAMS

LEONARD Feather, the world's best-known writer on jazz, will be in Australia for the Sydney International Music Festival at the Regent Theatre during the week beginning January 14.

The Australian is one of the sponsors of the festival which will feature overseas stars such as Dave Brubeck, Herbie Mann, Les McCann, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Lew Tabackin and Howie Smith, as well as the cream of local talent.

Feather is the author of several books and has worked as disc jockey, publicist, record producer, pianist, composer, lyricist, arranger, TV program host and newspaper and magazine columnist.

Mid-way through each of the past three decades he has produced an edition of his Encyclopedia of Jazz, with its biographies of the prominent contemporary musicians.

Like several other of the most influential writers on the subject, Feather was born and grew up outside the U.S. He became interested in jazz at St Paul's School, London, in the 1930s and shortly afterwards began writing for the Melody Maker.

Trapped in Sweden at the start of World War II, he sailed for New York and quickly established himself there.

He was one of the first champions of the musicians, led by Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, who were tearing up the old rule book and bringing new dimensions to jazz.

One of his closest friends was pianist George Shearing whom he had recorded in London and who rose to prominence with his adaptation of the new sounds in the late 1940s, after migrating to America.

Since then, Feather, always willing to listen to the experimentalists, has promoted the careers of a vast number of musicians who have become widely accepted.

He has contributed to just about every major jazz magazine and instituted his renowned "blindfold tests" — where musicans are asked to comment on records without knowing the names of the artists or any other details -- for Down Beat

His presence on several well-received recording sessions emphasises that he is far more than a mere tinkler at the piano.

Many of his compositions became integral parts of the repertoire of artists such as B. B. King, Dinah Washington, Aretha Franklin and Cannonball Adderley. And it is his song, Born On A Friday, that is invariably one of the highspots of a Cleo Laine concert.

45

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"AMERICAN GARAGE." Pat Metheny. ECM-1-1155. Still occupying the alternative territory between jazz and rock, guitarist Metheny in his eighth ECM album runs through a set of original works composed in collaboration with Lyle Mays, who plays piano, Oberheim, autoharp and organ. Some of the material is jubilant, as in "Heartland," some reveals touches of Vince Guaraldi-like funk by Mays (in "Airstream"). The two, abetted by Mark Egan on bass and Dan Gottlieb on drums, achieve a massive, intensely resonant blend on "The Search." Typical of so much ECM product, the album is far removed from the fusion nonsense that too often passes for jazz. At 25, Metheny is a master of the genre he has helped create. Four stars.

"FRIENDS." The Singers Unlimited. Pausa PR 7039. A prefect dovetail: the vocal arrangements by Gene Puerling, orchestral charts by Pat Williams. With or without overdubbing, this must be the purest blend of voices now on the scene. Ten tunes, ranging from antiques ("Sweet Georgia Brown" and "I Got Rhythm," the latter with splendid clarinet by Tom Scott) to later works like Dave Grusin's "The Trouble with Hello Is Goodbye," with trombonist Bill Watrous as guest soloist. The vocal tracks were recorded in Villingen, Germany. Inexcusably, it took three years for a U.S. release of this impeccable five-star album.

"JIMMY." Jimmy Heath. Muse MR 5138. Composer Heath, whose album with his brother Percy ("In Motion") has been on the jazz charts for several months, joins with two other members of the family, younger brother Al "Tootie" Heath on drums and Jimmy's son Mtume on congas and percussion, for this collection of post-bop originals, sometimes with African overtones. Jimmy Heath's forte is the tenor sax, though "Angel Man," on which he plays flute, and "Invitation," featuring him on soprano, diversify the set effectively. Splendid keyboard by Kenny Barron. Three stars.

"KIDNEY STEW IS FINE." Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson. Delmark DS 631. Recorded in France in 1969, this deep-dish blues set includes several of the songs long associated with Vinson's gravelly voice. He picks up his alto sax now and then (not often enough), and is surrounded by such legends as Jay McShann at the piano and T-Bone Walker on guitar. Too bad the producer didn't listen more carefully; he would have noticed that nine of the 10 songs are in the key of B flat, which hardly makes for variety. Still, for true blues believers, a three-and-a-half-star venture.

"JOHNSON'S WHACKS." Jimmy Johnson Band. Delmark DS-644. Johnson tries to sing the blues, but his sound is coarse, the recording leaves much to be desired, and his lyrics show only occasional touches of wit, leaning toward puns ("I got the St. Louis blues, as blue as I can get/I sent Louis to the liquor store and he ain't come back yet"). He plays fair B.B. King guitar. Sincerity can't be equated with authenticity. Two stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

POP MUSIC REVIEW

1/30

LEW TABACKIN ON TOUR WITH A NEW TRIO

When not working in the orchestra he co-leads with Toshiko Akiyoshi, tenor saxophonist Lew Tabackin works in various small-combo settings. He now is on a brief tour with a trio, heard over the weekend in a break-in date at the Maiden Voyage.

What has often been reiterated about Tabackin's stature as a preeminent improviser remains true regardless of the context. All the characteristics called for in a contemporary performance were revealed in his opening solo, "How Deep Is the Ocean." After a long, suspenseful solo introduction, he set an intensely rhythmic groove, weaving phrases that found bursts of perfectly timed notes alternating with long, legato sounds and sudden staccatos.

Tabackin has been all but untouched by the affectations that have reduced so much jazz tenor sax to displays of vulgar bombast, often above the instrument's natural range. When he does employ a distortion or freak note, it is with discretion and logic. His flute, heard in a long, largely spontaneous solo, seems as always the product of a more orderly, classically disciplined personality. He is unsurpassed as a mood setter on either instrument, whether growling out the prehistoric Duke Ellington tune, "Black and Tan Fantasy," or zooming through "Night and Day."

Charlie Haden, a long-respected master of the bass, seemed in a distracted mood, leaving long spaces and generally failing to sustain the interest in solos that ran too long. Billy Higgins, advertised as Tabackin's featured drummer, did not show and was replaced by Joey Baron.

In a group with such a limited instrumentation, exceptional empathy is called for. Tabackin's earlier trio with Higgins and John Heard showed how well this can work, but presently, when Tabackin takes a rest, the music too often stops swinging. It was a measure of his power that his own performance maintained its usual high level despite less-than-ideal support.

—LEONARD FEATHER

POP REVIEWS

2/4

promising idioms and ideas—jazz-dance, tap, game structures, vernacular period gesture—and the company sustained a high level of expertise.

—LEWIS SEGAL

SONNY ROLLINS AT THE ROXY

Sonny Rollins has been a part of the jazz cosmos, recording and gigging with his own small groups, since 1951. There have been many peaks and valleys over the years, but the robustly affirmative sound of his tenor saxophone, heard Friday at the Roxy, has never been more compelling than it is today.

His horn, heard for a few identifying moments before the curtain rose, drew the instantaneous applause of recognition. It took Rollins about 90 seconds to reach a climax of boiling energy. He was clearly in a jubilant mood, moving across the stage with his typical Groucho Marx stride.

Rollins remains a complete original on several levels. His timbre and articulation are unique. His choice of material is unusual: Much of it is his own, and even a standard, "Easy Living," was preceded by an unaccompanied series of undulating cadenzas lasting many times longer than the tune itself.

Though Rollins has never played with more authority, he also has never had to deal with so much sonic overkill. A Roxy engineer, no doubt brought up on rock groups, amplified everything so far beyond what was needed that the quartet almost OD'd on volume.

There was brief relief when, playing Duke Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood," Rollins switched to the lyricon, which sounded like a neurotic bass clarinet. For an encore, he performed "Isn't She Lovely," with pianist Mark Soskin switching to electric keyboard. Completing the group are Jerome Harris on electric bass and the kinetic Al Foster on drums. He has had better and worse rhythm sections.

Rollins' impact is such that he was able to elevate the accompanists to his own plateau of rhythmic excitement. In general, the Roxy performance succeeded in spite of conditions imposed on him, reminding us that he doesn't need to sound larger than life. In a man of his artistic stature, life size is large enough.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Red Garland

RAY ROSS

RED GARLAND is a maverick in several respects. A product of the bop era, he is a highly efficient performer in the bop idiom when this is what he feels is called for; yet bop is neither particularly representative of his style nor the most effective illustration of what he does best.

Although he has been a part of the New York jazz scene off and on, he has chosen to absent himself for long periods, remaining in virtual seclusion in Dallas, turning down lucrative offers to play pop or rock dates because he has been adamant in refusing to prostitute his talent. (A few years ago I was approached to produce an album with him for a German company but was unable, even with the help of his friends in Texas, to track him down.)

A third unorthodox aspect of his career as a pianist was his delay in getting started. Born in Dallas May 13, 1923, William M. Garland was the product of a non-musical family; he took up clarinet at high school, then began studying alto saxophone with the legendary Buster "Prof." Smith, who was an early influence on Charlie Parker.

Still further removed from the keyboard was an early career that took him to Detroit, Chicago, and California: He became a professional boxer, with 35 fights to his credit as a lightweight. (I have no data on how many he won.)

During a hitch in the Army, he played alto in a service band. Lee Barnes, the pianist in that group, and John Lewis (not the same one who led the Modern Jazz Quartet) were jointly responsible for his belated interest in learning to play piano, at the age of 18.

Once returned to civilian life, he was soon able and eager to abandon the reed family and practice what he had learned in the Army or heard on the records of Nat Cole, James P. Johnson, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum. His first major piano job was with a band led by the Texas trumpeter Hot Lips Page. When Page wound up a tour in New York, Red decided to stay there. Not long afterward, at the instigation of drummer Art Blakey, he was hired for the all-star orchestra then being led by singer Billy Eckstine.

The following year, 1947, Red began a two-year hitch as house pianist at the Downbeat CLub in Philadelphia. While there, and subsequently in various other clubs, he provided accompaniment for such legendary figures as saxophonists Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, and Lockjaw Davis and trumpeters Fats Navarro and Roy Eldridge.

Miles Davis, who first tried to form a group featuring Garland in 1953, succeeded in hiring him in October of 1955. He became a key figure in a perfectly matched rhythm section, with Philly Joe Jones on drums and a 20-year-old bassist, Paul Chambers. John Coltrane, the saxophonist with Davis's quintet, also worked as a sideman on some of Red's own recordings.

For several years after leaving Davis in early 1958, Red led his own trio, touring the U.S. When his mother died in 1965, he went home to Dallas; since then he has surfaced occasionally for club work in Los Angeles (1966) and New York (1971), but it was not until 1978 that he made a full-scale comeback after the years of semi-retirement. During that year he played several of the country's leading night spots and made a triumphant appearance at the "Live Under The Sky" festival in Tokyo. He has also recorded several albums for Galaxy during the past 18 months. The same company's Prestige label was the source of a solo on the 1957 track "What Is There To Say," from which 16 bars have been excerpted for inspection here. The album is *Saying Something* [Prestige, P-24090].

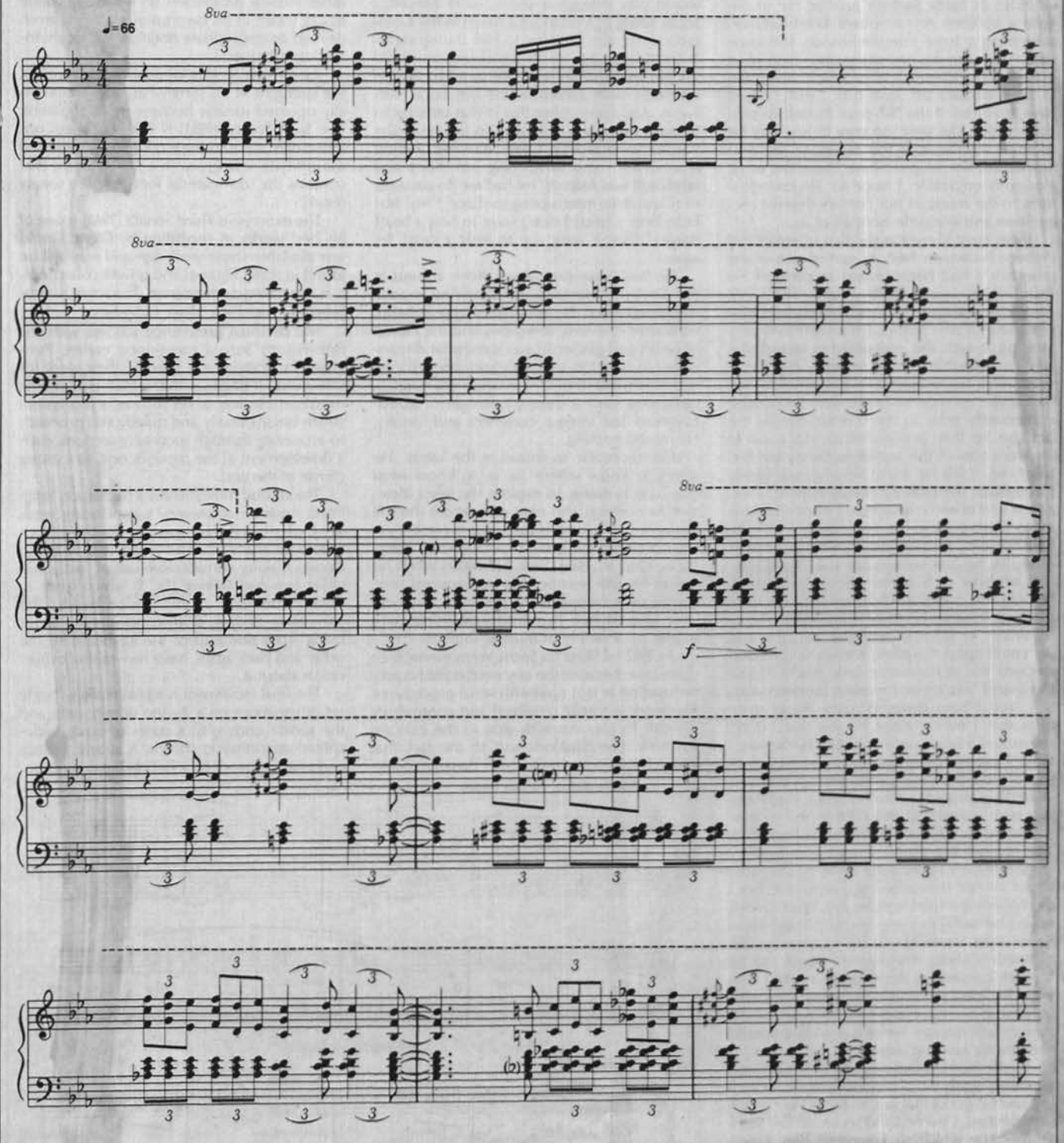
I have chosen this example because it illustrates Red's use of the locked-hands or block chord technique, which has always been a significant aspect of his work. (For contrast, however, you might study the solo on the preceding track, "Undecided," in which he is the unregenerate bebopper.) The solo follows Donald Byrd's trumpet passage and precedes the bass solo by Jamil Nasser.

Garland's two-handed melodic approach leaves the rhythmic-harmonic pulse to the bassist while he fleshes out the right-hand octaves (or sometimes octaves-plus-fifths) with left-hand triads that move in a rhythmically parallel manner. He limits his grace notes mainly to the process of sliding off two black notes onto the adjacent white notes (as in the *F♯* to *G* movements in bars 1 and 4). The style is generally smooth, with an easy eighth-note triplet feel throughout (and a beautifully easy quarter-note triplet in bar 10).

Garland is harmonically conservative, but occasionally he will stray from the official dictates of the song to add an augmented (third beat of bar 2) or a diminished (fourth beat of bar 3). Notice how he compresses the last phrase of the melody, which normally should run from 13 to the first beat of 15, into a series of triplets in bars 13 (starting on the second beat) and 14.

Red Garland's life and times have illustrated an attitude toward his music that one finds all too seldom in these commercialized times: He plays strictly for pleasure, and the satisfaction he derives from this clearly compensates for the lack of a driving ambition. The gentle relaxation of his solo on this cut is a clear reflection of Red's easy-going *modus vivendi*.

Red Garland's Solo On "What Is There To Say"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

The Australian, Jan. 16 1980

The unorthodox Indian prince

JAZZ

LEONARD FEATHER

AUSTRALIA has a fast-growing and keenly receptive audience for jazz.

It took very little time to reach this conclusion as a capacity audience at the Regent Theatre Monday evening greeted the first concert of the six-day Sydney International Music Festival.

Dave Brubeck, leading a new quartet and looking more than ever like an Indian prince with his mane of white hair, still sounded like a classical musician who loves to dabble in jazz. If his piano does not convey the orthodox sense of swing one finds in, say, an Oscar Peterson or a George Shearing, he compensates with his keen sense of rhythmic energy and a dynamic contrast that can take him convincingly from the gentlest rubato passage to the crashingly intense finale.

Brubeck is well served by the new group, which differs from the quartet of yesteryear more in instrumentation than in repertoire. Jerry Bergonzi's tenor sax at times is as hard-driving as the late Paul Desmond's alto was relaxed. He met the challenge of the barrelling upbeat tempo in Brubeck's Cassandra with a fiercely moving solo, occasionally recalling Sonny Rollins.

Brubeck's 27-year-old son Chris has developed from a competent electric bassist into a sturdy performer whose sound resembles that of an orthodox upright bass. Toward the end of the set, in Lord, Lord, a theme from a Brubeck cantata, he switched to trombone to weave a gruff, warmly sonorous solo that was an emotional highlight of the evening.

Butch Miles, who was here last year as Count Basie's drummer, showed his adaptability by adjusting well to the very different demands of this group, both rhythmically and metrically (Some Day My Prince Will Come as a waltz, and of course the inevitable Take Five in 5/4).

Australian talent took up the first half of the program. Kerrie Biddell invited criticism with the name of her group, Compared To What. Compared to the great American jazz singers, she is more a crowd-pleasing entertainer than a major artist. Compared to the groups that work with this kind of popular material – songs by Stevie Wonder and the like – the combo does not differ much in approach from the typical Las Vegas lounge act of the 1960s.

Miss Biddell's strength lies in her ballad work (she was at her most convincing on the lovely Johnny Mercer lyric How Do You Say Auf Wiedersehen) and in her range, with so many Riperton effects on the latter's Inside My Love. Her pianist, Michael Bartolomei, has written some attractive material performed wordlessly by Miss Biddell along with the saxophonist Graham Jesse. Her handicap is the disconcertingly flip, pseudo-hip personality she displays between songs.

The Young Northside Big Band, composed of college and high school students (including females) acquitted

KERRIE BIDDELL

itself remarkably in a mixture of charts out of the Basie library and originals by Julian Lee and others. The ensembles were precise and compelling.

Most school bands tend to be stronger in team work than in individual creativity, but the Northsiders boast several promising soloists, notably Dale Barlow on tenor sax, Steve Williams on fluegelhorn and the brilliant 17-year-old James Morrison. His trombone feature number, Here's That Rainy Day, gave one hope that jazz in the 1980s will indeed return to its pristine values of beauty, good taste and melodic accessibility.

1/27

JAZZ IN BRIEF

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"46TH AND EIGHTH." Waymon Reed. Artists House AH 10. Now touring with his wife, Sarah Vaughan, Reed at the time of this, his first session as a leader, in 1977, was on the road with the Count Basie band. An eloquent mainstream soloist on trumpet and fluegelhorn, he is supported by Basie colleague Jimmy Forrest on tenor sax and by what was then Ella Fitzgerald's rhythm section: Tommy Flanagan, Keter Betts and Bobby Durham. The material is conventional (three blues, two standards), but the end result is agreeable, unpretentious mainstream jazz. Three-and-a-half stars.

"TLL REMEMBER SUZANNE." Joe Derise. Inner City IC 4003. Credit Derise with multiple talents: He plays piano, wrote the arrangements for a large orchestra, and sings. But the least of these three gifts is the one to which most attention is drawn here. As a singer he has the quality of a 1950s band singer; in fact, the album for the most part sounds as if it had been recorded in those MOR days. Familiar tunes ("Day by Day," "Star Eyes," "Marie," etc.) are given treatments not inventive enough to justify their revival. Two stars.

"I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU." David Allyn. Discovery DS 803. Like Derise, Allyn has a reputation that extends back to the fey days on New York's East Side; unlike him, he laments lost love with power and conviction. Recorded in 1959 for Warner Brothers but given minimal exposure the first time around, this splendid compendium of Porter, Berlin, Rodgers, Carmichael, et al., presents him in a sympathetic orchestral setting designed by one David Terry. The engaging intimacy of Allyn's sound has never been more effectively captured. Four stars.

"THE FABULOUS BILL HOLMAN." Sackville 2013. A welcome reissue and needed reminder of an active stage in West Coast jazz history. In 1957 Holman was playing tenor sax as well as composing and arranging. The monophonic sound and somewhat dated rhythm section reduce the impact, but Holman's writing, particularly on "The Big Street," a three-part suite on the second side, has fought the battle of time and won. Among those present: Conte Candoli, Lou Levy, Charlie Mariano, Richie Kamuca. Three and a half stars. Obtainable from Sackville, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ont. M4J 4X8.

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By HUGH LU

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Australian, Jan. 18 Edited by MARIA PRERAUER

More of an electron than Mann

JAZZ

LEONARD FEATHER

THE IMPACT of electronics on the world of music has been a mixed blessing. Valuable effects have been achieved with synthesisers, electric keyboards and amplified horns, yet there is always the danger that these devices can seem to have become ends in themselves.

Such was the case too often during the performance by Herbie Mann, on Wednesday at Sydney's Regent Theatre.

Mann came to prominence in the 1950s as one of the first jazz soloists to concentrate on the flute. At that time he relied on the natural sound of the instrument.

Nowadays, no matter which flute he picks up, it is attached by a cord to a box with knobs and gimmicks that also can diffuse the quality, lending it an indistinct character that disguises, rather than enhancesthe performer's personality.

Only once or twice, particularly during his agreeable solo on I Can't Get Started, did Mann turn off the attachment and allow the back-to-nature tones of the flute to come through.

But the amplification and echoplex trickery that dominated his long set soon became a challenge to one's attention span.

Mann's repertoire runs from Charlie Parker to Donovan to Miles Davis.

There were times when he and his colleagues developed an exciting beat and seemed to be involved in creating something of melodic interest; however, the group suffers from a weak instrumentation.

Most of his combos have had at least a guitar, another horn or a piano to provide the leader with something to bounce against. Presently, he has only bass drums, percussion and the generally wordless vocal effects of Linda Sharrock.

The flute-and-voice teamwork, though pleasant, was used to excess; moreover, Miss Sharrock, a small, rangy singer, suffered from occasional intonation lapses.

An ironic coincidence found the same idea used modestly and with more consistent results in the opening set by Judy Bailey, whose quintet was augmented by the vibraphonist John Sangster for all but her first two numbers.

One of the openers was Toledo, a bright 5/4 piece with a Latin flavor, written by the bassist, Ron Philpott.

In this group, the wordless voice was that of Bernadine Morgan, heard along with the flute of Col Loughnan.

On one tune, Miss Bailey's wistful The Spritely Ones, Loughnan switched to soprano sax to blend with Mr Morgan. In The Compliment, he played able bop-pish tenor.

The Bailey set explored many other avenues. The leader employed one of those Yamaha pianos that found her jumping back and forth between acoustic and electric sound.

In John Sangster's first tune, a bright blues called Tower Hills, the rondo effects by vibes and piano had a modern jazz quartet quality.

Elsewhere, Miss Bailey used her considerable piano technique in solos that ranged from impressionism (in her own lovely Colors Of My Dream) to a sort of quasi-bebop.

Sangster, looking like Santa Claus with mallets as he played some of his own music from Lord of the Rings, reminded us that he is not only one of Australia's most distinguished composers, but a soloist of masterful control.

His own Japanese influence Rain On The Water, and a cheerful calypso tune, the latter again employing vocalese, were among the most inspiring moments in a set that reflected credit on Miss Bailey and Sangster, both as players and as creators of group sounds that never lapsed into boredom.

1/27

JAZZ IN BRIEF

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"46TH AND EIGHTH." Waymon Reed. Artists House AH 10. Now touring with his wife, Sarah Vaughan, Reed at the time of this, his first session as a leader, in 1977, was on the road with the Count Basie band. An eloquent mainstream soloist on trumpet and fluegelhorn, he is supported by Basie colleague Jimmy Forrest on tenor sax and by what was then Ella Fitzgerald's rhythm section: Tommy Flanagan, Keter Betts and Bobby Durham. The material is conventional (three blues, two standards), but the end result is agreeable, unpretentious mainstream jazz. Three-and-a-half stars.

"I'LL REMEMBER SUZANNE." Joe Derise. Inner City IC 4003. Credit Derise with multiple talents: He plays piano, wrote the arrangements for a large orchestra, and sings. But the least of these three gifts is the one to which most attention is drawn here. As a singer he has the quality of a 1950s band singer; in fact, the album for the most part sounds as if it had been recorded in those MOR days. Familiar tunes ("Day by Day," "Star Eyes," "Marie," etc.) are given treatments not inventive enough to justify their revival. Two stars.

"I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU." David Allyn. Discovery DS 803. Like Derise, Allyn has a reputation that extends back to the fey days on New York's East Side; unlike him, he laments lost love with power and conviction. Recorded in 1959 for Warner Brothers but given minimal exposure the first time around, this splendid compendium of Porter, Berlin, Rodgers, Carmichael, et al., presents him in a sympathetic orchestral setting designed by one David Terry. The engaging intimacy of Allyn's sound has never been more effectively captured. Four stars.

"THE FABULOUS BILL HOLMAN." Sackville 2013. A welcome reissue and needed reminder of an active stage in West Coast jazz history. In 1957 Holman was playing tenor sax as well as composing and arranging. The monophonic sound and somewhat dated rhythm section reduce the impact, but Holman's writing, particularly on "The Big Street," a three-part suite on the second side, has fought the battle of time and won. Among those present: Conte Candoli, Lou Levy, Charlie Mariano, Richie Kamuca. Three and a half stars. Obtainable from Sackville, Box 87, Station J, Toronto, Ont. M4J 4X8.

2/3

LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ IS UP DOWN UNDER

SYDNEY, Australia—What could an American reporter possibly expect to unearth here in search of jazz, domestic or imported, vintage or new-brew?

As it turned out, the good sounds are not only plentiful but widely distributed over Australia's oldest, largest, most populous (3 million) city. Although the only event of which I was aware in advance was the six-concert Sydney International Music Festival, I found to my astonishment on arrival that a dozen other such evenings and afternoons had been scheduled by various organizations. In fact, because of overlaps in this embarrassment of riches it became unavoidable to miss several.

An Australian jazz history of sorts has existed since 1943, when Graeme Bell, a pianist of traditionalist stripe, launched a New Orleans-style band that enjoyed a measure of international popularity through records and tours. Better known to American audiences was the Australian Jazz Quartet, seen in the States during the mid-1950s. Since then, no musician from down under has made an appreciable American impact, with the exception of two New Zealanders who have long lived in the United States, the pianist/composers Alan Broadbent and Mike Nock. Don Burrows, a veteran Sydney clarinetist/composer who was honored by Queen Elizabeth for his services to jazz, has long been a hero domestically, but remains virtually unknown in the States. (He did play Newport in 1972.)

The Music Festival was an ear-opener in several respects. Although the concerts, staged at the 2,000-seat Regent Theater, employed American names as headliners, Australian groups were used to round out the bill. In at least one case this worked out to the advantage of the residents. Herbie Mann, whose set included excessive use of his various flutes (all heavily amplified and with echoplex) in tandem with the wordless singing of Linda Sharrock, was preceded by the Judy Bailey Quintet, which employed a similar device more modestly and effectively.

Bailey, a pianist and composer, put her vocalist, Bernadine Morgan, and flutist/saxophonist, Col Loughnan, to charming use in her own piece, "The Sprightly Ones," and in "Toledo," a bright 5/4 piece with a Latin flavor written by her bassist.

During most of her set, John Sangster was added as guest soloist, playing vibes. A burly, Santa Claus figure whose career goes back to Graeme Bell's Dixielanders, Sangster today is an eminent composer of TV and movie scores. One of his tunes, a blues called "Tower Hills," achieved rondo effects a la Modern Jazz Quartet.

Elsewhere, Judy Bailey used her considerable piano technique on one of those Yamaha pianos that is capable of sounding both electric and virtually acoustic.

Though none of the home-grown music I heard is likely to alter the course of jazz, Bailey and Sangster displayed taste, imagination and a reasonably well-rounded awareness of what has been going on in the American vortex, short of atonality and the avant-garde.

On the first of two evenings for which Dave Brubeck drew a capacity house (this is his sixth visit to Australia), the show opened with the Young Northside Big Band, a group of high school and college students. Heard at last year's Monterey Festival, they made an even stronger impression here as their director, John Speight, a high school teacher who formed the band four years ago "out of love," took them through a series of Basie-derived charts. The trombone solo on "Here's That Rainy Day," by James Morrison, drew on the better elements of Tommy Dorsey and Bill Watrous, a remarkable show of eclecticism in a player who just turned 17.

On the other hand . . .

Kerry Biddell, a former big band singer, now has her own combo, known as Compared to What. The very name invites criticism: Compared to the established American singers, she is a crowd-pleasing entertainer rather than a major artist. Compared to other groups that work with this kind of material (songs by Stevie Wonder and the like), she and her group differ little from what was heard a decade or more ago during the typical Las Vegas lounge act.

Biddell, who can sing a pleasant ballad, showed in her Minnie Riperton-like high-note effects that she has chops. Her main handicaps are a disconcertingly flip, pseudo-hip personality, displayed between songs, and a lack of genuine warmth. That she is very highly regarded in some Australian circles indicates that the fans are groping for a local vocal talent to praise

And yet again . . .

Toshiko Akiyoshi, the composer, arrived here with her husband, Lew Tabackin, but without their orchestra. An ensemble of Sydney residents (two Americans, 13 Australians) had been assembled for her to conduct on the two final nights of the festival in this country's first exposure to her own music. Although the results rarely, if ever, came close to the uniquely high level of their own unit, they were remarkable in view of the conditions: Only three hours had been allotted to rehearse seven very demanding original works.

Tabackin, whose masterful flute and tenor sax were new and exciting to Sydney ears, and Akiyoshi, whose music was unknown because none of the band's albums had been released here, drew an uproarious reaction. Of the local sidemen, the most impressive were Errol Buddle, heard in a couple of inspired alto sax solos, and Dave Panichi, a 21-year-old trombonist who studied at Boston's Berklee College of Music.

with the classical guitarist John Williams; and some 20 American jazzmen who came here to teach in the Summer Jazz Clinics at the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music. Most of them doubled in an 11-day series of concerts held in a smaller hall, under different auspices, and extending from the "trad" sounds of Graeme Bell to the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

Dodging in and out of the small rooms at the Conservatorium during classes the other day, I found countless familiar faces. Among the teachers: David Baker, the veteran jazz educator who played trombone with Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson; Hal Galper, the quondam Cannonball Adderley pianist; Todd Coolman, Horace Silver's bassist; drummer Ed Soph and trombonist Jim Pugh, both Woody Herman alumni; David Liebman, the ex-Miles Davis saxophonist, and others of no less distinction.

"Since the Americans arrived here," said Greg Quigley, who with the American Jamey Aebersold helped organize the Summer Jazz Clinic, "there's been a whole new spirit, not just in the Conservatorium but everywhere in town."

At a concert in the 800-seat Seymour Center, Moontrane, an Australian sextet more advanced in outlook than the others I had heard, played pieces by Woody Shaw, John Coltrane and George Cables. But it was an international group, peopled mainly by instructors from the Conservatorium, that furnished one of the week's peak moments.

The combo was an ad hoc septet showcasing four trumpeters. Toward the set's end, Terumasa Hino, who became Tokyo's Soup Plus, a restaurant and jazz haven where the above-mentioned Errol Buddle works.

On the night of my visit, the incumbent group was Galapagos Duck, Australia's best-known jazz band. An expert, professional quintet that steers directly down the mainstream with such chestnuts as "Mack the Knife," the Duck has a trombonist who doubles on harmonica and a trumpeter who also plays alto and tenor saxes. The mild impression they made was improved during the second set when two Indonesian musicians, newly arrived in town, sat in. They were Jack Lesmana, a guitarist (early Kenny Burrell), and his 13-year-old son Indra, a pianist. The long strings of chords, tremolos and unlikely intervals in this child's solos (he played a blues and "Autumn Leaves") would have been impressive in an artist twice his age.

This has been truly an odd experience. An American in Sydney, I found my most rewarding moments in the spontaneous creations of a Japanese cornetist and an Indonesian pianist. But the overriding impression has been the surge of enthusiasm now engulfing the entire jazz community. Peter Korda, chairman of the Music Festival, has already announced that it has succeeded and will be an annual event.

Meanwhile, the 20 visiting teachers from the United States will push on, spreading their message with additional weeks of instruction in Melbourne and in Wellington, New Zealand. If any cranny remains on earth where an abiding concern for jazz music has not been established, chances are the last bastions will not be long in falling. □

AUSTRALIAN JANUARY 21 1980

Are we in LA or Sydney?

JAZZ

LEONARD FEATHER

OVER THE weekend, during the two final nights of the Sydney International Music Festival, Australians fans met for the first time and greeted with an uproarious ovation, two of the most brilliantly gifted artists on the contemporary jazz scene.

Toshiko Akiyoshi, the composer, arranger, pianist and conductor, and her husband Lew Tabackin, the tenor saxophonist and flutist, co-led a specially gathered ensemble of Sydney-based musicians in seven of her compositions.

The performers, who had been limited to a single three-hour rehearsal, rose to the occasion and played as if possessed.

There were times when, on a blindfold test basis, it would have been almost impossible to distinguish this orchestra from the Los Angeles group they lead regularly.

Miss Akiyoshi's music, though firmly rooted in the traditions of big-band jazz, incorporates fresh elements that lend it a totally personal character.

Her writing for the woodwind section, which involves extensive doubling on flutes and clarinets, is superb.

The material ranged from straight ahead swinging tunes, based on familiar chord patterns, to exotic works such as Kogun.

In the latter, which opens and closes with the tape-recorded sound of two Japanese tsuzumi drummers, a fascinating cultural cross-pollination is achieved.

The Akiyoshi piano style is alternately hard driving and lyrical.

As for Tabackin, he is the consummate artist on both instruments: his flute improvisations have an incomparable lustre, and his tenor sax is a marvel of fire, energy and linear creativity, distilling elements of all the tenor pioneers into a style that is completely his own.

Among the Australians who brought this performance buoyantly to life were Errol Buddle on Alto sax, Darcy Wright on bass and Laurie Bennett on drums.

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

But it was the sectional and ensemble work, the feeling for rhythmic nuances, that best displayed the thorough professionalism of this ad hoc group.

Les McCann, whose quintet took over the second half of the concert, enjoyed a success of a different kind.

His music is earthy, solid and entertainment-oriented. When he urged the crowd to clap or shout along in a jazz-rock piece, they responded cheerfully.

McCann played mostly electric keyboard. His solos are funky, blues-drenched; his singing has a pleasingly raspy quality.

The combo is notable for Steve Erquiaga's guitar and the electric bass of Curtis Robertson. Bobby Bryant, Jr., who had the unenviable task of following Lew Tabackin on tenor sax, was uninspired on the old blues, Walkin'. Completing the quintet was drummer Tony St James, whose heavy rock beat was suitable to the general nature of the music.

The evening opened with a short set by Howie Smith, an American saxaphonist known for the three years he was here as a jazz educator.

He is obviously a skilled musician, but his group was unfocused. The drummer, Phil Treloar, is insensitive, heavy-handed and unswinging; the bassist, Clive Harrison, lacks a tone clear enough to cut through Treloar's din. Smith sounded best on soprano sax; his unaccompanied alto solo on Misty was a pretentious bore.

Overall, the festival was apparently successful enough to convince the promoters that they will definitely try it again next year.

With an influx of prominent Americans to teach last week at the Conservatorium, and with concerts by another organisation due to continue until next Saturday at the Seymour Centre, it would seem that Sydney may well be on the way to becoming a major jazz metropolis.

POP BRIEFS

"LIVE & UNCENSORED." Millie Jackson. Spring SP-2 6725. Live albums rarely do a performer justice, but "Live & Uncensored," a double LP recorded at the Roxy last August, is an exception to the rule. Jackson's double entendre-laden raps (X-rated for their frank street-talk rather than gratuitous profanity) are an integral element of her songs, and they benefit enormously from the interaction with a live audience. Jackson's singing and the proficiently arranged and performed music lean more to fiery '60s soul than mechanical disco, and she intriguingly reverses the normal cover process by taking white pop hits —like Rod Stewart's "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy" and Toto's "Hold the Line"—and investing them with a power and passion the originals lacked. There's something of an anarchronistic quality to Jackson's portrayal of the bawdy and bold soul sister, but despite the occasional lag in the material "Live & Uncensored" is a strong, enjoyable effort.

—DON SNOWDEN

"HIGHWAYMAN." Glen Campbell. Capitol SOO-12008. Campbell's 38th (!) album for Capitol is an appealing mix of melancholy ballads (which brought him his greatest radio acceptance a decade ago) and zippy, upbeat tunes like "Hound Dog Man," his recent nostalgia-themed country hit. Campbell's flip, off-handed approach to "Darlin' Darlinka" is just right for its jive gibberish lyric, while his hoots and yelps add to the Louisiana-folk-song flavor of "Cajun Caper," which features Doug Kershaw on fiddle. Three ballads on side one emphasize the catch-in-the-throat emotional quality of his earlier classics, but the album's best cut is the midtempo title song by Jimmy Webb, which has the jaunty spirit of John Denver's "Calypso."

—PAUL GREIN

"WE'RE THE BEST OF FRIENDS." Natalie Cole & Peabo Bryson. Capitol SW12019. The first collaboration by these gifted artists is a classy and diverse program, covering the gamut of contemporary soul. The biggest surprise is a breezy medley, arranged by Nelson Riddle, which has Cole purring the 1933 evergreen "Let's Fall in Love" and Bryson offering Sam Cooke's "You Send Me." The LP hit single, a duet rendering of Bobby Caldwell's 1979 valen-

his schlockmeister tendencies, it has nonetheless considerable skills as an easy-listening songwrite This is as featherweight and non-essential as Peek ever did as a member of America, and cons less universal. Yet the glossy, overproduced c bounces along with its own sense of sunny optim some endearing Top 40 hooks. Christian referenc from overt to thinly disguised, while the music ve ersatz country to ersatz rock with mounds of fluffy Man does not live by white bread alone.

—DAVI

"PLAY IT AS IT LAYS." Alicia Bridges. Polyd 1-6219. The swaggering, tough-girl stance of "I L Night Life," Bridges' first hit single, made it per barroom jukeboxes and crowded dance floors. Not this album has that same sweaty, whiskey-drench vor with the exception of the title track. Bridges best when she gets to boogie woogie with a rugged section, and "Play" contains that along with a nea

PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

From left, Herbie Mann, Les McCann and Lew Tabackin in Sydney, Australia

Buddle is the only alumnus of the old Australian Jazz Quartet not now living in America. Earlier in the week I heard him leading his own quartet in a small jazz club and playing six wind instruments, among them the bassoon, which he was the first jazzman anywhere to use extensively in the post-bop era.

Topping the bill in the Akiyoshi-Tabackin show was Les McCann, also in his Australian debut. His earthy electric keyboard and serrated vocals, though never discreet in the volume department, made an impact on the generally receptive audience (however, their maximum response at all times throughout the festival was a seated ovation).

Aside from the participants in the Music Festival, the list of visitors has included guitarist Joe Pass, who took part in seminars and concerts with the classical guitarist John Williams; and some 20 American jazzmen who came here to teach in the Summer Jazz Clinics at the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music. Most of them doubled in an 11-day series of concerts held in a smaller hall, under different auspices, and extending from the "trad" sounds of Graeme Bell to the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

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The combo was an ad hoc septet showcasing four trumpeters. Toward the set's end, Terumasa Hino, who became Tokyo's preeminent hornman but gave it all up a few years ago to seek a niche in New York, played an original cornet solo, "Blue Smiles," dedicated to the late Blue Mitchell. As a climax to this poignantly lyrical work he aimed the bell of his horn into the piano and, while Galper held down the sustaining pedal, blew a series of tones that drew an eerie echo from the strings. The effect was overwhelming. One wonders whether Hino, when not as far removed as he is currently from the storm centers of jazz, may not become the most stimulating new trumpeter of the fledgling decade.

The nightclub jazz situation is reasonably healthy. At the Sydney Hilton, a different combo plays every evening in the ornate Marble Bar; but the most popular club in town is the unpretentious, 270-seat, overcrowded, non-air-conditioned Basement, a two-level room that occasionally brings in American talent. Smaller but attractive is Soup Plus, a restaurant and jazz haven where the above-mentioned Errol Buddle works.

On the night of my visit, the incumbent group was Galapagos Duck, Australia's best-known jazz band. An expert, professional quintet that steers directly down the mainstream with such chestnuts as "Mack the Knife," the Duck has a trombonist who doubles on harmonica and a trumpeter who also plays alto and tenor saxes. The mild impression they made was improved during the second set when two Indonesian musicians, newly arrived in town, sat in. They were Jack Lesmana, a guitarist (early Kenny Burrell), and his 13-year-old son Indra, a pianist. The long strings of chords, tremolos and unlikely intervals in this child's solos (he played a blues and "Autumn Leaves") would have been impressive in an artist twice his age.

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JAZZ REVIEW

2/5

JOE PASS AT PASQUALE'S

Intimacy is an element all too rarely captured in today's music. Big profits are found in enormous sounds played in vast pavilions. For this and other reasons, it is particularly refreshing that guitar virtuoso Joe Pass still takes the time between concert tours to play such small rooms as Pasquale's in Malibu, where he worked Friday and Saturday to pin-drop-silent crowds.

His opening tune, "How Deep Is the Ocean," was fittingly accompanied only by the quiet lapping of Pacific waves, just 50 feet away from the club. During most of his dozen solo numbers, Pass as always used a minimum of amplification.

Playing finger-style, he maintained an unstated yet subliminally audible beat through the use of interweaving lines, often using his thumb to provide a virtual bass part while the other fingers performed sumptuous rejuvenation jobs on songs that were sturdy in the first place.

That no other guitarist can challenge the Pass technique is perhaps less significant than the exquisite taste, the gently melodic/harmonic invention he brings to each piece. His Ellington collection ranged through a half-dozen of the Duke's melodies in a deceptively effortless manner. His treatment of "This Masquerade" would have left George Benson agape.

Quietly announcing: "I will now go to the plectrum," Pass was joined by the club's owner, Pat Senatore, and by the ingenious drummer Frank Severino for some down-home bebop on a Charlie Parker blues, in which he used the pick for a more incisive sound. After three trio numbers, the long set was over. If it contained a single flaw, only a perfectionist like the self-critical Pass could observe it. I heard none, but after 18 years of Pass-watching, perfection is what one learns to expect.

Next weekend at Pasquale's: Anita O'Day.

—LEONARD FEATHER

8 Part VI—Wed., Feb. 6, 1980 Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

ALL-FEMALE BAND AT SNOOKY'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The evaluation of an all-female band presents certain built-in problems for the reviewer. The difficulty involved in finding compatible talent must be taken into account; on the other hand, it seems only fair to judge the results as if one were listening to a male combo playing identically.

Quintess, under the direction of Ruth Kissane, brought these thoughts to mind during its appearance Monday at Snooky's, the jazz club on Pico at Bundy. The disparity of backgrounds among the members seems to have convinced them to tread a cautious middle ground. The band's repertoire consists of standard ballads, bop tunes and an occasional original by Kissane.

The leader, who plays trumpet and fluegelhorn, is a capable soloist whose technical facility suggests that she could develop into an effective stylist. Her partner in the front line, tenor saxophonist Kay Blanchard, does not seem equipped for the improvisational demands placed on her.

The rhythm section members appear to be coming from a more contemporary place than the horn blowers. Janet Jones, the pianist, is the quintet's most interesting member. Her solos in Kissane's intriguing composition "Modallion," Herbie Hancock's "Dolphin Dance" and Ann Ronnell's "Willow Weep for Me" displayed an impressive harmonic and melodic imagination.

Carrie Barton, on electric bass, and Marilyn Donadt, the drummer, are experienced players who probably need to work together more regularly in order to bring the rhythm section clearly into focus.

Quintess recently won a nationwide contest in which the prize is an appearance next month at the annual Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City. A great deal of woodshedding is needed before they can fight off that traditional, condescending "They play well for women" reaction.

Tonight at Snooky's: vibraphonist Dave Pike, with Lou Levy at the piano.

2 Part VI—Thurs., Feb. 7, 1980 Los Angeles Times

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL LINEUP

By LEONARD FEATHER

Plans for the second annual Playboy Jazz Festival, June 21 and 22 at the Hollywood Bowl, were announced by producer George Wein during a press breakfast Wednesday at the Playboy Mansion West.

The event promises to follow a predominately pure jazz pattern. Among those set for one of the two evenings are Dizzy Gillespie, Carmen McRae, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Stephane Grappelli, the Brecker Brothers, and an all-star swing group with Benny Carter, Teddy Wilson, Shelly Manne and Ruby Braff.

Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin will be heard with their big band; Buddy Rich will lead his orchestra, and Benny Goodman, one of last year's best received visitors, will return. Bob Crosby will lead an eight-piece combo of his Bob Cats.

A "battle of the saxophones" will feature Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Illinois Jacquet, Zoot Sims and Richie Cole. Drummer Roy McCurdy will introduce his new combo, Compass, and Pat Murphy will perform with his Latin jazz group, Baya.

The legendary singer Adelaide Hall will make her first Southland appearance, singing solo as well as with Mel Torme.

Tickets will go on sale April 15. Information: 855-1057.

SHEPHERD TAKES ROAD TO MEMPHIS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO BY MARTHA HARTNETT

Cybill Shepherd went to Memphis to cut a new record, an improbable mixture of singers, songs and accompaniment.

Cybill Shepherd arranged and arrived for her interview without press agent assistance, just as her album had shown up in the mail, sent from the Santa Monica apartment hotel where she is staying with her husband, David Ford, and their 7-month-old daughter.

Actresses who double as singers are not uncommon, but her case is different. Your typical young movie star turned vocalist might be expected to go to New York or Los Angeles, hire a slick arranger and a large orchestra with strings, elaborate arrangements and back-up singers to work with her on contemporary pop and rock tunes. A recently released Cybill Shepherd album entitled "Vanilla" was taped in Memphis, where she was backed by a 12-piece band of some of the best local black musicians, among them the legendary jazz pianist Phineas Newborn Jr. Instead of current hits she sings Kurt Weill's "My Ship," Vincent Youmans' "More Than You Know," Louis Armstrong's old theme song "Sleepy Time Down South."

How did this improbable mixture of singer, songs and accompaniment come about?

"Well, it's not my first album. Around the time of that movie, 'At Long Last Love,' I did one called 'Cybill Does It,' and it was worse than the movie. I find it embarrassing. You know how people sound when they've worked with their singing teacher too long—that's how it sounded.

"I'll be 30 in a few weeks and I feel like I'm just beginning; I don't even count that first album. Anyway, I became kind of a snob after that, very interested in jazz; I met Stan Getz and we wound up making an album together, with brilliant arrangements by Oscar Castro Neves, the Brazilian composer.

"I took the Getz album around to a couple of companies, and they gave me that reaction about how great it was but it didn't fit into any category. So after three years it hasn't been released."

The Memphis "Vanilla" connection came about through her brother, Bill Shepherd. "He produced the first 'Beale Street Blues Festival,' with B.B. King and all kinds of incredible people, made a film of it, and ran this videotape of it when he visited me in California. He said, 'What are you doing making records with people like Stan Getz? You can't imagine how great the musicians are in Memphis.' "

Watching the videotape, Cybill Shepherd was reminded of the blues and jazz associations of her home town. "I saw Phineas and his bassist Jamil Nasser, and this great saxophonist and arranger, Fred Ford. I knew at once I had to get back home if I wanted to make a record I'd be satisfied with."

In Memphis, her brother introduced her to Ford, who listened to the Getz album and heard signs of promise; she met and worked with Phineas Newborn. But the time was not right. She continued to work (or sit in at) the odd gig, including a couple of Sunday nights at the Cookery in New York, which she dismisses as "disastrous." But her confidence grew as the music studies she had resumed in 1970 prepared her for a return to Memphis, where Fred Ford produced, arranged and played sax and clarinet on "Vanilla," recorded in May 1978 and released last summer, with mainly local distribution, by Peabody Record Co., 2000 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn. 38104.

Though not the ultimate vocal venture, "Vanilla" has some splendid moments. Among its flaws are the title tune, a lame novelty number written by Shel Silverstein; some uncertainties on the part of both singer and orchestra, and a few moments when Shepherd the actress interferes with Shepherd the relaxed chanteuse. But at her best (principally in the ballads) she is warm, convincing and unpretentious; moreover, several jazz solos by Newborn, Ford and others alone justify the album as a collector's item.

In the interim between the recording and its release, there was a trip to England to film "The Lady Vanishes," which she says is very different from the old Hitchcock movie.

> *'I knew at once I had to get back home if I wanted to make a record I'd be satisfied with.'*

After wrapping up the movie she was married, in England, to David Ford (no relationt to Fred), of whom she says, "David's a jazz fan, a closet guitarist; I met him at Blues Alley, the only place in Memphis where people go to jam. Ma Rainey is a good friend of his—that's Ma Rainey II, and she can sing the blues, I tell ya.

"David is crazy about Bessie Smith; he bought every record she ever made and had me listen to them on cassettes whenever we were traveling. Some day I'd love to make a blues album."

Thus indoctrinated, Shepherd found herself transported into a milieu very different from that of her early years. She had begun singing in the church choir at 7, continued through high school, working out at parties and talent shows. "But I went to the Miss Teen-age America Pageant, with singing as my talent, and didn't even get into the finals, so I felt discouraged and kind of gave up studying."

The vocal prospects were shelved when, as 1968 national Model Of the Year winner she went to New York and soon made the transition from modeling to movies. Her interest in singing was aroused again during "The Last Picture Show," when she met Eileen Brennan. "She steered me to a teacher here in L.A., an opera singer named Joan Zajac. For three years I concentrated on opera.

"Being from Memphis, however, I had always heard jazz and the blues—it was so much a part of my background that I took it for granted. I also lived in New Orleans for a year and a half. It's odd, but people often expect me to sing country-western; they confuse Memphis with Nashville."

How, though, did she happen to identify with some of the great popular standards in her album—songs that most singers in their 20s have not even heard of?

"Well, I've seen a lot of movies. I make a point of studying old films, especially musicals. Besides, I feel stupid when I sing 'Feelings.' "

Her vocal preferences are no less unconventional; she is an admirer of Lee Wiley, a singer of Gershwin and Rodgers & Hart who made her greatest albums in the 1940s. "Truman Capote asked me if I'd heard of her, said she was the best ever. I got her records and she's been a great touchstone. She did so little, yet made it so simple and perfect. And of course I've listened to Louis Armstrong, of all periods, and Billie Holiday. As for Tony Bennett, I've practically worn out the first album he made with Bill Evans."

Shepherd wants to be more than a dilettante. With a schedule averaging two movies a year there is plenty of time for her to work clubs. Recently she put in a stint at Reno Sweeney's in New York, where her pianist was another respected Memphis jazzman, Harold Mabern (formerly with Joe Williams and Sarah Vaughan). She would like to play a few gigs at jazz clubs around Los Angeles. Charles Allen, a Mississippi jazz promoter and television producer, wants to take her on tour with an all-star band and couple this with a syndicated TV show.

"Part of my problem," she says, "is finding people who aren't going to try to change me. There are so many agents and managers who tell me, 'That's fine, but ya gotta do disco and you gotta do this or that. They smoke big cigars and tell you, 'Okay, we want you to play Vegas and we'll get you $50,000 a week,' and they give me all these gotta-dos. But I've found a woman in New York who really likes what I'm into, understands it, and is happy to let me stay with the one thing I want right now, which is to keep on doing just what I'm doing"

P.S.: Since the interview, a tape of the Shepherd-Getz album was made available; it is delightful, and one can only assume the companies that turned it down are manned by certified morons.

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JAZZ REVIEWS

NO RUT FOR JOE WILLIAMS

What took place Tuesday evening at the Parisian Room was less a conventional show than a happening.

Joe Williams, the headliner, has long been playing this club and this audience with a facility that could easily have resulted in his falling into a rut with a rundown of overfamiliar material. Instead, after a predictable opening salvo (his medley of Miles Davis' "All Blues" and Memphis Slim's "Everyday"), he applied his uniquely burnished baritone to an appealing and relatively unsung ballad, "Close Enough for Love," by Johnny Mandel and Paul Williams.

Refusing to be pigeonholed either as a blues specialist or a manipulator of popular songs, Williams remains a master of both. Even the old chestnut "What a Difference a Day Makes" was accorded a new twist, sung at rocket tempo with interludes for scatting and Red Holloway sax solo.

An unfamiliar blues followed, slow and gutty, starting with the line: "I didn't build this world but I sure can tear it down . . ." Williams then invited a songwriter friend, Bob Friedman, to take over at the piano and accompany him on an attractive Friedman song, "I Love You."

The long set included two tunes from Williams' Grammy nominated album, "Prez and Joe." During another blues, the organist, Jimmy Smith, manned the electric keyboard, teaming with Art Hillary at the piano. Throughout all these surprises the singer displayed the same ease and control he has evinced since his Count Basie days in the 1950s. The show closes Sunday. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Vaughan Artistry Hits an Extraordinary High

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mrs. Waymon Reed began her concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Wednesday by explaining that her husband, the trumpeter, just out of the hospital after major surgery, has a new record, and that it would be fitting to dedicate the concert to him and open with a song from his album.

Mrs. Reed, who is better known as Sarah Vaughan, and who herself had just recovered from a bad case of the flu, then gave a recital that would have been extraordinary even offered by a singer without a care in the world.

If any complaint can be lodged, it would have to be against the audience, whose enthusiasm at times got in the way of the music. During "I Got It Bad," for instance, her crescendo leading to a long-held "I" brought mood-breaking applause. One can hardly imagine Beverly Sills interrupted in this manner; surely the Vaughan artistry deserves similar respect.

But, of course, Sarah Vaughan asks for these reactions, by tossing into the melting pot so much verbal and melodic fun; so many buoyant interludes of half-humorous scatting, that the show became a rare mixture of the serious and the joyful.

Every aspect of the pyrotechnical mastery she has been cultivating during a 35-year career was brought into focus. The purity of sound, in an a-cappella "Summertime"; the musicianly reconstruction of melodic lines, as in her unorthodox "Over the Rainbow"; bedazzling coloratura high tones and the rich, controlled lower register (one song ended on a C below middle C) all attested to the totality of her musicianship.

Three percussionists were added to reinforce the rhythms on songs from her "I Love Brazil" album. Her regular trio, with Andy Simpkins on bass, Harold Jones on drums and Mike Wofford on piano, is one of her best ever. Vaughan played a Yamaha electric keyboard on two songs.

The evening really ended with "Send In the Clowns," which not even Vaughan herself can follow. Instead, however, we were offered a thrown-together "I Left My Heart in San Francisco," complete with sing-along and the inevitable "Misty." Nevertheless, since it had been, until these encores, a virtually flawless concert, critical carping seems as expendable as "Misty" itself.

Few singers in popular music or jazz today even aim at the objectives she sets for herself, let alone achieve them. That even one Sarah Vaughan survives in today's disco-dominated maelstrom is reason enough for complete satisfaction and lasting gratitude.

JAZZ REVIEW

PETER NERO AT THE PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER

The so-called jazz series at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion began New Year's Eve with crossover kings Stanley Clarke and George Duke, in a concert that was criticized for representing rock rather than jazz. In January came Bob James and Earl Klugh, fusion players and holders of the top spot on the alleged chart.

Friday evening, the third event zoomed off at a different tangent as top billing went to the Liberace of jazz, Peter Nero. Forget about the likes of McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett and Oscar Peterson, all of whom were passed by in favor of a pianist who begins his set with a dainty "Mountain Greenery" and goes downhill from there.

Almost everything was predictable, even the program, which went from a Duke Ellington medley ("Satin Doll" with a cocktail-style waltz interlude) to an interminable collection of Gershwin, complete with globs of "Rhapsody in Blue."

Nero's craftsmanship is beyond question; nor is there any doubt that he can wring applause from the crowd like a dairymaid at her milking chores. An equation came to mind: chops minus soul equals zero equals Nero. It was painful to think that at that very moment, somewhere in New York, Jimmy Rowles was playing exquisitely in a small bar.

Fast, fast, fast relief came when Nero introduced Eloise Laws. A statuesque, willowy lady, she displayed not only her magazine-cover contours but a measure of control, dynamic contrast and emotion that succeeded despite the intrusive backing of Nero, vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson, flutist Dave Valentin and others. They almost threw her a couple of times, but she emerged unscathed.

Laws, whose brother Hubert will have his turn at the Pavilion April 5, deserves special credit for singing a Rodgers & Hart and Cole Porter in an era of Holland & Dozier. She is not a jazz artist but a splendid singer in the classic popular mold.

Dave Valentin opened the evening with a passable set, playing like a man not bound for glory but groomed for stardom. He fielded a Beatles song, a Jackson Five number, John Coltrane's "Afro Blue" and, for a finale, some Tarzan pseudo-carnival singing, abetted by his acoustic guitarist and his percussionist.

Hutcherson played by far the most authentic jazz of the show. His four-mallet work on two compositions by his pianist, George Cables, showed how to combine technique and taste. Ironically, this quartet was only included in the program with the help of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, in another attempt to infuse each concert with a touch of local talent.

Coming up next in the series: Nancy Wilson and Joe Williams, March 14.

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Herbie Mann, after 20 years with Atlantic Records, is seeking a new label.

LEONARD FEATHER

CHANGES FOR HERBIE MANN

It looked as though 1980 would be a watershed year for Herbie Mann. In April he'll celebrate his 50th birthday; his last Atlantic album was his 50th; it was just 20 years ago that he signed his first contract with that company.

By way of showing their gratitude for the long row of hits he created for them, from "Comin' Home Baby" and "Memphis Underground" in the '60s to "Super Mann" in the '70s, Atlantic rewarded him, as Mann puts it, "not with a gold watch, but with a pink slip."

Ahmet Ertegun, Atlantic's chairman of the board ("that's B-O-R-E-D," said Herbie Mann), tried to break it to him gently. "We can't pick up your option on terms stated," he said, "and, as a friend, I think you'd be better off looking elsewhere for a deal."

Mann, the first musician ever to achieve world acceptance as a jazz flutist, isn't worried; several major companies are already in the bidding for him. He is, however, contemplative about the meaning of the relationship and its sudden ending, in terms of what it says about the industry.

During the 20 years he rode the crest of every musical wave: Latin, Afro-Cuban, bossa nova, Middle Eastern, Memphis funk, r&b, jazz/rock, reggae. Through all the pressures he tried to retain something of a jazz element. "I was willing to compromise my original concept of playing in order to reach a broader audience, and my fans went with me through all the different ethnic areas because there was still a blues or Latin or funky base. But the disco thing was the final blow.

"They told me my records were selling in the hundreds of thousands, but I needed to sell even more to justify the advance they were paying me; so they made these suggestions and I went along with them and did 'Super Mann.' They spent a lot of time and effort on promoting it, but it wound up selling less than some of the others, such as a really good Brazilian album which they had neither felt nor understood."

Mann, for his part, neither liked nor felt the "Super Mann" brand of music and refused to play it at his personal appearances. As a result, there were two entities: the on-record disco Herbie Mann and the in-person Mann. "We had to put out disclaimers saying we weren't going to play our hit record. So we didn't have the advantage of a record company promoting our live performances and vice versa."

It could be argued, of course, that if Mann was ashamed to play this music in person, he should have been equally reluctant to record it.

He grants the point, but qualifies it: "At the time that didn't enter my mind—I was just trying to survive the contract and the limitations of what the record company felt they could move. The trouble is, Atlantic over the years has gone from a jazz company to rhythm and blues to rock 'n' roll.

"An occasional Roberta Flack will come along, or once in a while out of guilt feelings they may record a Jay McShann, who they know has a limited sales potential, but basically Atlantic reflects what has happened to music on records: It's not music anymore, it's the music *business*. They don't have the time or the inclination to bother with anything other than the obvious rock 'n' roll million sellers."

Mann's experience might also be interpreted as a classic instance of the "What have you done for us lately?" syndrome. He has enjoyed tremendous success overall; the company has grossed untold millions of dollars from his initiatives. Moreover, during the two or three years when Atlantic had him running his own subsidiary label, Embryo, he recorded several sets led by various members of his bands that became indispensable catalog items, albums by Chick Corea, Ron Carter and Miroslav Vitous among others.

Those three names, in turn, will remind any jazz historian of the extent to which Mann's combos became a clearinghouse for significant young players. Larry Coryell, Dave Pike, Ben Tucker, Attila Zoller, Pato Valdes, Olatunji and Willie Bobo all were Mann sidemen. Roy Ayers played with Mann for almost five years. Steve Gadd, today the most respected jazz/rock drummer, is a Mann alumnus.

The number of graduates from his ranks may be reduced in the immediate future, since he has lately taken to appearing in a new and more intimate setting. "I decided about six months ago that this whole situation with disco material and trying to please the record company was a dead-end. I had stopped finding any excitement in my own playing.

"It just wasn't a kick anymore; sometimes being professional and competent can get boring. So I asked myself, what could be done to put me in a position where I'd really be concerned with what was going on? So I started to perform with just percussion. That's about the ultimate in a demanding situation—you're almost naked onstage.

"Nana Vasconcellos and I began doing this duo thing, but he went back to Brazil; lately, I've been working with Armen Halburian, a fine percussionist."

The move was a wise one. Over the years Mann has taken his share of critical shellacking on the basis of his having allegedly sold out. Critics tend to ignore the fact that every now and then he has produced such remarkable discs as "Nirvana," a low-key set on which he was teamed with Bill Evans, a "Concerto Grosso" orchestral suite and a collaboration with Joao Gilberto and Antonio Carlos Jobim. He is tired of being stigmatized for his lesser accomplishments and too seldom praised for his worthier ventures.

"In any case," he says, "I'm not going to record garbage anymore. If I record pop music, it's going to be just good songs. I'm no longer going to record anything I'm not proud of."

Any evaluation of Mann's contribution to jazz history should take into account his pioneering role in popularizing the instrument he has played regularly for almost 30 years. (A Tokyo emcee once introduced him as "America's No. 1 Fruit.") When he made the permanent switch from tenor sax, only a half dozen jazz saxophonists in the world were doubling extensively on flute: Sam Most, Frank Wess, Bud Shank, Jerome Richardson, Gigi Gryce.

"It was thought of as kind of a lightweight jazz instrument. Then Roland Kirk played it, Yusef Lateef, and it was taken more seriously. Maybe 'Memphis Underground' helped establish it as a pop instrument," Mann says.

Among the artists who represent a second generation of jazz flute, Mann singles out Hubert Laws ("A marvelous musician, whose approach to the instrument is not as a jazz player, but as a classical player who improvises") and Lew Tabackin ("Lew's flute reminds me of Jean-Pierre Rampal. It's as if he were two different people, because on saxophone he's a sensational Ben Webster-Chu Berry-Sonny Rollins jazz tenor player.")

How would Mann classify himself in that kind of company? He answers without a hint either of arrogance or false modesty: "When you get right down to it, I'm just a funky jazz musician who plays flute, who grew up with blues and rhythm and blues and Latin music, then just went on to do other things.

"The bottom line in anything I play is, you have to be believable. What I've been aiming at all these years is just this: I've been trying to make sure that all those areas I've been playing in could remain as credible and musical as possible. It didn't always work, but my whole problem was I stopped being honest with myself. I'm going to make sure that will never happen again."

□

"GREAT ENCOUNTERS." Dexter Gordon. Columbia JC 35978. The first side, live at Carnegie Hall, is a two-tenor-sax duel with Johnny Griffin in the 1950s jazz tradition. Overleaf are two studio cuts with vocals by the late Eddie Jefferson and welcome guest appearances by Woody Shaw and Curtis Fuller. Gordon is splendidly backed by pianist George Cables on "Ruby My Dear." There may be no sounds of surprise, but the spirited give and take among the participants elevates a conventional concept to a four-star realization. □

JAZZ REVIEW

POLISH PIANIST AT LIGHTHOUSE

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was sprinkling outside, and a sprinkling of fans inside the Lighthouse attended the inconspicuous Los Angeles premiere of Adam Makowicz, the distinguished pianist from Poland. Not even a single representative of Columbia Records, on whose label he has a remarkable album, bothered to show up.

After winning several polls as Europe's foremost pianist, and having been hailed by John Hammond, his American sponsor, as "the most astonishing pianistic talent of the past 30 years," Makowicz is up against an obstacle of disarming advance hype. Yet the 39-year-old virtuoso, who works without a rhythm section, makes an astonishing impact.

His technique creates the initial impression, but he offers much more than a dazzling pyrotechnical display. Renovating standards such as "All the Things You Are" and "The Summer Knows," he unleashes an endless flow of creative ideas that could not be expressed by an artist with less than unbounded facility. His left hand moves so fast it becomes almost invisible, often crossing the right and engaging it in fierce, intensive duels.

Though Makowicz has been compared too often, and unfairly, with Art Tatum, his style is an amalgam of several early giants. There is in him nothing at all of Cecil Taylor; he owes a debt to the founding figures of the Swing Era, even tying himself into rhythmic knots and untying himself, precisely on the beat, in the manner of Earl Hines.

Life is cruel. The Peter Neros of this world should be playing the Lighthouse and Makowicz should be at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. He closes tonight. Opposite him is a more contemporary and occasionally interesting trio led by another pianist, John Wood, with Doug Sides on drums and Ed Bennett on bass.

LAUGHTER FROM THE HIP

by Leonard Feather and Jack Tracy
DaCapo Press, New York

CODA

One of the endearing qualities of the jazz community -- though not strictly confined to its ranks -- is an ability to laugh even at some of life's darkest moments. A number of anecdotes quoted in "Laughter from the Hip", which focuses on the humorous side of jazz persons great and small, deal with such familiar situations as going broke (common), getting plastered (even more common), missing gigs, getting ripped off -- by managers, promoters, and so on -- and being discriminated against.

George Shearing heading back home by taxi after dropping off his two black sidemen. The cabbie asks, "Why do you have colored musicians in your group?" George meekly inquires: "What color are they?"

Andre Previn playing a jazz concert in Baltimore in 1950 with two black musicians, approached by two men in a diner who complimented him on his music, then said, "What we don't understand is, and the advice we would like to give you, is, a man of your capabilities, why don't you play with people of your own kind?"

Said Previn: "Well, to tell you the truth, I wanted to, but I couldn't find two other Jews that swing."

The personal foibles of many jazz greats are fodder for much of the book's humor: Benny Goodman's absentmindedness; Vido Musso's fractured English; Benny Goodman's tendency to borrow reeds from members of his sax section; Serge Chaloff's weird hobbies....

And there was always the practical joker in the bunch -- Juan Tizol with Ellington (who put stink powder in new trumpeter Wallace Jones's shoes), Joe Bushkin with Tommy Dorsey, Joe Venuti with practically everyone. And of course John Birks Gillespie, who deserves a whole book to himself (and got it -- see review elsewhere in this issue).

A lighthearted by-product of the Leonard Feather jazz book factory, "Laughter from the Hip" originally appeared in 1963. As Feather points out in an introduction to this new edition, the book should bring welcome relief to those turned off by the pretentiousness and pomposity too often found in serious jazz studies.

-- *Al Van Starrex*

L.A. TIMES 2/26/80

SUMMERTIME SCHEDULE

WEIN TO STAGE BOWL CONCERTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the first time, jazz promoter George Wein will organize a concert series at the Hollywood Bowl this summer, as part of the regular Los Angeles Philharmonic schedule.

Five events, presented every other Wednesday, start July 16 with a recital billed as "Chick Corea and Friends."

Flora Purim, Airto and a string ensemble will be featured.

The July 30 concert, entitled "Bless the Bird" and dedicated to Charlie Parker, will be hosted by Ray Brown. Phil Woods, Al Haig, Herb Ellis, Roy Haynes and Supersax will be among the participants.

The third concert, Aug. 13, will salute great American songwriters, whose works will be interpreted by Mel Torme, Carmen McRae, Joe Williams and John W. Bubbles (the original Sportin' Life of "Porgy and Bess"), with the Nat Pierce-Frank Capp Juggernaut orchestra.

A keyboard special, with Dave Brubeck, George Shearing and Bill Evans, is scheduled Aug. 27. The final concert, Sept. 10, will celebrate the blues, with B.B. King, Big Joe Turner, Big Mama Thornton and Lloyd Glenn.

Wein, who has also set the talent for the Second Annual Playboy Jazz Festival June 21-22 at the Bowl, says that this summer will be his busiest ever. The 27th annual Newport Festival will be staged in New York from June 27 through July 6, followed by the seventh annual Nice Festival July 12-22.

In addition, during the weekend of July 11-13, Wein will provide most of the artists for festivals to be staged in London, the Hague, Munich, Montreux, Copenhagen, Pori and several other venues around the Continent.

WILLIAMS AND TERRY IN AFRICA: BRINGING JAZZ BACK ALIVE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Ever since the scholarly documentation of jazz began (an event that got under way several decades too late), historians and sociomusicologists have traced, with varying degrees of success, the relationship betwen African musical traditions and the Afro-American jazz heritage.

Some writers have maintained that jazz constitutes a transplantation of African values, not only rhythmically but perhaps to some extent even melodically and harmonically. This has been the subject of vigorous debate. Gunther Schuller, in his definitive study of early jazz, implied that the sense of time, or feeling for swing, inherent in a Charlie Parker solo was directly traceable to Africa.

American musicians visiting Africa used to observe that the cultural chasm had widened over the past century or two, to the point where the black jazzman and the native African musician in Mali or Ghana found more essential elements separating them than uniting them. Visiting Africa on a State Department tour 10 years ago, the late Oliver Nelson found that he and his musicians had difficulty identifying, musically or socially, with the Africans, whose idea of jazz at that time, he said, was limited to James Brown and Otis Redding.

Since then the gap has narrowed, according to Joe Williams, who returned recently from a six-week, nine-country tour under State Department auspices, teamed with a small band led by trumpeter Clark Terry.

"The situation, in terms of how we related to the people and how they reacted to our music, changed continually," said Williams. "There were so many variables; whether we were in an English or French-speaking country, whether we were appearing at an embassy or a university or just playing for the people in a village.

"There are transistor radios everywhere, and you hear a lot of dance music, soul music, but generally, what I sang and what Clark played was not too familiar to the audiences, even though our records had been sent ahead of us. Of course, we were more familiar to certain well-educated groups, people who had gone to school in the States, who knew our music."

Clark Terry elaborated: "In the bigger cities we found the people were acquainted with a lot of American jazz names, but we also worked in small places where they didn't even know the name of Duke Ellington."

In these underprivileged, unsophisticated areas, such as Sikkasso in Mali, Williams said, "We found not only a musical gap but a language barrier; they speak their native language, live in huts, carry the water in, and have a hand-to-mouth existence. Still, just about everywhere we went, there was a deep emotional response to our music.

"I sang mostly blues—everyone could appreciate the blues—and some standards. There was a phenomenal reaction to Clark and his saxophonist, Chris Woods, when they sang Clark's 'Mumbles' double-talk number. For the finale, Clark, Chris and I would knock them out with a three-way scat vocal.

"Often we played for invited guests: a Chinese entourage with their ambassador, a Russian ambassador; but where we worked for the general public, as we did in Malagasy (Madagascar) and Sierra Leone, there was unbridled enthusiasm."

Vocalist Joe Williams

Trumpeter Clark Terry

PHOTOS BY BOB KLEIN

Accra, Ghana, was one of several stops where Terry and his sidemen conducted a clinic. The students, Terry found, attained an impressive level of proficiency. "They had a couple of drummers who were really taking care of business—one of them sounded almost like a young Max Roach or Philly Joe Jones."

> *'Just about everywhere we went, there was deep emotional response to our music.'* —JOE WILLIAMS

After the seminar, the Ghanaian musicians performed for the visiting Americans. "They did their ritualistic dance and drum routines," said Terry. "Some of them played the talking drums. The American people never get to see or hear anything like this. I hope I can persuade Jimmy Lyons to bring some of these artists for an African matinee at the Monterey Jazz Festival."

"During the jam session," said Williams, "the African musicians played along with our people, and I sang. They had their polyrhythms going and we, of course, being very flexible, found it wasn't hard to adjust to their kind of thing. It's much more difficult for them to fit into ours, but finally we did get it going. It reminded me of some of the things Cannonball Adderley did in his 'Black Music '71,' in 6/8 time."

One incident, in Lagos, Nigeria, had curious racial overtones. "We had made our presentation, and the Africans were about to make theirs, but they couldn't get started because they were unable to find a drummer. So this kid who was working with Clark, Dave Adams, sat in on drums with them, and they were absolutely thrilled. I thought that was very funny." The humor lay in the fact that Adams happened to be white.

The presence of Adams was a constant reminder, Terry said, of the residual colonialism in many now-liberated African countries. "There would be 15 of us lined up at the hotel desk to pay our bills, then Dave would walk in behind us and they'd pass us by and take care of him right away. In restaurants we could sit waiting forever, but if we wanted to be served promptly we'd just have Dave give our order."

The tour encompassed several cities in Nigeria, visits to the Ivory Coast, Liberia, Mauritius ("A heavenly island," said Williams) and Guinea. Like most musicians working under tropical conditions, Williams and Terry found the humidity debilitating to a degree that threatened but never seriously damaged their performance level.

"For some people, especially those who are in the Peace Corps," Williams said, "an event like ours was a rare treat. There are young Americans, black and white, living in the villages every single day, with the exception of a special occasion like our concert, for which they would come into the city.

"Whether they were Africans or Americans sitting out there, we felt good about touching their lives and being able to compare views. Like all these goodwill missions, it really gave you a sense of accomplishment. For those of us who have been brought up here in urban America, and particularly any of us who have become a part of the establishment, it's an adventure everyone should experience."

Remembering Oliver Nelson's difficulties in achieving a back-to-the-roots feeling about returning to the land of his ancestors, I asked Williams and Terry about these psychological and social gaps. Were they in fact regarded less as fellow blacks than as visiting Americans?

"It was a mixed reaction," said Terry. "There was the sense of a common bond, yet along with it there was this feeling of difference, and a reluctance on their part to open up to us."

Joe Williams' answer was more emphatic. "Occasionally an interviewer would ask, 'Do you feel as though coming to Africa is coming home?' And I'm just not set up to lie. My answer was, 'No, my home is in Las Vegas.' "

Despite Williams' half-kidding response, the two-way communication between Afro-Americans and the continent of their ancestors has provided a few consequential developments in recent years. The Americans have incorporated African characteristics into some of their experiments, while Dollar Brand of South Africa, to take an outstanding if atypical case, has effected a stimulating reversal of the cultural cross-pollination. More frequent visits such as that of the Williams-Terry group, and a reciprocal trip to the United States by men like the Ghana drummers, as suggested by Terry, could serve to strengthen and consolidate a trend that seems both logical and desirable. □

2/28

JAZZ REVIEWS

BATTLE OF THE VALLEY BISTROS

By LEONARD FEATHER

You might call it the battle of the bistros, and also of the bands. Ever since Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks was converted to a jazz room last summer, the competition with 13-year-old Donte's in North Hollywood—for talent and customers alike—has been fierce.

Both clubs draw from essentially the same pool of Valley-based jazzmen, occasionally using big bands. The pros and cons at both locales were pointed up when Pat Longo brought his orchestra to Carmelo's Monday, followed by Ed Shaughnessy's "Energy Force" band at Donte's Tuesday

Advantages to Carmelo's: The room was packed, the ambiance was one of enthusiasm. Longo is an alto saxophonist who employs five other saxes, seven brass, four rhythm and a competent singer, Stephanie Caravella. His appeal aims directly at nostalgiaville, with frequent use of Count Basie material at two removes: that is to say, Longo played many of these charts when he was in the band of Harry James, who had bought them in the 1950s from Ernie Wilkins and Thad Jones, both Basie sidemen in those days. Even the more recent material is by Sam Nestico, Basie's arranger for the past decade.

The Longo ensembles on Tuesday were well led by a strong first trumpet, Rick Baptist. Gordon Brisker's tenor sax and John Chiodini on guitar provided inventive solos. Many of the tunes invited comparison with the performances of Juggernaut, which boasts the presence of some genuine Basie alumni.

Advantages to Donte's: Shaughnessy's band has been together, with few personnel changes, for four years, a fact that is immediately reflected in its powerful cohesion and team spirit. The repertory is a well-balanced mixture of straight jazz, ballads and lightly rock-flavored contemporary works. The musicians are younger and attack the arrangements with all the necessary brio. Shaughnessy is the ideal big-band drummer, as his work on "The Tonight Show" has long demonstrated.

The writers make use of flute doubles, as Glen Garrett's thoughtful treatment of "Nobody Does It Better" illustrated. Among a half-dozen excellent soloists are Bob Payne on trombone and John Mitchell on baritone sax.

However, Shaughnessy has no piano and a bassist who plays only fender, even on tunes that logically call for upright. Business was not what it should have been, despite the high quality of the music and food (both rooms feature Italian cuisine, but Donte's has a wide edge here).

Jack Sheldon will bring a new septet to Donte's Friday and Saturday, while at Carmelo's Sue Raney and Friends will entertain.

For Valley jazz lovers, it's a double pleasure to have these rooms in their midst. It remains debatable why so many of these Southland orchestras remain all male and lily white. Will affirmative action ever reach the San Fernando Valley?

JAZZ REVIEW

A CHANGE IN WEATHER REPORT

By LEONARD FEATHER

There's been a change in the weather, a change for the good. After a relatively brief period as a quartet, Weather Report has returned to its original instrumentation. The new addition is Robert Thomas Jr., whose official role is that of "hand-drummer." His work, mainly on congas and small cymbals, interacts brilliantly with Peter Erskine's drumming to provide the cross currents of rhythmic excitement that have long been vital to this group's success.

If the foundation is stronger, however, this is important mainly because of the structure it underlies, as was revealed Saturday night in a Santa Monica Civic concert. Joe Zawinul remains the dominant force, manning his multiple keyboards and providing most of the original works. Wayne Shorter, as tenor saxophonist doubling now and then on soprano sax, is the composer of "Brown Street" and of an intriguing, as yet untitled original, one of several new pieces introduced during the concert's single set, which ran well over two hours without intermission.

Perhaps more than ever, the quintet today achieves a stunning unity while managing to project five distinctly separable personalities. The listener may find it easy, at any given time, to concentrate on Zawinul, or Shorter, or on the electric bass of Jaco Pastorius, whose place in the band is not so much supportive as wildly, outstandingly creative. Although Pastorius has been criticized for his showmanship, no amount of dancing and darting around can interfere with his sure artistry. He is also the writer of an attractive new waltz heard early in the show.

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This is, in fact, the one group now active in modern music that can put all the elements together: from space-age neo-bebop to Afro-Cuban rhythms, from Birdland funk to high levels of atonal abstraction. Weather Report, in short, offers a trip like none other on today's horizon.

3/12

JAZZ REVIEW

TJADER AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

By LEONARD FEATHER

After eight months on the sidelines following a heart attack, Cal Tjader is back in action. A full house, on hand to greet him Thursday at Concerts by the Sea, found him in good physical and musical health.

He is leading a combo identical in personnel to that heard on his new Concord album, except that Clare Fischer is at the electric keyboard, raplacing Mark Levine. Roger Glenn, son of the late Swing Era trombonist Tyree Glenn, pairs off his flute with the leader's vibes. Both double on percussion, along with Vince Lateano on regular drums and the amazing Poncho Sanchez, who assembles rhythmic jigsaw puzzles on his congas.

As has long been his custom, Tjader broke up the Latin mood midway through the set. "My Funny Valentine" was a delicately textured vehicle for Glenn and Fischer, and "Tangerine," played in orthodox 4x4, was unalloyed midstream jazz.

Tjader's unpretentious solos and the overall expertise of Glenn and Fischer, although commendable, are sometimes overwhelmed by the dynamism of Sanchez. The climactic set-closer, "Cuban Fantasy," demonstrated with multiple percussive emphasis how Tjader has maintained his popularity leading a group that has essentially kept its original flavor.

This may not be music for the ages, but at least it is unmitigated music, and it's good to hear how little it has aged. The gig ended Sunday. Coming Thursday at Concerts by the Sea: Conte and Pete Candoli.

You might call it the battle of the bistros, and also of the bands. Ever since Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks was converted to a jazz room last summer, the competition with 13-year-old Donte's in North Hollywood—for talent and customers alike—has been fierce.

Both clubs draw from essentially the same pool of Valley-based jazzmen, occasionally using big bands. The pros and cons at both locales were pointed up when Pat Longo brought his orchestra to Carmelo's Monday, followed by Ed Shaughnessy's "Energy Force" band at Donte's Tuesday.

Advantages to Carmelo's: The room was packed, the ambiance was one of enthusiasm. Longo is an alto saxophonist who employs five other saxes, seven brass, four rhythm and a competent singer, Stephanie Caravella. His appeal aims directly at nostalgiaville, with frequent use of Count Basie material at two removes: that is to say, Longo played many of these charts when he was in the band of Harry James, who had bought them in the 1950s from Ernie Wilkins and Thad Jones, both Basie sidemen in those days. Even the more recent material is by Sam Nestico, Basie's arranger for the past decade.

BA
VA

...y rock-flavored contemporary ...s. The musicians are younger ...ttack the arrangements with all ...ecessary brio. Shaughnessy is ...deal big-band drummer, as his ...on "The Tonight Show" has ...emonstrated.

...e writers make use of flute dou... as Glen Garrett's thoughtful ... The Longo ensemble ...nt of "Nobody Does It Better" were well led by a ...ated. Among a half-dozen ex... pet, Rick Baptist. ...t soloists are Bob Payne on tenor sax and John ...one and John Mitchell on bari... provided inventive ...ax.

...tunes invited com...wever, Shaughnessy has no pia... performances of Jo... a bassist who plays only fen... boasts the presence ...even on tunes that logically call for upright. Business was not what it should have been, despite the high quality of the music and food (both rooms feature Italian cuisine, but Donte's has a wide edge here).

Jack Sheldon will bring a new septet to Donte's Friday and Saturday, while at Carmelo's Sue Raney and Friends will entertain.

For Valley jazz lovers, it's a double pleasure to have these rooms in their midst. It remains debatable why so many of these Southland orchestras remain all male and lily white. Will affirmative action ever reach the San Fernando Valley?

JAZZ REVIEW

A CHANGE IN WEATHER REPORT

By LEONARD FEATHER

There's been a change in the weather, a change for the good. After a relatively brief period as a quartet, Weather Report has returned to its original instrumentation. The new addition is Robert Thomas Jr., whose official role is that of "hand-drummer." His work, mainly on congas and small cymbals, interacts brilliantly with Peter Erskine's drumming to provide the cross currents of rhythmic excitement that have long been vital to this group's success.

If the foundation is stronger, however, this is important mainly because of the structure it underlies, as was revealed Saturday night in a Santa Monica Civic concert. Joe Zawinul remains the dominant force, manning his multiple keyboards and providing most of the original works. Wayne Shorter, as tenor saxophonist doubling now and then on soprano sax, is the composer of "Brown Street" and of an intriguing, as yet untitled original, one of several new pieces introduced during the concert's single set, which ran well over two hours without intermission.

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LEONARD FEATHER 3/2/80

MOTEN+BASIE+TURNER+BIRD: DOCUMENTING THE KC BLUES

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Yes, I been to Kansas City,
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Those are the first words sung in the documentary film, "The Last of the Blue Devils," to be shown during filmex, at 1 p.m. Friday at the Plitt in Century City

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Nor is Bruce Ricker's creation entirely an essay in nostalgia. There is a continual switching back and forth between relatively recent music and dialogue, filmed in color in 1974-75, and older black-and-white clips of Basie, Bird and others. Of the 27 musical numbers heard or excerpted, some are reproductions of old 78 records, used in

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NEW YORK—Bruce Ricker had never even *seen* a movie being made—but he boldly began shooting "The Last of the Blue Devils," his fine feature-length documentary on Kansas City jazz. He did it on a $12,000 thread. And if he began optimistically in his ignorance, he was soon educated to the harsh financial realities of independent film production.

Six years and many, many more thousands of dollars later, the movie was finished, and Ricker now has begun taking it around to film festivals.

"I was practicing law in Kansas City," he said, "and spending many weekends hanging around the Mutual Musician's Foundation. That's the old black musicians' local. Up until the late '60s the union had been segregated there. When the two locals merged, the black musicians kept their local as a foundation, a club, a place to jam."

A lot of the old-timers of Kansas City jazz are still there —chief among them, Jay McShann, in whose great prewar blues band Charlie Parker got his start. Ricker met him and all the rest at the foundation and got to thinking it would be great to bring in some of the alumni of the K.C. scene and have a reunion, then capture it on film.

"McShann got in touch with Big Joe Turner for me," Ricker remembers, "and Jessie Price too. Both of them were in Los Angeles. But what would a Kansas City reunion be without Count Basie? Just on the off-chance, I called Basie's manager and told him what I was trying to arrange. And he said, 'You're in luck. He's going to be in St. Jo that weekend.'

"So everybody was there. Basie showed up, and we had kept it a secret from him what it was all about. When he walked in, he really was just as surprised as he looks on film."

They got it all. Basie, as always jauntily dressed in a yachting cap, is positively dumbstruck when he steps inside the door. It is a joyous occasion—handshakes, broad smiles, a lot of good-natured kidding and jiving. Then the music—Big Joe Turner's blues, the big band of local musicians playing Jay McShann's old charts from the '30s and '40s, and McShann himself singing and pounding out those numbers on piano. With two cameras going and a sound recorder rolling constantly, there was nothing missed.

"Right at that point I ran out of money," says Ricker. "But we liked the footage so well we decided to make more. So the following year I borrowed $300 from six different people and went off to shoot the Basie band when it did a concert at the University of Kansas. Then the same thing a year later when we brought some more old-timers into town, including Jo Jones, the great drummer, to shoot the sequence with Baby Lovett, who was kind of his mentor. All of it on borrowed money—and out of pocket, too, of course."

Ricker realized that little by little, what he was getting on film and recording on sound tape was more than just a jazz happening. It was almost a living history of Kansas City jazz. So why not get hold of some stills and whatever live historical footage he could find and really make it just that—a history?

Some of what he found was truly rare: the only known filmed record of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie together (a kinescope from an old Earl Wilson TV show); an old Pathe film of Joe Turner in front of the Basie band at the Apollo in Harlem; a kinescope of Lester Young blowing his sax on an early CBS show. And so on.

Ricker got good advice on how all this diverse material should be organized from a City Kansas City writer named John Arnold, who has since come to work as a screenwriter in Los Angeles. He spent the better part of a year working out the structure.

Later, after he had moved back to New York and raised more money, Ricker put this vast accumulation—which totaled about 24 hours—in the hands of a young film editor, Thomasin Henkel. The two put together the final 91 minutes. □

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LEONARD FEATHER

Continued from Page 67

tandem with period still photos. Neatly, the film opens and closes with two pieces played by the Bennie Moten Orchestra: "South" (1928) and "Moten Swing" (1932). But the violin blues by Claude Williams and Charlie Parker's speed-of-sound "Hot House" solo, are as contemporary and timeless as the recent Basie passages showing essentially the same orchestra he leads today.

The lives of the musicians interviewed were intertwined in one way or another. Buster (Prof) Smith, who was the primary influence on a teen-aged Charlie Parker; Eddie Durham, the early Basie trombonist who, during his tenure in the band, became the first musician ever to record an electric guitar solo (1938); Jo Jones, Basie's 1930s drummer, and Gene Ramey, a distinguished looking elder who played in the Jay McShann band alongside Parker around 1940, and who worked with Basie in the '50s.

If any one personality emerges with even more individuality and grace than Basie, it is Jay (Hootie) McShann, with his great, cigar-broken smile, masterfully controlled blues solos and whining vocals. His versions of "Hootie Blues," "After Hours" and the closing "One O'Clock Jump," coupled with the-way-we-were exchanges, whether the topic be Parker or Pendergast, could trigger a McShann renaissance for the 71-year-old pianist.

Less familiar, but no less valuable in the verbal encounters, is the touchingly eloquent Ernie Williams, who, Basie says, was "drummer, manager, conductor, runner, buddy, and everything else" with the old Blue Devils, who evolved from a band led by bassist Walter Page in the 1920s to Bennie Moten's orchestra from 1931 and, after Moten's death and some personnel changes, became the original Count Basie band in 1936.

A long monologue by Milton Morris, a white nightclub owner of the era, is a special delight. "Jazz was really swinging back in the Pendergast days . . . on account of him, there was no Depression . . . Harry Truman was working a precinct down the whorehouses, 14th and Cherry . . . that's where your black musicians first got started, because they couldn't go in the average white place . . . We had broads, we had everything happening . . . Plenty of money, plenty of fun. Yet moments later he tells us that Basie's men worked for $3 a night, "except for Basie—he got $5, because he was the leader."

There may be complaints about errors of omission: Mary Lou Williams, Andy Kirk, Harlan Leonard are not in the film (Kirk is among the dozens of hours on the cutting-room floor). But you can't cover an entire generation in 91 minutes. □

LEONARD FEATHER 3/2/80

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LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Herbie Hancock

NOT WITHOUT REASON was one of Herbie Hancock's best-known tunes entitled "Chameleon." Since he made his recording debut, on a session with trumpeter Donald Byrd in September 1961, Hancock has displayed his awesome knowledge and adjustable talent in a wide range of styles and, during the past few years, on an ever-growing assortment of electronic and acoustic instruments.

Herbie was born in Chicago April 12, 1940, during a period when Art Tatum, Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, and Jess Stacy were among the dominant pianists in jazz. His parents, though not professionals, were musically inclined, as were a brother and sister. "I was interested in music as far back as I can remember," Hancock told me during a long-ago interview for the notes to his first album as a leader. "I began taking lessons at seven. Four years later I performed with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra."

The youthful prodigy formed his own jazz ensemble while attending Hyde Park High School. After majoring in engineering for two years at Grinnell College, he changed his major to music, graduating in June 1960. During his last two years at Grinnell he won an award for the best musical composition, a suite for woodwinds. His education also included courses at Roosevelt University in Chicago and subsequent studies at the Manhattan School of Music.

During this time he had begun to work professionally, playing his first gig with the tenor saxophone pioneer Coleman Hawkins, for whom he worked a couple of weeks at a Chicago nightclub. During December of that year, 1960, Donald Byrd called him to fill in for one night with his combo. He was sufficiently impressed to send for Hancock to join him on a permanent basis in New York the following month.

Around that time, Byrd spoke warmly of his 20-year-old protégé: "Herbie is very learned, very studious, and he sounds almost like a combination of Bill Evans, Ahmad Jamal, and Hank Jones. I'm sure he's going to be very important."

During his early years in New York, in addition to playing with Byrd, Hancock gigged with saxophonists Oliver Nelson and Phil Woods, dabbled in television studio jobs, and accompanied a few singers. An important factor in getting him started as a leader and composer was the fact that his first date with Byrd, for Blue Note Records, brought him to the attention of Blue Note's uniquely perceptive producer, Alfred Lion, who assigned Herbie to make his first date as head of a combo in May 1962.

One of the tunes on that initial outing with a quintet was "Watermelon Man." Speaking many years later of his evolution, Hancock observed: "I was trying to collect different kinds of experience; I went through the post-bebop thing, then the impressionistic thing of Bill Evans, before starting to open up my mind and ears to the so-called avant-garde...

KATHY SLOANE

'Watermelon Man' being part of my first album as a leader, I wanted to make something that would sell, but also something that would be an authentic reflection of my background. When I was a child, the watermelon man would go through the alley a couple of times a day. So I wrote a phrase that sounded like 'Hey! Watermelon man!'" The song became an even bigger hit for Mongo Santamaria's band than for Hancock.

In May of 1963 fate played an auspicious role: Wynton Kelly had left the Miles Davis Quintet and had been temporarily replaced by Victor Feldman. But when Feldman declined to remain permanently, because of his reluctance to travel, Herbie Hancock was offered the job. He remained for more than five years, and during that time not only developed tremendously both as pianist and as composer, but also recorded a series of remarkable albums of his own. Many of his compositions were recorded both with his own groups and on sessions with Davis.

Several of his works from that period have become standards: "Maiden Voyage," "Dolphin Dance," "Canteloupe Island," "Speak Like A Child," "Riot," "The Sorcerer." Ending the Davis association, Hancock for a while led a splendid sextet with Eddie Henderson on trumpet and fluegelhorn, Garnett Brown on trombone, and Bennie Maupin on reeds. Soon he became deeply involved in electronics, dropped the trumpet and trombone, and came up with an album called *Head Hunters* [Columbia, PC-32731] that included the smash hit single "Chameleon."

It would be an oversimplification to claim that from that point on his career has gone upward commercially and downward artistically. Though he has made some blatantly commercialized records such as *Feets Don't Fail Me Now*, [Columbia, JC-35764], on which he sang through an electronic vocoder, he has continued to show his artistry through such ventures as a tour with the group known as V.S.O.P. (actually the mid-1960s Miles Davis quintet with Freddie Hubbard replacing Davis) and his remarkable two-acoustic-piano concerts and records with Chick Corea.

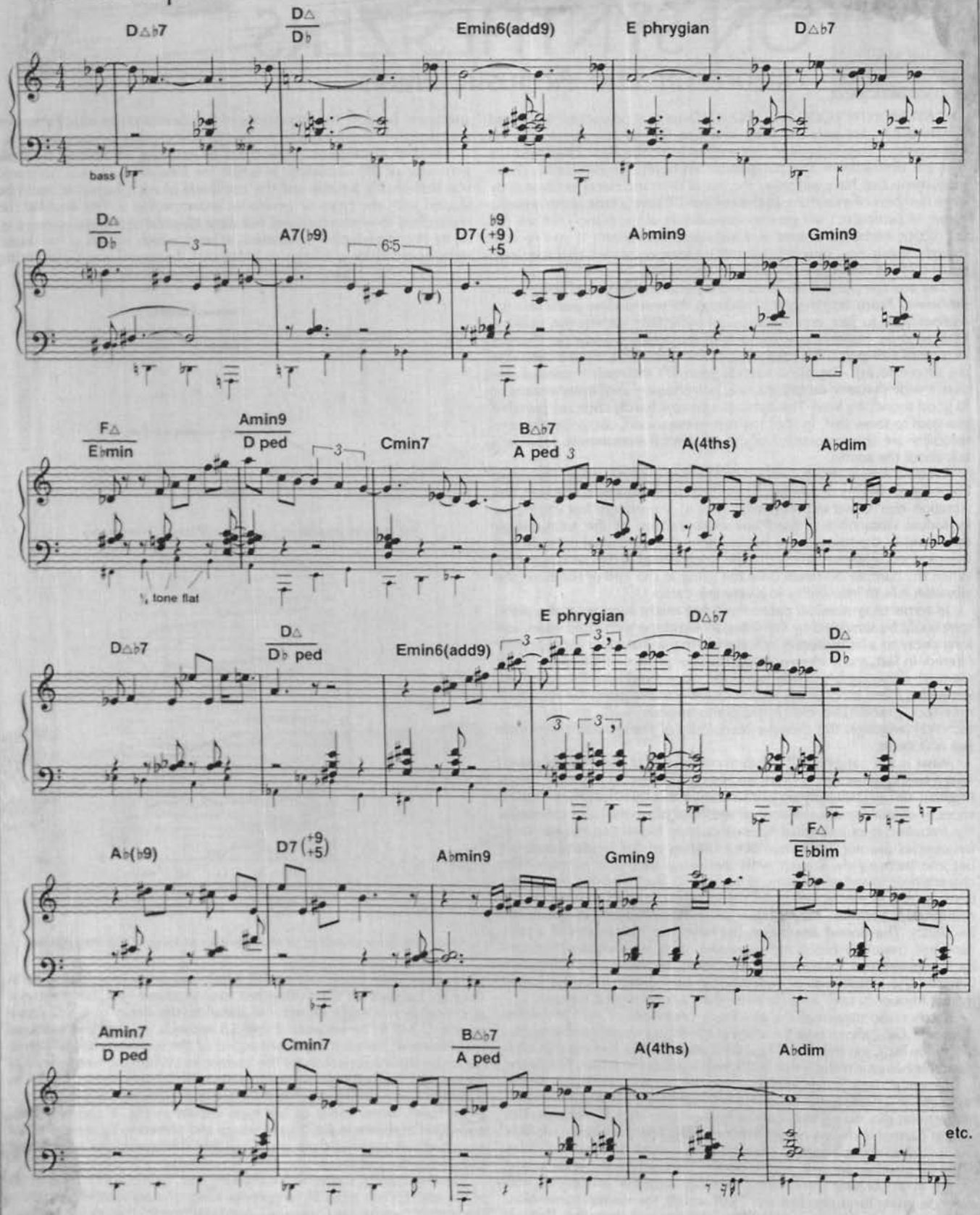
The excerpt shown opposite is from his own version of "The Sorcerer," heard in his Blue Note album *Speak Like A Child* [BST 84279] (not the version he recorded with Miles Davis). It begins 32 bars from the start of the performance.

As can be determined by examining this segment, Hancock's music at that point verged on atonality and has been transcribed here without a key signature. Note the rhythmic and melody simplicity and symmetry of the first four bars, with the D♭ jumping down to a different note each time. The left hand is used mostly for syncopated punctuations throughout, but switches to a fuller role, mainly using three-part chords, from bar 18. "Actually," says Hancock, "this starts in the key of D♭. I wrote the chords so you couldn't follow them in the normal fashion; I wanted it to sound as free as possible."

Ron Carter's bass line, of course, played an important part in establishing the harmonic feel underlying the solo. Also significant are Hancock's gentle touch, perfect time sense, and the linear contrast created during bars 19-21, when a solo that has stayed within a fairly narrow range suddenly leaps upward through an almost two-octave span.

Note Herbie's almost subliminal use of minor seconds, which crop up here and there in the left or right hand. It is possible that not all the left-hand chords have been included, since one or two may have been played so softly that their presence is all but undetectable. ■

An Excerpt From Herbie Hancock's Solo On "The Sorcerer"



[Ed. Note: The chord symbols shown above were supplied to CK by Herbie Hancock. They differ in some ways from the type of chord symbol notation we normally use, but we thought you'd like to see how Hancock himself thinks of the changes.]

TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

LEONARD FEATHER

VAUGHAN RETURNS FOR AN 'ENCORE'

The career of Sarah Vaughan has been attended by almost all the trappings of success—the triumphs and the trophies. Many loyal observers have called her quite simply the greatest living singer, without any of the qualifications such as "jazz" or "female" or "American" that have sometimes been applied.

She has sung for Presidents, has been handed keys to cities. Since breaking loose from her role as band singer (could that really have been 35 years ago?) she has toured the world to consistent acclaim, performing in every setting from rhythm section to a cappella choir to a series of symphony orchestras.

Her home life is relaxed and attractive. With her mother, her husband, trumpeter Waymon Reed, and her 18-year-old daughter Debbie, she lives in a spacious home in Hidden Hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley. One success leads to another: after a magnificent concert last month, backed only by a small jazz combo, at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, she has been invited back to sing there Tuesday, accompanied by the 86-piece symphonic ensemble known as the Orchestra.

Yet there are gaps in the fabric of her achievements. Incredibly, she has never won a Grammy, though her most gifted contemporary, Ella Fitzgerald, has been awarded nine. (Another curious statistic: Vaughan won the Down Beat readers' poll only six times, from 1947-52; Ella has captured that honor 22 times in all, starting in 1937.)

Her recording career has been spasmodic. For five years, from 1967-72, she was totally absent from the studios, though her income and work schedule remained undamaged. Her return, via Mainstream Records, produced a few musically rewarding albums but no bestsellers. Mainstream went out of business and those LPs, like too many of the dozens she has taped over the years, cannot be bought.

Sitting in her living room reviewing the flow of her life, Vaughan is in a qualified upbeat mood. She is happy that, thanks to Norman Granz, she returned to records in 1978 through his Pablo label.

"I really love Norman; he's done so much for jazz. The only thing is, you just don't argue with him. You pick up the phone and keep saying 'Yes, Norman.' It's always a battle with him, because he just wants me to come in, look at a bunch of sheet music he has laid out, pick out some songs, and jam. Well, I don't want to spend the rest of my life doing that.

"Maybe that's one reason why I haven't yet made an album with Ella, which I'd love to do. I would want everything written and prepared, of course, with nice arrangements featuring us both; but I've talked to Norman and it seems like this is gonna be the hardest thing on earth to set up."

There have been exceptions to the Granz rule of informality. Some cuts on her new collection of Ellington songs have big band arrangements, and on several tunes in "I Love Brazil," her best album in many years, a string ensemble enhances her sound. Recorded in Rio, it offered her the challenge of unhackneyed material and the sympathetic arrangements she had long needed.

"There's another idea I can visualize that would be unique and exciting," says Vaughan. "I'd like to be part of a concert with Carmen McRae, Ella and the Orchestra—all 86 of them. Not each of us singing one at a time, but combined, interestingly routined.

"It's time for a change in jazz, instrumentally and vocally. Instead of everybody just jamming for 15 choruses, there should be music written out for a few choruses, then solos for a few, alternating. It seems to me that just jamming is beginning to go out of style.

"Another of my ambitions is to get together with Chet Atkins. When I did a concert in New York with Tony Bennett, Chet was sitting in the dressing room playing quietly to himself, and it wasn't country-western. I said, 'Chet, I didn't know you could play like that!' So there's a lot of things waiting to be presented. You could get someone like a Jack Elliott or a Quincy Jones, who could write some great charts to bring Chet and me together."

Elliott, co-conductor with Allyn Ferguson of the Orchestra, discussed with Vaughan another project that remains for the moment no more than a distant dream. "Jack and I were saying, why can't we musicians get together, chip in our money, and buy a building to use as our headquarters? We could have a private rehearsal hall, music copying facilities, and a recording studio where we could tape our own albums. That would be a fine way to control our own careers and invest in something that would belong entirely to musicians."

PHOTO BY CON KEYES

Sarah Vaughan thinks "It's time for a change in jazz."

In using the words "we musicians," Vaughan logically includes herself. From her first day as a professional singer (doubling as second pianist in the big band of Earl Fatha Hines), she has demonstrated, through an uncanny ear for the harmonic pattern of the melodies she interprets, her nonpareil, innate musicianship.

As a child, she spent the 1930s studying piano and organ, and singing at Mt. Zion Baptist Church in Newark. After winning an amateur singing contest at the Apollo Theater, she was recommended for the Hines job by the latter's popular vocalist, Billy Eckstine. When Eckstine left to form his own orchestra, Vaughan went along with him, as did Dizzy Gillespie and several other early beboppers who became her close friends and influences.

A glance through her discography shows the kind of company she kept during a recording career that began in 1944. Playing with her on one date or an other were Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Clifford Brown, Herbie Mann, Cannonball Adderley, the Count Basie band, Thad Jones, Jimmy Rowles. Among her musical directors were Michel Legrand, Benny Carter, Quincy Jones, Robert Farnon, and a young man named Bob James, who toured as her pianist in the mid-1960s.

It has often been remarked that she had the potential to become an accomplished opera singer. Her range, the rich warmth of her timbre and the flawlessness of her intonation could qualify her in any vocal area. Yet she does not share the attitude, fashionable in recent years, of resenting the jazz label.

"Why should I hate the word jazz? That's where I started, and that's one of the things I still do. What I *don't* want to be called is a blues singer, although on one recent session Norman even had me doing that."

Has she ever thought of recording operatic arias? "I'd like to, but somebody would have to write something special for me, because I don't know those languages. I know Barbra Streisand did one; you could tell she was reading it phonetically, but I liked it very much."

Another ambition temporarily frustrated is the presentation of what she designates as "a Brazilian fusion." Waymon Reed explained what happened: "We were going to use some arrangements by Jose Roberto Bertrami, who writes in a very contemporary style—a new wave of Brazilian music. He had a lot to do with the writing on the 'I Love Brazil' album. But our plans to do it at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion fell through when I got sick so now we're rescheduling it for July at Carnegie Hall during the Newport Jazz Festival."

Given the power of record producers, who have deflected so many potentially important jazz artists by turning them into pop money machines, is there any hope for another Sarah Vaughan to surface?

"I think there is. I believe there's room for everybody. It's just a matter of getting past that person who's the owner, the boss, the dictator."

To sum up her philosophy: anyone who really has the talent will eventually be able to overcome. "Look at Manhattan Transfer. The way they harmonize on 'Birdland' is unbelievable! Why shouldn't I be optimistic?" □

JAZZ REVIEW

THE ORCHESTRA NARROWS MUSIC GAP

By LEONARD FEATHER

In its concert Tuesday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, The Orchestra came closer than previous events in the series to achieving its stated objective of "bridging the gap between classical traditions and the American musical language derived from jazz and its roots."

There was a sense of something more than good intentions, in two of the three new works introduced, and in the presentation of Sarah Vaughan, who sublimely occupied the post-intermission territory.

Vaughan having been reviewed here less than a month ago, when she appeared with a small rhythm group, it need only be added that the use of The Orchestra along with her own musicians was variously an enhancement (on the ballads, particularly a stunning "Dindi") and an encumbrance (on a couple of up-tempo pieces that never settled down).

"Synthesis for Orchestra," the longest and most ambitious of the new works, was written by the saxophonist, Joe Roccisano, and conducted by Jack Elliott. Though it was obvious that more rehearsal would have given a clearer picture of what Roccisano had accomplished, the three-movement piece progressed intriguingly from jagged opening lines to shimmering strings, and thence into a buoyant tenor saxophone solo by Pete Christlieb that walked a tightrope from jazz to bebop.

Roccisano's use of strings and his sylvan sonorities in the wind section indicated a very promising talent. The rhythm section around Christlieb sounded diffuse; balance in this department of The Orchestra seems to be an insoluble problem.

Allyn Ferguson conducted The Orchestra in his own "Divertimento for Strings, Woodwinds and Percussion." Impeccably professional, it contained little, aside from a sax interlude by Bud Shank, that could not have been played by any symphony orchestra.

This was not true of the evening's most satisfying premiere, the Canadian composer Rob McConnell's "Hello From the North." McConnell uses The Orchestra for what it is supposed to be—a rare collection of musicians who can tackle an assignment with strong jazz overtones.

The mood was more Brazilian than Canadian, with samba rhythms, luxuriant brass, brilliant string writing, superb legato trombone by Bill Watrous, and saxophone passages by Shank and Bill Perkins. If The Orchestra can concentrate on finding more McConnells and forget about such commercial gimmicks as Steve Martin (whose withdrawal caused the cancellation of an entire previous concert), it will finally prove its invaluable place in the musical community.

3/14

JAZZ REVIEW

NISTICO GETS THE DROP ON BEBOP

By LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A welcome new face in town—or at least an absentee belatedly returned—is Sal Nistico. The commanding tenor saxophonist, best known for his several stints with the Woody Herman and Count Basie bands, opened Wednesday at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks, where he will continue, through Saturday, to pledge allegiance to the bebop for which he stands.

A stocky, bearded man in his late 30s whose assertive music matches his physique, Nistico has the confident attack and imposingly assured sound associated with such predecessors as Gene Ammons and Dexter Gordon. When he came out swinging at the sound of the opener, a Sonny Rollins blues called "Tenor Madness," his personality was promptly established.

Any certified jazz man, of course, could cruise through the blues in his sleep; but when the material was harmonically more demanding, as in Bronislaw Kaper's "Invitation," Nistico wove long, imaginative lines that seemed to reflect his pleasure in meeting the challenge.

After relaxing into a more conventional ballad mood with "I Can't Get Started," he closed the set with an early bop anthem, "Shaw Nuff," as tricky and fascinating a piece as when Dizzy Gillespie wrote it (Nistico was then 4 years old).

Nistico was fitted up with a handy, hard-cooking collection of kindred souls in the persons of Frank Strazzeri, piano; Frank DeLarosa, bass, and John Dentz, drums. DeLarosa's solo during the blues provided another reminder that he is a master of the art of bowing.

After the Carmelo's gig, Nistico will be around town long enough to work next Friday and March 22 at Pasquale's in Malibu.

JAZZ REVIEWS

3/17

WILSON, WILLIAMS AT THE PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER

Friday evening at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the fourth of five concerts organized as "The Jazz Series" proved reasonably close to the nub of its purported subject matter, with a show featuring Joe Williams, Nancy Wilson and Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band. Two-and-a-half out of three isn't bad.

The half, of course, was Nancy Wilson, who prefers not to be thought of as a jazz singer, although her roots are inescapable. She even included a tribute to Dinah Washington, whose influence is one of her more admirable traits.

During an hour-long then-and-now retrospective, she was backed by her own rhythm section, including Michael Wolf on piano and David T. Walker on guitar, along with the Berry orchestra, in "What a Fool Believes," and other popular works, including a Stevie Wonder routine.

Wilson's phrasing and rhythmic sense have remained her forte. Counterbalanced against them is her persistent tendency to confuse commotion with emotion, and screaming with soul. "Guess Who I Saw Today," once one of her most effective specialties, is now so overacted that it has become a travesty.

For her grand finale, Wilson brought on a conductor and three backup singers to help her plow through "Hold On," her latest pop single. As an encore she dueted with Joe Williams on a blues, strikingly pointing up the contrasts between them.

In his own set, Williams, reviewed here recently at the Parisian Room, was in splendid voice as always, aided by the Berry band interpreting the arrangements of Jimmy Jones, Thad Jones and Benny Carter.

Berry & Co. made the most of their brief moment in the spotlight. The four instrumental numbers lasted long enough to display the talents of the leader on cornet, Marshal Royal on alto sax, Don Menza and Ernie Watts on tenor saxes, and others. This remains the best of the local bands in the Ellington/Basie tradition.

The concert drew a full house—encouraging proof that it can be done without fusion. Hubert Laws will wind up the series April 5.

FOR THE RECORD

Captions identifying Fostina Dixon and Ann Patterson in photos in Calendar Thursday were inadvertently transposed. Both women play the sax in the Janofsky-Patterson Big Band headed by Bonnie Janofsky and Ann Paterson. The band is presenting its first major concert at the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City following an engagement at Donte's.

3/16

LEONARD FEATHER

MAKOWICZ: A NEW CHALLENGE IN U.S.?

"The most astonishing pianistic talent of the past 30 years."
—JOHN HAMMOND

"One of the greatest, if not the greatest."
—MERCER ELLINGTON

"Certainly one of the top five pianists in the world today."
—WILLIS CONOVER, VOICE OF AMERICA

Such endorsements as these constitute valuable items for a press release; however, as Adam Makowicz has discovered, they do not automatically guarantee a triumphant career.

The case of Makowicz is a perfect example of the big fish in a little pond who has elected to swim in more expansive waters, and who has not yet found the tide carrying him along. Certainly he has elicited the unstinting praise of many American observers, but across the Atlantic he had played the annual Jazz Jamboree in Warsaw every year from 1964. He was voted Europe's No. 1 jazz pianist in the Jazz Forum magazine poll, took part in a televised "Piano Conclave," and composed the music for a couple of short films. Nothing quite like this has yet happened to him in America.

A cheerful, red-bearded man of 39, Makowicz was born in Czechoslovakia but lived in Poland from the age of 6. He came to the United States as a protege of John Hammond, whose track record as a talent scout led to the emergence of Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Bob Dylan and others. Hammond, who produced one album with him, "Adam" (Columbia JC35320), had a hand in arranging his working papers and his early New York appearances, among them a 10-week booking at the Cookery, and a Carnegie Hall concert (shared with Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson and George Shearing).

Makowicz has since played several concerts with symphony orchestras ("Rhapsody in Blue" as guest soloist with the Minnesota Orchestra), worked in various clubs, and recently made a brief West Coast tour. Critics have summoned the names of Chopin and Horowitz, of Art Tatum and Erroll Garner, in detailing his gifts as composer and soloist; but his place in the history books does not presently seem assured. America has not yet taken him to its heart. A Columbia Records publicity woman, asked about him prior to his recent opening at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, replied: "Adam who?"

Jazz pianist Adam Makowicz is well-known in Europe, but is still unfamiliar to American jazz fans.

Makowicz (pronounced ma-*ko*-vitch) came to jazz by the same route many Europeans followed after World War II: by listening to the Voice of America. "I heard Willis Connover's jazz record program. Before 1956 jazz was underground music, but then things were better and we could listen."

He had studied classical music with his mother, and at the Chopin Secondary School in Cracow, but at 16 he took up jazz seriously, working at a club called the Helikon where, he says, "I played, practiced or thought about jazz 24 hours a day."

Later, with a group called the Jazz Darings led by the trumpeter Tomasz Stanko, he won first prize in a competition and played on a TV show in Warsaw, which became his home base from 1965. During this period he toured Europe, New Zealand, Australia and India.

His reputation continued to grow during the next decade, along with his discography; he has been on some 26 albums, recorded in a half-dozen countries. On "New Faces in Polish Jazz" he took part as guest soloist with the violinist Michal Urbaniak, beginning a long association. "With Michal and his wife, the singer Urszula Dudziak, I played in West and East Europe; we stayed almost two years in West Germany and Switzerland."

One album, "Newborn Light," consisted entirely of eerie electronic vocal effects by Ms. Dudziak with electric piano by Makowicz. Recorded in 1973, it came to the attention of John Hammond, who arranged for its release in the United States. "Michal and Urszula came to live in America in 1974," says Makowicz, "and I decided to play solo, in my own way."

Irene Makowicz, whose English is more fluent than her husband's, chimed in: "Adam played Duke Ellington's 'New World A-Coming' with the Warsaw Philharmonic and the Ellington orchestra; Mercer Ellington was so impressed that he invited us to come to Dortmund and play it with him again."

With the encouragement of men like Ellington, and the confidence that he was at last ready to take on America, Makowicz arrived in May of 1977. After three months, he went home, played in Poland, then went to the Soviet Union, where capacity crowds of 5,000 to 10,000 applauded him during a seven-week solo piano concert tour. Returning to the States in April of 1978, he and his wife settled in a midtown Manhattan apartment.

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SDAY/CALENDAR LOS ANGELES TIMES THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1980 ★ PART VI

TIMES PHOTOS BY GARY FRIEDMAN

From left, sax players Fostina Dixon, Ann Patterson, Stacy Rowles on fluegelhorn, warm up for Kansas City.

JAZZ REVIEW

WOMEN'S BAND GETS A STRONG SEND-OFF

By LEONARD FEATHER

The sign outside Donte's Tuesday evening read "Janofsky-Patterson Big Band." Not until the set was about to start did some visitors realize that the billing referred to the drummer Bonnie Janofsky, the saxophonist Ann Patterson, and the 15 other women with whom they had been rehearsing prior to leaving tonight for their first major concert at the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City.

It is already clear that this is arguably the best organized and most musically stimulating all-female jazz orchestra currently active. The brass section, galvanized by the lead trumpet of Louise Berk, is crisp and confident, reading a variety of charts by Nan Schwartz, Betty O'Hara and a few males. An individual touch is added when Judy Chilnick doubles the lead parts on vibraphone.

In O'Hara the band has a multiple asset and a maturely personal stylist. She plays valve trombone, fluegelhorn and euphonium; on her own arrangement of "God Bless the Child" she took an affecting vocal, with an obbligato by Sherri Wright on bass trombone.

The reed section does enough doubling on flutes and other instruments to ensure textural variety. In Patterson and Fostina Dixon, both heard on alto sax solos in a moderate blues, one heard a fine study in contrast, the former poised but swinging, the latter loose and elegantly funky.

Other valuable constituents are Stacy Rowles, daughter of pianist Jimmy Rowles, a lyrical soloist on fluegelhorn and trumpet; Valerie Sullivan on bass and Janet Jones on piano. Trumpeter Ruth Kissane, recently reviewed here as leader of the combo Quintess, is a member of the eight-piece brass section.

This is, in short, one group of women that has nothing for which to apologize either in its team spirit or in the individual contributions. Given additional fresh material to lend a personal character to the repertory, they should continue to attract full houses and provoke excited reactions, as they did at Donte's.

The club plans to resume Sunday operations, using big bands. Janofsky and Patterson will return for one of these dates in early April.

3/23

LEONARD FEATHER

'VARIATIONS' FROM DOWN UNDER

The past couple of months have seen a widely diversified and generally rewarding assortment of jazz-related albums, among which the least likely stems from the most improbable source. In a sense, it is the product of a remote area in New Zealand where Russ Garcia, the composer and conductor, now makes his home.

Technically, the album is a creature of the United States, having been recorded in Venice, Calif. However, Garcia wrote it under the isolated conditions that offered him uninterrupted inspiration. The result, entitled "Variations for Fluegelhorn, String Quartet, Bass, and Drums" (Trend TR 522), is one of the most sensitively written ventures of its kind.

The Oakland-born Garcia, a former name-band trumpeter, first established himself firmly in Hollywood as an NBC staff musician, writer of motion picture scores and later as arranger-conductor during the 1950s for albums by Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong, Oscar Peterson, Anita O'Day and dozens more.

Seeking surcease from the studio grind, Garcia left, with his wife, aboard a 41-foot sailboat. "We spent six years stopping off at various islands across the Pacific; then, in 1972, we were in New Zealand and decided that was where we wanted to stay.

"Our home is miles away from Kerikeri, the nearest village. It's breathtakingly beautiful. We could stay there, if we wanted to, and be totally self-sufficient, given all the fish and fruit trees; but I've had a lot of calls to work all over the place, so I spend seven or eight months a year traveling. I just came to Hollywood from Vienna, where I completed several assignments for radio and TV with the symphony and a big jazz orchestra. I have been commissioned to write a new work for The Orchestra to be performed at the Music Center.

"It's a great life. I must admit I have the best of both worlds."

Garcia was in Los Angeles for a film assignment when Albert Marx, a music-loving record company head (this is not always a contradiction in terms), asked him to write whatever he wanted for a new album.

The "Variations" come in eight movements, with Chuck Findley, a fluegelhorn soloist of rare eloquence, as the centerpiece. The supple rhythmic undercurrent, supplied by Bob Magnusson on bass and Steve Schaeffer on drums, merges with Garcia's richly textured string writing to provide a low-keyed yet majestic setting for Findley. It is a fair assumption that every horn player from Dizzy Gillespie on down will listen to this work in rapt admiration and may well seek out Garcia for comparable services. Four-and-half stars. Incidentally, the splendid sound is due to the use of Sony's PCM Digital recording system.

Composer-conductor Russ Garcia has used New Zealand, his present home, as inspiration for an album.

At the other end of the spectrum, from the Norman Granz stable of ad-lib jazz, comes "JUST FRIENDS" (Pablo 2310-841), by John Haley (Zoot) Sims on tenor sax and Harry (Sweets) Edison on trumpet. The material per se is of minor interest (seven old standards and a blues). What elevates the album to four-star stature is the unyielding creativity one can always count on from such mature artists. As a potent bonus, the eminent Roger Kellaway is on hand, playing acoustic and electric keyboards. Yet another plus factor is Sims' doubling on soprano sax, a horn he handles with smooth conviction. Had he or Edison or Kellaway taken the trouble to write some fresh material, this could well have been a five-star set.

J.J. Johnson, who during the be-bop era was the trombone world's retort to Gillespie and Parker, is back on the scene with the first album in years for which he has written the music and played the main solo role. "PINNACLES" (Milestone M-9093) is a generally well planned collection in which Johnson—busy in recent years writing music for television and movies—makes sensible and economic use of the two or three horns at his disposal.

Except for "Cannonball Junction," with its monotonous tenor sax by Joe Henderson and electronic vamp effects, and the concluding "Mr. Clean," on which a synthesizer tends to eliminate Johnson's personal sound, this is nononsense, cooking jazz. Particularly effective is the conversion of a traditional blues, "See See Rider," to a jazz waltz. These sides remind us that Johnson set the pace for dozens of other trombonists who, because of the attrition of time and his predilection for the pen, are better known today, as instrumentalists, than he. Three-and-a-half stars.

"PRES" (Pablo 2308-219), subtitled "Lester Young in Washington, D.C., 1956," consists of private recordings taped when the tenor saxophonist was working a gig there, backed by pianist Bill Potts' trio. As has been the case with Charlie Parker and Art Tatum, the album will appeal to anyone who yearns to acquire every minute of music the artist ever put on record; however, the rhythm section is no more than adequate and its members were accorded generous solo time by Young, whose playing by then was past its peak. (He died 2½ years later.)

It is not contradictory to welcome material such as this to the marketplace while rating it as a two-star item. (Both the stars are for Pres.)

From the live club ambiance and pre-overdub era of Lester Young to the 1980s groove of a new album by Spyro Gyra, "CATCHING THE SUN," (MCA 5108) is like tripping into another world, manned by producers, engineers, synthesizers, string sections, rhythm machines and the like. Yet there is more to Spyro Gyra than mechanical vamps and prefabricated funk.

Music of this caliber involves relatively little true spontaneity, despite the slick contributions of Jay Beckenstein, who functions as saxophonist, co-producer and co-writer of several tunes. Now and then you find melodically attractive moments, as in "Autumn of Our Love." Randy Brecker's trumpet and Barry Rogers' trombone surface here and there.

It is impossible to imagine that anyone who is into Zoot Sims or Sweets or Pres will find much time for Spyro Gyra (or vice versa); yet the group displays a superior level of conception and execution within its commerical genre. Here, in fact, is a two-and-a-half star musical accomplishment destined for five-star sales figures. (It has already bounded onto the pop chart at No. 201.) □

JAZZ IN BRIEF

"SOULVILLE." Ben Webster. Verve VE2-2536. The Verve reissue series continues with a reminder that Ben Webster (1909-1973) produced a sound on the tenor sax that was unmatched for warmth, intimacy and unabashed romanticism. The first two sides, with Oscar Peterson's trio, augmented by drummer Stan Levey, were recorded in Los Angeles in 1957; the other two stem from a 1959 New York date that swings a little less for want of a guitar, though Webster and Peterson still mesh admirably. Four-and-a-half stars. —LEONARD FEATHER

"A PERFECT MATCH." Ella and Basie. Pablo Today D2312110. For students of digital recording, this item (suggested retail price $9.99) will be of rare interest. However, Fitzgerald has done these songs before in earlier versions, and in several cases the old treatments had a freshness not detectable here. Moreover, despite the title, Basie doesn't participate except on the closing track, a scat blues. For the rest, it is Paul Smith, her regular pianist, sitting in with Basie's sidemen. Three stars. —L.F.

"NEW YORK NEW YORK." Sounds of the Apple. Stash ST204. Among those present are bassist Slam Stewart, who sings "Manhattan" and "Sidewalks of New York"; Dardanelle, the pianist, who takes the vocals on "New York State of Mind" and "On Broadway"; Grady Tate, the drummer, who does a ballad vocal on "Autumn in New York" (he should have kept trying until he got it in tune); and Marky Markowitz, a trumpeter whose vocal impression of Satchmo is surprisingly effective on the "Theme from New York, New York." For the most part, this is lightweight mainstream jazz. —L.F.

3/27/80

MAXINE WELDON AT PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Maxine Weldon, who during the past 10 years has been the subject of reviews everywhere from Ye Little Club to the Hollywood Bowl, is spending this week at the Parisian Room. If her opening show Tuesday was representative, she has reduced the accent on country and Western material and now offers a carefully balanced cross section of songs that may jump unpredictably from vintage Vincent Youmans to Neil Diamond.

This is as it should be, for Weldon is a poised and versatile singer, with a charming stage presence, who is capable of holding any audience as firmly and impressively as she can hold on to a final high note. She can bring her winning personality to a ballad, "But Beautiful," accompanied mainly by Marty Jabara at the piano, with the same conviction she applies to a rocking, raucus blues like "Steamroller," on which her flutist, Don Bolivar, heats up the accompaniment by switching to tenor sax.

She has an occasional tendency to overdramatize, as in the closing "My Way," but this was the only flaw in a generally admirable display of the virtues that should have earned her a hit record by now.

The combo, a regularly organized unit, opened the show with a conventional instrumental set, drawing eclectically from the repertoires of Chuck Mangione and Horace Silver among others. Jabara's doubling on electric keyboard, and Jim Henken's rockish guitar solos, lend the group a contemporary flavor.

Still on hand is the Parisian's semi-resident monologist, Reynaldo Rey, whose material changes relatively little from year to year, always involving narcotics jokes, and mispronunciations of words in a style that goes clear back to Amos and Andy. He leaves next week to take part in a Broadway show.

Maxine Weldon closes Sunday; opening April 1, Les McCann.

Guitarist-Composer Geissman at Donte's

3/29

By LEONARD FEATHER

After three years with Chuck Mangione, the guitarist and composer Grant Geissman has reorganized the quintet with which he used to moonlight, and is now playing the Wednesday night shifts at Donte's.

Now 26, Geissman has evolved into a technically powerful, creatively individual soloist. Though he indulges in heavy amplification now and then, his high-energy style stems from jazz roots, with slight rock colorations supplied occasionally by the chameleonic rhythm section. Using the full scope of the instrument, he sometimes achieves with long chains of chords what Wes Montgomery did for octaves as a stylistic device.

Geissman's group derives its ensemble sound from the blend of his horn player, Gordon Goodwin (on tenor sax, soprano sax or flute) in unison and harmony with the guitar. His ingenious compositons add the spice of diversity: a fast, turbulent waltz, "Good Stuff," the title tune of his album, may lead to "Cosmic Wind," an exotic work with Jimmy Johnson putting his fretless electric bass to ingenious use. Next came one of the most charming originals, Goodwin's "The Hipso Calypso," a cheerful rock-flavored trip to the Caribbean. Randy Kerber's electric keyboard solo, modulating upward in half steps, was a delight.

Geissman works within the context of each tune to keep monotony at bay. A tenor solo may begin accompanied by piano only; then the drums will ease in and finally the bass and guitar.

The set ended anticlimactically when Geissman sang and played an old Woody Herman blues, "I've Got News for You." The youngster, it seems, has not paid enough dues to sing the blues authentically; moreover, his excessively busy guitar solo left no space for emotion.

KANSAS CITY STAR 3/22

Critic Praises, Pans Jazz Music Scene

By Scott Farina
A Member of the Staff

The young Englishman became a music critic somewhat by accident.

"I had written a letter to *Melody Maker* (a British music magazine) complaining that there were no jazz songs in 3-4 time. For some reason the editors thought it was a very controversial letter, and they asked me to write regular pieces for them."

That was back in the '30s. Since then there have been many jazz songs—"Bluesette" and "Gravy Waltz," for example—in 3-4 time, and there is even a genre known as "jazz waltz," with a syncopated, heavily-accented second beat.

Also since then, letter-writer Leonard Feather has become perhaps *the* authority on the American art form called jazz.

Feather, who is in Kansas City for the Women's Jazz Festival, will be master of ceremonies tonight at a concert featuring Carla Bley and Cleo Laine. He also gave a free lecture-film presentation Friday at White Recital Hall focusing on several great women jazz singers and players.

After the talk, Feather sat down to discuss, among other topics, the state of the art.

"Jazz had a tough time originally because of racism. It grew out of black music traditions and many people dismissed it as the product of a supposedly inferior race," Feather said, "but that has changed, fortunately.

"The situation is getting better, especially as jazz is being taught more and more in the schools, both colleges and high schools. The prejudice is eroding."

Feather, who would admit only to being "over 55," is distressed by "fusion" jazz, which incorporates rock and pop elements with improvisation.

"It's garbage. Fusion combines the worst of both worlds," he said. "Commercial considerations can ruin a career while making a man a millionaire.

Although Feather has produced many jazz albums and still does some producing, he didn't hesitate to take a swipe at some of his brethren.

"Many producers are helping to ruin talent and art by being so money-oriented. There was a time when musicians weren't under that pressure (to sell vast quantities of records.)"

Still, the critic-songwriter-piano player-producer finds much to admire on today's jazz scene.

"There are many marvelous things happening now that have nothing to do with fusion, very contemporary things that fit into the mainstream. There are some incredible young talents coming up: Richie Cole, Ricky Ford, JoAnne Brackeen."

But the fact remains that the artists Feather admires get little exposure to the majority of the jazz-listening public.

"You know, Thad Jones (trumpeter-composer) is now writing for a house jazz band for Danish National Radio. A house band—can you imagine? We don't even have such a thing over here and this is American music!

"The broadcast media really have done very little to educate the public to jazz here. There are only about eight commercial radio stations that play jazz full-time. Even the stations that devote only some airtime to jazz tend to play the familiar or the commercial jazz. The public can't get interested in something it doesn't know about."

Feather doesn't expect jazz to replace rock or country in the hearts of the American public:

LEONARD FEATHER

"Jazz is and will always be a minority taste, because it doesn't have the immediate accessability of other forms of music."

A resident of America for over 40 years, Feather makes his home in Los Angeles after living much of his life in New York City. He believes that in either city a jazz critic must be to stay fully aware of the new trends.

"There are other places where one can write about the music other than L.A. or New York," he said, "but they are not as good for hearing the live music. And it's in the clubs where you first hear the innovations. Most recordings capture what *has* happened rather than what *is* happening."

Feather enjoys the jazz parties and smaller festivals such as the Womens Jazz Festival here, because they are "both a musical and a social occassion." He also believes the festival may convert some people to jazz.

"This festival is attracting women who come here because they want to hear other women perform. They may not be jazz fans when they get here but chances are they will be when they leave.

"Women for years have had a hard time being accepted as jazz musicians. A female singer was okay but not a female instrumentalist. Vi Redd is a perfect example of an excellent player who was accepted by her male colleagues but not by the public.

"That's finally beginning to change. There are similar festivals now in Rome and in New York, so it's opening up for women."

Does it ever get tiring, traveling around, going to different clubs, keeping up with recorded material?

"Well, I'm on a loose leash," Feather smiled. "I select the things I want to hear. I don't go to every session of a big festival and I don't go to clubs every single night, although in L.A. I could. I love this music but I don't want to OD on it."

DAILY VARIETY 3-26-80
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scrap book

Women's Jazz Fest Expands, Reflects Growing Interest

By JOHN QUINN

Kansas City, March 25 — The third annual Women's Jazz Festival wound its four days of shows, clinics, jams and riffs Sunday night, easily on a higher note than any of its previous fests. It spread itself farther across the city, ran four days instead of three, had 11 events instead of eight and presented two evening concerts, against one last year.

The spread is emblematic of how the idea of a gathering of femme musicians is catching on and the programming necessary to meet the growing interest. The expansion went in several directions, a major one being the utilization of the new White Recital Hall at the U. of Missouri, K.C., where, Friday afternoon, the fest ran a Genesis Jam Session for students.

Quintess, the five gals from L.A. who won this year's combo award from WJF, hung around all afternoon to sit in with the college kids, jam a little with them and lend a helping hand wherever. They turned out Friday to head the concert at the Crown Center Hotel. Quintess shared that concert with Dianne Reeves and the Paul Smith Trio, the Mary Watkins Band (5) and the Bonnie Janofsky - Ann Patterson Big Band (17). This was a concert not on the 1979 sked and played to near capacity in the hotel's Centennial Ballroom.

Saturday sked included clinics early afternoon, switching to jam sessions from 4 p.m. on in the International Cafe of the Crown Center Shops. This with a session just for women, and another in which men could also sit in, was much as has been the pattern the previous two years.

It climaxed Sunday night with a grand concert in the Music Hall, moved to downtown Kansas City from Memorial Hall on the Kansas side last year. This also was well patronized at the 2500-seat Music Hall.

Feather Emcees

Line-up ran from 7 p.m. with jazz buff Leonard Feather as emcee, the 1980 All Star Band (6); the Carla Bley Band (10); the Joanne Brackeen Trio and Cleo Laine and the John Dankworth Quintet.

If the WJF spread out more this year, it had the backing to do so with more grants and benefactors. The four-day fest is figured to have a nut in the $60,000-$70,000 bracket, possible ten grand over the 1979 running. It also had more willing hands, as many as 50 volunteers turning out to man (pardon) the many odds and ends jobs behind the scenes.

Better turn-outs for the admission events, the clinics and the two concerts puts the fest in a position to possibly come out even, although the final figures may not be known for some time yet.

Fest originators, Dianne Gregg and Carol Comer, have said from the first that breaking even is their goal. They would arouse as much interest in women jazz musicians as possible, whatever the funds would allow. The early indication was the funds would allow a little more this year, so they expanded.

They'll do so again in 1981 with dates likely in March.

All That Jazz Simply Amazing

THE WOMEN'S JAZZ FESTIVAL MAIN CONCERT. At the Music Hall. Personnel: THE 1980 ALL-STARS (Stacy Rowles, trumpet and fluegelhorn; Jane Fair, reeds; Jill McManus, piano and leader; Louise Davis, electric bass; Barbara Merjan, drums; Janet Lawson, vocals); THE CARLA BLEY BAND (Bley, keyboards, vocals and composer; Michael Mantler, trumpet; Gary Valente, trombone; Vincent Chancey, horn; Joe Daley, tuba; Carlos Ward, alto sax and flute; Gary Windo, tenor sax; Arturo O'Farrill, keyboards; Steve Swallow, bass guitar; D. Sharpe, drums and vocals); THE JOANNE BRACKEEN TRIO (Brackeen, piano and composer; Eddie Gomez, bass; Motohiko Hino, drums); and CLEO LAINE (with John Dankworth, reeds, piano and leader; Paul Hart, piano and violin; Bill LeSage, vibes and melodica; Daryl Brunswick, bass guitar; Kenny Clare, drums).

By Terry Teachout
Contributing Reviewer

Where shall I begin? The Main Concert of the Women's Jazz Festival, held Sunday night at the Music Hall, was an absolute wonder, a succession of unforgettable moments—certainly the best yet, and I don't envy the people who will try to top it next year.

It started with a set by the 1980 Festival All-Stars, a quintet that got together just for the concert and certainly should stay together; their performance was an exemplary model of how to run an all-star band.

The secret, if Sunday was any indication, is to pick a compatible group and give them fresh, well-arranged material. Pianist Jill McManus supplied a hatful of superior tunes (one of which, "Cloud People," might become a jazz standard) and the group played them beautifully. Stacy Rowles is a quiet player who, like her father Jimmie, knows the value of a well-placed and perfectly polished note, and saxophonist Jane Fair's soft tone blends flawlessly with Stacy's fluegelhorn. Barbara Merjan took a solo in "Cloud People" that silenced the entire Music Hall; McManus and bassist Louise Davis took care of business every step of the way.

The Carla Bley Band bills itself as "outrageous," and without a doubt many older members of the audience were outraged, a fact which didn't faze Miss Bley: One of her big numbers invites the crowd to boo so the band can boo them back. Her works superimpose furious sonorities from the horns over a thunderous beat, with bizarre vocals woven in; the effect is exhilarating and hysterically funny. Jazz of the absurd, perhaps, or New Wave jazz—call it what you will, there is nothing like it. I'd call it an improbable blending of Charles Mingus with Frank Zappa, and I love it. One can hardly capture in words what this group does on stage, but if you're under 30, and someone over 30 tells you how awful Carla Bley was at the Women's Jazz Festival, don't believe a word of it.

Joanne Brackeen appeared at the 1979 festival, but was cut off before the end of her set. She was invited back this year to make up for it, and she gave the audience a chance to hear one of the most original and gifted pianists ever to appear on the jazz scene. Miss Brackeen is a difficult artist in some ways, and her music may seem forbidding on the surface; she plays a diamond-hard, cerebral and dissonant piano at a high level of intensity. Her style reflects classical influences—the leaping, flashing, evanescent textures of Ravel, the complex scalar constructions of Bartok, the furiously uneven ostinati of Prokofiev—recreated as jazz of the highest order. In addition, Miss Brackeen has a truly formidable technique. She is the only jazz pianist I can imagine playing, say, "Gaspard de la Nuit" and playing it well. Eddie Gomez is her bassist, and I expect the two of them will have a long and fruitful partnership *a la* the Gomez-Bill Evans years, and drummer Motohiko Hino has no trouble keeping up with all that virtuosity on the front line.

And then there was Cleo Laine. "Please don't talk about me when I'm gone," she sings at the end of her concerts; indeed, I hardly know what to say. No one in the world is remotely like her. She may be the greatest popular singer alive, and she certainly is the most professional. Her husband, John Dankworth, has created the ideal musical setting for every song she sings, and the quintet that accompanies her is rehearsed to the limit without losing one whit of spontaneity. She started with "It Might as Well Be Spring" and ended with a medley of songs about music: "I Got the Music in Me," "Fascinating Rhythm," "Nuages," "Jazzman" and "It Don't Mean a Thing." In between, it was all magic. As a lifelong fan, I can hardly claim to be objective about Cleo Laine and John Dankworth; I cheered until I was hoarse, as did the rest of the audience.

Some notes about the management of this year's concert: It was an improvement over last year in every way. The move from Memorial Hall to the Music Hall resulted in better atmosphere, better sightlines and better sound. The splitting up of new talent and established artists resulted in two good concerts instead of one unwieldy, mammoth and impossible to grasp in a sitting. Though President Carter isn't exactly a music critic, his telegram described the affair quite accurately: "well-conceived and worthy of high praise." I have been to many memorable concerts, and some of the best have been this year—Anthony Newman's all-Bach marathon, Al Cohn and Ruby Braff, Nesterenko singing Shostakovich and Mussorgsky—but the Women's Jazz Festival Main Concert topped them all. Indeed, it may have been the best concert I've ever attended. All praise to Carol Comer and Dianne Gregg, and here's to the next one.

Music in Mid-America

Cleo Laine and husband John Dankworth perform at the Women's Jazz F

Sweethearts Delight Jazz Ent

By Terry Teachout
Contributing Reviewer

"A unique, sentimental occasion," said master of ceremonies Leonard Feather of the Salute to the International Sweethearts of Rhythm at Crown Center Sunday afternoon. Unique and sentimental it was, too, but Feather wasn't counting on some unplanned excitement: Three of the legendary all-women jazz band's veterans decided to get up and blow their horns.

The salute kicked off with two numbers from the Janofsky-Patterson Big Band, another all-women ensemble fresh from an appearance Friday at the Women's Jazz Festival TNT Concert; the Sweethearts seated in the first two rows of the standing-room crowd clapped and shouted their approval. Feather, a jazz critic who once handled publicity for the International Sweethearts of Rhythm and produced a recording session with them for RCA, briefly interviewed the nine surviving original members and then invited Evelyn McGee Stone—who signed on as band vocalist in the group's early days at Piney Woods Country Life School in Mississippi—to sing a number. Accompanied by pianist Marian McPartland, who was responsible for tracking down the remaining band members, she launched into "Unforgettable." Then drummer Pauline Braddy got up on stage and joined in, and trumpeter Nancy Brown Pratt borrowed an instrument from a Janofsky-Patterson member and played on a second tune, "I Cried for You." The crowd (which included Cleo Laine, in town for the Festival's main concert that evening) roared with delight.

Organized back in the '30s, the International Sweethearts of Rhythm grew from an amateurish attempt to imitate such popular all-girl orchestras as Ina Ray Hutton's to a fully professional ensemble that toured 52 weeks a year. The only fully integrated big band of its era, the Sweethearts played almost exclusively for black audiences. "In the 30-odd years since we broke up," recalls alto saxophonist Roz Cron, "I don't think I've met half a dozen whites who know who the International Sweethearts of Rhythm were—but throughout all these years, black people have never forgotten us, and they treat us like celebrities."

"It was the greatest experience I ever had," says Anna Mae Winburn, who led the group from 1941 to its breakup after the war. "To see these women get up and play instruments *like men*, to see them set an audience on its toes—well, you can imagine what it meant!" The Sweethearts, in fact, were so popular overseas through their Armed Forces broadcasts that soldiers in Europe begged the USO to send them on a tour, which they did in 1945. The group finally dissolved, a victim of the waning post-war demand for big bands, three years later.

All of the Sweethearts can remember any number of close shaves with the authorities in the South, who were taken aback by the spectacle of an integrated all-women band. One black valet who got in trouble with the law was dressed in a band uniform and put in the bathroom on the group's bus; Anna Mae Winburn used to make a turban out of parachute silk and pass herself off as an Arab in order to get to the bandstands of small Southern towns.

The majority of the band's members had not seen each other for over three decades until last Friday night, when they began to arrive in Kansas City for the Women's Jazz Festival. They were located by Marian McPartland as part of the research she is doing on an upcoming book about women in jazz, and Ms. McPartland suggested to the Festival planners the idea of a salute to

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Sartre Shows Some Gain

PARIS (AP)—French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, hospitalized last week with pulmonary edema, has been removed from the intensive care unit at a Paris hospital where his condition has improved slightly, his secretary said today. Though Sartre appears to be slowly recovering, his spokesman said he was weak and the affliction was particularly hard on a man of 74.

Pulmonary edema involves the collection of fluid in the lungs.

LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ BOOKSHELF KEEPS ON GROWING

"JAZZ LIVES" (New Republic Books; $9.95) is a collection of 21 essays by Michael Ullman, a 34-year-old Bostonian jazz critic. Some were previously published in The New Republic and other magazines.

The "Lives" in the title presumably is intended as a noun, since essentially each piece is primarily an interview that explores the careers, aesthetics and attitudes of a certain individual. It could also serve handily as a verb, since the inference one draws is that the art form continues to flourish, in spite of the restrictive conditions more and more often imposed on it. Those conditions often become the topic around which his interviews revolve.

One has only to examine the table of contents to discern that Ullman is neither narrow-minded nor dogmatic. It takes a healthy eclecticism to devote equal fervor to Earl Hines, Joe Venuti, Horace Silver and, at the other end of the spectrum, to Sam Rivers, Karl Berger and Anthony Braxton.

Old or young, black or white, traditionalist or avant-garde or at any juncture along the way, Ullman's subjects have induced in him an unflagging enthusiasm without a trace of the anger and hostility that has marked so much jazz documentation in recent years. To a great extent he stays away from the arguments. Although some of the men and women he interviews, placed in a room together, would quarrel violently, he tends to avoid side-taking, maintaining his journalistic cool.

Jazz literature generally assumes one of four shapes. In a special category is Whitney Balliett of The New Yorker, whose brand of dictionary-hopping prose often arrives close to an accurate translation into words of the sounds he has inspected. In a very different vein are the books and magazine articles that have used jazz as a point of departure for social, racial and political ax-grinding, or for intramural bickering of the kind that was more prevalent in the days when the "modernists" were fighting the rear-guard action of the "moldy fig" traditionalists.

A third element comprises those writers who deal empirically with jazz in technical terms, often using musical illustrations. This approach, obviously esoteric in its appeal (I have been guilty of falling into the trap from time to time, but only in books aimed specifically at musicians), has produced such valuable works as Gunther Schuller's "Early Jazz," certainly the best of its kind.

Ullman belongs to the fourth class, one that fortunately has been growing in numbers and improving in quality. He believes, it would seem, that by letting the artists speak for themselves he will broaden the reader's knowledge more effectively than if he were to devote most of the available space to the imposition of his own views.

"Jazz Lives" is unorthodox because many of its subjects are relatively unknown to the general public. Doc Cheatham, Ran Blake, Ray Mantilla and Ken McIntyre are not likely to trigger a stampede to the bookshops; yet what Ullman tells us of their lives justifies their inclusion.

No less valuable is the devotion of four chapters to nonmusicians: Maxine Gregg, who manages several jazzmen; John Snyder and Steve Backer, record company executives, and Maxwell Cohen, the lawyer through whose efforts the infamous New York cabaret card system, which kept many great artists from working in nightclubs in the 1950s, was abolished.

Ullman is more at ease with aesthetic perception than with factual details. In the Cohen chapter he refers to Lord Buckley, whose death triggered the collapse of the cabaret card racket, as "the black comedian." Lord Buckley was white. On the other hand, Mantan Moreland, the famous Charlie Chan sidekick who was indeed a black comedian, emerges here as "Man Tan Moore."

A chapter devoted to Neal Hefti, while justly crediting him for helping to build a library of new music for the Count Basie band, is a maze of glaring omissions. Unmentioned are Joe Williams, the great blues singer who joined Basie in 1954; Frank Foster, who wrote many of the arrangements for Williams as well as the instrumental hit "Shiny Stockings"; Bill Davis, writer of the famous "April in Paris" arrangement, and composers such as Ernie Wilkins and Johnny Mandel. All contributed invaluably to the Basie renaissance years before Hefti's "Lil Darling" was recorded.

Ullman is more helpful when he enlightens us about Anthony Braxton with such surprising quotes as: "Paul Desmond and John Coltrane were the two strongest draws I've encountered" and "Schoenberg's music changed my whole life." The long Braxton essay tells us what he has accomplished, what he is about and what he has done with his life. (At one time he "supported himself by hustling chess.")

"Jazz Lives" is not quite like any other jazz book, either in its choice of subjects or in its handling of them. The jazz bookshelf has a wide-open place for men like Michael Ullman.

Useful in a totally contrary sense is the recent reissue, by Da Capo Press of New York, of a rare and long-unavailable series, "ESQUIRE'S 1944 JAZZ BOOK" and the follow-up volumes for 1945 and 1946. They can be purchased as a $50 set or for $18.50 apiece.

The young reader will be astonished to observe the condition of jazz writing in the 1940s. That these books even appeared, regardless of their literary limitations, is due to the happenstance that the late Arnold Gingrich, the founding editor of Esquire, was a devoted jazz fan.

At the urging of a Belgian lawyer, Robert Goffin, who had written the pioneering book "Aux Frontieres du Jazz" in 1932, and with some help from this writer, whose French was better than Goffin's English, a plan was drawn up to run jazz features regularly in the magazine, to assemble a board of experts to nominate winners of a jazz achievement poll and to stage a concert featuring the winners.

The principal figure in the yearbooks is their editor, the late Paul Eduard Miller. In addition to writing many of the features himself, with a strong accent on New Orleans jazz in the 1945 book and on Chicago jazz in the '46 edition, Miller commissioned pieces by some of the precious few others who were then writing about jazz, notably Charles Edward Smith and George Hoefer.

The state of the art is clearly reflected in the state of its historiography, often more notable for good intentions than for capable prose. It is ironic, too, that a board member who represented the Associated Negro Press as a jazz expert, Harold Jovien, is white. It was hard to find blacks concerned with the music as an art form, but a few were corralled: E. Simms Campbell, the Esquire artist; Dan Burley, the Amsterdam News columnist who played boogie-woogie piano, and a couple of others.

The 1946 book is perhaps the most intriguing, since by then Esquire had both a board of experts and a board of musicians to share in the voting. Of the 41 musicians who voted, 28 were black—a much needed adjustment at a time when Down Beat readers were heaping honors on Ziggy Elman, Dinah Shore, the Pied Pipers and Eddie Condon as giants of jazz.

Among the jazz artists' choices for New Stars of 1945 were Pete Candoli, trumpet (Dizzy Gillespie, as a previous winner, was disqualified); J. J. Johnson, trombone; Charlie Parker, alto sax (his first formal recognition); Charlie Ventura, tenor sax; Erroll Garner, piano; Ralph Burns, arranger; Woody Herman, band; Billy Eckstine and Frances Wayne, singers (but my own vote went to a youngster whose name, throughout the book, is misspelled Sara Vaughn.)

The detailed breakdowns of votes, discussions of jazz as an art form, old photographs, bio-discographies and cheerleading introductions by Gingrich all helped establish these books as unique. No other publication stimulated as much excitement about jazz—before or after—as Esquire did until 1947, when for two reasons the project was dropped. Gingrich left to live in Switzerland; worse, a 1947 Jazz Book (not reprinted by Da Capo) was edited by the manager of a Dixieland musician and was so heavily slanted against modern jazz that a letter of protest was drawn up in which all the previous winners refused to take any further part in the polls. (The letter, signed by 34 famous musicians, is perhaps the most valuable document in jazz history.)

It was a pathetic ending to the comet-like jazz life of Esquire, but thanks to these reissues the memory is rekindled. Part museum pieces, part gold mines of arcane data, the three Esquire books are welcome returnees to the bookshelves. □

ORCHESTRA AT PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER

"My God! Is this the stuff of which standing ovations are made?"

The remark was overheard Tuesday evening at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion as the audience rose to its feet in a mass embrace for Johnny Mathis. During the final moments in the last concert of the season by The Orchestra, this 86-piece behemoth was reduced in effect to the role of accompanist for Mathis' song cycle. Welcome to Las Vegas, folks.

Mathis was in impeccable form. Though he talked a little too much (especially about a song he was not going to sing), he has this personal, smoothly contagious way of making "Misty" and "Chances Are" his own property. Allyn Ferguson, who was Mathis' conductor from 1960-63, seemed very much at ease. To some this was MOR heaven; to others, just strike-up-the-bland.

The evening failed to bring to a rousing climax a season plagued by scheduling disruption, cancellations and bad luck. Even on this occasion one artist originally announced, Henry Mancini, did not take part. As for the eagerly awaited "All That Jazz" special with Oscar Peterson, it never happened.

The concert began with a medley billed as "Symphonic Dances From West Side Story." The material sounded as stale as the arrangement was insipid and the performance mediocre.

Freddie Hubbard, who has spent 20 years building a reputation as a distinctive jazz trumpeter, was prevented by Claus Ogerman's stiff, pretentious "Preludio and Chant" from displaying the very qualities that made Hubbard what he is. Everything he played was read—well enough, though a little nervously at times. One had to go home and listen to such Ogerman gems as "This Dream," on Hubbard's last LP, to be reminded of how elegantly the composer can bring out Hubbard's improvisational gifts when he chooses to.

The most agreeable music arrived in the form of two David Rose works, the brief and beautiful "Betty," performed smoothly by Lloyd Ulyate on trombone, and the new, 15-minute "Le Papillon," a resplendent vehicle from the flute of Louise Di Tullio. However, from the eighth row orchestra, she was often undermiked and overwhelmed. (A spy in the Founders Circle says the sound up there was fine.)

With the best will in the world, it is impossible to claim that The Orchestra has gone about reaching its worthy objectives in a well organized and logical manner. The premise that it offers a showcase for music that will not and cannot be played by standard symphonies remains basically correct, but there have been too few moments when that point came visibly to life.

DAZZLING JAZZ PIANIST FROM SPAIN

By LEONARD FEATHER 4/4

Who do these Europeans think they are, anyway? What are they trying to do—take over the jazz world?

Six weeks ago the Polish pianist Adam Makowicz astonished audiences at the Lighthouse with a display of startling originality. This week, Tete Montoliu, hidden for too many years in his native Spain, provides an even more dazzling demonstration, at the same club, of the extent to which non-Americans can absorb and perfect the idiom.

Montoliu, a proud Catalonian who once recorded an album of his native folk songs, has the one element Makowicz lacked: He swings. This elusive quality, heard in every influential jazz pianist from Hines to Tyner, is a vital facet of his work, whether in an uptempo blues, a probing treatment of Bennie Golson's tender "I Remember Clifford" or the old John Coltrane chord-hopper "Giant Steps," which in his hands takes a gigantic leap into the ninth decade of the first jazz century.

Montoliu's artistry is an extension of bebop: At times he is Bud Powell reincarnated and updated. Yet he can invest Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born" with a music-box delicacy.

Blind since birth, Montoliu has in recent years been deaf in his left ear, and soon will undergo surgery on his right. That a man with these handicaps, born and raised in a country where jazz was all but unknown, can achieve what he has, is another of those inexplicable marvels that the art form comes up with every now and then.

He's fortunate to have an irreproachable backup team with Sherman Ferguson on drums and Bob Magnusson on bass. After one of Montoliu's unaccompanied solos Magnusson applauded. You don't often see that kind of reaction right on the bandstand.

This is the pianist's third visit to this country. He closes at the Lighthouse Sunday and you will miss him at your peril.

FIRST-CLASS SHOW FROM HUBERT LAWS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Hubert Laws goes first-class all the way. It seemed symbolic, in his appearance Saturday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, that he and his five principal sidemen wore white swallowtail coats, the six-man brass section was clad in black tuxedoes, and the three female flutists were attractively gowned.

Headlining in the last of the series of jazz presentations by Amani Gardner and Stan Levy, Laws assembled a show that managed, while generally avoiding slick commercialism, to offer something for everyone. Whether playing piccolo, flute, alto flute or bass flute, he displayed a mastery that was dazzling in every solo, written or improvised.

The arrangements made intelligent use of the three other flutists, one of whom, Nica Rejto, took a delightful solo. Most of the works played were originals by Laws. He is a melodic inventor of rare talent, as was most touchingly illustrated in his "Memory of Minnie," dedicated to the late Minnie Riperton.

During a trilogy of tunes from his new album, Laws introduced his sister, Debra, whose buoyant, extroverted style is in sharp contrast to the classic pop approach of sister Eloise Laws, heard in the series two months ago.

Perhaps inevitably in this age of Bo Derek, Laws includ-

Please Turn to Page 3

HUBERT LAWS

Continued from Page 2

ed an elaborate version of Ravel's "Bolero," complete with interpretive dancer and two bass flutes. With so many great classical works in his recorded repertoire, this was a less than ideal choice.

Rodney Franklin, a 21-year-old keyboard player who leads a seven-piece combo, was preceded by some of the most counterproductive hype imaginable. After two disc jockeys had plugged their programs, we were told Franklin's set would be "something you will tell your grandchildren about." The pianist's few moments unencumbered by his band indicated some promising harmonic ideas, but he has a lot to learn. Our grandchildren will have to hear him and make up their own minds.

Curt Berg, a trombonist and arranger, led a 20-man orchestra for the opening set in a medley of three Charles Mingus compositions. Interspersed with capable solos (Joel DiBartolo, bass, and Bob Summers, muted trumpet), the medley did achieve a convincing simulation of the old Mingus band sound, augmented. But why did his baritone sax player try to squeal like a soprano? And why was the overall sound of the band so diffuse?

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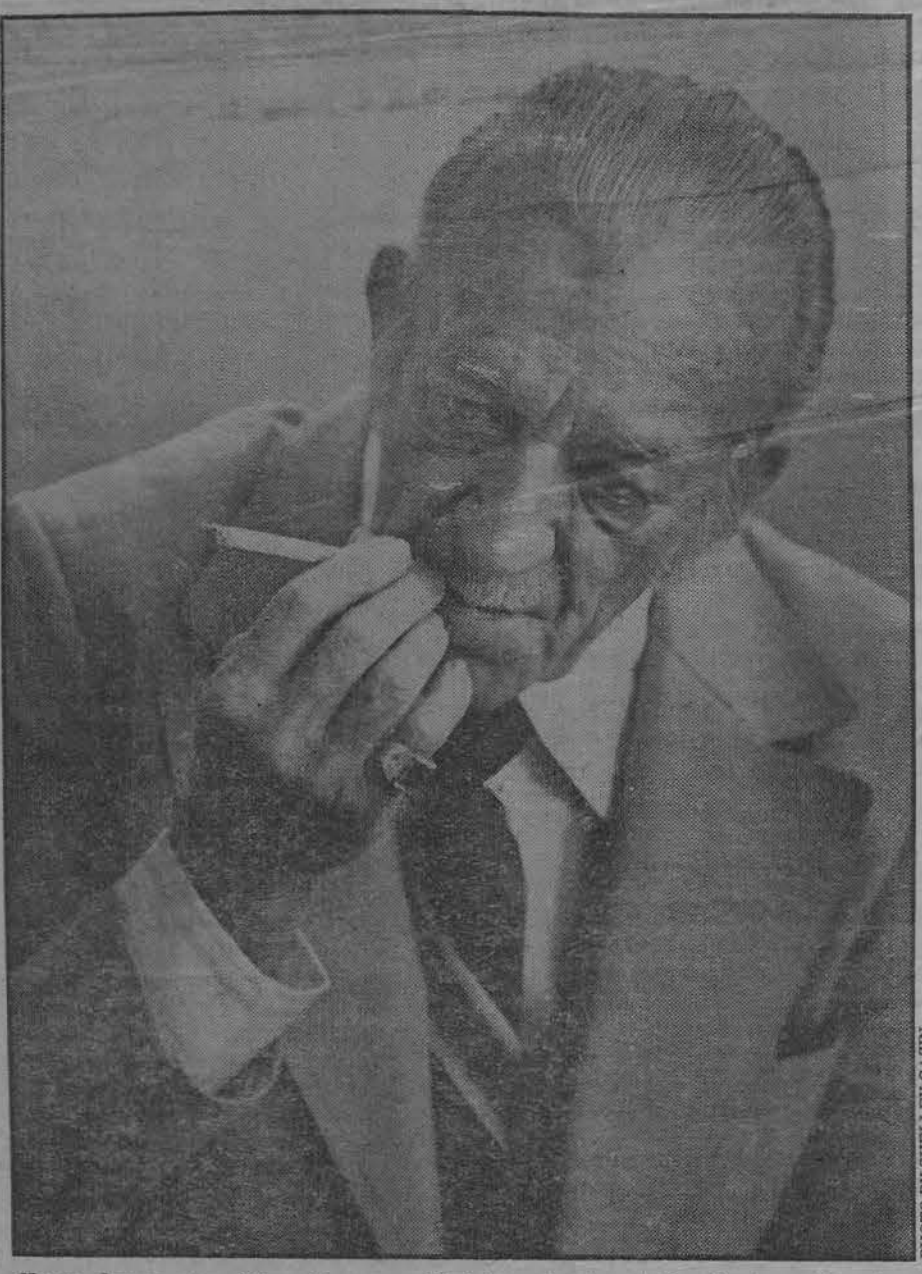


PHOTO BY SHELLEY GAZIN

Harry James, now 64, will open with his orchestra at the Pantages Tuesday.

HARRY JAMES: SWING-ERA SYMBOL STILL IN STYLE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Harry James is a name for all seasons. To the under 30s, who see him only rarely on a late-night movie or a talk show, he is a reminder of an age that flourished long before they were born. A perfect Swing Era symbol would be a cardboard cutout of a wedding cake couple fox-trotting around on the surface of a 78 disc of "You Made Me Love You."

For the over-50 crowd, he remains a sturdy survivor of the days when music was melodic, and jazz was swing and riffs, with the girl singer primly seated on the sidelines ready to launch a new ballad over the late-night airwaves.

It is hardly surprising that Harry James and his orchestra headline "Big Broadcast of 1944," a show that has been making the rounds in recent months. More remarkable than the success of the show, due to open Tuesday at the Hollywood Pantages, is the fact that it is bringing James (along with a sizable cast of others) to a series of urban locations, thereby greatly expanding his visibility after all those years of lucrative but relatively unpublicized one-night stands.

When James was 10, he was playing trumpet solos in a circus and moonlighting as a contortionist with a 65-year-old partner. They were billed as "The Youngest and Oldest Contortionists in the World." Last month, on the Ides of March, Harry Haag James himself entered his 65th year, but he has no 10-year-old trumpeter to aid him. Instead, he travels with the same 18-piece band that has been working with him, give or take an occasional personnel shift, for more years than almost any other big band still continuously active.

Sitting in a Beverly Hills hotel room, martini in hand, jowled but rugged and strong-voiced, James speaks with protective pride about the orchestra he still leads on a full-time basis.

"The biggest problem we have is convincing people that this is not just a pickup band. Most of the guys have been in the band 10, 11 years. Nick Buono joined the trumpet section in 1941, less than two years after I left Benny (Goodman) and started my own orchestra.

"Once in a while we'll make a change, maybe pick up some younger kid who still has the possibilities. It's a happy band, they make a lot of loot, and everybody stays in shape."

In line with his confidence in the band, James now flatly refuses to accept TV offers unless he is permitted to bring his entire personnel. "That's why the only successful thing we've done was a week with Merv Griffin from Caesars Palace in Vegas. He's the only guy who would take the full band. We get calls from Carson, Douglas and others, saying 'Come on the show and use our band,' and I say, 'Sorry, I don't make appearances without my own men."

This team spirit has been brought into sharp focus in a series of direct disc recordings, which after an almost total absence for many years returned the James orchestra to records with a bravura flourish. The latest, "Still Harry After All These Years" (Sheffield Lab 11), is listed at $15, yet the sales are brisk. The initial album in the series, "The King James Version," has hit 75,000 at $12.

The contents of the new LP range from jazz charts by Ernie Wilkins and Thad Jones to contemporary dance material verging on disco. There is nothing in the nature of a special work built around James' horn; he is apparently content to remain lodged primarily in the 1930s, '40s and '50s, when most of the tunes were written. He seems to ignore the potential value of showcasing his undimmed talent in a more demanding context. But James is delighted: "I've never been satisfied with anything we've done on records. It's nice to be able to go into a studio and not have them insist that I do 'You Made Me Love You.' They just tell me to do what I want to do, and I give them a list.

"The challenge, of course, in a direct disc album, is that you have to do the full 15-minute side without a mistake; otherwise you have to start all over again from the beginning of the first tune. This makes it a much better performance, because everyone is careful." (It might also make them unduly cautious.)

Why is James thought of as a nostalgia figure while such contemporaries as Dizzy Gillespie are still viewed as currently viable artists, and are playing for young, jazz-oriented audiences?

"Well, that could be due to the fact that Dizzy, regardless of his age, ever since the middle '40s when he and Bird came up on 52nd Street, always had frequent exposure in clubs in the larger cities; more of our bookings tended to be on the one-night stand circuit, with many dates in all sorts of smaller towns."

Despite his remoteness from the centers of the jazz world, James has retained a mutual admiration relationship with Gillespie and Miles Davis ("Miles was a dear friend of mine—when I was in New York people were asking me to try to get hold of him, to persuade him to come back to work. It's a shame he's been off the scene so long.")

James reserves a special place in his memory for Clifford Brown, the lyrical bop trumpeter who was killed in a car crash in 1956 at the age of 25. "I think Clifford was the greatest all-around trumpet player by far; he could play absolutely anything. He didn't go round missing things. Everything he tried to play, he managed to make. I still have a half dozen of his albums."

How much of a chance does he have to keep up with today's music scene?

"Not really too much. You hear very little on radio, although I have noticed that in most of the major cities now there's at least one or two stations playing big band music. But it's almost impossible to go out someplace, after working eight shows in six days. When you get a day off you just feel like staying home; or occasionally, like on a Sunday, if we have a night away from the show, we'll play a one-night stand with just the band, where we really get to stretch out, so we don't go crazy."

James' feelings about Benny Goodman are mixed. He refers to the support Goodman always enjoyed, citing the late Gene Krupa, the late trumpeter Ziggy Elman, pianist Teddy Wilson and himself. "It's just like a ball club, you know. A pitcher—unless he throws a no-hitter, he's got to have an infielder and an outfielder, and the better the infielder and the outfielder, the better the pitcher. But Benny knew what he wanted."

However, a couple of years ago, when Goodman solicited James' cooperation in a 40th anniversary reunion concert at Carnegie Hall, the trumpeter became unavailable. "I told him, 'That's a hell of an idea, Benny, if you can bring Ziggy and Krupa back.'"

His relationship with other Goodman alumni is somewhat closer. Not long ago, in Boston, Fran Warren, who has been working in the show with him, arranged a birthday party: "She took me over to the Copley Plaza, and we walked in and here's the Iceman sitting there, playing all by himself—he's working there on a steady basis." "Iceman" is his affectionate nickname for pianist Teddy Wilson, with whom James made one of his greatest jazz records of all time, a blues called "Just a Mood" with Red Norvo and bassist John Simmons.

A factor that kept James away from his early admirers in New York was his almost umbilical tie to Las Vegas in the 1950s and '60s, when he would spend as much as half of each year playing in the lounges. This lucrative connection faded away as one by one the lounges folded. Very swiftly, with the perennial help of his astute manager, Frank (Pee Wee) Monte, a circuit was built that enabled the band to do three seven-week tours a year: the South in the Winter, back East in the spring, the Midwest in the fall.

James would be hard put to name the priorities in his life. Certainly there have been four, and if pressed to name them in order he might put music first, closely followed by baseball, horses (he owns two) and family life.

There are two living ex-wives (his second, Betty Grable, died in 1973). He has two grown sons by singer Louise Tobin, two grown daughters by Grable and an 11-year-old son by Joan Boyd, a former Las Vegas showgirl to whom he was briefly married in 1967-68. There are five grandchildren.

Harry James five times a grandfather? The handsome young man with a horn who blew the roof off the ballroom with Benny Goodman? Who epitomized the smooth alternation between "sweet" dance music to swinging big band jazz?

Not to worry. James remains a vital and unflaggingly enthusiastic part of the music world he entered back in the days of that partnership with the contortionist. In the "Big Broadcast" show, surrounded by such figures from the past as Dennis Day, the Ink Spots, Hildegarde, Don Wilson and Gordon McRae, he may seem a little out of place, for among all these names, even if some of the sounds have dated, overall he has retained the most luster, the greatest right to be judged in terms that do not use nostalgia as a crutch.

With the exposure the "Big Broadcast" is bringing him, James may be able to carve out a new chapter in his career, one that will bring him back to the jazz clubs and concerts and festivals. As for retirement, he echoes Duke Ellington's often quoted reaction: "Retire to what? I'm doing everything I want to do right now."□

4/9

BIG BAND MARATHON UNDER WAY LOCALLY

A band marathon involving 10 locally based big jazz orchestras is about to get under way.

Maiden Voyage, the 17-piece all-female ensemble widely praised for its appearance at the recent Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, will make its national debut tonight on NBC's "Tonight Show." The band, led by drummer Bonnie Janofsky and saxophonist Ann Patterson, will also be heard Sunday at Donte's and April 20 at Carmelo's.

The Carmelo's date will be the first in a series of nine big band nights at the Sherman Oaks room. Others to be presented are Bill Holman, April 21; Don Menza, April 22; Tommy King, April 23; Ace Lane, April 24; Capp-Pierce Juggernaut, April 25; Teddy Edwards, April 26 (Edwards is also set for Donte's April 20); Pat Longo, April 27; and Bill Berry, April 28. Berry's Ellington-oriented band will usher in, at midnight, the birthday of Duke Ellington, in whose memory the series was organized.

Still another band appearance will be that of Bill Watrous at Donte's April 27.

—LEONARD FEATHER

PHILLY JOE AND ELVIN AT WORK

DRUMMING UP JONES SESSIONS

By LEONARD FEATHER

For aspiring drummers, and even for old pros eager to catch their idols at work, these are busy times. Philly Joe Jones is at Donte's through Saturday, playing his first-ever Los Angeles engagement as a leader. Elvin Jones is on the stand through Sunday at the Parisian Room, where he will be replaced Tuesday by Max Roach.

Philly Joe's combo includes the tenor saxophonist Charles Bowen, a startling player whose solos have the character of a gathering storm. He will begin in a relatively sedate melodic fashion on an old standard ("Getting Sentimental Over You"), then build, with masterfully-controlled help from the leader, to a searingly convoluted climax. After whipping the group into a frenzy, Bowen and Jones subside with surprising decorum.

Jones is as powerful a force today as when he came to prominence with Miles Davis in the 1950s as the most influential new drummer of the day. If music were politics he would be slightly to the right of Elvin Jones and the left of Buddy Rich. Working mainly with sticks and snares for his carefully graduated effects, he is no less impressive when a simple wire brush four beat is required.

His other side men are Andy McKee, an exceptionally agile virtuoso of the upright bass, and Jack Wilson, who is doing a splendid job of subbing for the regular pianist. Despite the air of total informality, Jones uses enough changes of mood, doublings of tempo and insertions of less familiar material (such as Mal Waldrom's yearningly melodic "Soul Eyes") to maintain a sense of contrast throughout the hour-long set.

Time was when the drummer as leader tended to arouse negative reactions in some listeners through excessive domination, but artists of the caliber of Philly Joe Jones and his cohorts are showing how intelligently the music of such a group can use all its resources without being overwhelmed by the man at the helm.

4/16

A HOMECOMING FOR DE FRANCO

By LEONARD FEATHER

Conditions at Pasquale's in Malibu Sunday afternoon could not have been better. Pacific breezes wafted across the terrace of the oceanside jazz club. Inside, a gathering of fans sat transfixed by the music of Buddy De Franco.

For the clarinetist, long a Southland resident, this was a homecoming, his first local engagement in 15 years. For the audience, it was proof positive that his total mastery of this too-long-neglected instrument has survived and thrived.

In jazz improvisation, inspiration and technique are interdependent. It is possible, by cheating a little, to convey the former without much of the latter, but finally each attribute needs and serves the other.

De Franco begins melodically, usually with an old standard such as "Love Walked In." By the second chorus, he is doubling the beat, weaving lines of ear-defying intricacy, suggesting passing chords that embellish the character of the song. Without sacrificing purity of tone, without indulging in any of the freakish effects so common nowadays among reed players, he whips the rhythm section and the listener into a frenzy of hard-swinging excitement.

John Guerin, the drummer who played his first professional job with De Franco 20 years ago, was in optimum form, joined by the club's owner, Pat Senatore, on bass, and the spirited pianist Bill Mays. Surprisingly, the tension doubled when Mays was replaced by John Guarnieri. The prospect of teaming the bop master De Franco with this swing-era veteran suggested caviar on a bed of apple pie, yet they got along famously in "Sophisticated Lady," and near-riotously in "Just Friends," converted into a double-time fast samba, which Guarnieri somehow transformed into a stride solo.

De Franco's genius will continue to dazzle us for a while. He opens today at Donte's for two nights, and next month will play at Carmelo's for a reunion with his colleague of the early '60s, the jazz accordionist Tommy Gumina.

JAZZ REVIEW

Elvin Jones: A Kinetic Combo

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ever since 1966, when he gave up his role as the percussive powerhouse behind John Coltrane, Elvin Jones has been leading a variety of small combos, usually reflecting the same dynamism established by Coltrane's quartet.

The group he now heads (at Concerts by the Sea through Sunday) differs from most of its predecessors in that there are two horns, and a guitar has been added.

The reed men, clearly products of the post-Coltrane school, are not easy to distinguish, either musically or physically, on first observation. One is named Brown and the other White; both are black. However, Ari Brown wears glasses, has a beard and doubles on tenor and soprano sax, whereas Andrew White is bearded, bespectacled and plays only tenor.

Repeated hearings may reveal contrasts, but the two seemed united in a kinetic drive for the level of energy that matches Jones' explosive personality. White's sound is slightly less aggressive, though on soprano Brown seemed the more original in his rhapsodic foray on a Japanese folk song arranged by Jones' wife Keiko.

Except for one ballad, bassist Andy McLeod's "Beatrice," the mood of the evening was gung-ho, with guitarist Marvin Horne providing the leavening moments. His solos are well-structured, but distortion in his amplifier reduced their impact.

Jones, whether sewing the unit together with his intricate rhythmic nuances or switching to general brush work on the slow piece, is the master engineer. While he is at the controls, no sideman can falter. McLeod's upright bass rounded out the best rhythm section Jones has led in several years.

Coming to Concerts by the Sea Thursday is a double bill with pianist George Cables and alto saxophonist Art Pepper.

LEONARD FEATHER

THE MEMORIES OF SWEETHEARTS

It was a school reunion unlike any other in recorded history. The International Sweethearts of Rhythm, most of them products of the Piney Woods Country Life School in Mississippi, had not seen one another in the 32 years since the orchestra broke up. The founder members had met at the school in 1938, before the band turned pro to make its mark in the annals of jazz.

If you are black and over 45, you may remember the Sweethearts from a show at the Apollo in Harlem, or the Million Dollar Theater in Los Angeles; if you were a black GI overseas in World War II, you may even have seen them during their triumphant six-month USO Camp Shows tour of Europe in 1945. But if you are white, whatever your age, chances are you have never heard of the Sweethearts, and never would have but for the tireless research work of the pianist-historian Marian McPartland.

Working on a book to be called "Jazzwomen," for publication by Oxford University Press, McPartland ran into the extraordinary saga of the Sweethearts. She passed along to Dianne Gregg and Carol Comer, organizers of the recent Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, the suggestion that a reunion might create a unique and sentimental occasion. Most of the women having retired from music, performance was not the objective; they simply assembled in a Kansas City hotel banquet room, surrounded by a big crowd of fans eager to see a collection of living legends.

Nine original Sweethearts were found, as well as six subsequent members, four of them white. (The "International" in the band's name denoted women of Chinese, Mexican and Puerto Rican descent.) Kisses, smiles, flattery were exchanged. Some of the kind words were justified. The years have been particularly generous to trombonist Judy Bayron, trumpeter Nancy Brown, and Anna Mae Winburn, who for years was the band's glamorous conductor.

Most of the children at the Piney Woods school were orphans. One, Helen, was adopted by the principal, Dr. Laurence C. Jones, a worldly man who devoted much of his time to dreaming up fund-raising ideas.

"Dr. Jones was a musician himself," said Helen Jones. "We had a 45-piece all-girl marching band. Then he went to Chicago, where he heard Ina Ray Hutton's Melodears." (Hutton's all-white female jazz band had flourished in the late 1930s.) "This inspired him to do something like that; he began picking girls out of our marching band."

Many of the teen-agers could do little more than hold long notes; only a few could read music at first. With the help of a teacher, they reached a point at which they could read stock arrangements.

"Pretty soon," drummer Pauline Braddy recalled, "we had a tutor, a manager and a chaperone. After our first fund-raising trip for the school, when we began to make longer tours, our chaperone was a social worker from Omaha, Mrs. Ray Lee Jones.

"Did we ever have rules and regulations! If you broke them, you were out. Young ladies don't smoke, and young ladies don't sit at the bar, and young ladies always carry their gloves and wear their hats, and young ladies never dance with fellas who aren't wearing ties and jackets—and Mrs. Jones had everybody paid off so that if you broke a rule she'd find out."

Dr. Jones (not related to Mrs. Jones) soon cast a wider net to find talent for his band. "My sister Grace and I met him in New York," said Judy Bayron. "Grace was walking home from her lesson, carrying the sax case, and he kept following her. Finally he came to our house. My mother, who didn't speak English—my parents were Puerto Rican —kept telling me in Spanish, 'Get rid of this man!'"

"He finally told us who he was and said he wanted us to move down to Piney Woods, and for my father to teach Spanish there and for us to play. My father couldn't speak English either, so he turned the offer down. As it happened, both our parents died within a year; Grace called Dr. Jones to tell him we were orphans, and I tagged along with her to Piney Woods.

As the band flourished, the girls took to the bus life. They slept in bunks aboard the bus (in those Jim Crow days it was hard to find hotel rooms for a mixed group). Pianist Johnnie Rice said: "We practically lived on the bus, using it for music rehearsals and regular school classes, arithmetic and everything."

The original Sweethearts of Rhythm, photographed with their bus in Piney Woods, Miss., about 1939.

Fast becoming nationally known within the confines of the black theater and club circuit, the Sweethearts acquired a series of talented musical directors: first Eddie Durham, a former Jimmie Lunceford, Count Basie and Glenn Miller arranger, then Jesse Stone, who beefed up the personnel with musicians whose professionalism enabled him to write more challenging arrangements than the girls had yet dealt with (he later married the band's vocalist, Evelyn McGee). Next came Maurice King, under whose baton the Sweethearts recorded for RCA Victor.

From the audience's vantage point it all looked very glamorous, but backstage it was a very different story. While the band's income rose steadily, the pot was hardly sweetened for the Sweethearts.

"The original members," says saxophonist Willie Mae Wong Scott, "received $1 a day for food plus $1 a week allowance, for a grand total of $8 a week. That went on for years, until we got a substantial raise—to $15 a week. By the time we broke up, we were making $15 a night, three nights a week.

"Nobody knew what Mrs. Jones was getting out of it. I do know that if the bus blew a tire we had to donate back out of our $15. But some of the professionals who joined the band later made as much as $100, $150 a week. The originals made nothing." No doubt the band at its peak racked up a healthy four-figure weekly gross. But Mrs. Jones' side of the story will never be known. She died in 1948; around the same time the Sweethearts quietly expired, almost all the original members having left.)

Anna Mae Winburn, a stunning leader in her slinky gowns, became a potent commercial attraction when she joined the Sweethearts in 1941. Previously she had led an all-male band that included the legendary guitarist Charlie Christian.

"I saw the Sweethearts in Omaha and said to myself, 'How cute—all those beautiful, innocent girls.' But when they sent for me to join the band in Washington, I thought, gee, I don't know whether or not I can get along with that many women."

By and large the members got along famously, ignoring or hurdling national and racial barriers.

"We had so many types in the band," said Winburn. "Down South they couldn't tell white from black. The white girls had to put on dark makeup—but of course we couldn't paint their blue eyes. In Memphis we played for the black audience; then they emptied the theater and the cops let the whites come in. One cop said, 'You have white girls in this band.' My husband, who was the band manager then, said, 'You pick out the white ones and arrest them.' Well, the only one he picked out was a mulatto."

"We white girls," said Roz Cron, "were supposed to say 'My mother was black and my father was white' because that was the way it was in the South. Well, I swore to the sheriff in El Paso that that's what I was. But he went through my wallet and there was a photo of my mother and father sitting before our little house in New England with the picket fence, and it just didn't jell. So I spent my night in jail.

"But it was a ball, and these gals were all my sisters," said Cron, the Jewish girl from Boston who works now as a secretary in Los Angeles but still plays saxophone on the side. "I loved every minute of it, and this reunion . . . this is like coming home." □

'TRILOGY'—THE VOICE IN COMMAND

BY LEONARD FEATHER

A new Sinatra record of any kind is newsworthy, like a volcanic eruption; you can't tell when it's liable to happen, but there can be little doubt it will make the headlines. In the case of "Trilogy" (Reprise 3 FS 2300, $20.98, discounted to $15.99), a better adjective might be historic.

Except for a few minor singles, and a couple of LPs still on the shelf, Sinatra has not recorded an album since 1974 (the live set at Madison Square Garden). His last prior studio-recorded album to reach the stores was made in 1973, shortly after his return from a 1971-1973 retirement.

"Trilogy" may not be incontestably the greatest product of a recording career that began July 13, 1939, when he cut "From the Bottom of My Heart" with the Harry James orchestra. Still, it ranks very close to the top, and most notably includes as extraordinary a piece of special material as has ever been written for him, Gordon Jenkins' "Reflections on the Future in Three Tenses."

More about Jenkins in a moment; before we get our tenses mixed up, it must be pointed out that the package was predicated on three titles and subtitles: Record One, the Past (Collectibles of the Early Years); Record Two, the Present (Some Very Good Years), and Record Three, the Future, consisting of the Jenkins opus.

If the results had to be judged on the basis of the first two records we might nod wisely, acknowledging that the Voice is in better shape than has been heard on records in quite some years, that the material and arrangements are respectively well chosen and skillfully written. Having said which, we could congratulate Sinatra & Company and let it go at that. But that third record makes it necessary to backtrack and assess the whole undertaking in greater detail.

The ambition and scope of the project is hinted at by the elaborate production. Each record is in a black sleeve; each sleeve has white-on-black liner notes (an admirably literate essay by David McClintick) or, in the case of the third record, the complete libretto. The sleeves in turn are wrapped in cardboard envelopes; the envelopes come in a box, all with an overly somber black-and-white theme. An additional loose sheet lists the personnel, a cast of hundreds that includes, of course, Sinatra's regular pianist, Vinnie Falcone, and occasional obbligato-suppliers such as trumpeter Chuck Findley.

Joseph Francis (Sonny) Burke, who conceived the entire triptych, is a composer and conductor from Scranton, Pa., who in the 1950s became a successful producer and bandleader at Decca (later MCA) Records. A man of rare sensitivity and taste (i.e., an atypical producer), Burke has been associated with more than a dozen Sinatra albums over the past 20 years, most notably "September of My Years," "A Man and His Music" and the singer's unique, successful collaborations with the Duke Ellington and Count Basie orchestras and with Antonio Carlos Jobim.

"Frank really trained for this project," said Burke. "He has developed this gorgeous cello sound; his range now is pure and full; I've never seen or heard him more deeply involved."

The choices for arranging and conducting showed Sinatra's confidence in his old allies. Billy May, who handled the "Past" LP, began writing for Frank in 1954; Don Costa has arranged numerous sessions for him since 1961, and Gordon Jenkins has arranger-conductor-composer credits with him spanning 1957-75. Even Nelson Riddle, Sinatra's main arranger throughout his Capitol Records career from 1953, found time, though busy with other assignments, to write one chart, "Something," for the center album.

The "Past" set has its predictably nostalgic aspects: the sometimes naive, pre-Hays-code-era lyrics, the Tommy Dorsey-ish trombone of Dick Nash, and the 1940 vocal group aura in "But Not for Me." The Voice throughout is assured, and with rare exceptions the notes that need to be sustained are sustained. In this set, "My Shining Hour" is the consummate cut, in the view of both Billy May and this reviewer.

Familiar though the songs may sound, only four numbers in the "Trilogy" have been previously recorded by Sinatra. He clearly finds it hard to stay away from "The Song Is You." This is his fourth recorded version.

On the second disc, "The Present," the selections may appeal to a younger audience, though most in fact are dated by the standards of these speed-of-sound times: "Love Me Tender" dates back to 1956, "MacArthur Park" to 1968 and "Song Sung Blue" to 1972. "Summer Me, Winter Me," with its constant substitution of nouns and adjectives for verbs, may not be as cold as yesterday's mashed potatoes, but it is hardly the work by which the brilliant team of Alan and Marilyn Bergman deserves to be remembered. It is, however, a typically beautiful Michel Legrand melody.

"For the Good Times" is billed as a duet with Eileen Farrell, though hers is little more than a token appearance. The lyrics of "That's What God Looks Like" sound better suited to, say, Pat Boone than to the world's foremost self-styled saloon singer.

On a scale of one octave, "The Past" rates a major seventh; "The Present"—well arranged, well sung and well played though it is—a flatted fifth. But "The Future" is almost beyond rating. Let's give Gordon Jenkins at least a 10th.

Jenkins is three geniuses. One writes engaging, intricate, amusing and poignant lyrics. Many verses here are so perfectly tailored that it is hard to believe, though true, that Sinatra's hand was not guiding Gordon's. A second Jenkins writes exquisite themes, the kind in which you never know what unexpected note or chord will land in which unpredictable place. The third Jenkins, of course, arranges and conducts the products of the other two.

Billed as "A Musical Fantasy in Three Tenses," backed by a huge orchestra and mixed chorus, "Reflections on the Future" is part ghost-written autobiography, part space odyssey, part sentimental speculation. The long first movement, "What Time Does the Next Miracle Leave?," is the intergalactic trip, with Sinatra and the chorus trading lines. The visit to Pluto begins:

Sinatra:
Pluto is a rotten place
An evil, misbegotten place,
It's Hades! It's Hades!
Filled with graduates of the pen,
A sordid flock of criminal men
And ladies. (Men: *Ladies?*) (Girls: *Ladies, ladies, ladies!*)
It's pure hell when your journey ends there
But you can bet your ass I'll meet a lot of friends there!
(Men: *We did it your way!*)

The first side ends in basic blue: Beverly Jenkins, Gordon's wife, lends her pure, sweet alto voice to a traditional 12-bar blues.

The work calls for a Sinatra in total charge, in confident command, believing in the stories he spins and making us credulous in turn. He pulls it off without a hitch. In the Mercury passage he hits a perfect low E on the last note of the phrase "deep blue sea." Oh, yes, he's still got it.

"Sometimes," said Sonny Burke, "as I play this record back—and you can imagine how many hundreds of times I've heard it—it's as if Frank were talking to me, instead of singing words someone else wrote for him."

The finale is the most affecting blend of material, singer and setting.

Sinatra:
And when the music ends, I'd like it to end this way,
I'll ask Chester to write one more song.
I'll ask Lefty to make me one more chart
And I'll make one more record with the best musicians in the world
And when that cat with the scythe comes tugging at my sleeve
I'll be singing as I leave
(Chorus: *Sinatra, Sinatra, Sinatra, Sinatra!*)

Chester is Sinatra's favorite songwriter friend, Jimmy Van Heusen; Lefty is Gordon Jenkins, the world's most talented southpaw conductor (and that's no left-handed compliment).

If Sinatra and Jenkins left us nothing more than "Reflections in the Future in Three Tenses" to show the 21st Century what popular music could achieve during the 20th, their accomplishment could hardly have been more ideally designed.

□

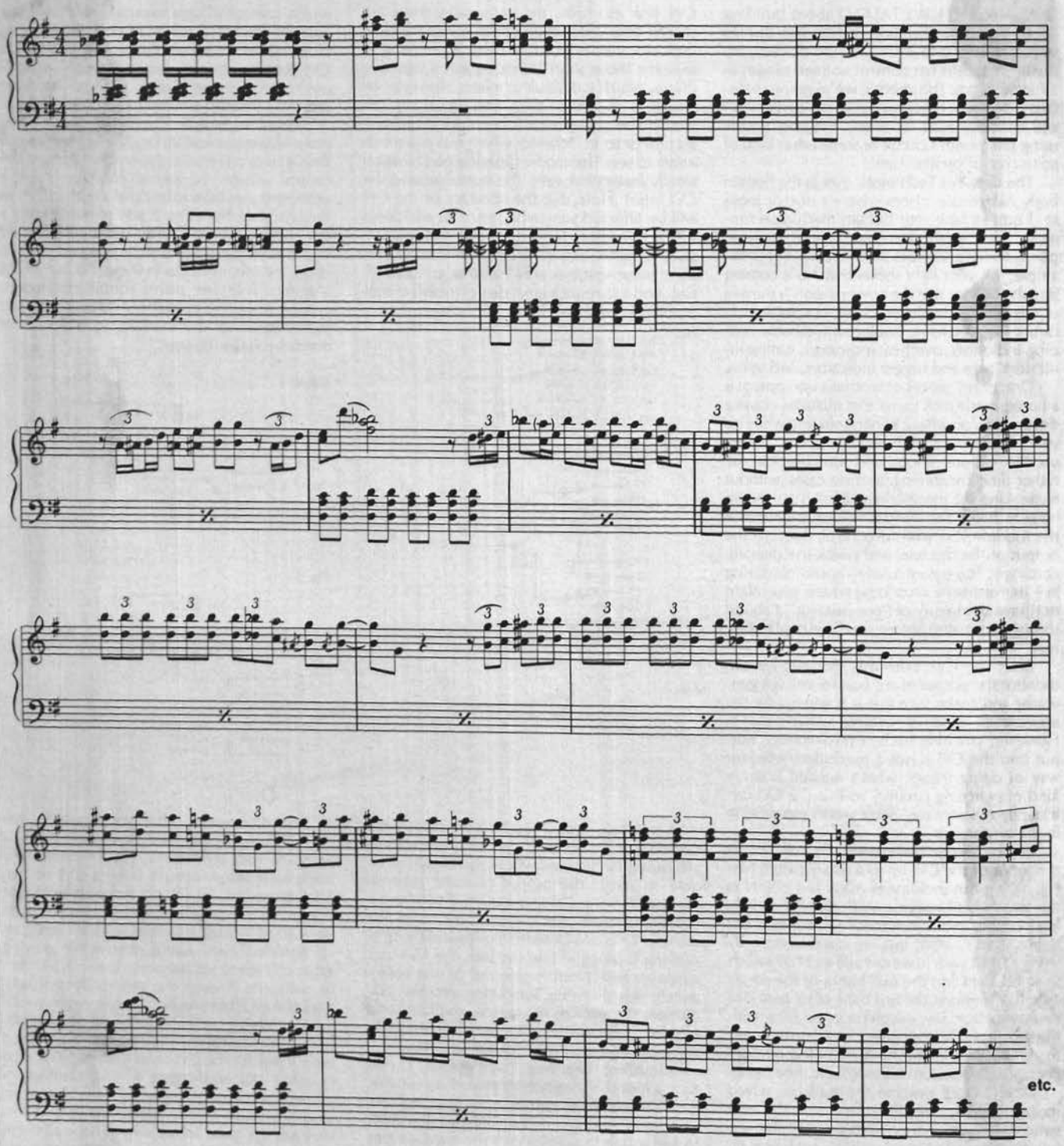
"THE REVISED COMPLEAT SINATRA," by Albert I. Lonstein and Vito R. Marino, is an updating of a less bulky work published in 1970. The collection of discographies, filmographies, TV and movie and radio and concert and stage show details, generously illustrated, is eye-and-mind boggling. This writer learned, among other things, that he was the first to write a major magazine piece on Sinatra (Metronome, May, 1943).

Lonstein has published the volume himself. Running to 702 pages, it is obtainable for a mere $49.95 (this includes any future supplements) from the authors at Ellenville, N.Y. 12428. □

PHOTO BY MARIANNO DIAMOS

Frank Sinatra's newest record, "Trilogy," has material that spans four decades. Inset, the Voice as he looked in 1944.

The First Two Choruses Of "Honky Tonk Train Blues"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

LEONARD FEATHER
PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ
Meade Lux Lewis

THE TERM "BOOGIE WOOGIE" has endured in common parlance considerably longer than the national popularity of the music it denoted. In fact, there is a whole generation of jazz piano whose knowledge of the history and development of this unique keyboard idiom is minimal. Such names as Meade Lux Lewis have become little more than distant legends.

Had it not been for the perspicacity of one man, the entire boogie woogie phenomenon might have gone unnoticed by white America. He was the indefatigable talent scout John Hammond, whose discovery of Lewis was one of several events in which Hammond was involved that helped to alter the course of jazz history. (Others were his sponsorship of the Count Basie and Benny Goodman orchestras and his discovery of Billie Holiday.)

Meade Lux Lewis was born in either Louisville or Chicago; in any event, the year of his birth was 1905 and he grew up in Chicago after spending some early years in Louisville. The son of a pullman porter, Lux first studied violin, but soon took up piano and began playing in clubs and bars around Chicago. One of his first sources of inspiration was Jimmy Yancey, a singer, tap dancer, and blues pianist who had played at rent parties around town. Yancey specialized in repeated left-hand figures that gave rise to an early recording by Lewis called "Yancey Special."

His first and most important record, however, showed a more complex and fascinating left-hand style that consisted mainly of eighth-note chords, moving very little except to the extent that they conformed to the I-IV-V harmonic pattern of the blues. There was an unprecedented intensity to the blues Lux played using this left-hand style, and his original recording of "Honky Tonk Train Blues," made in 1929 for an obscure company, Paramount Records, eventually caught the ear of John Hammond.

In his autobiography, Hammond says: "Ever since 1928, when I first heard Clarence 'Pinetop' Smith's original boogie woogie piano, I had been fascinated by this eight-to-the-bar left-hand blues style. And when I heard a record of "Honky Tonk Train Blues" in 1931 I knew I had heard the ultimate practitioner in Meade Lux Lewis. But no matter where I looked, or whom I asked, I couldn't find him."

Four years later, on a visit to Chicago, Hammond discussed his search with another boogie woogie specialist, Albert Ammons. "Meade Lux?" Ammons said.

DUNCAN SCHIEDT COLLECTION

"Why, sure. He's working around the corner from here, in a car wash."

Hammond lost no time in rescuing Lewis from his car wash chores, setting him up in a recording studio for a new version of "Honky Tonk Train," and arranging New York jobs for him, one of them at Nick's, the Dixieland club in Greenwich Village.

Lewis made several records during 1936, including two slightly different versions of "Honky Tonk." In 1938 Hammond had the inspired idea of bringing together Lewis, Albert Ammons, and a third boogie-woogie pioneer, Pete Johnson from Kansas City, to play at his *From Spirituals To Swing* concert at Carnegie Hall. The reaction was sensational. Within the next two years boogie woogie had become a national craze. Tin Pan Alley jumped on the bandwagon, producing a series of abysmal songs such as "Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar" and "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy Of Company B." Big bands tried their hand at orchestrated boogie woogie, with indifferent results for the most part.

Nevertheless, the genuine article thrived. I shall never forget the incredible power and excitement of Lewis, Ammons, and Johnson playing the three pianos in the show at Cafe Society, the Sheridan Square night club that became their *pied a terre* for a while around 1940.

The overexposure and bastardization of boogie woogie led to a falling-off of interest; however, Lewis was now able to make a reasonable living in music. After moving to Los Angeles in 1941 he toured frequently, made occasional television appearances in the late '40s and early '50s, and was active until, one night after finishing an engagement at a club in Minneapolis, he was fatally injured in an automobile crash. He was 58.

To appreciate what "Honky Tonk Train Blues" meant, it is necessary to remember the context in which boogie woogie developed. The music seems very simple by 1980 standards, but in the 1920s jazz piano, with a few exceptions such as Earl Hines, was at a primitive stage of its evolution.

The excerpt shown consists of the first two 12-bar choruses from the original version, reissued on *Boogie Woogie Rarities 1927-1932* [Milestone, MLP 2009]. The opening bar tremolo is a mood-setter before the left hand settles into its roller-coaster run on eight chords to the bar, notated here as eighth-notes but actually closer to dotted eighths and sixteenths, or two-to-one triplets.

Lewis made superlative use of a three-against-four contrast (more correctly, twelve against eight) in bars 13 through 17 and by implication elsewhere. Bars 21 and 22 use another Lewis device, the quarter-note triplets that produce a suspenseful six-against-eight effect. Notice also that in bar 19, where one might expect the melody to proceed to a C7 in the right hand to match the C triad in the left, Lewis plays a phrase that could have worked just as well against the G chord.

Later columns in this series will deal with other style-setters of the boogie woogie era, but Meade Lux Lewis is the logical first subject in this area, if only because John Hammond's rediscovery of this forgotten giant led to the belated recognition of an idiom that swept the world. ■

JAZZ REVIEW

4/24

HOLMAN AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bill Holman, a composer and arranger of uncommon taste and dependability, led a big band Monday at Carmelo's. This was the second in the club's unusual nine-night orchestral parade, leading up to (and staged in honor of) Duke Ellington's birthday Tuesday.

Holman manages to employ devices that have long been standard in this genre. The instrumentation is conventional by today's standards—saxophones doubling on flutes, bassist occasionally switching to Fender—yet he manages, while observing these conservative ground rules, to insert his own engaging personality.

Now and then this happens on one of his original creations, as in the lively waltz "Golden Town." Holman's inspirational peaks, however, seem to be achieved when he is sublimating the works of others. "Stompin' at the Savoy" emerges with its melodic accents wittily reshuffled. Sonny Rollins' "Airegin," originally conceived as a casual small group work, takes on a new, driving zest, with a crisp section work, and devilishly ingenious piano by Milcho Leviev.

Surprisingly, the most striking performance was a non-Holman chart, Alan Broadbent's richly textured version of the Thad Jones standard "A Child is Born," with Lanny Morgan leading the reed team on soprano sax.

The band, a sometime thing limited to the occasional gig, is composed of local free-lance musicians. The solos are provided by the same men one hears in several other Southland part-time ensembles. Essentially Holman's herd functions as a medium for the reflection of his inventive penmanship. His talents also extend to an occasional solo: After a 12-year absence from playing, due to illness, Holman last year renewed his romance with the tenor saxophone. It was good to hear his horn again, albeit on one of the more trivial pieces, "Isn't She Lovely."

The big bands continue at the Sherman Oaks room with such names as Ace Lane tonight, Juggernaut Friday, and Teddy Edwards (with strings) Saturday.

Cable Car Debut at Concerts by Sea

4/26

By LEONARD FEATHER

Thursday evening marked a turning point in the career of George Cables, the composer and pianist. At Concerts by the Sea, where he will remain through Sunday, he unveiled his sextet, similar to the group on his new Contemporary Records album.

Cable Car, as the group is called, draws its fire and strength, as well as its glowing lyricism, from the leader's keyboard work, and from the powerhouse pair in the front line, Oscar Brashear on fluegelhorn and trumpet, Ernie Watts on saxophones. The collective sound varies from light and humorous ("Voodoo Lady") to dark and sonorous ("Ebony Moon Beams").

Cables steers his combo along a course that avoids both the pitfalls of fusion music and the inaccessibility of the ultra avant-garde. There is often a hint of modality, but the soloist's roots in bop are seldom far below the surface. The beauty of "Morning Song," with delicate solos on electric keyboard, fluegel and tenor sax, revealed his mastery of the craft of small-band jazz writing.

Cables' piano may invite comparison with McCoy Tyner, yet, for the most part, he has his own persona, with less density and more clarity. He draws sensitive support from his former Freddie Hubbard rhythm-section teammates, Ralph Penland on drums and Tony Dumas on bass, with Vince Charles (better known as Neil Diamond's percussionist) adding all manner of effects on cow bells, steel drum and miscellanea.

"Body and Soul," a piano solo, was dazzlingly unorthodox but a mite flashy, as if Cables were reminding us that a half-century had gone by since Art Tatum played it.

If Cables can retain his present personnel or a reasonable facsimile, Cable Car could easily develop into the most valuable new creative force in small-combo music.

In addition to playing in the sextet, Cables, Penland and Dumas served as accompanists for the alternating sets by Art Pepper. The alto saxophonist, barely a week out of the hospital, played and talked as if he should have waited a week longer. Only in "Straight Life," a fast hop line based on the chords of "After You've Gone," was there evidence of his true stature.

DE JOHNETTE QUARTET AT THE WILSHIRE EBELL

4/28

LEONARD FEATHER

Free jazz, as represented Friday by the Jack De Johnette quartet at the Wilshire Ebell, is a well-named genre. It is free to swing or not to swing, to make sense or nonsense, to achieve form or reject it.

A journey through this music is a ride on an unmarked freeway. There are no traffic signals, no lanes to stay in; no way you can get a ticket no matter how wildly you drive.

De Johnette's music is about as predictable as a bulletin from the Ayatollah. A former Miles Davis drummer, he doubles on piano, playing in a harmonic, contemplative style, and on the melodica, a small, hand-held keyboard instrument.

Chico Freeman is at once a fascinating and frustrating performer. He will start a tenor sax solo in a well-organized, almost Dexter Gordon groove, but as the tempo accelerates or the mood grows frantic, he becomes self-indulgent, incoherent, and shows no ability to self-edit.

This was true of the whole group. Appearing before a half-filled house, they took an hour and 35 minutes to play what could have been compressed into a satisfying 40-minute set.

Arthur Blythe's alto has shown promise on his records, but he too overstated his case with a sound reminiscent of the late Earl Bostic. He represents less an extension than a continuation of Ornette Coleman.

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JACK DE JOHNETTE

Continued from Page 4

The evening's most rewarding moments were those in which Freeman played either alto flute or bass clarinet, both of which he handles expertly; and some passages during De Johnette's "Zoot Suite" in which the pliant bowed bass of Peter Warren was well supported by the saxes, then by De Johnette's melodica. The suite, with its humorous repeated bop figure in 7/4, was the compositional highlight of the evening. Other originals by the leader were "Journey to the Twin Planet" and "One for Eric."

His talent is beyond debate, but his place at the helm of a group is questionable. (He is the fourth drummer leader to come to town during the last two weeks.) He would benefit from a reminder that if you drive too long and too recklessly along the route taken by this brand of music, you may find out it's a dead-end street.

LEONARD FEATHER

THE RESURGENCE OF DE FRANCO

"Buddy De Franco," the jazz critic Joachim-Ernst Berendt once wrote, "is the Charlie Parker of the clarinet . . . an improvising musician of such stunning vitality that his dazzling quality has given some listeners an impression of coldness. It is one of the paradoxes of jazz than an artist as basically 'hot' as De Franco should seem cold."

Berendt could have added that the passion allegedly missing in De Franco actually was lacking in the critics, whose judgments, grounded in coldly analytical terms, could never find the emotional values in anyone who communicated as freely and naturally as De Franco. When the warmth of humans is involved, it takes one to know one.

De Franco currently is in the midst of a resurgence that has brought him and his long-neglected instrument back to the forefront. Winner of the Down Beat readers' poll 18 times (Benny Goodman won six times during the Swing Era), De Franco fought a long battle against two obstacles: The decline of the clarinet as a symbol of jazz, and the consequent relegation of his own career to such unworthy assignments as leadership of the Glenn Miller orchestra, a chore that kept him away from the jazz forefront from 1966 until early 1974.

Visiting Los Angeles for several club bookings (his first since he lived here in the early 1960s), De Franco reviewed the uphill fight he has faced, and won, in the post-Miller years.

"At first, agents told me I had no name left in the jazz field and I might as well forget it. For the first year or two, all I had was some money saved from the Miller days, and Keith Perkins, who really kept me alive."

Perkins, a vice president of IT&T and a devoted fan, founded a record company for which he commissioned De Franco to compose and record a series of works for two "play-along-with" albums. The royalties sustained him; then, slowly, jobs opened up in Europe and Canada; there was interest in the records in Japan, where De Franco had been a big favorite on his Miller band visits; the operators of Disney World hired him, and he resumed working the college clinics, where he had been a respected lecturer and teacher, pre-Miller.

"The reaction in the schools has been marvelous; moreover, I've found a renewed interest in the instrument. I'd say 10 years ago only girls played clarinet in the marching bands; but now there are guys playing it, taking it seriously."

The legendary duo album by De Franco and Art Tatum (Pablo 2310-736E) was reissued. In typical self-derogation, De Franco says, "I wasn't up to standard. I wish I could play with Art today—I wouldn't be quite so intimidated. The only two guys who really shook me up were Tatum and Charlie Parker. But as time passes on, you learn a few things and know how to handle each situation."

With the passing of time, too, the clarinet has been in the hands of jazzmen for whom it is not the sole or primary medium of expression: Winners in recent years have been the late Rahsaan (Roland) Kirk and Anthony Braxton, both known as multi-reedmen.

"Have you followed that trend?" De Franco was asked. "Have you heard Braxton?"

"Yes, I've followed it, and yes, I've heard Braxton."

"How did you feel about him as a clarinetist?"

"I like Eddie Daniels," said De Franco without batting an eyelash. "He recorded an album not long ago; it was the type of thing I wouldn't do, a disco album; but he played fine on it. I'm past worrying about whether I should switch to whatever is in vogue. When I was starting out, I had a great admiration for Artie Shaw, Barney Bigard and later, Jimmy Hamilton in the Ellington band and Buster Bailey and of course Benny."

More than he admired any clarinetist, De Franco revered Charlie Parker. "Bebop wasn't a fad," he points out, "it was a valid movement, and I deliberately set out to play it because of Charlie Parker's influence. A lot of young guys today are playing Charlie Parker and scarcely even know it; but they are beginning to become aware. The other day I did a clinic at the University of Arizona, and the guys were asking me, 'Tell us more stories about Bird.' "

With Parker 25 years gone, Bird's message still haunts De Franco, who for several incandescent years led his own bebop quartet. (Just before Art Blakey formed his Jazz Messengers, he was De Franco's steaming drummer for two years.)

Buddy De Franco is riding a resurgence that has brought him and his clarinet back into the jazz scene.

"All I'm doing is an extension of what I did then," says De Franco, "but more harmonically developed."

At long last a new, young jazz audience, its tastes broadening and taking in the best of every era, has accepted De Franco as the genius he has always been to fellow musicians. (In a poll once taken for the "Encyclopedia of Jazz," such giants as Lester Young, Horace Silver, Woody Herman, Billy Taylor, Andre Previn, Nat Cole and Count Basie all voted for De Franco; the respect of his peers has continued to mean more to him than bickering among the critics about the Celsius measurement of his solos.)

"I would say it's only been during the past year or two that I've really had a career again in jazz. The Scandinavian countries have been marvelous to me. The U.S. night clubs have at last opened up. I recently finished five weeks at the Sheraton Center in New York, leading a quintet. We taped an album there live; it will be released by Camerica. I was amazed how many guys from the New York Philharmonic came in and gave us a standing ovation."

The reaction of classical musicians is understandable: along with the inherent excitement in his breakneck tempos and the pure beauty of his ballads, there is a blend of creative artistry and technical facility almost without parallel in present-day jazz. One wonders what would happen if Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass could team up with De Franco; they are his only counterparts.

While remaining loyal to his own values, De Franco has listened attentively to the new developments. He has observed the "barnyard syndrome" that finds saxophonists using split tones and freak notes beyond the normal range of the horn.

"That's a lot of showing off; it's also a great cop-out, a way to relieve yourself of the burden of playing properly, executing well, not goofing. I don't say there's no validity to what they're doing, but a lot of the new school are doing it backwards: playing jazz before they've learned to master the horn."

As for the antithetical claims that his own work is too perfect, ergo unemotional, he shrugs: "I've learned to live with it. The musicians are responsive, and that's enough. John Coltrane was extremely technical too, but I still loved to hear him, especially during his 'Giant Steps' era; I was overwhelmed by his command, but it wasn't just a lot of notes—they really meant something.

"It's an odd thing, but the same kind of criticism at one time was leveled against Art Tatum, and I don't have to tell you how many of the critics thought Charlie Parker was crazy. So when I read reviews about myself that make comparable remarks, I feel kind of glad to be in such distinguished company."

□

ALBUM BRIEFS: "Free Sail." Buddy De Franco. Choice CRS 1008. Recorded in 1974, this is one of the few relatively recent, and possibly available, examples of De Franco's later work, both as composer (a four-movement suite, "Threat to Freedom") and soloist. He is backed by a capable rhythm team with Victor Feldman on keyboards.□

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIAN JAZZ

BY LEONARD FEATHER

__Leonard Feather__, one of the world's best known jazz critics, is a regular contributor to __Contemporary Keyboard__ magazine in America, his columns are syndicated to some 350 publications around the world, and is the author of __Encyclopaedia of Jazz__. This article was written for __Encore__ Magazine following his visit to Australia in January this year.

Encore Magazine gratefully acknowledges the assistance of the __Music Board__ of the __Australia Council__ with the commissioning of this article.

To make any critical comments on the Australian jazz scene, on the basis of my all too brief maiden voyage, may seem presumptious. Let me make it clear from the outset that my observations are not intended to constitute any sort of firm conclusion. They represent nothing more than random impressions gleaned during a happy and busy week in Sydney.

Of course, I had long been well aware of the existence of valid jazz in Australia since hearing some of the early Graeme Bell recordings. My first in-person audition of Australian sounds that were then considered modern (i.e. post-traditional) came with the American tours of the Australian Jazz Quartet in the 1950s.

Since then, no musician from down under had made any strong impact with the exception of two New Zealanders, both pianists and composer-arrangers who have long made their home in the United States: Alan Broadbent, who attained a measure of prominence with Woody Herman, and Mike Nock, now gaining long-due recognition as a writer and performer of music in a highly contemporary vein.

True, I had heard the Daly-Wilson band just once, during its brief 1975 tour of the U.S. Playing a one-night stand at Donte's in North Hollywood, the band at its best generated the sort of excitement one expects from a Buddy Rich or a Woody Herman. Although this single hearing did not reveal any truly personal style, the orchestra's precision and enthusiasm was impressive, as were the two leaders, and the vocalist, a transplanted Bostonian named Marcia Hines. The rhythm section, thanks to the dynamism of Daly compared well with some of America's finest.

Nevertheless, I hardly knew what to expect when, at the invitation of Peter Korda, director of the Sydney International Music Festival, I arrived on a multiple mission: to compere some of the concerts and to write feature stories for The Australian and for the Los Angeles Times.

Of the Australian groups I heard, either at the festival or elsewhere, the most remarkable was the all-star ensemble specially assembled to play the compositions of Toshiko Akiyoshi. Although Toshiko had sent her arrangements six weeks in advance, through some mix-up they were never distributed to the musicians; as a result, the men did not see these charts, some of them very demanding, until the solitary three-hour rehearsal a day before the first concert.

Both Toshiko and her tenorist-flutist husband, Lew Tabackin, agreed that the results turned out far beyond expectations, especially on the band's second and final night. The rhythm section (Toshiko, bassist Darcy Wright and drummer Laurie Bennett) was competent; the brass section's teamwork at times was almost the equal of its U.S. counterpart (though I confess that it would have been a joy, but an economic impossibility, for the actual Toshiko-Tabackin band to have made this trip).

A special pleasure was the presence in the lead alto sax chair of Errol Buddle, whom both Toshiko and I knew from his AJQ days in the States. His solo on "Elegy" was one of the set's highlights. "Soliloquy" and "Hanging Loose" went almost as well, with Len Hutchings' alto featured in the former and the American born John Hoffman on trumpet in the latter.

I was exposed to a more substantial helping of Buddle one evening at the Soup Plus, where my old friend Alan Dean took me to hear Errol's own quartet. During a splendid and chameleonic set Buddle offered a reminder that he was the first jazz musician of the bop era to make successful use of the bassoon as a solo medium.

Among the Australian units heard in the festival shows at the Regent Theatre, Judy Bailey's Quintet, augmented by John Sangster on vibes, displayed an attractive group sound, especially when Col Loughnan's flute or soprano sax was blended with the wordless singing of Bernadine Morgan. It was an ironic coincidence that Herbie Mann, headlining this show, made somewhat less effective use of the flute-and-voice device. Sangster was a delight in a bright blues called "Tower Hills", with its Modern Jazz Quartet rondo character. Miss Bailey acquitted herself creditably both as pianist and composer.

Kerrie Biddell and Compared to What failed to live up to the over-enthusiastic reports of my Sydney friends. The combo scarcely rose above the level of a typical Las Vegas lounge act of the 1960s, and Miss Biddell's attempts to be hip and flip in her announcements were as disconcerting as some of her vocals were unconvincing (she is less contrived on the ballads).

The Young Northside Big Band, which I had heard last September at the Monterey Jazz Festival, reinforced the impression I had gleaned then: director Jon Speight has whipped these youths into superlative shape. James Morrison, 17, playing "Here's That Rainy Day", was incredible. It was a pleasant surprise to find another old friend and former Hollywood resident, Julian Lee, working with the band as arranger and handling the sound, which was excellently balanced.

I heard Galapagos Duck, not at the Regent but at the Basement. The group's musicianship is beyond question, but I am immediately suspicious of any combo that plays "Mack the Knife". Here are five respectable musicians whose great popularity has led them to confuse versatility with artistry. Not that there weren't some admirable moments: Tom Hare's flugelhorn on "Suicide is Painless" and Greg Foster's harmonica on a blues, with Hare switching to tenor.

Nevertheless, the high point of my visit to that crowded, humid and happy room occurred when the amazing Indira Lesmana, a 13 year old pianist newly arrived from Jakarta, Indonesia, sat in, along with his father, the quitarist Jack Lesmana. The youngster's dense chords, intensive tremolos and unlikely intervals reveal him as a true prodigy. It is to be hoped that Sydney fans will help him earn the renown he deserves.

It was not until my arrival in Australia that I learned about Horst Liepolt and the many ventures with which he has been associated, among them the Sydney International Jazz Festival, at the Seymour Centre, which overlapped with the Regent series. A visit to one of these events revealed some expert, energetic domestic sounds by Bob Bertles' Moontrane. The music here was of a more up-to-date cast, with originals by Woody Shaw and George Cables, good tenor and alto by the leader, and admirable trombone by young Dave Panichi, whom I had also heard with Toshiko.

At this same concert, during a generally prolix "Tribute to the Trumpet" set, adequate performances were offered by John McNeill, Pat Harbison and Ken Slone, but the trumpeter (cornetist, to be technical) who stole the show, beyond a doubt, was Terumasa Hino. His "Blue Smiles", a eulogy for the late Blue Mitchell, achieved a rare peak of beauty when he blew his horn into the piano, while Hal Galper held down the sustained pedal, enabling Hino to achieve an eerie echo effect, supplemented by string-plucking. Hino may well be the next great new hornman; he is already making a name for himself in New York, mainly as a member of David Liebman's Quintet, all of whom were in Sydney both playing concerts and teaching in the Summer Jazz Clinic at the Conservatorium.

During a fast visit to the Conservatorium it was possible to sense the pervasive excitement that had resulted from the influx, for this one week, of 20 prominent American jazzmen with whom no less than 210 youngsters had signed up as students. The following two weeks the clinics were to be repeated in Melbourne and Wellington. As one student remarked, "This is a step toward the re-education of an entire city". Greg Quigley, who started this program of jazz studies, promptly nodded assent.

He may not have been exaggerating. If the enthusiasm I encountered at the Conservatorium — and, of course, during those nights at the Regent, not to mention the Seymour Centre, Soup Plus, the Basement and everywhere else during my short but highly informative visit — is representative, then the outlook for jazz in Australia, onstage and off, is bright and encouraging indeed.

PLANS FOR NEWPORT JAZZ FEST TOLD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Plans have been announced in New York by producer George Wein for the Newport Jazz Festival, to be held from June 27 through July 6 at numerous locations in and around New York City.

Carnegie Hall will be the setting for such events as "Puttin' on the Ritz," described as a jazz tribute to Fred Astaire, with Mel Torme, Stan Getz, George Shearing, Dick Hyman, Clark Terry and others. Also at Carnegie Hall, Dave Brubeck and Carmen McRae; Sarah Vaughan; Stan Getz and Dexter Gordon; and a scat singing marathon, dedicated to the memory of Eddie Jefferson, with Manhattan Transfer, Jon Hendricks, Ben Sidran, Richie Cole and others.

The Akiyoshi-Tabackin big band will also be heard at Carnegie Hall, as part of "Toshiko Akiyoshi and Friends," which will include Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Phil Woods, Curtis Fuller and George Duvivier, working with the pianist in a combo setting.

Avery Fisher Hall will be the scene of "Blues Is a Woman," narrated by Carmen McRae, with Linda Hopkins, Nell Carter Adelaide Hall, Big Mama Thornton and various other singers. Another Avery Fisher project is "Jazz Latino," with Tito Puente, Mongo Santamaria and guest star Dizzy Gillespie.

Count Basie and Sy Oliver will present their bands at the Roseland Ballroom. The New Jersey Jazz Society is organizing a rhythmic picnic with swing style music at Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J.

Avant-garde music will be well represented in several concerts at Town Hall and the smaller Carnegie Recital Hall with such names as the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the World Saxophone Quartet and Archie Shepp.

Other regular locations are the Staten Island Ferry, where a jazz boat ride will be staged, and the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where two marathons, featuring major jazz names, will run nooh to midnight July 5 and 6.

Free jazz events will be offered on 52nd Street and at Town Park in Point Lookout, Long Island, both on the final day of the festival.

MONEY TREE JOINS SUNDAY BANDWAGON

By LEONARD FEATHER

The latest club to embark on an expanded live jazz policy is the Money Tree, a restaurant on Riverside Drive in Toluca Lake. In addition to its regular schedule of trio music during the week, Sunday sessions are now offered from 5 to 10 p.m., with big bands (Ray Anthony launched the new venture) and combos, such as the sextet assembled by Eugene (Senator) Wright last Sunday.

Wright, a bassist best known for his 10 years on the road with Dave Brubeck, has been working regularly at the Money Tree for several years along with pianist Karen Hernandez. With the incisive Charles (Dolo) Coker filling in for the vacationing Hernandez, and using the room's regular drummer, Aeddie Williams, Wright presented a strong mainstream group in which the compatible hornsmiths were Curtis Peagler on alto sax, Red Holloway on tenor and Buster Cooper on trombone.

Peagler's sound has a stinging, biting quality that distinguishes him from your run-of-the-bebop alto man. Cooper is no less personable with his more-in-humor-than-in-anger growling trombone. As for Holloway, he displayed, as he has during his many years as a regular at the Parisian Room, a buoyant beat and warmly engaging tone.

Wright, an imposing man physically and musically, lends significant strength with his firm, clear pulse on upright bass.

A guest vocalist with the group, Michelle Wiley, sang "I Can't Get Started" and "Being Green." Her timbre is confidential, her intonation good. and she has a clear predilection for the values of jazz. (Wiley will return to the Money Tree May 13 for a three-week run.)

Enhancing the good vibes, Ernie Andrews sat in with Wright's group to reminisce in the vocal world of the blues.

Coming attractions: Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band, Sunday; Pat Longo's band, May 11; Juggernaut, May 18.

5/4

NO PART-TIME JAZZ FOR JONES

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Elvin Jones is to the jazz of this generation what Gene Krupa was to the swing era. Winner of the Down Beat International Critics' poll every year since 1963 (when he was a member of the seminal John Coltrane Quartet), Jones is the drummer for rivals to emulate and fans to idolize.

His group has been billed as the Elvin Jones Jazz Machine, yet it would be hard to imagine anything less mechanical. Jones is a dynamo of unpredictable accents, rhythmic exclamation points and parentheses and question marks. The heat of his beat is like nothing else in jazz percussion. Compared to Jones, the old records of Krupa, influential and able though he was in his day, sound like fourth-grade exercises.

Visiting L.A., where his quintet had two weeks of nightclub dates, Elvin sat with the Nagasaki-born Keiko Jones discussing the state of the art. Keiko, his wife for 14 years, doubles as manager and composer. His medium height and average build belie a physical strength maintained through exercise and constant performance.

Economics forced him to work for years with just a trio (sax, bass and himself) or quartet (add one sax). Presently he also has a guitar, lending the combo a badly needed harmonic undercurrent. "Actually," he said, "we've arranged for a fine Japanese pianist to join us in the fall. I'm going to keep the guitar, too, so it will be a sextet. I would have had a bigger group long ago, but you can't get men to quit a lucrative situation in town and go on the road."

Whatever the size of his unit, Jones manages to maintain a delicate balance between drummer-as-leader and sidemen-as-soloists. "I never try to overpower anybody; that's a mistake some drummers make, when they try to overplay their group's capacity. Philly Joe Jones is a good example of a drummer with great power who knows how and when to keep it under control. He has more taste than people realize."

Pressed to name newcomers in his field who have impressed him, Jones shook his head. "I really haven't heard any new drummers lately that interest me. For many years now there has been a huge vacuum, a lack of any space for creative development.

"It's not that we don't have more and more jazz education, but there's more to it than just going to school. Sure, a youngster can buy a chart by my brother Thad, or he can listen to a Buddy Rich record, but that can turn out to be a regimented thing. The best way to learn all the applications of the instrument is through listening and playing experience among the pros.

Drummer Elvin Jones is to this generation what Gene Krupa was to swing.

"I blame the situation on the collapse of the industry—all the way back to when the theaters gave up using bands, and Birdland folded, along with a whole string of other clubs. Everybody used to have those common meeting grounds for the exchange of ideas, but there really aren't any places like that anymore.

"The essential education is the business of getting out there, playing with a hundred different guys, and listening to everybody. There's so much less of that kind of opportunity now. But perhaps the use of artists in residence at schools will help. More and more musicians are being hired by the colleges. Richard Davis, who played bass with everyone from Thad Jones and Mel Lewis to Stravinsky, is teaching now at the University of Wisconsin, and there are dozens of others in comparable positions.

"I wish I had time to do more teaching myself. The last pupil I had, Tony Moreno, studied with me when he was 9 years old. He went on to a private school in New York where they didn't have a music department and he talked them into starting one. Now he's out there, busy playing and doing nicely."

Jones maintains contact with his famous brothers. The eldest, pianist Hank Jones, has spent most of the last two years onstage with the Broadway show "Ain't Misbehavin'." Thad Jones, the middle brother, has been living in Copenhagen since the breakup with his longtime partner Mel Lewis.

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Though by no means without honor on home ground, Elvin today enjoys some of his most rewarding ventures in Europe and Japan. He spends three or four months a year at an apartment on Central Park West, and at least four months hopping around the Continent on the continually growing jazz festival and club circuit.

"We're getting more and more offers from Japan; we already spent a month there this year, we're going back to spend most of May there, and in December we'll return for maybe another month. In fact, I'm doing most of my recording now for a Japanese company, Trio Records; they expect to get involved in the Western market soon."

Jones is no stranger to the vagaries of American record company policies. After a long association with Blue Note Records, he signed with Vanguard and is presently freelancing. His career as a recording artist was firmly established during his tenure with Coltrane, on the latter's albums as well as numerous dates of his own beginning in 1961.

Any conversation with Elvin Jones evitably drifts to the topic of the John Coltrane association. "When you were on the road during those years with 'Trane," he was asked, "did you or anyone else have any idea of just how vast the impact would be? Did you realize the history of music was being turned around by the four of you?" (The others were pianist McCoy Tyner and bassist Jimmy Garrison.)

"Absolutely not. Nobody had the slightest idea. All we were concerned with was doing what we had to do, trying to sustain that standard—and at least I think we were all aware that the standard was very high."

Young musicians, Jones acknowledges, work under handicaps that were all but nonexistent in the Coltrane days. There are economic hazards, and commercial pressures that have deflected too many potentially brilliant musicians into areas far removed from the path of progress.

Reflection on this problem brought a closing question to mind. "Elvin, have you ever been approached to make a fusion or jazz/rock record—to go after something aimed strictly at the commercial market?"

"That suggestion was made to me by George Butler of CBS Records, and by other producers, but I just couldn't take them seriously. Not only that, knowing me, how could they be serious themselves?

"Orrin Keepnews at Fantasy made this suggestion to some musicians that it was all right to make this rock 'n' roll record, because you can always go back later and play jazz—in other words, you can make some money first.

"I never believed in that. With me, it's got to be all or nothing. There's no such thing as a part-time jazz musician." □

LEONARD FEATHER 5/11

EAST, WEST BLEND IN NO. 1 BIG BAND

The figures do not lie. Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin have the No. 1 big band in jazz today. The Down Beat readers' and critics' polls, Japan's Swing Journal poll, Europe's Jazz Forum Poll, all have confirmed it. Their albums on RCA have won such recognition as a Swing Journal Gold Album of the Year award and four consecutive Grammy nominations (1976-79).

"Nevertheless," says Lew Tabackin, "the man on the street doesn't know our band. He's familiar with Buddy Rich and Count Basie, but he's never heard of us."

On paper, the Akiyoshi/Tabackin orchestra's schedule looks fine. Disneyland May 24 and 25; the Playboy Festival at the Hollywood Bowl June 22, then on to dates in New York and Washington in July; Canadian and eastern U.S. dates in August, a Japanese tour in September-October, Europe in the winter. These commitments, however, only tell a fraction of the story.

The situation in which the flutist-saxophonist and his pianist-composer wife find themselves is riddled with paradoxes. Back in the 1940s and '50s, being No. 1 (which usually meant Benny Goodman, Basie, Stan Kenton or Ellington) connoted long stints at ballrooms, weeks in stage shows at the local movie houses, heavy promotion by a record company, live broadcasts from nightclubs. All those perks of the top spot have long since faded away.

The history of the Akiyoshi-Tabackin big band is unique in every respect. She is the first woman in jazz, and the first Asian, to earn international acclaim as a bandleader. They are the first married couple to reach this pinnacle as a team. Akiyoshi's is the first successful big band ever to concentrate entirely on the leader's compositions, a rule to which even Ellington made frequent exceptions.

Bucking the trend against big bands, holding firm in their belief in the value and viability of Akiyoshi's music, the couple turned down a record company that asked them to bring in outside arrangers, and rejected a tour for a promoter in Japan who, after a deal was all set, wrote them: "Your music is a little too serious; maybe Toshiko can write some arrangements of Duke Ellington."

Of course her music is serious. So was Louis Armstrong's, and Ellington's, and Charlie Parker's, which is precisely why it has lasted through the decades. Her writing is more than just a blend of East and West; the cultures are merged, or kept apart, according to the requirements of each composition. The lighter works often are an updating of the classic swing tradition, brass and saxes (but with brilliant doubling on flutes) and loosely swinging rhythm, often on familiar chord patterns. But the most provocative works are those that have involved a cross-pollination.

"Kogun," the title number of one of her LPs, was equipped with pre-taped percussion effects and vocal wails from Japanese Noh drama. "Children in the Temple Ground" opens with vocal cries in Japanese that soon evolve into a gorgeous melody stated by Tabackin's flute and the orchestra. Her masterpiece is the four-part suite "Minamata," inspired by the tragedy of a small Japanese fishing village where industrialization led to pollution, mercury poisoning and many fatalities. "After Mr. Teng" was her salute to the U.S. rapprochement with mainland China. She has always been as conscious of social issues as she is of her responsibilities as wife and mother. (Her daughter, Michiru, 16, by her first husband, saxophonist Charlie Mariano, is a budding flutist at Interlochen Arts Academy in Michigan.)

Born in Manchuria but raised in Japan from the age of 16, Akiyoshi came to the United States in 1956 to study jazz at the Berklee College in Boston. In 1967, organizing her own big band concert at New York's Town Hall, she met Tabackin, a soft-spoken man with a passive manner and a wry sense of humor. "At first I had reservations about our relationship," she says. "Lew was the only son in a very tight Jewish family. But finally I decided that Buddha knew we were meant for each other."

In 1972 they moved to Los Angeles along with "The Tonight Show," in which Tabackin was a band member. In March of 1973 they began weekly rehearsals with a band of top local musicians. Eleven months later they played their first gig; the band then worked its way slowly up to concerts, to triumphs at Newport and Monterey, three tours of Japan, and finally, during the past year, a concert tour of East and West Europe, the scale of which was limited because the RCA albums have minimal circulation there. Their records to date have been taped in Hollywood but paid for a Japanese company, which leased the U.S. rights to RCA. The latter has issued only five of their 10 albums.

PHOTO BY LARRY DAVIS

The husband-wife team of Lew Tabackin and Toshiko Akiyoshi co-lead the most acclaimed big band in jazz.

Tabackin speaks bitterly about this lack of support. "Our Japanese audience is responsible for any kind of success we've had. The sales there, which have been very big by jazz standards, have enabled the company to keep recording us, but the American situation has been a joke, just tokenism. There's no real interest in pushing big bands; consequently, we've just decided to go into business for ourselves."

Akiyoshi added: "It's a big responsibility to start your own label, but the American companies think it's too expensive to record a big band, so we're kind of forced to do it."

The economics and logistics of running an orchestra in the inflationary 1980s are inextricably interwoven. "A couple of years ago," said Tabackin, "we were in New York when an agent, very excited about the band, told us all we had to do was move to New York, get some young college kids to play the music, and everybody would make a profit.

"Most bands might be able to do that, but it takes a very special maturity to read and execute Toshiko's music. We hire the best guys we can possibly find, pay them at least $100 per concert or $600 a week, and try to make ends meet. We flew to San Francisco for a recent date, and because the plane fares went up after we'd signed the contract, we wound up $300 out of pocket for playing the gig.

"Air fares are out of sight. If you look at the map you'll see how much of the best work is bunched up in the East, and here we are in California. So we would try to get a certain price, and the promoter could say, 'So-and-so has the No. 1 band and we can get him for less than that.' When we finally achieved No. 1 status, we could insist on that higher fee. That's why winning the polls has meant so much to us."

In the swing era, jazz orchestras had to function as dance bands. Today, with more and more concert dates and virtually no dance bookings, a band like Akiyoshi/Tabackin can play whatever it wishes without alienating its audience. In fact, as Tabackin points out "The stage band programs at American colleges have opened up a valuable new market for us. Not only do the college bands play printed arrangements of Toshiko's music, but there's a demand for us to play the colleges ourselves.

"When we played Disneyland, high school kids sang the tunes, actually knew the riffs from hearing them on our records. They're very happy to hear us play our own music, rather than dilute it with pop songs."

Among audiences and musicians alike, any doubts about Akiyoshi's qualifications as a female or as an Asian practicing jazz, have all but vanished. "People have sometimes tended to think of this as a very masculine music," she says, "and there are men who don't like to see women involved in it. But my musicians respect me. They know what I am trying to achieve."

What Akiyoshi and Tabackin are accomplishing is, fortunately, a matter of record. In the few works that showcase her piano, she is variously as incisive and bop-inspired as Bud Powell or as lyrical as Bill Evans. But more often the principal soloist is Tabackin, a flutist of magisterial originality, a player of great sensitivity, always in complete technical command. His personality on tenor sax, in sharp contrast, is powerfully extrovert, with occasional hints of his debt to such pioneers as Coleman Hawkins and Don Byas.

The prevailing team spirit contributes in large measure to the precision and cohesion of the performances. Akiyoshi often seems as self-effacing offstage as she is totally in control when she conducts the band. The pipe-smoking Tabackin, with his laid-back attitude, is the antithesis of the traditional martinet bandleader. "There's no difference between leaders and sidemen," says Akiyoshi. "If Lew and I take a plane, everybody takes a plane. If I go by bus, everybody goes by bus."

The couple lives in a modest home in North Hollywood, where Akiyoshi the artist becomes the gourmet cook and connoisseur of fine wines. Between band dates, both have busied themselves with ventures as independent producers of small combo jazz record dates for release in Japan, or as leaders of their own trios in nightclubs.

If the orchestra has accomplished more in terms of prestige and polls than dollars, they are neither alarmed nor pessimistic. "Other bands are not like ours," says Akiyoshi. "Most of them started out as a business venture. We just happened to evolve to the business point; our motivation was entirely different.

"We'd like to have more jobs than we are getting right now, but we'll never be one of those 40-weeks-a-year bands, because I have to take time off to do my writing."

"I believe in what I am doing. I want to keep on creating sounds that will add something to American tradition without distorting its basic character. I hope to leave my little mark on the history of jazz." □

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Josef Zawinul

HOW CAN ANY ONE biographical survey, or any single solo, begin to identify the multifaceted image that is Josef Zawinul?

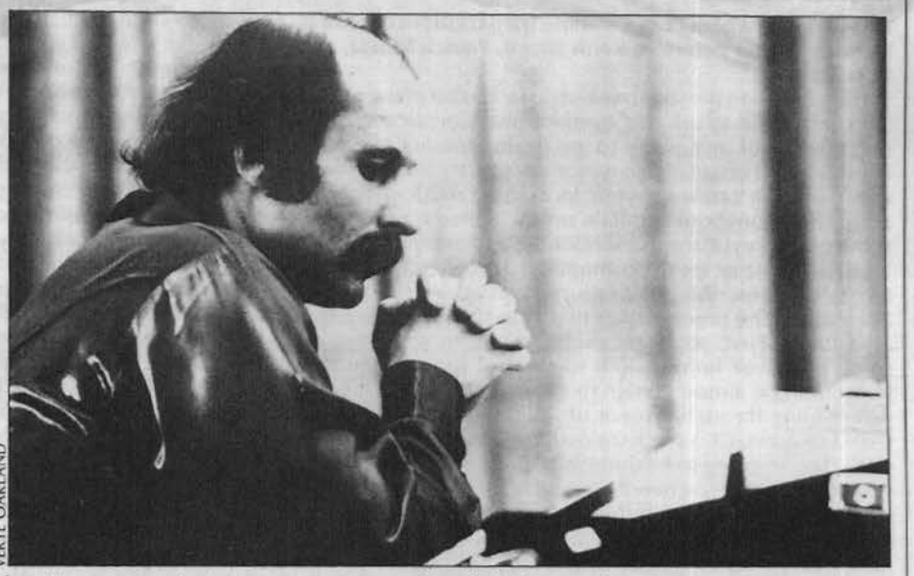
That he qualifies for this series as a giant is beyond dispute. What remains impossible is the task of classifying him. To most of his under-30 admirers he is known primarily as the electronic keyboard master, synthesizer genius, principal composer, and co-leader with saxophonist Wayne Shorter of Weather Report, a group that since its foundation in 1971 has won innumerable awards as the foremost jazz combo (or fusion group, if you will), and certainly is among the most influential groups in contemporary music.

Yet there are other Joe Zawinuls, for anyone who cares to delve a little more deeply into his background. Although Weather Report is rounding out its first decade, Joe has to his credit some 28 years as a professional musician, of which 21 have been spent in this country.

Born in Vienna, July 7, 1932, he studied at the Vienna Conservatory from the age of seven. His early experience in Europe found him playing vibraphone and bass trumpet as well as piano. He led his own trio for Special Services clubs in France and Germany, and played with Austria's leading pop band, led by Horst Winter, and with various other groups including one led by Friedrich Gulda (around the time Gulda had begun to live a double life as a classical and jazz piano virtuoso). Zawinul earned great popularity in Austria, leading his own quartet on a radio series from 1954-58 and playing on innumerable recording dates.

Zawinul moved to New York in 1959 and lost little time landing a job with the orchestra of trumpeter Maynard Ferguson. It was during that incumbency that he struck up an acquaintance with Wayne Shorter, a young tenor saxophonist who worked briefly in the Ferguson band. Both youths would soon move on to other assignments before their paths crossed again.

After leaving Ferguson, Zawinul played a few gigs and recorded with trombonist Slide Hampton, another former Ferguson colleague. But his real baptism by fire came in the form of a chance to join vocalist Dinah Washington. He toured as her accompanist from October of 1959 through March of 1961. No pianist without a thorough feeling for Afro-American music could have satisfied Dinah, but their relationship was mutually stimulating: Joe was qualified by virtue of a rare combination of intelligence, technique, sensitivity, and soul.



VERYL OAKLAND

He worked next with the team of singer Joe Williams and trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edison, but soon afterward was hired by alto saxophonist Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, beginning an association that made jazz history and lasted clear through the 1960s.

Zawinul was the key sideman, contributing such compositions as "Walk Tall," "74 Miles Away," "Country Preacher," and, most memorably, "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," the hit record that became the band's most requested song and established a funk/soul image for Cannonball, for Zawinul, and for the group as a whole.

During the Adderley years Joe recorded albums of his own, and made LPs as a sideman; but most significantly, around the end of the Adderley association he made four albums on electric keyboards with Miles Davis, including *In A Silent Way* [Columbia, PC-9857], for which he composed the title track, and *Bitches Brew* [Columbia, PG-26], the LP that proved to be a turning point in the jazz-rock revolution.

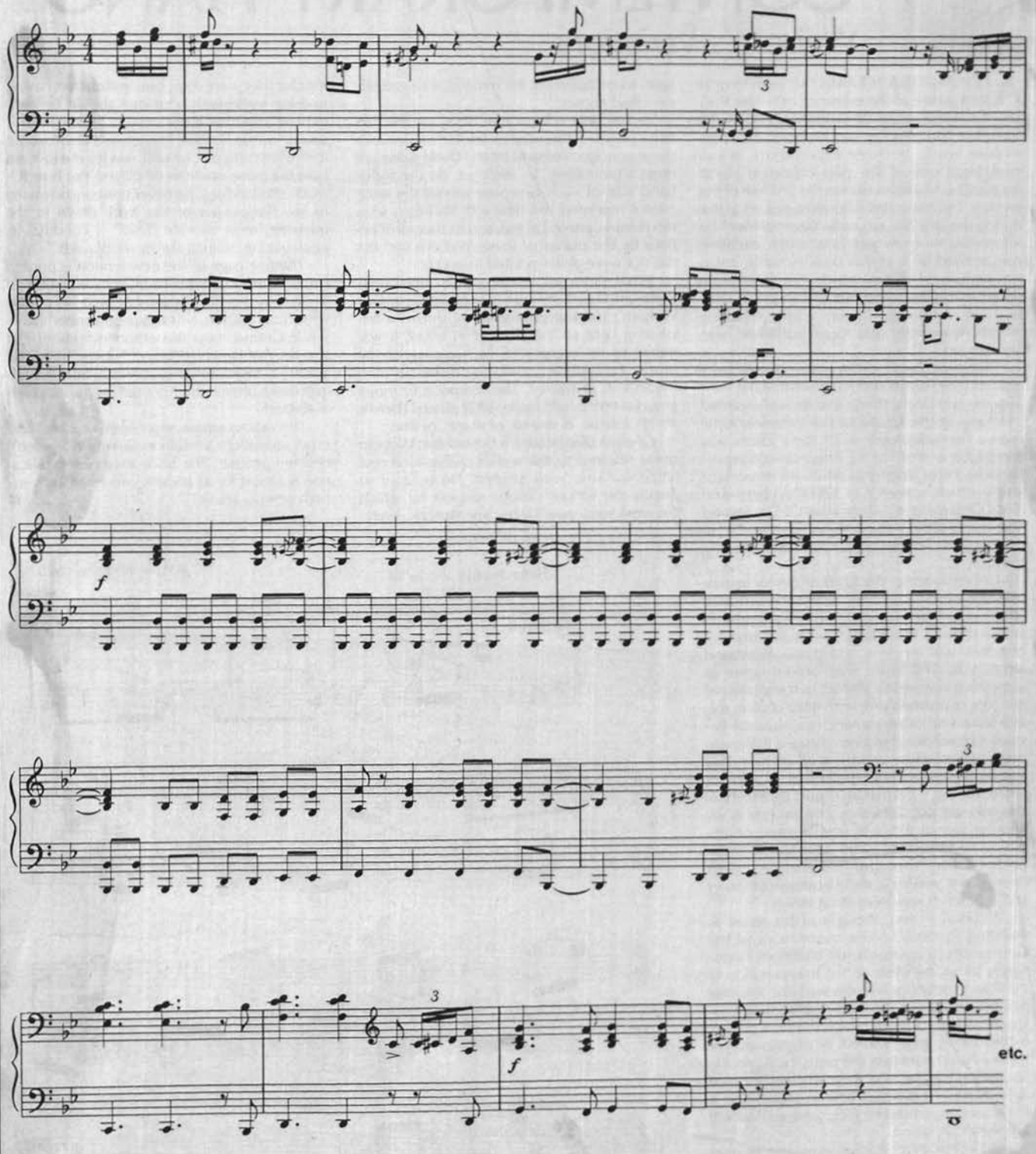
Zawinul soon made the transition, via Weather Report, into the world of sophisticated and creative electronics. Though the group is associated with high energy performances, it is capable of great lyricism. As for Joe, he remains the consummate virtuoso on every one of the many instruments with which he now deals. One can only regret that he has so little time to devote to the piano. I shall never forget one night at the Hong Kong Bar in Century City, when Cannonball and his men left the stand, turning Joe loose for a ten-minute solo that was the most dazzling display of virtuosity I had heard since the days of Art Tatum.

Still, complexity is not essential, as was made clear by his "Mercy, Mercy" solo. This occurs after the first ensemble statement of the theme on the live album of the same name [Capitol, SM-2663]. Joe was already putting the electric piano to soulful use. Notice the use of grace notes at the beginning of each of the first four bars, and the bare-bones character of the chords — mostly thirds or sixths until the main melodic strain returns in the form of unadorned triads at bar 9. The melody hardly moves here — up to the flat 7th, then back down to the triad, with the hitherto almost dormant left hand doubling the tonic for emphasis.

Joe Zawinul's brand of funk reminds one of Plato's advice: "Beauty of style and harmony and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity." Look at the way he inserts the components of the E♭ chord at bar 6: reading downward, the 6th, 3rd, and tonic for an eighth-note, followed by the 5th, 9th, and flat 7th. There's really nothing to it, except the placement, what precedes and follows it, and the fact that a pianist without Zawinul's feeling could easily have played the same notes and yet robbed them of their meaning.

It's been a long journey since "Mercy, Mercy," but we should be grateful for the sounds Joe Zawinul has brought us over the past 20 years, from the simplest to the most abstract. ■

Josef Zawinul's Solo On "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

JAZZ REVIEWS

Charles Owens Quartet at the Odyssey

By LEONARD FEATHER

Charles Owens, the saxophonist and composer, led his quartet at the latest concert in a Monday night series presented by David Keller at the Odyssey Theater, Ohio Avenue at Santa Monica Boulevard.

Phoenix-born but long a Southland resident, Owens elects to call his group the New York Art Ensemble. True, the kinds of music presented, ranging from hard bop to late Coltrane, crystallized in the Apple; still, the handle is misleading.

Opening with a throwaway blues, the quartet soon shifted gears upward when Anita Jackson, an ingenious interpretative dancer, improvised her way through the second number, a bossa nova called "Eric's Tune."

Except for a welcome but belated closing blues on flute, the leader concentrated on tenor sax, a horn on which his sound is strong but never coarse, bringing confidence without bombast to every solo. He seems most at ease (or, when the mood calls for it, most energetic) when interpreting his own compositions, among which "The Beginning" and "Night Cry" stood out.

An attempt to update "Lover Man" by converting it to a draggy half-time didn't quite come off. On the other hand, "I'm an Old Cowhand" (once recorded by Sonny Rollins) again showed its suitability for jazz blowing.

Owens' choice of a rhythm section was wise. The adaptable Ted Saunders, who will lead his own group here June 2, was joined by Richard Reid, an upright bassist whose solos were melodically cheerful, and by one of the most propulsive and dependable drummers in this or any city, the estimable Bruno Carr.

An underrated artist of whom more should be heard, Owens is a multi-instrumentalist who will be well advised to take fuller advantage of his facility on other horns.

Coming to the Odyssey Monday: the Vinny Golia Trio.

McDuff Lays On at Parisian Room

Jack McDuff, whose quartet is at the Parisian Room this week, is a veteran of the organ combo circuit. He has been touring for better than 20 years, leading various groups, one of which, from 1962-65, introduced an unknown guitarist named George Benson.

McDuff has an advantage over most of his contemporaries in that he is a composer and arranger, and an original thinker. Many of his works are designed in short, clipped

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JAZZ REVIEW

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phrases that rely on the rich underlay of harmony supplied by his Hammond organ. One tune, "Pocket Changes," settled into a repeated figure that switched from pianissimo to triple forte and back at unpredictable intervals.

The monotonous jam-session atmosphere common to so many organ groups is thus avoided; moreover, McDuff is an expert in mood-switching, from straight swinging jazz to deep-dish blues and indigo funk. He is given to well-rounded sustained chords in contrast to the lightning flashes of a Jimmy Smith.

Mike Pachelli, a young guitarist from Ohio for whom this is his first major touring job, has a loose, extrovert style with chops to spare, and a mature blues feeling. Jeff Hittman, on tenor sax, is less at ease than Pachelli in the blues idiom and seems to be having reed trouble, but the occasional squeaks interfered minimally with a generally robust and convincing sound.

An integral figure in the deftly designed arrangements is Garryck King, whose percussion equipment enabled him to insert some mysterious, almost synthesizerlike sound effects. He is primarily a contributer to the unified quartet sound.

McDuff played a couple of original pieces from his older records, and others that were both unfamiliar and unannounced. Fortunately, title credits were not essential to the enjoyment of what is arguably one of the two or three best combos of its kind. McDuff & Co. will be on the job through Sunday.

—L.F.

A FAMILY AFFAIR IN TORRANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Everyone, of course, knows the story of how jazz was born in south Germany and worked its way north up the Rhine. It was logical, then, that a three-day jazz festival was held over the weekend at the Alpine Village in Torrance. It worked out well. Visitors could select their bratwurst or wienerschitzel at a booth, pick up a beer, then take their dinners to one of the long picnic benches under a tent (more than 2,000 capacity) and soak up the sounds of a big band (Juggernaut on Friday, Akiyoshi/Tabackin Sunday) and various combos led by Kenny Burrell, Don Menza or Bobby Shew.

The Saturday had the happy mood of a family affair, with the outrageously talented 19-year-old Matt Catingub leading a splendid orchestra, then introducing his mother, Mavis Rivers, for a couple of guest vocals. Rivers reappeared at a tribute to Red Norvo, with whom she has worked off and on for 20 years; Catingub then brought his sax and flute into a set by the veteran vibraphonist in a tribute to his 55th anniversary as a professional musician.

Norvo remains a symbol of grace and good taste in music, applying his delicate touch to standards that cover every phase of his career. In addition to three trio numbers and a quintet set, he played two tunes as unaccompanied four-mallet vibes solo. They were Bix Beiderbecke's "In a Mist" and Chick Corea's "Crystal Silence." The choice was perfect, for these tunes were written a half-century apart, yet Norvo dealt with them as if each were his own personal creation.

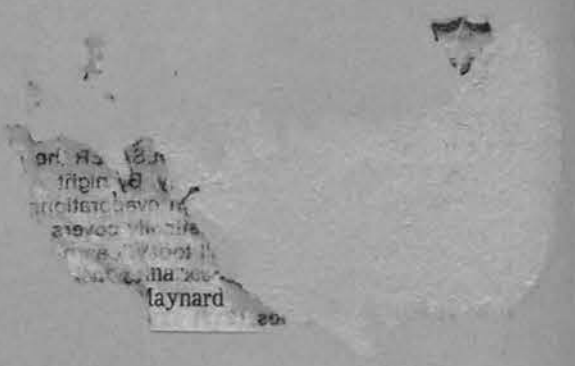
Mavis Rivers, backed by her son's tailor-made arrangements, displayed her special blend of warm timbre and well-controlled vibrato on two old favorites. Catingub's big-band set could have used more rehearsal, but the leader and several sidemen displayed enough virtuosity to sustain the interest.

Also on the Saturday night program was a quintet led by Bill Watrous, whose just-rolled-out-of-the-hay appearance contrasted oddly with the impeccable organization and technical perfection of his trombone in the breath-taking (and breath-consuming) choruses on "Body and Soul." Supersax closed the show with some of its quintuplet Charlie Parker orchestrations.

Drawing an audience as broad in age range as Norvo and Catingub, the weekend was a modest box-office success. The Catingub deserves triple credit: Matt for doubling as musical director, his brother Rey for setting up the fine sound system, and their mother, who, not singing, was busy as musical coordinator.

Added to the festivities Sunday was a matinee at which Bill Yeager and guest artists appeared with the Los Angeles Jazz Workshop Ensemble.

The weekend concluded on an auf wiedersehen note as head Alpine Villager Hans Rotter gave assurances that the festival will become an annual event.



LEONARD FEATHER

CABLES BRIGHTENS OUTLOOK FOR JAZZ

Has jazz reached a dead end, or are we simply watching the wrong signals? Finding a group that calls itself Spyro Gyra at the top of the jazz sales reports, listening to the funk or fusion of David Sanborn or Earl Klugh or Ronnie Laws, all passed off as hot jazz attractions in the marketplace, the pure of heart and loyal of belief may wonder what things are coming to.

The answer becomes clearer and our faith is restored when we observe what is happening not on the charts, but in the accomplishments of musicians and record companies whose sights are set on higher goals. The most encouraging evidence came to hand last week with the release on Contemporary Records of George Cables' debut album as a leader, "Cables' Vision" (14001).

Cables came to prominence during his five-year stint (1971-'76) as pianist with the Freddie Hubbard combo. During that time he developed a reputation as a composer of such works as "Think on Me," which he recorded with Woody Shaw, and "Ebony Moonbeams," heard in a Hubbard album. It has been clear for some time that Cables is not one of your off-the-wall, energy-dominated futurists, but rather an indicator of how jazz can take a logical step into the future (at a time when logic too often seems to have taken a high dive into an empty pool).

In his articulate liner notes, Cables tells us that he thinks of himself as a painter with sound, "and as any artist would, I try to see with and communicate through the soul. I get that same feeling from my favorite painter—Salvador Dali. There is more to his paintings than what's on the canvas. You can feel the depth."

Do not expect any Dali-like eccentricities. There is a sense of direction to each of the six works, four of which were written by Cables. He plays piano on all but the opening track, in which his gentle electric keyboard graces the eloquent "Morning Song." "I Told You So," with its light Latin beat, finds Freddie Hubbard at his most expressive, and Ernie Watts playing tenor in the sensitive, personal style he has no chance to demonstrate as a sideman on "The Tonight Show."

Hubbard's "Byrdlike," as its title implies, is a switch back to bebop memories ("We never want to forget our roots and traditions," Cables says), written by Hubbard. A modal blues at a fast clip with continual moments of discovery, it ends with a brisk exchange between Cables and the drummer Peter Erskine, best known for his membership in Weather Report.

"Voodoo Lady" finds Cables the composer in a vaguely West Indian groove, with Watts switching to flute to create a light, easy ensemble sound. "The Stroll" is a duo performance, with Cables and Bobby Hutcherson in an introspective tour of one another's minds. Finally the full group returns for "Inner Glow," in which Cables' contributions are masterfully interwoven with vibes and horns.

Too many of today's conventional sounds simply bore, while many of the new effects offend. The music of George Cables has avoided both pitfalls, inheriting the best of the jazz legacy while clearing the way, through his harmonic and melodic innovations, for a definitive trip into a bright tomorrow. Five stars, one of which should be awarded to producer John Koenig. The son of Contemporary's founding father, the late Les Koenig, he is carrying on in a noble tradition.

Some of the same virtues reappear in Bobby Hutcherson's new album, "Un Poco Loco" (Columbia FC 36402). He and Cables change places, the latter becoming a sideman; however, Cables contributed two works, "Love Song" and a new version of "Ebony Moonbeams."

The hornless group is more intimate than Cables'. Variety is insured by a great deal of doubling between acoustic and electric instruments: Hutcherson doubles on marimba, John Abercrombie plays electric and acoustic guitars, Chuck Domanico electric and acoustic bass. Peter Erskine is on hand, again displaying the good taste and subtlety essential to the ideal small combo drummer.

"Un Poco Loco," the title tune, is an early work by Bud Powell, a bop pianist of the 1940s-'50s who was wise beyond his ears. Cables' "Love Song" has a sylvan beauty: the Jack de Johnette composition "Silver Hollow" is a haunting theme with affectimg work by Abercrombie, and the closer, "I Wanna Stand Over There," is a Hutcherson-brewed 4/4 pressure cooker. Four-and-a-half stars, with a tip of the asterisk to producer-arranger Dale Oehler.

The unlikely piano team of Count Basie and Oscar Peterson, who as a vaudeville duo might be billed as Mr. Ellipsis and Dr. Chops, has surfaced again in "Night Rider" (Pablo 2310-843). The title cut is a funky 24-bar blues that continued, to the surprise of both men, for a totally improvised, tension-building 12½ minutes. The most engaging cuts, though, are "Memories of You," for which Basie switches to organ, and "Blues for Pamela," with Peterson on electric keyboard. Three-and-a-half stars.

Bill Evans' latest, "We Will Meet Again" (Warner Bros. HS 3411), finds his trio augmented by two horns. Their inclusion, far from spoiling the gentle impact of his piano, sets it off in attractive relief. Tom Harrell's lyrical trumpet, and the reed work of Larry Schneider (particularly on soprano sax) blend well in several new Evans pieces and a revival of his old "Peri's Scope." Particularly attractive is "Five," a tune that walks a humorous, jagged line, in a sort of tongue-in-beat contest with the rhythm section. The lone standard, a 1934 pop song called "For All We Know," is played as a solo, embellished with typically subtle Evans harmonic nuances. Four-and-a-half stars.

Jess Stacy, best remembered as Benny Goodman's 1935-39 band pianist, has been almost totally retired from music since 1960, with only an occasional LP to remind us that he was a true original. A splendid Commodore album (XFL 15358) includes six previously unissued products of a 1944 session.

This LP packs a bonus in two glorious vocals by Lee Wiley, backed by Stacy and cornetist Muggsy Spanier, in "Sugar" and a Willard Robison blues, "Down to Steamboat Tennessee." Old-timers, shaking their heads and telling you they don't make singers like that any more, will be right. Wiley's vibrato and warmth of timbre were just about unequaled. Four stars.

The Commodore series, produced by Milt Gabler, who founded this pioneer jazz label in 1938, is reappearing little by little with the help of CBS distribution. Now available are two typically freewheeling jam sessions by Eddie Condon and his diehards (XFL 15355), one of which has Fats Waller at the piano, and both of which enjoy ornamentation by Pee Wee Russell and his crooked-grin clarinet. Three-and-a-half stars. Obtainable from PO Box 5912, Terre Haute, Ind. 47805.

JAZZ IN BRIEF

"OUTSTANDING IN HIS FIELD." Bobby Shew. Inner City IC 1077. Shew, a 16-year veteran of countless name bands, has long deserved a combo album to showcase his fluegelhorn and compositions. This quintet has an updated Art Blakey Jazz Messengers orientation, with tunes ranging from the fast, exciting "Kiss Abyss" and the contagiously melodic "Red Snapper" to the idyllic "Cloudcroft," for which Gordon Brisker switches from tenor sax to flute, blending with Shew's muted horn and Bill Mays' electric keyboard. All in all, a healthy reminder—pure jazz lives! Unfused! Four-and-a-half stars. —LEONARD FEATHER

HANDY'S WHISPER AT LIGHTHOUSE

By LEONARD FEATHER

John Handy has distinguished himself over the years as the master of a half-dozen reed instruments. As a composer and arranger, he has performed his original works with groups ranging in size up to the entire San Francisco Symphony. Recently he completed an international tour as one of a band of Charles Mingus alumni.

Given all these credits, Handy provided a mini-shock when he walked into the Lighthouse Tuesday and began working as leader of a duo, playing only alto and tenor saxes, and confining his repertoire to old standard pop songs.

This provided a fine opportunity for such lines as "I'd like to introduce the member of my orchestra," a temptation he avoided. Ambling on stage a half hour late with his bassist Ken Jenkins, he simply said: "We call ourselves Whisper."

Whisper is too modest a unit for any one of Handy's very respectable talents. Much of the first number, opening with Handy unaccompanied, resembled a warmup session in the dressing room. Too many moments of "All the Things You Are" and "There'll Never Be Another You" suggested *deja entendu*.

Within its limitations the pair accomplished enough to hold the attention of the small audience. The remarkable Jenkins is well suited to the role of one-man rhythm section; his sound is expansive and almost percussive. Handy's alto, as always, coupled a driving, rhythmically intense flow of ideas with a suave, gentlemanly sound. His tenor on "Body and Soul" brought back too many memories of too many giants who have made this song their property for more than 40 years.

This interim venture for Handy could at least be broadened by the use of saxello, flute or piano, all of which he has played in public at one time or another. Such considerations aside, it is time for him to develop another of those distinctive group sounds such as the one he unveiled at Monterey some 15 years ago with Mike White on violin, or the later collaboration with Indian musicians.

Meanwhile, it's lightweight time at the Lighthouse. Handy will be on hand through Sunday.

5/29

HORACE SILVER AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

5/29

Horace Silver's tours with his quintet bring him to town about once a year. This time around, the wheel has stopped at the Parisian Room, depositing him for his first-ever engagement there.

When a piano key and a Horace Silver finger make contact, something quite singular happens. His staccato touch and splayed-digit articulation are like nothing else in jazz. Still using occasional tongue-in-cheek quotations from improbable sources, sticking mainly to a horn-like style in single note runs, he has changed very little over the years.

His chords, what few there are, remain spare and funky in the sense applied to that term before the rock musicians had ever heard of it. He was, in fact, the founding father of jazz funk.

The group sound is essentially the same. Young Barry Ries, who plays trumpet and fluegelhorn, seemed a trifle nervous at times—understandably, since he is wearing tight shoes that once belonged to Art Farmer, Lee Morgan and Blue Mitchell. Ron Bridgewater is a distinctive tenor player who, in the course of a single solo, can speak softly, then brandish a big, bellowing stick.

Todd Collman, in his second year with the quintet, played an imposing bowed solo, covering the entire gamut of the upright bass with perfect intonation and a pure classical tone. Harold White dealt efficiently with the shifting metric demands of Silver's compositions, variously in 5/4, 3/4, 6/4, 12/8 and even 4/4.

Silver's music for the past several years has been written for various augmented recording groups often with lyrics. Cut down in person by the economics of a nightclub gig, and without vocals, they lose less than might be expected, if only because he remains a master of simplicity, capable of developing a basic series of two-note phrases into a unison line that invariably carries his imprimatur.

This is not his best group, but it is still a typical Horace Silver quintet, which in itself is enough to justify a visit. The last Silver tone will sound Sunday.

5/24

Adderley Benefit at Royce Hall

By LEONARD FEATHER

Held at Royce Hall, UCLA, Thursday, the sixth annual Cannonball Adderley Memorial Scholarship Fund benefit concert clearly was a labor of love for all concerned. Under the musical direction of David Axelrod, the evening was broken down into three segments, with the Heath Brothers combo racing off with the honors.

Jimmy Heath played tenor sax with the power of a Dexter Gordon, doubled on flute and soprano sax, and wrote several of the originals. Percy Heath not only brought his usual bell-like clarity to the bass but also introduced his "baby bass," a cello-like instrument featured on "Watergate Blues."

Stanley Cowell, the pianist, and Tony Purrone on

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ADDERLEY

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guitar are gaining constantly in creativity and conviction. Their duo number, "Equipoise," was a semi-classical gem. Drummer Akira Tana, new to the group since its last visit here, ties the unit together effectively.

After intermission, a group was presented under the name of the Cannonball Adderley Quintet in Memoriam. It was good to see Nat Adderley back in town with his cornet, but his playing was subpar. The role of his late brother was filled by John Klemmer, an idea akin to staging a Louis Armstrong memorial and assigning the main part to Chuck Mangione.

Some of the old 1960s hits were played, but the group's loudness, especially George Duke's 100-yard dashes from one electronic keyboard to another, eliminated the sly humor and subtle beat that marked the old quintet. The real problem, of course, is that the eloquent form, articulate announcements and dignified presence of Julian Adderley can never be replaced.

Space limitations preclude an adequate analysis of La Swaame. The name of this 20-piece band of college and high school players is an acronym for Los Angeles Southwest Afro-American Music Ensemble. With Reggie Andrews conducting difficult charts by Adderley and Oliver Nelson, these youths proved that the seeming white monopoly on jazz education is a fallacy. Some of those Valley bands that have so much trouble integrating should check out Vanessa Burch, La Swaame's pianist; Andy Cleaves, the trumpeter; or the alto saxophonists Wynell Montgomery and Gary Bias.

The band's section work was a little ragged, but the enthusiasm was inspiring. Andrews, who discovered Patrice Rushen and other teen-age prodigies at Locke High School, deserves special kudos for his attempts to keep aspiring young black musicians on the jazz track.

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LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO BY JAYNE KAMIN

Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard sometimes regrets not having made a crossover album, a la Donald Byrd.

FREDDIE HUBBARD'S ROLLER COASTER

It hasn't all been milk and honey (or, as Robert Morley might put it, beer and skittles) for Freddie Hubbard. Sure, he has had his share of poll victories; even won a Grammy, back there in '72. Nevertheless, for the gifted but slightly erratic trumpeter and composer, who in the early 1970s began the climb from moderate success to near-superstardom in jazz circles, there have been times when he has wondered whether the move from obscurity to fame, from a medium-sized to a major record company, from the New York life style to an expensive home in Hollywood, was worth the effort.

Reviewing the roller-coaster ride of his eight West Coast years, Hubbard at times was brutally self-reproachful. Recently, for instance, at the Los Angeles Music Center, he performed with an 86-piece orchestra a symphonic work, totally written out for him by Claus Ogerman. It was a musical and critical bomb.

"I really haven't felt like doing anything," he said, "after the way I ————ed up that symphony. It was a disaster for me. I could sense the people were not in tune with me, I felt them looking at me kind of strange; so I got nervous and missed a couple of notes.

"The trouble was, when Claus first ran over the piece for me, he said, 'The way I would like you to play it, it will seem as though you are improvising.' But of course it didn't work. Either you improvise or you don't. You cannot just jump into the world of straight classical music unless you've been doing it all your life—the same way, nobody can jump into suddenly playing jazz. It takes so much preparation and concentration."

On the other hand, Hubbard is happy with his new album, "Skagly" (Columbia FC 36418), in which the accompaniment is furnished by his regular small combo, with a couple of guest soloists here and there. He has one reservation: "I got this guy from the Doobie Brothers, Jeff Baxter, to play on the title tune. I expected him to create some excitement from the rock side, but he didn't play *nothing*.

"Other than that, it's a good record, in terms of trying to get a little more funky on a couple of tracks. I like my little band; there's some good players out here, but how do you get them, and how can you keep them together?"

As Hubbard points out, it is difficult to sustain a young musician's interest in music that seems to offer fewer material rewards. Much as they may admire his playing and his compositions, they may be reluctant to go on the road with him when, with any luck in the recording studios, they can stay in Los Angeles and make a thousand dollars a week. So, as he says, "You have to get some younger guys who are willing to sacrifice the money in exchange for a learning experience."

He will try to keep his combo together for a European tour in July; overseas audiences tend to insist on seeing the same artists they heard on the record. Meanwhile, at home, the club and festival scene is keeping him busy, with UC Berkeley this weekend, Watts June 1, the Playboy Festival June 21. "I made a mistake years ago," he concedes, "recording for Blue Note and CTI with all-star bands of top studio men, which led people to expect that strength and that sound every time they heard me."

Like so many jazz musicians today, Hubbard is kept on a very loose leash by his record company. Time and again he has appeared on albums for other labels, in exchange for a "courtesy of" line, and on those occasions he has delivered some of his most unconventional performances. Recently, for example, he made some dates for Norman Granz's Pablo label. After years of sophisticated recording techniques, overdubbing and the like, at Columbia, the Granz modus operandi amazed him.

"He's still in the old school. He can record two albums in a single day! I made a date with Count Basie that had people like Lockjaw Davis, J.J. Johnson, Jake Hanna, John Heard, and Norman didn't want anything prepared or written out—we finished the entire album in a couple of hours. You know, in a sense that's the best way to do it, because you shouldn't have to spend two or three days just going over one tune."

In another typical Granz project, Hubbard was pitted against Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry. Again there was no written music; each man, Hubbard recalled, would "dig where the others were coming from" and would go for himself. "Dizzy warned me, 'Now don't think of this as a Foreman-Frazier-Ali fight; don't go in there and try to blow your brains out.' Which I would have done, to prove I could play as fast or high as the next man. But the session was a ball, and Clark—man, he's one of the most soulful trumpeters around, especially when he uses that plunger."

Still another outside venture, coming up next week, is an album with McCoy Tyner for Fantasy. "From the way McCoy plays, I think I'm gonna have to change my style a little bit for that one."

Sometimes he regrets not having made a crossover album when the time was right. "I should have been one of the first, like Donald Byrd. See, Byrd turned into a businessman, but I don't want that to happen to me; I don't want my musicianship to suffer. On the other hand, how do you stay out there with a band, making a living, without playing some funny music?" (Clearly Hubbard meant funny peculiar, not funny ha-ha.)

"I'll never sell out totally. I never really went out after the big money; but I have a nice house, responsibilities, alimony, all kinds of expenses to think about.

"It's very difficult to keep your eye on the sparrow. That's something my mother told me. She was very religious, and she said to always keep my eye on the sparrow, which is a very subtle thing, because people will always be coming at you from different directions to try to tear you away from your honest motive of just being yourself and growing as a human being.

"I don't want to end up like one of those musicians who left nothing behind them, like for their kids' education. That's why I want to establish something solid with my music-publishing companies, and that's where Briggie has really been helping me out." (His wife, whose maiden name was Hubbard, became Brigitte Hubbard Hubbard six years ago. A son Duane, 14, by Hubbard's ex-wife, lives with her in New York.)

After all these years, the move to Los Angeles still leaves Hubbard a trifle uneasy. "I'd like to see the West Coast musicians forget about that whole ridiculous east-west jazz battle. I still feel a certain amount of resentment from men out here towards East Coast musicians who have moved here. They don't want us to play too strong. People out West are so relaxed."

Back in New York, he recalls, the opportunities were better for working out in every context. He could play with Ornette Coleman, then hang out with such longtime idols as Art Blakey, in whose sextet he paid dues in the early 1960s, or Quincy Jones, with whose big band he recorded back in Jones' Manhattan jazz days. "It was a strengthening, experimental kind of experience, whereas when I came out here I found a lot of people who were simply listening to records I'd made years ago."

Hubbard does not feel negative vibes, however, toward the Californian musicians. "In fact, I think it's high time for the cats to get together and trade ideas. You know, there's some new-wave writing out here that the guys from back east can really use."

Though he would divulge no details, some of the new-wave writing may stem from Hubbard's own prolific pen. "I've been doing some weird stuff that I've been thinking about trying to drop on the people. Not avant-garde, but modal, and out of meter. I've been doing some practicing, and some thinking.

"Some of these young kids, they want to get ahead right away, and they'll say, 'Man, why should you be scuffling when Chuck Mangione's on TV making all that money?' Well, there's room for discussion on that point, but after I thought about it, I said to myself, it was up to Mangione to do what he wanted to do."

Meanwhile, Freddie Hubbard will keep his eye on the sparrow. □

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JAZZ REVIEW

FUN, FUNK, FUSION IN ANAHEIM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Things ain't what they used to be at Disneyland.

Sample conversation, ca. 1965:

"Daddy, who is that man on the riverboat?"

"Why, son, that's a great man. His name is Louis Armstrong."

Same place, 1980: "Son, who is that on the Tomorrowland space stage?"

"Oh, Dad! That's Jeff Lorber's Fusion, of course."

Back in the Armstrong days they called the annual extravaganza "Dixie Land at Disneyland." In recent years, the more capacious phrase "Disneyland and All That Jazz" has enabled the producers to bring the list of headliners more and more into a youth-oriented direction.

This year the move away from nostalgia was all but complete. Except for the "Jumpin' Jazz Jubilee," a pseudo-history of jazz presented on the river stage at Frontierland, everything had the aroma of now. Spyro Gyra and the Lorber Fusion, with their apoplectic electronics and rhythmic star wars, alternated on the space stage at Tomorrowland. It wasn't too easy to tell them apart: Lorber was perhaps a little clumsier, Spyro had the better sax player and drew the bigger crowd. Other than that, it was the familiar fusion funk formula we are trying to learn to live with.

Roy Ayers (whom I couldn't fit into an overcrowded schedule) and Willie Bobo were the incumbents at Tomorrowland Terrace. Bobo's nine-piece band remains on the safe side of the border between Latin funk and jazz/rock, with an energetic four-man rhythm section.

At the Plaza Gardens the high-flying Toshiko/Tabackin band, now an established favorite here, served as a dazzling reminder that Glenn Miller was 40 years ago and that the spring of 1980 is more inspiring to young audiences than the summer of '41.

Angela Bofill went through a variety of motions in a very brief period. Superconfident and attractive, she indulged in an egregious display of histrionics, apparently weeping real tears. Why she is on the charts as a jazz singer will remain a mystery. If she could match her considerable vocal powers with a touch of discretion and with significant material, the results might be rewarding, but as things stand her lyrical messages are on the order of "People Make the World Go Round" and her songs include such grammatical gems as

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TIMES PHOTO BY IRIS SCHNEIDER

"Jumpin' Jazz Jubilee," a pseudo-history of jazz on stage at Frontierland, highlighted this year's "Disneyland and All That Jazz" spectacular

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FUSION AND FUNK

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"We're trying to find our way as best as we can."

She could benefit from studying Kathy Griggs, featured in the river stage show. Griggs' technique may not equal Bofill's, but her emotions are sincere and unforced, her range is broad and her high notes pure. Moreover, "Blues in the Night" provided her with a superlative lyric and a timeproof melody as insurance.

The whole river stage production was a visual delight and a musical hodgepodge. Opening with a line of dancers, the show presented the venerable trumpeter Teddy Buckner, without whom Disneyland might as well be Knott's Berry Farm. The choreography was sparkling, fresh and fun, despite the limited space.

As for the narration—well, let's assume Disneyland is no more serious about the literal use of the phrase "all that jazz" than Bob Fosse was with the movie title. Still, it was odd to hear so many bands saluted in the swing era segment without a mention of Duke Ellington. But it came as a pleasant surprise to hear Dave Frishberg's song "I'm Hip" sung (or barked) by a Pluto figure on one of the passing floats.

The finale, after a neat vocal quartet arrangement of "Birdland," found the Mark Twain paddlewheel boat roaring by, belching smoke, balloons, Dixieland and good vibes along with the traditional fireworks. All that glitters is not jazz, but it sure can look mighty pretty.

6/1

JAZZ REVIEWS IN BRIEF

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"STAR SOUNDS." Jackie and Roy. Concord Jazz CJ 115. Mr. and Mrs. Kral could not have done better than to select a Brazilian-flavored program for their smashing Concord debut album. Songs like Jobim's "Dindi" and "Samba do Aviao," Edu Lobo's "Crystal Illusions" and the Sergio Mendes-Bergmans' "So Many Stars" could have been written with them in mind. But it doesn't begin and end in Rio. The title song brings us Johnny Mercer's insight into Brazil (he wrote both melody and lyrics); "Seven Hills," a Roy Kral original, is done in gentle bop vocalese, and Jackie Cain Kral knows just how to handle Dave Frishberg's cynical lines in "Wheelers and Dealers." Time stands still for this perennially, unerringly tasteful vocal duo. Five stars.

"FESTIVAL TIME." Ross Tompkins & Concord All Stars. Concord CJ-117. Ross Tompkins' watchword, it would seem, is "I don't want to make history, I just want to make music." With companions of the caliber of Snooky Young (his trumpeter-colleague on the Tonight Show), Marshal Royal on alto and Ray Brown on bass, this live session from the Concord Jazz Festival had heavy insurance. One blues and seven standards. Three stars.

"AMTRAK BLUES." Alberta Hunter. Columbia 36430. If Ms. Hunter doesn't seem to be the singer at 85 that she was at 84, don't blame her. Blame the material (wrinkled lyrics of "Darktown Strutters' Ball," repeated endlessly), the production (fine musicians put to less than optimum use) and the shortage of her own songs (more cuts like "I'm Having a Good Time" would have added a badly needed fresh touch). As for the packaging, some older readers will require three magnifying glasses to decipher the names of the accompanists. Two stars. This great lady deserves better

"LA ONDA VA BIEN." Cal Tjader. Concord Jazz Picante CJP 113. The first in Concord's new Latin series, this set begins with an unorthodox treatment of "Speak Low" in 6/4. Tjader's vibes and Roger Glenn's flute mix well on such pieces as Edu Lobo's "Aleluia." Some of the cuts, in particular "I Remember You," are basically Latin dance music with jazz coloration, but at times, as in "Mambo Mindoro," it turns into a veritable percussion gala. Honest, easy, three-star listening.

"DYNAMITE!" Louie Bellson Big Band. Concord Jazz CJ-106. Bellson's team of Southland pros offers a typically vigorous workout, with three tunes contributed by the leader, two splendid originals by Don Menza (whose "Cinderella Waltz" spotlights Bobby Shew's horn) and a prodigious teen-ager named Matt Catingub, who plays fiery alto in his own "Explosion." The alto honors, however are stolen by Dick Spencer in his moving "Concord Blues for Blue." Bellson's "Where Did You Go?" is an outstanding example of an orchestral work built around a guitar soloist, John Chiodini. Three-and-a-half stars.

"LIVE AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA." Bob Florence Big Band. Trend TR523. A very professional set by one of the many jazz orchestras that flourish on an occasional basis in the Southland. Pianist Florence is responsible for the six originals, some of which sound as though they would make fine stage band charts for college ensembles: never too complex or hard to play, but imbued with the essence of straight-ahead jazz. Good solos by some of the familiars: Bob Cooper on tenor, Warren Luening on trumpet. The bass sound (Fender?) is too light to carry this load of heavyweights. Three stars.

"DUALITY." Clare Fischer. Discovery DS 807. Fischer, a singularly texture-conscious composer, arranger and soloist, is heard here in two never-before released sessions from the late 1960s. The A side finds him at the piano, with orchestral settings. Delicacy is the keynote on "Old Folks" and the ¾ pieces, his own "Waltz" and Cal Tjader's "Liz Anne." The B side, with Fischer on organ and, in "Come Sunday," valve trombone, tends to become a little dreary but the depth and color of his writing still impresses. Three-and-a-half stars.

"FOR SURE!" Woody Shaw. Columbia 36383. Shaw's trumpet and fluegelhorn are variously displayed with elegance ("We'll Be Together Again") and energy ("OPEC," "Isabel the Liberator"). An added starter is Judi Singh, in a quasi-modal vocal on her own composition "The Time is Right," and in vocalese on "Why." Though a string section is used on two cuts, the charts are commendably free of bathos or overt commercialism. The result is another superior set of frameworks for Shaw's potent artistry. Four stars.

"FACETS." Monty Alexander. Concord Jazz CJ-108. Another trio set by the Jamaica-born pianist, again with the failure-proof rhythmic support of Ray Brown and Jeff Hamilton. Material encompasses a modal-to-bop treatment of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a beguiling Alexander original, "Consider," and standards from Fats Domino to Miles Davis. Nothing mind-blowingly original here, but nothing that falls short on taste or technique. Three stars.

"A DAY IN COPENHAGEN." Dexter Gordon-Slide Hampton Sextet. Pausa PR 7058. The co-leaders, then expatriates (both now live in New York) taped this set in 1969 in Copenhagen, with the West Indian trumpeter Dizzy Reece and a splendid rhythm section comprising two Americans (Kenny Drew, piano; Art Taylor, drums) and the Danish bassist Niels Pedersen. With charts and trombone by Hampton, characteristically virile tenor by Gordon, it's music in the Jazz Messengers manner and, judged in terms of the genre and time, a four-star package.

"TRAV'LIN' LIGHT." Ben Webster & Joe Zawinul. Milestone M-47056. The title tune on the third side, "Soulmates," should have been the title of this heartwarming album. Nobody ever brought a suppler intimacy to the tenor sax than Webster, while Zawinul (then developing a style in the Cannonball Adderley combo) was into a music simpler and more directly tied to jazz roots than he would be in later years. The fourth side stems from an only slightly less brilliant session with Webster, Jimmy Rowles and the unique trombonist Bill Harris, who, like Webster, died in 1973. Don't miss this two-record, five-star set.

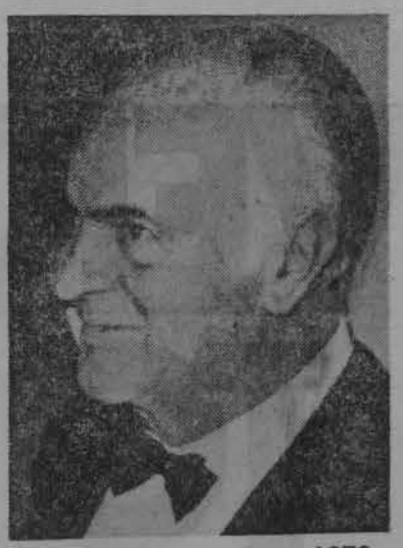
"GUITAR WIZARD." The [illegible] SUNSET [illegible]

Mon. June 2 1980

ARIES

Composer Was in Midst of One of His Top Successes

'Sonny' Burke Had Produced Best-Selling Frank Sinatra Album



Joseph (Sonny) Burke in 1973.
Times photo

Joseph Francis (Sonny) Burke, 66, long respected in the music world as a composer and producer, died Saturday of cancer, an illness that befell him while he was enjoying one of the greatest successes of his career, the current best-selling Frank Sinatra album, "Trilogy."

Burke conceived the idea for the three-record set and devoted well over a year to supervising its production.

Reflecting on the finished product, he said in a recent interview: "Sometimes as I play this record back . . . it's as if Frank were talking to me, instead of singing words someone else wrote for him."

Burke had been associated with Sinatra in the creation of more than a dozen albums over the past 20 years, most notably "A Man and His Music," "September of My Years," and the singer's collaborations with the Duke Ellington and Count Basie orchestras.

Born in Scranton, Pa., Burke studied violin and piano from age 5. An all-state fullback during his high school days, he continued his music studies at Duke University in North Carolina, where he led a student band.

After free-lancing as an arranger for the bands of Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Joe Venuti and Xavier Cugat, Burke moved to New York in 1938. During 1939 and 1940 he toured with a big, swinging orchestra of his own.

In the 1940s he wrote for Charlie Spivak, Jimmy Dorsey and Gene Krupa and conducted on recordings by Billy Eckstine, Dinah Shore and Mel Torme.

Moving to Hollywood, he began to work steadily as a composer, arranger, producer and/or musical director for Warner Bros., Reprise, Decca and MCA Records, and on various motion picture and television assignments. In 1950, he had a hit record of his own, "Mambo Jambo."

As a songwriter, Burke composed two standards that are still widely performed, "Midnight Sun" with Lionel Hampton and "Black Coffee" with Paul Francis Webster.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ IN THE WEST

Leonard Feather

"JAZZ in the West" might have seemed at one time to be a contradiction in terms. Just as the legend of New Orleans as the birthplace of jazz dies hard (despite persuasive arguments that jazz was born simultaneously and spontaneously throughout most of the United States), so has the image of New York as the Big Apple, the core of all true jazz activity, persisted throughout the decades.

Obviously New York and every other major metropolis in the East and Midwest can be credited with a vital role in the evolution of America's indigenous art form; nevertheless, both historical and contemporary evidence shows that the music which first showed

signs of life around the turn of the century lost very little time making its impact on what would later be known as Western's World.

In fact, it was in Los Angeles in 1921 that Kid Ory, the trombonist who earned immortality as the composer of "Muskrat Ramble," assembled his small band, known as the Sunshine Orchestra, to record what most historians believe was the first genuine example of jazz ever put on wax by a black instrumental combo. California was the breeding ground for such seminal talents as Charles Mingus and Gerald Wilson in the 1930s and 40s, followed by Nat King Cole, Stan Kenton, Benny Carter and, during the 1950s, the combos of Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan and Chico Hamilton.

(Left) Chick Corea at the keyboards, with members of his group: Tom Brechtlein (drums), Joe Farrell (sax), Al Vizzutti (trumpet), and Bunny Brunel (bass guitar), at the Roxy in Los Angeles. Gary Leonard

By the early 1960s, the turbulent tides of rock 'n' roll tended to drown out the sound of jazz as far as publicity was concerned. Nevertheless, while the media devoted reams of space and air time to rock, jazz defied the doomsayers who either ignored it or pronounced it dead. In fact, it was during the 1960s and 70s that a vital jazz scene was consolidated, more in southern than in northern California. Shelly's Manne Hole, formed by the drummer Shelly Manne, was a Hollywood *pied-à-terre* during those years for everyone from Miles Davis to John Coltrane. Stan Kenton introduced his elaborate Neophonic Orchestra at Los Angeles' new Music Center. On college campuses, notably in Royce Hall at UCLA, the schedule of public jazz concerts was stepped up.

Today we find virtually the entire western United States hospitable to jazz of every stripe, from Dixieland through swing to bebop and, occasionally, the avant-garde. Never was the encouraging vitality of the music and the ardor of its advocates more tellingly illustrated than at a meeting in February at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas, attended by representatives of jazz societies from 10 states.

The man responsible for this convocation was Monk Montgomery, the veteran bassist. During his 10 years as a Las Vegas resident he has worked tirelessly to make that city more hospitable to jazz. He could have tried something simpler, like rolling a peanut up a mountain, but Monk does not give up easily. Through his efforts, concerts have been held under the aegis of his nonprofit Las Vegas Jazz Society at casinos along the Vegas strip, featuring artists who are seldom or never presented in the regular shows: Herbie Hancock, Carmen McRae, Louie Bellson, Sarah Vaughan, Dizzy Gillespie. (For information on the Vegas action, call the Jazz Society at (702) 734-8556, or write to 3459 Nakona Lane, Las Vegas, NV 89109.)

Los Angeles sent delegates from several organizations to the Vegas jazz meeting, the object of which was to constitute a Western Regional Federation of Jazz. Guitarist Kenny Burrell, president of the Jazz Heritage Foundation, and trombonist Benny Powell of the newly formed Committee of Jazz were among those on hand. Of course, news about the L.A. jazz scene is easy to come by, either through ads in the Sunday *Times* or via KKGO, the all-jazz radio station.

This summer will be the busiest in years for jazz fans. The second annual Playboy Jazz Festival, scheduled for June 21–22 at the Hollywood Bowl, will set the Hollywood Hills alive with the sound of the music of Benny Goodman, Buddy Rich and his big band and the award-winning Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin orchestra. The latter ranked number one in all the recent magazine polls, thanks to Akiyoshi's scintillating compositions and her husband Tabackin's incomparable flute and tenor sax solos.

There will also be a battle of the saxes among such stalwarts as Illinois Jacquet, Zoot Sims, Lockjaw Davis and Richie Cole. Other offerings will be contemporary sounds by the Brecker brothers; Dixieland by Bob Crosby's Bobcats; a swing combo with Benny Carter, Teddy Wilson and Shelly Manne; bebop by Dizzy; songs by Carmen; violin by the decade-proof Stéphane Grappelli—all this and touches of Latin jazz as well. But producer George Wein faithfully promises us that no jazz/rock or other cross-bred forms will intrude.

For the first time ever, Wein will also incorporate jazz at the Bowl into the L.A. Philharmonic's regular summer schedule. Starting July 16 ("Chick Corea and Friends," with Flora Purim, Airto and others), jazz will resound at the Bowl every other Wednesday through September 10. The July 30 concert, a tribute to the immortal Charlie Parker, should be particularly memorable.

The Los Angeles club scene rivals that of any city except the Big Apple itself. Best known around the world is the Lighthouse, open since 1949 and still billing itself, shamelessly and accurately, as the "world's oldest jazz club and waterfront dive." The small room with its pew-like seating offers both national and local names, as does Howard Rumsey's Concerts by the Sea, an attractive miniature theater-club on the pier at Redondo Beach. Also long established are Donte's, in

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and at several colleges, as well as summer concerts at Port Townsend. On the waterfront, a so-called loft scene (for avant-gardists) prevails for such future-oriented gentry as pianist Art Lande and trombonist Julian Priester.

Monk Montgomery has no monopoly on enthusiasm for jazz in Nevada. Dick "Rico" Mordenti, representing Reno's For the Love of Jazz society, reports that his organization has been staging monthly concerts; recent visitors were the Buddy Rich band and singer Ernestine Anderson. There are weekly jam sessions and Sunday night after-hours music at the Playhouse in nearby Sparks, and Sunday afternoon jam sessions at the Gold Dust West in Reno. Those sharing Mordenti's love of jazz are advised to call (702) 826-3791 or Jack Evans at (702) 323-1944.

Jazz has a cheerful champion in Idaho in the person of Gene Harris. This ebullient pianist, formerly leader of a much-recorded combo known as The Three Sounds, advises us that several Boise clubs are now booking jazz. Harris himself works at Peter Schotts Restaurant. A local big jazz band has been gigging in and around the state. Should you find yourself stranded and jazz-hungry in Idaho, call Harris at (208) 345-4009.

Duane Martin, president of the Dallas Jazz Society, is bullish on the club and concert situation in his precinct. Recent concerts have been given at Granny's by Count Basie, Maynard Ferguson and Lionel Hampton. The Jazz Society has organized tributes to such legendary figures as Buster "Prof" Smith, the saxophonist and educator who, back in the 1930s, inspired a fledgling saxophonist named Charlie Parker. There are also annual Ellington tributes, held on a date close to that of Duke's birthday in late April.

Martin, who has been teaching a jazz appreciation course at the University of Texas at Arlington, also puts out a monthly Jazz Society newsletter. He can be reached at (214) 273-2281.

Moving farther north and west, let's look in on Canada. Should you find yourself on the trail of good sounds in Vancouver, British Columbia, make your first stop a phone booth. Call Elmer Gill at (604) 594-0802. He is with the Department of Music, Vancouver Community College, King Edward Campus, 225 West 8th Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 1N3.

Perhaps the most telling indication of the degree to which a typical jazz fan will extend himself or herself in the interests of bringing true believers together was the presence at the Las Vegas meeting of a representative from Alaska: Fran Tate.

No, there isn't much jazz in Alaska, but Ms. Tate was willing to take three plane trips to tell her story, starting from her home town of Barrow. She assured me it is "the northernmost point on the entire American continent." She divides her time between running a water and sewage company and operating Pepe's, the finest Mexican restaurant in all of Barrow (population 2,700).

Jazz can be heard on station KJZZ

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

Sirs: I fly on Western Airlines a great deal. I served in the South Dakota Legislature for two terms and for the first year flew back and forth from Pierre, the State capital, to Sioux Falls on a weekly basis. I have always enjoyed the courtesy and assistance provided me by personnel at Western Airlines.

But this past week, the personnel in the Sioux Falls and the Pierre airports went one step beyond what was required. I inadvertently left my suitcase, containing my home and car keys, in the plane when I got off at Pierre, having traveled from Rapid City to the State capital.

I was not aware I had lost my keys until I returned to the airport later in the day to catch the plane back to Rapid City. They then informed me that my keys had been found in Sioux Falls and were being flown back to be on the plane with me when I returned to Rapid City. That would not seem so unusual, except that I was recently married and changed my name. The card I had in my keys contained my former name. Thus, not only did the airlines have to take time to track me down, but made the special effort to check the name change so that my keys would be there waiting for me when I went home. Had they not taken the time and effort to return my keys to me that day, I would have arrived in Rapid City without keys to get in my car or home.

My special thanks to the Sioux Falls and Pierre Western staff for making my day a happy one.

LINDA LEA M. VIKEN
Rapid City, South Dakota

JAZZ REVIEWS

C/5

ARRANGER MENZA GOES UP FRONT

An arranger without a band is like a reporter without a newspaper. No matter how brilliant his stories, there is no place for anyone to read them.

Don Menza's music has been performed for years by leading professional bands, among them those in which he has played tenor saxophone (Louie Bellson, Buddy Rich), and by countless college jazz ensembles. Now, like Bill Holman and others in this situation, he has decided to bring his own legion into the battle.

As heard the other night at Carmelo's, the Don Menza orchestra is an imposing 19-man structure, designed to display the original compositions of its leader. Menza's concepts are lodged in the swinging, tonal tradition, which is not to say they are dated or lacking in originality. Some, like "Piece for Two," are mini-suites with the leader's big-toned horn showcased.

Among the less ambitious pieces are "Dizzyland," framing the stylish horn of Chuck Findley; "Bones Alone," with brisk workouts for the five-man trombone section, and the beguiling "Cinderella Waltz."

The personnel reads like an assortment of sidemen borrowed from the various other San Fernando Valley bands: Ray Reed and Ray Pizzi on alto saxes, the ubiquitous Jack Nimitz on baritone, Bill Reichenbach on trombone, Frank Strazzeri on piano, Frank de la Rosa on bass, Nick Ceroli on drums. All are highly competent, though it would be stimulating to hear a few talented newcomers mixed in with the regulars.

The performance level, though inevitably not equivalent to that of a band that stays together full time, was generally efficient enough to do justice to Menza's demands. The leader intends to bring the group together again, at Carmelo's or in other local watering holes, a couple of times a month. Sans band, he'll be at Pasquale's this weekend, with just a rhythm section.

—LEONARD FEATHER

BOB MAGNUSSON AT DONTE'S

Donte's, a club that has served as the launching pad for many emerging talents, has come up with another winner in Bob Magnusson, whose quartet was heard Tuesday evening.

Magnusson, a bassist of formidable prowess, has shown himself equally at home accompanying Sarah Vaughan, touring with the Buddy Rich orchestra and working with the San Diego Symphony. He plays a 100-year-old German instrument whose beautiful sound is lightly enhanced by amplification.

His solo, whether played with a bow as in "Zephyr," composed by his pianist Bill Mays, or pizzicato as in his delicate waltz, "As The Children Sleep," are models of creative spontaneous artistry. His tone is full, rich and consistent; he is one of those masters who can achieve effortlessly any phrase that comes to his mind. His basic function as a rhythm player is fulfilled no less resourcefully when the other soloist, Mays and Peter Sprague, take over.

Sprague is a delightful surprise. This 24-year-old guitarist, like Magnusson a San Diegan, has it all together: a strong sound, consistent ideas and loyalty to the roots of pure jazz. The most promising new guitarist to come on the scene in a while, Sprague also is a composer with a flair for Latin rhythms, revealed in his charming "Biarritz."

Mays was in typically incisive form. In Magnusson's intriguing work, "Revelations 21:4," he indulged in effective piano string plucking. Rounding out the quartet and subbing for the regular drummer was Peter Erskine, a musician so adaptable that he contributed as much to this straight-ahead jazz group as he does normally to Weather Report.

Magnusson will be back Tuesday, but with a slight difference: Gordon Brisker on sax will temporarily replace Sprague. Meanwhile, Friday and Saturday, Donte's will present Victor Feldman's new Generation Gap.

—L.F.

BENNY CARTER

Continued from First Page

getting an elephant to do a tap dance, but Benny Carter achieved it.

Quincy Jones was one of the evening's most moving speakers, recalling the inspiration he had drawn, as a teenager, from the recordings Carter made as leader of one of the finest bands of the Swing Era.

Councilman Ernani Bernardi, presenting a resolution on behalf of Mayor Tom Bradley and the City Council, allowed that he felt more at ease making his speech here than at City Hall, as indeed he might; for at least half the audience knew Bernardi as good old Noni, who played such fine lead alto sax in the bands of Bob Crosby and Benny Goodman.

"Between takes on record sessions," Bernardi said, "the talk in the sax section would always get around to Benny Carter. Like all of us, I relied on the guidance and inspiration of your records."

After the ceremonies, a band played some of Carter's music. The honoree was too besieged by well wishers to take part, but he did find time to make a gracious acceptance.

At 72, Carter shows no sign of slowing down. He left Monday on an 8 a.m. plane for Stockholm, where he opened that night for a six-day jazz festival. He'll be back in time to make a Hollywood Bowl gig with Teddy Wilson (an alumnus of his band) June 21 at the Playboy Jazz Festival.

"After listening to everything that has been said this evening, by and about Bennie," said Eddy Manson, "I'm convinced that we have the wrong Carter in the White House."

BENNY CARTER GETS GOLDEN SCORE AWARD

G/10

By LEONARD FEATHER

"My whole life is here tonight," said one observer as he looked around the Ambassador Hotel's Embassy Ballroom Sunday evening. One could sense how he felt, for the occasion, a tribute to Benny Carter sponsored by the American Society of Music Arrangers (ASMA), was a microcosm of the 50 years Carter has given to American music. His friends of all ages, their careers overlapping and intertwining, met to share their common admiration for a most uncommon man.

In this city of gratuitous backslapping, tributes are a dime a dozen and maudlin speeches a mile a minute; but this was different. "Benny Carter is so popular," said ASMA President Eddy Manson, "that we had to move the affair to a larger room." Manson presented Carter with the Golden Score Award. The event, also marking ASMA's 43rd birthday, was a benefit for the society's workshop, which keeps aspiring young writers busy learning their craft.

Distinguished composers and arrangers by the dozen (or should one say by the score?) showed up to honor a respected artist whose images are many: Composer, arranger, band leader, alto saxophonist, clarinetist, trumpeter and writer or conductor for records, nightclub artists, many films ("The Snows of Kilimanjaro") and television ("M Squad") and concerned social activist.

Marl Young, secretary of the Musicians Union Local 47, set this last role in perspective. "Back in 1952," he said, "we still had two unions here in Los Angeles, the white local, and the so-called colored branch, Local 767. A group of musicians persuaded Benny Carter to become chairman of a committee aimed at destroying this segregation. Pretty soon, both locals voted to amalgamate. It took Benny's tact and diplomacy to make it happen."

This reporter reminisced about a London meeting with Carter in the late 1930s when the musician had been invited to write arrangements for the BBC dance orchestra. Trying to make 16 Englishmen swing in those days was a job comparable to

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TIMES PHOTO BY GARY FRIEDMAN

Honoree Benny Carter, left, with friends Councilman Ernani Bernardi and composer Quincy Jones.

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6/8

BOFILL'S DEFINITION OF JAZZ

BY LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO BY IRIS SCHNEIDER

Angela Bofill as jazz singer slipping through the terminology gap.

This may not be the place for guessing games, but a brief test of the reader's knowledge and intuition may be appropriate at the moment.

Study the following lyrics.

Wall Street losing dough on every share/ Their (sic) blaming it on longer hair/Big men smoking in their easy chair/They got a fat cigar, and they don't care. Were the above lines the brainchildren of (a) Cole Porter (b) Alan and Marilyn Bergman (c) Johnny Mercer?

If you would take me in your arms/And thrill me with your charms/I'd be in ecstasy/ I wanna give you all I got/'Cause you know I got a lot to give inside of me.

Did this evocative imagery spring from the pen of (a) Johnny Burke (b) Sammy Cahn (c) Oscar Hammerstein?

If your answer was "None of the above" to both questions, you have a passing grade. The first sparkling quotation is an excerpt from "People Make the World Go 'Round" by Linda Creed and Thomas Bell; the second gem is from "The Feelin's Love" by Angela Bofill. Both were recorded in Bofill's best-selling album, "Angel in the Night," which for the past seven months has held a place on Billboard's list of best-selling—are you ready?—*jazz* LPs. In fact, at press time Bofill was the highest-placed singer on the jazz list.

What this says concerning the present condition of the art of jazz singing, and of the material performed by those who are accepted as jazz singers, would seem to justify a more than cursory inspection.

The generation gap is widening more rapidly among vocalists than among instrumentalists. Angela Bofill makes a fair case history. Her musical credentials seem reasonable. Born in the Bronx, she attended the High School of the Performing Arts (of "Fame" fame), the Hartt Conservatory of Music in Hartford, was lead vocalist with the Dance Theatre of Harlem, and was discovered by Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen, who produced both her albums to date.

It is beyond question that she has made a tremendous impact within a very brief time span, has earned critical praise as an exciting and dramatic performer, and has vaulted to the five-figures-a-night-per-concert bracket. The bothersome questions still nag: Why is she characterized as a jazz singer? And do her songs qualify as jazz material?

Bofill discusses the matter with cheerful self-confidence and blithe self-contradictions. "I have in the past sung jazz, so I guess that would make me a jazz singer." (Muhammad Ali has in the past gone roller skating, which would make him a roller skater.) "I'm heavily jazz-influenced; I think I could sing jazz with the best of them. I grew up listening to Cannonball, Herbie Hancock, Flora Purim, Airto; when I was 16-17 I sang with Dizzy Gillespie at several festivals." (Is Gillespie, who once played trombone before taking up trumpet as his life's work, still to be regarded as a trombonist?)

"I can sing different styles of jazz. I can do mainstream. Jazz is just soloing on chord changes. I can do that. I can scat. But now I'm trying to broaden the definition of what a singer is."

As Bofill correctly observes, "A lot of things that are being considered jazz today —Bob James, Earl Klugh, Chuck Mangione —are not jazz for some of the critics and fans. Well, maybe it's a new kind of thing: call it fusion, or urban music."

But Bofill then inaccurately adds: "If you consider Billie Holiday and her time, she was the pop music of her day, and that was jazz, right?"

Wrong. The pop music of Billie Holiday's day was Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra, the singers with Glenn Miller and Jimmy Dorsey; Holiday's records made a minor impact by comparison. Informed of this, Bofill remarked: "No kiddin'! Wow!" Angela Bofill was born 25 years ago, four years before Billie Holiday died.

Bofill's final concession: "As far as a hard-core jazz singer goes—well, I don't think I'm singing jazz."

The identification of a jazz singer has presented problems that stretch back a half century to Al Jolson, who masqueraded under that image in the first sound motion picture. That, of course, was never taken seriously within the jazz fraternity, but today we have a different situation. Performers are gaining jazz identification, particularly within the trade (i.e. on the charts and in news stories) whose relationship to the idiom founded by Louis Armstrong, Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday and the rest is at best peripheral.

Bill Henderson, who for years has been trying to gain a foothold for his uncompromising jazz vocal style, summed it up well: "I just don't think there are any real jazz singers coming up any more. The younger ones simply don't have that kind of knowledge or experience. Al Jarreau just about marked the end of the line." (Jarreau just turned 40.)

A jazz singer, to most musicians, is someone whose personal timbre, phrasing and improvisational sensitivity suggest a direct relationship not only to the Bessies and Satchmos and Billies, but also to the Gillespies and Parkers. The art is so special, so delicate, that arguments have even centered on the question of Ella Fitzgerald's validity as a jazz singer, since some of her records are relatively strictured interpretations of popular songs. But this is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument. Ella Fitzgerald belongs among the elite, as do Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, Carmen McRae, Betty Carter and a handful of others.

Singers who have entered the fold during the past 15 years, since the producers became the masterminds and Frankensteins of the record business, have been steered away from unhyphenated jazz vocal material, on the assumption that this would give them a less commercial image. Marlena Shaw, once a promising vocalist with Count Basie's orchestra, showed potential as a true jazz stylist but was soon diverted to pop songs and charts, with inhibiting results.

Singers who came up too late to gain the kind of acceptance that was available in the first days of Fitzgerald and Holiday have either made the needed compromise or have receded to roles as cult figures, among whom Helen Merrill is preeminent. Little known in the U.S. but admired by Japanese fans, she makes albums for issue in Japan, some of which are later leased to a U.S. company. Another cult figure is Sheila Jordan, who has a few LPs, is respected by musicians, but will never reach the pop mountaintop attained by the experts on urban music. (Part of the problem with people like Merrill and Jordan is their insistence on singing sophisticated material, by the likes of Harold Arlen, Billy Strayhorn and Jerome Kern, rather than lines about long hair and fat cigars, or songs that rhyme "arms" with "charms.")

Of course, it may be argued that the Billie Holidays, too, had their share of dog tunes to cope with, and that for every "Lover Man" there was an "Ooh, Ooh, What a Little Moonlight Can Do." True, but these were not self-written; a record producer (or A & R man, as they called them in those days) brought them to her. When Lady Day wrote a song of her own, it had something to say, a poignant blues message or a "God Bless the Child." Aside from which, her uniquely beautiful sound and matchless phrasing enabled her to transcend almost any song imposed on her.

Bill Henderson is right. The jazz singers who flourished in the 1940s-'60s have no present-day counterparts, nor are they likely to see any emerge. Once in a while a Manhattan Transfer will come along to adopt the values of what they presumably regard as an obsolescent but significant vocal form worth reviving; but they are the exceptions. The rule, in 1980, is Angela Bofill. □

LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO BY MIKE HASHIMOTO

June and Dan Kuramoto of Hiroshima: an exchange of Asian values and the concept of improvisation.

EAST MEETS WEST IN HIROSHIMA

The best brand of fusion music is that which can more accurately be called infusion. When a healthy breed of contemporary sound is injected with concepts from another culture, the result often is a fruitful amalgamation of the best of two worlds. This, in the opinion of many who have helped raise its first album to hit stature, is what has happened with Hiroshima.

Bringing its Asian heritage to bear on the Japanese, black and white cultures of Los Angeles, Hiroshima has blended a music that enabled it to leap from anonymity to a sale of a quarter-million albums on its maiden LP voyage.

"We never dreamed we'd find this kind of acceptance," says Dan Kuramoto, the group's flutist-saxophonist. "It's really intimidating to think we have the same time slot in the Playboy Jazz Festival that Weather Report had last year, because to us, Weather Report is like the new wave of jazz. They're heroes to us—and we don't even consider ourselves a jazz group. But it's an exciting challenge." (Their Playboy gig will be on the opening day, Saturday.)

Though Hiroshima is not a jazz group, at least this was one of the streams of influence. "My older brother studied jazz piano," says Kuramoto, "so I grew up listening to Miles Davis, Cal Tjader. Later I was influenced by Yusef Lateef, who happened to be very curious about things from Asia. So there was always this element in our mixture."

At the opposite end of the Hiroshima scale is June Okida Kuramoto. The only Japanese-born member, she is a native of Saitama-Ken, a Tokyo suburb. Brought to the United States at age 5, she studied *koto* with a master teacher, Mme. Kazue Kudo, on an instrument she had inherited from her grandmother. She had no knowledge of jazz improvisation until she met Dan 10 years ago. They have been married seven years.

Dan Kuramoto and five other members of Hiroshima (Peter Hata, guitar; Johnny Mori, *taiko* drum; Danny Yamamoto, drums; Dane Matsumara, bass; Teri Kusumoto, vocals) are all native Angelenos. Completing the band are two non-Asians. Singer Jess Acuna is an American of Mexican origin. He and Richard Matthews, the group's keyboard soloist and sole Anglo, were the last to join.

The Kuramotos met when both were gigging in community bands. "She was playing traditional Japanese music and I was working in little bands for picnics and going to art school. June saw me at a picnic playing the flute, and she wanted to do some contemporary Japanese pieces. By contemporary I mean those written in the last 100 years, such as Michio Miyagi's 'Haru no Umi' ("Sea of Spring"), which was originally written for *koto* and *shakuhachi* flute. So we started playing some of those pieces together.

"Then we began to think, what if June were also to participate in that which I was more familiar with, Western music? So we started to integrate the *koto* with, first, the keyboard and bass, then finally a whole rhythm section. We had an exciting sense of Japanese space, of Asian music and traditions along with our own."

As Dan became more conscious of Asian values, June found herself attuned to jazz: "With the concept of improvisation, a whole new world of music opened up to me."

A friend of the Kuramotos was producing an Asian-American show with Dan scoring and conducting. "June and I and our guitarist, Peter Hata, had written these songs, so we thought we'd put together a group to do a concert after the show. We never thought any record company would be interested in our kind of mixture."

The emergence of the full-blown band followed such dues-paying experiences as, for Dan, a stretch at Cal State Long Beach teaching Asian-American studies; for June, secretarial jobs; for both of them, giving private music lessons. Dan quit teaching for a while to go to graduate school in cinematography at UCLA.

From 1975-77, the Kuramotos tried to formularize their plans, woodshed and seek out musicians sympathetic to their ambition to bring these diverse forces together. There were times of sheer economic disaster, when the group would dissolve while some of them took odd jobs to survive. Help finally came in the form of a CETA grant.

The decision to enlarge the group and to use the name Hiroshima evolved out of the musicians' view of their place in society. "We envisioned this band that would combine Asian and Western instruments, and asked ourselves what would be an appropriate name. Hiroshima suggests a space and time that all of history now relates to, from the standpoints of technology, a major disaster and the evolution of mankind. We related to it from that stance because we were all born after that, so we saw ourselves as children of atomic technology." (Dan, at 30, is Hiroshima's senior member.)

"Since we base much of our arranging, our thinking and our living on a very simple Taoist principle of yin and yang, the concept of everything following a cycle of opposites, we were thinking about evolution, the idea that up from the ashes something vital could grow. That was really our point: that we represent this new generation and hope we can grow intertwined with all musics and all peoples."

Playing the Watts Towers Jazz Festival, admired by the black community and encouraged by such musicians as Benny Powell, James Moody and Harold Land, the band was spotted by a talent scout for Wayne Henderson, the former trombonist with the Crusaders who had become a successful producer.

"Wayne came to a rehearsal," said Dan Kuramoto. "He told us he could guarantee a record deal within two months. The timing was perfect, because we had frustrating dealings with certain labels, where people who were very racist wanted us to wear coolie hats and things like that. Wayne set up showcases for us at which we could perform just the way we wanted to."

"Arista was our choice," June added, "because Larkin Arnold, the vice president, had the same vision about the group that we had. We even got to record Dan's instrumental, 'Taiko Song,' which we thought no company would ever let us do because it's somewhat more ethnically raw and jazz-oriented."

Dan Kuramoto and Peter Hata write most of Hiroshima's music; the lyrics are Kuramoto's.

An inspiring communal spirit pervades the band, whose nine members form a cooperative, with a common goal: communication. "My concept of a good performance," says Dan, "is how much feeling we can share among ourselves and with our audiences. That, to me, is far more important than any technical values, whatever the artistic medium.

"To draw an analogy, if you look at a Picasso, in any of his periods, you might say that technically, in terms of fine line drawing, it hardly compares to a lot of the illustrators; but that's not Picasso's point. He wants to create an emotional impact."

Hiroshima's LP has been on the three Billboard charts exactly six months, peaking at 51 on the pop list, 20 on R&B and 4 on jazz. Foreign interest is brisk and Japanese a tour is being lined up for November.

"We're all real nervous about that," said Dan Kuramoto. "June's forgotten most of her Japanese. I've never been to Japan, don't even speak Japanese—my only other language is Spanish! But it will be fun to visit my relatives, and interesting to see if we have a real acceptance in Japan."

In view of what the Kuramotos have learned about the Westernization of music in the land of their forefathers, the trip should be a unique and enriching experience. Something like carrying *kotos* to Nippon. □

LETTERS 6/15/80

WHERE'S FEATHER?

Surely it was a typographical oversight; the June 8 Calendar listed no jazz column by Leonard Feather. Fortunately, Feather's article (on singer Angela Bofill) was printed after all, and how fittingly ironic that it should address the heretical use of the word "jazz" by an alleged singer when the column itself was rudely elbowed (as usual) by all of the articles about pop "music."

Really, now: two pages on how many safety pins some tone-deaf moron wears on his nose? Multiple articles of pseudo-hip prose about boring, puerile attempts at music by even more boring technicians who call themselves musicians? And the Feather column didn't even make the table of contents. Yet Feather's point was especially timely: Too many people, musicians and listeners alike, are confused and misinformed as to what jazz is. They don't understand the difference between a Bofill and a Fitzgerald; between a Mangione and a Gillespie; between a chops-obsessed guitar owner with a dismaying array of sound-effects pedals and a Kenny Burrell or a Jim Hall. "Well, it's played very fast, so that makes it jazz, doesn't it?" Right. And 30 years ago the Oscar should have gone to some tobacco auctioneer instead of to Olivier for "Hamlet."

Please don't leave Feather out of the index again. The temporary cardiac arrest it causes is a terrible way to start a Sunday. And let's have fewer sarcastic letters, too.

TOM BURNS, Pico Rivera

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TIMES PHOTO BY BOB CHAMBERLIN

Lena Horne roars her way through a rock number during an energy-packed concert at the Ahmanson.

LENA HORNE AT 62: SHE'S 'BETTER THAN ANYTHING'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Lena Horne retiring?

Unthinkable. There has always been a Lena Horne to illuminate our lives—on a stage, a screen, a record, a TV guest shot, a Vegas showroom. Her concert Monday at the Ahmanson, a benefit for the Joan Robinson Fuselier Memorial Fund, was just one stop on a farewell tour that will find her working a week from next Monday, on her 63rd birthday, and on still other stages around America well into August.

Time enough for her to change her mind, perhaps.

"Better Than Anything," one of her songs Monday, could have been the title of the show. Better than the 1960s Lena, who was better than the 1950s Lena; better in many and various ways. She was looser than ever, rapping with beautifully underplayed sardonic humor about her aborted Hollywood movie career; freer in her physical movements, at one point breaking into a wild, strutting, happy disco/rock dance; easier in her diction (and, it seemed, several shades blacker in certain cadences).

Watching her, you became involved with those penetrating catlike eyes, the gorgeous white gown, the magnetic sensuousness of her movements, the ease with which she can switch from Cole Porter to Michael Jackson, the wit she can stress in a Lorenz Hart lyric ("I'll sing to him, each spring to him, and worship the trousers that cling to him . . ."). In fact, you became so involved that a central fact might be obstructed from view: She is a stunningly talented singer.

The warmth of her balladry, the perfect intonation and power on a few unexpected high tones, the changes of timbre from ladylike to bitchy, have never been in better control. Her choice of material was packed with lines that carried undertones fitting to the occasion. The words "I ain't never gonna let life pass me by" drew applause; other songs were either memory-joggers ("Stormy Weather" embellished with arch twists and turns of the melody) or reminders of how ready she is to align herself with the 1980s. On the finale, a gospel-calypso called "Don't It Make You Wanna Go Home," her five-piece combo joined in the singing.

Lena reminded us about Diana Ross and all the others who, as she put it, have become her daughters. A whole new generation of black artists needed a Lena Horne to pave the rough and rocky way. She reminisced about the days with Vincente Minnelli, who had been on stage earlier to pay a heartfelt tribute. She kidded about her former son-in-law, Sidney Lumet, and her role in his movie "The Wiz" ("A little nepotism never hurt nobody").

As the evening ended, she sang a duet with ventriloquist Willie Tyler, who had taken up what seemed like an endless first half of the show. By intermission many in the audience, having come to see the star, were restless; a few were outraged.

Tyler's is one of the better acts of its kind, but his material was spotty, even dredging up the old Abbott and Costello "Who's on first?" routine. He would be fine for an opening act in a show at the Greek Theater, but was startlingly out of place here. Can you imaging preceding Beverly Sills' farewell concert with a trapeze act? Lena Horne deserves the same deference and dignity. But Lena, finally with us at 9:40 (the show had begun at 8:15 with a speech by Roscoe Lee Browne), soon made us forget that anything had happened before she stepped on stage.

Will she be satisfied tending her garden in Santa Barbara, or will she again be drawn irresistibly by the pull of a world she had inhabited since 1933, when she was a 16-year-old chorus girl at the Cotton Club?

Lena Horne should not retire until a suitable replacement can be found, and, as a 50ish lady remarked during the final bows Monday, "Baby, that ain't about to happen."

VIDEO: JUST THE BEGINNING

BY CHARLES SCHREGER

Times Staff Writer

CHICAGO—Until this year, if you missed one of the seminars held in conjunction with the annual Consumer Electronics Show (CES) it was easy to find out what had gone on. You bought a cassette and you *listened* to the proceedings at your leisure.

But with the electronics industry in the midst of a much-touted "video revolution," tape recordings are no longer enough for the lazy. It was announced at the start of Monday's CES Video Conference here that the videotapes of the two-hour workshops also would be available.

And if things go as planned, maybe there will be videodiscs next year as well.

The video revolution and its growing impact on the film industry is in evidence here at the trade show for the more than 50,000 persons who buy, sell, manufacture and market stereos, calculators, TV sets and the accessories that go along with them.

Magnavox and Pioneer have their videodisc players on display. They're demonstrating how devices no larger than the average stereo amplifier can pick up messages from what look like vinyl records and convert those messages into images and sounds.

No fewer than 20 companies have their latest-model videotape players on the floor of McCormick Place. These machines turn electronic codes on videotapes into pictures.

That's a simplification of what these machines do. They can play "Jaws" at twice the normal speed, start in the middle, freeze on a single frame of Bruce the Shark eating Robert Shaw.

Consider this: An entire set of the Encyclopedia Britannica can be placed on a single videodisc. The technology is here for the video revolution.

For most of us at the moment, though, the revolution being talked about here and elsewhere is just a jumble of words and predictions. Even for those in the industry, it's often a mass of confusion, letters (LVR, VTR, VCR) and component numbers.

The fact is that of the 78 million homes in the United States with television sets, fewer than 2% presently own a video player, according to industry watcher Ken Winslow. At Monday's video conference, Winslow predicted that by the end of this year about 1.8 million homes in the United States will have the gadgets to play videotapes. Theodore Anderson, a security analyst, said that by the end of 1980, sales of videodisc machines will total 60,000.

While at the moment the numbers are small, forecasters remain sanguine. By 1985, Anderson told an audience of 500 at the Monday conference, about 4 million videodisc player units will have been sold. Another 12 million homes will be equipped with videotape players.

A big problem faced by the industry—forget the recession or the fact that these video gizmos cost between $500 and $1,200—is "incompatibility."

The video industry is riddled with "formats." A disc that works on one videodisc player can't—and probably won't—work on another. The same for the tape machines. Which player should the consumer purchase?

The industry will have to sort all that out before the consumer tires, speakers at the Monday conference said. The electronics manufacturers will also have to sort out—and increase—what can be viewed on these systems.

At first, there wasn't much to play on them. Adult X-rated movies were the craze in the early days of home video. That's beginning to change, Winslow pointed out, especially with the major film companies pushing their way into the markets. Today, first-run movies recently released in theaters are the most popular programs, followed by classic films and then porn, he said.

But what, exactly, is available?

That is a question being answered by the National Video Clearinghouse (NVC), a New York-based organiza-

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4 BIG BANDS AND A CLOUD OF DUST

By LEONARD FEATHER

A funny thing happened on the way to the Forum. Near the main entrance to the auditorium Saturday, a vendor walked up, offering for sale, at $1 apiece, large prints of John Coltrane.

In the light of the occasion, a "big bands are back" nostalgia rally, this conjured up weird images: Tex Beneke working out a high-energy treatment of "A Love Supreme," Ray Anthony navigating the tricky chord patterns of "Giant Steps."

Naturally, this promise of innovation failed to materialize. The only difference between the Tex Beneke orchestra, a pickup group of Local 47 musicians, and the Glenn Miller ensemble whose music it presents was that in Miller's day at least the sounds, if not inspired, were played with exceptional precision and a sense of freshness.

Beneke, 66, and Anthony, 58, both are Miller alumni, but with a difference: As featured tenor sax and vocalist for more than three years, Beneke was a key attraction. Trumpeter Anthony had a brief (eight months) and far from memorable involvement with the band. For the Forum he, too, used a bunch of local men, but he did not lean on the old Miller sound

To seek emotional messages, intellectual stimulation or artistic creativity in either orchestra would have been like expecting to taste nectar in a prune. Beneke successfully entertained the crowd (only 3,000 or 4,000 in this vast hall), some of whom danced, though most sat in their seats or stood around the bandstand. A latter-day version of the Modernaires sang "Kalamazoo."

Anthony's arrangements were less dated, his musicians slightly younger and an occasional jazz solo relieved the two-beat boredom, but it was a sad irony to see men like Nat Pierce, a talented pianist, arranger and leader in his own right, and Benny Powell, the splendid ex-Basie trombonist, plodding the night away as side men for Ray Anthony. The latter deserves credit, however, for having masterminded an organization called Big Band '80s, and for helping to pull this gig together.

The other band at the Forum, and most interesting of the three, was the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by his son Mercer. This is, and sounds like, an organized band; almost all its music stems from a noble tradition, even though some of the arrangements have been changed, and not for the better.

Other than the leader, the main link to the glorious past is Cootie Williams, the trumpeter, who joined Duke Ellington in 1929; but this evening he was not feeling well, leaving the band with only three trumpeters.

Onzy Matthews, better known as an arranger, occupies the piano chair where the great man once sat. He is adequate. Harold Minerve on alto sax and Anita Moore, one of the more soulful big-band singers, were the only audible holdovers from the years before Duke died. If the orchestra is a shell of its former self, at least it boasts a unique library of works by a master to whom justice is intermittently done.

From the Forum, it was worth an hour's drive to Disneyland, where, at the Plaza Gardens, Woody Herman and his Herd provided by far the best-conceived and -executed music of the evening. There are many newcomers in the lineup since the band was last in town, all young, enthusiastic and sensitive to the demands of a wide range of music, from early blues to the jazz/rock treatment of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man."

One of the best Herman offerings was a splendidly played transcription for saxes by Frank Tiberi (who just left the band after 13 years) of John Coltrane's "Countdown." (Perhaps if the Coltrane poster salesman had peddled his wares at Disneyland instead of the Forum, business might have been a little better.) Herman remains at the Plaza Gardens through Saturday.

If "Big Bands '80s" is to be anything more than an empty slogan, it will have to take into account the need for a present and a future in the music, instead of just a long-gone past; and, above all, for youthful, upcoming musicians to give it the contemporary touch it needs.

6/22

JAZZ ALBUMS IN BRIEF

white vocal groups of the '40s. Because these numbers are crafted so perfectly for Top 40 radio, most are very catchy. You'll find yourself humming them whether you like them or not. The lovely "Shining Star," already in the Top 40, is the best of the lot, with "I'll Never Run Away From Love Again," an appealing tear-jerker, a close second. —DENNIS HUNT

"BERNADETTE PETERS." Bernadette Peters. MCA-3230. Torch songs have long been Peters' stock in trade, and on her debut album she chokes back the tears through a variety of melancholy laments. In her TV and nightclub appearances, Peters has always seemed like a throwback to the 1940s, and that aspect of her persona is reflected throughout this album. The LP's most emotionally affecting track is the 1943 torch classic, "You'll Never Know," while another of the tunes features a trumpet solo by the venerable Harry James. The rest of the material is uneven: "Pearl's a Singer," written in part by Leiber & Stoller, is dreary soap opera, but "Gee Whiz," Carla Thomas' 1961 hit, is a classic swoon song. —PAUL GREIN

"HORIZON." McCoy Tyner. Milestone M-9094. This will not rank among the great Tyner albums. A typical cut is "Just Feelin'," with energetic tenor sax by George Adams, the skirling, oboe-like soprano sax of Joe Ford, and the intensity that marks most of this combo's work. Atypical and more interesting is the long trio track, "One for Honor." On the title tune, Tyner's violinist John Blake sounds a little like early Jean-Luc Ponty. Literal monotony (one mode, one repeated dominant chord) reduces the impact of much of this set. Two stars. —LEONARD FEATHER

"HOLLYWOOD MADNESS." Richie Cole. Muse MR 5207. Cole's alto is brisk and brilliant; Manhattan Transfer and the late Eddie Jefferson make guest appearances, yet the album is less than the sum of its parts. One reason: the erratic material, descending from the delights of Randy Westons' "Hi Fly" and Gerald Price's charming "Malibu Breeze" to the bathos of "Hooray for Hollywood," "I Love Lucy" and the corny pseudo-Lionel Hampton riffing in "Waitin' for Waits," with its pseudo-hip, token Tom Waits finale. Two-and-a-half stars. —L.F.

"ONE BAD HABIT." Michael Franks. Warner Bros. BSK 3427. Another blandly agreeable helping of the special Franks manner of easy listening. The singer-songwriter's material is not always as original or as profound as he seems to believe ("My one bad habit is you" has already been used as a song idea), but he has a keen ear for melody and often achieves a neat turn of rhymed phrase: "The night I met you/ we were tryin' to define/what "hip" meant/How could I forget you?/You were shakin' all that fine/equipment." Adequate but slick charts by Jerry Hey, Larry Williams and others. Three stars. —L.F.

"STANLEY TURRENTINE." In Memory Of. Blue Note 1037. Don't be alarmed. Turrentine is alive and well. This foolishly misnamed album derives its title from a song heard on the first side. Produced in 1964 by Blue Note founder Alfred Lion but never before released, it's a cheerful, mainly boppish set with such estimable sidemen as Blue Mitchell, Curtis Fuller and Herbie Hancock. Except for a sluggish "Make Someone Happy" the material is unusual and first rate, reminding us how much music a Turrentine group could produce before dollar fever brought him low. Three stars. —L.F.

BIG BANDS AIDE 7/13

This letter is in reference to Leonard Feather's review of a big band concert held June 14 at the Inglewood Forum (reviewed in Wednesday Calendar, June 18). Feather has become the enemy of all big bands who do not play his kind of jazz music. Why he attends these affairs is beyond me unless he enjoys this role.

The Forum event that featured the orchestras of Ray Anthony, Tex Beneke and Mercer Ellington was a huge success, although very little of this was due to the Ellington Orchestra. A crowd of between 4,000 and 5,000 people cheered, danced and whistled throughout the evening. According to Feather, only the Mercer Ellington band offered anything of value. The only people happy with this band were those running the concessions. When the Ellington band performed, the popcorn lines were endless.

Of course Duke Ellington was a giant and his music will always be classic. This same music was diluted by a bellowing vocalist and upstaged by the inflated ego of his son, Mercer. Each set he made a "majestic" appearance after the band had started its first number. He also left before the finish of each set. He didn't fool anyone.

This was the first successful big band affair in many years in Los Angeles or anywhere else for that matter. This Forum dance could provide a huge boost to this kind of entertainment once again, while bringing sanity back to popular music.

SANDY BECK
Editor, Big Bands Magazine
North Hollywood

LEONARD FEATHER 6/22 (2)

A WORD ON ALBUM COVERS

Time was when an album was just a long-play record. Inside, a 12-inch disc; outside, a photo on the front and, overleaf, succinct personnel details and a factual biography of the artist.

No more.

Today's albums are designed not merely for your listening pleasure, but for your reading endurance. The quantity of words is in inverse proportion to the quality and relevance of the writing. When it's a fold-out album, of course, you are in double trouble.

The custom now is to let loose a billet-doux so prolix that by comparison your typical acceptance speech at an Oscar awards ceremony is a model of brevity. On the basis of the number of people the artist feels compelled to thank, and the extent to which he gushes forth such terms as loyalty, dedication, integrity, invaluable cooperation and spiritual affinity, you'd never dream he had simply made a record. You'd swear he had just completed building the statue of Zeus or the Colossus of Rhodes.

The ultimate ego trip to date can be found when you open up "Splendido Hotel," (Columbia C2X 32670), by the guitarist Al Di Meola. Let someone else deal with the record; now's the time for the first full scale review of the *outside* of an album.

Writers of album liner notes blow the longest notes, reports Leonard Feather.

On the inside left of the jacket we are treated to luscious, purple-prose analyses of the tunes ("An eventful chase across an Arabian desert after an alien has landed af ter traveling millions of light years from his stellar suburban home on a planet somewhere on the outer reaches of deep space . . ."); lists of titles, composers, publishers, dates, dedications, names of producers, studios, engineers, mixers, album designers and the artist's booking agency, management, where to send your fan letters ("For countries outside the U.S.A., please send mail postage coupons . . ."), breathless expressions of gratitude ("Teaming up with Les Paul has been an incredible experience for me. A dream come true . . ."), and other such aids to an enhanced understanding of the music.

And that's just for starters.

On the right side, along with a large photo of the subject looking serious enough to reassure you that making an album is no joke, you have the list of Special Thanks.

It begins, of course, with Bruce Lundvall, "for his support and friendship throughout the record," segues to an associate producer, Dave Palmer, "for his exceptional abilities and incredible dedication," then embraces one Phil Roberge: "Thank you for sticking by me through the rough times . . ." Oh, those rough, tough, tense chills I get when I hear your music . . . I love you Chick—you're a legend in your own time." Take it easy, Al. Here's a Kleenex.

Now we get down to serious business. Time to thank Mom and Dad and Sis, "My No. 1 fans since I was 8 years old," and his godparents, Al and Rose—"your concern, prayer, love and appreciation"—and then "Lynn, Leo, Bianca, Jackie and Pat, for being family and friends when your compassion really helped." Yes, indeed; it takes a lot of compassion when someone is busy knocking out "Alien Chase on Arabian Desert."

Bear with me; there's not much farther to go. Just accolades to a boys' choir director, two music shops, amp and guitar makers, and two people named Ronnquist; a cryptic "I owe it all—thank you forever!" to an unidentified Mike Buyukas; kudos to a lady who took care of his office, his plants and his cat, and to two beautiful people who brought sweetness and light during his visits to Tokyo and Paris. Finally, a plug for an Italian restaurant and a salute to the inspiration of Francis Ford Coppola. (Maybe Coppola steered him to the restaurant.)

Well, that just about does it. You might say that anyone in the world who had anything to do with the production of the album is right here on this list of credits, right?

Wrong. How about Thomas Alva Edison, inventor of the phonograph and a legend in his own time? Or the gofer who tirelessly and with total dedication and utter integrity went out for the fantastic coffee? Or the forester who chopped down the tree that made the pulp that created the paper that supplied the manuscript that enabled the musicians to read the parts?

Finally, a warning to NARAS: In the event that this album wins a Grammy award, better be ready to hold 25 minutes of the television awards show for the acceptance speech. □

"BLUE SHOE." Charlie Shoemake. Muse MR 5221. The Los Angeles vibraharpist and music teacher and his frequent sidekick, the full-blown virtuoso tenor saxophonist Pete Christlieb, are in powerful New York company here, with Kenny Barron at the piano and Ben Riley on drums. Nobody who can call a tune "Cu[illegible] Common Chord" can be all bad, an[illegible] one of Shoemake's titles. Except fo[illegible] opening blues, the tunes are unusual a[illegible] often very demanding; all hands meet the[illegible] demands, and Sandi Shoemake, wife and vocalist, makes a promising debut on "The Dream." Four stars. —L.F.

"DANCE OF THE UNIVERSE." Peter Sprague. Xanadu 176. A rousing debut for Srague, 24, who lives in Del Mar, is an engaging, Latin-oriented composer, and a prodigious exponent of classical guitar and steel-string guitar, which he plays both acoustically and amplified. Flawless support by Bob Manusson's mellow bass, Mike Wofford's keyboards, plus drums and percussion. With so many guitarists defecting and diffusing, Sprague is a welcome new talent to watch out for. Four stars. —L.F.

6/23

AZZ REVIEW

PLAYBOY FESTIVAL A DOUBLE SUCCESS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Hugh Hefner stepped to the stage Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl looking proud and bearing good news: At his second annual Playboy weekend here, all but 600 of the 17,400 seats had been sold, and the Sunday show was sold out in advance. It all added up to the largest gross, for a noncharity event, in Hollywood Bowl history. And it was achieved not by rock, not by classical music, but by a jazz festival.

So much for the death of jazz.

The overwhelming success of the event, produced by George Wein, was accompanied on Saturday night by a better than fair degree of musical success. There were no magic moments comparable to those of last year, when Joni Mitchell's show-stopping set was promptly topped by a superb Benny Goodman performance. In one sense, this year Goodman triumphed again, but vicariously.

Ironically, the popular high point, and by all odds the surprise of the day, was the artistic nadir: Goodman's presentation of a vocal trio he now manages, Rare Silk. Sounding less like early Pointer Sisters than prehistoric Boswell Sisters, albeit well-harmonized and in tune, they devoted themselves to the most disposable aspect of Goodman's swing-era image, the pop songs such as "Goody Goody" and other trivia.

If it was only marginally jazz, the audience either didn't know or didn't care. It was campy, it was quaint; they loved it. Rare Silk induced an uproar and jitterbugging in the aisles, stealing the show from the maestro himself, who played excellently but with less spark than last year.

And for new, creative sounds one had to turn elsewhere. A group billed as the Contemporary Records All Stars brought together a sextet of compatible talents: the febrile Joe Henderson on tenor, the dependable Joe Farrell on tenor and flute, Freddie Hubbard in optimum form on trumpet, and a rhythm section distinguished by the presence of George Cables at the piano and John Heard on bass. If jazz is to keep pressing forward, this is the direction it must take in the 1980s.

Cables and Heard had already appeared as performers and composers with Baya. Led by Pat (Pacheco) Murphy, who announced one of his numbers as an Irish mambo, this Latin jazz group sounded at times more West Indian than Cuban, with a vigorous steel drummer, Vince Charles, and a front line of three jazz-wise hornmen. Next year Baya certainly will not be just an opening act at an eight-hour concert.

The only big band sound of the evening (Goodman used an eight-piece combo) was provided by Buddy Rich with his well-meshed orchestra. The band ran through a series of unannounced instrumentals, most of them in medium or fast tempo, with only one chance for the sometimes hysterical saxophonist Steve Marcus

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POP/JAZZ IN BRIEF

"EMPIRE JAZZ." Ron Carter. RSO 3085. This surprisingly authentic set consists of studio-recorded jazz extensions, arranged and produced by bassist Ron Carter, of four John Williams themes from "The Empire Strikes Back." Plenty of stars, no wars, as Jon Faddis and Hubert Laws contribute typically strong solos in "Darth Vader's Theme," Bob James plays pensive, lyrical grand piano on "Han Solo and the Princess," and the jazz waltz "Lando's Palace" brings Frank Wess' soprano sax and Carter's bass to the foreground. The final "Yoda's Theme" is pleasantly interpreted by Joe Shepley on fluegelhorn and Eddie Bert on trombone. Four stars. —LEONARD FEATHER

"RUSH HOUR." Jerry Rush. Inner City IC 1076. Rush, a Los Angeles trumpeter and arranger, has some moments of joy in which he approaches the groove of a 1960s Miles Davis. He is backed by a superb group of California sidemen: Joe Henderson, Kirk Lightsey, Billy Higgins. But Rush has this urge to be a singer, and neither his voice nor the lyrics he elects to sing ("A love like ours will never die . . ." and other grade-C cliches) will land him on the charts, if that's what he had in mind. He should try an instrumental LP. Two-and-a-half stars. —L.F.

"THE TRUMPET SUMMIT." Pablo Today 2312-114. The summit comprises Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry and Freddie Hubbard; supporting them is the Oscar Peterson Big 4, with Joe Pass, Ray Brown and Bobby Durham. In the age-old Norman Granz jam session format, this is a contest of giants, although one-upmanship is far less evident than sheer individual brilliance. Hubbard, removed from his conventional entourage, has never played more movingly than on "Chicken Wings," an eight-bar blues in the "See See Rider" tradition. The other tracks, all long, are Gillespie's "The Champ," Clifford Brown's "Daahoud" and the pop standard "Just Friends." Four-and-a-half stars. —L.F.

"DETENTE." The Brecker Brothers. Arista 4272. It is hard to reconcile the singing, rocking character who offers such advice as "Don't Get Funny With My Money" or "You Gotta Give It All You Got" with Randy Brecker, the jazz trumpeter who contributed valuably to the Horace Silver Quintet a few years ago. Producer George Duke has his finger on the pop pulse; this is a cinch for the charts, and let's be fair: there are pleasant moments on the instrumental tracks. Two stars. —L.F.

"MOTHER . . ! MOTHER . . !! A JAZZ SYMPHONY." Pablo Today 2312-115. Billed as a jazz symphony in four movements, this features Clark Terry on trumpet, fluegelhorn and vocals (mumbling, scatting, doubling-talking and speaking) and Zoot Sims on tenor and soprano saxes, with the eight-piece Contemporary Chamber Ensemble. With all due respect to composer Charles Schwartz's scholarly credentials, it's a nice try that doesn't come off. Sometimes, instead of third-stream music, it sounds like tracks from two adjoining studios. Two stars. —L.F.

"DUKE'S ARTISTRY." Duke Jordan Quartet. Steeplechase SCS 1103. Six original works admirably designed and executed by the pianist; five of them are adorned by the nonpareil fluegelhorn of Art Farmer. The mood is low key, with "Dodge City Roots" as the only uppish, boppish cut. David Friesen on bass and Philly Joe Jones on drums complete a fine rhythm section in this pleasant but unspectacular set. Four stars. —L.F.

"MIKE WOFFORD TRIO PLAYS JEROME KERN." Discovery DS-808. Wofford is sometimes compared to Bill Evans but is a distinctive pianist with an engaging approach to improvisation on familiar themes such as Kern's. Wofford here tackles "The Song Is You," "Yesterdays" and a few lesser known items ("In Love in Vain," "Heaven in My Arms."). Sturdy backing by Andy Simpkins' bass and Jim Plank's drums. More likely to appeal to Kern-watchers than to hard core jazz fans, as the notes, which are entirely about the composer, make unmistakably clear. Three stars. —L.F.

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PLAYBOY FESTIVAL

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to display his gentler side. Rich is as phenomenal as ever, but the band offered no sounds of rare vintage: just a good house wine.

Rich was followed by Mel Torme, who, using his own drummer and the Rich orchestra, offered an instruction course to all aspiring vocalists. Everything came together —the swinging charts (some written by Torme), the sense of complete involvement and dedication to the art of jazz singing (his tribute to Ella Fitzgerald is a trifle corny but beautifully executed) and the perfect sense of timing that took him from a rare upbeat version of "Send In the Clowns" to Randy Weston's "Hi Fly" to Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight."

Mainstream jazz was left to a group each of whose members has a sound and style as identifiable as a thumb print: Benny Carter on alto, Harry (Sweets) Edison, a last-minute addition, on trumpet, and Teddy Wilson on piano. With the incomparable Ray Brown on bass and Shelly Manne on drums, they cruised through a few standards and backed up Gregory Hines, who reminded us that tap dancing is no more a dying art than swing is an obsolescent music.

Bobby McFerrin, a new vocal find, showed promise, though for the moment, with his scatting and bopping, he is trapped between Al Jarreau and Jon Hendricks.

Hiroshima, reviewed here recently, played a fits-and-starts set in which it would have been pleasing to hear more of June Kuramoto and her koto, and less of the band's rock influence. Saxophonist Ronnie Laws, renegade of a brilliant jazz family, played a set of perfunctory funk with his group.

Then there was McCoy Tyner, a magnificent pianist (as he showed during a trio number, "Moment's Notice") who has gone astray. During his "Horizon," which ran almost 20 exhausting minutes and involved long, dull solos by saxophone and violin, a spot check of the box area showed 2% wandering around, 18% eating and/or drinking, 30% talking, and, at most, 50% listening to the music.

Bill Cosby struck the right, light tone as emcee. His fortissimo enthusiasm was laced with odd comments such as: "And now the band will play a tune which was written . . . 'Perdido.' " Cosby also joined in a dance number with Hines.

Sunday's program will be reviewed tomorrow.

TUESDAY/CALENDAR LOS ANGELES TIMES ★ JUNE 24, 1980 PART VI

TIMES PHOTOS BY TONY BARNARD

Arnett Cobb, Richie Cole, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis and Zoot Sims, from left, wage a battle of the saxes at annual Playboy Jazz Festival.

More than 34,000 attended two-day jazz festival at Hollywood Bowl. Singer Angela Bofill, left, was one of 10 main acts Sunday.

PLAYBOY: A BANG-UP FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

The second annual Playboy Jazz Festival literally went up in smoke at 10:30 Sunday night when a salvo of gunpowder was timed to explode smack on the final beat of a wild Latin-West Indian-African-disco-rock jam session led by Herbie Hancock. A day that had begun with a whimper, in the form of a conventional fusion group called Eebo, ended with a bang.

It also ended with a profit. Gross sales for the two days topped $400,000; total attendance of 34,000 was 3,000 above last year. With a talent budget estimated at between $150,000 and $175,000, producer George Wein had pulled off an impressive coup, aided in no small measure by Playboy's seemingly limitless promotional and advertising resources.

Of the 10 main attractions at Sunday's marathon concert at the Hollywood Bowl, all but three were cast in the legitimate jazz mold. One exception was Hancock, whose group brought enough hardware on stage to start a guerrilla war and played as if one were just beginning.

Another exception was Chick Corea, who occupies the twilight zone that brings pop, samba and rock together. At the end of his set he brought on Dizzy Gillespie to blow a couple of jazz standards. (Gillespie later surfaced briefly in the Hancock set; these two appearances added up to an insult, though he seemed perfectly satisfied with this tokenism.)

The third exception, Angela Bofill, has been written about sufficiently. She belongs as logically in a concert of jazz as Grandma Moses on an exhibition of Impressionist art. The crowd's reaction, however, was frenetic.

A segment of the audience that had come to listen to jazz took umbrage at all this, but it was in the minority. At outdoor jazz festivals the good times

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JAZZ FESTIVAL AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

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and the picnic baskets, the entertainment and the disco beat, are part of the game plan.

It was a generally happy day whether one's taste leaned to these pop acts or to jazz. The weather was warm but breezy in the afternoon, mild in the evening. It was a crowd dotted with such decorative sights as Camille (Mrs. Bill) Cosby, crouching at stage left trying out her new camera; numerous Japanese journalists and photographers who flew here to report back to Tokyo on this event before leaving later this week for the Newport festival in New York; and throughout the crowd a scattering of Playboy Bunnies, or potential Bunnies.

Among the instrumental jazz groups, a "battle of the saxes" exemplified the jam-session spirit. Arnett Cobb playing virile Texas tenor sax, Zoot Sims with his more laconic sound, and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, the third tenor man, volatile and rhythmically intense, were joined by an alto player, Richie Cole. At 32 the youngest of the group, he jabbed and stabbed, played blues-inflected lines and showed with vigorous assurance his ancestry: Charlie Parker by way of Phil Woods. Cole earned his place in this company of giants. Nat Pierce, Frank Capp and Allan Jackson provided *au point* support.

The Akiyoshi/Tabackin big band, reviewed here often, displayed its colorful palette in such works as "Autumn Sea" with Lew Tabackin on flute and three reedmen playing soprano saxes. Akiyoshi offers what Buddy Rich Saturday had lacked: A diversity in her material, textural contrasts, and melodically fascinating work by the two brilliant soloist-leaders. The band's set, though, was too short to achieve its customary impact.

Bob Crosby put his best beat forward with some of his original Bobcat alumni: Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart and Eddie Miller. Abe Most, not a Crosby regular, outswung Benny Goodman by a city mile with his solo on "After You've Gone."

Stephane Grappelli, now 72 and arguably the hardest-swinging jazz violinist now among us, now leads a combo strongly evocative of the original Hot Club of France Quintet, with two sympathetic guitarists and a bass. His stop-time solo on "How High the Moon" was immaculate in ideation and execution.

Carmen McRae, Ms. Magic, was compensation for Angela Bofill's stagy excesses. Moving very little, she told her stories with eloquence, clarity, and her customary good taste in choice of songs. She can segue seamlessly from "I Wish I Were in Love Again" (Rodgers & Hart) to tunes by Carole Bayer Sager, Al Jarreau or Michael Franks. With jazz singers of her class dwindling down to a precious few, she is all the more to be cherished.

Randy and Michael Brecker showed up somewhere in the final Hancock melee. If they and Gillespie, with a real jazz rhythm section, had teamed up for a set, it could have soothed ears rendered sore by the disco din that dominated the first half of Herbie's spectacle. But you don't wind festivals down, you wind them up; thus, the bang, not the whimper.

This year's festival missed the overall creative spark of the 1979 affair. Still, if out of these 16 hours of performance we heard eight hours of valid, vital jazz, surely these two days of musical marathon offered a bargain you hardly ever find—perhaps never again until next year's Playboy Jazz Festival.

LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO BY LARRY DAVIS

Horace Silver cut his first record with Blue Note in 1952 and has been with the company ever since.

HORACE SILVER'S WORLD RECORD

Horace Silver is the holder of a world record: He has been recording continuously for the same company longer than any other artist in the history of jazz, or possibly of any music.

The pianist-composer was discovered in 1950 playing at a club in his native Connecticut by Stan Getz, who took him on the road for a year. Silver cut his first records as a leader two years later, for a 10-inch Blue Note album. Except for a couple of long-forgotten side trips, he has been with Blue Note ever since.

During those 28 years there have been more changes in the company than in Horace Silver. Fast-talking, wiry, 140 pounds, 5-foot-10, high only on health food, he is the same engaging bundle of nervous energy that catapulted his original combo to national acceptance. He has never abandoned his quintet format (trumpet, tenor sax, bass, drums and himself) for in-person bookings, though his albums for the last five years have presented the group augmented, first with a brass section, then with woodwinds, voices, percussion, and now strings ("Silver 'n' Strings Play the Music of the Spheres," Blue Note LWB 1033.) In all this time he has led a double life, never presenting the larger ensembles in concerts and clubs.

"Surprisingly, people don't ask me why I'm not performing with one of the bigger recording bands, or using any of my lyrics. I guess they realize it would be too expensive. But I'm disappointed that nobody—no festival promoter, no concert impresario, not even the record company—has even once offered to subsidize a series. Maybe I could put on a 'Silver 'n' Brass' concert one month, then 'Silver 'n' Wood' a little later, and so forth."

In some instances nowadays, record companies help subsidize special events to promote their artists, but the sad story of Blue Note's decline has all but eliminated that possibility. Originally a sort of Pop 'n' Pop store, run by Alfred Lion and the late Francis Wolff, the company was sold in 1966 to Liberty Records, which in due course was swallowed up by United Artists; the latter is now part of the vast EMI conglomerate.

"It's really sad to see such a great company lying dormant," says Silver. "I wonder if anyone there even realizes that with this new album, my contract has expired. It's a shame that everything has to go into that damn computer, and if it doesn't match up to the most popular thing they've got going, they'll ignore it or discontinue it."

Obviously little will be done to advertise or exploit the new Silver album, since there is no production staff to keep the label moving; Silver, who produced this two-LP set himself, has almost no contacts at the company.

"It's a drag," he says. "Recently I went to the advertising department at Blue Note and said, 'Look, you've paid me a good chunk of money to make these augmented records. My royalty guarantee is substantial. Why don't you try to get your money back by helping with some promotion?' I presented some unusual advertising ideas, and to my surprise, the guy went for it. He said, 'Let me check on the cost, and I'll get back to you in a couple of weeks.' Well, when I came back his decision was, 'Horace, you're not generating the kind of sales to warrant our making this sort of investment in ads.' So if the records don't do well, they'll just say, 'See? Jazz doesn't sell,' and they'll blame the artist. It's a Catch-22 situation, a vicious cycle. How do we get out of his bind?"

By going to another company?

"Yeah, maybe so—one that's gonna take a chance and spend some money on promotion. I feel very frustrated right now."

His mood is easily understood. Over the Blue Note years his pen has turned out one hit after another, many of them now jazz standards: "Senor Blues," "Song for My Father," "Nica's Dream," "Doodlin'," "Filthy McNasty," "Strollin'," "The Preacher." Many have been fitted with lyrics by Jon Hendricks or by Silver himself.

Today, more than ever, Silver is heavily involved with lyric writing. His messages of peace, harmony, healthy minds and bodies, friendship and empathy have been transmitted by various singers; on the new LP one of the four guest vocalists is Gregory Hines, formerly of Hines, Hines and Dad, now a fast-rising singer, dancer and actor.

"My lyrics express my philosophies physically, mentally and spiritually," says Silver, whose verses convey a firm commitment to brotherhood. "I feel that music—and lyrics—ought to take on greater responsibilities. I was always an admirer of Johnny Mercer. The song 'Accentuate the Positive' had the kind of universal, affirmative impact that could really help a person in distress."

Silver's belief in his power to lift the minds and spirits of his listeners is contagious and convincing. "Even when there are no words and I'm just working in a club with the quintet, as people file out of the room, it's as if the stage is a pulpit and they're leaving church. They'll shake my hand and say how much they enjoyed the service, or the music. It's as if they had a blessing come to them."

Silver now spends three or four months a year taking his instrumental messages out on the club circuit, organizing a new combo in New York, touring the country, then settling down for the rest of the year at this oceanside home in Rancho Palos Verdes. Members of the Silver brigade over the years have included Art Farmer, Donald Bryd, Blue Mitchell, Carmell Jones, Woody Shaw, Tom Harrell, Randy Brecker on trumpet; Hank Mobley, Junior Cook, Clifford Jordan, Bennie Maupin, Mike Brecker, Bob Berg on tenors; John B. Williams and Stanley Clarke on bass; Louis Hayes and Billy Cobham on drums.

Silver's group for two decades was composed of the great black artists who could play his music best. In recent years many of his sidemen have been white, a situation he explains with simple logic:

"In the formative years there were so many good young black musicians capable of filling these roles that I didn't have to go seeking out white players, who in those days were patterning themselves after the cool sounds of the Chet Bakers and Gerry Mulligans, a light West Coast sound that just wasn't my thing.

"Nowadays, it's almost a reverse situation. Not that the black players are going into cool music, but they're getting into the R&B or fusion-rock type thing; most of them can't play chord changes well. On the other hand, more of the young white players today are getting into jazz, emulating the heavy black dudes, the Rollinses and Coltranes, the Mileses, the Hubbards. The Brecker brothers sounded great when they were with me; Randy was weaned on Art Blakey's records and mine.

"You know, I'd put Tom Harrell and Bob Berg up against any black tenor sax/trumpet combination around today. We're at a stage where you can't tell the young whites from the blacks, and where, sadly enough, you don't have enough young black players modeling themselves on the great black masters."

The use of so many whites might be expected to lead to some resentment among black audiences. Silver laughed and recalled one incident that summed up the situation.

"We were in Boston, and only the drummer and I were black. Well, let me tell you, the band was cooking. Ain't nobody had to tell us we were cooking—we *knew* it! Later I walked toward the rear of the room and saw a black cat sitting alone at a table in a corner.

"He said to me, 'Silver, let me tell you something. I came into this club and looked at the bandstand and I said to myself, "Damn, what's Horace Silver doing with all them whiteys up there? I never seen that before.' "

"Then he said, 'After that, I just sat back and listened to the music . . . and you know what I said? I said, "Man, them niggers is cookin'!" ' "□

6/30

Only 2 Bands in More than 2 Decades

Leon Albany (Barney) Bigard occupied a unique role in jazz history.

With Benny Goodman he was one of the first two musicians to gain world renown playing jazz clarinet. His career, which began in 1922, included two jobs with an aggregate incumbency of a quarter century. He was with Duke Ellington's orchestra from 1928-42 and with Louis Armstrong, first for a decade starting in 1947 and finally in 1960-61.

The keening, swirling runs of his clarinet were among the distinctive sounds that gave the Ellington orchestra its individual stamp. During those years he co-wrote, with Ellington, his most famous composition, "Mood Indigo."

In 1936 he was the subject of the first jazz composition ever built around a single soloist, "Clarinet Lament," written by Bigard and Ellington.

Born March 3, 1906 in New Orleans, Bigard owed his patrician features to Creole ancestry: French, Spanish and Indian on his mother's side, Afro-American on his father's.

Bigard, who died of the complications of cancer June 27, traced his lineage to the mid-18th century. Some of his ancestors played music for a hobby; many were cabinet makers or cigar makers. His uncle, Emil, was a well known violinist. Barney studied clarinet from the age of seven, later taking up the tenor saxophone, and played with a few local bands before Joe "King" Oliver, the cornetist, sent for him to join the Oliver band in Chicago.

Settling in New York, he left Oliver and worked briefly with Luis Russell's band before joining Ellington in January, 1928. In addition to recording regularly with the full orchestra, Bigard from 1936 led a series of sessions under his own name with a small contingent from the band. The first of these combo dates produced the original version of "Caravan."

His international tours with Ellington included visits to Europe in 1933 and 1939. Later he moved to Los Angeles, spent a year in the band of boogie-woogie pianist Freddie Slack, and led his own combo.

Bigard won the Esquire Silver Award in 1944, 1946 and 1947, taking part in concerts to celebrate those victories.

His association with Armstrong began with their appearance in the film "New Orleans." In a 1968 Times interview, Bigard recalled the Armstrong years as a period of musical freedom. "Because it was a small group, I got to play more; it was quite a contrast from all those soloists I shared time with in the Ellington band."

During the past 20 years, living quietly with his second wife, Dorothe, Bigard took jobs from time to time, but was able to live comfortably on his ASCAP income as a composer. He worked with the "Young Men of New Orleans" group at Disneyland, played some gigs with his old Ellington colleague, the cornetist Rex Stewart, and in the early 1970s toured with a group that included Eddie Condon and other veterans. He continued to make occasional European and other festival appearances in recent years.

As a pioneer of the clarinet in jazz, Bigard watched with dismay the decline in popularity of the instrument, which he attibuted to its technical challenge. His respect was reserved for a few of the swing-era giants. "To me," he said, "the greatest player that ever lived was Artie Shaw. He created tunes of his own. Benny Goodman played pop songs; he didn't produce new things like Shaw did."

Of all his fellow New Orleanians, he observed: "Johnny Dodds was a limited musician. Jimmie Noone was much more polished. Today, there's Pete Fountain—he has a style, but you still hear that Goodman concept behind it, and he can't improve on Goodman. I always tell the youngsters, don't copy anybody. Learn from them, then improve and become yourself."

Barney Bigard achieved that objective early in life and continued to remain quintessentially himself until the end.

Rosary and Mass will be held tonight at 7:30 at St. Bernadette Catholic Church, 3825 Don Felipe Drive, Los Angeles. Graveside services are scheduled Tuesday at Holy Cross Cemetery, Inglewood.

—LEONARD FEATHER

TRIBUTE TO BIRD AT NEWPORT FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—As though unable to wait for the Fourth of July fireworks, the 27th annual Newport Jazz Festival exploded over the weekend in an eruption of concerts and jam sessions, swing and bebop, indoors and out, that had the very potholes alive with the sound of music. Never more than a tone's throw away here, this week jazz is inescapable. The 11-day festival comprises 41 events all over town and in New Jersey.

Friday's opening salvo was "The Year of the Bird—A Tribute to Charlie Parker," for which some 40 musicians doubled from Carnegie Hall to an almost identical show at Avery Fisher Hall to commemorate the 60th birthday of Parker's birth and the 25th of his death. Both houses were virtually sold out. (A Parker tribute will be held July 30 at the Hollywood Bowl, but with an almost entirely different cast.)

With the help of intelligent planning by Ira Gitler, who produced the event and who narrated it at Carnegie, the 3½-hour show was informative and creative. Among the participants were many who were central to Bird's life and times: Jay McShann, the amiable pianist and blues singer in whose band he started; Dizzy Gillespie, Al Haig and other cohorts in the various Parker combos.

There were some Bird colleagues who have thrived and survived (John Lewis and Percy Heath in an ebullient "Billie's Bounce" piano-bass duet); a couple who were mired in the musical pits of Las Vegas but have returned to jazz (Red Rodney, James Moody); several saxophonists who owe as much to Lester Young as to Parker (Zoot Sims, looking ill but playing well, and Stan Getz, who had a bad case of reed squeaks but still sounded beautiful).

There were moments of tense drama (Max Roach's articulate speech about society's exploitation of Parker's genius). There were the old dependables—Gerry Mulligan, Clark Terry, Jimmy Heath. And one set offered a startling illustration, by three alto sax players all performing "Cherokee," of the diverse directions in which Bird's style could fan out: James Moody, cracklingly inspired; Lee Konitz, more intellectual but swinging hard, and Lou Donaldson, dully conventional.

Joe Albany, a qhondam Parker pianist, set the tone for the evening with a genteel, affectionate blues. He was one of the veterans who barely made it through the long night of bebop's darker years.

The evening's only example of bad taste was Bob Dorough's appearance in a garish 1940s zoot suit, singing "Yardbird Suite." In general, however, the concert was alive and burning with the inextinguishable spirit of the Bird.

From Parker and Carnegie Hall it was a 14-block southbound walk, and a 40-year jump in time, to the 1980s music of the Art Ensemble of Chicago in a midnight show at Town Hall. Three members of this quintet cover their faces with white paint and wear outlandish costumes. Their theatricality and disingenuous blobs of atonal sound went over well with an ingenuous, youthful audience.

All it took to draw applause was a sudden switch to a 4/4 beat after 10 minutes of timeless noodling, or a sedulously built crescendo to a clattering climax. The Art Ensemble knows just how to build a cult following. Its visual show-biz devices, however, do not conceal that Lester Bowie is a trumpeter capable of better things, and that Malachi Favors is a superior bassist.

If the combo were to remove its masks, figuratively and literally, we might observe whether its members have the maturity, the craftsmanship, the rhythmic and melodic finesse of the artists who made the Parker tribute such a memorable evening.

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LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Chick Corea

TACKLING THE SUBJECT of Chick Corea for this series presented a problem. So much has been written already that there seemed to be little left to be said.

Most memorably, Corea was dealt with in a cover story by Tom Darter and Jim Aikin that appeared in the February 1978 issue of *CK*. The subhead on the cover characterized him as "A Jazz-Rock Master." Since that time, Chick has been heard in a multiplicity of settings, by no means exclusively jazz-rock. For the purpose of this brief survey, I prefer to think of him as primarily a product of a jazz and Latin heritage, and a protean performer who has become less and less willing, through the past ten years, to be confined to any stylistic or idiomatic pigeonhole.

Born June 12, 1941, in Chelsea, Mass., Corea studied music from the age of six and obtained his first professional work through his father, also a musician. "Up until around 1959," he once told Lee Underwood, "I took all the Horace Silver records I could find and wrote down all his compositions and solos." During the 1960s his influences were many: among them was Herbie Hancock, with whom he would later realize an early dream by touring in a series of duo piano concerts. In an interview for *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz*, Corea named Art Tatum, McCoy Tyner, and Thelonious Monk as his personal favorites while acknowledging that Bud Powell and Bill Evans, as well as Tyner, were major influences.

As much due to chance as to his heritage, Chick during his first professional years was closely identified with Latin music; however, reading between the lines that recall his sojourns in the combos of Mongo Santamaria, Willie Bobo, and Herbie Mann (then on a strictly Latin kick), one finds that during that period he also gigged off and on with saxophonist Stan Getz and drummer Elvin Jones, and worked extensively with the late Blue Mitchell. It was on a session with that great trumpeter that Chick made his first recording of an original composition, "Chick's Tune."

The late 1960s and early '70s were eventful and productive. Chick recorded his own first album, *Tones For Joan's Bones* [now reissued as *Inner Space*, Atlantic SD-2-305], then in 1968 cut the equally impressive *Now He Sings, Now He Sobs*. Soon afterward he replaced Hancock in the Miles Davis Quintet, adding both piano and electric keyboard textures to such seminal albums as *In A Silent Way* and *Bitches' Brew*.

During the Davis incumbency he began exploring the world of free improvisation. "I was inspired by, among others, John Coltrane and the very free structure of his works such as *Meditation* and *Ascensions*." He began a close association with reedman Anthony Braxton, bassist Dave Holland, and drummer Barry Altschul, all of whom demonstrated their free-form concepts in the group called Circle. But by 1971 Chick was back working with Stan Getz; and soon, along with two other Getz associates, singer Flora Purim and percussionist Airto Moreira, and with the addition of Joe Farrell on reeds, he found the nucleus for the original verison of Return To Forever. The first album by that combo became his biggest seller, establishing him as a major commercial attraction.

It would be impossible to summarize here all the ventures in which Chick has been involved during the past decade. There was the high energy rock period, during the mid-1970s, which I found least attractive of all; but during every stage, he has been in and out of such musically valid experiments as the famous *Piano Improvisations I & II* [ECM, 1-1014 and 1020]. There have been the romantic explorations, albums such as *My Spanish Heart*, and, of course, the Hancock two-grand piano duets. Of the albums still available under his own name, the most important are on Polydor, ECM, Blue Note, and Atlantic.

He has continued to record from time to time as a sideman. Many leaders seem to feel more at liberty to express themselves unself-consciously under these conditions. The sample I chose to represent Chick is excerpted from an album issued under the name of Joe Farrell. Entitled *Skate Board Park* [Xanadu, 174], the album includes the standard song "You go To My Head," in which Chick has an exquisitely lyrical 16-bar solo.

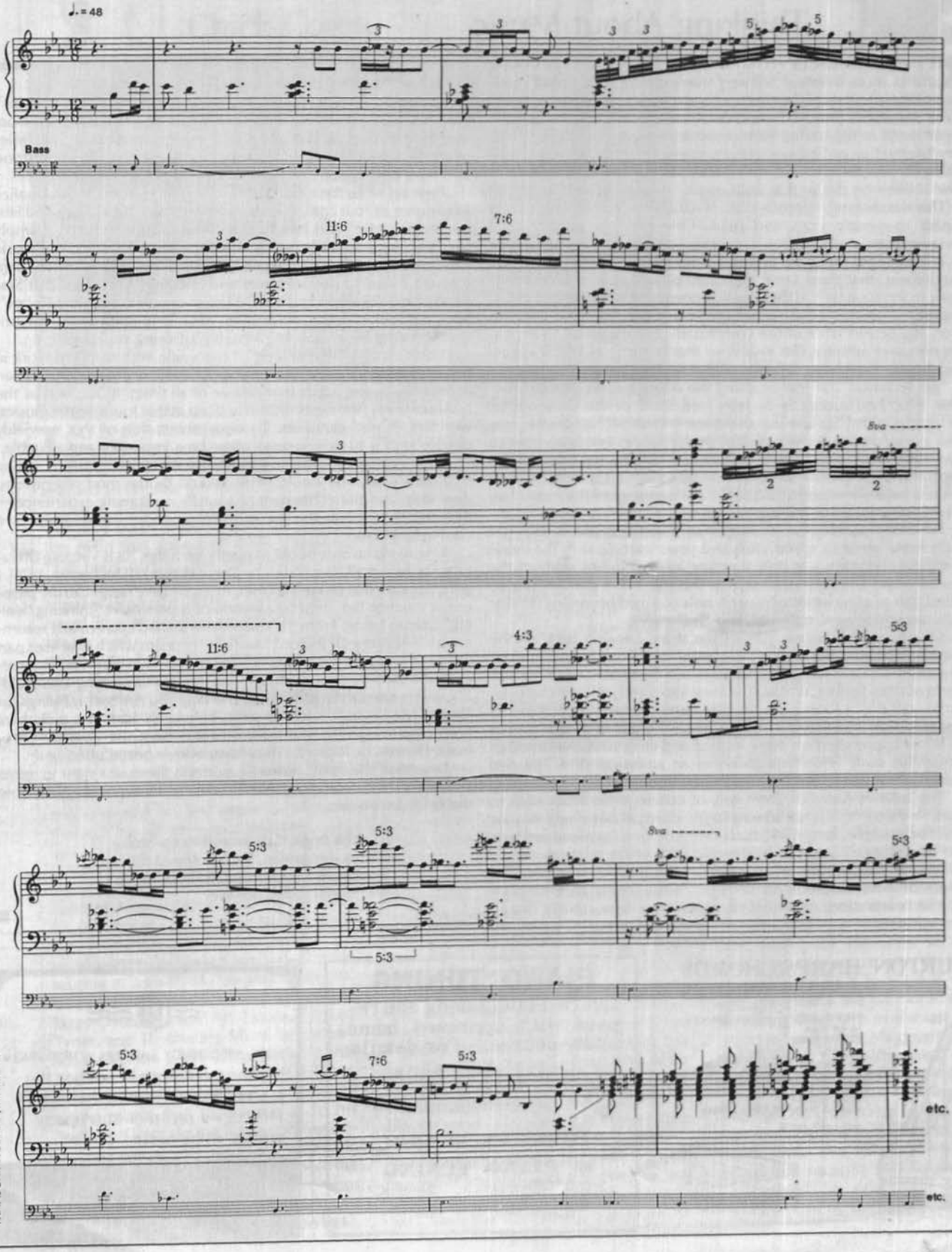
No one solo can be cited as a typical "Chick Corea style" performance. As Chick agreed when I questioned him on this point, "I've gone in a lot of different directions. This album with Joe, and a couple of others I made with [saxophonist] Joe Henderson, represent my playing in what might be called a 1960s jazz style." He added that "You Go To My Head" was made, like most other songs in the album, in one take; in fact, the entire LP, in stark contrast to his more elaborate efforts, was completed in a single afternoon.

Note that the harmonic pattern of this 40-year-old song is closely adhered to. The solo has been written out in 12/8, mainly !because at certain points a 4/4 transcription would be tricky both to write and to read. However, Bob Magnusson, who played the bass part (shown here), says that the group was definitely playing in 4/4 and that his own notes in bar 2, for instance, were felt as a half and two quarters, not as a dotted rhythm.

Note the spare, discreet left hand, used mainly for harmonic support and occasional punctuation; the delicate, never florid runs in bars 2, 3, 7, 8, and 10; and particularly the harmonic subtleties. By raising the ninth in the last left-hand chord in bar 9 (while Magnusson still plays the E♭ root), Chick alters and enhances the whole feeling of the melody.

As for the gradual fanning out into two-handed chords during the 16th bar, I was reminded of Red Garland, of whom Chick says, "I've always admired Red; I heard him recently and he was still unbelievable." So, one might add, is Armando Anthony Corea. ■

Corea's Solo On "You Go To My Head"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

LEONARD FEATHER 7/6

PEDERSEN: FOUR BASS HIT

"DANCING ON THE TABLES." Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen. Steeplechase 1125. "SOMETHING DIFFERENT." Dexter Gordon Quartet. Steeplechase 1136. "CHANGE A PACE." Duke Jordan Trio. Steeplechase 1135. "FOUR KEYS." Pedersen et al. PaUsa 7061. Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen, the whirlwind Danish bassist with the quadruple-barreled name, is the common thread linking these four albums; he is a leader on the first, a sideman on the others, but his presence is pervasive. The first three sets were recorded in Copenhagen, the last in Villingen, Germany.

Pedersen's tastes as a leader take him in a direction more strictly up to date than that of the other two Steeplechase sets. His hornman is David Liebman, who runs a provocative gamut from energetic tenor to pastoral alto flute. The title tune is a happy, contagious line by Pedersen, on which the improvisations continue a mite too long, almost a quarter hour.

One of the best cuts is one of the shortest, Pedersen's lyrical adaptation of a Scandinavian folk song, "I Went for a Walk on a Summer's Day." John Scofield on guitar and Billy Hart, the splendid ex-Stan Getz drummer, lend aid and comfort to this 3½-star set.

Philip Catherine's guitar and Billy Higgins' drums are the other sidemen on Dexter Gordon's workout, which starts with an old Miles Davis blues ("Freddie Freeloader") and never lets up, except when the tenor giant is in his ballad mood. The pianoless instrumentation works well, and Gordon is in artful form. Four stars.

Duke Jordan, a bebop era survivor who was the pianist in Charlie Parker's early combo, has never played better, nor been more splendidly represented as a composer, than in "Change a Pace" (the title-song pun refers to its switch from 3/4 to 4/4). Every composition is a miniature jewel; with plenty of solo space for both Pedersen and the leader (aided again by Billy Hart), this is just about the perfect piano trio record for the 1980s (recorded only weeks before the decade began). Five stars.

Four Keys is the name of an ad hoc unit, that combines the rare talents of Martial Solal, the French composer/pianist, and Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, along with a reappearance by Scofield, bass by Pedersen and no drums. The music, all nominally composed by Solal but with considerable room for improvisation, occasionally suggests the mood of the old Lennie Tristano group. The interplay among the members is astonishingly intuitive. This masterfully inventive collaboration rates at least 4½ stars.

□

"I REMEMBER BEBOP." Various Artists. Columbia C2-35381. It may strike some observers as odd that bebop, a music once considered so dangerously radical that record companies would not dare to use it in the title of an album, is now regarded fondly as a memento of our past.

Produced in New York by the French pianist Henri Renaud, this two-record set serves a double purpose: to remind us of eight pianists who made a significant contribution during the bop era, and to bring back tunes that were, for the most part, central to that period. The only exceptions are John Lewis, playing his own compositions, mostly of a later vintage, and Jimmy Rowles, whose style is tied more closely to the Swing Era, though his selections (two tunes by Jerry Mulligan and one by George Wallington) and interpretations fit well enough into the overall concept.

Most of the soloists use a rhythm section, though Al Haig (playing four Dizzy Gillespie pieces), Duke Jordan (in two works by Tadd Dameron) and Lewis work unaccompanied. Sadik Hakim and Walter Bishop Jr., both of whom played with Charlie Parker, share memories of six Parker pieces in their respective segments. Barry Harris is assigned a quartet of Thelonious Monk originals; Tommy Flanagan, perhaps the coolest and most delicate of the beboppers, takes charge in four compositions by Bud Powell.

The album succeeds, perhaps accidentally, in stressing the broad diversity of styles contained within the piano bebop idiom, from the romantic classicism of Lewis through the remarkably undated and incisive revivalism of Al Haig. Speaking of the latter, Lewis is quoted: "Since Bud Powell died, Al Haig undoubtedly remains the most important bebop pianist."

Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen

Perhaps so, perhaps not; comparisons aside, here are eight artists, all of the first rank, playing material, most of which has thrived and survived through three or more decades. Five stars.

□

"THE MODERN JAZZ PIANO ALBUM." Various Artists. Savoy 2247. The purpose of this album was to bring together a diversified cross section of major jazz pianists whose influence dominated the 1940s and '50s. Unfortunately, because of the apparent lack of sufficient material to flesh out a two-record set, it fails to come off as well as might be expected.

True, Bud Powell, the father figure of all the bop pianists, is present, but only as a briefly heard sideman in a 1946 quintet session. In "Seven Up," for example, his solo lasts exactly 20 seconds.

Five tracks by Lennie Tristano, a sort of *eminence blanc* of the bop era, provided a fascinating insight into his prehistoric avant-garde. These cuts, with Billy Bauer on guitar and John Levy on bass, were made in 1947, two years before the sextet sides responsible for Tristano's ultimate canonization.

Herbie Nichols and Dodo Marmarosa, who share Side Two, are both disappointing, the former because he had not yet developed the original, progressive style with which he would later be associated; the latter because, seemingly past his peak, he had given up on jazz and was willing to play little more than cocktail piano.

Side Three comprises eight generally excellent cuts, five of them originals, by George Wallington, who came to prominence in the original Dizzy Gillespie-Charlie Parker quintet. Backed by Curly Russell on bass and Max Roach on drums, he was in splendid shape, sometimes very close to Bud Powell in articulation and linearity, on such cuts as "Polka Dot" and "I'll Remember April."

Side Four, by the Kenny Clarke Quintet, consists of pleasant enough latter-day bebop performances, with an early, maturing Donald Byrd on trumpet. However, they fall short for the same reason as the Bud Powell tracks: Supposedly included to feature Horace Silver, they actually consist mainly of solos by the other musicians with only a minute and a half or less of Silver on each of the three numbers.

The very long liner notes, by Mark Gardner, are a plus factor, compensating for the generally uneven level of the music. Nevertheless, for historians, there's enough to justify a 3½-star rating. □

N.Y. TIMES

Barney Bigard, Jazz Clarinetist, 74

By GEORGE GOODMAN Jr.

Barney Bigard, the mellow-clarinet soloist whose liquid low register tone complimented the legendary sound of the Duke Ellington Orchestra during the 1920's and 30's, died yesterday at Brotman Memorial Hospital in Culver City, Calif. He was 74 years old and lived in Los Angeles.

A graduate of the New Orleans school, where he learned at the feet of the old Creole masters — musicians such as Alphonse Picou and Lorenzo Tio — Mr. Bigard's approach was firmly rooted in the jazz mainstream, though he is remembered by aficionados for his impressive work in the bands led by Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, players who were mostly associated with Dixieland.

Although his family encouraged him to become a musician when he was a youth, Mr. Bigard resisted their suggestions until he joined the bands of Octave Gaspard and Albert Nichols before moving to Chicago in 1925, where he worked with King Oliver.

From 1926 until 1928, Mr. Bigard was featured with Charlie Elgar and returned to work with Oliver, accompanying the bandleader to New York. Mr. Bigard then worked with Luis Russell before joining Ellington in 1928.

Living in semiretirement in California since the 1950's, the clarinetist was a heavy cigarette smoker before lung-removal surgery in 1974. After the operation, he toured Europe with Barry Martin, the British percussionist, and last year was in Nice, France, to appear at the Grand Parade of Jazz concerts produced by George Wein.

Wrote 'Mood Indigo'

On the West Coast, Mr. Bigard gigged around Los Angeles, frequently doing concert work and record dates in a broad variety of settings. He was one of the few remaining exponents of the Albert system of clarinet playing, a singular style of playing in the low register, producing a dark, woody and immediately identifiable sound. Though he lacked extensive formal training, Mr. Bigard was an excellent technician whose improvisational lines covered the full range of the clarinet.

He shared a pre-eminent stature with the Ellington band, alongside featured performers such as Johnny Hodges, the saxophonist, and Sam (Tricky) Nanton, the trumpeter.

Mr. Bigard wrote and recorded "Mood Indigo," one of the best-known standards associated with the Ellington organization, although he was said to have surrendered the rights to the song to Irving Mills, the music publisher who was also the Ellington band's road manager.

Because he was fair-skinned. Mr. Bigard often purchased food for members of the Ellington band when the musicians toured in the Deep South during the years of Jim Crow racial practices.

In New York, immediately after leaving the Ellington band, Mr. Bigard led his group at the Onyx Club on West 52d Street. The group featured Art Tatum and Leonard Feather, the pianists. It was Mr. Feather, who is also a jazz critic, who produced some of the clarinetist's best-known work for Signature records in the mid-40's.

Recognized by his meticulous dress and stage manners, Mr. Bigard once dismissed Charlie Mingus, the bassist, from a group of his because of Mingus's erratic behavior during a performance. It was part of the reason, Mr. Bigard later explained in an interview, that he usually chose to work as a sideman, "I like to hire people, but I hate to have to let them go."

Twice married, Mr. Bigard is survived by his second wife, the former Dorothe Edgecombe, and four children, Winifred, Marlene, Patricia and Barney.

JAZZ FESTIVAL

Continued from First Page

complished and original artist, in whose work the dividing line between rhythm and ad-lib passages is hard to determine. Some of his playing seemed remote, though a welcome warmth was evident in his closing "Soul Folk Song" on viola, along with some fast four-string bowing.

A night at the Roseland Dancehall, by now a favorite annual feature of the Newport celebrations, was staged Tuesday evening. Except that most of the faces were white, all the visitors might have imagined themselves back at the Savoy Ballroom, as the music of Al Cooper's Savoy Sultans triggered some of the wildest jitterbug dancing scene since the Lindy Hop heyday.

Recently organized by the drummer Panama Francis, the Sultans (two trumpets, three saxes, four rhythm and a conventional belting girl singer) played simple, danceable tunes, with occasional, excellent solos by Irving Stokes on trumpet and others. The Sultans' two sets led to two by a bigger band, under the direction of Lionel Hampton, who resorted to such swing-era chestnuts as "A String of Pearls" and "Hamp's Boogie Woogie."

Hampton is an anomaly. His vibraphone solos are unmarked by the inroads of the years, and the orchestra boasts a half-dozen soloists; yet it falls short of its potential because of the staleness of the material. A startlingly powerful lead trumpeter, Roy Roman, at least gave the illusion of creativity as he brought the brass section—and the whole band—aloft.

Among the other concerts, a program Wednesday evening, billed as "Toshiko and Her Friends," centered on the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin band (reviewed recently at the Hollywood Bowl) but was embellished by a spirited first half by a combo in which guest soloists Dizzy Gillespie, Phil Woods and Curtis Fuller joined forces with Akiyoshi. The standing ovation accorded the full orchestra indicated that Carnegie Hall attracted more sophisticated audiences than the Bowl.

Earlier Wednesday, a remarkable new pianist, Mitchell Forman, made his bow in an appearance at Carnegie Recital Hall. At 24, he exhibits much of the brilliance and none of the arrogance of Keith Jarrett, playing original music that assures him of a luminous future. Next week he joins the Stan Getz Quartet.

By giving youngsters like Forman their first big break, Newport in its way traces the course of jazz history.

JAZZ WEEKEND

Continued from First Page

forming Arts Center; a boat ride on the Staten Island Ferry with traditional jazz; a Latin jazz evening and, at Carnegie Hall, a splendidly conceived tribute to the late bop singer Eddie Jefferson.

Entitled "There I Go," the Jefferson celebration owed its success to the writing and narration of Jon Hendricks, which was witty, accurate and informative. The fast-paced show was a panorama of scat, bop and vocalese sung mainly by Hendricks, alone or with his family; Manhattan Transfer, singly and collectively; Ben Sidran and the ubiquitous Dizzy Gillespie.

James Moody played his renowed "I'm in the Mood for Love" sax solo, followed by Janis Siegel (of Manhattan Transfer) singing the identical notes, set to words by Jefferson. Except for a set by Ben Sidran, whose lyrics were rendered inaudible by a heavy rhythm section, the concert was flawless, ending on a note of glory with Manhattan Transfer joined by the entire company in the irresistible verbalization of Joe Zawinul's "Birdland."

Simultaneously with Newport, Atlantic City had its second annual jazz festival weekend, while John Lewis, composer and pianist, served as artistic director and performer in the first annual International Jazz Festival held at Wolf Trap, a 6,000-capacity amphitheater in Vienna, Va., outside Washington, D.C.

A side trip to Wolf Trap Thursday brought some interesting revelations. Lewis, always a global thinker, brought in Alice Babs, the semiretired Swedish singer who was a great favorite of Duke Ellington. Because of overcrowded programming, her set, only four songs long, did not get off the ground until the final number, a wordless blues. More successful were such Lewis importations as the consistently inventive pianist Martial Solal and violinist Stephane Grappelli, both from France.

Lewis' most welcome arrival from abroad was Kenny (Klook) Clark, the founder of modern jazz drumming, who has lived in Paris since 1956. He was reunited with his teammates from the old Dizzy Gillespie band: Lewis, Gillespie and bassist Ray Brown. With the saxes of Sonny Stitt and Jackie McLean ricocheting off this nonpareil rhythm team and with Slide Hampton conducting an extraordinary big band of students from the New England Conservatory of Music, they enthusiastically revived such classics as Gillespie's "Things to Come" and "Manteca." The New England orchestra bills itself as Medium Rare, but everything it played was succulently well done in this splendid retrospective.

During the same concert Gillespie was teamed briefly with an ancient, recently rediscovered trumpeter named Jabbo Smith, who has little going for him but sincerity and nostalgia.

A return visit to Wolf Trap Sunday revealed an even more eclectic program, including Ornette Coleman's Prime Time Band. This reviewer is not ready for Prime Time, especially when it consists of 30 minutes of unremitting, ear-splitting funk-fusion chaos. Also heard on this show were the Europeanized chamber jazz of the John Abercrombie Quartet; the Akiyoshi/Tabackin band, fresh from its Carnegie Hall success, and an elegant set of piano duets by John Lewis and Hank Jones.

So much for the "jazz festival passim" weekend. But the fever has by no means subsided. Of the 500 or so musicians who took part at one or more of these events, most will be on their way this week to concerts in London, the Hague, Nice and dozens of other Continental venues.

It has been said that jazzmen go through cycles of feast or famine. The possibility of famine, at least for the rest of this cornucopian summer, seems as likely as the return of the quadrille.

WEEKEND OF JAZZ FIREWORKS

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The Newport Jazz Festival ended Sunday on a familiar three-note chord: financial triumph, musical accomplishment and critical bickering (often the sound systems upset the reviewers more than the music). Producer George Wein Monday morning reported more than $900,000 in ticket sales (plus subsidies) and 90,000 paid admissions for the 10 days.

In general, the programs dedicated to a special concept, such as "The Blues Is a Woman," narrated by Carmen McRae at Avery Fisher Hall, sold out fastest and received the greatest acclaim in the press. Even the avant-garde events, in smaller halls and devoted to music often rough on the layman's ear, attracted very good crowds this year.

One of the most piquant of these "new black music" recitals was a set at Town Hall by the World Saxophone Quartet, which includes a Californian, David Murray, and three St. Louis musicians—Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake and Hamiett Bluiett.

Whether working as a team, voiced in a sort of 21st-Century ultra-Ellington harmony, or lashing out at one another in screaming atonal ad-lib dissonances, the quartet was never dull. Unaccompanied by any rhythm section, it relied largely on Hemphill's writing and Bluiett's baritone sax figures to supply the beat that enabled the members to levitate.

Other closing episodes were two marathon days of mostly pure jazz at the Saratoga Springs, N.Y., Per-

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7/4

WITH LIBERTY AND JAZZ FOR ALL AT NEWPORT

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Independence Day lasts only 24 hours, but for the Newport Jazz Festival artists and their followers, it will be Independence Week clear through Sunday as they explore their liberties in the form of the myriad styles and idioms available to them.

The excitement is pervasive and the freedom of choice is proving itself to be a twofold success: The attendances have been as strong as the music.

To maintain some of the image of the Rhode Island years, seven of the 41 happenings are taking place outdoors. The most attractive of the open-air venues is Waterloo Village in Stanhope N.J., an hour's drive west of Manhattan.

Dick Hyman, by all odds the most versatile pianist in jazz, organized a "Piano Parade," held under the big tent in the park at this reconstructed Colonial village. With the sounds also audible to picnickers outside, the afternoon maintained a socio-musical ambiance that recalled the Newport of old.

For warmup music a band of high school youths from New York, Connecticut and New Jersey, organized and conducted by Clem De Rosa, offered a striking illustration of the professionalism now attainable at the high school level. As the youngsters roared through a Don Menza arrangement, you could have sworn you were at Carmelo's listening to a group of pros.

Then the pianists took over: nine of them, playing solos, duets, trios, and round robins (there were three grand pianos on stage). Veterans like Ralph Sutton and Dick Wellsgood offered swing and stride music; Adam Makowicz, the Polish virtuoso heard last fall at the Lighthouse, was in dynamic rhythmic form; John Colainni, 17, and just out of an Atlantic City high school, showed that the new generation can look at bebop with love and authenticity.

Among the guest soloists was the totally inspired Claude Williams, whose amplified violin in a breakneck blues almost had the tent whirling at 78 rpm.

Williams, who came up in the 1930s, contrasted vigorously with Leroy Jenkins, heard Tuesday in a short, intellectual performance at the small Carnegie Recital Hall. For an hour, Jenkins played unaccompanied violin or viola. With rare exceptions, one could hear no implicit beat, no blue note or jazz characteristics of any kind as this recital took him through seven original pieces. Jenkins is an ac-

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JAZZ REVIEWS IN BRIEF

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"STAR SOUNDS." Jackie and Roy. Concord Jazz CJ 115. Mr. and Mrs. Kral could not have done better than to select a Brazilian-flavored program for their smashing Concord debut album. Songs like Jobim's "Dindi" and "Samba do Aviao," Edu Lobo's "Crystal Illusions" and the Sergio Mendes-Bergmans' "So Many Stars" could have been written with them in mind. But it doesn't begin and end in Rio. The title song brings us Johnny Mercer's insight into Brazil (he wrote both melody and lyrics); "Seven Hills," a Roy Kral original, is done in gentle bop vocalese, and Jackie Cain Kral knows just how to handle Dave Frishberg's cynical lines in "Wheelers and Dealers." Time stands still for this perennially, unerringly tasteful vocal duo. Five stars.

"FESTIVAL TIME." Ross Tompkins & Concord All Stars. Concord CJ-117. Ross Tompkins' watchword, it would seem, is "I don't want to make history, I just want to make music." With companions of the caliber of Snooky Young (his trumpeter-colleague on the Tonight Show), Marshal Royal on alto and Ray Brown on bass, this live session from the Concord Jazz Festival had heavy insurance. One blues and seven standards. Three stars.

"AMTRAK BLUES." Alberta Hunter. Columbia 36430. If Ms. Hunter doesn't seem to be the singer at 85 that she was at 84, don't blame her. Blame the material (wrinkled lyrics of "Darktown Strutters' Ball," repeated endlessly), the production (fine musicians put to less than optimum use) and the shortage of her own songs (more cuts like "I'm Having a Good Time" would have added a badly needed fresh touch). As for the packaging, some older readers will require three magnifying glasses to decipher the names of the accompanists. Two stars. This great lady deserves better

"LA ONDA VA BIEN." Cal Tjader. Concord Jazz Picante CJP 113. The first in Concord's new Latin series, this set begins with an unorthodox treatment of "Speak Low" in 6/4. Tjader's vibes and Roger Glenn's flute mix well on such pieces as Edu Lobo's "Aleluia." Some of the cuts, in particular "I Remember You," are basically Latin dance music with jazz coloration, but at times, as in "Mambo Mindoro," it turns into a veritable percussion gala. Honest, easy, three-star listening.

"DYNAMITE!" Louie Bellson Big Band. Concord Jazz CJ-106. Bellson's team of Southland pros offers a typically vigorous workout, with three tunes contributed by the leader, two splendid originals by Don Menza (whose "Cinderella Waltz" spotlights Bobby Shew's horn) and a prodigious teen-ager named Matt Catingub, who plays fiery alto in his own "Explosion." The alto honors, however are stolen by Dick Spencer in his moving "Concord Blues for Blue." Bellson's "Where Did You Go?" is an outstanding example of an orchestral work built around a guitar soloist, John Chiodini. Three-and-a-half stars.

"LIVE AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA." Bob Florence Big Band. Trend TR523. A very professional set by one of the many jazz orchestras that flourish on an occasional basis in the Southland. Pianist Florence is responsible for the six originals, some of which sound as though they would make fine stage band charts for college ensembles: never too complex or hard to play, but imbued with the essence of straight-ahead jazz. Good solos by some of the familiars: Bob Cooper on tenor, Warren Luening on trumpet. The bass sound (Fender?) is too light to carry this load of heavyweights. Three stars.

"DUALITY." Clare Fischer. Discovery DS 807. Fischer, a singularly texture-conscious composer, arranger and soloist, is heard here in two never-before released sessions from the late 1960s. The A side finds him at the piano, with orchestral settings. Delicacy is the keynote on "Old Folks" and the ¾ pieces, his own "Waltz" and Cal Tjader's "Liz Anne." The B side, with Fischer on organ and, in "Come Sunday," valve trombone, tends to become a little dreary but the depth and color of his writing still impresses. Three-and-a-half stars.

"FOR SURE!" Woody Shaw. Columbia 36383. Shaw's trumpet and fluegelhorn are variously displayed with elegance "We'll Be Together Again") and energy ("OPEC," "Isabel the Liberator'). An added starter is Judi Singh, in a quasi-modal vocal on her own composition "The Time is Right," and in vocalese on Why." Though a string section is used on two cuts, the charts are commendably free of bathos or overt commercialism. The result is another superior set of frameworks for Shaw's potent artistry. Four stars.

"FACETS." Monty Alexander. Concord Jazz CJ-108. Another trio set by the Jamaica-born pianist, again with the failure-proof rhythmic support of Ray Brown and Jeff Hamilton. Material encompasses a modal-to-bop treatment of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a beguiling Alexander original, "Consider," and standards from Fats Domino to Miles Davis. Nothing mind-blowingly original here, but nothing that falls short on taste or technique. Three stars.

"A DAY IN COPENHAGEN." Dexter Gordon-Slide Hampton Sextet. Pausa PR 7058. The co-leaders, then expatriates (both now live in New York) taped this set in 1969 in Copenhagen, with the West Indian trumpeter Dizzy Reece and a splendid rhythm section comprising two Americans (Kenny Drew, piano; Art Taylor, drums) and the Danish bassist Niels Pedersen. With charts and trombone by Hampton, characteristically virile tenor by Gordon, it's music in the Jazz Messengers manner and, judged in terms of the genre and time, a four-star package.

"TRAV'LIN' LIGHT." Ben Webster & Joe Zawinul. Milestone M-47056. The title tune on the third side, "Soulmates," should have been the title of this heartwarming album. Nobody ever brought a suppler intimacy to the tenor sax than Webster, while Zawinul (then developing a style in the Cannonball Adderley combo) was into a music simpler and more directly tied to jazz roots than he would be in later years. The fourth side stems from an only slightly less brilliant session with Webster, Jimmy Rowles and the unique trombonist Bill Harris, who, like Webster, died in 1973. Don't miss this two-record, five-star set.

7/12

English Jazz Festival Canceled Due to Fire

By LEONARD FEATHER

LONDON—England's biggest jazz festival has been canceled as a result of a disastrous fire that swept the Alexandra Palace, where the event was to have been held over the weekend.

The fire, which broke out Thursday afternoon and was still not totally extinguished Friday morning, virtually destroyed the main building where the evening concerts were to have taken place. The show, entitled the Capital Jazz Festival, had been organized by Capital Radio in association with producer George Wein.

After assessing the damage, city officials and police decided it would be too dangerous to allow thousands of fans into the area. More than 100 musicians scheduled to take part were still arriving here Friday and were being informed of the cancellation. Most moved on to other festivals on the Continent.

Dizzy Gillespie, Joe Williams, the Concord All-Stars, Annie Ross, a Count Basie alumni group and many other American and British jazz stars were among those scheduled for the canceled Friday shows. Many had flown here from New York for the event, which was announced as the second annual festival at the 114-year-old "Ally Pally," as the concert hall was called.

Fire inspectors believe the blaze originated in the loft where restoration work had begun on the Palace's famous organ. More than $600,000 worth of sound equipment installed for the jazz festival was destroyed.

Alexandra Palace was the original headquarters of British television shows before World War II and was still being used as the origination point of one major TV program, the educational "Open University" series.

JAZZ

AFLOAT WITH AN EAR TO POSTERITY

BY LEONARD FEATHER

In the midst of all the talk about recession, and a concomitant slump in the recording industry, the voice of jazz is too seldom heard.

The big statistics reveal the gigantic losses: WEA. (Warner/Elektra/Atlantic), you hear, instead of billing $3 million in record sales a day, was down "as low as $500,000 a day" during a recent week. Those figures produce a hollow laugh from the jazz-record producers, for whom a half-million a day would be cause not for attempted suicide but for celebrations.

A check of several record-company executives who deal primarily in jazz reveals a picture substantially less gloomy than that presented by the industry as a whole. Working on their less ambitious level, some of these companies find themselves, if not totally unaffected, at least keeping afloat, perhaps even able to report that the sailing is smooth.

Typical of their more optimistic outlook was the comment of Irv Kratka, president of Inner City, a company that distributes its own label as well as Classic Jazz, Choice and others: "We're very happy and keeping busy. We cover the whole spectrum—fusion, mainstream, avant-garde—and we have a big hit right now with Dan Siegel.

"We're making more product than we were this time last year, and with our own distribution outlets, we don't have to sit here worrying about accounts payable."

This point may be a key factor in whatever ails the industry as a whole. Albert Marx, who owns Discovery and Trend Records, both solid jazz outfits, observes: "Jazz is holding up better than other types of music, but things right now are bad. One distributor, who was our best exporter, just went out of business. We're losing another line because they tell us they can't sell enough jazz. Worst of all, we're having continual trouble getting paid by the distributors. We're living in a time of fear; it's a vile, tough business for us little guys."

Mail orders and exports have been generally good, Marx adds, particularly in Italy and Sweden, but "We have nothing happening in such important markets as France and Germany, and sales in Japan are way off."

Marx's experience with the Japanese market conflicts sharply with that of Carl Jefferson, whose Concord Jazz has made such deep inroads there that he has had to assemble touring companies of his artists to play concerts throughout Japan.

"Things are very good in general," Jefferson insists. "We're in a specialty market, we've created our own image, and we give consumers their money's worth.

"Oh, sure, there are difficulties with distributors; right now I'd say there are several hundred thousand dollars receivable, much of which is due to the extended credit given these people by the major companies, who can afford to wait longer than we can.

"We did more business in the first three months of 1980 than in the last six months of 1979. We're now making about 40% more product than last year, and we're constantly coming up with new ideas for artists, or for teaming our people—we just did a smashing new LP with Carmen McRae and George Shearing."

Contemporary Records is one of the most respected of the independents. Founded in the 1950s by the late Les Koenig and now run by his son John, it is one of the smaller but stabler organizations. "We began stepping up our activities last year," says John Koenig. "We've been doing well with established people like Art Pepper and new artists such as George Cables. We're finding a lot of new distributors. The difference between us and the big guys is that if we don't get paid, too bad; but if CBS puts its jazz records in the stores and doesn't get paid for them, they can keep the stores waiting for that next Billy Joel release."

Koenig agrees with Marx that business in Japan has indeed plummeted, but "overall, we're selling quite a few records, and our stuff sells steadily, it's not nine-day-wonder material. Consequently, we have some quality records that were never actually cut out, just dormant, and we're able to relist them and start selling them all over again."

Don Schlitten, whose Xanadu company fills some of the modest but still steady demand for bebop-era jazz, is less sanguine. "Things are slower than they should be. While we were distributed by Cream, I overrecorded; now I'm busy getting out the product we made before going back to independent distribution.

"We've all been hurt by the recession. Look at this new LP I have by a great new guitarist, Peter Sprague. It got fantastic reviews, it's had lots of airplay, the colleges are nuts about it—but I don't see the sales."

With jazz on dozens of labels competing for attention, Norman Granz has no less than six of his Pablo albums among the top 50 in Billboard. The week this news was revealed, Granz was asked, "How's business?" His answer was curt and to the point: "It never changes." (Except, he might have added, for the better.)

After this investigation of these typical jazz labels, it seemed logical to complete the picture by turning to a representative of one of the giant companies that have been complaining most bitterly about the slump in sales. The respondent was Dr. George Butler, who has been responsible for the extraordinarily high level of jazz activity at Columbia.

"Business is holding up," said Butler. "I won't say we haven't been affected. There are fewer people out in the stores buying. We've had to cut down on our recording budgets. Dexter Gordon's sales have dropped off, because his last couple of albums haven't had anything that refreshing or innovative to say. I think we can do better."

Butler is constantly finding new ways to reach a broader market. Recently, he embarked on a series of digital recordings, usually teaming a jazz artist with a classical musician. He has paired Claude Bolling with Bobby Hutcherson, Jean-Pierre Rampal with Hubert Laws, and Al Di Meola with the British guitarist John Williams.

Even modest ventures such as "I Remember Bebop," a recent CBS two-record set featuring eight pianists (one at a time) playing 1940s tunes, will eventually pay off, Butler says, because the break-even point is considerably lower; moreover—and this is at the core of the entire jazz-record phenomenon—such items can remain in the catalogue indefinitely and have the potential for reissue into the 21st Century.

It is not without significance that just as this column was being completed, a new album in the Time-Life "Giants of Jazz" series arrived in the mail. Entitled simply "Earl Hines" (STL-J11), it consists of 40 tracks on three discs, most of them leased from Columbia or RCA. Nothing in the album is less than 10 years old; a dozen or more cuts go back at least a half century. Some have been reissued time and again.

That many of them are masterpieces, and even the lesser items important historic documents, offers a needed reminder of the ultimate profitability (economic and esthetic) of recording with an ear cocked to posterity. The entire Time-Life series has succeeded; most of the 10 previous sets have grossed a half-million dollars or more at $19.95 list. Perhaps if the recording industry had thought in terms of the quality-and-durability policy, it might not be in the predicament engulfing it today. □

"VISIONS." Walt Dickerson & Sun Ra. Steeplechase 1126. Though all credited to vibraphonist Dickerson as composer, the five tracks sound mainly like extraneous, abstract atonal forays, with no rhythmic pulse or tempo. There is occasional interaction, but long passages are devoted to solo speculations by Dickerson or by pianist Sun Ra, in a manner the character of which the titles offer broad hints: "Astro," "Space Dance," "Utopia," etc. The duo set bogs down directionlessly, though Sun Ra is heard to better advantage than on his orchestral albums. Anyone heavily into the Ra mystique will find a galaxy of stars; for others it my be unrateable.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"A LEGEND SINGS." Anita Ellis with Ellis Larkins. Orion 79358. Not jazz, not contemporary. Ellis is a singer of popular songs in the classic tradition. The list of writers says it all: Strayhorn, Loesser, Sondheim, Porter, Willard Robison, Rodgers/Hart, Burke/Van Heusen and onward. She has the training and the tradition, the body and the soul, bringing to each work a caressingly personal warmth. That she shares a name with her incomparable pianist seems logical, for their partnership is seamless. This is the Anita Ellis Larkins Duo, and in its genre it is without peer. Five stars. (Orion Inc. 5840 Busch Drive, Malibu 90265.) —L.F.

Al Jarreau's LP could have used the variety of a few other hands at work.

JARREAU ON BORDERLINE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"THIS TIME." Al Jarreau. Warner Bros. BSK3434.

Al Jarreau's latest LP was produced by Jay Graydon, who also is all over the place with his rhythm guitar, his synthesizer programming or his rhythm arrangements. He has done a generally slick commercial job of packaging the singer with contemporary electronic sounds and charts, along with background voices overdubbed (or underdubbed?) by Jarreau himself.

The album raises a question that comes to mind with nagging frequency nowadays: How much better, how much freer a product might this be if mass sales did not have to be taken into consideration? There is a certain sameness about so many of these borderline jazz/pop vocal albums: In this case, the listener is reminded of the recent Michael Franks release; small wonder: Jerry Hey and Larry Williams, the horn players of Seawind who helped shape the Franks product, play a similar role here.

Except for the cryptic "Alonzo," the tracks with the least elaborate backgrounds come off best: "A Rhyme This Time," co-written with Earl Klugh, who contributes a simple gut-string guitar solo, and best of all, Jarreau's tricky lyrics to Chick Corea's "Spain," an all but unsingable melody.

Writing both words and music for two of the songs, as well as lyrics for six of the seven others, was a demanding assignment, perhaps stretching the artist's imagination too thin. He has a winning way with both words and music, but the album could have used the variety and contrast of a few other hands at work.

As for Jarreau's improvisational tactics, his scat passages have an individual quality, though there are moments when you wonder if he is simply playing at being a jazz singer. One tends, however, to give him the benefit of the doubt. □

LEONARD FEATHER
PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ
Ray Charles

LIKE NAT COLE, Fats Waller, and others in this series, Ray Charles is an artist for whom the piano represents just one of several associations. The story of his emergence from traumatic beginnings as a poor black child in Georgia to world renown as a singer and bandleader has been told many times, often with confusing variations and contradictions.

He was born Ray Charles Robinson in Albany, Georgia, Sept. 23, 1930 — not 1932 as my *Encyclopedia Of Jazz* and other reference works state. He was five years old, living in the small town of Greenville, Florida, when he stood by helpless and watched his younger brother drown. Around that time Ray had begun slowly to lose his vision; by the age of six he was totally blind, for reasons never made clear.

His childhood and adolescence were a struggle against the obstacles of poverty, blackness, and blindness; but as his mother always told neighbors, "He's blind but he ain't stupid." In his remarkable autobiography, *Brother Ray*, in collaboration with David Ritz [Dial Press], he recalls how, at the age of about 11, he was given a bicycle and, familiar with every road and dirt pathway in town, "raced around on my bike as though I had 20/20."

The first music he heard was the sound of boogie-woogie piano (Pete Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons) on the juke boxes. Later, at school, he heard big bands on the radio, and was inspired by Artie Shaw to take up the clarinet, but soon decided that his real idols were Art Tatum ("he was Big Papa to all us piano players"), Earl "Fatha" Hines, and Teddy Wilson. "But the man who influenced me above all others," he said, "was Nat King Cole. I followed him for a decade, stealing his licks on piano and getting his vocal style down to a T. That was my first program — to become a junior Nat Cole. His style put together so much of what I loved: jazz improvisation, pretty melodies, hot rhythms, and an occasional taste of the blues."

He was doing well at the school for the blind in St. Augustine, Fla., when his mother suddenly died. Ray was 15. Force of circumstances launched his career: For a year or two he scuffled in Jacksonville, playing odd gigs, almost starved to death in Orlando, then began to make good money at a white club in Tampa. "But that wasn't enough. I was itching and scratching to see more of the world; and I was determined to become great."

He asked a friend to find, on a map, the farthest point in the U.S. from Tampa. Seattle, he was told. Soon Ray was on the bus, Seattle-bound.

With a guitarist and bassist, he formed a trio patterned after the original King Cole trio. Ray now got to cut some records in Los Angeles in 1949-50, in a series of trio or combo sessions.

The real turning point came in 1952, when he signed with Atlantic Records. The first two sessions were conventional rhythm and blues for which another writer did the arrangements. But in December of 1953, at a studio in New Orleans, Ray cut "Don't You Know," his own tune and arrangement. It was a landmark occasion that presaged a long and enormously influential career.

In late 1954 Ray called the Atlantic executives to Atlanta to listen to a new band he had organized. The first session by this combo produced "I've Got A Woman," and from that point on it was a hit-after-hit story. Ray blended R&B, jazz, gospel, and funky blues in a manner never before successfully achieved.

The seven piece band he led was sufficient for the first few years, but gradually the other appurtenances became permanent: the Raelettes vocal group, the full-sized band, often with a string section added — and, along with these moves, a broadening of his scope to include popular songs of the day, and the country and western material that proved to be a new goldmine.

Among the countless albums stemming from the 1960s and '70s, one that stands out is *Genius + Soul = Jazz*, with an all-star big band (mainly the Count Basie orchestra) and arrangements by Quincy Jones, an old friend of Ray's from his Seattle days, and Ralph Burns. The album is unique in that Ray plays organ. It was recorded for ABC-Impulse but is now deleted and hard to find.

Over the years, as the Ray Charles show became an international phenomenon, he settled into a comfortable groove that became, for some observers, a rut. He was with ABC Records during most of this time, then put out a few LPs on his own Tangerine and Crossover labels, finally returning a couple of years ago to Atlantic.

Genius does not disappear, but it certainly stood out in sharper relief on Ray's earlier records, such as "Sweet Sixteen Bars," from which his opening solo is reproduced here. It is an improvisation on a classic 16-bar structure that is perhaps second only to the 12-bar blues as a vehicle for this style. This 1956 solo was reissued on *The Ray Charles Story* [Atlantic, 2-900].

The tempo is so slow that the 4/4 automatically becomes 12/8. There is very little change in the basic harmony associated with this pattern: Ray opens, after the florid *F7* arpeggio, with a *B♭7* rather than a plain *B♭* triad, thus emphasizing the blues character, and switches, gospel-style, to an *F7* in the second half of the first measure. The diminished chord at bar 4 is also typical of the genre, as is the four-chord pattern (*B♭, B♭7, E♭, E♭7*) in bar 7, and the authentic blues tremolo in 9.

Ray uses groups of grace notes that lend a funky feeling to the groove (end of bars 1, 5, 6, 9, 14, 15). Another characteristic frequently employed in this brand of blues playing is the octave with the sixth inserted (1, 6, 8). The left hand, starting with a plain series of dotted quarters, occasionally moves in parallel lines with the right (the sixths in bar 2) and resorts to occasional, provocative grace notes (7, 13).

Of course, the solo could be read from this reproduction note for note by a classical pianist without coming remotely near to the warmth and conviction of Ray Charles's interpretation. That's what the soul stands for in Genius + Soul = Jazz. ■

7/20

CALENDAR

IT'S JAZZ QUIZ TIME

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The ability to understand and enjoy the art of jazz does not necessarily demand a profound knowledge of its history. However, an awareness of facts, names, dates and personalities certainly is helpful. Information in the compilation of the following questions was checked with leading reference books.

1. Who composed (a) "Take the A Train (b) "Perdido" (c) "Take Five" (d) "A Child Is Born" (e) "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy" (f) "Tenderly" (g) "Misty" (h) "Cherokee"?

2. Asked for a definition of jazz, a famous musician replied: "Lady, if you gotta ask what it is, you'll never know." Who was he? (a) Fats Waller (b) Louis Armstrong (c) Wingy Manone.

3. (a) In what year did Eubie Blake write "Charleston Rag"? (b) Aside from his ragtime hits, what famous ballad did he compose?

4. What do the following initials stand for? (a) RCA (b) ECM (c) CBS (d) AACM (e) A & M (f) NAJE.

5. The home town of ragtime was (a) St. Louis, Mo., (b) Joplin, Mo. (c) Sedalia, Mo.

6. Who were or are (a) Bootie (b) Cootie (c) Hootie (d) Tootie (e) Venuti (f) Zutty?

7. Who was the first woman to gain international prominence as a jazz pianist/composer/arranger, and with whose band did she come to prominence?

8. Match the events and the years. (a) Kenton band debut (b) First Monterey Jazz Festival (c) First Newport Festival (d) Miles Davis' recording of "Bitches' Brew" (e) Woody Herman band organized (f) Ella Fitzgerald recording debut with Chick Webb (g) Fats Waller died (h) Birdland opened in New York (i) Herbie Hancock's "Headhunters" album issued (j) First State Department Tour (by Dizzy Gillespie).

1949, 1969, 1936, 1941, 1954, 1956, 1943, 1958, 1935 and 1973.

9. Name four unrelated pioneer blues singers who had the san

10. Name two famous wrote different songs Woman."

Asked for a definition of jazz, he replied: "Lady, if you gotta ask what it is, you'll never know." Was it Fats Waller, left; Louis Armstrong, right; neither?

11. Name four celebrated trumpeters or cornetists, all with the same last initial, who died at an early age.

12. What instruments did the following play: (a) Frankie Trumbauer (b) Adrian Rollini (c) John Graas (d) Sidney Bechet (e) Rex Stewart (f) Jimmie Lunceford.

13. (a) What former arranger for what jazz orchestra went on to become the winner of two Oscars for his motion picture writing? (b) What were the movies?

14. Name four musicians who left Benny Goodman early in the Swing Era (1938-40) to organize their own bands.

15. Which of the following cannot or could not read music? (a) Erroll Garner (b) Louis Armstrong (c) George Shearing (d) Scott Hamilton (e) Lightnin' Hopkins?

strument did he often play?

17. True or false? (a) Valery Ponomarev was the first female trumpeter to play with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. (b) The largest jazz monthly in the world is Japan's "Swing Journal," with an average of 400 pages. (c) Trumpeter Red Rodney, when he toured the south with Charlie Parker, used the nickname "Albino Red" to convince audiences he was black. (d) "Strange Fruit" was composed by Billie Holiday. (e) Django Reinhardt toured the United States with Duke Ellington in 1946.

18. Who established the all-time record for holding a job in an orchestra?

19. Give the non-Islamic names of the following musicians: (a) Abdullah Ibrahim (b) Yusef Lateef (c) Abdullah Ibn Buhaina.

1. (a) Billy Strayhorn (b) Juan Tizol (c) Paul Desmond; (d) Thad Jones (e) Joe Zawinul (f) Walter Gross (g) Erroll Garner (h) Ray Noble.

2. (a) Fats Waller.

3. (a) 1899. (b) "Memories of You."

4. (a) Radio Corporation of America (b) Editions of Contemporary Music (c) Columbia Broadcasting System (d) Assn. for the Advancement of Creative Music; (e) Alpert & Moss; (f) National Association Of Jazz Educators.

5. (c) Sedalia, Mo.

6. (a) Former Duke Ellington trombonist Mitchell A. Wood (b) Charles M. Williams, longtime Ellington trumpeter (c) Jay McShann, veteran Kansas City singer and pianist (d) Albert Heath, drummer, brother of Percy and Jimmy Heath; (e) The late violinist Giuseppe (Joe) Venuti (f) Arthur James Singleton, the late New Orleans drummer.

7. Mary Lou Williams with Andy Kirk.

8. (a) 1941 (b) 1958 (c) 1954 (d) 1969 (e) 1936 (f) 1935 (g) 1943 (h) 1949 (i) 1973 (j) 1956

9. Bessie, Clara, Mamie and Trixie Smith.

10. Benny Carter, (1947); Ornette Coleman, (1960).

11. Bix Beiderbecke; Bunny Berigan; Sonny Berman; Clifford Brown.

12. (a) C melody saxophone (b) bass saxophone and vibraphone (c) french horn (d) soprano sax and clarinet (e) cornet (f) flute.

13. (a) Ralph Burns (ex Woody Herman orchestra). (b) The films were "Cabaret" and "And All That Jazz."

14. Gene Krupa, Harry James, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton.

15. (a) Garner (d) Hamilton (e) Hopkins. (George Shearing reads Braille.)

16. (a) Benny Carter (b) clarinet.

17. (a) false; Ponomarev is a male from Moscow. (b) true (c) true (d) false (e) true.

18. Baritone saxophonist Harry Carney, who joined Duke Ellington's orchestra in 1927. He was still with the band when Duke died in 1974, and remained with it, under Mercer Ellington, until Carney's own death in October, 1974.

19. (a) Dollar Brand (b) Bill Evans (c) Art Blakey.

20. Edward (Montudie) Garland, who 2, 1980, at the age of 95.

8/1

A TRIBUTE TO PARKER AT THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

A month ago, at Carnegie Hall in New York, George Wein presented a tribute to Charlie Parker. More than 40 musicians were used, many of whom were closely identified with Parker's life and times. Ingeniously planned, with an informative narration, the show was a highlight of the Newport Jazz Festival.

Wednesday evening at the Hollywood Bowl, a program called "Bless the Bird," also co-produced by Wein, found him stinting on talent and production values. Of the 21 musicians involved, only three were closely involved with parker. Despite its more modest planning, and without any major names as a box-office draw, the presentation drew 8,932 fans and provided a pleasant enough evening of generally Bird-related sounds.

Ray Brown, amiable and adaptable, provided the glue to hold it all together. In addition to emceeing, he played bass with the L.A. Four, helped energize a boppish quartet headed by Gerry Mulligan and reminisced about how, at the age of 18, he had arrived in New York and immediately landed a job with Dizzy Gillespie and Parker. The evening could have used more of Brown's personal touches.

Supersax opened, incongruously tuxedoed in the sweltering evening heat, playing a typical set. Though the novelty of hearing Parker's solos harmonized for five saxophones has lost the freshness it had in 1973, this concept remains bacially as innovative as it is derivative. The section work is brilliant; only during the sax solos does the group weaken, because the comparisons with Parker are inevitable.

Brown and the L.A. Four played a spirited set, not particularly Bird-related but elegantly fashioned, with Bud Shank in optimum form both on flute and his occasionally Parker-tinged alto sax.

The surprise hit of the show was another alto saxophonist Vi Redd, who followed Mulligan. Backed by Parker alumni Walter Bishop Jr. on piano, Roy Haynes on drums and Brown, Redd played a "Lover Man" so gutty, so impassioned, that she drew mid-solo applause. why her talent never has been properly acknowledged is a mystery. Why she didn't sing (she is a superior vocalist) was less puzzling: She was followed immediately by Better Carter.

The rather short Carter set, heavily stylized, made a very personal yet somehow less than consistently appealing statement. to compensate for her lack of any direct association with Bird, she sang a few songs he recorded and told a story about watching Parker eat. She was then joined by Mulligan, Brown, Redd and others for a slap-dash closing jam session.

The next installment of the Bowl's summer jazz series, "Great Singers Sing the Great American Songs," will be presented Aug. 13, with Mel Torme, Carmen McRae, Joe Williams and others.

The Atlanta Journal
THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION
SUNDAY, JULY 27, 1980

Dixie Living & Travel

Go for a Master's in America's Own Music: Take a Jazz Test

By LEONARD FEATHER
The Los Angeles Times

THE ABILITY TO UNDERSTD and enjoy the art of jazz does not essarily demand a profound knowled of its history. However, an awareness of fa names, dates and personalities certainly helpful. Information in the compilation of the following was checked with leading reference bks.

1. Who composed: (a) Take the A train; (b) Perdido; (c) Take Five; (d) A Child Is born; (e) Mercy, Mercy, Mercy; (f) Tenderly; (g) Misty (h) Cherokee?

2. Asked for a definition of jazz, famous musician replied: "Lady, if you gotta ask what it is, you'll never know." Who was he (a) Fats Waller; (b) Louis Armstrong; (c) Vngy Manone.

3. "Charl In what year did Eubie Blake write hits, wh Rag?" (b) Aside from his ragtime

4. nous ballad did he compose?

(a) RCA; o the following initials stand for? M; (f) NACM; (c) CBS (d) AACM; (e) A &

5. The Louis, Mo., town of ragtime was: (a) St.

6. Who lin, Mo., (c) Sedalia, Mo.

(c) Hootie; (d r are: (a) Bootie; (b) Cootie; e; (e) Venuti; (f) Zutty?

7. Who was the first woman to gain international prominence as a jazz pianist-composer-arranger, and with whose band did she come to prominence?

8. Match the events and the years: (a) Kenton band debut; (b) First Monterey Jazz Festival; (c) First Newport Festival; (d) Miles Davis' recording of Bitches Brew; (e) Woody Herman band organized; (f) Ella Fitzgerald's recording debut with Chick Webb; (g) Fats Waller died; (h) Birdland opened in New York; (i) Herbie Hancock's "Headhunters" album issued; (j) First State Department tour (by Dizzy Gillespie). 1. 1949; 2. 1969; 3. 1936; 4. 1941; 5. 1954; 6. 1956; 7. 1943; 8. 1958; 9. 1935; 10. 1973.

9. Name four unrelated pioneer blues singers who had the same last name.

10. Name two famous composers who wrote different songs entitled "Lonely Woman."

11. Name four celebrated trumpeters or cornetists, all with the same last initial, who died at an early age.

12. What instruments did the following play: (a) Frankie Trumbauer; (b) Adrian Rollini; (c) John Graas; (d) Sidney Bechet; (e) Rex Stewart; (f) Jimmie Lunceford?

See QUIZ, 7E

Quiz Continued from 1E

13. What former arranger for what jazz orchestra went on to become the winner of two Oscars for his motion picture writing? What were the movies?

14. Name four musicians who left Benny Goodman early in the swing era (1938-40) to organize their own bands.

15. Which of the following cannot or could not read music? (a) Erroll Garner; (b) Louis Armstrong; (c) George Shearing; (d) Scott Hamilton; (e) Lightning Hopkins?

16. (a) Who was the first (and vitually only) great musician to gain international prominence as a virtuoso of the saxophone and trumpet? (b) What other instument did he often play?

17. True or False? (a) Valery Ponomarev was the first female trumpeter to play with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers; (b) The largest jazz monthly in the world is Japan's "Swing Journal," with an average of 400 pages; (c) Trumpeter Red Rodney, when he toured the South with Charlie Parker, used the nickname "Albino Red" to convince audiences he was black; (d) "Strange Fruit" was composed by Billie Holiday; (e) Django Reinhardt toured the United States with Duke Ellington in 1946.

18. Who established the all-time record for holding a job in an orchestra?

19. Give the non-Islamic names of the following musicians: (a) Abdullah Ibrahim; (b) Yusef Lateef; (c) Abdullah Ibn Buhaina.

20. Who was the oldest jazz musician, still active until shortly before his death, to die in the past 80 years? In what year?

THE ANSWERS:

1. (a) Billy Strayhorn; (b) Juan Tizol; (c) Paul Desmond; (d) Thad Jones; (e) Joe Zawinul; (f) Walter Gross; (g) Erroll Garner; (h) Ray Noble.

2. (a) Fats Waller. (Often wrongly attributed to Armstrong.)

3. (a) 1899. (b) "Memories of You."

4. (a) Radio Corporation of America; (b) Editions of Contemporary Music; (c) Columbia Broadcasting System; (d) Association for the Advancement of Creative Music; (e) Alpert & Moss; (f) National Association of Jazz Educators.

5. (c) Sedalia, Mo.

6. (a) Former Duke Ellington trombonist Mitchell A. Wood; (b) Charles M. Williams, longtime Ellington trumpeter; (c) Jay McShann, veteran Kansas City singer and pianist; (d) Albert Heath, drummer, brother of Percy and Jimmy Heath; (e) The late violinist Giuseppe (Joe) Venuti; (f) Arthur James Singleton, the late New Orleans drummer.

7. Mary Lou Williams with Andy Kirk.

8. (a) 4; (b) 8; (c) 5 (d) 2; (e) 3; (f) 9; (g) 7; (h) 1; (i)10; (j) 6.

9. Bessie, Clara, Mamie and Trixie Smith.

10. Benny Carter, 1947; Ornette Coleman, 1960.

11. Bix Beiderbecke; Bunny Berigan; Sonny Berman; Clifford Brown.

12. (a) C melody saxophone; (b) bass saxophone and vibraphone; (c) French horn; (d) soprano sax and clarinet; (e) cornet; (f) flute.

13. (a) Ralph Burns (ex Woody Herman orchestra). (b) The films were "Cabaret" and "All That Jazz."

14. Gene Krupa; Harry James; Teddy Wilson; Lionel Hampton.

15. (a) Garner; (d) Hamilton; (e) Hopkins. (George Shearing reads Braille.)

16. (a) Benny Carter. (b) clarinet.

17. (a) False; Ponomarev is a male from Moscow. (b) true; (c) true; (d) false; (e) true.

18. Baritone saxophonist Harry Carney, who joined Duke Ellington's orchestra in 1927. He was still with the band when Duke died in May 1974, and remained with it, under Mercer Ellington's direction, until Carney's own death in October 1974.

19. (a) Dollar Brand; (b) Bill Evans; (c) Art Blakey.

20. Edward (Montudie) Garland, who died Jan. 22, 1980, at the age of 95.

• • •

Score one point for each part of each question. For question 18, only the name Harry Carney is required; question 20, only the name and year; question 10, only the names.

Total possible points: 75. Anyone scoring 50 or more is a bachelor of jazz; 60 or over, a master; 70 or more, a Ph.D.

8/3

A FESTIVAL OF JAZZ IN NICE STYLE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Above, Freddie Hubbard entertains at the annual Grande Parade du Jazz at Nice. Right, Carline Ray on bass, Dottie Dodgion on drums performing with Melba Liston & Company.

NICE—This sunny city has, in a sense, become to jazz what Cannes is to the movies. The main difference is that a film festival is designed for judges, whereas at the annual Grande Parade du Jazz, just ended, the only jurors are the public.

They have been trekking here in growing numbers since the initial event in 1974, which lost money when the gate showed 20,000 admissions in seven nights. This year the figures were 100,000 admissions in 12 days, and a cast of some 275 musicians, gathered at the Jardin des Arenes de Cimiez in a park overlooking the city.

The Grande Parade is unlike any other musical event. Daily, every hour on the hour from 5 p.m. through midnight, three groups of performers start their respective shows. One is assigned to the ancient Roman amphitheater, where fans overflow onto the walls, along the hills, any area of the ruins that will afford them a view of the action. A second show takes place on what is called the Dance Stage, some 100 yards into the park (but nobody dances, and often standees outnumber the seated); a third presentation is held on the Garden Stage, further inside the park.

Like psychiatrists, the musicians work a 50-minute hour, allowing an often insufficient 10 minutes for the next group to set up and go. Given a total of some 20 performance-hours per day, the schedule adds up to about 240 hours of every kind of music from Fats Domino to Gato Barbieri.

"Of all the festivals I've organized in 27 years," said producer George Wein, "Nice is the most complicated and time-consuming to put together." This is not hard to believe, since aside from shuttling hundreds of artists to and from Nice, he arranges to shunt them back and forth, during the course of the 12 days, for gigs at the dozens of other jazz concerts and festivals that virtually blanket Western Europe every July and August. Overlapping with Nice were festivals in Pori, Finland; Montreux, Switzerland; the Hague; Munich; nearby Antibes and smaller events in Italy and Spain.

The transportation problems are so immense that at one point Wein called his New York travel agent to fly here immediately in order to straighten out a series of difficulties caused by late planes, conflicting flight schedules and How Are We Going to Get Dizzy Gillespie to Tel Aviv? The travel agent told me she had spent 36 hours in her New York office trying to tie together these hundreds of loose ends. "When it turned out that Gillespie was supposed to change planes in one city, but the planes were in two different airports, Wein simply said, 'Get a helicopter!' How am I going to pull a helicopter out of thin air?"

The canniest and most ingenious of all the jazz festival entrepreneurs, Wein has gradually shifted the musical emphasis of Nice since its shaky 1974 beginnings. Back then there was an acute accent on Dixieland and other early forms, much of it played by English and Continental groups. Today the "trad" has all but disappeared, leaving room for generous portions of mainstream jazz, mainly jam sessions by a broad spectrum of artists whose names seem to have been picked from a hopper.

For 38 francs (less than $10) the jazz fan has seven hours of these options. Wandering through the park, he may find the Duke Ellington orchestra at the Arena while the Dave Brubeck Quartet works the Dance Stage and an ad hoc quintet led by trumpeter Ruby Braff occupies the Garden Stage.

Like most alfresco festivals, Nice is as much a social occasion and picnic as a jazz convention. For 38 francs, the fan gets to mingle with American musical idols and can stand in at the Restaurant Creole where, under the supervision of Wein's wife Joyce, the simulation of a Southern American atmosphere can be achieved through the ingestion of fried chicken, red beans and rice.

At small stands dotted around the

PHOTOS BY LEONARD FEATHER

park, innumerable concessions offer crepes (I queued up 20 minutes for mine, but it was laced with Grand Marnier, and worth the wait), cotton candy, crates of delicious fresh peaches, French rolls and wine, as well as the inevitable T-shirts, record albums and sundry baubles.

Parking conditions around Cimiez are chaotic and bumper-to-bumper. The crowds at times reach epic proportions; during one transition when an Ellington crowd tried to get out of the Arena while a Fats Domino mob was attempting to shove its way in, the possibility of broken ribs seemed imminent.

The blues is a potent and pervasive force at Nice. This year B.B. King had his whole band in tow, the Mighty Joe Young Blues Band got down to basics and Joe Williams relived his 1950s experience with a superbly integrated band of Basie alumni. Carrie Smith, a singer in the Bessie Smith mold, was heard in all manner of settings, most memorably when she showed up one night as B.B. King's guest.

Although the organized groups were more numerous this year (a 10-piece group specially assembled for this occasion by Benny Carter; the Brecker Brothers Band, the Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, the Freddie Hubbard Quintet, Mongo Santamaria's Afro-Cuban band, Panama Francis and His Savoy Sultans, Carmen McRae with her regular trio), the most admirable aspect of the Grande Parade was its nightly succession of surprises. Clark Terry was found co-leading a group with fellow trumpeter Ruby Braff, and playing a guest shot with Freddie Hubbard, and joining with Joe Williams and Carmen McRae for a farcically funny, James Joycean double-talk scat outing.

No musician knew until he received the mimeographed schedule where or when or with whom he would be playing the next day. Nor was the schedule strictly adhered to. On the last night, impelled by the strength and conviction of the new septet known as Melba Liston & Company, Benny Powell spontaneously jumped in to engage in a trombone duel with the leader.

The Liston band, recently organized, offered some of the Grande Parade's most invigorating new sounds. The trombonist-leader, Los Angeles raised, has used her penmanship to build a library of arrangements based mainly on standards of the post-bop era. Compositions by Bud Powell ("Un Poco Loco"), Patti Bown, Mary Lou Williams, Phineas Newborn, and Liston herself acquired a special character in the unusual setting of two trombones (the other is Lolly Bienenfeld, formerly of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra), two saxes, bass, drums, and a pianist named Sharon Freeman who doubled, with extraordinary skill and imagination, on French horn.

Liston has found an exciting new soloist in Erica Lindsay, whose tenor sax and flute displayed powerful individuality. Jean Fineberg is only slightly less valuable on alto and soprano saxes. Carline Ray kept the rhythm section on an even keel with her supple Fender bass beat, aided by Dottie Dodgion's propulsive drums.

The Liston band, with its trumpetless instrumentation and its all-female composition, was the principal surprise at Nice. Though there will be the usual problems keeping the group together, the material for a fine album is already waiting to be documented.

The French audiences seemed hospitable to almost every brand of music served up. True, the biggest crowds and the greatest ovations seemed to have been reserved for the extrovert exercises of Fats Domino, yet at several points I saw the vast Arena crowded with fans receptive to low-keyed offerings by the likes of pianist-singer Rose (Chi Chi) Murphy, guitarist Jimmy Raney or the piano duo of John Lewis and Hank Jones.

The European musicians, some of whom were supplied by the Union Europeenne des Radios, included a big band from Pori, Finland, a quartet from Yugoslavia, and a most promising young French violinist, Didier Lockwood. Seemingly influenced by the late Stuff Smith, who outswung everyone in his day, Lockwood engaged in a spirited duet set with Joe Kennedy, an underrated violinist brought here with Benny Carter's band.

Lockwood was also heard with the Brecker Brothers group, some of whose sets took an unconscionably long time to get started because of their heavy dependence on amplification. Observing the stage during one of these long waits, the drummer Jake Hanna (a member of the Concord Jazz All Stars group) commented: "They've got more mikes here than an Irish tavern."

For all the accommodations to modern technology there remains in Nice a healthy continuum, a sense of history renovated and updated. It was in this city that the world's first jazz festival was held, in 1948. Bob Wilber, the clarinetist, then in France as a 20-year-old student of Sidney Bechet, played here on that occasion; he worked at the first Cimiez festival six years ago, and he is here again in 1980. The other evening he led a moving tribute to the memory of his recently deceased fellow clarinetist Barney Bigard.

Nice attracts musicians not only for the money, but for the challenge it offers. It is perhaps the only festival at which the participants occasionally complain about not working enough. "I was off yesterday," said saxophonist Lee Konitz, "and I have nothing scheduled for today. I'm beginning to wonder why they brought me here."

Very shortly, his worries were assuaged. Word came through that B.B. King's plane from Tunis was delayed; Konitz was commandeered, with Slam Stewart and others, as a member of a specially assembled sextet. Less than 30 minutes later he was on the Garden Stage, with a rhythm section whose members had never previously performed as a unit, jamming jubilantly on tunes that were decided on spontaneously.

Nice work. □

8/6

NEWSOM'S 'TONIGHT' BAND AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The sign outside Carmelo's Monday evening read "Tommy Newsom Big Band." It didn't take an Einstein to figure out that give or take one famous trumpeter this was the entire "Tonight Show" Orchestra intact, in person, playing what was purportedly its first-ever engagement in a jazz club.

Because so much of its air time is devoted to backing up singers or playing four bars coming out of a commercial, too few listeners are aware of this band's excellence. With Newsom prominently represented as arranger and tenor saxophonist, the musicians clearly relished this unique opportunity to stretch out.

Jazzmen do not necessarily atrophy in the glare of the studio lights. The creative spark is still glowing in trumpeter Conte Candoli, alto saxophonist Dick Spencer, Pete Christlieb on tenor sax and in the full-bodied baritone sax of Bill Perkins highlighted in a Newsom arrangement of Ellington's "Come Sunday" that was resplendent with Ducal textures.

Newsom's skillful writing was scattered through the set, notably in "Berimbau," featuring guitarist Bob Bain, and in his own tenor-sax specialty, an unpretentiously appealing "Body and Soul" with sensitive support by pianist Ross Tompkins.

Composer Bill Holman was represented in the cheerful, rockish "Sunrise Swing," Gerry Mulligan contributed "Throuway," and one chart, "Satin Doll," was written specially for the orchestra by Duke Ellington himself, during an appearance on the TV show some 10 years ago.

The closer was a John Bainbridge arrangement of "Salt Peanuts" lively enough to demonstrate that the Dizzy Gillespie standard has not become a chestnut.

It is shameful that for all his mass-medium exposure, Newsom's considerable talent continues to go all but unrecognized. One number a night by this band on the show—even one a week—could work wonders in reestablishing the viability of the big jazz band.

SAX MAN NASH COMES HOME TO HOLLYWOOD

By LEONARD FEATHER

In an apt coincidence, the first and the last tunes played by Ted Nash at Donte's Wednesday seemed to symbolize his life style in recent stages: the brisk, vital opener was "Motion;" the final piece was a Nash original, "On the Way."

A previous review of his combo, also at Donte's, appeared here in March 1978, when Nash was not long out of Reseda High School. A few months later he took his ambitions and his alto saxophone to New York, where he sought greater energy and stimulation. Since then he has toured Europe with the Toshiko/Ta backin band, free-lanced around the Apple, and last week came home to Hollywood for a brief visit.

How much of that Manhattan macho has rubbed off? The truth is, Nash at 20 sounds substantially as he did at 18, when his technique already was prodigious and his ideas, concocted from a Parker-Rollins-Shorter-Getz brew, had firmly taken shape.

Though he drew much of his inspiration from tenor players, Nash on this occasion sounded more fluid and better coordinated on alto, particularly in his own attractive bossa nova, "Song For Mary Beth." His flute, not heard during this set, is a bonus feature of his only solo album to date, "conception," on Concord Jazz Records.

The two-night stand at the club marked a reunion for Nash and his former Reseda High colleague, the pianist Randy Kerber. Despite commercial chores such as a tour with Bette Midler, Kerber remains one of the most committed and confident of jazz soloists, and an energizing accompanist.

Completing the group were Tony Dumas, a bassist admirably equipped for this fast company, and Peter Donald on drums. It is hard to imagine that Nash could find himself in a more sympathetic setting on either coast; nevertheless, he's returning to New York next week.

By way of compensation, Donte's will present tonight and Saturday an artist who made the reverse move: the former New York saxophonist and flutist Joe Farrell. It's a fair enough exchange.

8/9

Jimmy Cleveland's 'Little Big Band' at Carmelo's

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jimmy Cleveland is a trombonist who has racked up endless credits, mainly with big bands (Lionel Hampton, Quincy Jones, 11 years on "The Merv Griffin Show"). For the group known as Eclipse, which made its debut Thursday at Carmelo's, he assembled what has been called by his P.R. office a "little big band."

Little big bands are inherently a problem. With only two brass and either two or three saxophones (depending on which arrangement was involved), Eclipse searched in vain for an attractive ensemble blend. There are some hardy themes in the book, such as Oscar Pettiford's "Tricrotism" and Bud Powell's "Tempus Fugit"; however, the arrangements, played as if more rehearsal were needed, seemed like mere preludes to the solos, most of which, fortunately, were worth waiting for.

Cleveland always has been known for a highly personal, multinoted style with an odd, muffled sound. Some of his improvised lines transcended this tonal blur to achieve a certain quickness-of-the-hand interest. Lanny Morgan's boppish alto sax, Jack Kelso's tenor and Bob Ojeda's trumpet (the latter is one of the group's principal arrangers) provided interludes of value, as did the effusive 23-year-old baritone saxophonist Fostina Dixon, formerly with Maiden Voyage.

Cleveland's wife, Janet Thurlow (they worked together in the Hampton band), did a nice enough dance-band-vocalist turn on "The Nearness of You," but the awkward, complex arrangement of "If You Could See Me Now" fit her like a too-tight corset.

Completing the combo were Mike Melvoin, piano; Tim Pope, drums, and Jim Hughart, bass. The three seemed to be having trouble hearing one another, assuming they were trying to. All in all, this was a debut that should have waited until cohesion was achieved.

Cleveland will be reunited with the Hampton orchestra Aug. 17-24 at Disneyland.

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Bobby Timmons

CHARLES STEWART

BOBBY TIMMONS IS NOT a name inscribed in bold type, or dealt with in elaborate detail, in the history books; yet the role he played was central to a small revolution that took place in jazz, and particularly in piano jazz, during the late 1950s.

Like Horace Silver, Timmons was involved in the movement that helped to remind us of the early roots of the music. The words "funk" and "soul" were commonly identified with this reversion, which involved a more extensive use of blues scales than had been common during the bebop era, and a tendency toward basic rhythms, along with some of the crisp linearity left over from the bop days and the inspiration of Bud Powell.

Born in Philadelphia Dec. 19, 1935, Timmons began his studies at the age of six, with an uncle, later attending Philadelphia Music Academy for a year. Moving to New York in 1954, he worked with trumpeter Kenny Dorham's Jazz Prophets, and subsequently played the night club circuits with combos led by trumpeter Chet Baker, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, trumpeter Maynard Ferguson, and then, most significantly, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, whom he joined in the summer of 1958, remaining a little over a year. Early during that incumbency he composed and recorded, with Blakey's group, the number with which he became most closely identified, "Moanin'."

From Blakey, Timmons moved to another funk-infused quintet, that of Cannonball Adderley. During a year with Cannonball he wrote and recorded two more pieces that gained great currency in the early 1960s, "Dis Here" and "Dat Dere."

Some observes heard in the music of such composers/pianists as Timmons and Silver a regression from the advances made during the bebop era. This is an inaccurate assessment, for along with their funky blues statements these artists retained, often even expanded on, the essential characteristics of bop.

In a questionnaire for the 1960 edition of *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz*, Timmons named Art Tatum, Bud Powell, and Red Garland as his favorite pianists. Little of the Tatum influence and none of the Garland can be observed in the illustration here, but they were always a part of Timmons' artillery.

After leaving Cannonball Adderley (his successor was the British pianist Victor Feldman), Timmons returned briefly to the Blakey group, worked for a while with a combo led by trombonist Jay Jay Johnson, then devoted most of his time to leading trios, appearing quite often in Washington during the mid-1960s and at such New York rooms as the Village Gate.

The remaining years of Timmons' life were marked by personal problems, irregular work, and a tendency to wind up in small rooms in the Village or on the West Side, working alone or with just a bassist. His health deteriorated; early in 1974 he was hospitalized, and on March 1 he died of cirrhosis of the liver.

In a perceptive analysis of Timmons' work written for the liner notes of an album, *Moanin'* [Milestone, M-47031], critic Peter Keepnews wrote: "'Laid back swagger' pretty well describes the way he played piano, with a right hand effortlessly capable of the fleet lyricism of a Bud Powell and a left hand not averse to the early rumblings of a Meade Lux Lewis." (You won't find any of that particular left hand in the example here.)

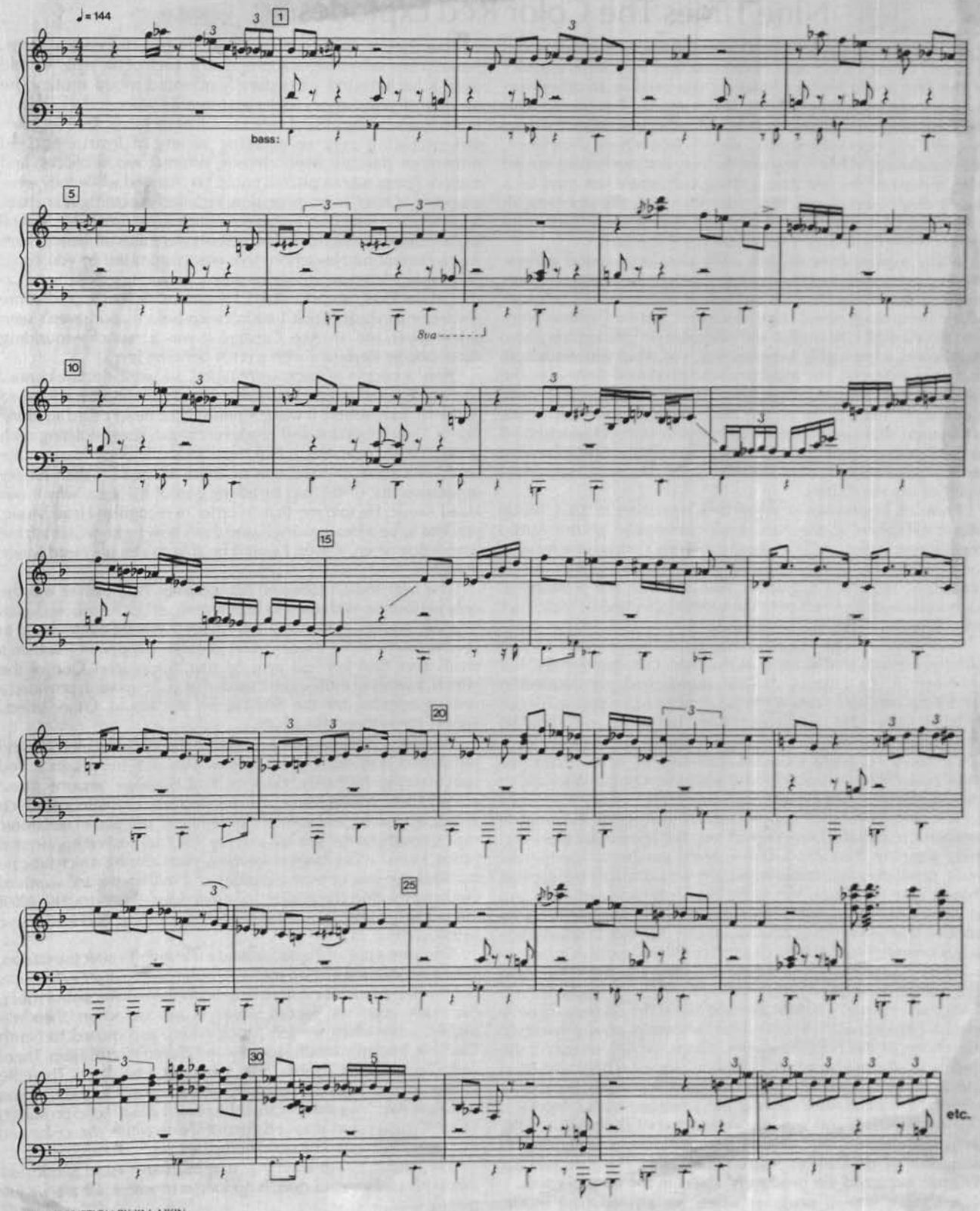
As Keepnews observed, it was this same mixture of the urbane and the down-home that characterized his predecessor in the Blakey band, Horace Silver. If anything, Timmons probed even more deeply into the roots, perhaps as a reflection of the black church experience in which he grew up as the grandson of a minister and as a boy organist in a Philadelphia church.

The extract shown at right from "Moanin'," the title tune of the above-cited album on Milestone, begins almost a minute from the start, following immediately the statement of the famous theme. The pick-up phrase leading into bar 1 is slightly varied but essentially repeated in bars 4-5. The triplet quarters in bar 6 provide an effective contrast in their "laid-back swagger" rhythmic sense. Timmons' simplicity, maintained through bar 12, then gives way to a typical example of double-time bebopping, ending with the somewhat unexpected arpeggio in 15.

Note also Timmons' discreet occasional use of right-hand tremolos (28) and his employment of a sort of rhythmic reversal phrase: sixteenth, dotted eighth, then dotted eighth, sixteenth (17). The left hand is employed sparingly, but plays an interesting role with the chromatically descending syncopated eighths that occur off and on during the first several bars providing harmonic support in tenths above the bass. Most of the rhythmic pulse, though, was left in the capable hands of Timmons' frequent collaborator Sam Jones on upright bass, with Jimmy Cobb's drums completing the trio. The solo has been transcribed in *F* major, but the regular use of the minor 3rd in the blues scale makes it virtually a minor blues, and it could just as easily have been written in *F* minor.

Recorded January 13, 1960, "Moanin'" in this version is a classic illustration of the percussive, keenly stated bop-cum-funk that was prevalent in those days—and that prevalence was due in large measure to the impact of Bobby Timmons during the peak of his all too brief career. ■

Bobby Timmons' Solo on "Moanin'"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

JAZZ

NEAL PRESTON/LFI

Ella waves at expense-account diners.

Summer is a festival

Breezing through Europe in search of good jazz, LEONARD FEATHER comes up against a blazing Ally Pally, but has a ball at Nice.

BOB BARRETT

Melba Liston blows up a storm.

THERE were times, during my recent visits to London and Nice, when I wondered if there were any jazz musicians left in America.

For several weeks in July and early August it was as though George Wein had made a list of every prominent artist he could think of, attached each name to a series of darts, and thrown the darts indiscriminately at a map of Western Europe.

But of course there's more to the story than George Wein's countless ventures. As I could read in the personnel listings for the North Sea, Montreaux, Antibes and scores of other venues, local promoters as well as Wein were importing U.S. jazz talent to an extent probably without precedent in history.

ENGLAND — and London in particular — may rank high in terms of enthusiasm, but it ranks low in terms of talent, especially imported talent. The Alexandra Palace weekend offered an impressive array of Americans, but that gig, as it turned out, disappeared in smoke.

This by no means rendered my recent London visit jazzless, however. The obvious first objective was Ronnie Scott's. After a lapse of more than a decade I'd forgotten how splendidly this room lives up to its reputation as the best jazz club in the world. It may also deserve special status as the most expensive: at least to a visiting American, a food and drink bill of over £35 for a party of four seemed horrendously beyond anything charted at a comparable jazz room in the U.S.

The question of price bears more than casual discussion, for during my visit, Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson were billed to appear at Grosvenor House, where dinner would be £50 or, if you were in dire poverty and didn't mind a more distant view of the action, £30. I found myself wondering how Ella and Oscar would adjust their performances to an audience presumably composed of Arab sheiks and British bankers, and how easily they might re-adjust the next time they faced a jazz audience.

Perhaps the dilemma of paying for high priced American acts has hurt the jazz rooms, for business at Scott's, according to Ronnie, has been way off during the past six months, despite good food and superb entertainment. When I was there a local group, Semuta, played a warm-up set with touches of fusion but basically in an agreeable mainstream groove. Dave Quincy's tenor and Ian Ballantine's vibes formed a sympathetic front line, and the rhythm section (Martin Blackwell, keyboard, Robin Clayton, bass, and Dave Tyas, drums) was competent.

The main attraction was a duo that has not yet been seen in this form in America: Joe Pass and Neils Henning Orsted Pedersen. Their set was breathtaking. Pass opened with a few solo numbers before bringing on the great Dane, who has long since earned his reputation as the Joe Pass of the bass. I doubt that any British visitors to Scott's realized they were hearing a combo as yet denied to American club or concert audiences.

Finally, there was Ronnie himself, who did about 15 minutes of standup comedy. Although I later found out through reading his book that this is all long-used material, it was nothing less than hilarious the first time around. Scott's timing as a comedian is the equal of his timbre and phrasing as a tenor player.

It was very different at the Pizza Express, which reminded me of such celebrated underground haunts as the Village Vanguard in New York — funky, the air thick with smoke, but the vibes between musicians and customers consistently good. Al Grey was on hand for both my visits, first with the excellent trio of Eddie Thompson, and a few days later with the Pizza Express All Stars, among whom I found Danny Moss outstanding — certainly one of Europe's finest mainstream-modern tenors.

I heard from Pizza's K.C. Sulkin that other rooms on the chain are gradually being opened up to jazz, among them a new West End spot that allegedly will rival Scott's. Elaine Delmar, who I'd last seen in Hollywood, was due at Pizza on the Park; but Nice called, and I missed her.

NICE, of which I saw the second half (the seventh through 12th day), is a phenomenon that has grown on every level since the original venture in 1974. That year there were 20,000 admissions during a seven night span; by the end of the 1980 festivities, Wein could claim almost 100,000 admissions, with music provided by 275 musicians during 12 mights.

Over the years the festival has moved toward the use of more organized groups; however, the general mainstream-to-modern direction, and the policy of assembling pickup groups for jam sessions, has remained relatively undisturbed.

If the B.B. King orchestra, a very organised unit, was busy on the Garden Stage, you could exercise your options by strolling over to the Dance Stage, where Sweets Edison and a few other Americans jammed with Guy Lafitte and Andre Persiany; or to the Arena Stage, where Scott Hamilton and Warren Vaché headed up the Concord All Stars.

Nevertheless, some of the most attractive new sounds were provided by the prefabricated bands, most notably Melba Liston and Company. After a few preliminary dates in the United States, Liston and her six companions gave an admirable account of themselves both as a group and in individual terms.

Liston has written a diverse library, mostly of bop and post-bop era tunes by the likes of Phineas Newborn, Mary Lou Williams, Patti Brown (a vigorous treatment of "G-Wan Train"), Bud Powell (a brilliant revitalisation of "Un Poco Loco") and others, including, of course, Melba herself.

The leader generously shares the trombone solo chores with Lolly Bienenfeld, who has improved as a soloist since her Thad Jones-Mel Lewis days, when she was confined mainly to section parts.

Dottie Dodgion on drums and Carline Ray, who cooks consistently on fender bass, supplied a strong rhythmic undercurrent, along with the extraordinary Sharon Freeman, whose piano is creative on an occasionally modal level, and who doubles on french horn, an instrument she has mastered technically better than anyone in recent memory. In fact, her horn solos were among the highlights of the Liston sets.

Completing the group are two promising saxophonists, Erica Lindsay — who generates power on tenor and occasionally flute — and Jean Fineberg — whose alto and soprano were not far behind Lindsay's level of invention.

Altogether, the Liston septet provides a unique experience both aurally and visually. I only hope that she will be able to keep it together and, by all means, put the group on records as soon as possible, since record airplay is almost essential to the life of any combo nowadays.

At the end of one set Benny Powell, moved by the Liston sounds, sat in with the band. This kind of thing typifies all that is best about Nice. During the six nights that I was present, surprises of this sort were constantly taking place.

Joe Williams and the Basie alumni, a totally successful collection of stars who played with the Count during the Forties and Fifties, were joined unexpectedly by a fellow aluminus, Frank Foster. Carmen McRae, who sang superbly every time I heard her, was joined for an hysterically funny bop exchange with Clark Terry and Joe Williams. Carrie Smith, guesting with the B.B. King Orchestra, sang her heart out as never before. Didier Lockwood, the brilliant young French violinist, sat in with the Brecker Brothers, and, at another point, teamed up with Benny Carter's violinist, Joe Kennedy Jr.

Ted Curson and Clark Terry were the guests of the Freddie Hubbard quintet in one invigorating set.

Many such special encounters dotted the evenings, enlivening various sets by Panama Francis and his Savoy Sultans, the Pori Big Band and others.

THE negative aspects of Nice mainly concern the non-musical characteristics: sound problems (including the perennial leakage from one stage to another, hard to avoid when three groups are playing simultaneously within the not very large park), and crowd control problems. As part of an Ellington band crowd trying to get out of the Arena Stage area while the Fats Domino crowd was pushing and shoving its way in, I felt lucky to escape intact.

Domino received the loudest ovations, which may or may not say something about the taste of the French jazz fan. As for the Ellington orchestra, it remains on the horns of the perennial dilemma: how much or how little to sound like the great man, Mercer's father; but it has its moments, particularly in the use of Duke's "A Train" theme, "East Louis Toddle-O", on which the band really achieves a vintage Ellington sound.

It's doubtful that much of value is added by the inclusion of musicians supplied by the Union Europeenne des Radios. Certainly they add little in terms of box office appeal, and too often they replace musicians who find themselves unexpectedly, and unwillingly, with a night off. Lee Konitz, Jimmy Maxwell and others who felt underemployed told me they would rather play more.

ALL this, however, is nit-picking. At any given time between 5pm and midnight we had three choices, and I cannot think of a single hour when one of the three alternatives did not offer some potentially exciting and/or creative sounds.

George Wein has taken his lumps for turning some of his festivals into virtual supermarkets or circuses, yet when you consider the quality, as well as the quantity of the music he offered this year for only 38 francs admission, he can only be saluted for a unique job of logistics, as well as a generally commendable feeling not only for the pulse of the public but also for what makes good musical sense.

All in all, Nice was a ball.

RONNIE'S: THE WORLD'S BEST JAZZ CLUB?

BY LEONARD FEATHER

LONDON—This cold and rainy city may not be the epicenter of world jazz power, but it does harbor what many observers have called the world's best jazz club.

Perhaps it is no coincidence that Ronnie Scott, who in 1959 founded the rendezvous that bears his name, is also one of Britain's foremost musicians, a tenor saxophonist whose reputation has taken him to jobs all over the Continent, to Australia and even once to a New York club owned by another musician, Buddy Rich.

Ronnie's is a fairly spacious room (250 capacity) supplemented by a disco upstairs. The street-level club has played host to most of the greatest names in jazz, among them many of the big bands. Once confined to smaller premises, where originally only British musicians were used (in the 1950s the British and American musicians' unions were still preventing their members from invading each other's night haunts), the club relocated in 1965 and has been the scene of some of the West End's most swinging events.

"Once the entire club was taken over by the BBC for a couple of weeks," Scott recalls. "They filmed a series of programs and we gave them a pretty impressive lineup: Miles Davis, in his only appearance at the club; Lionel Hampton, Sarah Vaughan, Cecil Taylor, the Kenny Clerke-Francy Boland Big Band, the Buddy Rich Orchestra, the Oscar Peterson Trio.

"They hired me to introduce all the segments of the 16-week series. The producer told me, 'We'll have to arrange a change of costume for you, Ronnie, as this is going to be spread over three or four months.' I told him, 'Don't worry. I've got a suit for every day of the week —and this is it.' "

Scott's dry sense of humor has been a factor in the club's success. He could easily have enjoyed a career as a comic. He has a storehouse of stand-up one-liners, essentially unchanged for many years, for his raps between shows. *("Another waitress we had was very good-looking. Before she came to us she'd been an airline hostess. For the Wright Brothers. Then we had a very nice little girl from India. She flew here by Air Bombay and she told me something about that airline. It seems they only serve meals to the first-class passengers; but they let the tourist-class passengers come up and beg.")*

Well, it's mostly in the delivery.

Scott's is comfortably laid out, with a good sight-line on the stage from every vantage point. The prices are steep (an admission fee ranges up to $19, depending on the cost and drawing power of the attraction; food and liquor are also fairly expensive and good). The sound system behaves itself, and attention is even paid to lighting effects. Musicians like to work the room, perhaps for the same reason they felt at ease at the old Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood; The owner is one of them, a man who

Saxophonist-comedian Ronnie Scott founded his London jazz club in 1959.

sympathizes with their problems and needs.

Graying to whiting, of medium build, Scott wrote in his book, "Some of My Best Friends Are Blues," "I was born in a room over a Jewish pub in the East End of London called the Kosher Horses. Ours was a very poor family and my father was always out of work. He was a shepherd." Scott gained some of his most useful firsthand exposure to jazz by signing on as a ship's musician aboard the Queen Mary in 1948, when he was 21. "The clubs on 52nd Street were an incredible education. I'll never forget the night I heard Charlie Parker with Miles Davis at the Three Deuces, then caught Miles sitting in with Dizzy Gillespie's big band at a club next door."

Scott, who had already earned early experience in Ted Heath's band, formed his own combo in 1953. In 1957 he took a sextet to the United States as part of one of the first Anglo-American band exchanges.

Scott has kept his hand in as a practicing musician, leading various combos. Lately he has branched out into record production, issuing albums by Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae Louie Bellson and others who have played the club.

The success of Scott's can be attributed to his having had the right idea in the right place at the right time. There has been almost no competiton for Ronnie's for years; it is virtually London's only haven for modern American jazzmen. (British musicians are often used; on the occasion of my visit an agreeable mainstream combo, Semuta, played a warmup set before the main attraction, guitarist Joe Pass backed by the Danish bass virtuoso Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen.)

By the late 1960s, Scott's had become the in place to go. Princess Margaret has visited several times. Once, when the comedian Spike Milligan was supposed to meet the late Peter Sellers but had to beg off, he dictated a message for Scott to read over the mike.

"The Princess and her party arrived at 11 p.m. I went onstage, took the mike and said, 'I have just received a telegram from Spike Milligan addressed to Peter Sellers, and it runs as follows: "Wherever you are, wherever you be, please take your hands off the Princess's knee."

"Later, as I was passing her table, she looked up at me and said with a rather frosty smile, 'I liked your joke.' I hastily assured her it wasn't mine, it was Milligan's."

Spontaneous combustion has provided the club with its most unforgettable nights. "During Annie Ross's gig here, Ella Fitzgerald and Mel Torme joined her onstage," said Scott. "Jose Feliciano made a guest appearance here just before he became a star. Jimi Hendrix sat in with Eric Burdon and War the night before he died. And when Zoot Sims was at the club, Phil Woods and Michel Legrand sat in with him."

Ronnie Scott's has felt the effects of recession during the past six months. As long as talent costs are elevated, the door charges have to be kept up. As Scott says, "Things are tough, but we battle on."

A somewhat easier way out has been found by Pizza Express, the West End's only other major jazz room. Unlike the classy Ronnie's, this is your typical funky basement room in the Village Vanguard tradition. Smoke gets in your eyes while good sounds invade your ears, as a guest soloist (Bud Freeman, Lockjaw Davis or Pepper Adams) works out with the support of a British mainstream combo.

On the first night of my visit, the former Count Basie trombonist Al Grey was [illegible]ing, backed by the trio of the blind British musician Eddie Thompson playing an upright piano. The atmosphere was relaxed, the pizza adequate, the cost of living and listening lower than at Scott's.

Pizza Express being part of a chain of more than 20 such venues, the success of this Dean Street room with its jazz experiments has led to similar ventures at other branches. This week Elaine Delmar, a pretty black British jazz singer, is onstage at Pizza on the Park, near Hyde Park Corner. K. C. Sulkin, music manager at Dean Street, assured me that a big new Pizza room due to open shortly will vie with Ronnie Scott's for supremacy.

A second visit a few nights later found Al Grey again on hand, backed this time by a seven-piece band, the Pizza Express All Stars. Their repertoire took in Basie and Ellington, with neat if unadventurous arrangements. At least one soloist, the splendid tenor saxophonist Danny Moss, could fit comfortably in any American band. Len Skeat, a nimble bassist, and Brian Lemon, pianist and arranger, provided evidence that an old assumption about the impossibility of finding a good British rhythm section is fast being invalidated.

The London jazz scene is limited in scope, relieved by occasional pub gigs around town or once in a while a concert by visiting luminaries. An elaborate American festival planned by George Wein and a British partner for the Alexandra Palace was scrapped last month when the 114-year old edifice inconveniently burned down the day before the event was to start.

Of course, at this writing there is another choice available to some. Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson are playing the Grosvenor House on Park Lane, with a dinner charge of 50 pounds ($120) or, if you're not too fussy and will accept a back seat, a mere 30 pounds. One wonders who will constitute the audience and how the artists will adjust their act, knowing that an uncompromising jazz show may not be to the liking of Arab sheiks or British bankers.

In short, if you plan to arrive in London with an appetite for jazz, go supplied with ample financial resources or an insatiable hunger for pizza. □

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TORME, McRAE, WILLIAMS CARESS CLASSICS

'GREAT AMERICAN SONGS' IN SUMMER JAZZ SERIES AT THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's nice work if you can get it: the opportunity to perform top-echelon songs, for an audience of 13,893 dedicated pursuers of good music. It happened exactly that way Wednesday at the Hollywood Bowl in the third of the successful summer jazz series.

The official title, "Great American Singers Sing the Great American Songs," provided a suitable framework, lending a quasi-pop coloration while hewing basically to a pure jazz format.

Mel Torme, in terms of both audience reaction and performance level, ran away with the evening's honors. Sticking mainly to the Gershwins, with side trips to Harold Arlen and Johnny Mercer, his song cycle took off like a rocket and was airborne for 65 minutes.

Torme deals with every lyric, every melody as carefully as if each syllable were a gold nugget. Arlen's "When the Sun Comes Up," Truman Capote's words to "A Sleepin' Bee," and the most touching of all the Johnny Mercer masterpieces, "When the World Was Young," emerged unscathed by the decades, burnished by Torme's immaculate phrasing, lyrical sensitivity and consistent musicality.

In addition to playing piano briefly ("Concerto in F"), he displayed one of his uncredited talents in a long, ingenious Gershwin medley—arranged by Torme himself. As an arranger he is given to ingenious twists and turns such as singing "I Got Rhythm" to the orchestra's background of "It Ain't Necessarily So." Miraculously, it all worked. He closed with his Ella Fitzgerlad tribute version of "Lady Be Good."

Carmen McRae, like Torme, felt the contagious spirit of this magic evening. Wisely, she diversified, singing Alan and Marilyn Bergman, Cole Porter and some touches of Gershwin; like Torme, she doubled as pianist. A song written for her by the Bergmans and Roger Kellaway, "I Have the Feeling I've Been Here Before," captured the mordant essence of her style; but so did the scat version of "I Concentrate on You," and even the effete "Miss Otis Regrets," despite its always unpleasant lynching lyric.

Joe Williams was in vibrant form in his Ellington set, particularly in "Heritage," one of Duke's most eloquent stories. His low notes brought "Just Squeeze Me" to a deep ochre finale. John Bubbles, a 76-year-old survivor, incapacitated years ago by a stroke, lent a nostalgic charm to a pair of numbers he had introduced in 1935 as the original Sportin' Life in "Porgy and Bess."

For openers there was the band—an exceptional outfit called Juggernaut, led by Nat Pierce, who arranged Henry Mancini's "Charade" well enough to dye it a mellow shade of Basie, and by Frank Capp, who wrote the arrangement of Mancini's "Dreamville." Thought they sounded a little out of character, it was a piquant change to hear something outside the band's usual jazz repertoire.

Coming Aug. 27: Dave Brubeck, Bill Evans, George Shearing. And coming throughout the summer of '81, as a result of this season's impact: more regular jazz at the Bowl.

8/16

JAZZ REVIEW

Jimmy Smith's 25th Celebrated

By LEONARD FEATHER

Musicians, having joined with actors in the television strike, are beginning to feel the draft in their pocketbooks.

An elaborate concert involving organist Jimmy Smith was set for Thursday at Pasadena's Ambassador Auditorium, but because it had been scheduled to be videotaped for a TV special, the event was diverted, and converted, to a more modest, non-taped dinner-dance at the main ballroom of the Sheraton-Universal Hotel.

Co-sponsored by the Jazz Heritage Foundation, the evening celebrated the 25th anniversary of the occasion when Smith emerged from Philadelphia to record his first album, in which he revolutionized the entire concept of jazz organ and spawned a thousand would-be imitators.

The pomp and circumstance were characteristic of these affairs: Proclamation of Jimmy Smith Day by the mayor's office, followed by a series of speeches. (Quote from Raymond St. Jacques: "I have always hated organ music . . . But that changed when I heard Jimmy Smith.") The tributes, awards and citations ran so long that it was 11 o'clock before the "World's Greatest Jazz Organist" (his official and rightful billing) finally took to the bandstand.

Smith has a new toy, the $22,000 Wersi Saturn organ for which he is now an official spokesman. He draws from it a blend of sounds that remain as personal today as they were 200 recordings ago. The blues, as always, is his most fertile home territory, especially when he is in an intimate setting among kindred souls.

On this occasion his companions included Kenny Burrell on guitar, John Bolivar on sax and flute, Kenny Dixon on drums and Buck Clarke on congas. Among the guests was singer Ernie Andrews, whose version of "I'm Just a Lucky So and So" took only three seconds to establish total audience rapport.

In the audience was Lalo Schifrin, the film composer whose original work "The Cat," written for and recorded with Smith, won Schifrin a Grammy Award as best jazz composition of 1964. Assuming that the strike will by then have become unstruck, Schifrin on Dec. 18 will assemble, for a full-scale concert in Pasadena, a 26-piece orchestra, joining with Smith in excerpts from their forthcoming reunion album, "The Cat Strikes Again."

8/30

JAZZ BRIEFS

"HOME IS WHERE THE SOUL IS." Kenny Drew. Xanadu 166. "RUBY MY DEAR." Kenny Drew. Steeplechase SCS 1129. A veteran pianist with credits spanning Charlie Parker and Buddy Rich, Drew for many years has been an expatriate in Copenhagen, where the second album was taped. He is a graceful, sensitive artist whose work on this set is carefully intertwined with the superb bass work of David Friesen and the drums of Clifford Jarvis. Splendid choice of material, with two Drew originals and Bonfa's "The Gentle Rain." Four stars.

The Xanadu set is more of a straight ahead piano-with-rhythm session, with sturdy support by Leroy Vinnegar on bass and Frank Butler on drums (cut during a brief visit back home). Three stars. It is to be hoped that Drew soon will return to the United States for good.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"FANTASY WITHOUT LIMITS." L. Subramanian. Trend TR-524. The cross-cultural fusion achieved here by the Indian-born violinist, who came to the United States in 1973 to study Western music, is more satisfying and diversified than that attempted some nine years ago by Mahavishnu. Along with Subramanian's brilliant, intensely exciting performance are the jazz soprano and alto sax of Frank Morgan and, in "Mani Talks," a marimba solo by Emil Richards. Also present in this international gathering is the Bulgarian pianist Milcho Leviev. Five stars.

—L.F.

"MORNING THUNDER." Eddie Daniels. Columbia JC 36290. It is a rare pleasure to find an elaborate album built around a soloist whose main instrument is the clarinet. Unfortunately it becomes too elaborate to allow Daniels the freedom he needs in order to display his skill; but out of the masses of strings, voices, Latin rhythms and lightweight melodies there emerges an album that shows how much we can expect from Daniels if the producers ever give him a chance. Three stars.

—L. F.

103

8/17

JAZZ

HIS IMAGE PROBLEM IS WORTH ENVYING

BY LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Dr. Billy Taylor has an image problem—one most of us would envy. Because of the quantity and diversity of his activities, it has become difficult to establish a clear single-facet image of him.

Taylor denies the existence of any such identity crisis. "First and foremost," he says, "I'm a pianist and composer. All the other stuff I do is peripheral."

PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Dr. Billy Taylor

However, it is "all the other stuff" that has established him with a fast-growing segment of the American public. First, there was his long career as a disc jockey. Through the 1960s and again during the mid-'70s he had his own program on two New York stations, and later became general manager of one of the stations. In television, the major breakthrough was his appointment as musical director for the "David Frost Show" from 1969-72.

Overlapping and following these activities was his work as president and co-founder of Jazzmobile, long a vital and visible part of the New York scene; his frequent appearances as lecturer on jazz at colleges; his membership on the board of directors of ASCAP, his six-year presidency of the National Endowment for the Arts, and, perhaps more important in terms of country-wide recognition, his role as host of the uniquely successful National Public Radio series "Jazz Alive!" now syndicated weekly on 220 stations.

Taylor, whose dissertation on the history of jazz piano earned him his doctorate in music education, makes his headquarters in a cluttered office on West 57th Street, where he and his wife Theodora operate Billy Taylor Productions, a multifarious umbrella operation that includes two music publishing companies. Tall and personable, looking 10 years younger than his actual 59, he seems permanently in control of his professions and his emotions.

"I'm currently touring with my trio," he said. "We do a lot of residences in colleges, and every year we play with at least a dozen symphony orchestras. Recently we went to Hungary for a week for the State Department, as part of an audiovisual exposition called 'America Now,' along with William Saroyan and various other people they thought would illustrate America today.

"I found that they teach jazz in the conservatory at Budapest, and that there are quite a few knowledgeable jazz musicians. However, their information is confused by European writers, or by visiting musicians, who may have a special ax to grind.

"This incomplete understanding reminded me of how I got into lecturing in the first place. In 1951, when I worked at Birdland as the house pianist, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were two of the best teachers I ever had. Rehearsing with them was an education. But then, when someone on a radio show would ask them to explain bebop, they'd do comedy. It bothered me that they differentiated between explaining the music to people they cared about, and making it understandable to the audience out there, who would care if they were properly directed. So I wrote a couple of pamphlets, and a piano teacher told me: 'You do this kind of thing well—you should go into the schools.' He invited me to talk to his students at a school where he was head of the music department, and I've been teaching one way or another ever since."

Taylor is proud of his role in Jazzmobile, which he launched in Harlem in 1965. "That has been one of the most important additions to New York's cultural scene. We decided to bring music of high quality directly to the streets of New York, and in all kinds of spaces. One of our most successful series is a free concert every Wednesday at Grant's Tomb, where we'll have a Dexter Gordon or a Horace Silver playing for 6,000-7,000 people.

"We have a workshop program, with 30 musicians taking over a school in Harlem every Saturday. We also have lecture-demonstration programs, taking a combo in and explaining what jazz is, how it relates to the students socially and historically. Sometimes we send Latin-jazz groups into schools that have a heavily Puerto Rican and Spanish-speaking student body.

"We have had distinguished composer-conductors like Frank Wess and Ernie Wilkins building repertory bands for aspiring young musicians. Also in Jazzmobile, there is an artists-in-the-schools program, designed to deal with young children who were dropouts or had trouble with the law. The arts have a tendency to humanize a kid, so any youngster who is really into playing the sax or drums, or drawing or dancing, is not as prone to try to express himself by sticking up a supermarket, or banging someone in the mouth. He has another outlet for all that energy."

Jazzmobile, which has obtained substantial funding from a variety of government sources, also concerns itself with the betterment of the careers of musicians who, though familiar to insiders, are not established on the Ellington or Basie level. "We commissioned Frank Foster to write something for the Winter Olympics; he composed a special suite that was dynamite. We also arranged for Jimmy Heath's 'Afro-American suite of Evolution' to have its premiere performance in New York."

In 1973 Taylor asked his former drummer, Dave Bailey (later a professional pilot who spent four years flying a Lear jet for attorney F. Lee Bailey), to take over as executive director of Jazzmobile. (F. Lee Bailey is not related and does not play drums.) But Taylor has remained constantly active with the organization, somehow fitting it into his schedule, along with the club dates, concert tours and "Jazz Alive!" taping assignments.

Taylor began his radio career on a small daylight-hours-only station, later moving to WNEW, where one of his assignments was the midnight-to-6 a.m. Milkman's Matinee. "From 5 to 6 a.m. I'd have to read the farm reports; so I would intersperse Basie and Coltrane and Tatum records between these reports. Believe me, we soon had some pretty hip farmers out there."

His move out of the commercial radio world began after a poll conducted by National Public Radio established the need for a jazz show. Taylor was invited to host a pilot; the reaction was immediate, and soon he was hosting the ongoing series.

"Steve Rathe, the executive producer, wanted me to produce it too, but at that point I was restructuring my career so that I could get back into piano playing. I'd been doing a zillion things: I was very heavily involved in the National Council on the Arts; I was on the board of the American Guild of Authors and Composers; I'm president of the Arts and Business Council, and have served on several panels with the National Endowment for the Arts. So I really demurred for a while, before I even took the hosting job."

With its taped live shows (or sometimes actual live satellite performances) from clubs, concerts and festivals, "Jazz Alive!" has made a heavy dent, Taylor believes, in putting jazz into the consciousness of many listeners who had had little or no exposure to it. "The sound quality on these shows, the ambiance you get from jazz on the satellite, is the kind of thing 'Jazz Alive!' excels in. I get a vicarious thrill out of hearing a McCoy Tyner, a Chick Corea reaching out and grabbing this great audience without sacrificing any of the artistic values he believes in."

Taylor's office walls and shelves are so tightly crammed with plaques, certificates and awards than an obvious final question suggested itself. Which does he consider the most rewarding, prestigious honor of his 37-year career?

"I believe the event that moved me most was when Maurice Abravanel commissioned me to write my 'Suite for Jazz Piano and Orchestra' and scheduled it for a premiere with the Utah Symphony with two other composers, so that the program consisted of Mahler, Bartok and Taylor."

There are many among us who would insist that Mahler and Bartok were in distinguished company. □

8/23

JAZZ REVIEW

9-Man Florescope at the New Yorker

By LEONARD FEATHER

Chuck Flores, the former big band drummer, has been leading a nine-man ensemble, Florescope, around town for three years, mostly for rehearsals and occasional gigs. He is now ensconced in Jimmy Allen's New Yorker, on Riverside Drive at Whitsett, for an indefinite series of Tuesday evenings.

Though the pianist and bassist play electric instruments, the general flavor of the band is bereft of any suggestions of rock or fusion. Every composition played during the first hour or so Tuesday was the work of a different writer; this makes for variety, sometimes to the point where you feel the need for a more distinctive group style.

The pieces that work best, both texturally and in lending the music a personal sound, are those in which Gordon Brisker plays the melody line on flute. He is usually backed by Mat Catingub on baritone or soprano sax, with two trumpets and a trombone rounding out the horn section

Bruce Lofgren's "Time and Place," typical of this approach, was melodically engaging; the band sounded bigger than its nine pieces, and a Latin interlude with Flores and an additional percussionist, Miguel Rivera, provided colorful contrast.

"Tableau Vivant," an affecting theme by Ben Di Tosti, and an arrangement by Nan Schwartz of Chick Corea's "Summer Song," both captured a potentially personal character for Florescope. "Smokin' Time" by Paul Ruhland demonstrated the art of the jazz waltz at its rhythmically persuasive best.

Catingub delivered a tense, emotional alto solo on the Corea piece. Brisker's tenor, on a ballad, was less colorful than his flute.

With additional contributions by valve trombonist Bob Enevoldsen and trumpeter Steve Huffsteter, the Flores group played a pleasant if not startling impression in which the unusual medium-sized instrumentation was generally put to effective use.

Sunday at the New Yorker, Ladd McIntosh will lead a 20-piece jazz orchestra.

8/24

MANCINI SOUND IS STILL EVERYWHERE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

His sound is still everywhere. Last week Henry Mancini's "Campaign '80" theme was racking up ASCAP credits for him on NBC during the Democratic convention. (NBC liked it so much after its original use as "Campaign '76" that they renamed it, in '78 and again this year, just to retain it as a punctuation mark for the conventions.)

He is on records, of course, with the "10" sound track album and its spinoff hit single of Ravel's "Bolero," in an abbreviated version ("Forgive me, Ravel," murmurs Mancini, "for cutting you down.") He is busier than ever with screen assignments: "Shadow Box" with Paul Newman as star and director, for television, and the just completed "Change of Seasons," with Shirley MacLaine, Anthony Hopkins and Bo Derek (her first movie since "10"), and the film he is currently working on, "S.O.B.," with Julie Andrews. This is yet another collaboration with producer-director Blake Edwards, whose partnership with Mancini goes back to the '50s and "Peter Gunn."

He is very much with us in person. His nine symphony orchestra concerts thus far this season (among them three conducting the Boston Pops) have all sold out, and the advance figures for the Hollywood Bowl (Sept. 5 and 6) indicate that they, too, will go clean.

Such accomplishments are a logical development in the life of a composer whose name for well over 20 years has represented the quintessence of melodic style and orchestral finesse, and who has to his credit 20 Grammys (more than anyone else in the recording academy's history), three Oscars and a dozen Oscar nominations, from "The Glenn Miller Story" in 1954 to "It's Easy to Say" (best song) and "10" (best original score), both in 1979.

Mancini is one of those greatly gifted figures along the middle of the pop music road who can now afford not to worry if an area as important as records dries up. The "10" recording for Warner Brothers was a soundtrack album; actually, he has not been recording regularly since his 20-year, 60-album association with RCA ended in 1978.

"I felt I did some good albums in the last few years before I left them, but it seems the companies have forgotten how to promote that kind of thing.

"I haven't panicked about the fact that I'm not recording. I'm far beyond the stage of being thrilled to see my name on an album."

PHOTO BY LARRY DAVIS

Henry Mancini's megatalent has resulted in 20 Grammys, three Oscars, a dozen Oscar nominations.

"Basically, movie writing is what I do. If there hadn't been movies, there wouldn't have been records, and if there hadn't been records there wouldn't have been concerts, an area where I'm doing nicely right now. I have my fifth Japanese tour in December, for which I'll use all Japanese musicians except for about six key sidemen from here."

Mancini has also taken up the challenge of writing for The Orchestra, the Los Angeles ensemble directed by Jack Elliott (Allyn Ferguson recently withdrew as coleader). "I wrote a new thing for Ray Pizzi, which I'm calling 'Piece for Jazz Bassoon and Orchestra.' The Orchestra will introduce it at the Music Center in January."

In an understatement characteristic of the man, he added: "I think I have a feeling, in orchestration, for backing and featuring soloists and singers. Pizzi is an extremely talented player, and doing something like this for a bassoon seems like a natural, because it will convey a whole different conception of what the instrument can do."

Over the years, Mancini has learned that the acceptance of his music does not necessarily bear a direct relation to its merit. This is particularly true of his motion picture writing. "You're at the mercy of the popularity of the movie. If it's a good movie, you did a good score; if its a bad movie, your score means nothing. I happened to love what I wrote for 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' In fact, I think it was one of my best scores, but who will remember that? The picture didn't do well, so everybody just went down together."

The case of the freak "Bolero" hit offers another instance of what might have been. "Although it sold well over 200,000, one of the charts didn't even list it, because they base their lists on airplay and the single didn't get airplay. I suppose the trouble was that it starts with violas and cellos pizzicato. Now if I had taken the hottest drummer in town and laid it on top—hell, that thing would have been on every station; but that's not the way we did it in the picture, and to be fair to the people who saw it we decided not to tamper with the original orchestration."

He refuses to take credit for the use of the Ravel theme. "People congratulate me, just as if I had written it, but it was Blake Edwards' idea—it's in the script. Even when I was a kid, the 'Bolero' was always something that you bought in a brown paper bag, because people knew what you were going to use it for. I was totally surprised when it turned out to be a hit. That was completely off the wall—or off some other part of the room."

His current concert repertoire includes the full-length movie version of the theme. "We also do the piece called 'It's Easy to Say,' the one Dudley Moore was seen playing in the bar.

"There's another new piece, and the timing is a sad coincidence—I finally got around awhile back to writing something called 'The Inspector Clouseau Theme.' It was in the picture before last ("Pink Panther Strikes Again"). Peter Sellers used to kid me—he'd say, 'You write themes for everybody. You have a theme for that little pink thing,' meaning the panther, 'but not one for me.' So I finally did one."

How much of a music lover was Sellers? According to Mancini, "There was very little that got by him in any category; that certainly includes music, and it went in odd ways, too. When I was doing 'Prisoner of Zenda,' while they were shooting in Germany, one day I got a package in the mail, and he had sent me two albums of the Royal Grenadiers band playing fanfares, marches, flourishes. With them came a note that said, 'Hank, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," I believe that this kind of music might prove the key.' And he was absolutely right; it struck just the right feeling of royalty and pomp.

"I did seven movies with Peter. We were very, very, very close. He was very appreciative of the things that I did, especially when there was a features soloist—like, he went crazy the first time he heard Plas Johnson's saxophone on 'The Pink Panther.'

"He was a genius with sound of every kind, of course, including speech. I'd go into an elevator with him—I remember this happening in Rome—and he'd hear a couple of people talking in whatever language it was. We'd get out of the elevator and the next thing he'd say to me would be exactly like whoever was talking in the elevator—the accent, all the words, everything."

What the Mancini-Sellers partnership became in terms of motion picture scores, another team had been, a little earlier in the 1960s, on records—Mancini and Andy Williams. It is no secret that Williams, like the man who provided him with his biggest hit songs, no longer is a force on the recording scene.

"Let's suppose," I said, "that you were to come up today with a 'Moon River' or a 'Days of Wine and Roses,' and a comparable score to go with it. What would happen now compared to what happened then? Would it have the same potential?"

"Given the same set of circumstances, yes, I think so."

"But the circumstances aren't the same. It's a different world with new values, other things that are selling."

"Well, let me put it this way: Substitute, for 'Moon River' or 'Days of Wine and Roses,' Barry Manilow instead of Andy Williams. There really are still some nice, pretty songs out today. If you got a couple of movies as good as those two were, I believe it would work again. However, if you put a song like that in a picture that doesn't go through the roof within the first three hours of release, it'll be lost. That, I grant you, has changed."

He denies that any of the circumstances are simply a matter of a generation gap. "It's not just my age group, there are plenty of young people out there who like my kind of stuff, and play it. It's a matter of reaching them.

"I just did four promotional TV spots for 'beautiful music' radio stations. Whether it was due to me or not, the ratings on all those stations went up. Tomorrow I'm going to Denver to do 17 more, for stations all over the country.

"It's strange: these stations acquire high ratings, yet as far as their helping to sell records, nothing happens. That's one problem that I and a lot of us so-called middle-of-the-road people have had. It's frustrating."

A little frustrating, perhaps, but a long way this side of depressing. Henry Mancini says, with confidence but without a trace of braggadocio, "I'm all right. I'm fine. So much is going on that I have to force myself to take a vacation. Ginny and I have a place in Vail, and we're trying to find time to get some skiing in."

He smiled and added as if to himself, "After 30 years of doing this, it's nice to know you're still wanted." ☐

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JAZZ CONCERTS AT FORD THEATER

The popular open-air jazz concerts at the Ford Theater (formerly known as the Pilgrimage), which were an institution for more than a decade until Prop. 13 led to their suspension, are being resumed for a brief season.

Free to the public, the series will begin at 2 p.m. Sunday Sept. 14 with Louis Bellson's orchestra. The following Sunday, Sept. 21, pianist-composer Alan Broadbent will be featured along with saxophonist Gary Foster.

The concerts are being presented by the Board of Supervisors through the Music and Performing Arts Commission with the Department of Parks and Recreation and the Local 47 Musicians' Union Trust Fund.

—LEONARD FEATHER

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Toshiko Akiyoshi

VERYL OAKLAND

LIKE DUKE ELLINGTON, Toshiko Akiyoshi has earned international respect as a composer, arranger and bandleader; in another parallel with Ellington, she has allowed this growing reputation for her writing and conducting to overshadow her very considerable talents as a pianist.

This has been the situation only since 1973, the year after she and her husband, saxophonist Lew Tabackin, moved to California and decided to form their own orchestra as an outlet for her compositional creativity. Until then, her entire career in the United States had been devoted to playing piano, usually as leader of a trio, and also, for almost a year, as a member of the Charles Mingus combo.

Born in Dairen, Manchuria, Dec. 12, 1929, the daughter of a well-to-do businessman of Japanese descent, Toshiko fled with her family when the country was taken over by the Communists. "We went with just what we could carry — left all our valuables behind," she recalls. "I was 15, and had been studying piano from the age of six."

Living in Beppu, on the island of Kyushu, Toshiko soon landed her first job in a dance hall group with violin, accordion, and saxophone. Her background was strictly classical; a library of tunes given her, with only chord changes, was meaningless to her, but she learned fast, and even faster when a friend played her a Teddy Wilson record. Her reaction was: "Oh, jazz can be beautiful!"

Now a serious student of jazz, Toshiko worked with a band led by a Mr. Yamada, who, encouraging her to go to Tokyo, gave her a letter of introduction and 5,000 yen. "In Tokyo I really had dumb luck," she says with a typically bashful smile. "I was sort of a pioneer in jazz, and if you could do just a little bit better than the next guy, the job was yours."

She worked with oddly named groups such as the Tokyo Jive Combo, the Blue Coats Orchestra, and the Six Lemons. "I finally got to make what seemed like enormous sums, and became the highest-paid studio musician in Japan. I had two jobs that each paid 50,000 yen a month."

From the summer of 1951 she led her own jazz combo, which was heard one night in a club by Oscar Peterson. The Canadian virtuoso, visiting Japan with producer Norman Granz's *Jazz At The Philharmonic* touring show, recommended that Granz record her, which he did, using Peterson's rhythm section. He also suggested that she come to the United States to study.

Before arriving in Boston in January of 1956, Toshiko had led her own octet in a Japanese radio and television series, and had won a magazine award as her country's leading jazz pianist. Studying under a scholarship at the Berklee School of Music in Boston, she became a protégé of the Newport Jazz Festival impresario George Wein, appearing at his Boston night club and at the festival.

Married in 1959 to the Stan Kenton saxophonist Charlie Mariano, Toshiko returned to Japan in 1961 and lived there for a year, but in 1962-63 she was in New York, working with Mingus. She developed fast as a pianist inspired by the bop pioneer Bud Powell, as a composer (she wrote the music for a Swedish movie in 1964), and occasionally as an educator, working on the faculties of summer jazz clinics.

Divorced from Mariano, in 1967 she met a brilliant flutist/saxophonist, Lew Tabackin. They began touring together, were married in 1969, and toured Japan with a combo in 1970 and '71. Tabackin then had a steady job with the Doc Severinsen orchestra on the *Tonight Show*. When the program was shifted in 1972 from New York to Burbank, California, he and Toshiko made the move. They settled in a house in North Hollywood, and soon Toshiko got down to some serious big-band writing. In New York she had had only one opportunity to organize a band for the performance of her music, but in Los Angeles rehearsal facilities were more reasonable, and suitable musicians in due course found their way into the Akiyoshi/Tabackin orbit.

Although there are still strong overtones of Bud Powell in her up-tempo solos, Toshiko has developed immeasurably as a pianist. She is not sure about the comparisons that are sometimes made with Bill Evans. "People like to say, when they hear something lyrical, that I have a Bill Evans influence, but they should remember that Bill himself was influenced by Bud, especially on ballads," she points out. "I feel that I have lost some of my athletic quality — I used to play so vigorously that the rhythm sections had a hard time keeping up. But on the other hand, perhaps my content is a little more mature, and I have more to say than before."

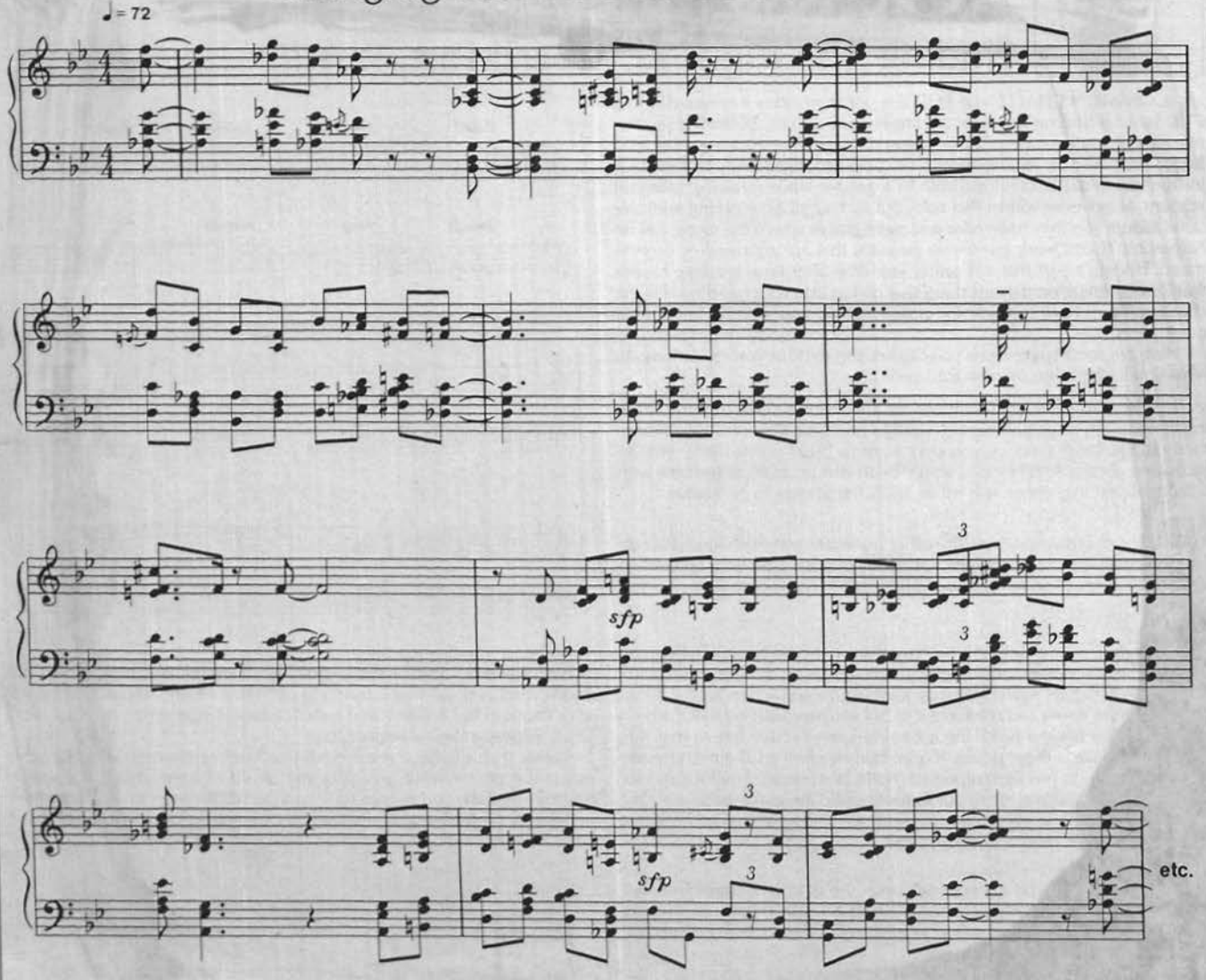
This is elegantly illustrated in her transformation of "Swingin' Till The Girls Come Home," a bebop composition by bassist Oscar Pettiford that was often played as a unison-horns line at a tempo of around ♩ = 165. Toshiko heard its melodic and harmonic potential, however. The result is a beautifully conceived ballad, played at ♩ = 72 in a locked-hands style.

The solo follows Bob Daugherty's introductory bass chorus in Toshiko's trio album, *Dedications* [Inner City, IC 6046]. Toshiko sets a blues groove on the very first chord with the anticipated *B*♭7, then edges up gently to an *F*9♯5, beautifully enriched by the added *A*♭. Her use of augmented chords is an attractive characteristic that appears in bar 2, again in 4 and 10, and elsewhere.

I will not attempt to analyze the first chord in bar 9 or the first in 10; suffice it to say that they are typical of Toshiko's individual conception of voicings and note placements. The legato feeling throughout the chorus is another facet of the delicacy she can summon when the occasion calls for it.

Akiyoshi and Tabackin today lead the No. 1 big band in jazz, according to the *Downbeat* Critics' Poll and Readers' Poll, the *Swing Journal* poll in Japan, and the *Jazz Forum* poll in Europe. (Also, most important, according to the evidence of our ears.) But along with the orchestra's career, she still takes the occasional gig as leader of a piano trio; in fact, in late June she returned from a triumphant Japanese tour using this format. Akiyoshi the composer/leader is well known around the world; Akiyoshi the pianist deserves closer study. ■

Akiyoshi's Arrangement Of "Swinging Till The Girls Come Home"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN.

[Transcriber's Note: The chords in the passage shown above are so thick that nobody could claim with a straight face to have transcribed them all perfectly. The melody is correct as it stands, and for each chord I'm reasonably certain that I identified the correct chord type — augmented, fourth-chord, minor ninth, or whatever. Many of the chords shown are undoubtedly correct, but at best the transcription is merely a close approximation of what Akiyoshi played. If your ear suggests alternate voicings, by all means interpolate them with a clear conscience. Bear in mind, though, that the contrast between five- and six-voice chords and open three-note voicings is a feature of this style. Adding notes to fill in parallel structure may quite possibly get you further from the original version, not closer to it.]

JAZZ BRIEFS

8/24

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"ANDREA." Andrea Baker. Skyline 114. Are there indeed no new singers coming up to follow the Ellas and Sarahs? Andrea Baker gives cause for hope. She has familiarized herself with the past mistresses of the art, sings ballads sensitively ("A Time for Love" "Rest of Your Life"), and scats adequately. Add a pure sound and firm intonation and you have here the ingredients for jazz vocal stardom. Good backing by tenor sax (or flute) and rhythm, all improvised. Four stars. Skyline Conley Corp. Building, 91st and Delaware, Tulsa, Okla. 74136.

"MARIAN McPARTLAND AT THE FESTIVAL." Concord Jazz CJ 118. McPartland's ballad piano is in typically warm form on such slow pieces as "Willow Weep for Me" (superb bass work by Brian Torff) and "Here's That Rainy Day," a duo with alto saxophonist Mary Fettig Park. On the fast pieces at this live session she sounds a mite hurried and less inspired ("I Love You," "Cotton Tail" and "Oleo," this last with Park, Torff and drummer Jake Hanna). Her interpretation of Chick Corea's "Windows" is at least the equal of the composer's own. Three-and-a-half stars.

"500 MILES HIGH." George Shearing Trio. Pausa 7072. The Shearing touch has been attaining new peaks of subtlety and maturity in recent years. His choice of companions here (the English guitarist Louis Stewart and the phenomenal Danish bassist Niels Pedersen) is as right as the selection of material: Chick Corea's title tune, Duke Jordan's "Jordu," Kaper's "Invitation," Gordon Jenkins' "P.S. I Love You." Recorded in Germany in 1977, and better three years late than unissued. Four-and-a-half stars. Shearing will be at the Hollywood Bowl with Bill Evans and Dave Brubeck Wednesday night.

"FREE BOP!" Charles McPherson. Xanadu 170. The Detroit-raised, La Jolla-based saxophonist is in interestingly mixed company here: his 20-year-old son on drums, the brilliant 25-year-old guitarist Peter Sprague, and two comparative seniors: Lou Levy, piano, and Monty Budwig, bass. McPherson is a solid, bob-matured player and, as the title tune and "Chuck-a-Luck" indicate, a most engaging composer. Aside from "A Day in Rio," a long cut that doesn't live up to its title, this is consistently engaging set. Four stars.

"TASTY!" Ray Brown & Jimmy Rowles. Concord Jazz CJ 122. The previous album by this duo was entitled "As Good As It Gets." The new venture lives up to the standard of that set, as well as to its own title. Rowles' piano is nonpareil, Brown's bass offers the perfect complement. The well-paced program takes in "A Sleepin' Bee," "My Ideal," "Nancy" and "Smile" (which, contrary to the liner notes, was not written in 1927 by Donald Heywood but in 1930 by Charles Chaplin). This entire album probably involved two or three hours of recording, yet its value far exceeds that of many that take six months to complete. Five stars.

GETTING THE WORD ON ALL THAT JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

Imagine the emergency: You want to take out your jazz-addicted cousin (aunt, girlfriend, nephew) for an evening of good sounds, but have no access to newspaper or radio.

Before June 29, you would have been in real trouble. Nowadays there's no problem; you simply dial 306-2364, and a recorded voice (belonging to Jim Gosa of jazz station KKGO) answers:

"Hello, this is the Jazz Line, the number to call for the latest in jazz information. Here is what's happening today." There follows a series of artists listings, close to a dozen club names, addresses and phone numbers, with the signoff: "Thank you for calling—we're here 24 hours a day."

The idea of initiating this service in Los Angeles (New York has had it for several years) was conceived by Caniche, a self-described jazz freak from France. "Perhaps I was destined to be involved with jazz," says Caniche. "My grandfather was a relative of Django Reinhardt."

Caniche, now a graduate student of anthropology at UCLA specializing in Mexican culture, says she started Jazz Line for the fun of it. The service is dependent on financial support from the clubs, but even musicians have begun to shell out small subsidies.

"Already," she says, "we average over 100 calls a day. Recently we broke the record with 437 calls."

Howard Rumsey, owner of Concerts by the Sea, wrote her that during the first month of Jazz Line assistance he did his best July business in nine years, adding: "I'm sure your service helps."

ONE MORE TIME

UP FOR THE COUNT AT DISNEYLAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

If Count Basie had any misgivings about returning to Disneyland, the scene of his heart attack four years ago this week, he did his best to conceal them Monday. Groupies of every age congregated at the Plaza Gardens to drink once again at the Count's fountain of youth. There was almost no dancing, much squatting and watching as the band came to pulsating life again.

Nowhere else in the shrinking jazz orchestra scene is there an ensemble capable of generating the personal, unified power, the relentless momentum generated by Basie & Co. The balance between arrangements and solos seems just right: In the course of three sets no individual hogged the limelight yet none was neglected.

There are a couple of new faces. In "Corner Pocket" it was a pleasure to hear the full, sweeping trumpet sound of Willie Cook, a long-ago Duke Ellington alumnus. The tightly meshed trumpet team boasts two other capable soloists in Pete Minger and Dale Carley.

Drummer Duffy Jackson is out, replaced by Greg Field. This 24-year-old Oaklander, formerly with Harry James and Ray Charles, is feeling his way but seems to be less obtrusive and more of a team player than Jackson.

There was a slight surfeit of pop vocals by Dennis Roland, whose timbre is more attractive than his conventional choice of material. In "The Masquerade Is Over," he and the arrangement seemed at odds.

"In a Mellotone," was scored for trombones answered by muted trumpets; a splendid, linear Dennis Wilson trombone solo led to a well-blended soli interlude by the five saxophones.

Of the other soloists, the most modest was Basie himself. If he seemed less active, the reason became clear between sets when, using a cane and walking with difficulty, he made his way across the bandstand to relax at a table. Despite his obvious discomfort, insistent fans clustered around him, pens in hands, limiting his time for rest. Perhaps they did not know he was 76 last Thursday and had only reassembled the band three weeks ago after hospitalization and recuperation.The musician we saw at the piano was not just the leader of the world's most durable jazz orchestra; he is a graceful, gentle artist whose music is everything to him and who will not give up his tenure in the only life he knows.

The band closes Friday

Count Basie, newly 76, leads his band amid an aura of affection at Disneyland through Friday.

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8/29

EVANS, SHEARING, BRUBECK AT BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bill Evans, George Shearing, Dave Brubeck at the grand piano, heading a trio, a duo and a quartet, respectively, may not sound like an incentive to a traffic jam at the Hollywood Bowl. Nevertheless, Wednesday's concert attracted almost exactly the same size crowd as had Mel Torme, Carmen McRae and Joe Williams two weeks earlier.

What drew the 13,895 fans, no doubt, was the sensible contrast of styles. If Evans with his introspection and understatement, Shearing with swing, wit and beauty, Brubeck with jagged rhythms and bombast, did not provide a mixture guaranteed to please everybody, neither could they be accused of inducing monotony or boredom.

Evans played a couple of standards ("Emily," "My Romance") and several originals, elegantly backed by Joe La Barbera on drums and Marc Johnson on bass. His

Dave Brubeck

chording as delicate as wind chimes, he achieves lyricism even on the up-tempos. The sound quality and balance were precisely right.

This easy listening mood was maintained when Shearing took over, accompanied by his astoundingly mobile bassist, the 26-year-old Brian Torff.

Shearing remains at the peak he reached after giving up his combo a few years ago. "Love for Sale," a Brazilian song called "That's What She Says" and a breakneck Torff original entitled "High and Inside" demonstrated Shearing's chameleonic, occasionally Garner-like left hand and his flawless beat and phrasing at every tempo.

After reviving the famous Art Tatum version of Dvorak's "Humoresque," with his own sly variations, he announced: "I just made an album with Carmen McRae and had the chutzpah to do the vocal on the title song," and he proceeded to sing "Two for the Road" in a pleasantly beery voice that fit the *Weltschmerz* lyrics. His marvelous sense of joy was conveyed again in a wild updating of "Lazy River" that went everywhere from boogaloo to Bix to Scott Joplin.

Dave Brubeck, contrary to legend, is capable of sounding gentle, but rarely for long; edging into a doubled tempo or a series of complex cross rhythms, he builds an intensity, with heavy right-hand chords.

No, he doesn't often swing in the conventional sense but, yes, he is an individual and engaging stylist, and that, as the evening's amiable emcee Shelly Manne pointed out, is what jazz is all about.

With Brubeck were his son Chris, 28, on electric bass (but his forte is the trombone, which he played with swaggering verve on two numbers), the hard-driving tenor player Jerry Bergonzi and Randy Jones on drums.

The final concert of the summer jazz series Sept. 10 will be "Bicentennial Blues," with B. B. King, Muddy Waters and others.

MORT SAHL

A DEVASTATING WIT RETURNS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mort Sahl is a quadrennial plant who comes into full bloom in election years. Donte's, where he last worked in 1976, is presenting him for an indefinite series of Wednesday and Thursday seminars in which, predictably, the three presidential candidates are his main points of reference.

Sahl draws an apt analogy between himself and Will Rogers: "Will came out carrying a newspaper and impersonated a yokel assailing the intellectuals in the government. I come out with a paper and impersonate an intellectual assailing the yokels in the government."

In a typical 70-minute Sahl session, politics may yield at any moment to religion, race, gays, Cubans ("Castro sent us his finest"), the Jerry Lewis telethon and the entire sociopolitical spectrum he has been observing with such devastating wit throughout the 27 years since he started at the hungry i in San Francisco.

Time has not rendered him even minimally irrelevant; the barbs are as finely honed as ever, and as topical. At times, he may hark back to Vietnam and Watergate, but before you can blink, his stream of consciousness will have wandered into some new tributary based on an item from this evening's TV news.

He is a master of the non sequitur. Speaking of the

Please Turn to Page 3

Mort Sahl is in full bloom at Donte's where he is currently interpreting election-year politics.

MORT SAHL

Continued from Page 2

Supreme Court's legacy of President Nixon's appointees, he observes: "So now we have justices Burger, Rehnquist, Powell, Blackmun, and Bruce Herschenson on Channel 7."

Sahl's target nowadays seem more often to be liberals than conservatives, though much of his imagery is brilliantly non-partisan: "Bobbie Fiedler is against busing but wants prayer in the schools. The liberals are for busing and against prayer in the schools. The moderates have a compromise—they want prayer on the bus."

Even his experiences in Las Vegas, where he worked three years at the Hilton, provided new ammunition. Describing Wayne Newton's attempts to show the crowd that he will give almost beyond the point of endurance, Sahl contrasts the entertainer's attitude with that of Detroit's union workers. "At the UAW, when the whistle blows you'll find that most of the men go home. Nobody asks: 'Can't I stay and make just one more Pinto?' "

Sahl occasionally interrupts himself with a "Where was I?," but these are mere verbal punctuations in a routine that rarely lets the interest flag. Only when he dealt with Gov. Brown and the too familiar anecdotes about his allegedly spacey image did the humor seem less than freshly personal.

Given a choice of Anderson, Carter and Reagan as Mort Sahl depicts them, one wonders how many write-in votes for Sahl his return to the scene will engender. But of course his all-seeing eye and all-digging mind might be just a little more than Washington could absorb.

Sahl returns Wednesday. For an inkling of what he may have to say, keep checking your 6 o'clock news.

"SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH." Cleo Laine & James Galway. RCA ARL1-3628. A dual marriage: Cleo's voice with James Galway's flute, and the musical-matrimonial partnership of Laine and John Dankworth, still the perfect arranger for her needs. The material spans four centuries, from Shakespeare to Sondheim, with Laine and/or Dankworth contributing original words or music here and there. One track, "Drifting, Dreaming," is an adaptation of Satie's Gymnopedie No. 1; another finds Laine singing wordlessly to "Consuelo's Love Theme" by Chuck Mangione, who will be interested to learn that he is described in the notes as "the Mexican musician." Only flaw: Excessive volume of accompaniment covers up Laine in a couple of spots. Otherwise, a uniquely rewarding album.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

AFTER 15 YEARS: A RETROSPECTIVE

8/31

BY LEONARD FEATHER

It really doesn't seem like yesterday. It seems like just what it has been: 15 years ago this month since the byline you see above first appeared in The Times.

According to the lay press, jazz was then going through one of those regular stages of being pronounced dead; however, a closer inspection revealed that behind the uproar of '60s rock there existed a thriving jazz community, ready to be served by what became, for this writer, very soon afterward, a nationally syndicated Sunday column.

Jazz in 1965 was sailing through excitingly turbulent waters. If that was a year of folk-rock, of the Beatles and the Byrds, it was also the time of triumph for John Coltrane, who won four separate Down Beat poll victories: Record of the Year ("A Love Supreme"), Jazzman of the Year, Hall of Fame, and No.1 Tenor Saxophone. Coltrane and the other avant-gardists of the day (Archie Shepp, Cecil Taylor, Pharoah Sanders) were the subject of intense controversy.

Of the artists who dominated their respective fields, only a few remain at or near the top in 1980: Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson, Jimmy Smith, Gerry Mulligan, Milt Jackson, Elvin Jones. Looking over my earliest assignments, I find it an ironic coincidence that the first four dealt with Duke Ellington's original sacred concert at San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, Lee Morgan with Art Blakey at Shelly's Manne-Hole, Charles Mingus at UCLA and Don Ellis at the Havana Club. All but Blakey are gone. That was the year, too, when Martin Bernheimer and I offered our respective reactions to the newly constituted Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra at the 1-year-old Los Angeles Music Center. The Neophonic lasted only two seasons: its founder and guiding spirit, Stan Kenton, outlived it by 13 years, and his impact prevails in college bands on innumerable campuses.

If the mid-1960s were a time of contention among musicians and critics, they also represent, in retrospect, years of lasting achievement: the Miles Davis Quintet with Herbie Hancock, a Cannonball Adderley Quintet in which Joe Zawinul was a driving and writing force, and Paul Desmond with Dave Brubeck. For the more traditional figures, too, it was a year to remember. Louis Armstrong's 50th anniversary in music and 65th birthday were toasted at celebrations in Los Angeles and New York; he toured several Iron Curtain countries and earned a reception bordering on deification.

Television often seemed more observant of jazz then than now. During any given week on the syndicated Regis Philbin show, the nightly guests might have been Sarah Vaughan, Ahmad Jamal, Count Basie, Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie, plus the resident Terry Gibbs combo every night. Clark Terry was a regular on staff with the Tonight show, whose guests included the Modern Jazz Quartet, Erroll Garner and Chico Hamilton.

Despite the sharp differences that divided the mainstreamers, the beboppers and the avant-gardists, jazz was far less fragmented in 1965. Electronics was a minor, almost negligible factor; fusion music was a term yet to be coined. The so-called "alternative" sounds represented on ECM Records were still well into the future. Today a definition of the term jazz is all but impossible. The burden on the critic of dealing with its widely contrasted aspects, even of keeping track of the flood of purported jazz albums arriving for review, has become an insurmountable problem.

Oscar Peterson, left, and Dizzy Gillespie, 1960s jazz artists still active at the beginning of the 1980s.

Given so many choices, the critic faces this dilemma: In attempting to act as arbiter of all the facets of music submitted as jazz, he may become a jack-of-all-trades, trying to deal simultaneously with genres that have conflicting values.

It is, in fact, barely feasible today for any one writer to deal authoritatively with the entire field. Show me a reviewer who writes long, scholarly monographs about Sun Ra, Cecil Taylor or the Art Ensemble of Chicago and I will show you a critic unlikely to await eagerly the new release by Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass or Buddy De Franco.

It is possible to write honestly about every idiom, but to deny that we all have our predilections is to fool ourselves and our readers. The trick is to prevent predilections from becoming prejudices, which may be why, in recent years, I have become more receptive to, say, the World Saxophone Quartet, Anthony Braxton, JoAnne Brackeen and others in the forefront of the avant-garde. The process of keeping up with the times is not only necessary but headily enjoyable.

Criticism, incidentally, is not the right word for what most of us do. We are also reporters, historians, musical analysts. A fairly small percentage of my own time has been devoted to criticism per se. I am at least as interested in relaying the views of the artists themselves as in transmitting my own.

The 15 years of continuous writing have reconfirmed some beliefs held, perhaps subconsciously, from the beginning of a lengthy love affair with jazz.

First, it was and is necessary to be willing to admit mistakes. A critic's views reflect his background, his basic tastes and tenets, his ideas of right and wrong, yet what he writes is not engraved in stone. Time, the great eraser, wipes out concepts and changes attitudes as our years and experience advance. It may delete or alter much of what we believed in passionately five or 10 or 25 years ago. No critic in any of the arts is invulnerable to error. If he is too blind or too vain to concede this, he is doing himself and his readers an injustice.

Second, a critic's principles and standards cannot and must not congeal. His ears and mind must be forever receptive to meaningful change. It is his duty to seek out the new while evaluating established forms and performers. Though I was proud to be the first to write feature articles about Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, I later missed the boat by several years on John Coltrane while others immediately perceived his importance. In the late 1970s it was a responsibility as well as a privilege to encourage and espouse the cause of a new orchestra that has since soared into the top big band echelon, that of Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin, but there must certainly be many other deserving talents out there who are waiting for their first printed encouragement in the '80s.

Another aspect of the critic's credo: It is incumbent upon him to study the opinions of his peers, for whether he agrees heartily or dissents violently, he may have something to learn from them. Of course, critics would be even better informed if they could pry the innermost thoughts out of the jazzmen themselves, most of whom are reluctant to discuss their contemporaries.

This is one of the ongoing problems of the arts. The musician may harbor some strongly negative opinion, but may keep it to himself, thus avoiding the risk of alienating a colleague. The critic has no hiding place for his antipathies; only an empty sheet of paper awaiting their expression.

Third, while it is an unquestionable advantage for the critic to be a musician, this does not guarantee that his views will resemble those of other critic-musicians, or that critics who are nonmusicians will be less sensitive to the nuances of any performance. My empirical experience has been helpful, enabling me to express certain reactions in technical terms, but such analysis must be reserved for publications circulating among musicians, or students who read music.

In one sense, being musically literate can constitute a handicap, since the listener finds himself wanting to understand, technically, instead of simply reacting emotionally. This was my own problem in dealing, for example, with Cecil Taylor, whose music for years seemed incomprehensibly chaotic. You cannot succeed in listening without really trying.

On the other hand, there should be certain standards for musicians to adopt in their reaction to criticism. Too many of them feel the critic's only duty is to praise and publicize. A negative report is subjected to rationalizations: The reviewer didn't understand the performer's objectives; or he is ignorant of the bra id of music surveyed; or the sound system was to blame, and so on—just about anything other than one possible response: "Perhaps he was telling the truth."

There have been occasional exceptions, so rare that they stand out in my memory as pleasant episodes. After I had dealt quite harshly with a performance by Cannonball Adderley, I ran into him a couple of days later. "You were absolutely right, Leonard," he said. "We got to work late, but that was no excuse—we didn't play s--- that night." There are very few Cannonball Adderleys among us, to play as superbly as he normally did or to react as honestly to public reproach.

These 15 years have brought cataclysmic changes to the jazz world. Strict rules—the 32-bar pattern, form in general, tonality, orthodox instrumental sounds—are abandoned with impunity as our ears adjust to a new set of values. In 1965 it would have been impossible to predict the emergence and achievements of Weather Report, with its cross-pollination of idioms, use of synthesizers and wild sonic forays close to the threshold of pain. Yet Weather Report, though perhaps meaningless to those whose idea of jazz remains rooted in the swing

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or bebop eras, is a valid and exciting illustration of the developments brought about in a vibrant new musical world.

Today we enjoy new (or fewer) rules, examine and employ new techniques, enter unexplored areas of mutual understanding among musicians who may be blacks, Brazilians, Peruvians, Danes, Anglos, Japanese, Frenchmen, Poles, Czechs, to name just a few.

Jazz has realized the prediction made by the composer John Lewis (coincidentally in 1965): It has evolved into a global art form, as Lewis correctly foresaw.

As the world has grown smaller, the concerts and tours more continuous, this column has appeared with a wide-ranging variety of datelines: Berlin, Budapest, Nice, Tokyo, Vienna, Venice, Havana (the unique jazz festival cruise in 1977), Sao Paulo, Rio, Caracas, Mexico City, London, Bermuda and various other points in the West Indies, and of course, the annual trips to New York, Colorado Springs, Monterey. It has been a ceaselessly enriching experience, of which I have not yet begun to tire; for jazz, like jogging, is a rejuvenating way of life. □

9/7

JAZZ

Alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe left his native Los Angeles and found greener pastures in New York.

HAIL TO ANOTHER BLYTHE SPIRIT

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"ILLUSIONS." Arthur Blythe. Columbia JC36583.

The most provocative new horn to project itself into jazz prominence in the past couple of years is the alto saxophone of Arthur Blythe. Los Angeles-born, heard locally with Horace Tapscott, he followed Ornette Coleman's path by moving to New York, where he correctly assumed the opportunities would be greater and belated recognition accessible.

In this, his third Columbia album, two groups alternate. On one, Blythe is heard with cello, tuba, drums and the electric guitarist James (Blood) Ulmer, best known for his work with Ornette Coleman. In the other group, he has the traditional piano-bass-drums backing. Blythe combines an odd, sometimes fulsome sound with a style that summons impressive power and a highly individual personality. As a composer he is an almost complete original; all six cuts here are his own work.

Of the quintet tracks, "Bush Baby," is rather heavily funk oriented; "Illusions" starts out in a beboppish vein but shifts moods and meters intriguingly. "Carespin' With Mamie" uses alto-guitar unison effectively, with a loping gait helped by the tuba undercurrent.

The quartet cuts, which Blythe appropriately dubs "In the Tradition," are stronger if only because of the presence of John Hicks, a pianist given to modality and impressionism, slightly reminiscent of McCoy Tyner. The theme of "Miss Nancy" has a vaguely Thelonious Monk quality. "My Son Ra" uses a haunting 7/4 figure, with Blythe at his most impassioned. The closing "As of Yet" swings very loosely with powerful work by Hicks, Blythe totally together, and superlative support from Fred Hopkins on bass and Steve McCall on drums.

Now just past 40, Blythe at last seems to be coming into his own, maturing continually both as player and writer. 4½ stars.

"INTERPRETATIONS OF BACH AND MOZART." Shelly Manne Jazz Quartet. Trend TR-525. Digital recording. Manne literally takes a back seat as his nominal sidemen—Mike Wofford, piano; Gary Foster, sax and flute; Chuck Domanico, bass—interpret the Bach Violin Concerto in E Major, the D-Major Air on a G String, a Mozart Divertimento in three movements, and the slow movement of what became known in recent years as the Elvira Madigan Concerto. Since Bach and Mozart used the identical harmonic system employed in basic jazz, it is not surprising that the material lends itself well to improvisation. A generally sedate, low-key performance with sympathetic liner notes by Henri Temianka. 3½ stars.

"CAN YOU IMAGINE." David Benoit. AVI 6074. The promising young keyboard soloist and composer demonstrates his range, from the title number with its attractive melody and somewhat unrelaxed jazz interlude, through the agreeable samba-like theme "Oceana," to the concluding "In Memory of Che," with its movie-music intro and Gershwinesque piano touches. Benoit composed all seven pieces in addition to writing three of the arrangements, for strings, fluegelhorn (on one cut only) and rhythm. One of the better entries in the funk/pop/jazz vein. Three stars.

"MOON AND SAND." Kenny Burrell. Concord Jazz CJ-121. Having shown, in several LPs, how well he can deal with just bass and percussion, this elegant guitar virtuoso surely deserves an orchestral setting of the kind that provided some of his most memorable moments on record. We are reminded of this by the title song, which Burrell recorded in a unique set with Gil Evans circa 1965. "Stolen Moments," the best track here, echoes the original, exquisite voicings of the composer, Oliver Nelson. Except for the too subdued "My Ship," which sets sail very slowly, everything else is agreeably done, mainly with a light Latin percussion beat by Kenneth Nash, along with Roy McCurdy's drums and John Heard' bass. Three stars.

"PARTY OF ONE" Tim Weisberg. MCA 5125. Delete a couple of grating vocals and you have an album inoffensive enough for use in elevators and at the end of plane trips. Using material that includes Sergio Mendes' "Magic Lady," Marvin Gaye's "What's Going On" and two originals (including the title tune) by his guitarist, Buzz Feiten, this jazz flutist has come up with another innocuous, all but jazzless set, guaranteed to make the charts. Two stars.

"SERENADE FOR THE CITY." Michal Urbaniak. Motown M7-944 R 1. In his Motown debut, the Polish violinist (doubling now and then on lyricon) hits a good jazz groove on several of these eight tracks, five of which he wrote himself. On the title cut and on "Circular Road," Mrs. Urbaniak (Urszula Dudziak) adds her rhythmic accents, like vocal punctuation marks. Best moments are in "Samba Miko," "Joy" (also a samba of sorts) and an intriguing reworking of "Fall," which the composer, Wayne Shorter, recorded with Miles Davis. 3½ stars.

"CATCHING THE SUN." Spyro Gyra. MCA 5108. In terms of its apparent objective (light rhythmic entertainment), Spyro Gyra is one of the more effective groups in this genre. Jay Beckenstein steers his alto in a safe direction. Best tracks: "Autumn of Our Love," composed by his synthesizer specialist, Jeremy Wall, and "Lovin' You" by his guitarist, Chet Catallo, (whose introductory passage provides the album's most rewarding moments). 2½ stars.

"LEFT HANDED COMPLEMENT." Dave McKenna. Concord Jazz CJ 123. The title pun is justified: McKenna is the compleat mainstream jazz pianist, his bass lines so potent that you never miss the rhythm section. For the under 25s, this will provide an introduction to some classy old songs ("Have You Met Miss Jones," "I'll Be Seeing You"); for many it will be a welcome reunion. There are two originals, "Mixed Emotions," a cheerful pop-song-type 32-bar affair, and "Splendid Splinter" (dedicated to Ted Williams), an up-tempo 12-bar blues. My ambidextrous compliments to the chef with the cooking left hand. Four stars.

"PIANO GENIUS." Herman Chittison Musicraft 506. The return of the long absent Musicraft label (reacquired by Albert Marx, who founded it in the 1940s), will be making available again a series of LPs of historic interest.

Herman Chittison was no genius; rather he was a junior-league Art Tatum with the genius missing. Still, he was a facile and facinating performer, best remembered for his long stints at New York's East Side supper clubs and as the background player in an old radio series, "Casey, Crime Photographer."

Of the 15 tracks, the last four are piano solos, among them versions of Chopin's "Triste" and Edward MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," neither of which has worn well. The remainder are trio cuts in the fashionable format of those days, well played, with Carl Lynch or Jimmy Shirley on guitar and Carlton Powell on bass.

Thelma Carpenter, a pop singer of the 1940s, makes three conventional appearances (actually two, since "All Of My Life" is represented by two almost idential takes). Despite its limitations, this is a worthy museum piece, and a reminder of a respected artist who died 13 years ago. Three stars. □

TOKYO UNION AT MAIDEN VOYAGE 9/15

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Tokyo Union Orchestra, Japan's award-winning big band, stopped off at the Maiden Voyage Thursday prior to a brief American tour that will include a visit to the Monterey Jazz Festival next Saturday.

Directed by saxophonist Tatsuya Takahashi, the band made a disconcertingly vaudevillian first impression with bright uniform blouses, trumpets swaying from side to side and two fusion arrangements. The first was "Warm Corner" by Osanu Shimura; the second, "Hydra" by Bill Holman, though if the credits had been announced back to front nobody could have told the difference. However, both were played with an excellent discipline that was maintained throughout the set.

The musicians then removed their fancy blue outfits and, working in sweaters, got down from show business to business. The Herbie Hancock tune that gave this club its name was presented in a resourceful arrangement by Bingo Miki.

The success of Tokyo Union was closely linked on this occasion to the guest appearance of trombonist Slide Hampton (making his first local appearance in 15 years) and saxophonist Richie Cole. In addition to sitting in on a couple of the imported pieces, the Americans played impressive works of their own.

Hampton's writing made vivid use of flutes and brass in "Life Is More Precious Than Diamonds," a mini-suite dominated by a Latin feeling. "With the Force of Nature," the second Hampton original, was aptly titled, for in it both he and Cole blew as if this music were not second but first nature to them.

In the band's regular personnel are a couple of competent soloists, but on this brief exposure no snap judgment could be made as to whether any future Hamptons or Coles may emerge from the ranks.

The rhythm section, despite a capable pianist and versatile drummer, is severely weighted down by two electric guitarists and an electric bassist. The latter's sound was muddy, even when heard directly in front of a speaker.

Credit the Tokyo Union Orchestra with spirit, good intentions and very respectable teamwork. Toward the end of the show, a Norio Maeda piece entitled "Happy Go Lucky" (based on the eternal "I Got Rhythm" chord sequence), with both Hampton and Cole among the soloists, generated enough steam to indicate possibilities that are not yet fully realized. Perhaps there will be more to say when their moment comes at Monterey.

GRAPPELLI AT ROYCE HALL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sometimes it seems that a very thin line separates jazz from bluegrass music, violinists from fiddlers, and music from theatrical entertainment. All these elements were jubilantly brought together at Royce Hall Saturday night when the Stephane Grappelli Quartet and the David Grisman Quintet joined forces for a barrier-breaking, crowd-pleasing finale.

Grappelli, the 72-year-old *grandpere* of jazz violin, worked in tandem with Mark O'Connor and Darol Anger of the Grisman combo for a three-violin version of "Tiger Rag," a tune not much younger than Grappelli himself. The whiz-bang teamwork at a furious tempo reached a peak of excitement that would have seemed impossible to follow, but the near-capacity crowd insisted, so Grappelli and Grisman took the nine musicians through a medley of Gypsy tunes. As they reached their stomping accelerando finish, the Westwood campus seemed transmogrified into a Budapest cafe.

The entire evening, presented by McCabe's Guitar Shop, was planned well enough to leave no room for a dull moment. Grappelli's set with his own combo (two guitars and bass) found him in incomparable form, still a master of tone, swing and legato creativity.

The two guitarists, both from London, distinguished themselves, particularly Martin Taylor who in "Taking a Chance on Love" fingered a graceful ad-lib solo while supplying his own bass line with the thumb, a la Joe Pass. Scarcely less effective was John Ethridge in a self-sufficient treatment of "Just You, Just Me."

At one point Grappelli set aside his violin and his musicians to remind us he is also a master of romanticism at the piano. This was the instrument he chose for an impressionistic, occasionally too florid version of "Nuages," composed by his old *copain*, Django Reinhardt.

In the first half of the concert the Grisman group acquitted itself nobly, the leader displaying technique and taste on mandolin and the others doubling on various stringed instruments from violectra to mandocello. The quintet does not swing in the jazz sense, yet its pulse and feeling (mostly on fast tunes and often in a minor key) were contagious.

Though the instruments were miked and in some cases amplified, this was still essentially an evening of acoustic music, without a drummer in the house and with the magnificent Grappelli as its proud and beaming centerpiece.

WATANABE AND THE ILLUSION OF FUSION

By LEONARD FEATHER

Playing for a noisily receptive crowd on his visit here Tuesday, Sadao Watanabe worked his way through the entire contents of his recent double-pocket album. If the performance seemed to differ slightly from that on the records, the reason was a very practical one: You can't squeeze 103 musicians, including the entire Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra, onto the stage of the Roxy.

Born in Japan, Watanabe has been in America several times. From 1962-65 he studied jazz at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. However, the Watanabe of 1980 is almost unrecognizable as the Charlie Parker disciple who played swinging, unpretentious bebop at the 1970 Newport Jazz Festival.

He still plays alto sax on most numbers (flute on one and sopranino sax on a couple), but he places the bell of the horn within an inch of the microphone, as if volume were to be equated with emotion. In the brand of music he plays today (most of the compositions were his own but all the arrangements were by Dave Grusin), energy and rhythm take precedence over melody and harmony. This course has elevated him in Japan to the role of pop superstar, selling hundreds of thousands of albums.

Grusin arranged and conducted the album and was on hand Tuesday along with his brother Don, both playing keyboards. He is a master at distilling the commercial elements that sell, in this genre of music where the how is more important than the what. That, of course, is the grand illusion of fusion.

Among the dozen works, the three that showed off Grusin's skill best were a Brazilian-style piece, with Lee Ritenour on guitar leading attractive colors, and well-tailored synthesizer effects by Don Grusin; a flute feature, introduced by Dave Grusin in an impressionistic mood on acoustic piano, and the concluding "My Dear Life," with the sopranino sax (an octave higher than alto) put to effective use except for a long-held, deafening last note.

The rest of the material—one a simplistic blues riff, another a brief melodic grab bag from the diatonic scale—was subservient to the well-integrated and sometimes exciting, sometimes plodding rhythm. Two or three of the tunes were utterly without redeeming melodic value. Toward the end came the predictable battle between drums, played by Alex Acuna, and the excellent percussionist Paulinho da Costa.

Watanabe is a more versatile and subtle musician than he now elects to show us, but given the path he has chosen for himself he may well duplicate his Japanese successors in the United States.

Anyone looking for pure, innovative jazz in his current output will be bored to distraction, but he no longer needs his small early American following. He is hunting for bigger game now.

PAGE FOUNTEEN

9/14

Count Basie

A Dance project on the Count of tempo

The World of Count Basie by Stanley Dance (Scribner's $16.95)

Like its predecessors in this series ("The World of Duke Ellington," "The World of Earl Hines"), the latest Stanley Dance project consists almost entirely of a series of tape-recorded interviews. As before, Dance has put seemingly endless effort into digging out details about sidemen who at one time or another played in the orchestra under inspection.

Basie himself is quoted directly only in the first few pages—he has been busy elsewhere writing his autobiography in collaboration with Albert Murray.

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

What we learn about the 76-year-old maestro is principally derived from the often-fascinating colloquies with trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison, drummer Jo Jones and a couple dozen others. The shorter second half of the book, dedicated to what Dance calls the second wave of Kansas City jazz, includes several performers whose relationship to Basie was peripheral or nonexistent.

Some of the men ramble on, unedited, into trivia. Not important to an understanding of Basie is learning Paul Quinichette's opinion of how the Ina Ray Hutton and Phil Spitalny bands compared to the Sweethearts of Rhythm.

The Joe Williams chapter is too short and, except for Nat Pierce, Dance omits non-black musicians who could have offered interesting sidelights: Neal Hefti, one of the band's most valuable arrangers; Buddy De Franco, Basie's favorite clarinetist, who played in his excellent small band of 1950-51; Paul Cohen, lead trumpeter for many years; and arranger Sam Nestico. Singers often associated with Basie—Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett—might have had as much to contribute as Melvin Moore, who was never a Basieite but who is nevertheless included.

Many of the interviews are years or even decades old, and the author's reason for not updating them fails to convince.

Though this is not a book for the casual Basie fan, serious students of oral jazz history will find it indispensable. Whatever their shortcomings, all Dance's books are of lasting value.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

ER 14, 1980

9/15

JAZZ

CHISHOLM'S LONG TRAIL TO COLORADO

BY LEONARD FEATHER

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—At Dick Gibson's 18th annual jazz party, held here in a high-ceilinged convention hall at the resplendent Broadmoor Hotel, the cast included 55 musicians, almost all of them long familiar to American audiences. Nevertheless, during the 28 hours of marathon jamming by America's finest, the show was all but stolen by a small, white-haired Scotsman who at 65 was making his first visit to the United States.

George Chisholm's trombone solos on "Stardust" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" crystallized all the qualities called for in a perfect jazz performance. His sound is strong and virile, his phrasing sensitive, the continuity of his ad-libbing impeccable. Add to this a sense of humor (occasional quotes from other tunes) and you have Scotch with a dash of wry.

"He's just phenomenal," said Gibson, who had imported Chisholm on the recommendation of saxophonist Benny Carter. Many years ago, when Carter led an international band in Europe, Chisholm was one of his key soloists.

How can an artist of this caliber remain virtually unknown to the world jazz community? Why did the decades drift by without bringing him to this country?

Chisholm's case is worth studying, for it shows how accidents of birth, and continued residence outside the native country of jazz, can impede due recognition. The only jazzman in history ever to make a worldwide impression before visiting the United States was the Belgian Gypsy violinist Django Reinhardt, whose recording fame brought him here on his only visit in 1946.

PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Trummy Young, left, welcomes trombonist George Chisolm to the jazz party.

Born in Glasgow, Chisholm moved to London and worked in the pre-World War II years with Ambrose and other popular English bands, but soon the word spread that his was too great a talent to be hidden in commercial dance orchestras. Those were days when American jazzmen were not permitted by Musicians' Union rules to visit Britain; consequently, the only sources of inspiration were records imported from the United States. Chisholm was one of a handful who, through a blend of assiduous listening to Jack Teagarden (then the reigning American trombonist) and other American idols, developed an authentic style at a time when the level of British jazz was abysmally low.

Opportunities to play real jazz being rare, Chisholm sometimes jammed after hours at the all-night bottle parties that flourished in London's West End. His discovery by Benny Carter, then working in England as arranger for the BBC Dance Orchestra, was a godsend. Chisolm recorded with Carter in Holland, and led a small combo I assembled for a record date under the name of George Chisholm's Jive Five.

Then in the summer of 1938 Fats Waller (who was allowed to visit Britain because he was classified as an entertainer rather than a mere musician) decided to record with an all-British combo, which I was delegated to round up. As one of the very few men qualified to play in such company, Chisholm was urgently needed, but a phone call dashed my hopes. He had just been married and was out of town.

I reached him long-distance. "George, I really need you for a record date."

"Sorry, mon, I can't make it; I'm on my honeymoon."

"But George, this is for Fats Waller."

"I'll check the train schedules right away," said George without hesitation. He made the date, playing on Waller's often-reissued English version of "Ain't Misbehavin'," and returned to his honeymoon. (The record, it turned out, lasted longer than the marriage, which perhaps was not destined to survive that interrupted start.

A few years later, Chisholm worked in a celebrated army band, the Squadronaires. "I was the one who sat on the end and took the mickey out of the sergeant—you know, you put your tongue out and everybody laughed.

"I began to make a name for myself as a comedian, and it sort of snowballed from there into a revue called 'The Black and White Minstrel Show.'

"We did TV and radio and some stage work—we played the Victoria Palace off and on for years. It was steady work, but I wasn't getting to play any jazz.

"What decided me to get out of that bind was an incident one night when I was walking by the theater in front of a huge 12-foot-high poster—they had these big posters of all the principals in the show. And a man stopped me right in front of my poster and said, 'What are you doing nowadays, George?' I thought to myself, 'God, here I am, buried in Victoria. Time to get out.' So I came out, and I've been back playing jazz ever since."

Eventually the longstanding Anglo-American union ban was broken; an exchange was arranged whereby, say, seven American musicians could work a fortnight in England provided seven British musicians were accorded two weeks in the States. At long last came Chisholm's chance. He was assigned to a tour in the fall of 1957.

"By the way," he asked the agent who set up the plans, "who's coming to England in exchange for our group?"

"Jack Teagarden."

Chisholm shook his head and replied: "I'm sorry, I just can't be out of town and miss a chance to hear Teagarden."

And so, renouncing the belated opportunity, he stayed home, heard and met the man who had inspired him. It was not until Labor Day weekend of 1980 that Americans heard his mighty sound invading their own turf.

The jazz party was an overwhelming experience. He had not been forewarned that Gibson treats the musicians as honored guests rather than employees, providing them with deluxe accommodations, unlimited meals and drinks without charge and the opportunity to play and mingle socially with dozens of their contemporaries.

"It's been like a dream,' he said afterward in his legato Scottish broque. "I never experienced anything like it. They make it a real party, not a job, and there were so many highlights I don't know where to start. I had heard trombonists like Bill Watrous and Carl Fontana on records and I didn't believe what I heard; but when I saw and heard 'em do it, I believed it, all right! And it was great to see my friend Trummy Young again." (Young, the ex-Louis Armstrong trombonist, flies in annually for the party from his Honolulu home.)

"It's been such a ball for me that going back to London will be a real anticlimax. I do solo appearances there, one-night stands where you don't know what kind of a rhythm section they're going to line you up against—it's like getting a blindfold and a cigarette."

Cisholm's was not the only new face at the party. Along with many of the perennials (Billy Butterfield, Pee Wee Erwin, Vic Dickenson, Clark Terry, Roger Kellaway, Marshal Royal) there were the unfamiliar sounds of Richie Cole and Chris Woods, who blended their alto saxes with that of Phil Woods in a high-calorie set; Slide Hampton, the erstwhile Maynard Ferguson trombonist now free-lancing in New York after years of expatriation in Berlin; another trombonist, Bob Havens, who for 20 years has provided Lawrence Welk with his token jazz flavoring; Snooky Young, of the old Jimmie Lunceford band, long a regular lead trumpeter on the "Tonight" show band but also a splendid jazz soloist, and Claude Williams, a veteran violinist in the Stuff Smith tradition, who teamed with pianist and blues singer Jay (Hootie) McShann to provide some of the party's most vitalizing moments.

There is good news for the 225 million Americans who were not among the 600 lucky enough to attend. A splendid movie produced here four years ago by Gibson and his wife Maddie, entitled "The Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party," has finally been set for distribution and will be seen in November in several test markets.

After all these years as the best-kept secret in jazz, it is high time for this unique event to go public. It is fortunate the film hasn't had to wait as long as George Chisholm to get exposure. □

A month ago, it exercised ... In concurring with the five well permits ... Tuesday, the

Jazz Pianist, Composer Bill Evans Dies

Had Been Symbol of Delicacy and Lyricism for 20 Years

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bill Evans, the pianist and composer who for 20 years had been a symbol of delicacy and lyricism in contemporary jazz, has died at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital after suffering massive bleeding, probably from an ulcer.

Exact details of Evans' death, which occurred Monday, were not determined, but he had been known to have been in poor health for many months. He was 51.

Born Aug. 16, 1929, in Plainfield, N.J., Evans studied violin and flute as well as piano. Mundell Lowe, the guitarist, recalled meeting Evans in 1945.

"He was a flute major at Southeastern Louisiana College, playing piano on the side. Later that year, I joined a band in New York, but after that, when Bill moved north, he and I had a trio, with Red Mitchell on bass. He was only about 18, but his piano style was already years ahead of its time."

Bill Evans

Reached Pinnacle

Evans worked with a few minor bands, began recording as a trio leader in 1956, and came to international prominence as a member, for eight memorable months in 1958, of the Miles Davis Sextet that also included Cannonball Adderley and John Coltrane.

After leaving Davis, Evans led his own trio on and off for the rest of his life, its personnel changing rarely and its essential style never altered, built around the quiet, introverted figure of the man who, at a time when so many others were attacking the keyboard, only caressed it.

In terms of national recognition, Evans' pinnacle was reached in 1963, when he won his first Grammy Award for "Conversations With Myself," the unique album on which he overdubbed three piano parts. He won again in 1968, 1970 and twice in 1971.

Shelly Manne, in whose club Evans often worked in the 1960s and who played drums for several of Evans' albums, said:

"He was one of a kind. He started a whole new approach to the piano, and he was an extraordinarily intelligent, sensitive human being, knowledgeable about every topic and with a keen sense of humor."

Played at Bowl

George Shearing said: "I was stunned to hear the news. Bill was one of the great artists of our time; he will always be missed and can never be replaced."

As recently as Aug. 27, Evans, along with Shearing and Dave Brubeck, took part in a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Like others who saw him backstage, Manne, who was master of ceremonies for the show, was shocked to see how haggard and sick Evans looked.

As always, Evans played like an angel that night. This reviewer observed: "His chording was as delicate as wind chimes."

Evans is survived by his wife, Nanette; a son, Evan, 5, and a daughter, Maxine, 13. Services will be private.

FAMILIAR FACES IN FLORENCE'S BIG BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Musical chairs, San Fernando Valley style, is the game in which musicians you see tonight under the direction of Bob Florence are as likely as not to show up some other evening under the baton of Toshiko or Nat Pierce or Bill Holman.

The recognizability of the faces at Carmelo's last Monday did not in the least reduce the impact of the performance. In fact, familiarity bred contentment. Bob Florence, who lately has stepped up his activity as leader of a big swinging band, has one of the most personal, tightly knit ensembles on today's jazz scene.

For several reasons, there are no carbon-copy echoes of the other orchestras that use the same musicians. First, the entire library was written by Florence, thus giving the band a personal, unified sound; second, his special way of handling the master controls involves such devices as the use of a six-man saxophone section (with various doubles on flutes and clarinets).

If the Count Basie band were given to playing jazz waltzes, they might come out very much like Florence's "Willowcrest." And if the late Claude Thornhill were still around, he might well be writing works of such fragile beauty as "Westlake Waltz."

The slow blues "Earth" began with the horns swinging as if suspended in midair, sans rhythm section. The two soloists contrasted vividly: Florence's piano a mite refined, Ray Pizzi's soprano sax almost sobbingly overemotional.

Next came "I'll Remember." When, after hearing only four bars, you comment on the beauty of a song, there must be more to it than a melody line. The open secret is Florence's personal way of orchestrating it. This developed into a quasi-bossa nova, with Pete Christlieb's tenor sax in a mood of relaxation somewhat rare for him.

Finally "Afternoon of a Prawn," a rip-roaring minor blues, found Pizzi and Kim Richmond in mortal combat on soprano saxes.

Bob Florence combines the traditions of swinging big band music with the creative spark of a modern artist's tonal palette. The enjoyment of listening matches the musicians' obvious pleasure in interpreting this library of finely crafted sounds. Next time the band is at Carmelo's (probably some upcoming Monday), check out this unique ensemble.

FREE CONCERTS BACK WITH BELLSON BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

The formula that worked so long and well until Proposition 13 struck it down is back again: Sunday afternoon free concerts have returned to the Ford Theater.

All the ingredients were present Sunday—fresh air and sunshine, free admission, music that was communicative and accessible, provided on this occasion by Louis Bellson's orchestra.

For at least three reasons, this is one of the most dependable of the locally based big bands. Bellson works often enough to maintain a fairly stable personnel, enabling the brass and reed sections to maintain a tightly meshed cohesion; his material is supplied by a handful of regular arrangers (mainly Bellson and his writing partner Jack Hayes, Don Menza, and Tommy Newsom); his own skill as a drummer and engaging personality bring out the best in a strong lineup of soloists.

The opener, "Spacin' Home," set the cheerful pace in a recital that balanced, hard-driving, up-tempo works with miniature concertos built around various sidemen. The latter came off best. The shifting moods of the Bellson-Hayes "Something for John" were as effective a framework for guitarist John Chiudini as the poignant "Blue" (dedicated to the late Blue Mitchell) was for the brilliant trumpeter Bobby Shew, who wrote it.

Don Menza's tenor sax battle with Joe Romano was full of sound and fury, but his talents as soloist and arranger were more elegantly represented in a haunting, little-known Duke Ellington ballad, "Don't You Know I Care," introduced by a sensitive Frank Strazzeri piano solo

Both alto sax soloists, the explosive Mat Catingub and the more sedate Ray Reed, were well showcased.

Finally, a word about Walt Johnson: His volatile high-note trumpet recalled the unique magic of Cat Anderson, who played this part on the band's recording but now lies desperately ill. After dedicating the tune to Anderson, Bellson hurried over to the Musicians Union Hall, where he took part in a daylong, all star "Love-In" to the ailing hornman. The tribute drew close to $8,000; donations will still be welcomed at Local 47, 817 Vine St.

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Al Haig

NOT LONG AGO John Lewis, himself an early associate of Dizzy Gillespie and the bebop movement, made the significant observation: "Since Bud Powell died, Al Haig undoubtedly remains the most important bebop pianist." The compliment is particularly remarkable in the light of Haig's somewhat erratic career (until his renaissance in the 1970s he remained for years in undeserved obscurity), and also in view of the fact that bop was considered an almost exclusively black movement, pioneered by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, with Bud Powell as the preeminent piano influence.

Alan (Al) Haig was one of a handful of white pianists to be accepted from the early bebop days by their black contemporaries (the others were George Wallington, Joe Albany, and Dodo Marmarosa). Born July 22, 1924, in Nutley, N.J., he gained his first experience as a teenager playing in Coast Guard bands, then worked for a while around Boston and played briefly in the Jerry Wald orchestra.

Al's first exposure to the sound of the new jazz was graphically described in an interview he taped for Dizzy Gillespie's autobiography, *To Be Or Not To Bop* [Doubleday]: "In Boston I picked up a late radio show from New York. I was interested in jazz before that, but this was so new it appealed to me. I thought, Jesus, I've got to really follow that down. So I came to New York, eventually, and I started looking for Dizzy on 52nd Street."

After running around the various clubs on that legendary jazz thoroughfare, Haig found Gillespie, introduced himself, and found the trumpeter cordial and receptive to getting together with him. Soon afterward, Haig was working with a small combo led by guitarist Tiny Grimes. "One night Dizzy and Charlie Parker came in and sat in with Tiny's band. I think Dizzy said they were starting a group, and would I be available?" A little more time passed by; Haig was with Charlie Barnet's band when a telegram arrived from Dizzy. Al flew out to join the combo at Billy Berg's in Hollywood.

The band was astonishing: in retrospect, perhaps the greatest all-star bebop combo that ever worked as a unit. In addition to Gillespie, Charlie Parker, and Al Haig, there were Milt Jackson on vibes, Ray Brown on bass, and the group's other white musician, Stan Levey, on drums. ("I didn't hire them because of their color," Gillespie wrote, "but because they could play our music.")

Haig admits that he was new to this music — "I was more or less in the role of a pupil. Dizzy taught me a lot about the treatment of tunes, in the jazz context, in every aspect, harmonically, rhythmically, aesthetically."

Returning to New York, Dizzy went into the Spotlite on 52nd Street with a similar group, except that Sonny Stitt replaced Parker. Later, after Haig left, Gillespie formed a big band, with Bud Powell at the piano. Haig during the next few years alternated between jobs with such bands as Jimmy Dorsey's and small combo gigs, notably a tour with the Charlie Parker quintet that included a trip to France in 1949.

For the next couple of years Haig worked mostly with Stan Getz. He then became semi-inactive and was in virtual obscurity until late 1954, when he joined Trumpeter Chet Baker. He was back briefly with Gillespie in a big band in 1956-57, but many of his jobs during those years were unworthy of him. In *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Sixties* I wrote: "Though no longer prominent in jazz, he has continued to work in cocktail lounges and clubs mostly in New York and New Jersey."

The return to relative prominence came with a series of gigs at such jazz-oriented clubs as Bradley's, Gregory's, and Sweet Basil. By now the Continental market had opened up for such semi-legendary figures as Al Haig; in 1973 he made the first of several return visits to France. He is well known in British bop circles and at this writing is working at the Pizza Express in London.

In late 1974 Al was reunited with guitarist Jimmy Raney, a close associate from the bop days, for a successful concert at Carnegie Recital Hall. Since then his name and sound have seldom been far away from the central scene of Manhattan jazz. In 1977, at the request of the producer Henri Renaud, he was one of eight pianists selected to contribute to a two-pocket album entitled *I Remember Bebop* [Columbia, C2 35381]. Each of the pianists (John Lewis, Duke Jordan, Tommy Flanagan, and others) chose the works of a particular composer. Logically, Haig elected to revive four pieces by Gillespie.

Al himself played piano on the original Gillespie recordings of two of these tunes: "A Night In Tunisia," cut for RCA in 1946, and "Salt Peanuts" (Guild, 1945, on the classic session with Gillespie and Parker). The passage reproduced here is the fourth chorus of Haig's new recording of "Salt Peanuts" (starting, actually with the last four bars of the third chorus).

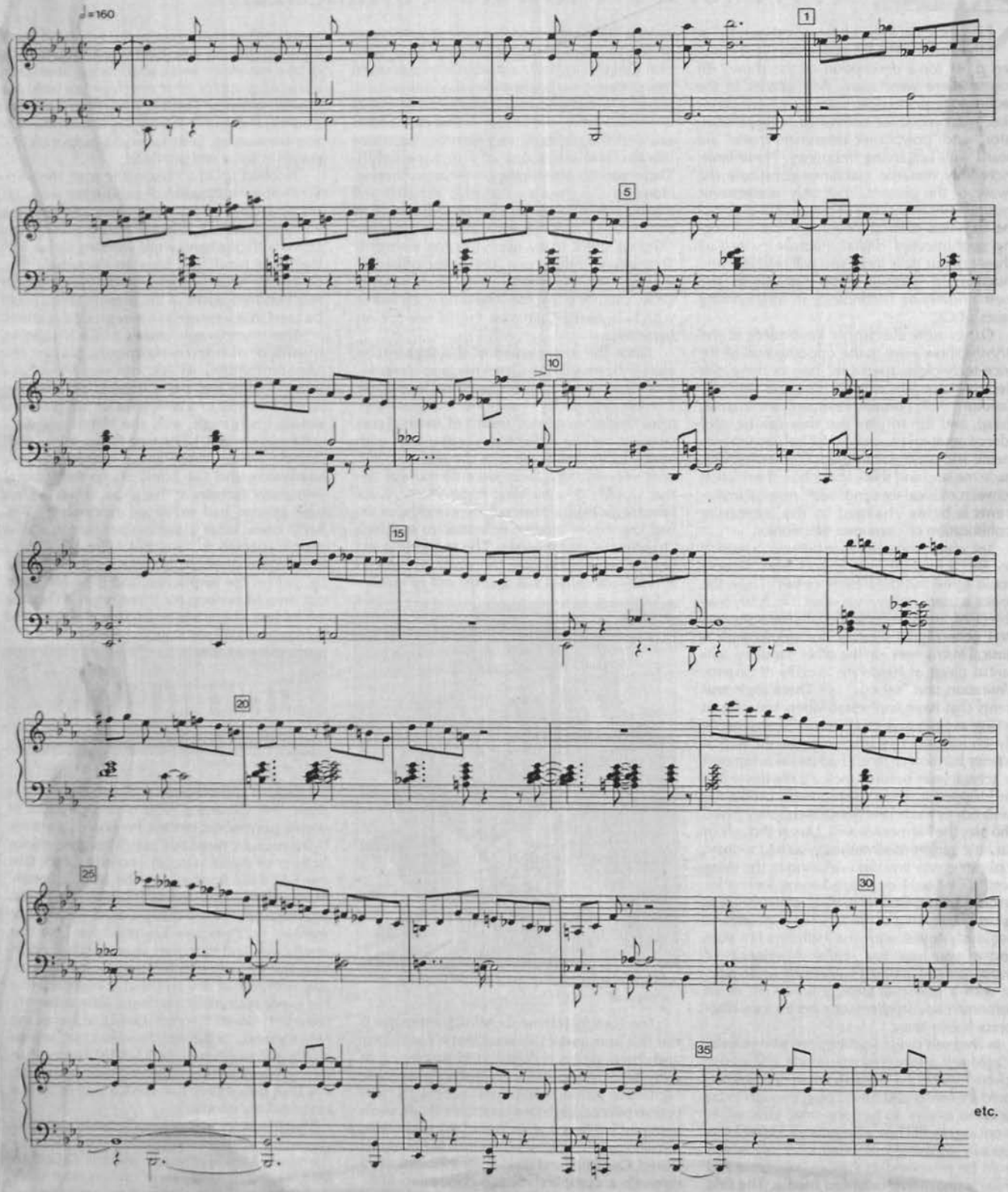
A typical bebop device is used here. The tune "Salt Peanuts" was based on the *E♭-Cm7-Fm7-B♭7* progression best known through "I Got Rhythm"; but Al chose to take the long road home via the cycle of fifths: The first four bars of the chorus consist of two beats each of *B7, E7, A7, D7, G7, C7, F7, B♭7*, and then into the regular *E♭, E♭7, A♭*, etc.

The right-hand lines essentially follow the classic eighth-note pattern of up-tempo bop piano, but with sufficient rhythmic changes of pace to supply needed contrast (note the quarter-note figure used instead of continuous eighth-notes when the cycle of fifths idea is repeated in the second eight bars of the chorus).

Al's left hand is spare but more than adequate, becoming a valuable rhythmic asset at such points as bars 21-22; notice, too, the chromatic/descending movement in 25-8, from *B♭♭ (A)* down to the tonic. The final bars, of course, are actually the first four of the succeeding chorus, for which Haig returns to the Gillespie melody.

On rehearing Al Haig's contribution to this remarkable album, I am inclined to agree with John Lewis' evaluation. Haig was a pioneer, one of a handful of men who could play in what was a very advanced style in the mid-1940s; and even by the standards of the '80s, nobody does it better. ■

A Chorus Of Al Haig's Solo Version Of "Salt Peanuts"



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

JAZZ 9/21

SCOTT HAMILTON: SAX ANACHRONISM

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The creative artist in any society is a product of the social and aesthetic circumstances of his time. In jazz, the art has evolved logically; every performer reflects the period into which he was born. A true innovator will absorb the values around him, take them a step further or find some creative variation on them.

Scott Hamilton has defied these unwritten laws He has been called an anachronism, a breath of fresh air, a good wind who is blowing us no ill. Listening to his numerous recordings, one finds it hard to believe that he only turned 26 Sept. 12. His tenor saxophone reflects none of the violent upheaval that instrument has undergone since the John Coltrane revolution of the 1960s. The predecessors with whom his sound and style are often compared are the late Ben Webster, whose warm balladry came to light in the Duke Ellington band circa 1940, and Flip Phillips, whose similarly mellow timbre was established in the Woody Herman band a few years later.

When Hamilton came to prominence in 1977, he struck many observers as a throwback not only musically but in his appearance. A small, self-effacing man, he suggested an F. Scott Fitzgerald character with his hip flask and Ronald Coleman mustache. Only the sneakers and slightly longer hair are out of character. ("I've never tried to create an image," he insists. "I'd probably be this way if I were a banker."

"Scott doesn't look for publicity," says drummer Jake Hanna. "It comes to him. Wherever we go, with the Concord All Stars in Japan or Europe, he's the immediate focal point."

Hanna drew Hamilton to the attention of Carl Jefferson, who helped establish him as a unique and respected maverick, via Jefferson's Concord Jazz record company and touring groups. From infancy, though, he had gained the kind of listening experience few jazzmen of his generation are lucky enough to enjoy.

He was born in Providence, R.I., home town of Paul Gonsalves, to whose tenor sax sound his own also bears a strong resemblance. "I never met Paul, but heard him several times when he was in town with Duke Ellington," Hamilton said. "I guess he and Illinois Jacquet were my two biggest influences."

Hamilton's father, a painter, teacher, jazz fan and record collector, raised him on a diet of Armstrong and Eddie Condon, but "I got into the other people by myself. I played drums for a while, then piano, but switched to clarinet at eight. The only studying I really did was on clarinet; I took about two years of classes, but I never really got any further than the school band.

"I forgot most of what I learned; my reading is so poor that the few times I've tried, it's been a disaster, and embarrassing, with so many people around me who are good readers." During a tour with Benny Goodman in 1977, Hamilton skirted the issue by not playing in the sax section, confining himself to ad-lib solos.

He made his professional debut on harmonica. "I played Muddy Waters blues with a bunch of kids who worked college fraternities and local bars. That went on for three years, then at 17 I discovered the tenor. I never took a lesson; just learned how to transpose my clarinet technique to the saxophone."

Asked who inspired him, he said: "I liked the instrument first and the people later. I had heard a couple of old Coleman Hawkins 78s, knew about Lester Young, and I listened to a lot of records: Coltrane, Dexter Gordon, Sonny Stitt, Gene Ammons, and Sonny Rollins' 'Saxophone Colossus' album. But I didn't like the way my sound developed. I became interested in getting a bigger sound."

During those years, the early and middle 1970s, Coltrane, who died in 1967, remained the dominant force, partly through other avant-gardists who followed his lead; yet the modal and Indian influences, the volatile and explosive effects that were central to Coltrane's personality and did so much to alter the general concept of the instrument, had less appeal for Hamilton than the pioneer of the 1930s and '40s: Lucky Thompson, Hawkins, Webster, Don Byas.

By the time he moved to New York in 1976, his mind and sound were firmly made up. "I was lucky in that I had a few friends like Roy Eldridge, who liked the way I sounded. I got a job as soon as I hit New York—at Michael's Pub with Billy Butterfield, Hank Jones and Milt Hinton, for six weeks. That set me up just fine."

PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Scott Hamilton, left, who plays his tenor saxophone like an oldtimer, and elder statesman Marshal Royal.

The jobs that followed were mostly with musicians of the era he related to: Eldridge, Goodman, Anita O'Day, numerous gigs at Eddie Condon's club, where he was working one night when Jake Hanna, in town with Bing Crosby, dropped by and announced that Scott was just the man he needed for a record date. Since then, Hamilton has been on a dozen Concord albums as leader or sideman.

He has recorded and gigged with Buddy Tate, a sympathetic tenor virtuoso who is 40 years Scott's senior and who spent the 1940s in Count Basie's band. The affinity they feel for one another transcends age barriers, but his youth has never been a problem for Hamilton. At the recent Dick Gibson jazz party, he felt at ease and at home in the company of such saxophonic elders as Marshal Royal, Al Cohn, Frank Wess and others in their 50s and 60s.

While holding to his beliefs concerning beauty of sound, Hamilton does not consider himself a counter-revolutionary or crusader. "I wouldn't encourage anybody to follow me; I'm just doing what appeals to my senses. If by chance some other player hears an appealing element in what I do, well, that's a thrill for me. But I'm not trying to be any kind of a leader.

"If you have a good sound, you can play just about anything and make it work. You could play Coltrane's 'A Love Supreme' with an entirely different sound from his and it would probably come out very appealing.

"I listened to a lot of Coltrane for a while, but I haven't done that much listening lately. A party like Dick Gibson's provides one of the few opportunities I get to hear a lot of other musicians.

"I keep pretty busy nowadays. I've been on the road almost continuously for the past six months, sometimes with my own combo, sometimes with the Concord All Stars."

Hamilton denies his loyalty to the characteristics of an earlier era represents a minority view. When he plays at Condon's, young musicians and fans line up in droves; moreover, his regular associates, heard on some of his albums, are such friends from Providence as the guitarist Chris Flory, bassist Phil Flanigan and drummer Chuck Riggs, all in their early 20s. Only slightly older is Warren Vache, often teamed with Hamilton, who is to the cornet and flugelhorn what Scott is to the sax: a reminder that pristine purity of sound and straight-ahead swinging lines remain imperishable.

"There are far more musicians like this coming up, with a belief in regular swinging jazz, than you might think," said Hamilton. "The trouble is, it's so hard for most of them to get their foot in the door. A guy 18, 19 years old, where's he going to play this kind of music? I'm lucky, but what happened to me could happen to anybody if by chance they found themselves in the right place at the right time.

"It's encouraging that a lot of good straight jazz records have been put out in the last few years, and that people like Al Cohn and Zoot Sims are doing so well in the night clubs. I consider myself very fortunate. I'm playing with all the great people I could ever have hoped to play with. Actually, you might say, all my dreams came true." □

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Public Radio...the Way We Do It

Los Angeles Times 9/22/80

23RD MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY—"Scenes Like Old Times" was the title of the concert Friday evening that launched the 23rd annual Monterey Jazz Festival. It was as if Jimmy Lyons, in booking this year's opening acts, wanted both to justify and defy the complaints of those who find his festival a trifle long in the tooth.

Four participants in this show had been a part of the original event in 1958: Cal Tjader, Bob Brookmeyer, Dave Brubeck, and the festival's longtime musical director, John Lewis. The difference was that 22 years ago a special Monterey Jazz Festival Symphony was organized to introduce new works in tandem with Lewis' Modern Jazz Quartet and with the Brubeck Quartet. This year no such ambitious venture took place; Brubeck simply worked a regular set with his current group, and Lewis played old standards with an ad-hoc jam band.

The death of Bill Evans hung heavily in the minds of many. Three groups Friday evening offered their tributes to him. The most affecting was that of Brubeck, who in his variations on "In Your Own Sweet Way" played almost as if Evans' spirit had briefly taken hold of him, at least for one reflective unaccompanied chorus.

Pianist John Lewis offered his salute in "I'll Remember April," but played it strictly in his own style, with his own brand of gentility. A well-intentioned performance of Evans' lovely composition, "Waltz for Debby," was offered by the California High School All-Star Jazz Band, but the alto-tuned flutes and generally uninspired arrangement did less than justice to his memory.

The rest of the evening brought few surprises. A superlative set by Sarah Vaughan, closing with her sublime "Send In the Clowns," found her well accompanied by a new pianist, George Gaffney.

Cal Tjader, a longtime Monterey regular, came to life as soon as Pancho Sanchez was added with his conga drums.

The closing jam session, led by Clark Terry, involved nine musicians, all displaying vigor and good spirits, with one truly exemplary item, the duet in which Terry and Slide Hampton, on fluegelhorn and trombone respectively, played without backing, one soloing while the other provided a counterpoint on "A Child Is Born." Economy paid off again in cornetist Bill Berry's treatment of "Jitterbug Waltz," accompanied by rhythm only, and in guitarist Mundell Lowe's "Our Delight," aided by just the two trombones and rhythm.

The Saturday afternoon and evening performances, like the Friday show, played to a capacity house of 6,665. Wisely giving up on the Mardi Gras travesties that had dominated his Saturday matinees in recent years, Lyons returned to a pure blues format.

The blues, despite its rigidly unchanging pattern, varies greatly in authenticity and sophistication from one group to the next. On this occasion it came in high-cholesterol helpings in two flavors: vanilla (Hollywood Fats) and burnt almond (the James Cotton Band).

Despite a welcome guest appearance by Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson with Hollywood Fats, and for all the panic-in-the-aisles reaction of a typically wild blues matinee audience, the show didn't really get off the ground until the Kansas City veterans, pianist/vocalist Jay McShann and the violinist Claude (Fiddler) Williams, took over. Both men had just the right mix of artistry, soul and musicianship. The Kansas City groove was sustained with a closing set by the legendary Big Joe Turner. He used crutches to get on stage to a chair, where he sat and relived some of the blues he had dreamed up during the Pendergast days.

Saturday evening was a rare treat in that none of the four headliners had appeared before at Monterey.

The Tokyo Union Orchestra, a band of enthusiastic young Japanese, gave a smashing performance, far better and more effectively amplified than during their Los Angeles club date, reviewed here last week. Slide Hampton and Richie Cole sweetened the taste with their guest appearances as soloists and composers.

JoAnne Brackeen's original piano compositions, none of which she announced, were brilliantly executed, but the pacing was wrong and the sounds too cerebral for this audience. Freddie Hubbard, leading a sextet, shot bright, stabbing lines into the night sky, but lost the crowd toward the end with an overlong.

The vocal quartet Manhattan Transfer, predictably, was a tremendous hit. The combo offers an entertaining blend of the hip and the campy, though it would be wise to avoid such trivia as "Java Jive" and "Tuxedo Junction" at a jazz festival.

Janis Siegel of the Transfer is a rare talent; as usual, her arrangement of "Birdland" for the group brought the show to a stunning climax.

Sunday's program will be reviewed Tuesday.

HIGH SCHOOL TO HAMP AND BACK

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY—The 23rd annual Monterey Jazz Festival ended at midnight Sunday on a note of pandemonium, provided by Lionel Hampton, who had just put the Louie Bellson orchestra through its paces in an orgy of showmanship that was wild even by Hampton's standards.

With a clown dancing on stage, the band and saxophonist Richie Cole playing "Flyin' Home," the entire audience on its feet (many boogieing in place) and Hamp pounding away at the drums, this was hardly the artistic zenith of the weekend, yet it seemed appropriate as a happy finale.

The festival, certainly one of the most outstanding and best diversified in recent years, matched its overall success with the gate receipts. Had there been 199 more spectators at the Sunday matinee, the box office would have achieved a clean sweep; as it was, the other four shows were sold out and the 33,126 admissions broke an all-time record.

A show that ran the gamut from guitarist John Abercrombie's labyrinthine, impressionistic quartet to Rickie Cole's gutty third-generation be-bop, from Helen Humes' jubilant blues vocals to a serious John Lewis composition played by Lewis with a youthful string quartet from Mills College, could scarcely be accused of lacking variety.

The Sunday matinee, as it has for the last 10 years, brought to the stage the winners of the annual California High School Band and combo contests, as well as a hand-picked all-star orchestra of high school students. Teen-age performances called for two vital elements: a jazz educator who commands the total respect of his students, and a group of youngsters dedicated and committed to the spirit of the music.

Dr. Jack Wheaton, leading the all stars, clearly had the qualifications as a teacher, and his young charges were inspired not only by his own conducting but also by the honor of accompanying several of their idols—Slide Hampton, Freddie Hubbard, Bob Brookmeyer, Clark Terry and Mat Catingub, who only a couple of years ago was a teen-aged contestant himself.

Hubbard played even better with the school band than he had with his own combo the previous night. Brookmeyer, whose valve trombone is one of the most distincitive sounds in jazz, led the youth through his own richly textured arrangement of "Willow Weep for Me." Slide Hampton, for whom the weekend was a series of triumphs, put together a stomping medley of classic bop tunes to which the teen-agers related with elan and accuracy. Clark Terry's horn and the orchestra were handsomely blended in "I Remember Clifford" and "C.T. Express."

John Lewis undertook a worthwhile experiment by bringing together the Kronos String Quartet and the high school all stars, with Wheaton conducting, in a new work, "The Gates of Harvard." Like many of Lewis' orchestral efforts, the piece was attractively compounded of classical and jazz characteristics, in the Third Stream tradition he helped to launch 20 years ago.

Less successful, despite its valid premise, was the "Bird Suite," well-played though it was by alto saxophonist Catingub. Unlike the Hampton be-bop pastiche, it seems to consist of too many tired Charlie Parker cliches strung together with little imagination.

The Fanfairs, a 12-piece vocal choir from Foothill College, blended agreeably but used material that was either stale (a dated arrangement of "Rockin' Chair") or had been performed the night before by Manhattan Transfer ("Birdland"). Six of these singers appeared again during the evening performance by Richie Cole, who introduced them as the Altettes.

Cole's set with his own instrumental combo, billed as "Alto Madness," firmly established him as a new force to reckon with in jazz. A saxophone player blessed with lightening technique, inspiration and originality, he used trick effects such as quacks, squeaks and burps, but will promptly move on to a cadenza whose sheer beauty of sound reminds us that he was only kidding. He has a manner of attacking a series of staccato notes that is totally personal. Add to this a zany manner of rapping, reminiscent of Professor Irwin Corey, and you have a unique personality.

Cole's sidemen—Dick Hindman, piano; Bruce Foreman, guitar; Babatunde, percussion; Peter Barshay, bass, and Scott Morris, drums—are first-rate. Foreman and Cole played in dazzlingly accurate unison to establish some of the faster themes.

Helen Humes enjoined us to "Let the Good Times Roll," and roll they did. Her vocal duet on "Outskirts of Town," with Eddie Vinson, came close to stopping the show.

After a brief tap-dance interlude by Sandman Sims, Louie Bellson canoed his drumsticks down the mainstream of big-band jazz for five numbers before bringing on Lionel Hampton, whom he introduced as "the king of swing." Hampton played some wonderful vibraphone from time to time but fooled around too much, milking the audience for applause.

Monterey at one time was the most respected of all America's jazz festivals. If the level attained this year can be kept up, it may soon regain that vaunted reputation.

9/28

JAZZ

WATANABE—WHAT A SAX

BY LEONARD FEATHER

You could probably buy all of Sammy Davis Jr.'s jewelry for less than it cost to record the new LP by Sadao Watanabe.

That is the first impression, at least, as you open up the two-pocket set and read the list of credits. Flown in from New York to Tokyo for the occasion were such crack studio musicians as Steve Gadd on drums, Eric Gale and Jeff Mironov on electric guitars, Richard Tee on keyboards and others. Then CBS threw in the entire Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra —all 94 members. The album is called "How's Everything" (without a question mark). A better title might have been "Spare No Expense."

In an ironic footnote, the virtuoso trumpet soloist Jon Faddis was imported for the occasion—but the Faddis personality is not audible for a single measure. Asked why he was given featured billing, Sadao Watanabe said: "He played in the brass section."

The scene for all these goings on was Budokan Hall, the gigantic sports arena. "It's a sporting hall for kendo and judo," explained Watanabe, who was in Los Angeles recently for a series of club dates. "Holds 10,000 people. We were there three nights. The first night was almost like an exercise; later, we picked the best tapes from the second and third." Budokan has been the site of live albums by Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton and Cheap Trick as well as countless concerts. Watanabe opened the gates to Budokan jazz.

His musical guru through the vast undertaking was Dave Grusin, who conducted, wrote the arrangements for nine Watanabe compositions and composed two of his own.

In a superlative-laden 2,000-word press release, CBS calls this "a milestone in international jazz history." They wouldn't even settle for a kilometer-stone.

And who, you may ask, is this Sadao (pronounced sa-DOW) Watanabe, for whose album CBS rushed to arrange a simultaneous release in the United States and Japan less than two months after the event?

The question will not be posed by anyone who has followed the long career of the talented saxophonist and flutist. Born in Utsonomiya City 75 miles north of Tokyo, the son of a teacher of the biwa, or four-stringed Japanese lute, Watanabe studied clarinet in high school, then took up music professionally because "I was fascinated by jazz with its ad lib and spirit of freedom."

Readers of Japan's Swing Journal have voted him the No. 1 alto sax every year since 1958. That was two years after he had taken over the leadership of a quartet in which he had been working, previously directed by a young pianist who quit to study on a scholarship at Boston's Berklee College of Music. The pianist's name was Toshiko Akiyoshi.

Watanabe followed her to Berklee in 1962. "I went to school a little over three years, then I worked with Gary McFarland and Chico Hamilton." McFarland, the Berklee-trained composer, helped initiate Watanabe into the rites of the newly arrived bossa nova.

Back in Japan, Sadao established a jazz school in 1966. Soon after, an album he made with the American saxophonist Charlie Mariano, "Iberian Waltz," won him the Swing Journal "Disc of the Year" award. From that point on, he became Watanabe the world traveler,recording or concertizing with musicians in Newport, Montreux, Sao Paulo, Kenya, Bombay, and around in the United States.

Of the albums he recorded with American musicians, some during visits to New York or Los Angeles, others in Tokyo, most reflected the spirit of the man who was evidently his primary source of inspiration, Charlie Parker. Swing Journal invited him to appear at a "Salute to Charlie Parker" workshop concert in 1969.

Sadao Watanabe hasn't renounced his bebop roots.

He played the Newport Jazz Festival twice during its Rhode Island days. In 1968, he was backed by pianist Billy Taylor's trio; two years later, he brought his own combo over. Shortly afterward, he joined forces with Chick Corea, and together with bassist Miroslav Vitous and the drummer Jack De Johnette they recorded "Round Trip," an album of enlightened contemporary communication. Still listed in the catalogue of Vanguard Records, it may provide a striking contrast to his present direction. Also representative of his pre-fusion days is the coincidentally titled "I'm Old Fashioned," with pianist Hank Jones' trio, on Inner City Records.

Somewhere along the way, though, the Parker image began to fade. A new Watanabe personality developed. He claims that the evolution dates all the way back to his days with Akiyoshi.

"Originally, I only loved jazz music; I never listened to any other. But while working with Toshiko, I studied classical music. I found Mozart is great.

"After my first and longest visit to America, I began to put a Brazilian flavor to the songs I wrote for my recordings. I came to like all forms of music, including sounds such as I make on my new album."

The change of direction probably made its most emphatic turn as a result of a West Coast visit in 1977, when he recorded with a group led by the guitarist Lee Ritenour. The album, "My Dear Life" (the title song was recorded again for the CBS album), became a best-seller, leading to a Japanese tour with Ritenour and a broader audience among pop fans.

"Around that time, too, I met Dave Grusin. I recorded 'California Shower' in 1978 with Dave and Lee." The album spent an unprecedented two years on the charts, reaching a sale of 300,000. Logically, a "California Shower in Japan" tour followed a little later.

After two more successful collaborations, Grusin went on tour leading his Grusin-Rosen Productions All Stars, with Watanabe as a featured guest. The CBS album was the culmination of all these commercially triumphant ventures.

"The way I'm working now," says Watanabe, "represents my real feelings about music today. It's true there is not as much improvising as before, but I have managed to keep a good balance between writing tunes and playing, and this is very important to me. In fact, I feel I write not tunes but rather maybe songs."

What, he was asked, is the difference between a tune and a song?

"It's hard to explain, but I believe a song is a singable melody, whereas jazz tunes sometimes are very hard to sing. So I do my best to keep it simple every time I try to write a tune. I take out all the too-many notes."

Watanabe has not necessarily renounced his bebop roots. He is genuinely enthusiastic about his career as a purveyor of fusion sounds, and he believes he can return at any time, should he so desire, to any other music he has embraced over the decades.

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9/30

Los Angeles Times

JARREAU, ROLLINS AT JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

The oddest aspect of the event billed as the Queen Mary Jazz Festival was its total absence from the ship after which it was named. Ironically, in 1978 and again last year, when much of the music actually was presented aboard the great liner, it was known simply as the Long Beach Jazz Festival. It was also predominantly a genuine jazz festival as opposed to the jazz, rock and fusion cross section heard last year.

The dock a few hundred feet away from Her Majesty where all the action went on this time was scarcely festive. There were few food or other concessions, no grassy areas for strolling around; just thousands of hard metal seats plunked down on the vast concrete expanse, in the cool night air (on Saturday it had been even colder).

The main attraction on Sunday, the second and final evening, was Al Jarreau. During his tumultuously received appearance a question suggested itself: Does he represent the state of the vocal jazz art in the 1980s? On the basis of evidence adduced during this performance, it would seem that he is a compelling entertainer, performer and popular singer first, a jazzman second. He is not primarily an interpreter of lyrics, even when the words are his own and are most ingenious (as in his adaptation of Chick Corea's "Spain"), but rather a purveyor of melodies.

Backed by a powerful rhythm team that included three keyboards as well as a new percussionist from Gambia, Jarreau went through his full bag of tricks—the scatting and yodeling, the flute and mandolin and bongo imitations—in the course of a diverting, communicative show.

Jarreau's appearance was preceded by an inexcusable stage wait. Lasting 50 minutes, it led to boos, restless applause, and stalling by a hapless emcee. The previous set, surely not physically hard to dismantle, had been played by the Sonny Rollins Quartet.

Rollins remains a giant of the tenor saxophone despite, rather than because of, the incorporation of voluminous effects, obtained by placing a microphone in the bell of his horn. He was at his buoyant best when, in "Easy Living," he played the first chorus unaccompanied. The reason was simple: Despite the virtues of his pianist, bassist and drummer, they aggravated the decibel problem.

His identification with calypso themes has become something of a millstone around Rollins' repertoire. In small doses, the Trinidad beat is a joy; but used for two entire long numbers during the same set, both based almost entirely on two chords, the idiom reveals its limitations.

Also heard in the long program were the Dave Brubeck Quartet, who played essentially the set reported on recently at the Hollywood Bowl and Monterey; Sea Wind, now of debatable value in a purported jazz concert; and Larry Carlton.

10/5

POP, JAZZ BRIEFS

"PASSION FLOWER: ZOOT SIMS PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON." Pablo 2312-120. One of five albums of Ellington's music simultaneously released on Pablo, this presents the tenor saxophonist in two sympathetic contexts. On the first side Benny Carter arranges and conducts a big band; on the second Sims is backed by pianist Jimmy Rowles and a rhythm section. The inclusion of such lesser-known works as Ellington's "Bojangles," Strayhorn's "Passion Flower" and "Your Love Has Faded" was a wise move. Four stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"RUSH HOUR." The David Chesky Band. Columbia C 36799. Chesky, a 22-year-old composer and keyboard soloist from Miami Beach, has assembled one of the most cohesive and logical fusion bands of recent years. His writing ranges from the simple, declarative phrases of "Razor" (to which he contributes a synthesizer solo) to the blues-oriented "Nowhere to Be Seen," with guest soloist Michal Urbaniak on violin. Not all the ideas come off ("Brazilian Carnival" has a silly, jerkily phrased main theme), but the balance is in Chesky's favor, and that includes the balance between arranged and improvised passages. The four trumpets, three trombones, three reeds and five rhythm constitute a bright, generally light-rock entity. The Brecker Brothers and Bob James make guest appearances. Three-and-a-half stars.

—L.F.

"BLACK AND TAN FANTASY." Lew Tabackin Trio. Ascent 1001. Backed by John Heard on bass and Billy Higgins on drums, Tabackin again displays his fascinating dual personality. There are two tracks on flute, his own "Falling Petal" and "Flute Flite," but the main thrust is that of his tenor saxophone, heard on the title tune and four other standards, the best of which are the ballad "You've Changed" and a breakneck "After You've Gone." Along with the Akioshi-Tabackin orchestra's new album, "Farewell," the title track of which is her dedication to Charles Mingus, this marks the debut of the new label founded by the Tabackins. Write Box 9275, North Hollywood, CA 91609. Four stars. —L.F.

"OUR MUSIC IS YOUR MUSIC." Leslie Drayton. Esoteric 1001. Trumpeter Drayton has been playing since May, 1978 with a big band usually composed of some of Los Angeles' most distinguished black jazz artists. The six tracks, all composed and arranged by the leader, often place an accent on the blues, with admirable solos by trumpeter Snooky Young on "Take a Plunge," Curtis Peagler on alto sax in "Greasy Brown Paper Sack," and the remarkable baritone saxophonist Fostina Dixon, who makes her record debut in the Latin-oriented "Southern Extremity," which has a Gerald Wilson flavor. Four stars.

—L.F.

GEORGE BENSON AT GREEK THEATER

Continued from First Page

Temperton's ballads are romantic without becoming oversentimental or they are just plain full of good spirits ("Love X Love").

A predictable high point of the evening was "Moody's Mood for Love." This classic began life as a James Moody improvisation based on "I'm in the Mood for Love," for which the late Eddie Jefferson set lyrics to the solo, all umpteen hundred notes of it. With all due respect to others who have tried, Benson shows how this delightful and creative work should be sung and played. The brief female interlude, a tradition in this song, was tackled by Vicki Randle with soul-on-fire assuredness.

Of course, some of the earlier hits were on hand, notably "On Broadway," "This Masquerade," "Weekend in L.A." and "Ode to a Kudu" (a superb guitar solo with relatively subdued backing by rhythm only). Throughout an impeccable performance, Benson, in the vortex of this great whirlpool of rhythm and strings and horns, played much the way he would have in a small, funky jazz club. Even his singing hasn't changed that much with the rush of success.

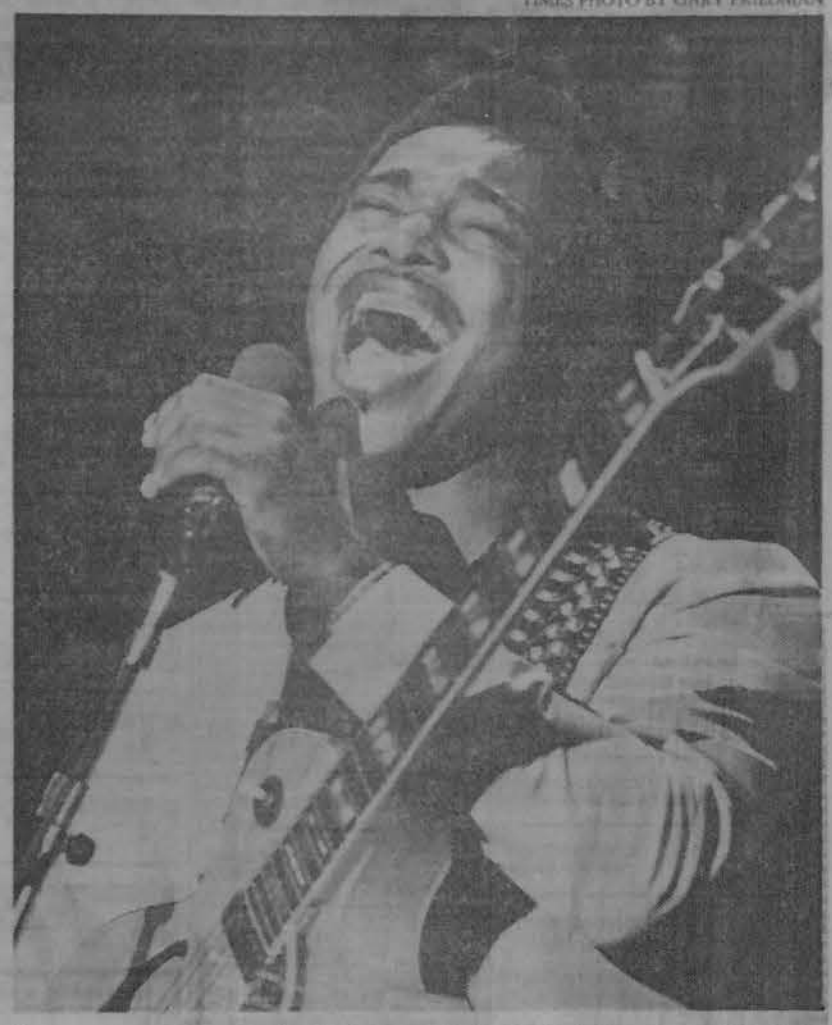
That an artist of his caliber continues to exercise mass popular appeal with little or no compromise in his values is a phenomenon rare in contemporary music, and all the more welcome for it.

JAZZ REVIEW

BENSON PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

TIMES PHOTO BY GARY FRIEDMAN



George Benson opens first of six-night stand at the Greek Theater.

All the key elements were drawn together as tight as an Ali fist Wednesday night when, at the Greek Theater, George Benson played the first of his six nights, all but the last of which are sold out.

One element, obviously, is Benson's guitar, which he wisely keeps in the foreground as often as he can (the first four numbers were all instrumental). He has achieved a sound of pinpoint clarity and distinction; his technique, if possible, is even better than the last time around, and his playing-and-singing unison passages remain sui generis.

Second, then, the voice, though for many in the audience this was the primary attraction. Benson tells each lyrical story as if genuinely involved; his strong, assertive sound, once wrongly likened to Nat (King) Cole, is evocative today of a more jazz-oriented Donny Hathaway.

Third, the persona. More than ever, Benson today presents the image of a self-assured, clean-cut, well-dressed charmer; if his artistry doesn't entirely win over the audience, his appearance and manner will complete the job.

The accompaniment was another factor that helped bring the nonstop, two-hour show into sharp focus. Along with pianist Randy Waldman as conductor, Ronnie Foster (whose composition "Lady" opened the show) on keyboards, Phil Upchurch as a powerful second guitarist, Tony Lewis on drums, and the brilliant Vicki Randle on percussion and occasional vocals, Benson carried a three-man horn team and a large string ensemble. This could well have lapsed into egregious pretention, but with the exception of a long and bombastic arrangement of "The Greatest Love of All" (certainly not the greatest song of all), the orchestral and rhythmic assistance was as effectively written as it was expertly played.

Finally, and by no means least, the star's material included several fast-rate songs by Rod Temperton, for which Quincy Jones (who produced Benson's current smash album, now No. 3 on the charts) lent a valuable hand in several of the arrangements.

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10/5

JAZZ

ACTION MOVES WESTWARD

BY LEONARD FEATHER

New York may be the jazz center of the world, but you might never believe it on the evidence made available during the past few weeks. You would be more inclined to assume that California, and particularly Southern California, is taking over a substantial measure of the action.

New York jazz fans are up in arms. Without a quarter-note of warning, WRVR-FM, the city's only all-jazz radio station, switched last month to country music. Record companies, nightclub owners and others who had advertised extensively on this solitary jazz outlet were left with no place to buy time. Celebrated jazzmen have been picketing the headquarters of Viacom, the company that bought the station some months ago.

California has no such problems. In the San Francisco Bay area, KJAZ is still living up to its call letters; in the Southland KKGO (105.1 FM) (once known as KBCA) is heading into its third decade as a fulltime jazz outlet. Both stations were on hand to cover the Monterey Jazz Festival live. Even smaller, noncommercial jazz-oriented stations (several are college-operated) help to serve communities in Orange County and the San Diego area.

What seems more remarkable, and perhaps related to the above encouraging data, is the proliferation of jazz festivals in these areas. By next Sunday there will have been four festivals on four consecutive weekends. An examination of these events provides a most enlightening cross section of today's multifaceted jazz scene. Following is the chronology:

□

Sept. 19-21: the 23rd annual Monterey Jazz Festival. Founded in 1958 by Jimmy Lyons, for many years a jazz disc jockey in the San Francisco area, Monterey in its early years was a showcase for world premieres. Jon Hendricks' "Evolution of the Blues," Dave Brubeck's comedy-cum-message musical, "The Real Ambassadors," with Louis Armstrong and Carmen McRae in the main singing and acting roles, Lalo Schifrin's "Gillespiana" suite with Dizzy Gillespie fronting a large orchestra of top pros, filled the Monterey air in the early 1960s.

In later years there were fewer such experiments. Lyons was attacked for failing to keep up with the times. In place of professional all-star bands for composers to introduce their new works, he set aside one concert annually, Sunday afternoon, for high school ensembles. Avant-garde groups have been conspicuously absent, as have most representatives of the idioms and combos that came to prominence in the 1970s.

The festivals for the most part have reflected Lyons' personal taste, which leans to swing, bebop and, perennially, the blues. His Saturday blues matinees fell on hard times when Lyons delegated the talent-picking authority to promoters whose conception of the blues was akin to a cricketer's understanding of baseball.

This year, under Lyons' own guidance, the authentic blues ambiance returned, highlighted by the incomparable Kansas City piano and vocals of Jay McShann.

Whether accused of living in the past or of misconstruing the meaning of the blues, Lyons has never engaged in controversy about the complaints. He simply points to the attendance figures, which remain close to capacity (this year's total was an all-time record); he tells his adversaries that the high school contests have performed a valuable service in launching successful careers, and he reminds us that many youth organizations have been the recipients of tens of thousands of dollars in grants and music scholarships from the festival, which is a nonprofit organization.

Nevertheless, possibly prodded by John Lewis, his musical director, Lyons this year showed signs of having moved more firmly into the second half of the 20th Century. For the first time, the ECM Records brand of "alternative music" was presented by guitarist John Abercrombie's quartet. JoAnne Brackeen brought her trio, Freddie Hubbard his sextet; the Tokyo Union Orchestra reflected current trends in big band jazz.

□

Sept. 27-28: the third annual Long Beach, a.k.a. Queen Mary Jazz Festival, was held in the shadow of the great, unmoving ocean liner. Previously it was presented on a modest basis, staged by drummer Al Williams and using local mainstream talent. This year Frank J. Russo, a more heavily funded promoter from Providence, R.I., took over, and so, for the most part, did fusion music.

Russo's aim as a businessman was clearly different from that of Williams or Lyons. The latter pair have no evident interest in, say, Stanley Clarke, George Duke or Seawind, all typical contributors to this year's Long Beach happening; but these names, along with Larry Carlton and Hiroshima, are indeed viewed by a large body of fans as representative of the contemporary music they want to hear.

A surprise bonus for fans on the second night was a guest appearance, by Stevie Wonder, who had the crowd in an uproar. Russo's promotion was a solid success, with 17,000 paid admissions for the two nights.

□

Friday through today: the so-called second annual La Jolla Jazz Festival, actually set up in nearby San Diego, reflected a starkly different concept, both musically and financially, from the preceding two weekends' events. A beer company provided $30,000 in front money—in exchange for all ticket revenues—and guaranteed absorption of any loss.

Artistic control was not exercised by this enlightened sponsor. Rob Hagey, the director, and George Stalle, the general manager, both jazz fans, lined up the broadest conceivable spectrum of talent. Theirs was the only festival to book a Dixieland group, and this was the only weekend to offer such experimental or atypical sounds as those of Sun Ra and his Omniverse Arkestra, in a very rare West Coast appearance; the African-American innovations of the Randy Weston trio and the Trinidad Calypso Steel Band.

The final day (starting at 1 p.m. this afternoon, entitled "From Africa to the Blues," moves from John Lee Hooker's blues band to folk-blues singer John Hammond, the Mandingo Griot Society with its blend of West Africana, R&B, Reggae, Latin and jazz, and, for the evening session, an "alto sax summit" cen-

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PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Trombonist Slide Hampton guests with the Tokyo Union Orchestra at Monterey.

JAZZ ACTION MOVES WEST

Continued from Page 67

tered on Charles McPherson, Vi Redd, Sonny Fortune and Richie Cole.

"I'm proud we're on the creative edge this weekend," says Hagey. "We have a fine outdoor amphitheater, but it seats 650, and a lot of the artists have kept this in mind and given us a break on their prices."

Finally, Saturday through next Sunday, the second annual Laguna Beach "Friends of Jazz" festival will be staged at the Irvine Bowl by Carroll Coates, a jazz-enthused entrepreneur and songwriter ("London by Night," "Sunday in New York"). Coates' two marathon shows (noon to 10:30 p.m.) will encompass mainstream (the L.A. Four, Kenny Burrell), contemporary (Hubert Laws, John Serry, John Klemmer), fusion (Hiroshima, Kittyhawk, Baya, Passenger), Latin (Clare Fischer's Salsa Picante), big band jazz (the Orange County Rhythm Machine) and blues (Mose Allison).

So, four festivals in as many California weekends. Put them all together and what do you have?

You have a ticket outlay of anywhere from $122 to $148.50 (add transportation and accommodations). You have an opportunity, given the time and the funds, to discover at one concert what you failed to find last week or the week before.

Although categorization is a dangerous game, it would be safe to say that at the conclusion of the series of unrelated events you will have heard approximately six mainstream groups, seven contemporary combos, eight units representing various types of fusion (jazz/rock, jazz/rock/spiritual, Asian fusion, classical/jazz), six big bands (four professional, two high school groups), five South American- or African-inspired small bands, five or six representatives of the avant-garde, eight blues singers, two vocal groups, two popular jazz singers, two or three unclassifiable vocalists, a dancer, a dance group, five bebop or neo-bebop combos and, if you happened to be in San Diego Friday evening, the Benny LaGasse Dixieland Sextet.

To paraphrase Ed McMahon, everything in the world that you could possibly want to know about jazz and all the related idioms are right here in these uniquely diversified 10 days and/or nights.

Most remarkable, perhaps, is the minimal degree of overlapping talent. Only three groups will have been heard at more than one festival: the Brubeck quartet at Monterey and Long Beach, Hiroshima at Long Beach and Laguna Beach, and alto saxophonist Richie Cole at Monterey and San Diego.

That so much valuable music can have been presented, within a relatively close geographical area, and with access to appropriate media exposure including substantial radio airplay, speaks well for the future of California as a jazz mecca. Nor does this take into account the unprecedented and commercially successful series of summer concerts recently completed at the Hollywood Bowl, with talent selected by George Wein.

Probably sooner or later another radio station in New York will take up the slack caused by WRVR's switch to country. Possibly the Big Apple will remain the core of the world jazz community. But the Manhattan elitists who view California the way Steinberg, in his famous New Yorker cover, depicted the United States (everything west of the Hudson River was a desert), had better start thinking second thoughts. □

Los Angeles Times 10/7

MOACIR SANTOS IN A BRAZILIAN BAG

By LEONARD FEATHER

What is it about Brazilian music that captivates an American audience?

The question is loaded, since some Brazilian music is rhythmically strong but melodically weak, or vice versa. To hold a crowd through a concert, and bring it ultimately to a state bordering on ecstasy, requires a very careful balance of these elements, and a musician of rare talent to coordinate them.

Moacir Santos, playing to a full house Saturday at Schoenberg Hall, had just such a formula. The first half of the evening mixed jazz and Latin rhythms, vocals and instrumentals. The compositions, irresistible at any tempo, were all his own; he played them on baritone or alto sax, often with the other horn player, Steve Kujala (on a variety of saxes and flutes), and two singers, Leila Thigpen and Denise Cabral, all singing and playing in infectious unison.

"Quiet Carnival" lived up to its title; "Suk Cha" was a charming melody for alto and tenor saxes; "What's My Name" had Santos taking a modest vocal; "Off and On" was a fast waltz with Kujala playing piccolo. Finally there was "Nana," Santos' biggest hit (63 versions have been recorded).

There was no great virtuosity displayed; the singers, in fact, were without distinction, yet the whole was greater than the sum of the parts, on the strength of Santos' gift for melody, and for deriving so much variety out of a very basic instrumentation.

After intermission, everything turned ethnic. Though the combo members came back (in brighter, Rio style shirts), they were joined by numerous exponents of Brazilian string and percussion instruments: cavaquinho, cuica and so forth. Even Joe Carioca, a veteran whose credits go back to Carmen Miranda, was up there playing guitar. The vocals pushed from English to Portuguese; a male singer, Lazaro, took over for a few numbers. It was carnival time at Schoenberg Hall, complete with choros, sambas and baiaos.

Audience participation played a role. Every customer was handed what looked like a soft-drink can but turned out to be a shaker. Santos had himself the world's biggest percussion section. By the time he reached the final "Tristeza" and the encore, "Brazil," the entire audience was on its collective and wiggling feet, shaking shakers with an abandon unusual in North Americans who are high only on music.

To make the ambiance complete, the concert was blessed with that rarity at pop and jazz events, an articulate and informative emcee, in the person of Mario Machado. As he explained, the evening was achieved through the efforts of a variety of sponsors, among them the Brazilian consulate general.

Moacir Santos has been around town far too long playing in small clubs to little acclaim. His triumphant reception Saturday should assure a brighter future.

GREEN WITH JAZZ AT FORD THEATER

10/8

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sunday's matinee concert at the Ford Theater was announced as "William Green: Kansas City Jazz." However, none of the musicians except the leader was from Kansas City, and the music did not reflect the style associated with that phrase.

What William Green did present was a loosely knit program by an eight-piece group, playing unpretentious jazz that indicated no particular geographical character.

Green, a saxophonist (tenor and soprano) whose career has too long been confined to commercial studio work, clearly relished the chance to display his jazz credentials. His controlled, symmetrical tenor solos provided an intriguing contrast to the busier, more aggressive manner of the other tenor player, Herman Riley.

On half of the tunes programmed, Green used a familiar premise, most closely associated with Supersax, aking famous jazz solos and transcribing them for the horn section; but instead of harmonizing them he wrote out the parts in unison. This worked well for Coleman Hawkins' "Body and Soul" but not so well for "Just Friends," which suffered by comparison with the Supersax version.

Had it relied on the unison arrangements (some of which sounded underrehearsed), there would not have been much to remember on the way home. What strengthened the show was the splendid work of all the soloists, particularly the underrated Bobby Bryant Sr. on trumpet, the sensitive John Collins on guitar, the consistently inventive trombonist George Bohannon, and one of the most rewardingly non-explosive jazz organists, Art Hillery.

With Frank Capp on drums and Richard Reed on bass, the combo delivered its amiable message straight down the mainstream. The audience, somewhat reduced in numbers by the Dodgers and Rams games, shared in the performers' evident pleasure.

Coming next week: Ann Patterson and her no-males-permitted orchestra.

JAZZ REVIEWS

Richie Cole's 'Alto Madness'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Richie Cole, the alto saxophonist who scored multiple successes working in various settings at the recent Monterey Jazz Festival, is in town with his slightly altered combo for a brief gig at Concerts by the Sea (through Sunday).

Cole, 32, has been called "the keeper of the flame," and his group uses the slogan "alto madness." Both phrases are apt, for his playing is rooted in a tradition that goes clear back to Charlie Parker, yet a streak of zany humor enables him to lace his vital, swinging bebop energy with quotes and quips and crazy comments. Cole evidently sees no reason why artistry and entertainment should not be combined.

Vigorous, quixotic, driving, compulsive, staccato, cooking, unpredictable—no one adjective will size him up precisely. The tunes range from originals to old jazz pieces such as Randy Weston's "Hi Fly," which begins with a conga solo by his splended percussionist, Babatunde. One number was a "Cherokee" variant at a near-impossible tempo.

Guitarist Bruce Forman, a frequent associate of Cole's, is not only a first-rate soloist but a valuable contributor to the arranged passages.

New to the group is a pianist from the Philippines, Bobby Enriquez, whom Cole introduced as "the wild man from Mindanao." Enriquez, who apparently is more concerned with showing off his technique than with getting into the rhythm section, is a questionable addition. Flamboyant and inconsistent, he seems to enjoy sweeping his arms up and down the keyboard as if his hands were dust mops. Not surprisingly, the audience found this much to its liking.

Better attuned to Cole's need for solid rhythmic support are bassist Peter Barshay and drummer Scott Morris.

At the second set Thursday, the proceedings were enlivened when a surprise appearance was made by Manhattan Transfer, whose members are all close friends of Cole and who guested on his latest album. They too are keepers of the flame.

In an interview a couple of years ago, Phil Woods expressed his conviction that Richie Cole, who as a teenager studied informally with him, has the temperament and talent to develop into a major force on the alto sax. His confidence is clearly being justified, and a full house at Concerts by the Sea made it evident that Cole is building the enthusiastic following he deserves.

10/11

Filmforum's 'Festival of Jazz

A "Festival of Jazz on Film" is being presented Monday evenings at Filmforum, 99 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena. There are two shows, at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

Organized by Mark Cantor, a jazz fan who has been collecting rare films, the series started last week with a program called "Masters of Mainstream Jazz." The term was used broadly, covering everything from a 1934 short by Cab Calloway's orchestra to a brief 1962 clip, in color, by the Duke Ellington Band. Others seen included Sidney Bechet, Bunny Berigan, Bob Crosby's Band, and a 1943 glimpse of Count Basie.

The cursory manner in which Hollywood dealt with jazz was underscored by the fact that in order to open with a very early Louis Armstrong film that was not demeaning to its subject, Cantor resorted to three numbers from a feature movie made by Satchmo in Copenhagen in 1934. They were excellent

Monday's program will focus on jazz dancing, with the Nicholas Brothers, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, the Lindy Hoppers, and an in person demonstration and talk by the veteran dancer Foster Johnson.

"Masters of Avant-Garde Jazz" with be the Oct. 20 subject. The series will close Oct. 27 with John Coltrane, Lester Young and others in "Masters of Modern Jazz."

—L.F.

12/1

PHOTO BY ARMEN KACHATURIAN

Pianist George Shearing and vocalist Carmen McRae have teamed up for a new album, "Two for the Road."

'TWO FOR THE ROAD' A FIVE-STAR TRIP

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"TWO FOR THE ROAD." Carmen McRae-George Shearing. Concord Jazz CJ 128.

The cost of a vocal album aimed at the mass market today may run into hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the studio time consumed can more easily be counted in weeks or months than in days.

"Two for the Road," recorded at a price that would be considered very modest by your average chart superstar, was completed in 3 hours 46 minutes. That is correct—all 10 tunes put on tape and wrapped up, with no editing required, in less time than it takes many singers to wait for the equipment to be set up in the studio.

More important, "Two for the Road," with not too many months left of 1980, can be judged with reasonable safety as the best jazz vocal album of the year.

Carmen McRae never has been more relaxed, more totally in command. George Shearing, if he could afford to make the financial sacrifice, might easily earn a reputation on the road as the greatest accompanist a singer could ever desire.

The third and most equally vital factor is the selection of material. There is just the right balance of old standards, unfamiliar themes and sturdy dependables.

The songs, almost all at an easy tempo, encompass early Bing Crosby ("Ghost of a Chance") , early Sarah Vaughan ("Gentleman Friend"), early Billie Holiday (the equisite Irene Wilson composition "Ghost of Yesterday"), as well as "Too Late Now," introduced with a full Shearing chorus of Burton Lane's melody before Carmen interprets the Alan Jay Lerner lyrics; and in the more popular category, "More Than You Know" and "What Is There to Say."

It was at McRae's insistence, we are assured, that Shearing joined with her for a vocal duet on "Cloudy Morning" and concluded the album by doing the Leslie Bricusse-Henry Mancini title song as his own solo vocal track, which he carries off with Walter Huston-like ease.

Three hours and 46 minutes. Producer Carl Jefferson had to cancel the additional studio booking he had made for the following day. Of course, producers who are into rhythm tracks, horn tracks, backup vocal tracks and the like may scoff at this modest and perfect effort, claiming that Jefferson just took the easy way.

It's only easy when you have a Carmen McRae and a George Shearing to work with. Five stars.

"ROYAL BLUE." Marshal Royal. Concord Jazz CJ 125. The king has four aces in his hand in the persons of Monty Alexander, piano; Cal Collins, guitar; Ray Brown, bass, and Jimmie Smith, drums. Add to this the creamy consistency of Royal's alto sax sound, the unique elegance of his style and phrasing, the tasteful selection of material (an Ellington tune, an original Royal ballad, a good-humored blues) and you have all the ingredients for quality. Long regarded mainly as a lead saxophonist, Royal at last has come into his own as a soloist and combo head. Four-and-a-half stars.

"SONIC TEXT." Joe Farrell. Contemporary 14002. In the splintered world of contemporary music, today's new record release may be subjected to a barrage of complaints: it's too old-fashioned, too avant-garde, too commercial; it has no form; it doesn't swing; and, of course, the most often heard objection of all: it isn't jazz. All too seldom an album arrives against which none of these complaints could conceivably be leveled. Just such an instance is the latest Joe Farrell LP.

Although he has recorded a dozen albums as leader (two on CTI as co-leader with George Benson), this powerful, inspired tenor saxophonist long retained what was essentially a sideman image. During the 1960s and '70s he racked up credits with Charles Mingus, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, Elvin Jones, and, off and on for more than a decade, the various combos of Chick Corea.

With "Sonic Text" perhaps Farrell will earn the individual credit he has long deserved both as performer and composer. All six compositions originated from within this flawless group: four were written by Farrell; Freddie Hubbard, whose trumpet illuminated the session, contributed the blues-gospel "Jazz Crunch," and George Cables, a master at both piano and electric keyboard, wrote "Sweet Rita Suite," the only cut on which Farrell switches to flute.

From the opening title tune, a fast blues, through the engaging ballad "When You're Awake," from the light-textured "If I Knew Where You're at" (Farrell on soprano) to the minor mode of "Malibu," this is a preeminent example of pure jazz, late 1970s vintage. Rounding out the quintet admirably are Tony Dumas on bass and Peter Erskine on drums. Five stars.

"IN TANDEM INTO THE '80s." Danny Stiles-Bill Watrous. Famous Door 126 "Watrous in Hollywood." Bill Watrous-Danny Stiles. Famous Door 127. Despite an alternating leadership, these are similar straight-ahead mainstream-to-bebop albums with basic themes by the two leaders and others. Both are worth the price if only for Watrous's virtuosic and commanding trombone. "In Tandem" was cut in New York under the leadership of trumpeter Stiles, with a good rhythm section; the second album was taped in Los Angeles with such local gentry as Ross Tompkins on piano, John Heard on bass, and Frank Capp on drums. Three-and-a-half stars for "Tandem"; three for "Hollywood." □

Los Angeles Times

10/17

BHUJB STILL WHISTLING DIXIE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band is acquiring too many listings for a group that wants to avoid house calls. You can catch it not only Sundays at the Ginger Man in Beverly Hills but also some Mondays at the Improv in Hollywood and now, every Tuesday, at Mulberry Street, a crowded and celebrity-studded Italian restaurant on Ventura Place, just off Laurel Canyon.

As anyone knows who has seen them on "The Tonight Show," the BHUJB is a sort of West Coast answer to Woody Allen, who every Monday brings his New Orleans-style clarinet to Michael's Pub in New York. Like Allen, most members of this kicks combo have stabler means of earning a livelihood, but the spurt and authenticity they bring to their traditionalist sounds easily could convince you that they needed the gig.

George Segal plays the banjo with highstrung four-string abandon (and never lets a wrong chord slip by). He also sings as if he were, well, at least happy. Conrad Janis, who for decades has lived a double life as trombonist and actor, actually builds more valid melodic lines today than when he was working weekends back at the old Central Plaza in downtown Manhattan.

Russ Reinberg, who sells sporting goods, is a fleet clarinetist to the Dixie manner born. Bill Bogle, cornetist and language teacher, sounds as fluent and mellow-toned in the argot of "Rosetta," "China Boy" and "Baby Won't You Please Come Home" as he is in Spanish and Portuguese. Aside from pianist Arnold Ross, who, as the combo's only full-time professional jazz man, doesn't really count, Bogle is the band's principal pride and joy.

Allen Goodman doubles as drummer and co-owner, with his wife Bobbi, of Mulberry Street, where the pizza and linguini are first-rate. Completing the band is motion-picture producer and writer Sheldon Keller, a reformed tuba player who played electric bass for a year but has been working the upright, his present ax, only since last February. He has come a long way.

Dixieland has become a synonym for the F. Scott Fitzgerald age, yet played with conviction it still can transcend the corny vocalists (there were several) and the antiquity of the material (how much longer can "That's A Plenty" last?). The Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band has just enough of that authority.

At Mulberry Street on a recent Tuesday, comedian Sid Gould, the band's oldest groupie, sat in and played "Twelfth Street Rag" on a harmonica about one inch wide, which he appeared to swallow for a finale. Well, if a little harmless fun cannot be retained in this genre, the muskrats might as well stop rambling.

Firm Duke Tribute

LOS ANGELES—A benefit concert celebrating the music of Duke Ellington and also honoring critic Leonard Feather will be held Jan. 3 at the Music Center. Proceeds will go to the Duke Ellington School of the Arts in Washington, D.C. George Wein is producing the show.

BILLBOARD

Survey For Week Ending 10/25/80

IN CONTRAST: REEVES AND WILLIAMS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Two singers, two clubs, two styles. The matinee and soiree Sunday provided a rewarding study in contrasts.

At 4 p.m. Phil Moore presented, at the Improv in Hollywood, the first of a weekly series of concerts by singers, some of whom will be his protegees (he has coached everyone from Marilyn Monroe to Lena Horne). Moore could hardly have made a more felicitous choice for an opener than Dianne Reeves.

Here is an artist who has put all the elements together. Contemporary pop songs, several of which she wrote herself, alternated with standards (for which Phil Moore, at the piano, mercifully replaced the electric keyboard player in a mediocre accompanying quartet known as Night Flight). There was even a humorous touch of Bessie Smith ("You've Been a Good Ole Wagon"), and an Ethel Waters medley.

At 23, Dianne Reeves is one of those rare young singers who can happily hopscotch generations in her material and delivery. Looking a little like a taller and even more radiant Diana Ross, she displayed confidence and stage presence along with an easy audience rapport. An extrovert, audience-gripping performer, she has stardom written all over her; it's just a matter of time.

Sunday evening, at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks, Sherry Williams reflected a very different set of values. Her backup group, a sextet led by the excellent pianist Kathy Rubbico, contributed significantly to Williams' charming, laid-back set, with solos by Bill Stapleton on fluegelhorn, Buster Cooper on trombone and others.

Attractive in a less overt style (a simple white gown compared to Reeves' brilliant red outfit), Williams built her moods mainly through unfamiliar and sophisticated sounds by Frank Collett and others. On the wistful "Morning Hours," written by Ms. Rubbico, she was backed mainly by the composer and by flutist Kim Richmond.

Among Williams' few standard songs, the most intriguing was a 1965 piece by Andre and Dore Previn, "You're Gonna Hear From Me," which she transformed happily into a swirling jazz waltz.

To sum up: Reeves, a smashingly self-possessed singer, totally in command in spite of her accompaniment and Williams, equally impressive on a lower-key level, whose success was strenghthened by the company she kept.

Reeves will be back at the Improv next Sunday. Williams has returned to her regular gig at the Hungry Tiger in Westchester, where she works (sans band) Tuesdays through Saturdays.

JAZZ

IMPROVISING FOR LIFE—BURRELL

BY LEONARD FEATHER

How do you classify Kenny Burrell? As a guitarist, he has long been a respected figure, winning polls and working the festival and club circuits around the world. But his subtle talent is not limited to the instrument of his choice; he is a composer whose short works and suites have been a matter of record.

Since he moved from New York to California in 1973, Burrell has been active on other levels. With a group of like-minded philanthropic jazzmen he started the Jazz Heritage Foundation, dedicated to helping musicians in need and to spreading the jazz word wherever the wind will take it. At the same time, he has realized a dream he had nourished for 25 years by becoming an educator. In the spring quarter at UCLA he will begin a course, his fourth in three years, on the life and works of Duke Ellington, for whom he has become a one-man propaganda bureau.

Talking to Burrell, a tall (6 foot 2), handsome man with a Southern speech cadence that belies his Detroit origins, you are immediately impressed by his integrity, his concern for the music that is his livelihood and for the people it has brought into his orbit. Asked whether he would prefer to be identified as guitarist, composer, jazz activist or Ellington propagandist, he replied: "I just think of myself as a musician."

As a musician, he added, he has been able to transfer the creative aspects into other areas. "My years of practice and improving in jazz have helped me improvise in life. It's a great gift, being able to stay loose, remain inflexible, keep your antennae up and your eyes and ears open. You may have a difficult problem to solve and find you don't have the right tools; so you improvise. That applies whether it's just fixing a chair or a social situation. I enjoy improvisation whether it's in music or anywhere else."

His first conscious experience with the art of ad-libbing occurred during the transitional years between swing and bebop, when such giants as Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Christian walked the jazz earth. "I listened to Charlie Christian from the standpoint of music in general rather than studying him as a guitarist. But he certainly became one of my main guitar influences.

"The other two were Django Reinhardt and Oscar Moore. Of course I knew Django from his records, and Oscar Moore I heard with the original Nat King Cole Trio. Oscar won a lot of polls just as a sideman; he was a pioneer in terms of accompaniment, and he did an awful lot to expand the harmonic horizons of jazz." (Moore, who spent a decade with Cole, has been retired from music for many years.)

Burrell's early experiences found him in the company of some of the very men he had idolized. He played his first major gig as sideman for a renowned leader when Dizzy Gillespie hired him. Later he spent a few months as one third of the Oscar Peterson Trio. After moving to New York he worked off and on with Benny Goodman. Equally well qualified to play electric or classical acoustic guitar, he has taken part in dozens of albums as a leader and hundreds as a sideman.

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turn over

Kenny Burrell, the premier guitarist, is also Kenny Burrell, the educator.

KENNY BURRELL: IMPROVISING

Continued from Page 77

Burrell was firmly established as a studio musician and jazz artist when the rock revolution convinced virtually the entire under-21 population that the guitar was the instrument. Five out of every four young Americans became guitarists, many of them semi-illiterate in music, twanging and foot-pedaling away, often prostituting a sound beloved by men like Burrell, who had cultivated their art so lovingly.

Asked whether he felt that this proliferation had been beneficial or deleterious, Burrell said: "I believe that today there are more good guitarists. For a long time there was a great deal of mediocrity, an excessive reliance on volume, along with a sort of built-in audience that was very unsophisticated, young people who were attracted by surface effects.

"What has happened since then, however, is that a lot of the rock guitarists are looking for more meaning, more depth, so they're learning about jazz. This is true also of the audience. Young listeners in America are gradually becoming hipper, along with the young musicians."

The situation has been helped, he believes, by the continuing success of artists who held firm to their beliefs. "The people that I really learned from proved that you can play valid music and stay in business and make a good living.

"Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong did it. Erroll Garner when he was living, and Bill Evans when he was living, God rest his soul. Cannonball Adderley. And people today like Count Basie, who's still at it. Singers like Sinatra, Nat Cole, Tony Bennett. There's a very long list of people who never stopped making great music and never regretted it."

Burrell seemed reluctant to zero in on guitar players, but when asked specifically about George Benson he did not equivocate: "He hasn't sacrificed his musicianship; he has expanded his audience and he's a good singer."

In the course of carrying his beloved instrument around to festivals, clubs, concerts, college clinics and seminars, Burrell had a dream. "I was doing my first 'Ellington Is Forever' album for Fantasy Records in 1976. It was one of my most moving experiences—there was so much love and respect for Duke involved." (Ellington died in 1974.)

"A group of us on the session decided to set up a scholarship, so part of the profits from that album went toward that scholarship; and the second album too. Then we developed the idea of forming a nonprofit group to do whatever we could to help jazz." Soon the dream became a reality known as the Jazz Heritage Foundation.

"The Foundation has provided aid to musicians in need when they were sick. We gave a benefit for Monk Montgomery, the bassist, who has campaigned so hard for jazz in Las Vegas; one for Horace Tapscott, the composer; and most recently one in cooperation with Musicians' Wives Inc. for Cat Anderson." (The former Ellington trumpeter is seriously ill in Los Angeles.)

Along with the benefits, the JHF has awarded trophies to artists who, in the view of Burrell and his associates, would appreciate a token of esteem from their peers: Jimmy Jones, the pianist and composer; ragtime pioneer Eubie Blake, and Howard Rumsey, the ex-bassist who as owner of Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach is the country's most respected jazz club operator.

Because of Burrell's intense concern for Ellington, the JHF has presented annual concerts of the Duke's music at UCLA in Royce Hall. Plans for other, non-Ellington presentations are under consideration.

Meanwhile, Burrell's regular career moves on. "Next January I'm playing my first symphony date, with the Buffalo Philharmonic, for which I'll prepare some original music and revise some of my suites."

The symphony appearance will be a milestone in a life that has brought a fair share of rewards. "It just crossed my mind," said Burrell, "sitting here reminiscing, how many great experiences I've had. I recorded with Coleman Hawkins, John Coltrane, Paul Gonsalves, Dizzy Gillespie. When I worked with Benny Goodman I was in the chair where Charlie Christian once sat."

After paying dues in Detroit, New York, Los Angeles and virtually wherever in the world an amplifier can be plugged in, would he be willing today to trade in his travels for a full-time teaching career?

"No. I just couldn't sacrifice my life as a musician. Teaching is very rewarding; but I love playing music, truly love it—and writing it, listening to it, seeing it, being around it.

"I want people to understand more about jazz and I want to be able to do something about that. With the way things have worked out for me, I guess I have the best of both worlds." □

TIMES PHOTO BY MARTHA HARTNETT

Big band singer Connie Haines just can't stop dancing at Palladium party in honor of upcoming festival of big bands.

BIRTHDAY PARTY IS A SWINGING THING

By LEONARD FEATHER

Simone Signoret was right. To quote her book title, nostalgia isn't what it used to be. Never was, never will be.

Little Sheba will never come back. There will never be a nickel cigar again. The free lunch is gone forever. There were, however, free victuals and booze, and freedom to gain an inside glimpse of yesteryear, when Fred Otash, managing director of the Hollywood Palladium, staged what was announced as a press party by way of previewing the public celebration next week of the venerable ballroom's 40th anniversary.

A press party? Well, perhaps something more than that, since the milling crowd numbered more than 1,000. Even allowing for the high school and college papers, that would not account for the attendance. Many seemed to be friends of friends of performers, or as one bystander put it, "just junket junkies."

According to reliable accounts, the scene was not vastly different from the way it was Oct. 29, 1940, when the ballroom opened its doors to the sounds of the orchestra of Tommy Dorsey. Connie Haines, who along with Frank Sinatra sang to Dorsey's music that night, was

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ANNIVERSARY PARTY AT PALLADIUM

Continued from First Page

among the celebrants Wednesday.

The band at the preview, fittingly, was led by Bill Tole, the trombonist who played the role of Dorsey in the film "New York, New York." This night, he did not limit his output to "Opus One" or other Dorsey standards.

You want Glenn Miller or Les Brown? You got 'em. A touch of Ellington or Jimmy Dorsey? Just wait your turn. Bill Tole's highly competent readings of these manuscripts lent the evening its most authentic and satisfying touch. His swing-era sounds merged into a symbol of what young Americans danced to four decades ago. Chris Costello, daughter of comedian Lou Costello, acquitted herself creditably in the girl vocalist role.

The first song of the evening predated the Palladium: It was "You Are My Lucky Star," introduced by Frances Langford in the film "Broadway Melody of 1936."

□

No event of this kind is complete without the ceremonial readings of resolutions. Councilwoman Peggy Stevenson, after announcing that hers was one of the longest resolutions she had ever seen, generously decided to spare us everything but the first whereas paragraph and the final now-therefore-be-it-resolved. It had something to do with declaring Palladium Week, or Mel Torme Week, or whatever.

Councilwoman Stevenson spoke in measured tones; this came as a temporary relief from the stentorian sound of Johnny Grant, the evening's emcee, who roared his announcements as if there were no microphone. Perhaps he was determined that his voice must reach at least as far as that other ballroom over at Catalina.

Midway through the evening, the celebrities were lured on stage. Buddy Ebsen spoke. Others just sang along with the band, or danced, or stood wondering how long they would be up there, while the crowd stopped and gaped at the stars.

Look, there's Ella Mae Morse! Ray Anthony! Isn't that Andy Russell? With the King Sisters? Lita Baron—didn't she sing with Xavier Cugat? Over there are Tex Beneke, whose band will be here Monday; Benny Carter, who will lead his orchestra Tuesday, and Fran Jeffries, who, by looking like Fran Jeffries, added an anachronistic touch of 1980 glamour.

No, don't be fooled by the man with the stovepipe hat and bulbous nose. He's just an ersatz W. C. Fields to ensure an evening in full, glorious retrocolor.

The Palladium originally announced "a weeklong galaxie of big bands and musical stars, saluting those 40 golden years." But things ain't even what they used to be when that press release was printed. The Wednesday television special has been stricken from the plans, as has the Nov. 1 salute to the movie stars. The ticket prices have been cut from $20 to $15.

The host for the still firm nights (Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday) will be Mel Torme. Others listed are Les Brown, Johnny Guarnieri, Bob Crosby, Alvino Rey, Buddy Rich and Harry James, who in 1942 in this very ballroom won a contest to determine which band leader was the best dancer.

This elaborate and expensive celebration may not bring back the big bands permanently, but it will provide, for the many older fans who liked their music smooth and swinging, a reminder of touch dancing and simpler values and somehow easier times. But soon the Palladium no doubt will be back to its more customary routine of private parties and banquets.

As a change of pace from rock to funk and fusion, the sounds of the '40s have a definite validity and musicality. In fact, on second thought, Simone Signoret notwithstanding, nostalgia can be fun every once in a while —as long as you're sure of a future around the corner.

RAEBURN RENAISSANCE: A BAND ON THE SHORT RUN

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Boyd Raeburn with wife Ginnie Powell in their New York apartment in 1947.

In the world of orchestral history, fate and chance have never behaved more capriciously than in the case of Boyd Raeburn.

Musicologists have given him short shrift in the history books. In George T. Simon's "The Big Bands" he earned a scant two pages, compared to four each for Freddie Martin and Sammy Kaye, and 25 for Glenn Miller. Yet those who worked in the band, or heard it at the apex of its power, will assure you that on the basis of its artistic achievements this should have been one of the best remembered and longest lasting orchestras of the entire big band era.

Raeburn suddenly is becoming a posthumous cult figure. In a felicitous coincidence two reissue albums have recently made available virtually his entire recorded output. Earlier this year a band at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington resurrected some of the music from the Raeburn library for a concert that included new works by two of his original composers, Ed Finckel and George Handy. David Allyn, the band's best singer, was on hand as vocalist and emcee. There are plans for a Nouveau Raeburn concert in 1981. Reprinted Raeburn scores are being sold to colleges.

What motivated this Raeburn renaissance? The evidence is at least partially explained in "Boyd Raeburn: Experiment in Big Band Jazz" (Musicraft MVS 505) and in the two-volume set "Boyd Raeburn Jewells" on Savoy SJL 2250. Both packages have splendidly researched notes by Dr. Jack McKinney, a teacher who, caught up in the Raeburn legend, is finishing a book on the orchestra. (If you know any Raeburn memorabilia, write him at Bergen Community College, Paramus, N.J., 07652.)

Raeburn was a small, wiry, personable man who looked even more diminutive beside the great bass saxophone he sometimes played. Free of any illusions about his own musicianship, he was given to self-derogatory remarks: "For a musical idiot, I've got a great band."

His was a maverick band in several respects. Most of the great swing-era maestri were talented instrumentalists, driven by a compulsion to succeed as soloist-leaders. Raeburn, a mediocre saxophonist, led a Mickey Mouse band in Chicago, idolized Freddie Martin, then in 1939 suddenly switched to a Basie-inspired swing band and from there, in New York around 1944, moved headlong into the avant-garde. He was prodded by arrangers such as George Handy who had studied with Aaron Copland and reflected the influences of Stravinsky and Debussy.

In an era when, with very few exceptions, white bands were just that, Raeburn at one time or another had on his work force Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Oscar Pettiford, Trummy Young, Lucky Thompson, Britt Woodman and other blacks, including arrangers Budd Johnson and Tadd Dameron. At a time when jazz band instrumentation was very conventional, Raeburn dared to use French horns, flutes, harp, English horn.

Among his non-black soloists the best known was Johnny Bothwell, a Johnny Hodges-type alto saxophonist. When he reorganized on the West Coast in 1946, Raeburn had such bebop virtuosi as Buddy De Franco on clarinet, Dodo Marmarosa on piano and Ray Linn on trumpet.

"The orchestra was a totally new step in a daring direction," recalls Jackie Mills, the band's drummer. "Boyd enjoyed it, but didn't understand it. He never took a solo.

"I was rooming with Johnny Mandel, who wrote a lot of the music, and we dug the experience but never really thought the band would make it. It was too advanced for its time, and people couldn't dance to it."

Danceable or not, the orchestra included the then mandatory boy-and-girl-dance-band-type singer. The Musicraft album, cut in 1945, is weighed down by six turbid vocals; the Savoy tracks, made later (mostly 1946-7), have superior pop singing by David Allyn and Ginnie Powell, an enchanting brunette who in 1945 became Mrs. Raeburn. Along with the unique experimental works, there were pop standards to accommodate the singers. Because of the big-band-as-jazz vs. band-as-dance-music dichotomy, and the lack of jazz concerts and festivals, Raeburn was obliged to try (and too often failed) to please dancers along with students of art-form jazz.

> 'The orchestra was a totally new step in a daring direction. Boyd enjoyed it, but didn't understand it.'
> DRUMMER JACKIE MILLS

Bad luck dogged him. A prestigious opening at the Lincoln Hotel launched the new trend early in 1944, but that summer, at the Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey, his priceless library of arrangements was destroyed by a fire that also demolished many of the instruments—but not too much of the morale.

Among those who sent over replacement music was Duke Ellington. Already an admirer of the Raeburn innovations, he later invested $15,000 in the band's future. Still, it was a struggle, and between locations there were the inevitable, dismal road trips.

One night in Vermont the band bus broke down. Amid snow six feet high the men slogged along in rented cars. "The car in front of you was as close as your nose, but you couldn't see it," the road manager recalled. "We had a guy sitting on the fender with a flashlight. Can you imagine how frozen his hands were when we got to the ballroom, only to find 18 people in the place? If you want to get disheartened, look to the road."

During his Hollywood period, Raeburn had the aid of Johnny Richards, a composer later famous through his work for Stan Kenton. Richards enlarged the woodwind section, added French horns and a harp. The band recorded for Ben Pollack's Jewell label, but no hits ensued. Discouraged but not desperate, Raeburn found an old Chicago businessman friend, Stillman Pond, who backed him to the very concordant tune of $100,000 (in 1947 money).

Trumpeter Pete Candoli, pianist Hal Schaefer, and other powerful men were along, and Ralph Burns had written some charts, when the band opened at New York's Vanity Fair, playing what was billed as "The Surrealistic Music of Boyd Raeburn." Johnny Richards later said: "I had a wonderful time with Boyd. The band he brought East to Vanity Fair was probably the finest in that particular era. It was far ahead of its time."

So far, in fact, that when Stillman Pond's backing was withdrawn the end seemed near. Work became sporadic; Ginnie Powell took a job on a Vaughn Monroe radio series.

The band broke up, but reorganized in 1948 (for a few months Boyd had a 20-year-old trumpeter, just arrived from Canada, by the name of Maynard Ferguson). Eventually Raeburn confined himself to dates around New York with a pickup group. By 1952 he had entered the furniture business as part owner of the Tropic Shop in Fifth Avenue. Tropical furniture proved no more profitable than ultra-tropical music.

From there it was all downhill. Some records appeared on Columbia in 1956-7, but they were strictly dance music. Raeburn moved to Nassau, where he was virtually out of music and in business.

In 1959 Ginnie Powell died after a freak accident in the Bahamas. She was 33. Boyd took her death hard. In virtual obscurity for the next few years, drinking heavily, he was involved in an auto accident in Texas that kept him pinned under a car for 24 hours. Shortly afterward, on Aug. 2, 1966, in Lafayette, La., he died, at the age of 52, a forgotten man.

No records could ever have captured the excitement that pervaded the room when the Raeburn orchestra, during its brief years of glory, showed the heights it could attain. It is necessary to play the cuts on these records selectively, skipping some of the vocals.

The opening tune on the Musicraft, "Night in Tunisia," was the first big band version of Dizzy Gillespie's composition, in his own arrangement and with the composer himself playing a solo. Gillespie is heard again on Ed Finckel's "March of the Boyds." Johnny Bothwell's smooth alto graces "Summertime," Johnny Mandel wrote the arrangements for "You've Got Me Crying Again" and "Out of Nowhere," and a Ben Websterish tenor player, Frank Socolow, has spots in "Blue Prelude" and "Boyd's Nest," the latter briefly featuring Trummy Young's trombone.

Most of the band's experimental moments occur on the Savoy set, starting with Handy's "Tonsillectomy" and "Forgetful," the latter a ballad showing that David Allyn was one of the finest pop vocalists of the big band years.

Visionary by 1946 standards are Handy's "Dalvatore Sally," Ed Finckel's "Boyd Meets Stravinsky" and "Duke Waddle," Ralph Flanagan's "Hep Boyds," a gorgeous "Over the Rainbow" scored partly by Handy and partly by Johnny Richards, and Ginnie Powell's best vocal, "Body and Soul," sung to a sensitive arrangement by Handy.

Boyd and Ginnie and benefactors Ellington and Stillman Pond are long gone now, but not all the links in the chain are broken. It was Dizzy Gillespie who supplied McKinney with the addresses of the Raeburns' children with whom Dizzy still maintains contact, the son at Loyola and the daughter at UCLA.

"Great art never fades," says McKinney in his closing comments. "Music that was modern then is new now." This belief is put to a searching test in the recorded legacy of Boyd Raeburn, and there is no evidence that its validity can be challenged. □

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Aaron Copland On Jazz

IN THE SUMMER of 1958 a series of 13 television programs was produced for NBC's educational TV wing (since disbanded). Entitled "The Subject Is Jazz," the 30-minute shows used a house band under the direction of Billy Taylor, with numerous celebrated guest artists and guest speakers. I was involved, along with the late Dr. Marshall Stearns, as a consultant.

The subject of the penultimate program was "Jazz And The Classics." The guest speaker was Aaron Copland. The moderator for the series was the late Gilbert Seldes, then nationally known as a critic and chronicler of the lively arts in general, though far less knowledgeable about jazz than some of us associated with the show would have wished.

What follows is a transcript of a portion of the program as it was aired on WNBC, New York.

• • • •

Gilbert Seldes: There are people who think that some time, pretty soon, jazz will cease to exist, to be remembered only as a passing fad, an aberration that lasted 50 years, enchanted the whole world, then suddenly vanished. This depends on the relation of jazz to music as a whole — is it somewhere in the mainstream, or is it a backwater doomed to stagnation?

It would have been very easy for us to find a composer as enthuastic for jazz as we are. In the interests of an honest appraisal, we've invited instead a composer who has, in a sense, passed through his jazz phase and is, in addition, a good critic: Aaron Copland. It seems to me, Aaron, that you and I have been discussing the merits of jazz in public for many years now, but I never asked you how you first saw jazz in relation to your own work.

Aaron Copland: Gilbert, you mustn't forget that I was born in Brooklyn, and that in Brooklyn we used to hear jazz around all the time — it was just an ordinary thing. It wasn't until I went to Paris and Vienna as a student in the early '20s that I suddenly realized that jazz had something for serious composers — an influence, actually. And we got that impression also from the interest of European composers in jazz. A man like Darius Milhaud first heard real jazz in Harlem in 1922.

GS: About the time you went from Brooklyn to Vienna, he came from Paris to Harlem. Why didn't the American composers recognize what they had here? Were they afraid of it?

AC: They weren't afraid of it; I think it's like anything that you have around the house, you don't pay much attention to it, you take it for granted. It was the jazz polyrhythmic element, the fact that more than one rhythm was happening at the same time, that most attracted us in those early days.

GS: What did you first compose under that influence?

AC: The two main works were a suite for small orchestra, *Music For The Theatre*, and the second work I did in 1926, which was a piano concerto, that I later played with the Boston Symphony.

GS: I must confess that the question I'm going to ask Aaron Copland now is virtually without meaning; but I have to ask it, because if I don't, it will seem as if both he and I are trying to avoid the answer. So here goes: Do you think that jazz will become the great basic form of American music, or that our music will absorb all of jazz, so that it will have no identity of its own any more?

AC: I don't see why you have to choose between those two possibilities.

GS: I don't either; I think you have to ask the question, though, so we can get the right answer.

AC: Of course you do. I think really you can like both and have both, and that both have their place. In other words, I think that there are things that the jazz idiom can contribute to the mainstream of music that no other form of music can contribute in the same way. Also in the same way, I feel that serious music has something to contribute that jazz can't quite match.

I know that I, as a composer, sometimes have moods that I want to translate into musical terms, which couldn't be translated in terms of the jazz idiom. On the other hand, I recognize also that there are other moods that will never seem as exciting as they do in jazz terms.

GS: The pieces you played, and those you mentioned, could be called your musical excesses, and do I gather that jazz does not have as much immediate relevance or influence on your own work as it used to have?

AC: It doesn't have quite the relevance. Jazz isn't as new as it used to be, and it doesn't have quite the punch for me personally that it used to have — especially in its ordinary commercial form. But on the other hand, I think it has a very important influence, not only on my own work but on the work of all contemporary American composers, in what you might say is the more unconscious use. In other words, you'll find the influence of jazz in our piano sonatas and our string quartets, though you won't be able to say, literally, what it comes from.

GS: As you have a more liberal attitude toward jazz than was common say, about 25 or 30 years ago, I get the impression that a peaceful coexistence, and no desperate warfare, is possible at least. And we have a demonstration here, now of that possibility. A few days ago, Tony Scott of our combo and Stephan Walpe, a composer whom I know you admire, were together and they began improvising. Tony played baritone sax, and Walpe played the piano. They were at Tony's house and there was a recording instrument, and we have just a bare fragment of their recording. [*Music.*]

GS: I myself can't tell whether these two instruments were in opposition or friendly. What do you think?

AC: Oh, I think they were friendly enough.

GS: The point that is new to me is that a classic[al] composer — and instrumentalist — can improvise. I thought it was all limited to jazz players.

AC: No, I would say that improvisation was more familiar to classical composers two hundred years ago than it is today. In those days they were often given a theme on which to improvise, sometimes by some famous gentleman at court who wanted to hear what they could do with his theme.

Nowadays, we classical composers, as you might call us, don't improvise normally, except perhaps [that] when we write our music — if we write at the piano — we're often likely to get good ideas as a result of some home improvisation. But it's the improvisatory side of jazz that fascinates us, and I think [this] is one of the principal fascinations of jazz throughout the world.

GS: It's very good for a layman like myself to have backing from a professional. At our rehearsal our combo took a cue, or a challenge, from something you had said to Billy Taylor sometime before, and they began to improvise, what I would call the hard way: not on a specific theme, in order to see what would happen. When they were through, they found a name for the piece. They called it "Hurricane." This is what they are going to play, and they probably will remember something of what they played at rehearsal — they certainly have the general idea. But it's bound to be different, because it's different every time. It's still a hurricane, or you can call it free improvisation. [*Music.*]

GS: Do we both say "Wow!" Tell me, Aaron, you must know more of what happened than I do.

AC: Well, I think that's terrific; that really talks my language. That's when jazz is really exciting to me, when everybody goes off on their own and nobody knows what the combined result is going to be.

GS: You said that you were improvising when you were composing. Can you tell how seven men were improvising simultaneously and held together?

AC: I can't tell precisely, no, but I think I got the general idea.

GS: Billy Taylor, every time I ask him, says, "Well, the rhythm fixes it." We had an improvisation here before on a more or less fixed theme, and that I could follow, but this . . .

AC: It's a little bit because you can't follow it that it gets so exciting; the fact that you don't know what's going to happen next is what creates the excitement.

GS: In view of this amount of vitality, do you think there is any grounds for the assessment of some critical people that jazz is becoming too sophisticated, and is losing its hold on people in general?

AC: I think there's a danger always for any popular art of its becoming too sophisticated. A popular art gains its value, especially for us serious composers, through a certain essential naivete. We all are a little naive, we serious composers, and it's for our own good, because you mustn't know too much when you fool around with art. ■

JIM HALL BRINGS GUITAR TO McCABE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Musicians who play with consistent brilliance, who enjoy moderate commercial success while fame and great fortune elude them, eventually become known as legends. Jim Hall, who is just such a legend, brought his guitar and his trio to McCabe's in Santa Monica Sunday evening for his first local appearance in several years.

His legendary stature is readily understood. Hall is not a showboat; he plays amplified guitar with the volume so low, his gossamer tones so soft and gentle, that he sounds almost acoustic. He is not a note-chaser, indulges in no overstatements or dazzling displays of technique. His lyrical, inventive artistry extracts from each composition all of its melodic, harmonic and rhythmic capabilities.

Several of the pieces at his McCabe's recital were his own. "Aruba," with which he opened, was lightly Latin; "Waltz New" was introduced in supple unison with his bassist Don Thompson, whose grace and ease are an ideal foil for Hall. "Echo" was a medium-fast blues, gently propelled by Terry Clarke, the drummer. In addition to revealing Hall's affinity for the blues, this work pointed up his harmonic imagination: two successive choruses consisted almost entirely of syncopated, oblique chords, none of which could be predicted but each of which fell into place with perfect logic.

Hall's choice of songs was as intelligent as his treatment of them. "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings," a French hit of 1943, was heavily disguised, with Thompson switching to piano and Hall avoiding any suggestion of the theme until several choruses into the performance.

Thompson also played piano on two of his own compositions. One, a largely abstract, rambling work called "Dreams," was self-indulgent and seemed as out of place in the program as Hall was in trying to become a part of it. The other, "Circles," was impressionistic and charming.

Hall, who first came to prominence in Los Angeles with the original Chico Hamilton Quintet, has distinguished himself in every context over a span of 25 years: With Sonny Rollins, with Art Farmer, in a memorable duo album with Bill Evans, and on a more recent one with Red Mitchell. His play presently reflects the influence of many years of sensitive listening.

GIBBS AND DE FRANCO: A RARE TREAT

By LEONARD FEATHER

That Terry Gibbs and Buddy De Franco never appeared in the United States as a team until last Friday seems wildly improbable in view of the unbridled enthusiasm engendered by their collaboration.

The scene was Mulberry Street, which is fast becoming much more than just a Studio City Italian restaurant. The alliance of Gibbs, the indomitable veteran of bebop vibraphone, and De Franco, the matchless clarinet virtuoso, was natural and mutually stimulating from note one of the opening chorus of "Yesterdays."

It is not simply that both are technical past masters; their minds and fingers run along parallel stylistic lines. What Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton were to the Swing Era, these two are to a later generation. This was pointed up animatedly when Gibbs and De Franco plunged into "Airmail Special," a staple of Goodman Sextet days.

Though the empathy of the co-leaders is the principal virtue, every second tune was played as a solo by one of the partners, accompanied by Andy Simpkins, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums, and Mike Melvoin, piano.

Gibbs showed his self-sufficiency in "Getting Sentimental Over You" by suspending the background entirely while he unleashed two prestissimo solo choruses, in midair without a net. He landed safely in the arms of the rhythm section.

Excitement was not the only mood induced. De Franco's "Triste" maintained a supple bossa nova groove, and the quintet's "Body and Soul" revealed that its affinity works as well on ballads in the finger busters.

Though this was their only local public appearance, Gibbs and De Franco have taped a 60-minute special for KCET, to be aired Dec. 4. Their partnership (which began, ironically, with a triumphant two-week stand in London before they secured any work at home) should be preserved on records, presented in concerts and festivals.

Coming Friday to Mulberry Street: the brothers Abe (clarinet) and Sam (flute) Most in a rare joint appearance.

11/9

HERBIE HANCOCK: INGENIOUS 'HANDS'

"MR. HANDS." Herbie Hancock. Columbia JC 36578.

The newest Hancock product may not outsell his commercial blockbusters of the past two years, but it deserves to, since the diversity of moods and idioms establishes it as the stimulating, ingeniously organized product of a brilliant mind.

As if symbolizing the variety, the five combo cuts involve five different bassists: Byron Miller on "Spiraling Prism," Ron Carter (along with drummer Tony Williams and percussionist Sheila Escovedo) on "Calypso," which despite its title is only minimally West Indian; Freddie Washington in "Just Around the Corner," which may be the most danceable track but turns out to be the least consistently listenable; Jaco Pastorius on "4 a.m." and Paul Jackson on "Shiftless Shuffle," another misleading title (the shuffle rhythm is used only briefly).

Except for Wah Wah Watson's guitar on "Corner" and an all but unnoticeable Bennie Maupin saxophone contribution, the five tracks are performed simply by Hancock and a rhythm section. The sixth and final number, "Textures," is entirely played or synthesized by Herbie: brass and string parts, bass, drums, the works. He becomes a one-man electronic orchestra in this, the ultimate synthetic musical concoction, and it works remarkably well.

All written or co-composed by Hancock, the six pieces (with the possible exception of the above-cited "Corner") are valid demonstrations of Hancock's ability to move from tonality to modality to atonality, to maximum aural and intellectual effect. This is no disco-funk sellout a la "Feets Don't Fail Me Now"; moreover, although he is credited with using the Vocoder here, whatever quasi-vocal effects can be heard are discreet and tasteful.

Orthodox jazz fans may find little to interest them here, but judged on its own terms as a sonic experience, this is one of the most successful non-jazz Hancock ventures of his entire Columbia era. Three-and-a-half stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Nov. 2

"AVANT GARSON." Mike Garson. Contemporary 14003. The former Stanley Clarke and David Bowie pianist is not another Keith Jarrett, yet sounds pretentious and unsettled enough to suggest a resemblance. He treats his Boesendorfer like an expensive camera with a choice of many powerful lenses, but seldom is able to get the picture into focus. Even his titles are overblown: "Classical Improvisations With a Jazz Flavor and a Touch of Jewish in D Minor." Another track, simply titled "Jewish Blues," toys with idiomatic cliches. There's an ecstatic endorsement by coproducer Chick Corea. Two stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"FROM THE ATTIC OF MY MIND." Sam Most. Xanadu 160. No tired ritual of hand-me-down standard tunes for Most. Instead, the pioneer flutist has composed eight colorfully contrasted works encompassing ballads, bop, blues, boogaloo.

By now, it should be (but still is not) common knowledge that Sam Most was playing modern jazz on the flute when this was almost unheard of, and that he was the first to employ the device of singing along in unison with some of his solos, a technique made famous by the late Rahsaan (Roland) Kirk. On a couple of these tunes, he obtains a comparable effect by playing in unison with Kenny Barron's piano.

The freshness of his material, the personal sound he draws from both flute and alto flute, the superlative accompaniment and solo work by Barron and bassist George Mraz, all add up to the best of Most, though his previous albums for this label, "Mostly Flute" (X 133) and "Flute Flight" (X141), are not far behind. Completing the combo are Walter Bolden on drums and Warren Smith on percussion.

Produced by Don Schlitten, with helpful notes by Pete Welding, this is an all-around five-star set.

—L.F.

"IVORY AND STEEL." Monty Alexander Quintet. Concord Jazz 124. Alexander's albums always reflect his commanding beat and superb technique. This time around, he has added a Trinidad musician, Othello Molineaux, on steel drums, and Robert Thomas Jr. on percussion. It's all good fun, but the sound of the steel drum wears wafer-thin after too much exposure. Alexander is in fine blues fettle on "That's the Way It Is." Three stars.

—L.F.

JAZZ

MILCHO LEVIEV, THE MAN FROM PLOVDIV

BY LEONARD FEATHER

If a list were drawn up of the cities least likely to provide America with a major jazz talent, it is very possible that along with Timbuktu and Omsk, Siberia, you might find Plovdiv, Bulgaria high on the roster.

Milcho Leviev will dispel any doubts that that city, long an important industrial and cultural center, has made a signal contribution. Though not yet a world figure, Leviev during almost 10 years in the United States has established himself as a pianist and composer of singular gifts.

Almost certainly he is one of the few musicians from overseas who ever stepped right off the airplane into his first job as an American resident, working jazzman. ("They whisked me from the Los Angeles airport directly to a rehearsal hall, where Don Ellis' band was preparing for a three-month tour.")

The Leviev story since then has been multifarious and adventurous. After working with Ellis as pianist and composer from 1971-74, he put in his Latin jazz dues with Willie Bobo, went through a fusion phase writing and playing with Billy Cobham, then played with everyone from Airto and Tommy Vig to John Klemmer and Lee Ritenour, and accompanied singers. He is now in the process of writing a score for a film to be produced in Mexico. November will be a traumatic month for him, climaxed by his first return home.

More and more, he says, Bulgaria, along with the rest of the world, is coming to accept jazz as a significant art form. It wasn't always that way. "In Bulgaria it was very hard to make a living playing jazz. In fact, when I was growing up it was hard even to find jazz. I guess the first I ever heard was some boogie-woogie piano on the radio, which I tried to imitate. I didn't even know it was jazz—only that it was some American type music.

"I took piano lessons from age 7, but I had other ambitions. My father was an importer of auto parts, my mother was a fashion designer, and I wanted to be an engineer or a truck driver. But at 13 I entered a school in Plovdiv that specialized in music. By that time I was improvising—classically, of course—and eventually the interest in jazz became a serious thing."

Moving to Sofia, Leviev attended the Bulgaria State Conservatory, graduating in 1960, after having won a medal for composition in an international contest at the Vienna Youth Festival. Returning to Plovdiv, he became a theatrical composer, writing music for shows and sometimes also conducting. "After a couple of years I got a call to conduct the radio pop orchestra in Sofia. That was quite an experience. They had a classic-type jazz band, plus sometimes a string section borrowed from the radio symphony orchestra, so that it became a Boston Pops kind of thing, with jazz elements."

What decided him to move to America?

"I always wanted to come to the country that gave birth to jazz. I realized there was a vast difference between learning it from records or radio and hearing it live. I had a few brief experiences—after forming my group, Focus '65, I took it to the first Montreux Jazz Festival, where our combo won the critics' prize and we had a chance to hear some great American stars. We also heard people like Charles Lloyd at the Prague Jazz Festival. But I was really eager to hear American jazz on its native soil."

Along with his jazz experience Leviev appeared as pianist and conductor with the Sofia Philharmonic from 1963-68, worked on numerous television shows, and scored nine movies, one of which, "A Hot Noon," won first prize at the Moscow Film Festival.

And so, instead of Boston, it was Hollywood. This came about directly through Leviev's early fascination with odd time signatures. "In '62, when I began composing experimental pieces in 5/4, 7/8 etc., a lot of my jazz colleagues said, 'You can't do that!' In those days, aside from Dave Brubeck, no Americans we knew about had done this. Then in 1965 we began to hear Don Ellis' records. Suddenly it became all right for me to do it. There was that kind of snobbery in the European jazz attitude.

"I only knew about 50 words of English, but I just had to get in touch with Don Ellis to correspond about our common interest; so I used a translator. We exchanged quite a lot of letters that way; he sent me some of his albums, and I told him that his music just blew my mind. I sent him several compositions of mine, and some arrangements I'd done of folk tunes. We kept up our correspondence for two years."

PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Bulgarian-born pianist Milcho Leviev has established himself as a pianist-composer of singular gifts.

With America increasingly on his mind, Leviev made an intermediary step, working in West Germany for nine months. Conveniently, at the moment when he decided to emigrate, Don Ellis found himself in need of a pianist. "Don said the orchestra would be a good vehicle for my writing as well as my playing. Well, I soon found out that the opportunities for growth and development were even greater than I'd expected.

"Every experience has taught me something new. For example, I spent several months with Willie Bobo, whose Latin jazz is based on very sound roots. It's a situation where grooving and cooking really count.

"With Billy Cobham I gained an introduction to electronic instruments. In his band I played seven keyboards—acoustic, Fender Rhodes, Yamaha organ, synthesizers, clavinet, plus all the accessories like sequencers and phasers.

"Then there were the singers. Once I played a week with the late Eddie Jefferson, the great bop singer. He would just call out song titles on the spur of the moment, and I had to know all these tunes. When I asked him what key, he'd say 'Doesn't matter!' He improvised so well that whatever key I decided on, he would change the melody to bring it within his range."

For the past two or three years Leviev, by doing a little of everything, has become a respected figure in Hollywood music circles. Some of his most rewarding nights have been with saxophonist Art Pepper, both at home and on tour in Japan and Europe. "Art is a marvelous musician—I learned so much from working with him."

He has worked gigs with Bill Holman's big swinging band and even now and then with the Orchestra, the 86-man behemoth that plays concerts at the Music Center. As his work with the Orchestra implies, Leviev has not severed the umbilical cord to classical music. He now has an association with James Walker, the principal flutist with the L.A. Philharmonic. "We've got this group called Free Flight, a fusion of jazz and classical. Besides playing with the rhythm section, we are giving duo recitals of classical works."

Perhaps his proudest achievement is the recognition he has gained back home, which lately has taken on special significance; last month his extended work "Music for Big Band and Symphony Orchestra," originally commissioned by the Bulgarian Radio, was performed by the combined television and radio symphony orchestra and the Radio Big Band Orchestra, at a 6,000-seat concert hall in Sofia.

Leviev is following this up with a trip back home later this month. He will visit his mother in Plovdiv, reunite with his brother, a prominent mural painter, and join hands with old jazz and classical colleagues.

In Sofia, he will play three solo recitals during the annual jazz festival, and will take part in lectures and seminars, television shows and a record session.

Leviev's triumphant return will be historically unique, not only because he is the first of his nationality to establish a solid international reputation in jazz, but also because he will be demonstrating that you can go home again, even when home is Plovdiv, Bulgaria. □

JAZZ

WHERE THE GIGS ARE—SOUTHLAND JAZZ CLUBS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Your cousin from Cleveland is here with his bride, or a couple you met at the Nice Jazz Festival just called up to announce their presence. Where, they inquire, can they find jazz in Los Angeles?

A preliminary answer should be the caveat "in or around Los Angeles," since the nightlife scene is as indiscriminately distributed as the sprawling city itself. Moreover, your answer may vary from one month or even one week to the next, given the inherent instability of the jazz club world.

True, things ain't what they used to be. Long gone are the glory years of Shelly's Manne Hole, of which the short-lived second edition (on Wilshire Boulevard) folded in the spring of 1974. (The original Manne Hole in Hollywood opened exactly 20 years ago, in November 1960.) No more can you find Joe Williams at the Playboy Club, nor is there a Hong Kong Bar where the Shearings and the Adderleys reigned. Marty's on the Hill (remember when the great Oliver Nelson orchestra worked there?) is a distant memory, as are the It Club, the Times in Studio City, the Marina Bistro, and Redd Foxx's room on La Cienega where jazz enjoyed its all too short era of dominance.

Still, for every room that folds or abandons its jazz policy, another seems to spring up. Presently there are as many clubs around town dedicated partly or wholly to jazz as at any time in this reporter's memory.

The following list is, as they say, subject to change without notice, but for the moment it should provide your cousin Charlie, or your Nice friends Jean-Michel and Suzanne, with the answer to their cry for help. The selective listings are not intended to give a total picture; these are the best known and most dependable spots.

The Baked Potato, 3787 Cahuenga Blvd. West, in the shadow of Universal City. This is keyboarder Don Randi's small room; his fusion combo, Quest, holds the fort Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday you may find Clare Fischer with his Latin jazz group; Mondays and Tuesdays are given over to one night stands by fusion bands such as the Roland Vazquez Urban Ensemble. The baked potatoes, stuffed with anything from bacon to a steak, are substantial. Show time 10 p.m. Cover is $3. 980-1615.

Carmelo's, 4449 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks. Converting to jazz in the summer of '79, this intimate club has become the hip new hangout for musicians and fans. Music seven nights a week, leaning toward bebop, with big bands Mondays. Don't count on dinner; the Italian cuisine in recent months has been subject to a now you see it, now you don't policy. But you can just about count on some of the best music in town. Shows start 9:30 p.m. Cover varies from $2 to $6 depending on the talent. 995-9532 or 784-3268.

Concerts by the Sea, 100 Fisherman's Wharf, Redondo Beach. The Southland's best planned jazz haven. Seats are arranged as in a small concert hall, and boniface Howard Rumsey sees to it that the sound and lighting are just right. Major name groups include bebop, Latin, fusion and vocalists. No food. Open only Thursdays through Sundays. First show time 9:15 p.m. Cover varies; half price on Thursdays. 379-4998.

Dino's Italian Inn, 2055 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena. Newly converted to jazz and fusion by local artists: pianist Frank Strazzeri, drummer John Tirabasso et al.

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Dark Monday, no music Tuesday; Wednesday through Saturday, combos, with a $2 cover for non-restaurant patrons only. Music hits at 9:30 p.m., except Sundays, when pianist David Mackay plays solo piano from 7 to 11 p.m. 449-8823.

Donte's, 4269 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood. One of the town's stablest bastions, with 14 years of good sounds to its credit. Dividing its time lately between straight jazz (Freddie Hubbard et al), fusion, and comedy (Mort Sahl), with talent changed every night or two. Dark Sundays. Cover varies. Good Italian cuisine. Music starts around 9:30 p.m. 769-1566 or 877-8347.

Jazz Safari, 1119 Queens Way, Long Beach. Owned by drummer Al Williams, who often leads his own trio in addition to inviting name artists (Eddie Harris) and singers (Melba Joyce). Dinner available; prices reasonable. Open seven nights. 436-9341.

Le Cafe, 14633 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks. This is basically a superior restaurant, but the "Room Upstairs," in the back, offers vocal entertainment Fridays and Saturdays (sometimes also on Thursdays) by owner Lois Boileau or by guest singers (Bill Henderson, Ruth Olay). 986-2662.

The Lighthouse, 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach. A part of history since 1949, now billing itself as "the world's oldest jazz club and waterfront dive." Church-pew seats and minimal food, but the sounds selected by Rudy Onderwyzer are often among the best in town, ranging from blues to bop and avant garde. Dark Monday and most Tuesdays. Show time 9:30 p.m.; fluctuating cover. 372-6911.

Maiden Voyage, 2424 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Open since last December but with an unpredictable policy; some fine groups (big bands, fusion, mainstream) have played there, followed by intervals of little or no music. Better check, 480-9667.

McCabe's Guitar Shop, 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica. A mini-concert hall (no food, soft drinks), devoted (three guesses) to guitarists, as well as blues, folk and blue grass, Fridays and Saturdays and some Sundays. Admission varies from $5.50 to $8.50. Coming soon: Larry Coryell, Pat Metheny, Ralph Towner, John Abercrombie. 828-4497.

Memory Lane, 2323 Santa Barbara Blvd., at Arlington. A long track record, though in recent years jazz has yielded to soul. Lately there have been Sunday jazz brunches with bands such as Juggernaut, also mainstream combos Fridays and Saturdays. Good restaurant in the adjacent room. 294-8430.

Money Tree, 10149 Riverside Drive, North Hollywood. Pianist Karen Hernandez with Senator Eugene Wright on bass, has long been in residence, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Jazz oriented singers are usually featured, and special guest combos play Sundays. The restaurant's menu is attractive. Music starts at 8:30. 766-8348.

Mulberry Street, 12067 Ventura Place, Studio City. Operated by drummer Allen Goodman, who on Tuesdays works here with the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band. Jazz also Fridays (often with Tommy Newsom and other top studio musicians); miscellaneous music most other nights. Pizza and pasta aplenty. A $3 cover charge Tuesdays only. Music starts 8:30 and ends early. Dark Mondays. 980-8405.

Old New Yorker, 12430 Riverside Drive, North Hollywood. A restaurant with occasional jazz, such as the nine-man band Florescope, led every Tuesday by drummer Chuck Flores. 766-8507.

Onaje's, 1414 S. Redondo Blvd., at Pico, Los Angeles. You may catch jazz here on Wednesdays, possibly by the admirable saxophonist Charles Owens and his New York Art Ensemble, starting at 8, through 11:30. Also Sunday matinees by various groups. Other nights: open, with organic food but no music. 932-9625.

Parisian Room, La Brea at Washington. One of the town's oldest and most consistent music rooms, under the guidance of saxophonist Red Holloway, who leads the house combo. To give you an idea: before the year is out Earl Hines, Abbey Lincoln, Cedar Walton, Eddie Harris and Freda Payne will have six-night stands. Celebrity nights Monday. Show time 9:30. 936-8704.

Pasquale's, 22724 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu. Pasquale is Pat Senatore, the bassist and boss. His oceanfront view is the greatest in town, often blending with the sounds of pianist George Cables, drummer Roy McCurdy and such guests as Jon Hendricks, Supersax, Ray Pizzi or an occasional big band. No food. Changeable cover charge. Music starts 4:30 p.m. Sundays, 9:30 p.m. other nights; dark Tuesday. 456-2007.

Snooky's, 12021 West Pico, West Los Angeles. A nightly change of talent, with lesser known but good groups and an occasional star attraction. Light meals. Dark Mondays. 477-7155.

Stevie G's, 11996 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Jazz-inflected singers and piano trios Thursdays through Saturdays. No food. 761-8966.

Tail O' the Cock, 12950 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Basically a restaurant, but if you can get away from the noise and close to the keyboard, you will be well repaid with the superlative piano of swing era giant Johnny Guarnieri, who jumps from stride to swing to 5/4 versions of songs you never dreamed you'd hear in 5/4. Mondays through Saturdays, 7-11 p.m. 784-6241.

Two Dollar Bill's, 5951 Franklin Ave, Hollywood. A popular room for fusion groups and contemporary singers. Accent on health food, good menu. Variable cover. Music seven nights, at 9:30. 462-9391.

Sunday afternoons in Venice you can

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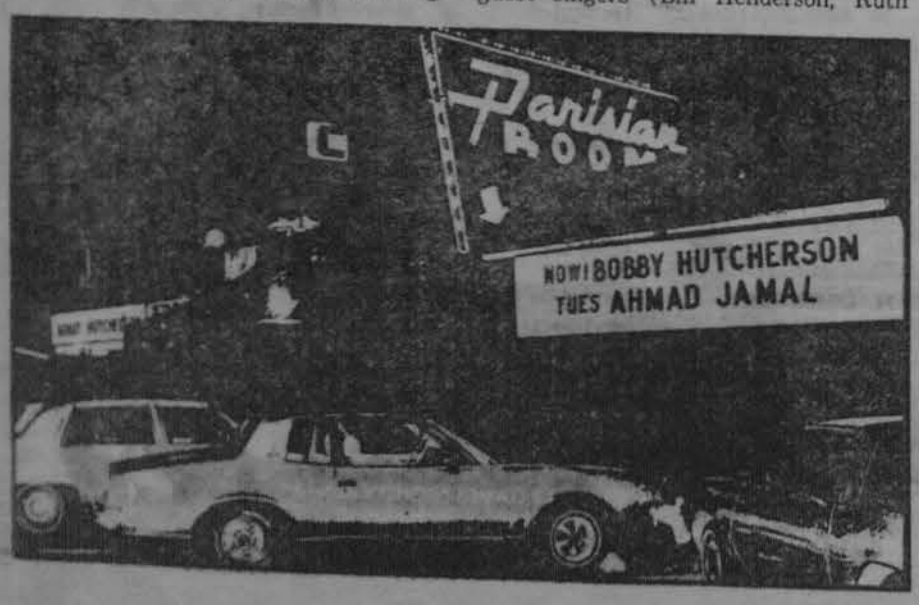

PHOTOS BY LEONARD FEATHER

...mall Endearments," the Municipal Art Gallery's ...

11/14

Los Angeles Times

GENERATION GAP PLAYS AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Though Victor Feldman calls his group the Generation Gap, the clearest point the combo makes is that no such gap exists.

At Donte's over the weekend, Feldman opened cautiously, at the piano, with a cheerful but conservative retread of "Ain't Misbehavin'," backed by Trevor Feldman, 14, on drums and the phenomenal Larry Klein on upright bass.

In no two consecutive tunes did the instrumentation and brand of music remain the same. This combo's theme ought to be "Everything Must Change." Victor Feldman moved over to the vibraphone while Randy Kerber, 22, played electric keyboard and Klein took up the Fender bass for a fusion piece in 7/4.

From here the mood switched to bebop, and Kerber to piano, with Charlie Parker's "Moose the Mooche." Feldman, too long hidden in the studios, is one of the jazz world's unsung vibes masters. His driving, impetuous solos are full of surprises: He shoots his mallets in the air, they land in place, but you can't guess where.

Later on came a funk piece (predictable cliches), a neat Brazilian tune by Feldman for which he doubled on marimba, and a 21st-Century bluegrass epic entitled "Calgary Stampede."

Jake Feldman, 16, took over from Klein to play his own "Chasing the Sunrise" very capably on Fender bass while Dad played piano. This wild hour ended with the Brecker Brothers' "Shunk Funk," for which Victor dodged madly back and forth between vibes and marimba before everyone tore into a multi-percusion finale, with father Feldman on congas.

About Trevor Feldman: His time is good, he knows the arrangements inside out (didn't even bother to bring music), and despite an occasionally excessive exuberance left no doubt that he will become a force to reckon with in the music of the '80s and '90s and on into the next century. But then, why shouldn't he? His old man, too, was a child prodigy, playing his first gig as a drummer in London at age 7, and guest-starring with Glenn Miller's AAF band three years later, in 1944.

During the second set Trevor Feldman stepped out front to play one number on alto sax, while the drums were taken over by—who else?—Victor Feldman. Trevor's sax is not the equal of his drumming, but give the kid a chance—he took up the horn only 18 months ago, whereas he has been playing drums half his life.

Friday and Saturday the Generation Gap will be back at Donte's with an even more remarkable lineup, Roger Kellaway replacing Randy Kerber.

11/18

Los Angeles Times

PINKY WINTERS AT ROOM UPSTAIRS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Pinky Winters may never be famous. She will not work at the Roxy, let alone the Forum. Networks will not compete for her services. If she records again (there was one album long ago, before she married and retired and returned), it will be for a small company that accepts singers who lean toward quality songs and sensitive lyrics.

Winters last weekend occupied the Room Upstairs at Le Cafe, the Sherman Oaks restaurant. Her sound is full and rich; she has no four-octave range, neither does she indulge in theatrically or visual effects. She simply delivers a splendidly chosen set of songs, some old and familiar (she opened with Cole Porter's "All of You") some relatively little known and charming, such as "Just Because We're Kids," written by, of all people, Dr. Seuss.

Winters belongs to that elegant company of artists once referred to as torch singers or cabaret singers. An intimate setting is perfectly suited to her, particularly when she revives a witty Johnny Mercer lyric such as "I'm Shadowing You" or "My New Celebrity Is You." On a more subdued note, her medley combining "I Wish You Love" and "The end of a Love Affair" were imbued with just the right touch of wistfulness.

Bob Florence at the piano provided the sole accompainment. He is a talented arranger, band leader and song writer (he co-wrote "How's That for Openers," a tongue-in-cheek jazz waltz sung by Winters), but as a solitary backer for a singer he tended at times to overpower instead of underplaying in the subtle manner of a Jimmy Rowles.

Ideally, Pinky Winters deserves a jazz trio, led by, say, Lou Levy. Fortunately, that is just what will happen Thursday when she opens for a three-day run at Stevie G's in Studio City.

SOUTHLAND JAZZ CLUBS

Continued from Page 86

hear the duo of saxophonist Frank Morgan and pianist Milcho Leviev, at the Old Venice City Hall, 681 Venice Blvd., Donations accepted. 3-6 p.m.

PRESENT COUPON WHEN CHECKING IN

Concerts: Events in the Southland's various concert halls are increasing in frequency and should be watched for in the media. Of special interest is the series being presented by Amani Gardner and Stan Levy at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Coming up: Maynard Ferguson and Hank Crawford, Dec. 10; McCoy Tyner, Feb. 20; Flora Purim, Airto and Bobby Hutcherson, April 17. For information, 972-7211.

Also at the Chandler Pavilion is the upcoming season by The Orchestra. Some notable presentations will be works by Henry Mancini, Oliver Nelson, John Lewis, featuring soloists Ray Pizzi, Ray Brown, Larry Bunker and others, Jan. 13; new works by Bill Holman and Lalo Schifrin on March 10; by Alan Broadbent and Russ Garcia, with special guests Bob James, Bud Shank and Bill Watrous, April 22.

Don't worry, Cousin Charlie; you won't find much time on your hands. □

Zan Stewart of L.A. Weekly and KCRW-FM helped compile this guide.

Woody Herman

HERMAN: DROPPING ANCHOR IN DIXIE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Time was when your typical bandleader divided his time between one-night stands, nightclubs, ballrooms and prestigious hotel rooms. The dance hall and hotel locations often lasted two or three weeks, even longer; Duke Ellington spent several years off and on at the Cotton Club, and later would sit his band down for months on end at the Hurricane or the Zanzibar on Broadway.

Those days are as remote as Myrt and Marge. Today the touring name band rarely gets to spend a whole week occupying the same chairs. One-night stands, internationalized, are grueling continent-hoppers with nothing seen of any city but airport, hotel and concert hall. Even for the younger musicians the ordeal is such that the turnover in personnel is literally musical chairs. Harry Carney played sax in the Ellington band for 46 years; today few sidemen remain on the road with the same band for 46 weeks.

In the light of these changes, the big news about Woody Herman will leave everyone in the jazz world indigo with envy.

"Starting in January," the maestro said last week, "we'll be spending 36 weeks a year at the same place: a room that's now being built for us adjacent to the Hyatt Regency Hotel in New Orleans. It's my own enterprise; the room will be called Woody Herman's. There will be one entrance from the hotel and one through the mall. We'll be there at least two or three months for a start.

"When I go out on the road, since this is completely my operation, I'll decide who replaces us. It can remain a jazz room forever, or we can produce television shows --the lighting has been set up so there won't be any need for the usual mess of cables all over the place—or we can change the music around any way we like."

The choice of New Orleans as a *locus operandi* has to do with events in Herman's life of which his public is only vaguely aware. "When I was a young man I spent two or three years wandering around New Orleans playing with various bands there, so although I'm originally from Milwaukee, a lot of folks still think New Orleans is part of my roots.

"Even more important, last February the band and I were chosen to represent the Zulu Society in the Mardi Gras parade, and I think that made people even more aware of my long association."

Herman's being selected as King of the Zulus was without precedent in the history of that famous black benevolent society, which picked Louis Armstrong as its parade master in 1949. Never before in Zulu history had a white man been chosen. Far from resenting it, the black community accorded Herman and his men a wildly enthusiastic welcome; the event drew widespread local media attention.

The room that will be Herman's home for more than half of each year consists presently of not much more than a 9,000-square-foot shell. Now being built as an adjunct to the hotel, it will be ready by early January if the carpenters can keep on schedule. That will mean a private television preview, "Super Bowl Party," to be taped Jan. 11, followed by the official opening Jan. 16, in time to take advantage of the excitement and business stimulated by the Super Bowl game Jan. 25, right across the street from the hotel.

One likely prospect is that the new regimen will enable Herman to maintain a more stable personnel. "It will not only make my own life easier," said the 67-year-old employer of 22-year-old hornmen, "but it will make those young men's lives happier. We'll even have time to rehearse, which doesn't happen as often as we'd like when we are on the road so constantly."

One of the great advantages of long-term locations was their access to radio time. Reputations were built by Benny Goodman from the Congress Hotel in Chicago, Glenn Miller from the Pennsylvania in New York, Count Basie from Manhattan's Lincoln Hotel. Anachronistic though it seems, the Herman orchestra probably will arrange to broadcast from the room in addition to setting up live TV and recording sessions.

At this crucial point in his career comes another source of good news: after floating around from label to label in recent years, Herman is signing with Concord Jazz Records, the mainstream company that has maintained a reputation for quality and complete avoidance of commercialized fusion/funk music.

"Carl Jefferson, the head of Concord Jazz, is setting up a deal with his Japanese affiliate, Toshiba, that will enable us to record two albums a year in Japan. Another project he has in mind is release of the tapes we made at the 1979 Monterey Jazz Festival." (Herman's appearance last year involved such guest soloists as Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Shaw and Victor Feldman).

Still another venture under the Concord aegis will be a "Woody Herman Presents" series that will enable Herman to produce sessions by specially assembled combos featuring the artists of his choice. Many jazzmen who already record regularly for Concord are Herman alumni: guitarist Charlie Byrd, pianist Nat Pierce, drummer Jake Hanna.

These new developments are no less than Herman has long deserved. His career has been marked by problems of which the public is largely unaware. Through no fault of his own, except that he trusted the wrong manager to take care of his business, some years back he got into an income tax jam that could easily have broken his spirit, not to mention his finances; since then, he had been forced to work harder than he wanted or should have needed to. A couple of years ago, driving between one-night stands, he fell asleep at the wheel, incurring injuries from which it took him many months to recover.

Next year there will be no wheels to fall asleep at (Herman no longer drives), shorter and more infrequent tours (he will spend part of the summer in Europe playing concerts for George Wein), and many of the opportunities for mental and physical relaxation that have too long been denied him. Charlotte, his wife of 44 years, will spend much of her time in New Orleans, but they will keep the Hollywood Hills home they bought from Humphrey Bogart in the 1940s.

Other aspects of his life also are easier than they used to be. Replacing musicians, for example, no longer necessitates a lengthy talent hunt; virtually all his newcomers are graduates of one or other of the jazz-involved colleges. "I've got a rhythm section now," he says, "that I really believe in; three kids who spent four years studying jazz at Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., listening to each other. Now they're with me, still listening to one another and making things sound great for all of us."

The concept of a room essentially built for a band, and controlled by its leader, could well start a trend in other urban centers. According to Herman, there is considerable potential along these lines, particularly in cities that have college campuses nearby. (New Orleans, of course, will provide a wealth of attendance from these sources.)

"I can tell you honestly," he says, "that at some of the high school and college dates we play nowadays, the kids are so damned enthusiastic that you'd think it was a basketball game, not a jazz concert."

Since the Woody Herman room will offer "just booze and jazz—no food," it will be inaccessible to the under-21 crowd, a problem that will be solved by staging special no-liquor matinees.

"One way or another," he sums up, "we'll derive every possible benefit from this new situation. I'm very enthused. At this point in my life, with all the crap I've been through, I can't think of a nicer way to go. So 1981, from where I'm sitting, looks a hell of a lot better than many, many other years I've known." □

WHAT'S

HEADLINERS

Dionne Warwick and Kelly Monteith wind up their Harrah's Reno engagement Wednesday, to be followed by Tony Orlando on Thursday through December 3.

Monday will be the last night to see Glen Campbell at Harrah's Tahoe. Bill Cosby plays the South Shore Room from Nov. 18 to 25.

Emmylou Harris will be at Caesars Tahoe from Nov. 21 to 23.

"Burlesque, USA", starring Red Buttons, Eddie Bracken and Tempest Storm, continues at the Sahara Reno.

PALLADIUM BIG BAND BASH IS A BUST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Old is not necessarily good, and the cash register doesn't jingle to the beat of a dated drum. This was the lesson learned earlier this month from the Palladium's week-long 40th anniversary nostalgia celebration.

The elaborate project, involving the big bands of Tex Beneke, Freddy Martin, Les Brown and others, along with pop singers of the 1940s, was a disaster. Backstage squabbling aggravated the situation: Paul Werth, who conceived the idea, was ejected from the ballroom by Dennis Bass, who took over as producer; Werth threatened to sue.

Talent problems multiplied. On the first night Mel Torme, whom spectators expected to hear singing, only emceed; Connie Haines appeared but, because of laryngitis, couldn't sing; Johnny Desmond was not seen at all. Along with Ella Mae Morse and Buddy De Franco, he was canceled. Patrons who came to see Herb Jeffries, advertised for Tuesday, found they had paid their $30 a couple (not including food and liquor) in vain; Jeffries was put back to Friday.

"If it's ever done again," said Fred Otash, managing director of the Palladium, "we'll produce it ourselves, and we'll use modern talent, to attract young audiences. People just don't want to go backward in time."

The dismal figures, according to Otash, were: 500 paid admissions Monday, 300 Tuesday; Wednesday (announced as a TV special) canceled; 600 Thursday; 800 Friday (thanks to Buddy Rich, who gave it a plug on "The Tonight Show;" Saturday canceled, and 1,200, still only half capacity, for Harry James, Kay Starr and others. Sunday, helped by a big party from KGIL.

Otash noted that big bands of a more contemporary stripe, such as Tommy Newsom's orchestra and the Akiyoshi/Tabackin ensemble, attract a younger and potentially larger crowd and will be considered for any such event in the future.

Ironically, on the night of the Palladium opening, Donte's celebrated its 14th anniversary to a more diversified, capacity crowd with the Newsom band, which consists basically of "The Tonight Show" band personnel. But admission at Donte's was only $6 and the club's capacity for each of two shows is under 200.

ROMERO, SHEARING AT AMBASSADOR

By LEONARD FEATHER 11/20

In the summer of 1979, Claude Bolling, the French pian-ist and film music composer (40 scores, among them "California Suite"), joined forces with Angel Romero, the Spanish-born, American-reared guitarist, in introducing Bolling's "Concerto for Guitar, Jazz Piano, Bass and Percussion" at the Hollywood Bowl.

The work was later recorded, but with George Shearing at the piano. Sunday at the Ambassador in Pasadena the record was re-created, with Romero, Shearing, Shelly Manne on drums and Brian Torff replacing Ray Brown on bass.

Bolling in recent years has become a symbol of the classical/jazz connection, writing various concerti for classical soloists backed by a jazz rhythm section. The 40-minute guitar vehicle, in seven movements, makes an ideal setting for the virtuosity of the two principal solists. Shearing, in addition to memorizing the composition flawlessly, contributed most of the occasional moments of jazz improvisation.

The opening movement, "Hispanic Dance," is a joyful romp in 5/4 time. It is followed by "Mexicaine," part Latin and part jazz, and by the delightful third movement, "Invention," which moves from a baroque mood, with guitar and piano in fugato form, to piano and bass passages ad-libbing on the harmonic pattern of the theme. "Rhapsodic" offers Romero a chance to display his delicate finger work in a fascinating chorded solo passage. "Africaine" is the most jazz-oriented movement, reminiscent of Ray Bryant's "Cubano Chant."

After the Hollywood Bowl premiere, Bolling added a seventh movement as a tribute to Romero's virtuosity. Entitled "Finale," it suggested variations on the previous themes, returning to the original 5/4 melody.

Shelly Manne's distinctive drumming was employed

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JAZZ REVIEW

Continued from Page 6

as much for textural effects as for tempo keeping. Whenever it was called for, Brian Torff supplied a magnificent pulse.

The audience, older and more conservative than your typical jazz crowd, responded cheerfully to the concerto with its superior brand of musical fusion.

For the first half of the concert, Shearing and Torff opened with a splendidly meshed duo set not unlike that reviewed last August at the Bowl. Romero then played several unaccompanied Spanish flavored works, one of which was composed by his father, Celedonia Romero. He is as accomplished an artist in the finger-style flamenco idioms as Joe Pass is in contemporary jazz.

Pass, incidentally, will give a solo recital at the Ambassador Dec. 3. It would be rewarding to hear him reunited with Shearing, in whose quintet he played from 1965 to 1967. How about that for Bolling's next concerto project?

BULGARIAN, YANK IN A JAZZ MESH 11/28

By LEONARD FEATHER

Milcho Leviev, the Bulgarian pianist who came to prominence with Don Ellis, is into an excitingly different new project with Free Flight. This is primarily a collaboration between him and Jim Walker, a classical flutist who also shows considerable jazz expertise.

During two recent Tuesday engagements at Donte's, the two men played a few numbers unaccompanied; for the rest of the set, they were backed by Jim Lacefield on bass and Ralph Penland on drums.

With Leviev alternating between piano and electric keyboard, as well as playing one number on melodica, the lines between classical and jazz virtually vanished as the two men applied their eclectic disciplines to "How Deep Is the Ocean?," a Paganini Violin Caprice transcribed for flute, a fast blues involving a 12 tone row and Debussy's "Syrinx" (including, as Leviev put it, "some harmonies we think Debussy would be proud of").

Walker's flute is technically impeccable, though his tone is a little thin and he is inclined to sitffness here and there; nevertheless, the partnership enables both men to explore a broad range of territories in a manner that the capacity audience found unusually provocative.

Pianist Roger Kellaway, who has taken an interest in the group and plans to produce an album with it, sat in and indulged in two-keyboard interplay with Milcho on Kellaway's "Song From the Canyon" and his mambo-like "Spur of the Moment." Kellaway's vitality, Penland's great energy and the intelligent electric keyboard work by Leviev turned this into a rousing finale, though the drum solo with cuica and kazoo seemed out of character.

Leviev leaves Wednesday for Sofia, but will resume his partnership with Walker at Donte's Dec. 9 and 16.

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Miles Davis

MILES DAVIS: A 'PRESTIGIOUS' SET

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"CHRONICLES: THE COMPLETE PRESTIGE RECORDINGS." Miles Davis. Prestige P-012.

At first glance, this might seem to be another giant exercise in the great American game of one-upmanship, a reminder that bigger is better. Certainly it is the bulkiest album in the history of jazz, beating out Keith Jarrett's "Sun Bear" set of 10 LPs. The latter appeared in October 1978, was listed at $85 and reportedly has sold 10,000.

The Davis box (12 records, listed at $125) comprises everything he recorded for Prestige while under contract to that company (then a small independent outfit) from 1951 to 1956. This period followed the classic "Birth of the Cool" dates for Capitol, but the 17 sessions revived here were less organized and, for the most part, not quite as influential. This is not meant to imply that the interim period (before Davis embarked on his revolutionary collaborations with Gil Evans and a 21-piece orchestra) was not rich in passages of great beauty.

By 1951 Davis had emerged from under the shadow of Charlie Parker, Clark Terry and the other beboppers. Here and there one finds him grappling with technical problems, but for every small gaffe there are a hundred moments that show the extent to which he had become his own man, and the gradual maturation that took place during the five Prestige years.

Small-combo jazz in those days still consisted very largely of blues, standard pop songs, ballads and originals based on a chord pattern designed as a foundation for easy ad-libbing.

That is the formula Miles Davis adhered to: theme, variations, theme. The burden of creativity was imposed almost entirely on the soloists; although a few of the tunes written for these dates became standards (Davis' "Four," Rollins' "Airegin" and "Oleo," for instance), it was for their improvisational passages that these sessions were and still are cherished.

There are exceptions. Paradoxically, the most striking work from an ensemble standpoint occurred during a very early date (March, '51) led by Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, introducing two compositions by George Russell. One of these, "Odjenar," contains elements of atonality and free jazz that would not become common currency for almost a decade. Another unconventional work is "Smooch," recorded with its composer, Charles Mingus, at the piano in a 1953 session. (Davis himself is heard on piano, briefly, in "I Know," backing Sonny Rollins.)

Altogether, 35 musicians can be heard, but with the exception of one track in which seven musicians participate, these were all quartet, quintet or sextet dates, in the course of which several major influences of the future are heard at developmental stages: Sonny Rollins at 21, Jackie McLean at 19. Davis was 24 when the first session was cut.

The date with the most organized sound was one for which Al Cohn brought in four arrangements of his own tunes and performed them with Zoot Sims and Davis, backed by a superb rhythm section: John Lewis, Leonard Gaskin, Kenny Clarke. (Lewis and Clarke were both explorers in the original Modern Jazz Quartet; the other two, Milt Jackson and Percy Heath, are heard elsewhere on two sessions apiece.)

So much history was made during the recording of these durable works that it is hard to single out any one occasion as preeminent. There was, for instance, the unique confrontation of Charlie Parker, switching to tenor sax, in a session opposite Rollins. No great "battle" ensued; it wasn't supposed to. Both men simply projected their respective personalities.

Of the 24 sides in this five-pound package, the last nine all display the personnel of what became Davis' regular group: John Coltrane on tenor, Red Garland on piano, Paul Chambers on bass and Philly Joe Jones on drums. Though Coltrane had not yet found the identity that would establish him as the most influential innovative force of the 1960s, there is frequent evidence of his growing skill, command and creative individuality.

It is on these sides, however, that Miles Davis became an ever more affecting and dominant presence, especially when using a mute and particularly in his ballad interpretations. As he later evolved into his modal period, rejecting the symmetrical song structure and familiar themes of the past and ultimately plunging into electronic rock, he scornfully rejected these 1950s pieces and refused requests to play them; yet it is a safe bet that "Round Midnight," "In Your Own Sweet Way," "My Funny Valentine" and "Something I Dreamed Last Night" will be played when his pitches for the brass ring of the best-seller charts, via fusion/funk, are long forgotten.

Conceived by Ralph Kaffel and produced by Orrin Keepnews, the album is beautifully produced, with a long, carefully documented biography of Davis and detailed session and track analyses, all by Dan Morgenstern. The photographs by Burt Goldblatt, Bob Parent and Jim Marshall also help bring you your $125's worth (or $99.95, or $80, or whatever discount your local dealer offers). But in these inflationary times it seems only fair that the 12 LPs should eventually be made available separately for the common man. Meanwhile, we wait breathlessly to see who will come up with the first $250 jazz album. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEF

"A CAPELLA III." The Singers Unlimited. Pausa 7076. Immaculately pure as ever, the quartet deals with 11 more of Gene Puerling's nonpareil arrangements. This would be another five-star set but for a few flaws in the choice of material. "Anything Goes" sounds dated, "Jeanie With the Light-Brown Hair" is a tiresome cliche song, and the vocalization of Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer" just doesn't quite come off. However, for "All the Things You Are" and all the other things they sing, four stars. —L.F.

Book Reviews

One Man's Pantheon of Jazz Albums

By LEONARD FEATHER

The 101 Best Jazz Albums: A History of Jazz on Records by Len Lyons (William Morrow: $17.95 hardcover, $9.95 paperback). Illustrated.

Lyons, a sensitive and broad-minded jazz critic, set himself a controversial task as soon as he decided on title and premise. One's immediate reaction is a comparison of the list he has drawn up with the list the reader would have compiled.

Picking flaws is not difficult. First, among the 101 albums there are only 68 artists listed: four by Herbie Hancock, yet none by Coleman Hawkins; three by Chick Corea and none by Benny Carter; two by Jelly Roll Morton and none by Jimmie Lunceford, Stan Kenton, Red Norvo or Joe Venuti. Most, but not all of these omissions are compensated for by a general discography of available, recommended albums at the end of each section.

Lyons has made his task more difficult by almost completely excluding anthological albums, those bringing together important artists who have something in common: LPs by various trumpeters, say, or cross sections representing a certain phase or facet of jazz history. To his credit is his total omission of the proliferating bootleg and pirate recordings, which he denounces as "not deserving recommendation, on moral grounds."

Of course, this is less a book about records than a chronologically designed, well-written, illustrated history of jazz, keyed to recordings. Drawing on the now almost innumerable book and magazine sources (but carefully crediting them in footnotes), he proceeds from a generally well-balanced introductory chapter ("What is this thing called jazz?") to long surveys dealing with ragtime, New Orleans, Dixieland, swing and the big bands, bebop, modern jazz, fusion and free jazz. Throughout, he displays a healthy eclecticism and grinds no axes.

Inevitably, in an undertaking of such magnitude, Lyons slips up here and there on certain details. In stating, for example, that Benny Goodman "played in Bessie Smith's first session and Billie Holiday's last," he has the truth upside down. But Lyons, who in 1976 received the first Ralph J. Gleason Memorial Fund award for jazz criticism, generally has his facts as intelligently in order as his evaluation.

When he deals with some of the current jazz/rock/soul/fusion material, Lyons becomes a little too indulgent. Surely, if he wanted to include Benson in his top 101 he could have found a more durable example than "Weekend in L.A.," one of the guitarist's pop-oriented sets. As for Corea, the inclusion of "Light as a Feather" is correct and logical, but "Where Have I Known You Before?" from Corea's first jazz-rock period and the rhythmically pleasing but generally lightweight "My Spanish Heart" scarcely belong in a panoply of 101 albums covering more than 60 years of recorded jazz history.

On the other hand, the first group ever recorded, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band (1917), is dismissed out of hand as stiff and commercial. Perhaps it was, but its historically unique contribution should earn a place in anyone's list.

The most inexcusable omission of all is Miles Davis' "Birth of the Cool," not merely one of 101 but arguably one of the 10 best jazz records of all time, and by all odds one of the most influential.

Such arguments could go on forever, but whether or not you approve all Lyon's selections and exclusions, you probably will agree that he has done a splendid job of research and has produced a uniquely valuable reference work.

Feather's latest book is "The Passion for Jazz," published by Horizon Press.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"DUKE ELLINGTON SONG BOOK TWO." Sarah Vaughan. Pablo 2312-116. Of the 11 tracks, only three are predictable visits with overworked songs. Vaughan does a beautifully eerie vocalese on Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge," rises above the self-consciously cute lyrics of "Everything but You," and is joined by Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson (alto sax and assistant voalsit) on the tongue-in-cheek Ellington words to "Rocks in My Bed." A variety of combo, big band and string ensemble settings accompanies the foremost diva of jazz. Four stars.

"GIANTS." Stephane Grappelli & Jean-Luc Ponty. Pausa 7074. A curious collection, drawn from various sessions (1966-79) by either of the French violinists. Only on "Pentup House," the first of the eight tracks, are they heard together. Ponty is in splendid pre-fusion form, especially on "Flippin," a pan-idiomatic, 12-minute unaccompanied solo taped live at the 1971 Berlin Festival. Grappelli, backed by sympathetic rhythm sections, is his usual unflappable swinging self. George Shearing plays on one cut. Three-and-a-half stars.

"CIVILIZED EVIL." Jean-Luc Ponty. Atlantic SD 16020. On the other hand, here is the Ponty of today, in a variously inventive and rock-weighted set with eight examples of his diverse talents as composer and orchestrator. Already on the pop charts, it presents little of the jazz violinist heard in "Giants" but plenty of the very vendible sound of 1980. Three stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"I'LL BE SEEING YOU." Billie Holiday. Commodore XFL 15351. Because an alternate take is included on all but one number, the LP includes 15 track but eight tunes. The alternates differ very little from the originals, but hearing double is justified when the duplicate doses are administered by the most heart-wrenching voice in jazz. Pianist Eddie Heywood leads a sextet on the title song and "I'm Yours," "Embraceable You," and "As Time Goes By"; on the B side he just has his rhythm section: John Simmons, bass, and Sid Catlett, drume. This was Lady Day at her zenith; "Billie's Blues" ("I Love My Man") is alone worth the admission price ($6.98). Four stars.

"ANCIENT DYNASTY." JoAnne Brackeen. Columbia JC 36593. Brackeen's second album for the CBS Tappan Zee label finds her in a quartet setting, with Joe Henderson on tenor sax, the astonishing Eddie Gomez on bass and Jack de Johnette on drums. There are only four cuts, all long originals by the pianist-leader: the dark, heatedly pulsing title number, the more reflective "Remembering," the quirky, early-Ornette Coleman theme of "Beagle's Boogie" with its mix of funk and modality; and finally the most adventurous track, "Pin Drum Song," with its incredible sax-and-piano parallel lines. Brackeen's technique and coordination are at their most impressive here. Why no liner notes? An album of such demanding music calls for a fuller explanation that might help both understanding and sales. Three-and-a-half stars.

"THE SECRET'S OUT." George Tidwell & Denis Solee. NJP 1001. The secret is that they play jazz in Nashville. Tidwell's trumpet and compositions, teamed with Solee's saxes and flute, make agreeable music in a 1960s vein, with modern touches on Woody Shaw's "Blues for Wood" and touches of humor, along with some odd staccato scatting, in "St. Thomas." Yes, they do play jazz in Nashville; at least three stars' worth.

"ETCETERA." Wayne Shorter. Blue Note LT 1056. Never previously released, this was made in 1965 when Shorter and his chief associate here, Herbie Hancock, were both working for Miles Davis. Shorter plays tenor sax only, on such original works as the somber, brooding title tune, an unconventional ballad called "Penelope" with a simple, affecting Hancock solo, and the haunting, misterioso "Indian Song" with superb bass work by Cecil McBee. Drummer Joe Chambers completes the quartet. Produced by Alfred Lion, this was prepared for reissue, and splendidly annotated, by Michael Cuscuna. Four-and-a-half stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

BILL EVANS 1929-1980

THERE WAS ONLY ONE Bill Evans, a fact that suddenly became clear a few weeks ago when we learned that he had died in New York at the age of 51. His unfailing lyrical virtuosity had been a part of the musical landscape for so long that perhaps he was taken too much for granted. He had few imitators but many admirers; as Marian McPartland put it, "Indirectly he inspired most of the piano-playing populace."

Evans had been the subject of a *CK* cover story as recently as this June, and readers who would like a more complete picture of the man and his artistry are invited to consult that story (or the previous Evans cover story in *CK*, March 1977). It seemed appropriate, however, to offer some special tribute, and so we asked the great jazz record producer Orrin Keepnews, who produced Evans' first two LPs as a leader and many of his other recordings over the years, to provide us with some reminiscences and reflections. Another viewpoint is offered by jazz journalist and *CK* columnist Leonard Feather.

The most important perspective, however, is that found in Evans' music itself. His personal problems were never reflected in his playing; and to the very end, though he was obviously ill, whenever he sat down at the piano his pain was transmuted to joy. Fortunately, he made a great many recordings during his lifetime, and it is the joy in his music that will live on.

— *CK*

Bill Evans: The Gentle Giant

By Leonard Feather

EXCERPT FROM the *Merv Griffin Show*, Sept. 23, 1980:

Griffin: Our next guest is considered one of the most influential piano soloists in the jazz world today, and his new album is called *We Will Meet Again*. Would you welcome the great Bill Evans!

Evans: I'm gonna change up on you. You know, directors always panic about what you're gonna play — "Don't play anything slow." I don't get a chance to play on shows like this too often, where I reach this many people, and I've been writing songs — they've been coming out lately like laying eggs. Every once in a while I'll go *[imitates chicken squawking]*, and there's a new tune! The last tune I wrote, I was calling for a while — because it was untitled — "the diddly-ah tune." Finally I realized it's formed mostly of one idea, over and over, and goes in different places. It seemed to be making more and more of a statement, the more we played it. So I would like to do this, which I think is a little more serious, maybe, for your audience. I won't improvise, just play two choruses of the melody. It's now called "Your Story."

• • • •

The above statement, unusually voluble by Bill Evans' almost taciturn standards, and the exquisite music that followed, would be less remarkable were it not for the fact that an audience of millions saw and heard it eight days after he died, at 51, in a New York hospital. One wonders whether, in referring to the rareness of a chance to be heard by a mass audience, he was aware that this might, in effect, become a posthumous performance.

All the obituaries referred to Bill Evans as a loner, and perhaps that was a consequence of the mood communicated by so much of his music. Yet he was in fact an articulate, often very talkative and witty man, capable of engaging in discussions on a seemingly limitless range of topics. There were times in his life when he was a happy family man; friends remember his joyous mood after his son Evan was born, five years ago. He also left an estranged wife and an adopted daughter. And he left too much unsaid, too many new expressions of beauty waiting to be stated. He and many others felt that his final trio, with LaBarbera and bassist Marc Johnson, was developing into the best he had ever led.

As I noted in my column in *CK* in January 1978, Bill Evans was born Aug. 16, 1929, in Plainfield, N.J. In his youth he studied violin and flute as well as piano. Mundell Lowe, the guitarist, recalls meeting him as early as 1945. "Bill was a flute major at Southeastern Louisiana College, playing piano on the side. Later that year I joined a band in New York, but after that, when Bill moved north, he and I had a trio, with Red Mitchell on bass. He was only about 18, but his piano style was already years ahead of its time."

After an Army hitch and a couple of jobs with minor bands, Evans began to attract some attention in jazz circles as a member of a quartet led by the clarinetist Tony Scott. In 1956, Mundell Lowe played a tape recording of Evans over the telephone for record producer Orrin Keepnews. This unorthodox introduction led to Evans' first trio date for Riverside Records (one of the tunes taped, "Waltz For Debby," would become a standard and the best known of Evans' many inspired compositions).

The trio session marked the beginning of a long association with Keepnews, a sensitive man who never put pressure on Bill to "commercialize" his style. According to Helen Keane, some 60 of the 90 albums on which Evans played were for Keepnews; Keane produced the others, for various labels.

The full, definitive impact of Bill Evans on the world scene was his tour with the Miles Davis Sextet. He was with Davis for less than a year, but during that time took part in the seminal album *Kind Of Blue*, with Davis, Cannonball Adderley, and John Coltrane. The record symbolized a retrenchment not only from the hard bop that was then prevalent, but also from the cycle-of-fifths chord system and toward modality.

The endorsement by Davis (his comment that "Bill Evans plays the piano the way I like to hear it played" was widely quoted over the years) led to Evans' gradual acceptance as a major new force in piano jazz. Students around the world became aware of this quiet, introverted man who, at a time when so many others were attacking the keyboard, only caressed it. The calm, reflective nature of his work was the very element that focussed attention on him. He had something in common with the gifted actor who, irritated by too much coughing in the audience, begins to speak his lines so softly that the audience is virtually obliged to subside into respectful silence.

After leaving Davis, Evans formed a full-time trio, and despite a number of ventures with augmented groups it was in that setting that he made most of his records and gained a personal image for the rest of his life. The most memorable trio, for many, was the one that recorded in June of 1961 with Paul Motian on drums and the extraordinarily subtle Scott LaFaro, who was almost an Evans counterpart, on bass. But weeks later LaFaro, 25, was killed in an automobile crash. It took a while for Evans to recover from the shock and assemble a comparable unit. His associations and rapport with bassists were quintessential to the success of every performance. Eddie Gomez, who was with him for a decade beginning in the mid-1960s, was perhaps closest to LaFaro in terms of his empathy with Evans.

Ironically, Bill's first major success in terms of popular impact was recorded with neither bass nor drums. The album *Conversations With Myself*, on Verve, for which he overdubbed a second and third piano part, earned him a Grammy award in 1963.

In a typically articulate statement in the liner notes, Bill commented: "There is a viewpoint which holds that any recorded music which cannot also be reproduced in natural live performance is a 'gimmick' and therefore should not be considered as a pure musical effort. I have a firm belief in the integrity of the idea upon which this album was conceived. . . . In my opinion the only solid and interesting question that the music-making here presents is . . . whether this should be regarded as a group or solo musical performance. I remember that in recording the selections, as I listened to the first track while playing the second, and the first two while playing the third, the process involved was an artificial duplication of simultaneous performance, in that each track represented a musical mind responding to another musical mind or minds.

"The functions of each track are different, and as one in speech feels a different state of mind [in] making statements than in responding to statements, or commenting on the exchange involved in the first two, so I feel that the music here has more of the quality of a 'trio' than a solo effort."

Inevitably, attempts were made to persuade Bill to commercialize his style, especially during his tenure with Columbia Records, where one executive referred to him as "an old-fashioned pianist." Of course, he never gave in, and if his career didn't reach the heights of the economic ladder, his conscience was clear and his income nevertheless consistent.

Several books of his original compositions and transcriptions of his solos have been published by The Richmond Organization [10 Columbus Circle, New York, NY 10019]. Some of his later music has been, and more is due to be, published by the company he shared with Helen Keane, Teneten Music [49 E. 96th St., New York, NY 10028].

Evans' appearance on the Griffin show was not his only posthumous contribution. According to Keane, an album he recorded a couple of years ago with Gomez on bass and Elliott Zigmund on drums will be released by Warner Bros. in January. Later, the same company will issue a set recorded live last summer at New York's Village Vanguard, featuring his last trio, with Marc Johnson and Joe LaBarbera. There may also be some suitable unreleased material recorded for Keepnews under Evans' previous contract with Fantasy.

Undoubtedly the Evans memorial tributes will continue, just as the albums, old and recent, will be with us, while Evans students all over the world will continue to mirror his influence. "He was a pure, beautiful soul," said Helen Keane. "Even when he was in the worst private torment, he kept on giving beauty to the world right up to the end. That's how we should remember him." ■

Bill Evans: The Early Recordings

By Orrin Keepnews

I FIRST HEARD Bill Evans almost 25 years ago, and in a most unlikely way: Mundell Lowe, who as a very professional guitarist should have known better, insisted on playing a homemade demo tape for my partner and myself *over the telephone!* We at least had the excuse of being almost amateurs in the jazz record business — we had begun the Riverside label on a small scale a couple of years before, but about the only thing of consequence we had done by 1956 was to sign Thelonious Monk.

But we did have the good taste to hear, despite the roughness of that tape and the very special distortion that the telephone always adds, that Mundell's young friend did indeed have something. As I recall, I then listened to Bill just a couple of times in clubs — he was playing the usual small and seedy New York bars, mostly in a quartet led by a clarinetist named Tony Scott — before signing him to a very mild exclusive recording contract. (In those days we used the printed form provided by the A.F.M. and paid only union scale — which was possibly a bit more than the average impoverished young independent jazz label did at the time.) So young musician met fledgling record company, and to begin with it did not seem like any sort of earth-shaking event. Which may show that you shouldn't judge by early appearances, because by the time Evans and Riverside parted company, nearly seven years later, we had brought into being some ten albums — most of them of real importance in the history of current jazz piano — and Evans had long been accepted as the major artist he was.

But when we went into a New York studio in September of '56 to make the first of those albums, I was mainly aware that this was an unusually unaggressive musician. It had taken me quite a while to persuade him to record. But that turned out to be nothing compared to what it took to get him back a second time: It was just short of 27 months between *New Jazz Conceptions* and the session that produced *Everybody Digs Bill Evans*. By that time, however, Bill had turned possibly the most important corner in his performing career. He had been discovered by Miles Davis, and had spent most of 1958 out on the road with the classic sextet that also included John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones.

In the two-years-plus between albums, Evans had blossomed incredibly. Don't misunderstand: On that first occasion he had made a very strong debut that stirred up much critical acclaim, and he had already written the celebrated "Waltz For Debby" (which appears in brief, almost fragmentary solo form on that first album). But then he had been a shy, self-deprecating, bebop-influenced youngster. Actually, a lot of the shyness and the insistence on putting himself down never went away; but playing with Miles changed a lot of things. It was the only extensive period of time Bill was to spend working with horns (and what horns!), which encouraged his tendency to play long, horn-like lines and for a while gave his music an aggressiveness it rarely had again. The clear approval of his colleagues in that band not only improved his self-esteem but also made the professional jazz community (which is one of the most snobbish in the world) start really listening to and accepting him.

The second album was recorded very shortly after Bill left the Davis band, and its rather flamboyant title (my idea, which Bill really didn't care for) was not much of an exaggeration. Of course, everything else aside, that session deserves to be remembered because it saw the creation of "Peace Piece." The strange story of how that came about is quite accurate: Searching at the piano to work up an introduction to the Leonard Bernstein show tune "Some Other Time" (the album repertoire had been preset, but details like overall length and introductions and the like were in those days routinely left open until we were ready to roll tape), Bill found that he'd gotten into something he liked better than that song and went on to record his own reflective, probably immortal improvisation.

The next thing that happened musically to Evans was Scott LaFaro. I hadn't really been aware of this mercurial young bassist until we began putting together Bill's first date with his new working group. Scotty apparently had just sort of come along, being one of several bass players who sat in during a formative trio gig at a New York club and turning out to be the one Bill decided to hire permanently.

Bill has spoken of his aim with this trio (Paul Motian was the extremely compatible drummer) as being to put all three members on the same level — a unified voice, in deliberate distinction from the normal piano-with-accompaniment trio. I don't think they ever quite fully succeeded, but they were getting closer to it (and Scott was becoming more and more brilliantly innovative) as they went along. It culminated in the Sunday afternoon and evening live recordings at the Village Vanguard on June 25, 1961, from which a version of each of the thirteen selections they played that day has been issued (I wasn't looking for two albums at the time, but there just wasn't anything you could throw away). Of course, with melodramatic timing worthy of a soap opera, that was the very last day that trio ever worked together: Less than two weeks later LaFaro was killed in a highway accident.

There were still two more years of recording Evans at Riverside in my life, but it's difficult not to think of the rest as faintly anti-climactic. Bill did very little playing, and most of that unaccompanied, for about a year, until the highly talented bassist Chuck Israels — then also a very brash and rather abrasive young man — helped bully him into full-scale recording and working activity. There were also two very strong non-trio records: a rather outgoing quintet album called *Interplay* that included trumpeter Freddie Hubbard and guitarist Jim Hall, and a quite lovely quartet set under Cannonball Adderley's leadership with the collaboration of bassist Percy Heath and drummer Connie Kay of the Modern Jazz Quartet. There were also, in Bill's life in the early 1960s, severe personal problems that rarely diminished the music but often made it hell to be his friend and record producer at the same time. Eventually, under all sorts of pressures, including the fact that Riverside was doing some financial stumbling of its own, I surrendered him to the eagerly waiting Creed Taylor, who was then producing jazz at Verve Records.

That was in 1963. Bill and I remained friends over the years, and at Fantasy in the early 1970s I even co-produced another Village Vanguard album by a Bill Evans trio, but by that time his recording career was being firmly and well handled by his longtime manager, Helen Keane. The earliest of Bill's records have almost all been available again for some time now (as reissues on the Milestone label, a project I am pleased to have been involved in), so that we can continue to have his work with us; there doesn't have to be any tasteless rushing out of "memorial" albums. And on a purely personal level, I'm glad to be able to concentrate on writing about the early days. It allows me to avoid for a while the reality of present-day loss, which is how I prefer it. ■

LOS ANGELES TIMES

CALENDAR

NOVEMBER 30, 1980

STAN KENTON: AN ENIGMA IN RHYTHM

BY LEONARD FEATHER

He has been gone well over a year, but Stan Kenton's towering shadow still looms large over the jazz world in which he remained, for 38 years, an impassioned, searching, cause-championing, always paradoxical figure.

Because the only previous book about him (Carol Easton's "Straight Ahead: The Story of Stan Kenton," published in 1973) has long been out of print, and because of the tremendous loyalty he engendered among his countless sidemen, and among the thousands of students who met him as an educator at jazz clinics, a comprehensive Kenton volume was long overdue. "Stan Kenton: Artistry in Rhythm," just published at $24.95 by Creative Press (Kenton's own organization), 6193 Rockcliff Drive, L.A. 90068, will fill the void.

The book offers a reminder of the many issues that swirled around Kenton's name and music. Some of its contents, along with the backgrounds of the author, Dr. William F. Lee, and the editor, Audree Coke, will be examined in another article next week. A full inspection of the Kenton phenomenon, however, calls for a familiarity with both books, and direct recollections of the subject himself.

Remembering Kenton, recalling the millions of words spoken and written about him, one runs into a mass of contradictions.

Most of the hundreds of musicians who worked for him and many others who were simply friends and admirers, found him thoughtful, generous, an inexhaustible source of energy who, though twice the age of many of his sidemen, would stand at the door of the bus helping to carry off their baggage.

His first wife, Violet, once said, "Stan was one of the most tender people I have ever encountered." On another occasion she remarked, "He feels he's the second Christ."

Singer Ann Richards, Mrs. Kenton No. 2, said, "He's a latent misogynist, and maybe not too latent. Maybe a little overt."

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IN SEARCH OF ALEXANDER

The elaborate bronze krater, at left, unearthed in 1962, is part of exhibition at the National Gallery's East Building. Below, a marble torso of Alexander as the god Pan. William Wilson's review of the show is on Page 104.

Book Review published separately

Stan Kenton, vocalist Jean Turner in 1962—the band bus was his true family.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A JAZZ PARADOX

Continued from First Page

Jo Ann Kenton, partner in the third and shortest Kenton marriage (all ended in divorce), said, "Stan is not a generous man. . he's some kind of symbol to people. There's something very godlike about him. If he told you to walk across water, you'd try."

Kenton's family life was turbulent. He was totally estranged for many years from his eldest daughter, Leslie; there were serious behavioral problems with his two children by Ann Richards, probably due to the unstable conditions under which they grew up. All of which points to the inescapable fact that Kenton had only one true family: the one that traveled on the bus. Music was his only socially successful life and it was with musicians that he had by far the best associations.

There were a few exceptions: Kenton was always close to his mother, who died only two years before him, in 1977, at the age of 86, and his relationship with Audree Coke was better and ultimately longer lasting than all three marriages combined. (Coke lived with Kenton for five years until his death in August of last year.)

There were also durable relationships with many of the faculty members and college students who came into his orbit as a consequence of his total commitment to the value of formal jazz education. In 1959 he established clinics for teen-age musicians at Indiana and Michigan State Universities; from that point on he and his band spent numberless nights or full weeks performing concerts and offering lectures and classes at colleges and schools. To these youngsters (some of them now close to middle age) Kenton remained a hero.

It was in the areas of race and politics that Kenton aroused the greatest furor, and here the improbabilities become bewildering.

On the one hand, Kenton was a staunch admirer of Gov. George Wallace, who stood in the schoolhouse door to prevent two blacks from registering at the University of Alabama. (In 1977, when Kenton suffered a fractured skull after a fall, resulting in extensive brain surgery from which he never fully recovered, one of the first solicitous calls about his condition came from the governor.)

On the other hand, when a promoter in Charleston, S.C., refused admission to Jean Turner, Kenton's black vocalist, Kenton furiously responded: "She is either going to sing, or I'm taking my band and we're going home." The chairman of the dance, who had said, "We don't allow niggers in here," was adamant. Kenton and his band packed up their things and walked out on the gig.

Kenton's idea of a great American was Spiro Agnew. He admired John Wayne and watched for every old Wayne movie on TV. He also idolized Earl (Fatha) Hines, even tried to study piano with him. The last nightclub outing before his death was spent listening to Hines.

Convinced that white musicians were not given their due, Kenton once fired off an angry telegram, published in Down Beat, expressing his "total disgust" at the predominantly black victories in a critics' poll, and claiming that there was obviously now "a new minority group: white jazz musicians." After Down Beat published an open letter I wrote to Kenton attacking his racial views, we did not speak for several years.

Stan Kenton

And yet Audree Coke remembers the night Duke Ellington died: "Stanley was onstage. When we heard the news during intermission, Stanley burst into tears. He went back, sat down at the piano and started quietly playing 'Take the A Train.'

"After that, the band used it as an encore almost every night, as his little tribute to Duke. He was shattered when that happened; he admired Duke totally and considered him, I quote, 'The Master of us all.' "

There was a comparable contradiction between much of Kenton's music—visionary,progressive, ambitious—coupled with his contemptuous attitude toward nostalgia and musical conservatism, and, on the other hand, his social and political beliefs, which were as far to the right as those of any jazz musician I ever met.

"I don't know where Stanley got his attitude toward blacks," says Audree Coke, thereby admitting that Kenton indeed had an "attitude." "It's not as if he were a Southerner," she added. "His family was from Colorado." But here again the inconsistencies emerge: Whatever his feelings about blacks in general or pride in white accomplishments, at a one-on-one level he behaved respectably. Contrary to popular belief, he did not exclude blacks from the band; during the 38 years perhaps 25 or 30 worked for him, and the relationships were generally good.

"Recording with him was a highlight of my life. He was so gracious and dynamic to me," says black bassist Joe Comfort, quoted in the new book. "His band was so musical and inspiring. He was looking to the future . . . His mind was in the same vein as Duke Ellington's . . . as far as I'm concerned, there will never be another Stan Kenton."

A black drummer, the late Jesse Price, who toured with the band briefly in the early years, said: "Stan told me a man was a man. He treated me like I was the same as he was. Stan's a wonderful person. *He just didn't know how to handle the situation.* So I left the band in Omaha, Neb."

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STAN KENTON

Continued from Page 75

Why did Stan Kenton not know how to "handle the situation"? Carol Easton summed it up eloquently:

"From early childhood, Stan was indoctrinated with (his mother's) philosophy of absolutes: right-wrong, good-evil, black-white, democracy-communism. Scratch the superficial veneer of sophistication and you find, at the core of the man, the provincial, chauvinistic, myopic, unshakable values of the quintessential WASP. Stan is a lifetime product and prisoner of the Puritan ethic; therein lies his strength and his weakness, his drive and his hangups, his greatest achievements and his most humiliating defeats. Abstractions carry more weight with him than people. He believes in motherhood, hard work, good women and bad women, the power of reason, the dangers of emotion, the free enterprise system and the American flag. Morally, the has no peripheral vision; a social conscience is 'that liberal crap.'

". . . Waspishness is, perhaps more than anything, an ability to tolerate contradictions. Stan's support of George Wallace can and does coexist with his sincere belief that 'a man is a man.' The data with which he was programmed 'in front' simply cannot accommodate an appreciation of the implications of being black in America."

It has been claimed by some critics that Kenton's music at times reflected his upbringing. There was a stern, Teutonic element in many of the arrangements: it seemed no coincidence that he admired Richard Wagner and once recorded an album of Wagner's music.

In such ponderous efforts as this, Kenton's music did not swing; yet it is absurd to claim that all his music failed as jazz because "it didn't swing." (Contrary to a statement in the "Artistry in Rhythm" introduction, critics were far from unanimous on this point.) When men like saxophonist Zoot Sims and drummer Mel Lewis were in the band in the mid-1950s, playing arrangements by Bill Holman and Gerry Mulligan, the band certainly swung in a manner recalling Woody Herman.

There were, in fact, few absolutes in the music, except that he was absolutely and irrevocably dedicated to the advancement of jazz. The lines along which it was to advance varied often, according to whether he was leading the early band with Kenton's own jumpy, staccato arrangements, or the "Progressive Jazz" ensemble of the late 1940s with charts by Pete Rugolo, or the 1950 "Innovations in Modern Music" behemoth, or the 1962 band with the odd instruments known as mellophoniums.

There was, in fact, no identifiable "Kenton sound." Only one facet of the man remained unchanged: his stubborn, indomitable spirit. He was a rebel, always with one cause or another. After 20 years of stalemate, when British and American musicians' unions had been at loggerheads, preventing American musicians from working in England and vice versa, it was Kenton whose efforts broke down the barrier. When the copyright laws needed updating, it was Kenton who went to Washington to lobby for justice. When jazz was a dirty four-letter word on the campuses, it was Kenton's tireless propagandizing that led up to the point at which college degrees were being offered in the once-outlawed art form.

Whatever our perspective on Kenton's wildly diversified legacy as bandleader, composer and person, none of us can claim that his life and contribution left us untouched. He was a physical and catalytic giant of a man about whom it was impossible to be neutral. □

Next week: The story behind the book; Dr. William F. Lee, Audree Coke and Stan Kenton.

KENTON: THE PARADOX IN PRINT

BY LEONARD FEATHER

PHOTO BY DORSEY HUDSON

Credited with the publication of 750-page book about the late bandleader Stan Kenton (left) are editor Audree Coke and author William F. Lee.

Second of two parts.

"Stan Kenton: Artistry in Rhythm," the book recently published by the bandleader's estate (Creative Press of Los Angeles), is a massive volume. With its endless text, its bibliography, discography, list of films, chronology and other sections, running to 750 pages, it is credited to Dr. William F. Lee as author and Audree Coke as editor.

Dr. Lee, 51, a distinguished academician, has been dean of music for 17 years at the University of Miami. A founder and past president of the National Association of Jazz Educators, he has received a dozen awards from ASCAP for his compositions.

"I first saw the Kenton band," Lee recalls, "when I was 16 and a freshman at North Texas State University. I didn't get to meet him until five years later, in 1950, when I was playing piano with Gene Krupa. "We kept in touch off and on over the years. In 1968, Stan and I co-produced a cavalcade of jazz for the American Psychiatric Assn."

The idea of a Kenton book was on his mind for many years and the work was well under way during the bandleader's lifetime; eight months before Kenton's death, Lee visited Los Angeles to spend a week interviewing him.

Clearly, then, Lee did his homework. Yet just as Carol Easton's "Kenton Straight Ahead" tended to underaccentuate the positive, telling readers too much of what they didn't want to hear, the posthumous "Artistry in Rhythm" all but eliminates the negative. "I decided to steer clear of all sensationalism," says Lee. "Stan didn't want a lot of stuff about his personal life."

But who, amid these reams of panegyrics and memorabilia in the new book, is Audree Coke?

Herein lies a story that interweaves closely with the Kenton saga. Working out of the Creative Age office Kenton founded in 1970, Coke has been PR woman, Stan's personal manager, his friend before, during and after their respective marriages (two of hers, three of his), and more than a friend when she lived with him and offered him solace and understanding during the five final, chaotic years of his life. She was at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa when the band made its bow, May 30, 1941; she was in the hospital room when Kenton died Aug. 25, 1979.

A chic blonde of 58, Audree Coke speaks with unsparing honesty about the man she loved, and about the book, of which she says, "I did nine-tenths of the work on it—and there are some things I'd change about it, if it were my own book. It's what I call a non-book, an assembled book, which is the easy way to go. The only warmth it has is in the anecdotes told by musicians. But it's going well; I've already gotten rid of half of the first 5,000 I had printed."

The reason is clear: Though Lee injected little of himself or of his own writing, he or Coke collected tape-recorded quotes from about half of the 500 musicians from whom they had solicited replies. Many speak with eloquence and humor about Kenton, the band and life on the road. Then there are innumerable reprints of reviews and interviews from scores of magazines; 64 pages of photographs, and thumbnail biographies of countless sidemen. What more could a devoted Kentonologist want?

Time and again, Kenton alumni tell us that Stan was like a father to them. Coke observes drily, "I told Bill Lee, if I read one more time that Stanley was a father figure, I was gonna be sick; because this is nonsense. Stanley didn't try to be a father figure. He was a manipulator; he liked power, couldn't leave people's lives alone, and when they came on the band, young and impressionable, they were willing to be led. That's what these people were talking about when they said father figure."

Few of his admirers could know Stanley Newcomb Kenton better than Audree Coke. "I met Stanley just before he got that first job in Balboa. I was just out of school, working as a newspaper reporter and going with Jimmy Lyons, who announced the radio remotes from Balboa." (Coke was married for five years to Lyons, later famous as the founder of the Monterey Jazz Festival.)

What impressed Coke immediately, aside from the originality of the music, was the charisma of the leader. "I saw his intensity, the extreme desire to do something. Oddly, at first he was afraid of leading the band; he thought of having someone else out front, so he could just write the music. He felt awkward. Other leaders like Artie Shaw were celebrities; Stanley felt he didn't have that quality." It was soon apparent that he was wrong.

Coke became a Kenton groupie, seeing the band through thick (the initial Balboa success, the Hollywood Palladium soon after) and thin—memorably the first New York booking at Roseland Ballroom. "The band was booked for six or eight weeks, but the people there wanted rhumbas and tangos so they could dance. So Stanley went in with his West Coast sound, unable to play for dancing, and it was a dismal failure; they canceled the contract after 10 days or so."

Kenton, never discouraged, induced great trust among the believers. During one early fallow period, Dave Dexter, an eager young critic, helped Stan meet the payroll by drawing out $800, his life's savings. Audree and Jimmy Lyons made loans too; they all were repaid.

As soon as the band switched to a new Hollywood company, Capitol Records, and recorded Kenton's own "Artistry in Rhythm" on its first 1943 date, the slump ended. In classic movie-plot style, success led to overwork, mental strain, marital problems, and the breakup of the band. "Stanley worked so hard on those one-nighters, he had a sort of nervous breakdown. They were in Tennessee and he just got in the car, started driving, and for three or four days he was a missing person. Finally he called. Then he stayed home and spent most of 1948 and '49 in retirement."

Kenton next came up with his "Innovations in Modern Music" concept, the 40-piece orchestra with strings. In the eyes of many critics, he thus became a sort of latter-day Paul Whiteman; however, instead of almost burying his jazz soloists as Whiteman tended to, Kenton had whole works written around them, even named for them: "Art Pepper," "Shelly Manne," "Maynard Ferguson." The early Kenton writers (Pete Rugolo, Bob Graettinger, Bill Russo) anticipated by many years the jazz/classical fusion that would be rediscovered around 1960 under the guise of Third Stream Music.

The "Innovations" lost money but earned prestige, just as the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra, another grandiose Kenton dream, fell apart after two seasons in 1965-6 at the Los Angeles Music Center.

Despite the economic failure of the Neophonic, it too has outlived the maestro. An album made in 1965 in which Kenton conducts works by John Williams, Russ Garcia and others has just been reissued by Kenton's still thriving Creative World.

It was a year after the establishment of Creative World that Kenton's health began to fail. When he was ill, the band toured under the baton of other musicians. By 1975, he was back in full swing, conducting at least 100 clinics a year, including four week-long summer residencies on college campuses.

Ironically, Kenton never got to appear at the Monterey Jazz Festival, organized by his old friend and supporter Jimmy Lyons. Two weeks before he was finally set to play there, in 1972, he suffered a near-fatal aneurysm; the band worked without him.

Stan was on tour when he took his fall in May, 1977. To this day nobody knows whether he suffered a stroke or simply tripped and fell; whatever the cause, his fractured skull spelled the beginning of the end. The doctors warned him that he needed at least 18 months to recuperate, but Kenton's restless fighting instinct sent him back on the road in January, 1978, just seven months after the brain surgery.

I saw him for the last time in July at Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where he took part in a big-band marathon. "The emotional high point of the day," I wrote in The Times, "was the ovation accorded Stan Kenton, perhaps for his courage in appearing at all."

On Aug. 13, he gave a farewell address at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa. This was the final night of a week-long clinic. He described the events after the accident: the night when he couldn't tell the doctor his name or profession, the long road back as he very slowly and partially recovered his memory. After concluding by announcing that this was

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THE KENTON PARADOX

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the last week of the tour, he added: "After a certain period of time, I'll be back together with the band, and we'll be doing greater music."

Now it can be told. "Actually," says Audree Coke, "Stanley had no intention of reorganizing. He had decided to retire.

"We thought he had perhaps five years left. Unfortunately, we miscalculated by just four years."

Kenton's last months were quiet, tinged with pathos, relieved only by the comfort Audree Coke brought to his once-tumultuous life. "He'd work at the piano a few hours every day. He wrote one new ballad, which I hope to hear eventually—it's called 'Audree.' One day he started on an elaborate arrangement of the 'St. Louis Blues.' He began a couple of original pieces, but was unhappy with them and shoved them aside."

His life was shortened by the failure to take care of himself. The years of heavy drinking had taken their toll. "Stanley wasn't interested in physical exercise. He had no hobbies; he didn't eat properly, he never slept enough, he just drove himself all the time."

The end came eight days after he suffered a massive stroke, a year and five days after the band had played its final job.

For all his financial setbacks, Kenton did not die a poor man. He left eight corporations, better than half-a-million dollars, divided among his children and Audree Coke, who is still helping to settle the estate. He also left strict instructions in his will that there was to be no ghost band; he despised the orchestras under the names of swing era bandleaders that have no real connection to the original. He even vetoed the resumption of the Stan Kenton clinics.

He could not, of course, prevent the name from living on. It survives in the 60 albums, most of them now available again on his own Creative Age label; in the musical arrangements played every day by college bands; in the memorial scholarships set up in his name, and now in the book to which he personally gave his blessing.

According to his will, Stan Kenton seemingly wanted to be ignored after his death, but today he is better remembered than ever. In the story of this enigmatic personality whose life was riddled with inconsistencies, this was the final paradox. □

MARLENA SHAW AT NEW OL' NEW YORKER

By LEONARD FEATHER

12/4

Can the San Fernando Valley accommodate an upper-class supper club with a policy antithetical to that of the Palomino? Time, and the Ol' New Yorker, will tell. Now under new and sophisticated management (Candi Wise and Arlene Goldberg), this room on Riverside Drive near Whitsett reopened Tuesday with Marlena Shaw, first in a series of name singers.

It has been encouraging to follow Shaw's development since her early days with the Count Basie Band. Her jazz roots are still strong and valuable but her show Tuesday succeeded on other levels. She is as much an actress as a singer. Given her penchant for sardonic introductory raps before certain songs, her hip and infectious personality and natural comedic/dramatic sense, it is surprising she has not yet made inroads as a television or movie actress.

Tall and strikingly decorative, Shaw is not only a first-rate singer but a consistently funny lady; not in the Fanny Brice sense but more in the manner of a contemporary Pearl Bailey. Coincidentally,she shares another attribute with Bailey; a pair of hands so gracefully eloquent that they almost tell the lyrics in sign language.

Her set was neatly sliced down the middle, starting with several pop classics before Larry Gales switched from upright to Fender bass and drummer Ralph Penland supplied a rock beat for the newer tunes that followed. Her record hit, "Go Away, Little Boy," was, as always, a show-stopper.

Pianist Webster Lewis, leader of the accompanying quartet, might be advised to curb saxophonist Rusty Rustadd, whose loud, amplified alto on "People" and a couple of other numbers all but took the spotlight from Shaw. Rustadd redeemed himself in tunes on which he played flute, offering the discreet backing that should have prevailed throughout.

The group's strongest card is Gales, whose supple solo on "My Funny Valentine" led into a masterful performance by Shaw. She mixed in a touch of bitter with the sweet in her honey-and-vinegar reading, adding a few lyrics of her own as is her wont.

The vocal horizon would provide a more pleasant sight and sound if Marlena Shaw's unique blend of vocal assurance and verbal wit were a common coinage. She will be at the Ol' New Yorker through Dec. 13 (off Sunday and Monday). Fran Jeffries opens Dec. 16 for a week.

MAYNARD FERGUSON

Continued from First Page

double on various instruments, notably Jeff Kirk on alto and soprano, and Ed Maina on flute and piccolo.

The repertoire ranged from Boz Scaggs' "You Can Have Me Anytime" to an uproarious enlargement of Joe Zawinul's "Birdland." A new, original, "Dance to Your Heart," had occasional samba overtones but lacked the graceful lyricism of Brazilian music.

Near the end there was a medley in which the inevitable, fulsome "Maria," played an egregious role. Ferguson knows his audience well after all these years, and would be foolish not to offer what has pleased them so long. If the overall performance did not represent the subtler textural elements in big-band jazz, it was at least delivered with skill, panache and impeccable musicianship.

Hank Crawford opened with an agreeable, unduly short set, for which he doubled on electric keyboard and alto sax. There were sound problems for a while, but once the rhythm section got itself together this was a fine performance, notable for the leader's soulful horn work and the guitar of Calvin Newborn, Phineas Newborn's brother. Highlights were an old Sweets Edison blues, "Centerpiece," Mel Torme's "The Christmas Song" and Slide Hampton's "Frame for the Blues" (taken, oddly enough, from an old Maynard Ferguson record).

Next on the Gardner-Levy schedule at the Pavilion is McCoy Tyner on Feb. 20.

FRIDAY/CALENDAR

December 12, 1980 Los Angeles Times Part VI

JAZZ REVIEW

FERGUSON IN FINE FETTLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

"It's My Time" is the name of the recent Maynard Ferguson album, and indeed it is. This was made unmistakably clear Wednesday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion when the trumpeter headlined a concert presented by Amani Gardner and Stan Levy.

Ferguson was showered with "whereases" by an emissary from the mayor's office, who assured him that this was Maynard Ferguson Day. A delegate from Columbia Records presented him with a gold disc for his LP "Conquistador." And to top it all off, Ferguson came close to shattering the chandeliers with an arrangement of John Lennon's "Hey Jude" that had the audience in a state of levitation.

Ferguson, in black suit and white hair, arms wildly outstretched at every screaming finale, is the preeminent showman. He shows off so much, in fact, with his glass-breaking high notes and Nick Lane's eardrum-testing arrangements, that one tends at times to overlook a central fact: Beneath the pomp and pretension there stands, half hidden by his own sonic overkill, a superlatively talented musician. He played trumpet, fluegelhorn, a strange bastard horn called the valve/slide trumpet, and even, very briefly, soprano saxophone. His control throughout was enviable.

A lack of dynamic variety has always been his problem with the band, but there was one noteworthy interlude that reminded us how easily it can be remedied.

This was "Everybody Loves the Blues," which began with Ferguson backed only by his brilliant guitarist, Tom Rizzo, who also spelled him with a fiery unaccompanied solo. For a few minutes, energy and volume gave way to passion and prudence. Eventually the full orchestra joined in, with Nick Lane taking a solo on the superbone, a combination valve and slide trombone. Toward the end, there was more tension than invention, but the tune as a whole hung together well, showing the talents of both Ferguson and his young, enthusiastic band.

These musicians, many of them not long out of college, evince a rare and exciting maturity. The four trumpeters and two trombonists constitute a brass team of pinpoint accuracy. The three saxophonists

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TIMES PHOTO BY GARY FRIEDMAN

Trumpeter Maynard Ferguson was in chandelier-shattering form Wednesday evening at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion of the Music Center.

IN KENTON'S CORNER 12/15

I read with great interest Leonard Feather's articles on Stan Kenton (Calendar, Nov. 30 and last Sunday). Stan was a friend to me and I wrote several works for his Neophonic Orchestra which were performed at the Music Center. I knew him as an upright fighter for humanity and human rights, for justice, for the oppressed (be it jazz or people or ideas) and an original, extremely talented jazz man, without whom the concept of jazz would not be complete. To spend so much time on his not conforming to the discredited leftist points of view of the so called "liberals" is wrong. He was a true, classic liberal who did not care about "fashionable" swimming pool politics and I am proud of him.

TOMMY VIG
Studio City

I have to take exception to Leonard Feather's contention in his article on the new biography of Kenton that my own book, "Straight Ahead: The Story of Stan Kenton," "tended to underaccentuate the positive." Kenton's injunction to me, witnessed by most of the members of his band (on the bus one night) was, "Write the truth. I'm not afraid." There were, as Feather pointed out, many contradictory truths about Kenton. I included them all. When the book was published, everyone who knew Stan well, including Audree Coke, told me they considered it to be balanced and fair.

Kenton's very human flaws made his achievements all the more impressive. To idealize his memory by ignoring the price that he and his family paid for his success is to do the man, and the truth, a disservice.

CAROL EASTON
Redondo Beach

ALBUM REVIEW

12/15

WEATHER'S FINE IN FUSION LP

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"NIGHT PASSAGE." Weather Report. Columbia JC 36793.

Weather Report's 10th album in as many years is one of its most masterfully crafted and possibly the most accessible of them all in terms of popular appeal.

Joe Zawinul's command of textures, not only at the synthesizer but in his use of the entire group's coloristic possibilities, has never been more vividly displayed than in such originals as the title tune and the concluding "Madagascar." He composed five of the eight cuts; the others are Wayne Shorter's "Port of Entry," with its Latin-space-music aura; Jaco Pastorius' "Three Views of a Secret," and the ringer in this set, "Rockin' in Rhythm."

Composed and recorded in 1930 by Duke Ellington, "Rockin' in Rhythm" is notable for the orthodox swinging of Shorter's tenor, and for the amazing degree to which Zawinul succeeds in synthesizing the Ellington band's ensemble sound.

The success of this and other cuts is due in no small measure to Peter Erskine. That he brought to this group a jazz background as big band drummer (with Kenton and Maynard Ferguson) becomes more evident and more significant in the new LP. "Night Passage," for instance, opens with a straight, kicking four-beat behind a surprisingly tonal theme.

The slow, stately "Dream Clock" is the only track on which Shorter switches from tenor to soprano sax. He is afforded enough space to establish himself, warmly and vibrantly in "Dream Clock," swiftly and ferociously on tenor in "Fast City."

Joe Zawinul composes and works the synthesizer for Weather Report.

Pastorius, again, is a phenomenon in his bass forays, notably in tandem with the percussionists (Robert Thomas Jr. on hand drums and Erskine) in the Shorter piece.

One can only hope that Weather Report, after undergoing numerous meteorological shifts over the past decade, will retain its present personnel indefinitely. More than any other unit in contemporary music, this unique ensemble is bringing genuine meaning to the much maligned term fusion. Four-and-one-half stars. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS 12/15

"JINGLE BELL JAZZ." Various Artists. Columbia PC 36803. A welcome reissue, this Christmas anthology needs no more recommendation than a few samples of its contents: Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea duetting on "Deck the Halls," with Woody Shaw; Duke Ellington's orchestra in a bristling Mercer Ellington arrangement of "Jingle Bells"; Carmen McRae's elegant rendering of "The Christmas Song"; Dave Brubeck and Paul Desmond in "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town," and Miles Davis introducing singer-composer Bob Dorough in "Blue Xmas," Dorough's humorous tirade against the commercialization of the holiday. The ultimate Christmas album, and not only for jazz fans.

—LEONARD FEATHER