



CALENDAR

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Television, we constantly remind ourselves, has a philistine, negligent attitude toward the lively arts. Not for nothing was the term boob tube coined. Among the arts it overlooks, none is more regularly neglected than jazz.

Even public TV, despite a special or series now and then, has been derelict in its duty toward our indigenous art form. Yet a stirring in the airwaves indicates a new upward movement in the curve.

A little more than a week ago, it was possible to watch KCET Channel 28 and hear, on three successive evenings, no fewer than six hours of jazz: five programs covering every phase from Dixieland to bebop.

First, and perhaps most significantly, there was a delightful example of the surviving youth factor in jazz. The 20-member Pierce College Jazz Choir from Woodland Hills was presented in an hour of vocalized big-band sounds, gospel, Brazilian and blues.

With a library that encompassed "Sweet Georgia Brown" (Harlem, vintage 1926) and "Agua de Beber" (Rio, circa 1965), these youngsters achieved a flawless blend, radiated enthusiasm and confidence, and reflected credit on Gerald Eskelin, who writes their arrangements and conducts them (he founded the choir eight years ago).

The ensemble displayed another virtue currently in short supply: team spirit. The togetherness was more relevant than the occasional solos, though there was at least one special charmer in the person of Dee Dee Bellson, whose

ALL THAT JAZZ ON TV: FINALLY ON THE UPSWING

BY LEONARD FEATHER

parents happen to be Louie Bellson and Pearl Bailey of Northridge.

This form of vocal music was almost extinct, but the Pierce College success has been contagious. Other colleges and high schools around the country are organizing jazz choirs.

As if to emphasize the across-the-board nature of jazz, the program was immediately followed by a half-hour of Earl (Fatha) Hines. The grandsire of swing piano, who will be 75 Dec. 28, led his quartet in a performance taped at the Nice Festival ("Grande Parade du Jazz"). He brought to the keyboard the same elan and technical wizardry displayed on his 1927 recordings. Hines, too, has a universal message; all he needs is the exposure.

The following evening, Deke Simon, producer of the Pierce College show, offered another KCET special, taped recently for local use, by Buddy de Franco and Terry Gibbs. As their highly charged bebop quintet raced through "Airmail Special," it was like hearing an old Benny Goodman and Lionel Hampton tape set to fast forward. De Franco is the ultimate jazz clarinetist, and Gibbs on vibraphone is his logical counterpart.

Immediately afterward, a rerun of "Big Band Bash" provided a heady view of a scene that is far from moribund. In this

1975 panorama, ample footage was allotted to Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson, Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Hines again (this time fronting a big band), and to priceless black-and-white film clips of Duke Ellington, Claude Thornhill and Count Basie. Running to 135 minutes, "Big Band Bash" is a cornucopia that deserves to be shown as a refresher class at least once every semester.

Less than 24 hours later, the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band was seen in a 90-minute special. Now, any purist who hears that George Segal, playing banjo, and Conrad Janis of "Mork & Mindy" on trombone, are co-leaders of a septet may be tempted to flip the dial. His doubts will be aggravated by the information that Bill Bogle, the cornetist, is a language teacher; that Russ Reinberg, clarinetist on "My Gal Sal," sells sporting goods, and that the bassist, Sheldon Keller, is a closet television writer.

Such misgivings are forgotten when the BHJJB gets down to business. True, the only professional musicians in the combo are the drummer, Allen Goodman (who, in any case, is mainly active as operator of the Mulberry Street restaurant in Studio City), and Arnold Ross, the pianist. But Segal, Janis and Company take their avocation seriously.

Three of them also sing. About their vocals, well, they sound as if they were entertaining during a party at the unlisted home of one of their Beverly Hills friends. No matter. The instrumental passages are just fine in the good-time spirit that marks the Dixieland era they represent.

The KCET three-night stampede (Dec. 3-5) was no one-time accident. On the schedule for Saturday night was a half-hour by B.B. King at the Newport Jazz Festival. This evening at 7, you may hear guitarist George Benson play, and join Quincy Jones in a discussion of black influence in the recording industry. This is a segment of the ongoing series "From Jumpstreet: A Story of Black Music," with host Oscar Brown Jr., most installments of which are strongly jazz-oriented.

I have saved the best news for last. "JazzAmerica," a series of at least four TV specials, will be presented in 1981 (with the help of the National Endowment for the Arts and ARCO) by KCET, with Lincoln Center in New York and National Public Radio co-producing.

Mass-directed television is 30-odd years old, and to this longtime skeptic it looks as though the drought is over.

Network TV? That's another matter. The nonpareil guitarist Joe Pass finally made the "Tonight" show last week. He was on at 12:23 a.m. and off at 12:26 a.m. In the haste to dispose of him, someone turned on the applause sign several seconds before he was through. Moral: Support your local Public TV station. □



PHOTO BY STEVE KAGAN

Judy Roberts' ambition is to "reach a lot of people who wouldn't ordinarily listen to jazz . . ."

A DATE WITH JUDY ROBERTS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"You know," said Judy Roberts, "a lot of lady interviewers want me to say that I've been horribly discriminated against, that it's been really hard being a woman in the music business; but the truth, I've found, is just the opposite. In most cases if a guy and a girl go to get a job, they'll probably give it to the woman, just because she's a commercial commodity. So I figure, it they're gonna exploit me, I'll exploit them right back and take the gig."

Judy Roberts—former self-styled class hippie at a Chicago high school and drummer in the school band, former resident pianist for five years at the London House, present owner of a spot on the jazz charts with her album "The Other World" (Inner City IC 1088), speaks with authority. She also speaks with great rapidity, as if she had just emerged from a six-week crash course in speed-talking.

Although it was not until the success of her record that the American jazz audience at large became aware of her, Roberts is no newcomer. Now a few years into her 30s, she has been playing the nightclub circuit—half the year in Chicago and the rest on the road—for so long that her reputation as a new discovery has ironic overtones.

"My father, Bob Loewy, is a jazz guitarist who wrote arrangements for Fletcher Henderson and played with Art van Damme," said the quondam Judith Loewy. "So I was born into that scene, and by osmosis I learned thousands of songs; my dad and I would go through all the song books—Cole Porter, Ellington, Rodgers & Hart—and in my spare time I'd listen to records by Bill Evans and Oscar Peterson until I could duplicate them note for note."

Sexism in reverse helped her land the first professional engagement. "I went to a gig with this bass player I was dating—I was 17—and the piano player didn't show up, so guess who jumped in? The club owner thought it was such a phenomenon to have a lady piano player that he forced the band to fire their pianist and hire me. How's that for discrimination?"

That was the start of her career, though she had not yet seen the end of her education. Her high school grades were so good that she was offered scholarships to two colleges, but turned them down in favor of a tour with a musical revue. Later, she attended Chicago Teachers' College for one semester, and subsequently two impatient years at Roosevelt U., where she would sneak out of classes to practice or work up arrangements in a music room.

She studied music officially for a while, but because of the long years of informal ear-training with her dad her reading ability has remained limited. "As far as classical training, I can't even finger a scale correctly."

If the acquisition of a piano style and technique came about casually, the start of her career as a singer was

even more torturous. "I was playing in some sleazy bar in a Chicago suburb and a customer asked me to sing 'Fascination.' I told him timidly that I didn't sing at all. Well, the bartender, who was a friend of this character, took a gun out of the cash register, slammed it down on the bar and said, 'Sing "Fascination." So I figured I'd sing and live.

"After that experience, I thought to myself, hell, if I can sing that, I may as well do some of my favorite songs. So the next song I learned was Annie Ross' 'Twisted,' which is one of the longest, toughest lyrics to learn. In those days you didn't find all the lyrics printed on the back of the album. So I had to listen to 'Twisted' a zillion times before I got it all down."

She has qualifications about her power as a vocalist, even though her singing has been central to the success of the album. "I never thought I had a real voice, and still don't believe I have a vocal instrument like Ella or Sarah. However, I have real good phrasing, my intonation is OK, and I know how to deliver a lyric; so at least I now enjoy hearing myself, even though there are times when I'd love to open my mouth and hear a real Barbra Streisand power thing happening."

Her record career took some 15 years to get off the ground, a situation she attributes to "bad record karma." When she was 19, Ray Brown, then in Chicago with the Oscar Peterson trio, was impressed with her work. "Ray wanted to manage me; we did an album together, which he produced, for Limelight. They signed me, and the moment we finished making our album, the light went out at Limelight; the label folded. But can you imagine me, listening worshipfully to Oscar Peterson and then getting to record with his bassist? That was like starting at the top, and from then on, everything was downhill.

"In 1974 my manager and Neal Seroka, my guitarist, came out to Los Angeles with me to try to get a pop record contract with Warner Bros. But it became revolting to me; I found it degrading what one had to go through to become a pop star. Art for art's sake has to go completely down the drain."

Disgusted, Roberts returned to Chicago, where she had a big following. She formed a combo and decided to put out her own album on her own label. "Neal and I—we're partners—produced it, did the art work and everything. I shlepped the records around, bringing them to the stores, and sold 10,000 copies in Chicago alone, right out of the trunk of my car."

These developments reached the attention of Irv Kratka, head of Inner City Records in New York. Kratka took over the rights to the record and signed Roberts to a three-record contract. "The Other World" is her first release under that arrangement.

So much happens in the course of the nine songs that there might have been a danger of spreading herself too thin by trying to please everyone. Instead, the eclecticism has paid off by providing something for a wide range of tastes. On the title tune, and again on "Rainbow in Your Eyes," she sings wordlessly while playing the synthesizer. Horace Silver's "Senor Blues" is an appealing crossover track; Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight" is simply Roberts singing, backed only by her sensitive piano.

The surprise cut is "Last Tango in Paris," which she sings in English and French, despite the fact that the song originally had no French lyrics. "I do speak some French, and a good friend of mine, a professor at Northern Illinois University, who has been enchanted with the song for years, put words to it especially for me."

Roberts' use of the electric keyboards and synthesizer is a development that grew out of necessity. "Around 1970, when I'd been at the London House for quite a while, I realized that was the only club in town that had a great piano. So, given a choice between a horrible, beat-up grand and a perfectly well kept, in tune, working electric piano, I decided to go electric."

Roberts feels that her belated success via the LP has put her in a position of potential influence. "My bizarre goal," she says, "has been to cross over to the point where you can reach a lot of young listeners, people who wouldn't ordinarily listen to jazz, and then throw Thelonious Monk or Horace Silver at them.

"We played a club in Michigan once where the people, I swear, had never heard of Duke Ellington. So I started playing 'Take the A Train' and all the other stuff, and now when I go back there, they request all those tunes.

"So that's my little mission in life—to bring Duke and Horace Silver and all those other great people to the 18-year-old girls." □

TIMES PHOTO BY CON KEYES



Guitarist Pat Metheny plays solo number during his appearance—with several sidemen—at McCabe's.

PAT METHENY TAKES TO INTIMATE SETTING

By LEONARD FEATHER

The concert presented by Pat Metheny Monday evening at McCabe's in Santa Monica differed strikingly from some of his previous local appearances. The venue, much smaller and more intimate than the Santa Monica Civic where he was reviewed last year, was an advantage. The personnel were totally different and closer to straight jazz.

The sidemen were Dewey Redman on tenor sax, Charlie Haden on bass and Paul Motian on drums. Perhaps coincidentally, all three were members of the Keith Jarrett Quartet in the middle and late 1970s. The character of this group, however, is closer to that of the Ornette Coleman combo of which both Haden and Redman are alumni; the sketchy, quirky themes, played in unison, recalled some of Coleman's early works.

Metheny's astonishing technique at times is put to sparkling use, particularly when he gets into a hard-driving jazz bag with a solid four-beat support from bass and drums. At times he uses too much reverb, and on the third of the evening's six long numbers he switched guitars and resorted to thin, whining synthesizer effects.

Redman provided some of the most affecting moments, notably on a harmonically attractive unidentified ballad in which he used occasional staccato notes reminiscent of Sonny Rollins. Haden's mastery of the upright bass is just about unsurpassed; Motian, when not soloing excessively, worked well with him, providing

more of a steady jazz pulse than in their Jarrett days.

The quartet suffered from insufficient, in fact almost nonexistent, interplay between Metheny and Redman. When the latter soloed, Metheny, for the most part, laid out, and during Metheny's solos Redman was not even on stage. Two such gifted performers surely could have found ingenious ways to cross swords, by ad-libbing simultaneously or by supporting one another. They were heard together only in brief opening and closing statements.

In short, a high level of artistry called for a greater measure of togetherness. It's too bad the combo's short tour has ended; perhaps with time to work it out, they could have welded this into a unit more completely worthy of their musicianship.

PLUCKING FOR PLEASURE IN A PASTA PALACE

By LEONARD FEATHER

A new group, formed casually and due to be heard only rarely, has been organized around the guitars of John Pisano and Oscar Castro Neves, best known for their work with the Tjuana Brass and Sergio Mendes respectively.

In those bands they played in large halls for mass consumption; at Mulberry Street, comfortable Studio City pizza room where they have worked the past two Wednesdays, they play for their own and each other's pleasure. The difference is incalculable.

Both men are virtuosos; both employ amplification so slight that the effect is virtually acoustic. Castro Neves prefers a lighter, more attenuated sound, but the blend of the two guitars is enchanting and their interplay constantly fascinating.

Though most of the songs have a Latin beat of one kind or another, the sources are diverse. After Stevie Wonder's "Looking for Another Pure Love," they played the haunting Argentinian waltz "Some Time Ago," several Brazilian tunes and two original bossa no-

vas by Pisano. One seemed so ideally suited to the Latin pulse that it could have been written by Antonio Carlos Jobim, though in fact it was Chopin's Prelude No. 5 in C Minor, based on a harmonic pattern ideal for improvisation.

The understated beauty of this inspired pair was supported by the solid bass of Chuck Domanico and the often subliminal percussion (mostly congas and cowbells) of Ron Powell.

Along with the artistry there were touches of humor. During the second set Powell brought out a cuica and played a solo on "One-Note Samba"—probably the only song, aside from "C-Jam Blues," capable of being performed on this minimally melodic instrument.

Whether one man is soloing while the other feeds him gentle rhythmic accents or both are engaged in intricate unison or harmony lines, Castro Neves and Pisano are as compatible as Castor and Pollux. Their partnership, combined with the ambience provided by an attentive audience at Mulberry Street, will be suspended over the holidays but starting Jan. 7 they will resume as Wednesday regulars.

JAZZ

BIG BAND SOUND
WITH FRESH COLOR

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"BOB BROOKMEYER WITH MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA." Gryphon G-912. "BOB BROOKMEYER AND FRIENDS." Columbia PC 36804.

That Mel Lewis lost an invaluable partner when Thad Jones quit as co-leader of their band is beyond question. However, Bob Brookmeyer, who wrote for the band occasionally in its early years, now brings to the Lewis ensemble a fresh and strikingly attractive character.

The "shape, form, color, attitude and structure" to which Brookmeyer refers in his liner notes are present in this set of his six original works (and his arrangement of "Skylark"), recorded live at the Village Vanguard.

The three pieces on the first side, "Ding, Dong Ding," "First Love Song" and "Hello and Goodbye," were lovingly crafted and beautifully textured, with ample room for solos by pianist Jim McNeely and three of the saxophonists. It is on the B side that the album reaches its zenith, with Brookmeyer himself on valve trombone and Clark Terry on fluegelhorn as guest soloists.

In "El Co," a 16-minute suite, Terry displays the more serious and totally creative side of his personality, as opposed to the cheerful, often humorous aspect that has delighted his fans over the years. "The Fan Club," another splendid frame for the two soloists, recalls the infectious spirit they generated as co-leaders of a quintet in the 1960s.

If there was any doubt that Lewis could keep up the high standards of this orchestra as sole leader, they are dispelled here with Brookmeyer's and Terry's help. Here is big band jazz as it needs to be composed and interpreted in order to survive through the end of the century. Five stars.

The "Bob Brookmeyer and Friends" LP shows the trombonist in a different time, place and setting, leading

an amazing combo of stars: Stan Getz, Herbie Hancock, Gary Burton, Elvin Jones and Ron Carter.

Evidently "Skylark" was already one of Brookmeyer's favorite songs in 1964, for he included it here. The simple beauty of Hancock's work, and of Burton vibing, along with the gentle virtuosity of the two horn men, takes them through "Misty," "Sometime Ago" (one of the prettiest jazz waltzes) and three originals without an uninspired moment. A very welcome reissue. Four and-one-half stars.

"WALK ON THE WATER." Gerry Mulligan and his Orchestra. DRG SLC 5194. What a joy it is to hear Mulligan again in control of a full-size orchestra, as baritone and soprano saxophonist, arranger, and, on four of the seven tunes, composer. His smooth, flowing melodies and the understated beauty of his orchestrations have seldom been more convincingly expressed.

Mitchel Forman, 24, makes a promising record debut as composer ("Angelica") and pianist. The rhythm section swings effortlessly without boasting noisily of its presence.

"Across the Track Blues" is a unique cut: an Ellington work for which the orchestral passages were transcribed note for note from Duke's 1940 classic, which age has not withered. Five stars.

"LUNCH IN L.A." Tete Montoliu. Contemporary 14004. A somewhat disappointing addition to the recorded annals of the Spanish pianist, most of whose best albums have been made in the company of a stimulating rhythm section. Here he is unaccompanied, and there are times when his left hand sounds lonesome. The best track by far is "Put Your Little Foot Right Out," for which he does have a companion—Chick Corea, indulging with Montoliu in some witty, imaginative four-hand interplay. On average, though, it's a three-star set.

"STEP LIGHTLY." Blue Mitchell. Blue Note LT-1082. Once again, something of value from Blue Note's seemingly bottomless vat of hitherto-unreleased treasures. Mitchell had with him Joe Henderson on tenor, Leo Wright on alto, Herbie Hancock at the piano, Gene Taylor on bass and Roy Brooks on drums. The blues or quasi-blues material is conventional, but it is in listening to his lyricism in interpreting "Sweet and Lovely" or "Cry Me a River" that we realize how deep Mitchell is missed. Three-and-a-half stars.

"PATHS BEYOND TRACING." David Friesen. Steeplechase SCS 1138. Friesen plays bamboo flute brief (without overdubbing), and there are a few pseudo-percussion effects, but essentially this consists of minutes of solo bass violin. One of the most eminent exponents of the instrument, he maintains an astonishing level of virtuosity, and the sound of his 1795 bass viol is super. Still, the appeal for the album will mainly be limited to fellow-bassist. Unrateable. □

Los Angeles Times

AKIYOSHI/TABACKIN
AT MAIDEN VOYAGE

By LEONARD FEATHER

At the Maiden Voyage over the weekend it was a time for rejoicing. The Wilshire Boulevard club had just completed its first year of operation.

For the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band, working the room as it did exactly a year ago, the celebration was three-fold. The orchestra for the third straight year has won first place in the Down Beat readers' poll. In addition, Akiyoshi for the first time reached the top spot in both the composer and arranger categories, becoming the first non-American and first woman ever to earn all these awards.

Interpreting her compositions with precision and passion, the band Saturday demonstrated how fully these victories were justified.

Lew Tabackin, as always, is the key individual figure. Whether playing an exotic modal flute solo in the Asian-inflected "Autumn Sea," or collaborating with the four other flutists, or blowing up a hurricane on tenor sax in "Chasing After Love," he continues to reinforce his reputation as one of the most brilliant improvising artists in jazz.

His finest moments, though, and Akiyoshi's too, were heard in the heartfelt supplications of "Farewell." This eulogy for Charles Mingus, with its movingly chorded piano solo by Akiyoshi, brings out in splendid textures her unique sensitivity as a distiller of moods.

Despite the band's recent six-week hiatus, during which Tabackin toured with a trio while Akiyoshi wrote music for the next album, there was no letdown in the performance level. Even the sax soli passages, with a ringer in the reed section, were near-perfect. The most impressive sidemen were Steve Huffsteter, trumpet, and Bruce Fowler, trombone; also Gary Foster, alto sax,

a temporary returnee, but for whom the idyllic sound of "Elusive Dream" might have eluded us.

One can only hope that 1981 will finally bring Akiyoshi and Tabackin one additional award: the coast-to-coast tours and frequent campus concerts that have so long been their due.

12/28

POP/JAZZ BRIEFS

"SOLO." Vinny Golia. Nine Winds 0104. (Nine Winds Records, 11609 Pico Blvd., 90064). Golia plays seven different wind instruments, from bamboo flute to bass sax—one at a time, entirely unaccompanied throughout the album. Whether such horns are suited for solo use over such extended period has not yet been proved conclusively, even by Anthony Braxton. Golia might better have shown his self-sufficiency by going to the considerably greater effort of overdubbing two or three parts, as Bill Evans and Gary Burton did so successfully. This lonely walk through the woods and winds is a brave experiment, no more. One star.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times

12/25

FREDA PAYNE AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Inside the often brash, forceful personality of Freda Payne is a first-class pop and jazz singer trying to get out—and sometimes succeeding.

At the Parisian Room Tuesday, Payne offered renewed evidence of the many attributes she displayed on her emergence from Detroit in the early 1960s. Her album debut in those days was a promising set backed by Phil Woods and other inspiring jazzmen.

But then, in 1970, came "Band of Gold," the best thing that ever happened to her commercially and the worst musically. It reduced her to a level not far above that of a teenybopper merchant. About half of her dozen songs Tuesday were melodically uninspired and lyrically morose or rendered semi-inaudible by a loud, drum-heavy rhythm section with thudding Fender bass.

Payne's appearance is charming as ever, but her musical control, range and phrasing come across only when the material and the accompaniment allow. This did not occur in such trivia as "Love Magnet" or "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy." It did happen in the blues-inflected "You," certain relaxed passages of "I've Never Been to Me" and

on "The Lady Is a Tramp" with its Fitzgerald-like ending.

Ella, by the way, was one of the three subjects of her short set of impressions, each perfectly on target (the others were Eartha Kitt and Lena Horne).

Ron Coleman's piano supported her well during some of the more subdued moments, as in "Little Girl Blue" and one or two others.

Payne is capable of a delicacy and an enforced feeling for swinging a good song that demand of her both more and less than this set offered—more in the qualitative sense, less quantitatively. In these more sophisticated times she could surely afford to shrug off "Band of Gold" and set her sights a little higher.



LEONARD FEATHER PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Barry Harris

IN AUGUST OF 1955, Barry Doyle Harris made his recording debut as a sideman on a session under the direction of trumpeter Donald Byrd. The record was taped in his native Detroit, where Harris already had gained a measure of experience and acceptance, but it would be more than five years until he made his entry into the big leagues by moving to New York. As a pianist, composer, and teacher, Harris has enjoyed the respect of his contemporaries since that pivotal point, where, after leaving Detroit with Cannonball Adderley and touring for some six months with the Adderley quintet, he decided the time had come to settle in the Big Apple.

Born December 15, 1929, Barry began taking piano instruction at the age of four from his mother, who had extensive experience as a church organist. A brother and three sisters all studied, but none became professional musicians. As a child he was attracted to boogie-woogie, for this was the fashionable new keyboard idiom of the late 1930s; but by the time he worked in a band that won an amateur show at the local Paradise Theatre, he had become aware of Bud Powell, Charlie Parker, and the other pioneer beboppers.

That was in 1946, by which time Hank Jones and some of the other promising young Detroiters, all of them inspired in greater or lesser degree by the bop revolution, had moved on to New York. Barry's first significant break in his home town was a job as house pianist at the Blue Bird, the city's best known jazz room. Working there, he served as accompanist for flugelhorn player Thad Jones, saxophonist Sonny Stitt, and saxophonist Wardell Gray among others. In 1955 he put in three months with Miles Davis.

Barry's first extended trip out of town was with the Max Roach Quintet in 1956, in which he took over the chair of Richie Powell (Bud's brother), who had been killed in the same automobile accident that took the life of trumpeter Clifford Brown. The job lasted only two months; Harris then returned home to Detroit and the Blue Bird, playing in a combo led by the bassist Alvin Jackson.

By 1957 Barry was beginning to gain a strong reputation around town as a sort of bebop guru. In 1957 he began working at the Rouge Lounge, where the visiting hornmen included some of the dominant saxophonists of the day: Lester Young, Lee Konitz, Ben Webster, Flip Phillips. Around this time he started teaching on a formal basis, developing his own theory of jazz, and helping the careers of such youngsters



as trumpeter Lonnie Willyer and saxophonist Charles McPherson.

It was mid-1960 when Cannonball Adderley hired Barry for his quintet. During and after his tenure with the group, he recorded as a trio leader in the first of a series of sessions for producer Orrin Keepnews of Riverside Records. During the next decade in New York, Barry often worked with a fellow Detroit, multi-reedman Yusef Lateef, and in 1965 began an off-and-on association with the "father of the tenor saxophone," Coleman Hawkins. He led his own trio or quintet in nightclubs, played the Montreux Jazz Festival in 1970 with Lateef, and four years later wrote a series of arrangements for performance by Charles McPherson with a string ensemble at a concert in Detroit. In recent years he has expanded his overseas activities (a recent U.S. release was an album on Xanadu [177] entitled *Barry Harris/Tokyo: 1976*) and has been a regular favorite at such Manhattan night spots as Bradley's.

Though he has acknowledged the giant contributions, and the influence on him, of such pioneers as Bud Powell and Tadd Dameron, for some admirers Harris is particularly strongly associated with Thelonious Monk. He recorded one of the finest versions of Monk's best known composition "Round Midnight," and himself wrote an original entitled "Sphere," which is Monk's middle name.

When producer Henri Renaud was lining up pianists to interpret the work of early bop composers for the Columbia album *I Remember Bebop* [C2-35381], it was appropriately decided that Barry Har-

ris should be assigned to handle the Monk segment. He recorded "Ruby, My Dear," "52nd Street Theme," "In Walked Bud," and the angular piece originally called "Fly Right" but later known as "Epistrophy," an excerpt from which is shown here.

Harris plays the theme, with its loping bass rhythm, much the way Monk introduced it; then comes a chorus of ad lib in a relatively orthodox bop style, after which (at 1:36 from the top of the track) comes the very Monk-like chorus shown at right. Notice the very spare use of chords, such as the pickup leading into bar 1, used for contrast and never in series; the almost total absence of quarter notes in the right-hand line (they are always eighths followed by eight rests — or, if you prefer, staccato quarter notes).

Syncopation is, of course, a central characteristic in both the left hand (first beat often anticipated) and the right, as are occasional octaves for accentuation (bars 3 and 4). Note the slightly blurred run, very Monk-like, in bar 16. Is it just two triplets, or is there more to it? Even played at half speed it's a trifle bewildering. Harris must also be commended for avoiding those long strings of eighth-notes that characterize some of the less inspired bebop playing. His intervals seem to dance gracefully in unpredictable directions, upward or downward (study bars 11 through 16).

In addition to the album from which this piece was taken, I recommend the two-LP set *Stay Right With It*, a collection of Barry's best 1960-1962 sessions in trio and quintet settings. It is still available on Milestone [M-47050].

An Excerpt From Barry Harris' Solo On "Epistrophy"

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It contains measures 1 through 5. Measure 1 has a first ending bracket above it. Measure 5 has a second ending bracket above it. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It contains measures 6 through 10. Measure 10 has a first ending bracket above it. The notation continues with various rhythmic patterns and chordal accompaniment.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It contains measures 11 through 15. Measure 15 has a first ending bracket above it. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the melody.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It contains measures 16 through 20. Measure 20 has a first ending bracket above it. There are triplets indicated in measures 16 and 17.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It contains measures 21 through 25. Measure 25 has a first ending bracket above it. The bass line is particularly active with eighth notes.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves, treble and bass clef. It contains measures 26 through 30. Measure 30 has a first ending bracket above it. The piece concludes with the word "etc." at the end of the system.

TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AKIN

Music © 1982 Barry Harris

caught in the act

PAT METHENY
McCabe's, Santa
Monica

PAT Metheny's latest group may have come as a surprise to those who have not kept up with his most recent ventures on record. Playing at McCabe's in Santa Monica, he offered a relatively straight ahead jazz performance for which his sidemen were Dewey Redman (tenor sax), Charlie Haden (bass), and Paul Motian (drums).

Perhaps coincidentally, all three were members of the Keith Jarrett quartet in the middle and late Seventies. The character of this group, however, sounded closer to that of the Ornette Coleman combo, of which both Haden and Redman also happened to be members during the Sixties.

The sketchy, quirky themes, played for the most part in unison, recalled some of Coleman's early works. Occasionally there would be an up tempo thematic statement in astonishing three-way unison, as the incredible Haden played every note of the line along with Metheny and Redman.

The guitarist, who worked with a plectrum most of the time, displayed his usual technical wizardry, sometimes to sparkling

effect — particularly when he got into a hard driving jazz bag with solid four beat support from Haden and Motian.

At times he used too much reverberation, and on the third of the evening's six long numbers he switched guitars and resorted to thin, whining synthesizer effects.

The quartet suffered from insufficient, in fact, almost nonexistent, interplay between Metheny and Redman. When the latter soloed, Metheny, for the most part, laid out, and during Metheny's solos Redman was not even on stage.

Two such gifted performers surely could have found ingenious ways to cross swords, by ad-libbing simultaneously or by supporting one another. They were heard together only in brief opening and closing statements.

In short, a high level of artistry

called for a greater measure of togetherness. The combo's short tour has now ended, but it is to be hoped that the four compatible talents will be reunited soon, on records or in person, and will be able to weld this into a unit more completely worthy of their musicianship. — LEONARD FEATHER

on for their exit.
to reopen Dancea-

but with her own band the opening for Rick Derringer at the Ritz.

Gang War

JAZZ: Leonard Feather

Radio show jams ring in New Year

THE longest live jazz radio show in history brought in 1981 with a bang as National Public Radio's "Jazz Alive!" beamed a series of programmes in stereo live via satellite, from New York City's Seventh Avenue South, Detroit's Dummy George's, Chicago's Rick's Cafe Americain, and San Francisco's Keystone Korner.

The festivities began at 9.30pm on New Year's Eve and continued until five o'clock New Year's morning.

Starting the programme were the BRECKER BROTHERS in the New York segment, hosted by musician/author BEN SIDKAN; the Houston Person ETTA JONES QUARTET from Detroit, with NPR station WBGO's musical director hosting; JOHNNY HARTMAN and CLARK TERRY from Chicago, hosted by pianist/composer BILLY TAYLOR.

Finally from San Francisco listeners heard a jam session from KEYSTONE KORNER with DEXTER GORDON, SONNY STITT, KENNY BURRELL, RED GARLAND, BILLY HIGGINS, BUSTER WILLIAMS, WOODY SHAW and ERNIE ANDREWS, with GERALD WILSON and me hosting.

WOODY HERMAN has completed the first volume of his "Woody Herman Presents" series for Concord Jazz Records.

Featured were WARREN VACHE, DICK JOHNSON, clarinetist EIJI KITAMURA, SCOTT HAMILTON, CAL TJADER, Woody and a rhythm section composed of DAVE McKENNA, JAKE HANNA and BOB MAIZE.

WOODY SHAW left recently for Japan with a new quintet comprising STEVE TURRE (trombone), MULGREW MILLER (piano), TONY REEDUS (drums), and STAFFORD JAMES, bass.

THE New Orleans Jazz and Heritage Festival, now in its 12th year, will be held on May 1 to May 10 at several locations, including the infield of the fairground's race track.



Sonny Stitt — featured in Jazz Alive jam session.

Among those already signed are JAMES BROWN, BETTY CARTER, CAB CALLOWAY and NANCY WILSON.

African Arts and Crafts will again be presented at Koindu, a market place within the festival, along with performers from Africa and New Orleans.

jazz

AT the risk of being called a Polyanna, I feel obliged to say it again: this was a very good year for jazz.

Undoubtedly those musicians who are still waiting for the recognition or the material reward they deserve will scoff at the suggestion that 1980 began, continued and ended on an upbeat, yet certain facts speak for themselves.

Jazz is being recorded at an unprecedented rate. True, more musicians are having to turn to independent labels, or to start their own companies; granted, Columbia has dropped several of the jazz artists who allegedly failed to measure up to the requisite sales tallies.

Nevertheless, artists of every stripe are getting to record, and if the jazz student is eager enough, he will find a way to purchase even the most obscure mail-order item.

And jazz festivals continue to proliferate around the world. The Sydney Jazz Festival is now an annual event; from December, 1979, to May, a procession of celebrated jazzmen played week-long gigs at the Club Med in Dakar, Senegal; John Lewis, the composer and pianist, produced a successful festival at Wolf Trap auditorium outside Washington, DC, which has also been declared annual; Monterey, where Lewis also officiates as musical director, had the biggest attendance of its 23 years and the best musical line-up in several; Newport, perennially successful, now feels it can afford to present more avant garde jazz and free style music in small halls, and even in Town Hall.

But the Charlie Parker tribute concert at Carnegie Hall was among the festival's most widely hailed efforts.

In Hollywood, the Playboy Festival triumphed at the Bowl, racking up the biggest two-night non-charity-event gross in the history of the amphitheatre. George Wein, producer, followed it up with a series of summer concerts that established what will become another yearly ritual.

Throughout the summer, thanks to Nice and scores of other festivals all over the Continent, you could scarcely find an American jazzman in America.

It was an encouraging year even for many musicians and composers short of funds.

For the first time, jazz grants topped the million mark as the National Endowment for the Arts awarded 1,356,329 dollars to such individuals and organizations as pianist Barry Harris and trumpeter Jimmy Owens (15,000 dollars each), saxophonists James Moody and Jimmy Giuffrè (10,000 dollars apiece), trumpeter Bill Berry (5,500 dollars), singer Sheila Jordan (3,800 dollars), the National Jazz Foundation (40,000 dollars), and the University of Alaska (7,000 dollars), to name a few out of well over 200.

THE profusion of estimable talent makes it all but impossible to single out one individual in some areas. To state categorically that Joe Pass or B. B. King or Pat Metheny or James "Blood" Ulmer was the guitarist of the year would be spurious. Still, a few men, women or groups deserve special kudos:

COMBO OF THE YEAR: Weather Report. Their last two albums, "8:30" and particularly the just-released "Night Passage", both on Columbia, attest to the durable strength and creativity of the jazz world's foremost fusion family.

BAND OF THE YEAR: Mel Lewis and the Jazz Orchestra. I have only heard them once live since Thad Jones left, but the new album of Bob Brookmeyer's compositions (with Brookmeyer and Clark Terry as guest soloists) show that there is plenty of life and artistic validity in this 15-year-old ensemble, even though every original sideman has departed, as has one of the original leaders.

VOCAL GROUP OF THE YEAR: Manhattan Transfer. Their gradual transition from lightweight entertainment to a more frequently pure jazz orientation fills a gap in an area that had all but dried up since the halcyon days of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

SOLOISTS OF THE YEAR: Arthur Blythe and Richie Cole. Both happen to be alto saxophonists, but the contrast is obvious. Blythe has worked in a wide variety of contemporary and avant garde settings with McCoy Tyner, Lester Bowie, Gil Evans and Jack De Johnette. At 40, he is finally coming into his own with such provocative and creative albums as "Illusions", his latest on Columbia. Richie Cole, who stems more directly from Charlie Parker, via Phil Woods, blends neo-bebop with a welcome strain of humour.

INNOVATION OF THE YEAR: The World Saxophone Quartet. Founded earlier, but firmly established in 1980 via appearances at the Newport Festival, etc. These four saxophonists of the free jazz school work together as a stimulating, unaccompanied team. (Their rhythm section is in your head.)

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR (reimported): Slide Hampton. After spending most of the seventies in Berlin, this brilliant composer/arranger/trombonist took a while to re-establish himself at home, but this year he triumphed twice, first directing a Dizzy Gillespie big band reunion at Wolf Trap, later playing his own works with the Tokyo Union Orchestra at Monterey.

COMEBACK OF THE YEAR (domestic): Buddy De Franco. The jazz public needs to be reminded of this astonishing clarinetist, whose greatest success this year was scored in London, teamed with vibraphonist Terry Gibbs. (They also taped a TV special in Hollywood.) This partnership should be recorded for posterity.

BOOK OF THE YEAR: "The Arrival Of B.B. King" by Charles Sawyer (Doubleday, 14.95 dollars). The definitive blues/jazz biography, bringing the subject into sharp focus. After a captivating first chapter depicting life on the road with B.B. and the band on the bus, Sawyer goes back to the 1925 beginnings in Mississippi and tells, in illuminating narrative style, the story of King's life, hard times and eventual triumphs,

It was a very good year

Leonard Feather looks back at the best of 1980 on the U.S. scene.



Ah now you'd like the book. B. B. King gets into Feather's 1980 awards via an autobiography.

Ten best albums

Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band, "Farewell" (RCA RVJ 6078).
Arthur Blythe, "Illusions" (Columbia JC 36583).
George Cables, "Cables' Vision" (Contemporary 14001).
Bill Evans, "We Will Meet Again" (Warner Bros HS 3411).
Bill Henderson, "Street of Dreams" (Discovery DS-802).
Bobby Hutcherson, "Un Poco Loco" (Columbia FC 36402).
Carmen McRae-George Shearing, "Two For The Road" (Concord Jazz CJ-128).
Sam Most, "From The Attic of My Mind" (Xanadu 160).
Bobby Shaw, "Outstanding In His Field" (Inner City, IC 1077).
Weather Report, "Night Passages" (Columbia JC 36793).

and offers an extended perceptive analysis of his personality.

HONORARY ALL TIMES MOST-MISSED MAN: Miles Davis, who has neither had a record out nor performed in public since early 1975. However, in a phone conversation last week he told me that a record project he had started, before he was sidelined by more problems with his leg and thigh, may be resumed soon. Happy healing, Miles.

BLUE NOTES OF THE YEAR: The losses of Bill Evans and Barney Bigard are still fresh in our minds, on a mental list that includes Jimmy Forrest, Duke Pearson and too many others.

OUTLOOK FOR 1981: More festivals, more records and a flow of creative music by gifted youngsters, thanks in many cases to the colleges where jazz education continues to grow. Unless the economy deteriorates further than is expected, even the night clubs will survive.

CALENDAR

JAZZ

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Jazz is being recorded at a rate unprecedented in its history. True, more and more musicians are finding it necessary to turn to independent labels, or to start their own companies; granted, Columbia has dropped several of the jazz artists who allegedly failed to measure up to the requisite sales tallies. Nevertheless, one way or another, artists of every stripe are getting to record, and if the jazz student is eager enough, he will find a way to purchase even the most obscure mail-order item.

A second plus for the year: Jazz festivals continue to proliferate around the world. In January, I was present at the first Sydney Jazz Festival, which was promptly elevated to the status of an annual event. From December, 1979, through last May, a long procession of celebrated jazzmen played week-long gigs at the Club Med in Dakar, Senegal.

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These thoughts are a prelude to my 16th annual Golden Feather awards, and were written while stalling for time, since the profusion of estimable talent makes it all but impossible to single out one individual in some area. To state categorically that Joe Pass or B.B. King or Pat Metheny or James (Blood) Ulmer was the guitarist of the year would be an apples-vs.-oranges-vs.-pears-vs.-plums comparison. Still, a few men, women or groups deserve special kudos:



PHOTO BY LEONARD FEATHER

Arthur Blythe, left, gets Leon Feather's vote as one of two top soloists of 1980, while biography of B. B. King, right, was named definitive blues work. Mel Lewis, lower left, and orchestra were named the best band

IT WAS AN UPBEAT YEAR: NEW LABELS, FESTIVALS, GRANTS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

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Among several long and helpful appendices are reproductions of sharpers' report sheets, from the day B.B.'s monthly living wage was details of plantation organization lynchings, even a reproduction of an analysis of a King guitar scintillating for anyone who reads minutely, a discography from 1945 to the present. Thoroughly illustrated, many more recent photos having been taken by the author.

HONORARY ALL TIME MISSED MAN: Miles Davis, who neither had a record out nor performed publicly since early 1975. However, in a phone conversation last week he told me that a record project he had started before he was sidelined by more pro-

Please Turn to PAGE 70

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1980 CALENDAR

CRITIC AT LARGE

Continued from First Page

fact, two jazz voices in these pages for a while. The other, whose prose style was as idiosyncratic and refreshing as his half-valve cornet style, was Rex Stewart, then living in retirement here in Los Angeles.

Rex was an occasional contributor until he died, and working with Rex and with Leonard, I felt, not for the first time, that in journalism if you are lucky you sometimes can't tell the fringe benefits from the job itself. I've enjoyed the jazz buff's dream of meeting the men and women who had been only names on some well-worn 78s, including the Duke and the Count and Ella and Satchmo (doing the first few bars of "I Got Rhythm" over and over again for a sound track at MGM, and discussing the use of witch hazel to keep his chops pliable).

One fine midday in early 1944 Ellington was playing at the RKO Boston and came out to Harvard to lecture on the history of jazz. It was a wonderful and inspired publicity stunt, and the Duke at the piano gave a brief illustrated history of the Duke. A photographer from the theater grabbed a few of us from the audience to lean on the piano, and the Duke grinned and loved us madly and I grinned back, requiring no prompting. I remembered the moment many a year later when Leonard and I went down to catch Duke and the band during a gig at Disneyland and Ellington autographed one of his albums, for which I'd done some affectionate but uninformative liner notes.

Now Ellington has, as a man might say, taken the A train to immortality and there is a high school of the performing arts in Washington, D.C., (like the one celebrated in "Fame") that has been named for him.

The school is in financial difficulties and Bob Udkoff, a local businessman who was Duke's close friend and most devoted fan, has arranged a benefit for Ellington High in the form of a tribute to Leonard Feather, for Saturday night, Jan. 3, at the Coconut Grove here in town with Steve Allen as emcee and a host of jazz folk around to perform.

It sounds like a nicely melodic way to honor the memory of the best of the bandleaders, and the presence of the most respected of the jazz critics, and to give some later Duke or Ella or Bix or Bunny a chance to learn and be found.

Any critic learns from other critics, detecting (perhaps not even consciously) the aspirations to eloquence, the high standards, the insights and the openness, the well-dissected analysis of failure, the exultation over



Times Arts Editor Charles Champlin, at right, was among fans of Duke Ellington at Harvard in 1944.

excellence. For years I've envied and gone in awe of Leonard's unquenchable enthusiasm, undimmed after all those dinky nights in the smoky darkness, listening to those interminable solos, those cadenzas of the mundane, those wailing banalities. But he waits them out patiently and is ready and eager for the new ideas, the ensembles and the solos that soar and explore and thrill. He is himself a performer and a composer, of course, and he brings an uncommonly well-informed appreciation to what he hears. When all about him were being crazed

by bop, he comprehended it and saw it in the historical evolution of jazz, and helped us all bear it.

Leonard is not a man for nostalgia, as Glenn Miller fans well know. The next gig is always the one that matters and may with luck make the soul leap up. And that serene optimism of Leonard's is not the least of the virtues I admire in a colleague now receiving a public measure of the honor due him.

The ticket information number for the evening is 872-2458.

FRIDAY/CALENDAR

December 26, 1980

Los Angeles Times

CRITIC AT LARGE

A FEATHER IN JAZZ'S CHAPEAU

By CHARLES CHAMPLIN
Times Arts Editor

The only music that was performed locally in the town where I grew up was the kind you could march to, square dance to or sing hymns to. Jazz was scarcer than palm trees, of which there were none at all.

Given the circumstances, which were duplicated in towns like Hammondsport all over the country, I'm not sure why any of us fell under the spell of jazz so hard and so early. There wasn't even a five-watt KGRB pushing the latest Chick Webb or Jimmie Lunceford records at us between commercials for Pertuna or Kolorbak Shampoo.

I think I may have read my way into jazz, as I did into other pleasures, imagining the music before I finally heard it. Bunny Berigan did a one-afternoon stand (it wasn't even a one-night stand) in the nearby town of Hornell on my 16th birthday and Berigan's trumpet choruses, cutting through and rising above the funky little dance-band arrangements, were the first live jazz I'd ever heard.

But by then I already had a full set of jazz idols and I was the entire circulation of Downbeat in Hammondsport. If you wanted to know where Irv Fazola was playing, you could ask me. Nobody did.

I knew about Duke Ellington and all those legendary sidemen of his. My dream of being the next Bix Beiderbecke was terminal but had not yet expired and I particularly admired the great Bobby Hackett, Jimmy McPartland.

Having followed a literary road into jazz, I also began to know the men who wrote about it well—Wilder Hobson, Wintrop Sargeant, a Frenchman named Hugues Pan-assie and, going back all those years, Leonard Feather.

Leonard was already the dean of American writers about jazz when I persuaded him, 15 years ago, to write about jazz as a contributing editor for The Times. There were, in

Please see CRITIC, Page 12

1/4/81

JAZZ

GEORGE SEGAL AND THE UNLISTED BAND

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The other evening at Mulberry Street, a pasta parlor in Studio City, a banjo player and a trombonist who are co-leaders of the band that plays there every Tuesday finished, their night's work and were duly rewarded with their pay for the gig, the musicians' union scale rate of \$40 each. If the stipend they received was modest, their happiness was undimmed—perhaps because, as a former regular actor on "Mork and Mindy," trombonist Conrad Janis certainly isn't poor and because the banjoist, George Segal, receives at a considerable salary for each of his movies.

During the past 18 months, audiences in the tens of millions have seen the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, of which Segal and Janis are the leaders. Among their TV credits are two shots on "Tonight," two with Dinah Shore, a Mike Douglas, several telethons, even a special beamed by satellite to Australia. The band has received and turned down offers galore—the Super Bowl; Las Vegas, as an opening act; London, Sydney, Tel Aviv. For the present their drummer, Allen Goodman, who owns Mulberry Street and handles the band's business affairs, is playing it cool, but chances are the BHUJB's growing fame will force it beyond its two-night-a-week regimen (the group works Sundays at the Ginger Man in Beverly Hills).

Though Segal could well afford to take some of these offers between motion picture assignments, he is more concerned with improving his musicianship and maintaining the band's integrity as a semi-professional entity. Affable and genuinely humble, he talks about his new-found career with the pride of a father discussing an adopted son.

"I was brought up on all those Commodore Records classics," he explains, "the sessions with Wild Bill Davison, Pee Wee Russell. A friend next door played the guitar, and he taught me the ukulele. But I guess there is always one recollection that stays with you the rest of your life—in my case it was a minstrel show I saw as a kid, with all those banjos and the glitter and the interlocutor. I guess it's like saying that Carl Sagan once saw an eclipse. Anyhow, I never got that memory out of my mind.

"There was a lot of jazz in New York then: Nick's, Eddie Condon's, Jimmy Ryan's; and downtown there were the Central Plaza and the Stuyvesant Casino, with beer at \$3.50 a pitcher, and there I saw Conrad, who usually played with a band of these great New Orleans veterans like Pops Foster and Willie (the Lion) Smith. This was around 1949; I was 15. Conrad was 21, with several years of professional experience as an actor."

Segal was too bashful to introduce himself to the trombonist. They met around 1960 when Segal visited the art gallery run by Janis' father. "Conrad is an art ex-

pert himself, and we got into a long discussion about art. Then I was cast in a movie with Goldie Hawn, 'The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox,' in which Conrad also had a role. The three of us had a scene together in a stagecoach, which gave us a lot of concentrated time together. Then Melvin Frank, who produced and directed 'A Touch of Class' as well as this movie, asked us to a jam session at his house. The first time I ever played with Conrad was on the Dinah Shore show to promote 'Duchess.' Sheldon Keller was there hitting some kind of bass thing, and that's how it all got started."

Sheldon Keller won an Emmy for writing Sinatra's "A Man and His Music," and a Writer's Guild Award for "Movie, Movie," which he co-wrote with Larry Gelbart. He was head writer on "The Danny Kaye Show," which won a dozen Emmys in 1964-65. As a producer his credits include "House Calls" for CBS, "The Bob Hope Show" for three years and "The Jonathan Winters Show."

Keller, long a would-be musician, went from banjo to tuba to Fender bass to upright bass, studying upright with TV writer Gordon Mitchell. Ironically, Mitchell's career has gone in the opposite direction; as a bassist (known then as Whitey Mitchell) he played with Benny Goodman and Andre Previn before turning it all in to become a successful scriptwriter.

"When you're over 50," said Keller, "if you have any fantasies left, you may as well get on with them." And so, at the Keller home, Tuesday-night jam sessions became a tradition. Allen Goodman, who had worked on shows for Keller, started dropping in. As a drummer he had toured with name bands, accompanied Dinah Washington and Billie Holiday, toured the world with Johnny Mathis. After four years on staff at NBC he eased into the restaurant business.

The band that evolved out of these Tuesdays included the movie producer Paul Maslansky ("The Villain," "Hot Stuff") on trumpet; a language teacher, Bill Vogel, also a trumpeter; and clarinetist Russ Reinberg, who sells sporting goods. For the band's first public appearance, at the Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee in the spring of 1979, Allen Goodman called on Arnold Ross, a pianist formerly with name bands (Harry James, Glenn Miller's AAF group), singers (Lena Horne, Jane Russell) and longtime Los Angeles free-lancer. He is the BHUJB's only full-time pro.

"Around that time," says Segal, "a friend of mine, Patrick O'Neal, was opening a restaurant with Carroll O'Connor called the Ginger Man. They weren't open on Sundays and I suggested to Patrick that we put a group in there."

Segal's entire career in music has been a series of happy accidents. During a musicians' strike, Florence

Henderson was on the "Tonight Show," with nobody to play for her. Segal, having not yet joined the Musicians' Union, was corraled to help out. "She had to choose from songs that I knew, and there were just eight of those."

Segal likes to think of himself as an entertainer in the minstrel or vaudeville tradition. "I don't consider ours to be a Dixieland band. That word has no meaning to me, because it doesn't take in George Lewis, Johnny and Baby Dodds, Jelly Roll Morton; it also doesn't include white musicians such as Bix Beiderbecke and Frankie Trumbauer. No, what we're playing is good-time music.

"In a Miles Davis solo, you can't see the seams; it's so smooth, it takes you up and down, takes you out of where you are, out of the present, in a very subtle kind of way, whereas jazz, as I define the term, or at least our kind of jazz, is a frontal attack, with nothing subtle. The feeling is more important than the technique."

Segal nevertheless has become dedicated to self-improvement, listening intently to the chords furnished by his rhythm section teammates, and deriving obvious pleasure from a favorable audience reaction when he takes one of his occasional solos. "I kinda like my chorus on 'China Boy.' I'm doing my best to keep the rhythm flowing steadily; Conrad's one instruction to me was, 'Listen to Allen,' because without paying close attention to the drums it's easy to forget about keeping the beat. But sometimes, when I really get caught up in the music, the feeling becomes natural.

"Little by little, my taste and knowledge are broadening. I'm hearing harmonies that I never heard before, and I'm encouraged to use them. Before, my sophistication was limited to the chords of the marching bands.

There is a good chance that the band will record soon; however, says Goodman, "The big labels talk about sending us out on a four-week promotional tour, with clubs in New York and so forth, but George can never tell when a big movie deal might suddenly come up, so it's hard to make a commitment."

For Janis the schism is particularly frustrating. Since the early 1950s he has been primarily an actor but has also made a living along the way as a press photographer, sports car racer, art dealer and television writer. "Conrad is really torn," says Segal. "He'd like to be a complete musician. He admires people like Bill Watrous, Urbie Green, Carl Fontana."

Janis has managed to combine his dual life by playing acting roles as a jazzman, sometimes backed by his own band, on dozens of shows.

Segal, asked whether he would consider the possibility of similarly accepting a movie assignment as a musician, offered a vigorous negative shake of the head.

"No! I know too much about it—or rather, I know enough to realize I don't know enough to do it right. In 'California Split' I was required to play a gambler; well, that was perfect, because I knew nothing about gambling.

"You see, to me, going out to play is like my bowling night, or my poker night. I'm not ruling out the possibility of broadening our base, but we don't want to be told by a record company, or a big club or anyone else, what we ought to do. Our feeling is, you've got to take us on our own terms, and personally, I think our terms are just fine." □

SAXOPHONIST REDD AT PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Vi Redd, an attractive and too rarely seen presence in local jazz clubs, has brought her alto saxophone to the Parisian Room for its first public workout in far too long.

Redd's first set Tuesday provided liberal doses of her strong, soulful horn work. Though her roots are firmly planted in the music of Charlie Parker, her hard-edged sound is more reminiscent at times of the Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson blues tradition.

Her solos alternate between adherence to the melody and volatile, swinging improvisations on the chords of such standards as "The Shadow of Your Smile" and "Sunny." Her medley of Ellington's "Come Sunday" and the old gospel song "Precious Lord" was an emotionally charged experience.

Somewhat too late in the set, Redd displayed her slightly raspy but engagingly personal voice, in "They Say It's Wonderful," a sonorous "If I Should Lose You" and a conventional blues.

Sharing the bill is Ernie Andrews, still in possession of a burnished baritone voice and a jazz quality in his timber and phrasing. His set was an agreeable but predictable series of old songs, with only "One in a Million" to change the pace.

That Andrews still has not lived up to his potential may be due to lack of guidance or a reluctance to seek out more challenging material. He can only go just so far with "Cabaret," "Old Folks" and a collection of antique Jay McShann blues verses. Nor was he helped much by the rhythm section, with Ron Jefferson playing lackluster drums while bassist Herbie Lewis tried his best to pull the team together.

Red Holloway, on tenor and alto saxes, was in typically confident form soloing during Andrews' set.

The show closes Sunday.

DEXTER GORDON'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Thursday evening, the lines were long outside Concerts by the Sea—as long as the flowing, perpetually creative melodic lines Dexter Gordon was weaving inside the club.

The four-day booking (through Sunday) marks the saxophonist's return in triumph to his hometown. Now at a level of acceptance that has grown steadily since he came home to the United States in 1976 after 14 years based in Denmark, Gordon displays on his tenor the most legitimate aspects of the horn.

His roots were in bebop, an idiom he was the first to translate into tenor sax terms. Within this genre he is variously tough, tender, resilient and hard driving. His control is total, each chorus telling a story and building with inexorable logic to the next.

His quartet plays a well assorted mixture of jazz tunes and standards. The leader wrote some of the originals, such as "Cake," a vintage number in a minor key. Others were the Latinesque "I Told You So," from the pen of his former pianist George Cables, and a fast blues called "Gingerbread man" by his sax-playing contemporary Jimmy Heath. The themes are basic enough to allow an easy freedom to pervade the solos by Gordon and his fluent pianist Kirk Lightsey. This is an organized group, with Dave Eubanks on bass and Gordon's regular drummer, Eddie Gladden, both well versed in the values of mainstream jazz.

Gordon, who never indulges in freak tones, synthetic or electronic effects, is at the most persuasive when he deals with a ballad. He prefaced "More Than You Know" by reciting some of the lyrics, then played the verse and chorus in a mood of consistently subdued beauty. After a delicately swinging Lightsey solo, Gordon added an unexpected touch by returning to the brooding verse for his finale.

It was encouraging to find the veteran Angelino eliciting a strong reaction to a display of unadulterated balladry, particularly since this Vincent Youmans song was written in 1929, long before most of the listeners were born. With his commanding artistry, Gordon is helping to reestablish the mature and solid values to which he has been loyal throughout a career that began in the Lionel Hampton Orchestra of the 1940s.

SVENGALI TO SINGERS

Continued from First Page

performances spewed out via radio does not bother Moore unduly. "The kids today want to listen to everything; their heads are open. I notice the difference in the record shops—you'll hear some heavy rock, then some jazz. Sometimes one of our kids will come up with something like 'It Had to Be You' and tell me they like it without dreaming it was written in 1924. Or they'll work out on something like Jon Hendricks' 'Doodlin.'

"A lot of white kids grew up with rock and the Beatles, the black kids with the Marvin Gayes and the Detroit sound, but their attitude is broadening all the time."

Asked whether their respective radio listening habits separated the black from the white students, Moore said: "Yes, it's really environmental, and that's why we ask all of the people who come here that whatever radio station they've been listening to, they should switch. We want them to get into every kind of setting. My goodness, we have such a cross-pollination of cultures here now that we find kids from Orange County writing damn good blues!

"We have people from all walks of life: from the ghetto, the barrio, from Beverly Hills, and from all over the country. They have to learn two new songs a week and they have to be interested in all kinds of song literature."

Though more than half the students are female, the Moore studio has produced such talents as Michael Proctor, who joined the Fifth Dimension, and Wayne Arnold, a Lou Rawls and Sarah Vaughan admirer, who is now also with the Fifth Dimension and shows promise both as songwriter and singer.

Moore allows his proteges to find their own direction, which may range from country and western (Genya Fuller worked recently at the C & W Palomino Club) to jazz (Detroit-born Dianne Reeves, 24, was a smash at the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City).

Some observers of the changing scene have lamented that because the Ella Fitzgeralds, Sarah Vaughans and Carmen McRaes are accorded so little air play, the new generation will produce no artists to follow in that tra-

dition. Moore admits that this is a problem, but not because of the lack of available talent. A Dianne Reeves may show great jazz potential, but she may have difficulty finding musicians to accompany her sympathetically; moreover, most record companies today, believing jazz to be uncommercial, would try to steer her into the pop mainstream.

Jeannie Moore similarly has a gift for jazz phrasing and improvisation, but finds the music business less than receptive. "But the market is broadening," Moore insists. "Audiences are becoming more diverse and discriminating. Dianne is about to sign a record production deal and I believe she'll be given a chance to express her true self."

Naturally, one of the surest routes to good taste and talent is heredity. Moore's workshop offers several instances. Melanie Gold is 18, just finishing up high school. Her mother is Marni Nixon, whose act Moore has produced. Nixon was Natalie Wood's singing voice in "West Side Story," Deborah Kerr's in "The King and I," Audrey Hepburn's in "My Fair Lady," she dubbed for Rita Hayworth, she gives classical concerts, and she's one of the most in-demand studio singers. Melanie's father is the composer Ernest Gold. Her brother is singer Andrew Gold. "It'll be a year or so before she's ready, but we're expecting great things from Melanie."

Gina Eckstine's talent was relatively unnoticed to her father, Billy Eckstine, until he heard her one evening at Moore's. Now the attractive 20-year-old is a regular part of her father's act.

The most unlikely parent-child situation involves Georgia Holt. "She sang with Hank Williams when she was a kid; she went into country because those were her roots. She was in her 50s and my oldest student, but she can sing better than her daughter. Her daughter is Cher."

Monica Mancini, daughter of Henry and former singer Ginny Mancini, has been involved mainly in group

backup singing, but Moore says, "She has a fine voice and we're working on making her a solo performer."

The list of Moore alumnae goes on and on. Sharron Cannon was selected to sing the national anthem at an upcoming Lakers game. Candy Brown is now in Africa starring in a film. Liz Daily, who is 19, just finished a starring role in "Street Music."

Clearly Moore is training singers to meet the broader requirements of a full-fledged pro in the show business of the 1980s. He draws an apt analogy between the products of his classes and the world of athletics.

"Years ago, many athletes had an image as dummies when it came to speaking or doing anything outside the ring. Today a lot of them are articulate and have become successful businessmen. Well, the singers who come out of our workshop are more musically aware than the singers of the old generation.

"They know something about acting and dancing and how to comport themselves; they're not naive about the business end of music. They come out of school equipped to meet any challenge."

Recently, at one of Moore's annual Christmas parties in his Los Angeles home, the evidence came strikingly into focus. Sandra Cheltenham sang a tender "Tenderly"; other Moore guests sang carols, current pop songs, classical arias and jazz. The performance level was consistently and hearteningly high. It was impossible to come away without a conviction that in an era long dominated by amateurism and semi-literacy, men like Phil Moore (and he does have counterparts in other cities) provide a welcome ray of hope.

No longer the purview of amateurs for whom singing and out-of-tune shouting are synonymous, the vocal art once again is becoming a sedulously developed, carefully cultivated profession. □

SVENGALI TO A NEW BREED OF VOCALISTS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

You twiddle your AM dial and are greeted by the Police in their smash hit "De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da Da," Blondie in "The Tide Is High" or Billy Joel declaring that "It's Still Rock 'n' Roll to Me." The longer you listen, the more you wonder whether the current course of popular singing and songwriting represents an irreversible trend.

Phil Moore, examining what many view as a hopelessly dismal scene, remains a clear-eyed optimist. Moore knows whereof he speaks. During the past 30 years he has served as pianist and/or vocal coach—some would say Svengali—to a staggering list of singers: Lena Horne, Marilyn Monroe, Dorothy Dandridge, Johnny Mathis, the Supremes, Marilyn McCoo and Billy Davis, Goldie Hawn, Diahann Carroll and countless others who have been guided by him at Artists and Music Concepts, the studio he now directs on the Sunset Strip.

Moore, a bulky man beneath the familiar bandanna that hides his balding pate, is a mild-mannered, well-liked and thoroughly trained musician who paid heavy dues orchestrating at the MGM studios, ghost writing for white composers in those all but totally Jim Crow days. (Even now he rarely gets film scoring calls except for black subjects. "They file us under B, as if the only keys we can write in are the black keys.") After several other careers, leading a jazz quartet, conducting for a radio series, writing semi-classical instrumental works, his unique gift as a vocal trainer has emerged as his most powerful image.

Moore's staff includes two other vocal coaches, a dance movement instructor, a music theory teacher, three pianists representative of various styles, and his wife Jeannie, a talented singer herself, who acts as den mother to the school. The average attendance now numbers around 50 students (but no more than 16 in any class).

"We have several extra instructors," Moore added, "who teach all the other aspects: makeup experts, an attorney, business managers, record producers, anyone who can guide our students toward a complete understanding of what a singer be-



PHOTO BY BOB CHAMBERLIN

comes involved in. In other words, we don't just teach singing here. Everyone has to audition and show real qualifications before being admitted. We accept only one out of three applicants. Then they're shown how to stretch their vocal potential, use lyrical dynamics and correct diction. Everyone has to take music theory. They learn time values, they analyze chords, and in the third of our three grades they learn to read music."

Moore's precepts may seem unusual,

coming at a time when so many singers rely on volume, gut feeling and energy rather than traditional values, often allowing their diction to deteriorate to the point where the lyrics have to be printed on the back of the album.

Why are so many vocalists ignoring the basic principles?

"I think both the singer and the recording quality are to blame," says Moore. "People sing so close to the microphone that the result often is simply distortion,

Vocal coach Phil Moore in his milieu; from left, singers Liz Daily, Jeannie Moore (his wife, also a voice teacher), Irma Rangel and Sandra Cheltenham.

and you wonder what the hell they're saying. You have to understand that in the rock field, distortion is part of the game, whether it's the voice, the music, or the overall sound; and it's partly the great energy in that kind of performance that makes it exciting to young people.

"We avoid this for two reasons. By keeping the singer a little farther away from the mike you cut out the distortion, and you also enable people to see the singer's face. We have to deal with visual as well as audio values; we're showing our students how to become entertainers, artists, thorough pros. If they show any aptitude for it we encourage them to write songs too."

The low grade of so many songs and
Please Turn to Page 52

SPOTLIGHT

The New Campus Follies: Tapping the show-biz fantasies of the masses. Last in a series. Page 3.

Making movies on the cheap with Super 8. Page 20.

Oscar-winning film editor David Bretherton explains his craft. Page 22.

Tonight PBS launches a new series on the isms of art since 1889. An overview by William Wilson. Page 82.

AFTER THE MUSIC THE CONCERT BEGINS

By LEONARD FEATHER

An hour and five minutes after the music had started Monday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the concert really began.

It wasn't a spectacular start—just Charles Earland and George Duke at the organs, with Buddy Williams on drums, playing a blues and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." But it was healthy, throbbing music; it had a pulse, it breathed, it swung.

The premise of this sold-out soiree was the recording of a concert for release on Columbia Records. The production was slick and most of the sets were short, however, in the anxiety to achieve a good recording quality, Bobby Hutcherson's marimba was rendered semi-inaudible by the overmiked piano of Kenny Barron. This balance of music, given the \$20 ticket top, surely called for an adjusted balance of payment.

Ramsey Lewis opened with a number that made token use of a female cellist, and a second that placed him in two-piano tandem with Sir Roland Hanna, both solemnly reading the music and turning the pages. Hanna was heard later, more at ease, backing the spirited saxophonist Arthur Blythe.

None of the four sets in the first half used a bassist. The effect was that of trying to build a house with no ground floor. Noel Pointer on violin, paired with the guitarist Earl Klugh in two pieces, played a brand of music about which it might best be observed that the tedium is the medium. With them was a pianist, Rodney Franklin.

Hubert Laws' two flute numbers found him in an uncharacteristically pallid, lifeless groove. Like almost all the evening's music, these works (for which Bob James and Ron Carter backed him) were unfamiliar and unannounced.

Following a funky romp around the various electric keyboards by Herbie Hancock and George Duke, with Stanley Clarke (which way did his phenomenal talent go?), the finale found six grand pianos ranged around the stage. The mere sight of this early Hollywood movie-musical-set concept brought applause. Then Lewis, Hanna, Franklin, Hancock, Duke and James appeared, all in white tie and tails (no top hats), for a round robin that lasted half an hour, followed by a standing ovation.

This was a Goetterdaemmerung evening, a dismal display of pretentious or vacuous music by splendid performers who know better. They also know that the route they are following is lined with solid gold.

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MANCINI LEADS HIS BASSOON CONCERTO

By LEONARD FEATHER

A concerto for jazz bassoon and 84-piece Orchestra as the musical highlight of a concert? Surely we jest.

We do not. At the Chandler Pavilion Tuesday evening, Henry Mancini's "Piece for Jazz Bassoon and Orchestra" turned out to display much more than the comedic aspects sometimes displayed by the instrument.

Certainly Ray Pizzi, for whom it was written, is aware of the horn's humorous potential, employing it at strategic points. But elsewhere he revealed he is perhaps the first serious master in a very small field.

Mancini, who took over from Jack Elliott to conduct this piece, brought to life an evening that until then had been loping rather than leaping. His concerto made full use of The Orchestra's resources, opening with a jazz waltz, then shifting tempos, meters and gears for 20 fast-moving minutes. Bassist Ray Brown was in superb form in the supporting solo role.

Only four works were played, a fifth, the revival of a 1967 suite by the late Oliver Nelson, was postponed for reasons unexplained.

John Lewis brought some of the evening's warmest and gentlest jazz touches with "In Memoriam," originally recorded in 1973 by the Modern Jazz Quartet and a symphony orchestra. He is a master of economy both as pianist and composer. The first movement was a sensuous interchange between Lewis and the strings; the second used woodwinds, with Lewis digging deep into his blues roots.

Concerto for guitar and orchestra by George Romanis, featuring Tommy Tedesco, opened with Bud Shank's saxophone playing a phrase reminiscent of "The Summer Knows," but showed intimate originality as it moved along, with a brassy climax leading to a solo interlude by Tedesco.

Opening the evening was Byron Olson's "Theme and Variations for Piano and Orchestra," featuring Mike Lang, an accomplished studio musician and like Tedesco a regular member of the orchestra. The writing, though competent, often tended to cover up rather than display the soloist's personality.

The Orchestra's needs: more financing, more rehearsal time, and more young, forward-looking arrangers, to make its dream of classical/jazz fusion a vital, permanent reality.

1/18/81

JAZZ

The album note writers have always referred to him as a literal and figurative giant. Last week, back home in Los Angeles, Dexter Gordon, still 6 feet 5 inches and no less handsome with the gray at the temples, seemed taller than ever as he basked in the glow of honors and victories.

At City Hall the Council offered him a citation for his contribution to jazz. The event came on the heels of his triple award from Down Beat. "I really pulled off what the British call the hat trick," he said. The magazine's readers had again voted him No. 1 tenor saxophonist, but this time he was also elected Jazz Musician of the Year and was ushered into the Down Beat Hall of Fame.

That he is now the world's most popular saxophonist seems all the more astonishing when you consider that Gordon has spent almost 16 of the last 20 years as an expatriate, removed from the heartland of jazz; that he avoids the fusion music supposedly necessary to sell jazz, and dismisses the electronic experiments of many currently fashionable jazzmen as "a disastrous retrogression that diminishes a great part of one's individuality."

Dexter Gordon was the first tenor saxophonist to adapt to that horn the innovations of bebop. Though his playing today reflects a growth in inspiration and maturity, an enviable technical command and a sound that is bigger and more rivetingly personal than ever, the music he plays is an extension of the idiom he grew up with.

The Gordon renaissance began four years ago. The impact of the albums he had made during 14 years abroad, mainly based in Copenhagen, had had a cumulative effect. "Around October of 1976," he recalls, "I went back to New York for a week at Storyville. It was in the middle of a rainstorm, but when I got there the joint was packed, and I got a standing ovation before I played a note. I couldn't believe it!"

"Yet I wasn't sure this was going to be a continuous thing, so I waited until 1978 before moving back to New York for good." Gordon's Danish second wife, from whom he is separated, lives with their 6-year-old son, Ben (named for Ben Webster) in the house he bought in Copenhagen.

Gordon is now at the stablest point in a musical life that began just before his father's life ended. The senior Gordon was a prominent Los Angeles physician among whose patients were Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton.

"My father played clarinet around Washington while



After a long hiatus, Dexter Gordon is back in Los Angeles with a hat trick of jazz honors in his horn.

DEXTER GORDON: REPATRIATED SON

BY LEONARD FEATHER

he was studying at Howard Medical School. I was 13 when he gave me a clarinet, showed me the rudiments, and got me a fine teacher, John Sturdevant, from New Orleans, who played clarinet with that fine, fat Barney Bigard tone. Just two months later, on Christmas Eve of 1936, my father died."

Soon after he had quit school to play with a local band, Gordon became a member of Lionel Hampton's newly formed orchestra. Most of the tenor solos went to his teammate, Illinois Jacquet, nor is there recorded evidence of his subsequent brief stints with the bands of Fletcher Henderson and Louis Armstrong; but with Billy Eckstine's star-laden bebop band he engaged in a classic tenor duel with Gene Ammons.

By this time Gordon regarded the Big Apple as Mecca. Leaving Eckstine, he settled in New York and became part of the bebop scene, recording with Dizzy Gillespie, playing with Miles Davis and Charlie Parker.

The rest of the 1940s and all of the '50s were years Gordon prefers to skip over lightly, since the heroin habit in which he was enmeshed is long behind him. "It was a social phenomenon, really like an epidemic. You can just about count the people from that era who didn't try it."

Ironically, it was after he had straightened out, in 1960, that he was offered a major role as composer, combo leader and actor in the Los Angeles production of "The Connection," a play about junkies. "The other actors, Robert Blake and Gavin MacLeod and all

of them, thought I was so good I must have studied with Lee Strasberg—but I knew that part just from living it. I was just playing me, man!"

His expatriation was not a planned event, but the result of a chance meeting. "One night I ran into Ronnie Scott, who asked me how would I like to play his club in London. I went there for a month, then toured England, and from there one thing led to another."

The focal point of the years to come was Copenhagen and the Montmartre club, Gordon's home base throughout the next decade.

"I wasn't aware that time was passing. In 1965 I remember reading an article by Ira Gitler referring to me as 'the expatriate Dexter Gordon.' That hadn't been my intention. But the work kept coming; I was living mostly with friends, gypsy style. It wasn't until 1968 that I decided Copenhagen was really my new home; then in '70 I bought a house."

Why Denmark rather than any other European metropolis or country? "It was just a spontaneous love affair with the city."

The only problem was finding qualified musicians to work with him. "For the first few years it was tough getting a rhythm section together. Of course, there's this great bass player, Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen, but when I settled in Copenhagen he was 16 and only able to work on weekends."

With the mass influx of U.S. jazzmen and the growth of European festivals, the local musicians were exposed to so much live American jazz that their standards improved immeasurably.

"Another advantage of life over there," Gordon said, "is the media exposure and the great number of orchestras on staff at the radio and TV stations. I played with a lot of those bands."

Because of the length of his absence, and the prominence achieved during those years, by John Coltrane in the '60s and Sonny Rollins in both the '60s and '70s, the extent of Dexter Gordon's influence has been underestimated by the jazz audience.

Coltrane died in 1967; Rollins remains a powerful force but has been experimenting with recordings aimed at the disco audiences and has toyed with the lyrico. Stan Getz, in an album not long ago, tried some echoplex effects. Gordon plunges straight ahead along the course that has taken him unscathed through the vicissitudes of three musically and personally turbulent decades.

"Nobody has tried to persuade me to change my ways," he says, "and I wouldn't even know how. To me, your personal sound is the most important aim of any instrumentalist, especially in an art as individualized as jazz."

"Take the piano players—you listen to someone playing electronic keyboard and you can no longer tell who it is. It's like they've really taken their soul away. With electronics I don't get any thrill; no chills, no tingles."

Gordon's assurance of sound and style seemingly has enabled him to capture an audience young enough not to have followed or even known about the vital and lengthy role he has played in jazz history. His records are selling remarkably well on CBS; meanwhile, the countless other albums made in various countries remain available on Savoy, Blue Note, Bethlehem, Black Lion, Pausa, Inner City and Prestige.

The whole of 1981 looks promising. Japan, where he has only visited once, will welcome him in March; Australia is set for September. There will be time for occasional visits back home, where he can see his mother and two daughters, Deidre, 27, and Robin, 28; and a return to Copenhagen to visit his son.

Wherever he goes, Long Tall Dexter will continue, as he has since those long-ago explosive bebop years, to provide a healthy measure of thrills, chills and tingles. □

REVAMPED MAIDEN VOYAGE AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost a year has slipped by since the all-female jazz orchestra now known as Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage made its bow at Donte's. In the interim there have been several changes, none for the worse, a couple distinctly for the better.

Donte's recently resumed its open-Sunday policy to give the band a platform. The immediate first impression was that the improvement comes from the bottom up: The rhythm section, with Marj Holmgren as the new regular drummer, is cooking harder and maintaining a steadier beat. Bassist Carrie Barton is adequate, though at times one wishes she were doubling on an upright.

The brass section, in addition to showing great precision and enthusiasm, boasts three strong individualists. Stacy Rowles was exquisitely lyrical on fluegelhorn, interpreting the Bobby Shew composition "Blue." Her teammate, Louise Berk, is not only a strong lead trumpeter but a fine soloist. Ann Petereit also is a talented trumpet women's-ad-libber.

Betty O'Hara, the band's most versatile member, is temporarily absent from the trombone section. Her replacement, Jack Redmond, took a lot of good-humored ribbing. He plays very well for a male.

The two alto saxes provide an effective contrast. Carol Chaikin volatile and boppish, Ann Patterson more coolly academic. The tenor sax of Lesli Dechter just doesn't swing, but give her credit for bringing in a couple of excellent charts written by her brother Brad.

It is in the arrangement department that Maiden Voyage has expanded its scope most notably. The Ladd McIntosh treatment of "Maiden Voyage" (when will the band get to play this number at the Maiden Voyage club?), the Dechter score on a little known Duke Ellington work called "Janet," and such Tommy Newsom arrangements as "The Summer Knows," an elegant vehicle for Ann Patterson, all exemplify the variety of writing now available to this spirited orchestra.

In case anyone cares, most of these young women are

still trying to secure studio work and continue to find the doors inexplicably closed to them.

Meanwhile, there's always that gig at Donte's next Sunday.

NEW DOWN BEAT

CHICAGO, JANUARY 12, 1961

Benek... Changes In 'Beat' Staff

Changes in the staff of Down Beat magazine were announced today by Leonard Feather, editor of the publication. The changes include the resignation of Benek... and the appointment of Leonard Feather as the new editor.



Leonard Feather, his promotion to editor of Down Beat magazine, is shown in this photo.

CHANGES IN A 30 YEAR BEAT

—LOS ANGELES—

Mercer Records was a short-lived company Mercer Ellington and I were running. The Blindfold Test, which I had dreamed up for Metronome in 1945, was transferred to down beat soon after I joined this magazine (the first subject, in the 3/23/51 issue, was Terry Gibbs).

Jazz and down beat and this writer were very different in many ways 30 years ago this January. The magazine was more of a newspaper with much pop coverage. The editor, Ned E. Williams (a founding member of db from 1934), liked to liven up the pages with a cartoon history of jazz, photos of deejays and some 1951 issue featured Art Gardner, who had just cut a record, and an informative section called Raytime Marches On. This was subdivided into "New Numbers" (listings of births), "Tied Notes" (marriage news) and, of course, "Final Ben."

Except for the rival Metronome, there were few places to read about jazz in America. Not until 1956 would The New Yorker begin Whitney Balliett's regular coverage. Except for Ralph Gleason's coverage in the San Francisco Chronicle, I can't recall a newspaper in the U.S. that dealt with jazz seriously and regularly. John B. Wilson joined the New York Times in 1952; other papers fell in line very, very slowly.

FEATHER'S BEAT *continued from page 10*

Gleason was with **db** too, and Nat Hentoff was filing stories from Boston. Working out of Chicago headquarters, Jack Tracy headed the staff under Ned Williams. (Today Tracy works in Hollywood for vocal coach Phil Moore's organization; Ned Williams, from whom I heard just a few months ago, retired in 1961 to his native town, Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was a fine and foresighted editor whom I had first met when he was Duke Ellington's public relations man in the 1930s.)

Working for **down beat** has been, from the start, a unique, loose-leash assignment. During the first year I went to Stockholm to report on the new, then thriving Swedish jazz scene. In later years I filed stories from all over Europe, touring with Billie Holiday and my "Jazz Club U.S.A." show in 1954, with George Wein's annual fall continental tour in 1972, reporting from such faraway jazzlands as Tokyo, and most recently, Australia.

It is impossible for the young jazz fan in 1981 to understand what an artistically limited world we lived in three decades ago. Virtually all jazz was in 4/4 time. The hard bop movement was years away, as were the developments of modality, atonality (with the sole exception of one record by Lennie Tristano), the Indian and other exotic influences, free jazz and the entire avant garde movement. Bebop and the surviving big bands were the core of jazz, and Birdland was the cynosure of the Apple in those long-gone 50s.

After moving from New York to Los Angeles in 1960, I concentrated for a while on writing music, producing record sessions and broadcasting on KNOB, but still hung in there with **db**. When I left New York, friends like Quincy Jones warned me: "You won't be able to stand it, man! You'll be back here within a year." A few years later Q became a happy Californian himself. By then (1966) I had joined the *Los Angeles Times*, my principal gig ever since; my weekly column is syndicated to some 340 outlets internationally.

The passage of 30 years has seen changes for the better on every level: the enormous growth of jazz education and of the college jazz concert circuit; the birth of Newport in 1954 of the American jazz festival; the tremendous increase in jazz coverage in the print media; a slow but sure decline in racism (check the poll results over the years); and the overall tendency among more and more thinking Americans, to recognize jazz as this country's true classical music. **down beat** has played a dominant role in the long and difficult propoganda campaign that brought about these results, and it has been a continual joy for me to be a part of that campaign.—Leonard Feather □



LEONARD FEATHER PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ Albert Ammons

IN APRIL 1980, when this series dealt with boogie-woogie pioneer Meade "Lux" Lewis, mention was made of the fact that John Hammond, the talent scout in search of Lewis, was steered to him by another Chicago pianist of the day, Albert Ammons.

Ammons, like virtually all the other soloists who established the "eight-to-the-bar" phenomenon, was a relatively primitive artist in the sense that he was self-taught (supposedly he learned to play by slowing down the mechanism on the family player piano and copying the technique of whoever had cut the piano roll) and his style was harmonically rudimentary. Nevertheless, within his limitations he was perhaps the foremost of boogie-woogie specialists, in that his power and intensity, and the excitement he could generate within the confines of the twelve-bar formula, were unequalled even by his most distinguished contemporaries, Meade Lux Lewis and Pete Johnson.

Ammons was born in 1907 in Chicago. He belonged to what might be called the second generation of the genre, for there was a slightly older man, Jimmy Yancey, born in 1898, who was regarded as possibly the first significant influence in the field. Yancey, admired by Lewis, Ammons, Don Ewell, Pinetop Smith, and Charlie Spand among others, was a pianist, singer, and vaudevillian who as a teenager toured the U.S. and Europe with various troupes, performing in 1913 at a command performance in London for King George V (though it's doubtful that he played any boogie-woogie).

Next to Yancey, Pinetop Smith probably was Ammons' most important source of inspiration. At one time Smith, Lewis, and Ammons shared a rooming house in Chicago, where they exchanged ideas about such techniques as "rolling bass," "the dirty dozens" (a reference to the 12-bar form), and the various left-hand figures that gave boogie-woogie its special character. Pinetop might have become a world famous innovator had it not been for the somewhat violent life he led. Three months after recording "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie," the first classic of its kind, Smith was gunned down in a brawl over a woman, at a dance hall. That was in March of 1929; shortly before he died Smith allegedly told Ammons that he wanted the younger man to carry on the tradition.

Ammons, both of whose parents were pianists, made a living at music, but not



FRANK DRICCS COLLECTION

enough to support himself during the 1930s. He and Lewis played rent parties by night and drove taxis in the daytime. For a while Ammons worked with a group known as François Moseley's Louisiana Stompers; a little later, in 1930, after learning from a pianist named William Barbee how to keep a swinging bass line going on the keyboard, he became second pianist in Barbee's band.

The world outside Chicago knew nothing of the work of men like Ammons. For about four years he played with a drummer, Louis P. Banks, and his Chesterfield Orchestra. Finally he was able to put his own combo together, working with it for two years at the legendary Club de Lisa. During that time, in 1936, he and the band made the celebrated Decca record date that produced "Boogie Woogie Stomp." Soon he was internationally known; shortly after moving to New York in 1938 he recorded for the then brand new Blue Note label.

What had been an informal, occasional partnership with Johnson and/or Lewis became a sudden vogue when all three men worked simultaneously at Cafe Society Downtown in New York. For the next few years Albert Ammons was a central figure in the boogie-woogie movement, usually working in tandem with Johnson. They even played at the Harry Truman inaugural ball.

By the late 1940s, however, the craze for this style had faded, and before long Ammons' son, Gene Ammons, a young

tenor saxophonist and product of the burgeoning bebop movement, was better known than his father. The two Ammonses got to make one record date together, in Chicago in 1947, playing some blues in a traditional style that was well suited to both. But Albert Ammons' career during the last years of his life was severely restricted by illness. He died in Chicago December 5, 1949.

Fortunately he left a fairly substantial legacy of recordings illustrating his mastery of the blues, most notably in its boogie-woogie form. An outstanding example is the recently reissued *Boogie Woogie And The Blues*, recorded in 1944 for Milt Gabler's historically valuable Commodore label [dist. by Columbia, XFL 15357]. The introduction of "The Boogie Rocks," an unaccompanied solo from this album, is prototypical Ammons, with all the rhythmic energy, along with the eloquent yet very basic harmonic and melodic qualities. The introduction is rhythmically confusing, with its syncopated bass line and odd accents. Not until six bars in, when he lets the left hand supply those five octaves on D, E, F, F#, and G, are you quite sure where "one" is.

It is characteristic of the Ammons approach that few three- or four-note chords are used; in fact, there are none here except for one in bar 9 of the first chorus and a couple in bars 5 and 6 of the second chorus. Fourths are very common and are the essence of the right-hand statements from bars 2 through 7 of the first chorus; thirds or open sixths are also effectively used, as in 8 and 9 of the first chorus.

Notice how Ammons keeps the main figure unchanged in the right hand at bar 5 of the first chorus while the bass line switches from an eight-to-the-bar figure in C to the same figure in F. On the other hand, in the second chorus it is the left hand that stays unchanged, while the right indulges in such gambits as a three-against-four (the phrase starting with the G and F sixteenth-notes is heard first as a pick-up on the third beat of the preceding bar, then on the second beat of bar 1, and then on the first beat of bar 2).

The tempo almost defies belief when one considers that the performance is totally improvised. No less remarkable is the fact that the entire track is built on C, F7, and G7. Plato's dictum, "Beauty of style and harmony and grace and good rhythm depend on simplicity," was never more eloquently illustrated than by Albert Ammons. ■

The First Two Choruses of Albert Ammons' "The Boogie Rocks"

♩ = 200

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TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

TYNER: FOURTHS FOR A BRIDGE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

4 x 4." McCoy Tyner quartets. Milestone M-55007. The trouble with double albums is that they can become too much of a good thing. It is not always an endless joy to spend from 70 to 90 minutes circling around with the same artist, often employing the same group sound throughout.

Ozzie Keepnews, Tyner's producer, may have had this in mind when he came up with the engaging concept for this collection. The pianist, his admirable bassist and drummer (Cecil McBee and Al Foster) are constants, but the fourth man changes on each side. On the first side it's Freddie Hubbard; on the second, John Abercrombie playing electric mandolin (which sounds like an introverted electric guitar); on the third, vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson lends his graceful personality to the three cuts, and finally saxophonist Arthur Blythe steps in.

Each side has at least one outstanding track. Hubbard's high point is the Cecil McBee composition "Paradox." Abercrombie offers some introspective moments in his own "Backward Gance." The Hutcherson numbers all are superb, Thelonious Monk's "Pannonica" and Tyner's haunting "The Seeker" matching Hutcherson's own tune "I Wanna Stand Over There" in beauty, rhythmic grace and (when it's required) energy.

The sweet-and-sour alto sax of Blythe adopts a three-piece-suit stance in the conservative "Stay as Sweet as You Are," but is more himself on "Blues in the Minor" and an up-tempo romp on the old pop song "It's You or No One."

It all adds up to a 76-minute listening experience in which Tyner and his rotating colleagues all are stimulated by the company they keep. 4½ stars.

"CONCEPTS IN BLUE." J.J. Johnson. Pablo Today 2312-123. "J. J. INC." J. J. Johnson Sextet. Columbia PC 36808. Though the Pablo set is a new recording and the Columbia a reissue of a 1960 session, the similarities are more conspicuous than the differences.

In 1960, Johnson, already long acknowledged as the Charlie Parker of the trombone, had a regular working group that had been playing, on the job, his six original compositions as heard here. The Pablo recordings, similar in instrumentation (except for the use of electric keyboards and vibes), were played by an ad hoc ensemble, Johnson having long since given up touring to concentrate on writing music for television.

One composition, "Mohawk," is heard in both albums. The earlier version of this blues waltz is slower and more relaxed. His sidemen included Freddie Hubbard, then 22, and Cedar Walton, 26, both remarkably mature and technically advanced for that time. Completing the combo were Clifford Jordan, a Rollins and Coltrane inspired tenor player; Albert (Tootie) Heath on drums, and Arthur Harper on bass.

Flash forward two decades and what do we have?

Clark Terry lending his unique imprimatur; a very energetic Ernie Watts on sax; Billy Childs or Pete Jolly on keyboards; Vic Finkelstein on vibes; Ray Brown or Tony Dumas on bass. J. J.'s son Kevin played drums and contributed one of the tunes, the minor, urgent "Coming Home."

Johnson is still a formidable trombonist and his compositions all more or less blues-related in various configurations, are a mixture of traditional riffs ("Blue Nun") and more modern, modal aspects ("Azure").

The earlier LP has the edge for cohesion and group tightness, while the 1980 set is stronger in recording quality and diversity of sounds. In both cases, the result balances out at four stars.

"SUPERSAX DYNAMITE" Apsara 7062. After eight years of reliving Charlie Parker, Supersax must be running out of Bird songs. That could be a blessing in disguise, for along with the immortal "Parker's Mood" and "Blues for Alice" we got a chance to hear this unique reed team dealing with the works of Bud Powell (the delightful "Parisian Thoroughfare"), Jobim's "Wave" as Bird might have felt it, and two attractive examples of leader Med Flory as composer: "Bamboo" and "Dance of the Road Dogs." The band retains its essential character on the non-Parker tunes. Grim footnote: The featured soloist on "Gloomy Sunday" (renowned as "the

suicide song") is trombonist Frank Rosolino, who killed himself seven months after this record was made. Four stars.

"MR. NATURAL." Staples Turrentine. Blue Note LT 1075. Turrentine's tenor, in lusty form, has the potent support of McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones, bassist Bob Cranshaw, percussionist Ray Barretto and, invaluable, the late Lee Morgan on trumpet.

The accent is on blues: a 5/4 blues for openers, a cute Latin blues with Tyner cooking ebulliently, and even a "Can't Buy Me Love" that is much more blues than Beatles. To top it off there is the incomparable recording sound of Rudy van Gelder, in whose New Jersey studio much of modern jazz history has been made.

The irony is that all this happened in 1964. Never previously released, the session offers more honest, unqualified jazz than some of Turrentine's more recent albums. 3½ stars.

JAZZ REVIEW

MOTHER SINGS, SON LEADS BIG BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Two-generation teams have been proliferating in jazz recently. Talented fathers have been breeding—and hiring—gifted sons. A unique case, however, is the amalgamation of Matt Catingub and Mavis Rivers, presented Sunday afternoon at Pasquale's by the beach at Malibu.

Catingub, the phenomenal 19-year-old saxophonist and composer, is leading a 19-piece orchestra in which his mother, long a local favorite, is featured vocalist.

Presumably Rivers gave her son the best possible education, exposing him via records to a brand of music too seldom heard and not too often brilliantly written and played by musicians of his age. Everything heard Sunday was either a Catingub composition or his own arrangement of a standard tune.

His style is reflected in such works as a mainstream tenor sax feature for Bill Hardaway and Lee Secard, "Corned Beef and Cabbage," and the old Charlie Parker line, "Donna Lee." The latter was handsomely redesigned, at a chops-defying pace, as a showcase for the five-man trombone section.

Playing alto sax, soprano sax and flute, Catingub is a personable leader who draws reasonably accurate per-

formances from his sidemen, of whom a few are of his own age (the percussionist is 18) while the rest are familiar adult faces from other bands around town. Trumpeter Buddy Childers and a couple of others old enough to be his father. Teamwork might have even better if the set, which began in daylight, had ended at sunset, with the musicians struggling to their parts in the twilight.

As for Mavis Rivers, linking up with her mother, the smartest thing Catingub could have done. C two tunes were arranged in delightful unison in vocalese and saxophone. Except for the occasional overloud bass of Bob Maise, accompaniments flawlessly tailored to Rivers' light-textured timbre, jazz-inspired restructuring of the melodies.

The set closed with "Blues Ball," an instrumental piece with well-constructed solos by Childers, Hayward and Catingub. The crossing of generational in the band seems to work well, though the leader is leagues ahead of the other young soloists in the personnel.

The future should be bright for Catingub, provided sticks to his uncompromising principles. If this is a measure of his talent today, he ought to be a giant the time he hits 20.

JOE WILLIAMS SINGS MORE THAN BLUES

By LEONARD FEATHER

The annual report on Joe Williams finds the corporation in estimable shape. The stockholders were out in full force to hear Williams, who opened Tuesday at the Ol' New Yorker, on Riverside Drive in North Hollywood, packing the room as he offered copious dividends in the form of blues and ballads, soul and scat, sensitivity and charisma.

Williams is everything but predictable. In place of a cliché up-tempo opener, he began and closed his set with a gently contemplative song called "Save the Time." During the intervening hour he applied his uniquely lustrous baritone to songs written or recorded by a variety of other artists: Freddie Cole, Benard Igh-

ner, Bill Withers. The blues never seemed more than five minutes away, though the sources were unpredictable. From the Mississippi singer John Lee Hooker came "Dimples," for which Williams dipped into a surprising Paul Robeson basso finale. From Kansas City there was Big Joe Turner's everlasting "Roll 'em Pete," and from Texas some of the classic verses of Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson. (Coincidentally, Vinson is in town this week with an all-blues show at the Parisian Room.)

Chicago, with Williams' evocations of his childhood there, brought the most affecting moments of all. He lent a poignant relevance to that prehistoric message song, "Georgia Rose," recalling the day he first heard it in a South Side theater; and of course he closed with Memphis Slim's "Everyday I Have the Blues," the hit that cemented the Basie-Williams bond back in 1953.

As always, his selection of sidemen was a plus factor, with Nat Pierce at the piano, stalwart Al McKibbon with his upright bass, and Frank Capp on drums.

DICK SUDHALTER LEADS DOUBLE LIFE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

It was a day like any other day, except that 52 hostages had been freed and we had a new President. The temptation was irresistible to ask Dick Sudhalter: "Aren't there moments, at a time like this, when you wish you were back with UPI, covering the events in Washington or Tehran or Algiers?"

"The answer," said Sudhalter, "is an unqualified yes." Instead of reporting the monumental developments of the day, Richard Merrill Sudhalter spent the evening onstage at the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles' Music Center, playing the cornet and leading the band in the musical drama, "Hoagy, Bix and Wolfgang Beethoven Bunkhaus."

Dick Sudhalter's multiple life is unique, not only because he has enjoyed overlapping careers as a musician, author, political journalist and jazz reporter, but because he has been resoundingly successful on all these levels.

He explains himself in typically articulate terms: "I am a compulsive equivocator. A sort of leitmotif in my life is that I don't like to give up anything that I have fun doing. I feel that since we are only put on earth once, we should do anything we feel enriches us. I've always juggled, and I intend to keep doing as many different things as I wish, in the full knowledge that some people are going to resent it."

Currently Sudhalter, for the second time, is a nominee for a Grammy award. This is not due to his playing, but to the superb notes he wrote for a Lester Young album on Time/Life Records.

In the Bix play he does the cornet work while Harry Groener enacts the role of Bix Beiderbecke. There is no attempt to conceal this doubling; in fact, on some of the songs they are back to back onstage. It works well, as part of a generally delightful evening in the theater,



Richard Sudhalter plays Bix Beiderbecke's music in "Hoagy, Bix and Wolfgang Beethoven Bunkhaus."

stardust-studded by 24 of Hoagy Carmichael's compositions. For Sudhalter it is a culmination, since Beiderbecke has been a thread running through his life in music.

"My father idolized Bix," he says. "I grew up with jazz records around the house, because he was an illustrious sax player, and his gods were the ones I later espoused."

"I conned my parents into letting me rent a cornet for three months, and I never looked back. After graduating in 1960 from Oberlin College, instead of going to Harvard Graduate School as my dad had, I wanted to go to Europe. So I got on a boat and just went."

Having been a dual major in English literature and

music, Sudhalter plunged forthwith into the double life he has maintained ever since. For a while he taught English at a school in Salzburg and commuted 90 miles twice a week to Munich, where he played in a band.

After landing a job with the Bavarian Radio Orchestra in Munich he decided to try for a news agency job. "I deluged UPI with letters to London, Frankfurt, all over. One day I was in the studio recording a radio show when a call came through from Frankfurt, telling me, 'If you still want that job, be here at 8 a.m. Monday.'"

"I left my eight-months-pregnant wife in Munich and went to Frankfurt where she joined me and our daughter was born five weeks later. I then started a very exciting life that lasted from 1964 to '72. I moved up in the ranks from fledgling to Eastern Europe bureau manager."

While in London in 1968, Sudhalter heard on his car radio that Soviet troops had moved to the border of Czechoslovakia. "As it happened, I was driving by the Czech embassy. I parked, dashed in, whipped out my passport and got a visa, went home, packed a bag, took a plane to Nuremberg, rented a Volkswagen at the airport, drove to the border and wound up spending several days as the only Western journalist in Czechoslovakia. After many encounters with tanks, just before the last border was sealed, I got out."

Sudhalter's consequent front-page exclusives earned him a posting to Belgrade. (He speaks fair French, good German and "mangled Serbo-Croat.") The horn was still around, though not taken out of its case as often as he would have liked.

When his Yugoslavian hitch was up, Sudhalter was given a choice of active duty in Nairobi or Tel Aviv, or a sedentary desk job in London. "I remember the turning point. I was at a diplomatic party in Belgrade with some friends from the British embassy. During dinner my host, a jazz fan, played the famous Joe Venuti-Eddie Lang record of 'Farewell Blues.' When it got to the Jack Teagarden solo I found myself crying. This rush of sentiment made me realize I had to do something; so I went back to London, where I kicked around in the UPI office for two years but did a lot more playing. Finally, I quit UPI for good and during the next year finished work on

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UCLA Center for the Performing Arts

WEIN WILL PRODUCE ^{2/4} PLAYBOY JAZZ FEST

The third annual Playboy Jazz Festival will be held June 20-21 at the Hollywood Bowl, and again will be produced by George Wein, it was announced Tuesday.

Comedian Flip Wilson will be the master of ceremonies and the Count Basie Orchestra will perform both nights. The rest of the program will include the following:

June 20, from 2:30 to 11 p.m.: Joe Williams, Herbie Hancock, the Crusaders (with Stix Hooper, Joe Sample and Wilton Felder); a quartet led by saxophonist-singer Vi Redd, and a combo featuring pianist Don Pullen and saxophonist George Adams, both alumni of the Charles Mingus and Art Blakey bands of the 1970s.

Highlighting the June 21 performance, 2:30 to 10:30 p.m., will be Mel Torme, Earl Klugh, George Shearing, Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, Weather Report, and a specially assembled quartet with Dizzy Gillespie, Lalo Schifrin, Bernard Purdie and Ray Brown.

Opening the second night's concert will be the winner

of the Playboy/Chaffee College Collegiate Jazz Band Contest. Other artists are to be announced.

Because of the heavy attendance last year, when the 35,000 total broke the Hollywood Bowl record for a two-day non-charity event, advance ticket mail order forms are now available from 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 90069, telephone 855-1057. Tickets, scaled from \$20 down to \$5 per concert, will go on sale April 1 at all Ticketron outlets and Charge-line.

—LEONARD FEATHER

'TAPER AFTER HOURS'

FROM '20S TO '80S WITH MANNE TRIO

By LEONARD FEATHER

Taper After Hours," a series of jam sessions, is being staged Sundays at 10:30 p.m. following the performance of "Hoagy, Bix & Bunkhaus" at the Mark Taper Forum. Of those who attended this Sunday, only a few dozen arrived late to take advantage of the free admission; the rest were those who had paid to see the show.

Shelly Manne's Trio is antithetical to the 1920s jazz that had just been offered during the musical drama. True, pianist Mike Wofford opened the hour-long jam with a Hoagy Carmichael tune, "Davenport Blues." Granted, Manne spoke about Bix's love for the Impressionists, whereupon Wofford played his own adaptation of Ravel's "La Valse."

Nevertheless, the transition to 1980s lyricism was future shock to some in the audience, which would explain the dismaying number of walkouts. For the majority who remained, the music admittedly was low key and cerebral, but valid and quite diversified in its own way.

Because Manne is a master of restraint and took few solos, to all intents this was the Mike Wofford Trio. The pianist, who has worked with Manne off and on since 1967, coaxed a gentle sound from a good upright piano during a program that encompassed works by Thelonious Monk, Billy Strayhorn (the endearing "Passion Flower"), Duke Ellington and Wofford himself (a tune respectfully entitled "Cole Porter"). Though he acknowledges a debt to Bill Evans, Wofford is a little less harmonically oblique and tends to swing more.

Chuck Domanico on upright bass rounded out the threesome with supple support and a couple of intriguing solos.

Manne's trio will be heard Feb. 13-14 at Carmelo's. The next Sunday session at the Mark Taper will present Dave Frishberg, who has an acting and singing role in the play. He will switch on this occasion from Carmichael to some of his own witty compositions.

Procope, Kelley, Cozy Cole die

VETERAN drummer **COZY COLE** died of cancer on January 29 at Ohio State University Hospital, aged 72. Born in East Orange, New Jersey, in 1909, William "Cozy" Cole was first inspired by Sonny Greer, and cut his first records with Jelly Roll Morton in 1930, joining Blanche Calloway's band in 1932.

After stints with Benny Carter, Willie Bryant and Stuff Smith in the Thirties, he joined the Cab Calloway band in 1939, and was heavily featured on several records like "Crescendo In Drums" and "Paradiddle".

Throughout his career he played with many top outfits, including Harry James, Teddy Wilson, Bunny Berrigan, Lionel Hampton, Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald, transcending the Swing style to play with Dizzy Gillespie.

In 1949 he joined Louis Armstrong, and remained for over four years, touring Europe with the band and featuring in several films. Further tours followed in the Fifties with Jack Teagarden and Earl Hines.

He studied at Juilliard from 1942-5, learning piano, clarinet, vibes and tympani. Mutual admiration between Cole and Gene Krupa led to the founda-



COZY COLE: veteran drummer

tion of the Krupa & Cole Drum School from 1954 until Krupa's death in 1973. Cole also published several respected works on modern drum techniques.

In 1958, his recording of "Topsy" became a hit, making it possible for him to tour with his own combos, including a West African cultural exchange tour for the State Department.

In 1969 he joined the Jonah Jones quartet, and appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1973 with the Cab Calloway Reunion Band, and the Nice Festival the following year.

He was a featured player in the Broadway production of



RUSSELL PROCOPE: Ellington sideman

"Carmen Jones", and appeared in the film, "The Glenn Miller Story".

RUSSELL PROCOPE, 72, one of Duke Ellington's most famous alumni and a respected jazz artist for more than a half century, died of a heart attack on January 20 in New York City.

Born in Manhattan, Procope studied violin, sax and clarinet with private teachers. During the Thirties he was featured with the bands of Chick Webb, Fletcher Henderson and Benny Carter, later touring in Europe with Teddy Hill's orchestra.

Procope then spent six years as a soloist in the John Kirby Sextet (of which he was the last surviving member after Charlie Shavers' death in 1972). Then he brought his smooth alto sax and clarinet stylings to the Duke Ellington orchestra, in which he was a key figure from 1945 until Ellington died in 1974. After Ellington's death he freelanced with Brooks Kerr and other small combos around New York. His wife died last September and friends said he had been despondent.

Procope won the Down Beat critics' poll on clarinet annually from 1970-73.

JOHN DICKSON "PECK" KELLEY, the pianist who became an international legend simply by word of mouth, without ever recording and hardly ever leaving Houston, Texas, is reported to have died there in late December at the age of about 80.

Kelley led his own group, Peck's Bad Boys, in the early 1920s with such sidemen as Jack Teagarden, Pee Wee Russell and Louis Prima. Though he made occasional brief trips out of town, including Army service 1942-3, he refused all offers to join Teagarden and others, or to make any records. He had been in virtual retirement for the past 25 years. Musicians who heard him in the early days said that he could have been world famous as one of the giants of jazz piano.



BETTY CARTER: top female vocalist bid.

No upsets in Grammy nominations

THERE were no surprises in this year's jazz Grammy nominations. Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin won a nomination for the fifth consecutive year, this time for "Farewell" on their own Ascent label. Others nominated in the big band jazz category were Mel Lewis and the Jazz Orchestra for "Bob Brookmeyer/Arranger"; Louie Bellson Big Band for "Dynamite"; Bob Florence Big Band, for "Live At Concerts By The Sea"; Count Basie Orchestra for "On The Road"; and Rob McConnell And The Boss Brass for "Present Perfect".

Nominated for best jazz instrumental group performances were Bobby Shew, "Outstanding In His Field"; Hank Jones, "I Remember You"; Nick Brignola, "L.A. Bound"; the Heath Brothers, "Live At The Public Theatre"; Phil Woods, "Phil Woods Quartet, Volume One"; and Bill Evans, "We Will Meet Again". Nominees for best jazz instrumental solo were Hank Jones, Woods and Evans again; also Jimmy Knepper for "Cunningbird", and Pepper Adams for "Chasin' The Bird".

The finalists in the female jazz vocalists category were Betty Carter for "The Audience With Betty Carter"; Helen Merrill for "Chasin' The Bird"; Helen Humes for "Helen Humes And The Muse All Stars"; Ella Fitzgerald for "A Perfect Match/Ella & Basie"; Sarah Vaughan for "Duke Ellington Song Book".

Those nominated for best male vocal jazz performance were George Benson for "Moody's Mood"; Mark Murphy for "Satisfaction Guaranteed"; Slam Stewart for "Sidewalks Of New York"; Bill Henderson for "Street Of Dreams"; Mel Torme for "Torme/A New Album".

The "Best jazz fusion performance" nominees were Patrick Williams for "An American Concerto"; Earl Klugh for "Dream Come True"; Manhattan Transfer for "Catching The Sun"; Chuck Mangione for "Fun And Games".

The Grammy winners will be announced in a televised party at New York's Radio City Music Hall February 25.

necessarily emulate it. It was the same way in 1957 with John Coltrane. First time I heard him I was overwhelmed—over, under, around. I was just *whelmed!* At first I tried to play some of those licks of his, but man, they were too tough for me."

What he is doing now, Blythe feels, is "a way of synthesizing my musical course of history, my manner of adapting it to a personal setting, if you want to call that innovative, so be it. All I'm really trying to do is keep alive these various concepts I've heard through the years, and find a personal way of communicating what I've learned."

Blythe's development into a significant new voice on the contemporary scene has been accomplished despite a career that seems to have consisted mainly of interruptions. In his San Diego years, when not playing in a rock band, he might be found devoting the daylight hours to tedious manual labor.

In Los Angeles, where he lived for a decade, the level of frustration mounted. Theoretically, he was a member, from 1963-73, of a band led by the pianist and composer Horace Tapscott. "Horace led UGMAA, the Union of God's Musicians' and Artists' Ascension, an organization for the preservation of black music. But in between gigs I would put up a carnival or spend long hours unloading trucks.

"Horace just wasn't into that working chique; he was always such an outlaw. I was on just one record with him, and aside from some scab rock 'n' roll sessions that was all the recording I did in Los Angeles."

Tapscott used Blythe in various groups, one of which was known as the Pan African People's Arkestra. Blythe also taught at the Malcolm X Center and at UC Riverside as a student-teacher.

During those Los Angeles years he acquired the nickname Black Arthur. "It was a time of heavy black awareness," he recalls. "I did a lot of research into black musical history and some of my friends started using that name for me. I had a feeling people might be intimidated, but nowadays there's no need for that." In recent years he has dropped the Black and reattached the Blythe.

Toward the end of the Los Angeles residency, he played on the sound tracks of two little-known films ("As Above Also Below" and "Sweet Jesus Preacher Man") and on a TV special ("Story of our Lives"). But his ultimate conclusion was: "Los Angeles may have been a great place for some people to live, but it was driving me up the wall. It finally drove me to New York."

The move to New York seemed to augur better days, yet they were not immediately attainable. After the porno parlor job, he worked with the singer Leon Thomas for two or three months. Then his physical qualifications (though not tall, he has a Buddha-like, burly figure) earned him another security guard job. He even drove a cab for a few days just prior to the association with Chico Hamilton.

"Working with Chico gave me an opportunity to observe his professionalism. Just studying his show and program was a rare experience."

During the early New York years, Blythe's other most valuable contact was with Gil Evans, in whose orchestra he played. "This was a great challenge. It forced me to read more music on a regular basis, and I enjoyed just being around Gil, examining how his music was structured. Through Gil I got to investigate different areas of writing; it gave me ideas that I hope to incorporate into some of my plans."

Though it is as a saxophonist that Blythe has been able to build critical respect and gain an international reputation, he has continued to grow, and aspires to establish himself as a composer. He has demonstrated a chameleonic talent along these lines in some of his recorded works. His "Lenox Avenue Breakdown" LP, which perhaps best shows the diversity of his writing, comprises four pieces: the funky "Down San Diego Way," the Harlem jazz groove of the title tune, the contagious 7/4 beat of "Slidin' Through" and the Middle Eastern flavor of "Odessa."

Though he does not yet feel ready, and even doubts whether he will be willing to expand as a composer-arranger on a Duke Ellington scale ("I don't know whether I can deal with that"), Blythe does envision writing for larger groups. "I've got me a piano and I'm working on some things that's another avenue I have to get into."

Yet Blythe is not locked into a formula as composer-performer. His "In the Tradition" album contains only two original works, the rest of the footage being devoted to such excursions as an exotic investigation of the Ellington-Tizol "Caravan," a shrill but melodic updating of Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz," and a wailing workout on Coltrane's sensuous "Naima."

His most recent release, "Illusions," was listed by many critics (this writer among them) as one of the 10 outstanding jazz LPs of 1980. Having achieved this plateau of recognition, Blythe can be confident that his heavy dues-paying days are at last behind him. He has emerged permanently from the day jobs, the gigs playing in lofts, to prestigious work in clubs and concert halls. Blythe is not content, however, to leave well enough alone.

"I don't know what's inside me, I have certain limitations, and there are various things that need to be worked on. I don't suppose I'll ever be 100%, but meanwhile, I don't want to lie back, cruise on through life and become complacent."

"I haven't reached utopia, but I'm still living and moving. I hope to keep on developing as long as I have breath." □

JAZZ BRIEF

"CITY CONNECTION." Terumasa Hino. Inner City IC 6068. Here is what can happen when a big investment is made in a jazz soloist in the quest for mega-sales. Cornetist Hino, a poll winner in Japan from 1965 and a New Yorker since 1975, is enveloped in a thudding six-man rhythm section and surrounded by six horns, a dozen strings, two female vocalists, guest soloist Dave Liebman, and two arranger/conductors, one of whom, Harry Whitaker, must accept blame for the third-grade lyrics of "Send Me Your Feelings."

It's all very expensive, and very excessive, though the charts do not inhibit Hino entirely. Things improve on the second side, which offers a brief, happy samba that enables the rhythm section to loosen up belatedly, as well as two original compositions by Hino arranged by L. Leon Pendarvis.

One of the Hino pieces is "Blue Smiles." Dedicated to the late trumpeter Blue Mitchell, it is exquisitely conceived and played, with Hino at his most soulful. Dave Liebman contributes a lyrical interlude on alto flute and the strings are used usefully. This cut raises a two-star album to three-star status. —L.F.

2/3

Arthur Blythe is the most written-about alto saxophonist to have come to prominence in the past several years. The foreign jazz magazines run esoteric, probing feature articles about him, often referring to him as "Black Arthur." He has become the darling of the American rock 'n' roll press.

Blythe is something of a maverick, neither full-fledged avant-gardist nor traditionalist. His sound and style are variously hard, free, wild and Coltrane-ish, or soft, supple, disciplined and even simple. He refuses to be pigeonholed, rejecting the idea that he is an innovator.

JAZZ

MUSICAL MAVERICK ON THE SAXOPHONE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Most jazzmen who have significant talent to give the world make an impact during their teens or 20s. Blythe, born in San Diego and later based in Los Angeles, was 35 before he could even give up day jobs and feel that he was a full-time musician. That was when he began his three years, off and on, with a combo led by the veteran drummer Chico Hamilton a year after his move to New York.

Since then, he has signed with Columbia Records. In addition to three widely acclaimed albums for that label, he has been heard as a sideman on a score of other LPs with McCoy Tyner, Woody Shaw and Jack DeJohnette among others.

It is happening late but rewardingly fast for Blythe, who as recently as 1974 was supporting his wife and three sons by working as a security guard in a Broadway porno parlor.

Since becoming at long last a leader, Blythe has led a piano-bass-drums quartet, which he calls "In the Tradition" (this was the title of his second Columbia LP), but has also worked with odd instrumentations. At different times he has used a tuba player, Bob Stewart (to revert, Blythe says, to the New Orleans tradition while placing it in a modern context); a remarkable classically trained but improvisationally skilled cellist, Abdul Wadud, who implicitly represents the European instrumental origins; a conga player (Akhmed Abdullah), symbolizing the African jazz roots, and a flute, played



PHOTO BY DAVID GARE

Saxophonist Arthur Blythe refuses to be pigeonholed, rejecting the idea that he's an innovator.

by the innovative James Newton.

"I've been fortunate to go through a variety of musical experiences," Blythe says, "without being restricted to any one idiom or era. The reason is that I was brought up with the masters. My mother used to play records around the house. I heard a trombone in a blues band and told her that was what I wanted for Christmas. But she liked Johnny Hodges and Earl Bostic, so she told me, 'No, I'm going to get you a saxophone.' So I had no problem acknowledging the music of her generation."

Playing in the high school band, Blythe quickly adapted to other sounds, to the early rock that was gaining a foothold during the 1950s. Still another impact was that of the free jazz of Ornette Coleman, who impinged on his consciousness around 1959.

"Ornette abandoned certain elements of music that had been taken for granted as essential; I found this intriguing and associated with it conceptually, but didn't

MARK MURPHY FULFILLS HIS JAZZ COMMITMENT

By LEONARD FEATHER

2/10
Mark Murphy, who closed at the Lighthouse Sunday, has been building a following as a singer with a firm commitment to jazz. He is up for a Grammy award in the vocal jazz category.

Undoubtedly his heart is as pure as his intentions, and at times the results justified the obvious effort he was making to deliver some 80 minutes of jazz. His strong sound came across effectively in John Coltrane's "Naima," and his "Skylark" was well phrased and free of affectation.

These virtues were less evident, however, during other segments of the set. As has been noted in the past, Murphy has a tendency to overreach, crossing the thin border line that separates the jazz singer from a jazzy singer, inserting hip phrases and scat passages as if to prove his loyalty to the cause.

The clown medley, combining "Laugh Clown Laugh" with "Send in the Clowns," seemed contrived, particularly when he missed the elusively wistful mood of the latter. "Blues in the Night" was long on drama and short on soul, though Murphy set it up well with an amusing apology for lyrics that sound, in today's world, unforgivably male-chauvinistic.

Murphy might project a more convincing image if he were to balance the jazz with a few superior popular songs and ballads delivered without so many melodic twists and turns. The jazz element, in any case, comes across strongly enough by virtue of the presence of John Heard, an admirable bassist; Peter Donald, a compelling drummer, and Tom Garvin at the piano.

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NEWTON AND COMBO AT PASQUALE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

James Newton, who led a small combo at Pasquale's Friday and Saturday, is a flutist and composer who, in both categories, represents the all-embracing attitude of today's truly qualified musicians.

Newton, 27, has spent several years demonstrating his ability to fit comfortably into every idiom and any instrumental setting. On his latest album the music is quasi-classical, played by a wind quintet, and without a rhythm section. The atmosphere at Pasquale's was totally different as the set began with such conventional vehicles as "Bags' Groove" and "Autumn Leaves," with a regular piano-bass-drums backup.

The flute is a demanding taskmaster, but Newton has it thoroughly under control, bringing to it a strong, confident sound and an adventurous yet accessible improvisational personality. His power and conviction are most evident when he plays his own compositions, "Forever Charles," which he dedicated to Charles Mingus, was preceded by an eloquent statement about society's failure to recognize Mingus' genius. It is a harmonically oblique work that found Alan Broadbent, the pianist, working very sensitively in tandem with the leader.

Midway through the set, Newton dismissed the sidemen and brought on Allan Iwohara, a koto player. The two men interpreted an early 20th-Century Japanese work, their personalities blending as Iwohara elicited exquisitely pure tone from his custom-built instrument.

Broadbent returned, along with drummer Roy McCurdy and bassist Pat Senatore, to accompany Newton and Iwohara for an extraordinary treatment of Charles Mingus' "Goodbye Porkpie Hat," with a koto solo that demonstrated brilliantly the young Japanese-American's affinity for jazz.

James Newton is an artist and leader capable of producing endless surprises. Attractive though it was, the Pasquale's gig barely seemed to skim the surface in its display of his versatility and ambition. He hopes to work next with a trio featuring Iwohara and a guitarist. Whatever he does, and wherever he performs it, a visit is strongly recommended.

12 Part VI / Friday, February 27, 1981

MUSICIANS UNITE TO FIGHT RACISM

By LEONARD FEATHER

A new organization known as MUSE (Musicians United to Stop Exclusion) is planning an all-out assault on what it views as rampant racism in the Hollywood studios.

Noted trombonist and composer Garnett Brown, formerly with Herbie Hancock, is MUSE president. Pianist/composer Jack Wilson, a well-known recording artist, is vice president, and flutist Valarie King is treasurer.

"We have figures to show a consistent pattern of discrimination," Wilson said. "The Los Angeles area has an abundance of black musicians who are qualified for movie, television and recording work, as well as stage shows, musicals and industrial shows.

"In our view, one cause of the shortage of black musicians is the virtually complete absence of black contractors. If there is not an immediate and substantial upturn in the hiring of black musicians, we will not hesitate to file complaints with both the Fair Employment Practices Commission and the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission," he said.

"We have worked long and hard to master our craft, only to find that certain doors are still closed to us."

A glance at the current scene, and statistics gathered in recent months by black musicians, reveal only a handful of blacks, if any, can be found in the typical movie studio or television situation. In the concert field, the group known as The Orchestra, formed in 1979, numbers 86 musicians, among whom only two blacks (Ray Brown and Oscar Brashear) appear with any regularity.

Another prestigious job, the Oscar Awards program, typifies the reason for the musicians' complaints. In 1971, Quincy Jones was invited to assemble and conduct the orchestra for this nationally televised show. His 42-piece ensemble included 17 blacks. Prior to that time there had never been more than two or three, and under other conductors, the number dropped back again drastically in 1972 and in the years following.

Brown said that a study of contracts from the Local 47 Musicians Union files covered 238 individual contracts with five major movie studios: Columbia, Disney, Universal, Paramount and Lorimar, between May, 1979, and July, 1980. These contracts involved a total of 8,974 job calls, of which 67 (or 0.75%) were for blacks. Since only a few blacks are called, the actual number of black musicians who received those calls is probably closer to 35 or 40.

Local 47, its president Max Herman and vice president Marl Young and others have indicated their concern and are appointing a fair employment committee to handle problems of this type.

Musicians may contact MUSE at 277-8086 or write the group: Suite 207, 420 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, 90212.

FOR ONCE, HERMAN SEEN AND NOT HEARD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Wednesday evening, in a brief relief from the rigors of the road, Woody Herman spent his time as recipient rather than donor of services, as listener instead of provider of music.

The occasion was the fourth annual gala staged by the Friends of Music of Cal State L.A. at a banquet in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Herman, the first jazz artist to receive this group's award, was on hand for the inauguration of a series of scholarships established in his name, to be given each year to a jazz student from the CSLA music department.

With Dr. Herb Wong, the jazz educator who is writing Herman's biography, as emcee, the speeches went smoothly. Herman alumni Nat Pierce and Jake Hanna broke up fellow graduates with on-the-road band stories. Everyone, without spilling into sentimentality, paid tribute to Herman's long track record as band leader and humanitarian.

Robert Curnow, director of the 20-piece CSLA Jazz Ensemble, wisely refrained (except for a closing medley) from subjecting the maestro to a reminder of his own hits. Instead, he offered a program of scintillating music written by members of the college orchestra.

The high performance of bands such as this, as Curnow pointed out, is less and less extraordinary, more and more the norm in these days of ubiquitous jazz educa-

tion. Saxophonist Herman was impressed by Danny House, 19, an alto player with imagination, a warm sound and technique to spare. House leaves Saturday to tour Europe with an all-collegiate band assembled by trumpeter Clark Terry.

Even more encouraging was a set of self-confident vocals by Cheryl Conley. Phrasing with the sensitivity of a horn player, her intonation flawless, she surprised nobody but herself when it was announced that Conley was the winner of the first Woody Herman scholarship.

As the evening ended for the quest of honor, he looked at his watch. Where had he been the night before? Some 29 miles out of Syracuse, N.Y. Where was he due to play the next evening? Just 40 miles from Albany, N.Y. "But," Herman added, "it was worth the trip. Tonight was a gas. First the Inauguration Ball and now this—so far it's been a very good year."

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DUDLEY MOORE: BEYOND '10'

BY LEONARD FEATHER

On a recent weekend, Cleo Laine and composer-conductor-husband John Dankworth sat in a small Hollywood recording studio where, in a matter of hours, they completed work on a most unusual, jazz-oriented album.

Dankworth left his saxophone home, functioning solely as producer. On the other side of the control booth were his wife and three musicians: the bassist Ray Brown, Nick Ceroli on drums, and a diminutive, enthusiastic jazz pianist by the name of Dudley Moore.

The sessions went smoothly, with unexpected interludes of comedy relief. At one point Moore, entering the control booth, found Dankworth engrossed in writing out some music.

Moore: "What are you doing?"

Dankworth: "It's in the wrong key; I'm transposing it."

Moore (with heavy North-of-England accent): "Making a transposition, eh? My aunt had one of those once. Took her to the hospital, they did. Transposed her from B Flat to E. Painful bloody business. You could hear her screams all over the neighborhood."

Dankworth: "Very sad. I understand they removed her coda, too."

At this point the engineer was ready and, as we listened to the playback, Moore's mood switched from humor to concentration and elation. For him, the occasion marked a happy reunion with two old friends and a rare chance to display his very respectable talents as a jazz pianist.

with Moore joining in on the vocal), and Dudley himself, playing and singing on "Strictly for the Birds." He described this as "A rather silly little scat song which I wrote around 1957, while I was at Oxford, for a production of Aristophanes' 'The Birds.'"

Dudley Moore's musical credentials in his pre-"10" days are fairly well established, but some of the early incidents that took him through interlocking careers as composer, pianist, comedian and actor have remained slightly obscure. After the record date, he talked about them with a mixture of pride and humility.

"John and Cleo helped to get me started. I was playing at a May ball in 1958 when they came to hear me. John recommended me for a job with the Vic Lewis orchestra; in fact, it was with Vic that I first came to America, when the band toured a lot of GI bases.

"When they went home I left Vic, stayed in New York and worked at the Village Vanguard with a trio. The night before I was due to go back to London, Ahmet Ertegun of Atlantic Records came in. He said he was very excited about recording me; but I was too homesick and went right home."

Moore then joined Dankworth's big band, remaining for nine months. "I was a bit nervous about playing behind the soloists, because at that time I was on a terrific Erroll Garner kick. I played in his style even when they were trying to take a chorus, and they felt it was impossible to solo against me. They'd look at me like



Actor Dudley Moore resurfaces as a jazz pianist with two old friends.

resident composer for London's Royal Court Theatre; he had composed ballet music and television commercials. Then came the concept of a revue, "Beyond the Fringe," in which he was teamed with the comedian who would be his partner for many years, Peter Cook.

"Beyond the Fringe" went on to London and Broadway, leading to a Moore-and-Cook TV comedy series; but Moore never lost track of his jazz connection. The first of his many albums (he has recorded a dozen in England, the U.S. or Australia) was entitled "Beyond the Fringe and All That Jazz."

Moore's involvement with jazz began when he was 13. "There was one music shop near me in Ilford, and I'd pick up

whatever I could there—the odd George Shearing, a bit of Fats Waller. But Garner became the great influence on me. I didn't really like Oscar Peterson until I heard his live Stratford Shakespearian Festival album. That was just wonderful, and along with Garner's 'Concert by the Sea' it became my bible.

The professional career of Dudley Moore started early. At 11 he attended the Guildhall School of Music, where he studied violin, but three years later he had acquired enough proficiency on the organ to play weddings for a five-guinea fee, which to a teen-ager in 1949 was a small fortune.

Along with music, he studied French and Latin. "I concentrated on those subjects, because they were what I needed in order to get into Oxford on a scholarship, and that's what happened—I got an organ scholarship, and during the years at Oxford I did cabaret dates and wrote music for plays, which I also acted in."

As a youngster, and a small one for his age, Moore took more than his share of bullying. It's the classic comedian story: "I used comedy in order to cope with all of it. Being funny can render you sort of innocuous, and also allows you to be hostile without its being felt as hostility by others—even though they wonder why they've got blood seeping out of their ankles. So I got to enjoy comedy more and more, and it became an obsession alongside the music, and eventually superseded it."

Perhaps significantly, the first piece of music Moore ever wrote was called "Anxiety" (he was 12; the sheet music, framed, is on the wall of his Marina del Rey home). During his acting career ("10" was, neatly, his 10th movie), he

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VENTURA'S BACK WITH A BORROWED SAX ^{2/17}

By LEONARD FEATHER

The climb up hill may seem twice as steep to anyone who has spent time at the top. This thought may have occurred to Charlie Ventura when he made his first local appearance in more than 20 years Sunday at Mulberry Street in Studio City.

The tenor saxophonist, long a Gene Krupa sideman, led a combo of his own that won polls and helped popularize bebop in the late 1940s. Later he rejoined Krupa until illness forced him off the scene.

Though not in the same league with Coleman Hawkins or Lester Young, Ventura always was a warm-toned, enthusiastic soloist; but his personal contribution was less influential than that of his group, spearheaded by the bop vocals of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral.

Coming out of near-total retirement, Ventura was understandably nervous. A balky mike didn't help; trouble with his horn led to an aside telling us that all his own saxes had been stolen. A casual and sometimes stiff rhythm section, to which Harry Babasin's bass contributed the only moments of interest, produced a jam session atmosphere for a performer who in his peak years relied on careful organization.

The tunes were all reflections of his roots in the swing-to-bop era: "Indiana," a Duke Ellington medley, "It's a Wonderful World." During the second set Ventura seemed to take command; "Yesterdays," always one of his big numbers, found him in a more relaxed and

swinging groove. Possibly the arrival of old friends such as Shelly Manne and other former Ventura sidemen provided a stimulus. By now his sound and self-confidence had returned to that pristine form.

Ventura needs time, and a bigger, more cohesive musical entourage (he is working on that).

Now a San Fernando Valley resident, he will be back at Mulberry Street Sunday, looking for more long-forgotten, well-remembered faces in the crowd.



Warner Brothers has issued "You Must Believe in Spring," the first posthumous Bill Evans album.

JAZZ ALBUMS

BILL EVANS: A REWARDING SET

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"YOU MUST BELIEVE IN SPRING." Bill Evans. Warner Bros., HS 3504. We were assured that there would be posthumous Evans releases. Warners has now made good on that promise by issuing this trio set, with Eddie Gomez on bass and Eliot Zigmund on drums.

Recorded in 1977 but never before made available (for reasons unrelated to the quality of the music), this set offers two Evans compositions: the touching "B Minor Waltz" and "We Will Meet Again." The waltz reminds us that Evans was master of the 3/4 meter all the way back to "Waltz for Debby," which he recorded in 1956. "We Will Meet Again" is a longer and superior trio version of a song dedicated to his brother Harry, which last year was heard, in a piano solo treatment, as the title tune of another album.

The other cuts, all exemplary illustrations of Evans' crystalline delicacy, reveal his knack for picking out suitable tunes by fellow musicians. "You Must Believe in Spring" by Michel Legrand has a superb bass solo by Gomez. "Gary's Theme" is a gossamer work by the late Gary McFarland; "The Peacocks" was written by fellow-pianist Jimmy Rowles; the "Theme From M*A*S*H" by Johnny Mandel, and "Sometime Ago," yet another graceful waltz, by Sergio Mihanovich of Brazil.

Produced by Helen Keane, Evans perennial manager and close friend, in collaboration with Tommy LiPuma, this is a rewarding evocation of the imperishable and irreplaceable Evans sound. Five stars.

"THE SONGS OF JOHNNY MERCER." Susannah McCorkle. Inner City IC 1101. An American, jazz-influenced pop singer, McCorkle has spent much of her time in England, where this set of 15 songs was taped.

2/22
Her taste is impeccable, her style at its best admirable; but a certain lack of warmth inhibits a couple of the ballads, and the hilariously hip Mercer lyrics to "My New Celebrity is You" (believed to have been his last song) don't catch the essence as Blossom Dearie's version did. The British jazz combo is so-so, except for a fine, full-bodied tenor soloist, Danny Moss. Three stars.

"IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY." The Clayton Brothers. Concord Jazz CJ 138. Jeff Clayton plays agreeable, unspectacular alto sax, at its best on the Adderly-like, aptly titled "Cannon." His tenor could use a little more Sonny Stitt-style fire. The album is most notable for the splendid bass (particularly the bowed passages) by John Clayton, and for the debut of a promising guitarist, Emily Remler, who deserves a session of her own. 3½ stars.

"SECOND WIND." Jane Ira Bloom. Outline OTL-138. Bloom, an alto and soprano saxophonist in her early 20s, takes her horns through a broad range of concepts, from the tonal and melodic ("Over the Rainbow") to the abstract and outside (several original works). She couples her exceptional control of both instruments with an innovative approach. The strong support comes in various configurations with bass, piano or vibes and sometimes drums. Beyond doubt Bloom is an artist with a direction for the future. Four stars. Obtainable from #16 M, 200 West 70th St., New York, N.Y. 10023.

"BY ALL MEANS." Alphonse Mouzon. Pausa 7087. Album credits we never finished reading: "Produced by Alphonse Mouzon. Production assistant—Linda Ledesma-Mouzon. All songs written, arranged and conducted by Alphonse Mouzon. Horn and string arrangements by Alphonse Mouzon . . . Mixed by Howard Lee Wolen and Alphonse Mouzon . . . All songs published by Mouzon Music Co. . . . Special thanks to my son, Alphonse Philippe; my wife, Linda Ledesma-Mouzon; my mom, Emma Mouzon; my dog, Poobley . . ."

The music? Five-star artists (Mouzon, Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Ritenour) playing one-star charts.

"2 + 2." Clare Fischer & Salsa Picante. Pausa 7086. Leading his Latin-combo from the electric keyboards, Fischer has augmented the group with two male and two female singers. Their blend is splendid, they are at times expertly integrated with the band through Fischer's compositions, lyrics and arrangements; and they are quadrilingual, starting in German and proceeding to English, Spanish and doo-be-doo, the Esperanto of jazz. The rhythm, generally timbales-oriented, could have used more bottom. Darlene Koldenhoven, the lead soprano, is a striking discovery. Four stars.

"COPACABANA." Sarah Vaughan. Pablo Today 2312-125. That this set does not reach the consistent heights of its predecessor, "I Love Brazil," cannot be blamed on Vaughan. The difference lies in the accompaniment, which this time is spotty. Who needs that unison choir background on "Smiling Hour"? Vaughan is not Mitch Miller. The simplistic percussion on "Bonita" could be a metronome. Still, Helio Delmiro's guitar, an unidentified cello and the incomparable Vaughan contralto applied to "Dindi," "Gentle Rain" and Jobim's "Double Rainbow" (English lyrics by Gene Lees) elevate this to 3½ stars.

"THE MYSTERY SCHOOL." James Newton. India Navigation 1041. Newton, 27, is a classical and jazz flutist and composer who in this remarkable album leads a wind quintet in three of his own compositions. "The Wake," a eulogy for the late Dr. Howard Swanson, the composer, occupies the first side. Among its nine movements are a clarinet-bassoon duo by John Carter and John Nunez; an English horn solo by Charles Owens; Red Callender in a remarkable tuba solo, and the unremittingly creative Newton. None of these men plays jazz here, yet there are passages that are clearly improvised. There is no rhythm section, here or in the other two works, "Central Avenue" and "Past Spirits." Absorbing music for serious listeners. 4½ stars. □



Barbara McNair

BARBARA McNAIR AT OL' NEW YORKER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Barbara McNair, who opened Tuesday and closes Saturday at the Ol' New Yorker, takes over the stage with a now long-familiar advantage. Some years ago she was listed by an expert on such matters as one of the world's 10 most beautiful women. Time has done nothing to erase that image. In a white gown and a toothpaste-ad smile, she was stunning.

Time, alas, also has done nothing about her nightclub act, which differs little from one reviewed in 1978 at the Playboy Club. She has still not learned how to deal from her strengths, namely a pleasing timbre, good intonation and phrasing and a relaxed approach to a gentle melody.

There are ballads here and there, but the mood of "When the World Was Young" is still rudely interrupted by her segue to a Teutonic treatment of "Those Were the Days." From the Barry Manilow songbook, "When Will I See You Again" provided her with a charming waltz to which she brought the requisite warmth.

McNair should make a pact with Linda Hopkins and Esther Phillips: They will not try to come on like McNair and she will not insist on singing black gospel material such as "Jubilation," for which her Racine, Wis., background ill qualifies her.

Then there were the painfully unfunny revenge song ("You broke my heart in three" was a typical line) and the distressingly unhip material in a number about men ("for the ladies in the audience"). She followed the latter with an affecting delivery of "How to Handle a Woman," from "Camelot," an example of what she does best.

Her rhythm section (piano, guitar, bass, drums) too often was funk-oriented, though it was hard to tell whether the inept backing was due to the musicians or the arrangements.

McNair has dealt with so many audiences over the years that she should know how to project to them; this still does not connote an awareness of what would be best for her in terms of a well balanced program. As always, she provided just enough evidence of how much more she could offer, but not enough to compensate for "You Broke My Heart in Three"

BETTER LATE THAN . . .

Leonard Feather's article on avant-garde saxman Ornette Coleman ("The Long Winding Road Back to L.A.,"

Calendar, March 1) came about 20 years too late. Let me give a little historical background on Feather's attitudes toward what was then termed free jazz and what some termed anti-jazz.

In the late '50s and through the '60s, some jazz musicians were taking structure and improvisation well beyond the then-prevailing parameters of what is known as jazz. It is a given that jazz moves ever forward. The people creating the music at that time included such geniuses as Coleman and John Coltrane. The critics at the time, except for a very few (notably Ralph J. Gleason and Frank Kofsky), were fairly unanimous in their condemnation of this new music (as critics usually are whenever something new threatens their preconceived notions of what the music is and should be) and Leonard Feather was among the most prevalent. His power, for that is certainly what it was (and still is), to ignore or to criticize certainly did nothing to help the conditions of such great artists as Ornette Coleman.

All I can say is that it's nice to see Feather come around to where the music was 20 years ago. He finally accepts Ornette Coleman enough to do an article on him. Congratulations. If he keeps at it, the music being played now might even appeal to him around the turn of the century.

FRANK B. GERHEIM
Long Beach

Feather points out that he wrote the liner notes to an Ornette Coleman album in the late 1960s. He will be addressing some of Gerheim's points in an upcoming column.

CALENDAR

JAZZ

ORNETTE COLEMAN: THE LONG WINDING ROAD BACK TO L.A.

BY LEONARD FEATHER



Ornette Coleman spent most of the 1950s in L.A., a time of frustration.

When the composer and saxophonist Ornette Coleman lived in Los Angeles, where he spent most of the 1950s, frustration was the keynote of his life. Rejected by his peers, who disparaged his radical musical concepts, he worked as an elevator operator, scuffled in day jobs and finally took off for New York, where in short order he was hailed as the most important innovator since Charlie Parker.

A few weeks ago, Coleman returned to Los Angeles, under markedly different conditions. He had been signed by the producer/director/writer Josef Bogdanovich to score a feature film, "Box-Office," starring Eddie Constantine, Carol Cortne, Monica Lewis, Edie Adams, Robin Clarke and Aldo Ray.

Like many domestically unhonored prophets, Coleman has had little acceptance as a movie writer on home soil. He went to Paris to score a film for the Living Theatre in 1965. In 1970 he undertook a project for the National Film Board of Canada; but the score he composed for his only American feature, made in 1962, never reached the theaters. "They said my music was too strong," he recalls, "so they didn't use it." Bogdanovich (unrelated to Peter) knows that Coleman's iconoclastic music is just the right

strength for his requirements.

Coleman, a small man with a subdued voice and a restrained, guileless manner strangely at odds with the revolutionary character of his music, articulates his ideas in a style parallel to that of his improvisations; at times laser-beam lucid, at other points not easy to fathom.

"Basically," he said, "the film tells a very human story, about a young woman expressing a desire to be an individual; at the same time, there's the inner plight about the truly human condition of caste and quality of living, which in this case is called a human genetic thing. So you have these two plights. And that is one of the reasons I became involved, because I like multiple expressions. I write my music in those kinds of images. So when I saw this, I stopped everything and started work on Josef's movie."

"The reason why Ornette and I have a good working relationship," said Bogdanovich, "is that I think of him more as a classical musician. He has a significant background in terms of working with large orchestras." (Coleman's symphonic work "Skies of America" was recorded with the London Symphony; the orchestra is being reunited with him in London to record the film score.)

Along with the symphony, Coleman is

using seven jazz musicians. Additionally, Carol Cortne will sing three songs composed by Freddie Redd; two have lyrics by Fran Landesman. Bogdanovich elaborates: "Ornette's contribution has nothing to do with the song passages; it is an underscore that deals with the dialogue, with the concept of climaxes—a score that adds punch to the plotline, pushes its development into the light."

Coleman tries to clarify: "The sound that relates to the dialogue is the sound that I am writing. The sound that is being used to express the dialogue is already there."

Oh.

Coleman's writing for the score will involve the use of his "harmelodic" music, a theory so complex that any attempt at an explanation would bog down in technicalities. Suffice it that the use of tempered and non-tempered pitches is involved, and that Coleman may use a non-tempered instrument, the musette, along with the regular instruments of the orchestra. His refusal to go along with the 12 tones of the Western tempered scale has led to accusations that he plays out of tune.

If the layman has a problem understanding Ornette Coleman's theories, or the music to which he applies them, they may take consolation in the knowledge that many renowned musicians have had great difficulty relating to his accomplishments. His is the classic story of the nonconformist who has to fight noncomprehension. Though the respect in which he is now held in many circles is still far from unanimous, he has remained above the battle, firm in his conviction that harmelodic music and non-tempered sounds will ultimately bring us all to a higher emotional and aesthetic level.

The Coleman rebellion took shape slowly. It might have begun earlier had he not been born in dire poverty in segregated Texas.

"As a little kid I never heard a symphony orchestra. As for jazz, the only time I heard it was when some musicians got stuck in Fort Worth. People sometimes tell me I'm better off being a self-taught musician, but I'm not. It's taken me that much longer to get the approval of those who already know these things I had to teach myself. I'm self-taught because I stayed in Texas and discrimination was still a big issue there."

Playing in rhythm and blues bands to help support his family, Coleman was unaware of such sophisticated forms as bebop. "I went to New York in 1945, when I was 15; I had an auntie there. I saw Dizzy Gillespie's band at the Apollo, but I couldn't relate to it. I got nostalgic for Texas and went back to dance music there, playing tenor sax in rhythm and blues bands, but still going to high school.

"Then I started learning bebop; my favorite composers were, and still are, Thelonious Monk, Charlie Parker and Bud Powell. I wanted to go back to New York and play bebop, but my auntie had left and I didn't know anyone there. Well, a saxophonist friend, Red Connors, had an offer to go to California and he needed an alto player, so I switched back to alto.

"When I got to California, all the guys in the band got drafted, the band broke up and I was stranded. Ten years I was stranded in Los Angeles."

The panic was on. By now Coleman was not only into bebop but asking ques-

tions that transcended it. What was wrong with dissonances? Why the adherence to standard harmonic formulae? Finding very few places where his music was acceptable, he supported himself and his wife with menial chores.

Worst of all, there was the pervasive racism of 1950s California. "I'd go out to the San Fernando Valley and sit in with, say, Gerry Mulligan. I was staying in Watts then, and I'd have to hitchhike home. Every single time, the cops would stop me, they'd make me assemble my horn and play it to prove it was mine—simply because I was coming out of a territory where they wouldn't expect a black person to be.

"One time, when I had let my hair grow very long, they took me to jail, made me strip, took pictures of me as if they didn't know whether I was a man or a woman."

When he was not being humiliated by whites in the Valley, Coleman was subjected to hostility on the part of black musicians in Los Angeles. "They were all very negative to me, because I didn't know how you're supposed to act in a city like this."

At one club, Dexter Gordon ordered him off the bandstand when he started to play. At another, he waited almost four hours to sit in with the Max Roach-Clifford Brown quintet. "When they finally let me up there, the whole rhythm section walked off—but I just kept playing. I thought it was very strange, because I could have kept along with them.

"Charlie Parker was playing at Tiffany's. I wanted so badly to have him hear me. I was playing exactly the way I'm playing now, only better. I call it better because I was a vegetarian. I didn't use drugs—I was just pure music. But they put me out of the club because I couldn't afford to buy a drink. Parker came out and started talking to me, treating me just like another person would treat a fan. So I didn't get to play for him, but I was enthusiastic about meeting a musician of his caliber—the same way that John Coltrane and I got together, years later, when Trane was studying with me.

"Later on, some of the black musicians around town changed their attitudes—particularly Eric Dolphy, who had treated me very, very foreign at first, then became a warm and close friend.

"I hardly knew any white guys, but one night in 1958 I met Red Mitchell, the bassist. He had James Clay with him, a tenor player I knew from Texas. Red let me sit in, and he told Les Koenig of Contemporary Records about me. Les called me for a record date and I made two albums for him."

The two albums, though their sales were modest, impressed enough people in important places to lead Coleman to John Lewis, director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, who in turn told Gunther Schuller about the new discovery. Coleman came to New York in 1960, hailed by critics for his initiative in escaping from many of the strictures of previous jazz forms—the conventional 12- or 32-bar chorus, the orthodox harmonic patterns, even the use of bar lines.

The Coleman innovations spiked the strong brew of controversy around the world. His career was a roller coaster of catalytic experiments such as the seemingly chaotic album "Free Jazz," in which a double quartet improvised long

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VIZZUTTI, BRUNEL QUARTET AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

If the group seen on recent Thursdays at Donte's sounds more familiar than the names of its leaders, there is a reason. Allen Vizzutti, the trumpeter, and his co-leader Bunny Brunel, a bassist, are both regular members of the Chick Corea band, as is the drummer Tom Brechtlein.

These three Coreans combine with Ken Shumi on electric keyboards to present a program of music written by Vizzutti and Brunel. If a tag has to be attached to their music, fusion would fit best, though exactly what they are fusing is open to question. Jazz and rock? Rock and funk? Funk and baroque? Baroque and Brazilian?

It depends which tune is under discussion, since all these elements were audible at one point or another. Vizzutti, longer on technique than melodic inspiration, ran the top-brass gamut from trumpet to flugelhorn to a four-valve, piercingly thin-toned piccolo trumpet.

Brunel's velocity on Fender bass is more evident than his ability to supply a steady rhythmic undercurrent. Like too many technically endowed bassists, he forgets that his primary role should be supportive. There was more solidity to his work when, on Vizzutti's "Small Fry," he switched to a long, bodiless upright bass.

Brechtlein had similar troubles restraining himself, sometimes turning Shumi's keyboard solos into drum explosions. He also helped render semi-intelligible three vocal numbers by Nani Villa, Brunel's wife.

They will skip Thursday but will be back March 12, 19 and 26. Meanwhile, Charlie Callas, a comedian who likes to play the drums, has formed a jazz combo that will work at Donte's Wednesday through Saturday.

DIZZY GILLESPIE AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

By LEONARD FEATHER

2/22

Dizzy Gillespie's visit Wednesday to Concerts by the Sea was no ordinary fly-by-night gig. The club was ablaze with lights, this being a session for "Jazz America," which will be broadcast next fall on PBS and National Public Radio.

Conscious that he was videotaping for posterity, Gillespie added Ray Brown on upright bass, Tim McIntosh on trombone, and two importations from New York: pianist Valerie Capers and Paquito Rivera on alto.

With Brown and Capers bringing the rhythm section up to the size and sound he deserves, Dizzy was nudged into operating at full strength, virtually telling us the history of bebop through his smoking horn.

Rivera, a former member of the Irakere group in Havana, who settled in New York a few months ago, has developed into a startling innovator who moves from mordant, Birdlike bop to manic split tones and squeaks.

McIntosh is a respected film composer who gave up playing in 1969 but was persuaded on a moment's notice to pick up his horn again. It was not the wisest of deci-

sions; his sound and invention, following a Rivera solo, came as an anticlimax.

Capers showed a Horace Silver influence, especially in her assaultive bass-line punctuations. More should have been heard of her, but there had been little rehearsal and she laid out on numbers she didn't know.

All the tunes were Gillespie standards, from "Bebop" and "Kush" to "Brother King," "Ole" and "Birks Works." They were preceded by comic monologues so familiar that most Gillespie followers can now recite along with him or anticipate the punch lines. No matter, however well known his words or certain trumpet triplet clichés, they are genuine originals. Gillespie's storehouse of gems is the Tiffany of jazz.

Of the regular sidemen, Tommy Campbell on drums lacked the true feeling for the idiom, and Michael Howell's Fender bass was out of place. Ray Brown, laying out on a couple of tunes, was sorely missed. Guitarist Ed Cherry, in his flamenco introduction to "Ole," lent a bright splash of contrasting non-bop coloration.

The material taped Wednesday will be edited and lined up with segments recorded at locations in New York and Washington. The result will be a four-installment anthology of bebop in a series that will run to dozens of programs and will eventually encompass the entire history of jazz.

Besides being seen on TV around the world, the series is being set for worldwide release on disc and cassette home video; there will also be original sound-track record albums. At the controls for this unprecedented venture are producer Gary Keys, co-producer Tim Owens (best known for his "Jazz Alive" radio series), and executive producers Jeanne Mulcahy of KCET and John Goberman of Lincoln Center, where the first program was taped two weeks ago. Thanks to them and their staff we can at least assume that the 30-year television jazz drought is over.

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GLORIA LYNNE SINGS AT OL' NEW YORKER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Gloria Lynne, this week's attraction at the Ol' New Yorker supper club, is as much a part of the local scenery as MacArthur Park or the Watts Towers, and considerably more stable than the latter.

A recording artist since 1958, she has retained her full, rich timbre and the ability to convey the essence of songs from every era.

She still cruises with strength and conviction through the harmonic labyrinth of Stevie Wonder's "Visions," and brings the same honesty and warmth to the Kern/Hammerstein "Folks Who Live on the Hill."

"Out of This World" undergoes a reasonably successful rhythmic transmogrification into funk, relieved by a switch to a jazz beat at the midway point. Lynne even manages to take the song "Tomorrow," with its Polyanna lyrics, and rise above them. Here and there she tosses in a soulful touch, reminding you that her mother was a gospel singer and her major influences have been Ella Fitzgerald and Mahalia Jackson.

Her fluctuating moods succeed with the help of her perennial aide de camp David Benoit, whose jazz piano on "June Night" came across with the same *savoir-faire* as his electric keyboard on the pop songs.

If greatness and fame have eluded Lynne, it cannot be for want of talent. True, there are sounds more immediately recognizable and distinctive, but hers is a depen-

dable, controlled voice, and for the most part she has adjusted her accompaniment and choice of material to the requirements of 1981 without any loss of integrity.

Benoit's quartet played a brief opening set that revealed the jazz facility of guitarist John Pondel. As always, Monte Oliver plays tasteful solo piano during cocktails and dinner hour.

Lynne closes Saturday. Coming Tuesday, Maxine Weldon.

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a letter to Bird on Sunday, March 13, 1955, Chan said: "I have a terrible premonition about you and Slim. If not your death as a man, then your death as a musician. And everything is so symbolic. I just read a book called 'Birds and Death.' . . ."

The letter never reached Charlie Parker. In poor health for years, he had died the night before, but word did not reach Chan until Monday, the day we read a major headline in the New York Daily News: BOP LEGEND DIES IN HEIRESS' FLAT. To the press and public was a two- or three-day wonder; to those of us who loved and admired Charlie Parker, understood his music, appreciated his compassion and humanity, it was an unthinkable tragedy we had long been fearing.

Walking through "To Bird With Love" too often becomes a chilling experience. Here is the angry telegram from the then Musicians Union czar James C. Petrillo: "I have arbitrarily failed to appear . . . I have in my absence . . . your agency tells me they cannot locate . . . place your membership in jeopardy . . ." Here are the traffic tickets, the painting Bird did for Pree, the letter showing that for a recording date as late as 1954 he received a leader's fee of \$79.45, a 1953 contract that shows he played the Kavakas Grill in Washington for \$50 flat.

There are Mitch Miller playing oboe, a sideman on a later record session. Here is the airline insurance policy Bird took out with Dolores Berg, aka Chan Richardson, aka Chan Parker, as beneficiary. Bird lives on every page, fallible and vulnerable, pitiable and irritable.

"To Bird With Love" suffers only from its assumption of too much knowledge on the part of the reader. None are we told, for example, that Baroness Pannonide Koenigswarter on Page 84 is the same Nica seen on Page 386, or that the full-page photo of the Stanhope Hotel on Page 387 indicates the home of the Baroness, a wealthy patron of jazzmen, in which Parker died of a heart attack at age 34 while watching a television show.

Too many of the individuals in the photographs remained unavoidably unidentified; perhaps more research undertaken in New York would have brought a better-rounded job of visual reportage, but in view of the book's French origin the errors are remarkably few. Moreover, anyone ready to spend \$147 on a book about Bird probably does not need to be told who Nica was, or who the "Klook and Annie" were who reported the birth of their son in a telegram to Bird, or other such details that may seem cryptic to those far removed from his world.

In the final analysis, what counts is the memory best summed up in a 1950 letter from a Swedish fan. It was written after Bird, temporarily free from drugs, had toured Scandinavia with unqualified success.

"Dear Charlie. We want to thank you for your wonderful playing both in Malmo and Lund. We all think it is a lovely dream that you spent half a night with us. We just can't understand you are so human, so just like one of us, 'cause you are a star, a genius, and we just think. We will always remember you as one of the greatest human beings we have ever met. . . ."

"One day when you are tired of U.S.A., come back to Sweden and be one of us. Your playing, your talk, your wonderful smile, your cry of happiness, you gave me . . . the happiest moments of my life.

"May you live long and see a better world growing up with more fun, understanding, humanity and lots of

good music. Regards, Slim."

But Bird never returned to Sweden, and there is a caustic irony in the reproduction, on the very next page, of a contract symbolizing his life in the U.S.A., the country Slim would have had him abandon. It called for the entire 10-man Charlie Parker with Strings ensemble to appear for a seven-day week at the Towne Casino in Buffalo, N.Y. Price Agreed Upon: \$2,950 guarantee. To Bird, with parsimony and too little love. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"TILL PLAY FOR YOU." Bill Watrous. Famous Door HL 134. Fellow-trombonists will be left slack-jawed by Watrous' "Body and Soul," not just because it is a technical tour de force but on the strength of its endlessly creative lyricism. The other tracks maintain the high level Watrous has achieved in his series of LPs for this label, with a competent rhythm section. The Seals & Crofts title tune adds a neat contemporary touch. Four stars. (Obtainable for \$9 from Harry Lim Prods., 141-10 Holly Ave., Flushing, NY 11355).

—LEONARD FEATHER

"THE SWINGER." Zoot Sims. Pablo 2310-861. Sims' tenor is as elegant as the company it keeps: Jimmy Rowles, the master of obliquely original piano statement; Shelly Manne and John Heard, with a surprise addition in the person of Sims' trombonist brother Ray. Little known as a jazzman, he bears an ingratiating resemblance to the late Bill Harris. "Dantelle," an Al Cohn tune, is his prize track. On the old Jimmie Lunceford song, "Dream of You," he sings, showing himself not quite ready for prime vocal time. 3½ stars. —L.F.

"GOIN' THROUGH CHANGES." Feather. Discovery DS 821. Weaver Copeland, the main protagonist of Feather, shows his versatility as singer, composer, lyricist, arranger, conductor. What he rarely shows (except on the engaging instrumental "Summer Song") is a measure of originality. The entire A side and part of the B, though pleasant, recall many other vocal recordings in this genre, mostly by Brazilians, from the early 1960s on. Victor Feldman lends his always valuable presence, but his composition "Haunted Ballroom" is weakened by trivial lyrics. For one unrelated Feather from another. 2½ stars. —L.F.

FLIGHT AND FALL— THE BOOK OF BIRD

BY LEONARD FEATHER

3/8

"Bird Lives" has become the most celebrated of all jazz graffiti. You can see it scrawled on the wall on the corner where there once stood a Los Angeles club called the Hi-De-Ho. That would be on Page 251 of "To Bird With Love," a production through which Bird truly lives again, more vividly than at any time since his death 26 years ago next week (March 12, 1955).

Announced as "The definitive book about Charlie Parker," this is in many respects the most extraordinary labor of love ever dedicated to a jazz musician. Weighing in at eight pounds, its 424 pages are 14½" high, 10" wide, and packed with photographs and memorabilia of every kind.

The magnum opus is credited to Chan Parker, a devoted and sensitive woman who shared Bird's last several years, and Francois Paudras. Chan Parker served as technical director and wrote the English text (consisting for the most part simply of captions to the photographs); Paudras is credited with the conception and the French text.

The publisher is Societe Wizlov, La Cure, 86310 Antigny, France, and it is yours for \$147 airmail or \$127 surface mail in the United States, \$163 airmail or \$141 surface mail in Canada. Attempts are under way to secure American distribution.

To anyone who was ever touched by the genius of Bird, the price will be no deterrent. Between these covers can be seen the birthplace, birth, childhood, family, adolescence, accomplishments and frustrations of Charles Christopher Parker Jr., aka Bird, Yard, Yardbird. Here are his friends, the musicians and fans; and his adversaries, the booking agents and club owners. Here is Bird healthy and happy, straight and serene,

Bird bloated with booze, or haggard and strung out on junk, Bird beaming as admirers surround him at Birdland (the N.Y. club named after him), on a bus in France, at a club in Sweden, at the historic Paris jazz festival in 1949.

Here are the places where the genius of Parker crystallized: his childhood home, the public school and high school he attended in Kansas City; Minton's—the so-called "birthplace of bebop" in Harlem—and 52nd Street downtown, shown in a nostalgic double-page shot, aglow with the neon of the Three Deuces, the Famous Door, the Onyx, and his apartment in a rundown area on Avenue B in lower Manhattan. There are grimmer locales: Camarillo State Hospital, where he recuperated after a breakdown in 1946; Bellevue Hospital in New York, where he was admitted after attempting suicide; and finally the Lincoln Cemetery, just outside Kansas City, where Bird was laid to rest.

Despite the absence of any narrative other than the captions, there is much more to this volume than the staggering array of photographs. Along with the pictures that are worth a thousand words you find pictures that are a thousand words, or more: reproductions of angry exchanges of letters between Parker and the Musicians' Union concerning Bird's disastrous engagement at the Tiffany Club in Los Angeles and a chaotic booking at the Latin Quarter in Montreal (in both cases the employers' claims were upheld and Parker's denied).

The letters illustrate poignantly how incapable Bird was of dealing with mundane business matters, of attending to the normal exigencies of a profession pursued in nightclubs and concert halls; but the reasons for his troubles in coping with life are made clear in an earlier correspondence between Ross Russell, the sympathetic record producer who helped get Bird into Camarillo, and Chan, then known as Chan Richardson, who at that time was not living with Bird but was a concerned onlooker. (The official Mrs. Parker was Doris, who according to most historians married him in Mexico, though the details of his marital adventures and the settling of his estate led to endless wrangling, claims and counter-claims.)

From Chan's letter to Russell we learn that Parker had a narcotics habit from age 15; that he was in an asylum in Kansas City, and that Chan was trying without success to free him from heroin. She opens up to Russell: "I'm sure that if Bird were given the opportunity that Diz was, he could straighten himself out. He knows how much he blows and he's hurt cause Diz is making all that gold." It is true that the relatively successful career of Gillespie, who was Parker's partner in the bebop jazz revolution, rankled Parker at times, yet their mutual admiration endured until the end.

There is one touching letter from Chan to Bird, expressing her anxieties.

"I've never before had a fear of dying because I've never before faced the future . . . My lovely, lovely children: Pree is so sick and so very helpless . . . but you, my heart, are my greatest worry. Although I want



Charlie Parker is celebrated in the 424-page, 8-pound book, "To Bird With Love," which comes beaded in its own mock mailer, pictured below.



with all my heart to believe in your moral reform, I knew that there would be backslides . . . I'm afraid, Bird. Somewhere during our three years I lost my courage."

Pree, Charlie's and Chan's 3-year-old daughter, died soon afterward. Hysterical, Bird sent Chan four telegrams from Los Angeles in the course of a few hours. This was the first. "My darling, my daughter's death surprised me more than it did you. Don't fulfill funeral proceedings until I get there. I shall be the first one to walk into our chapel . . . Yours most sincerely, your husband, Charlie Parker." Another read: "Chan, help Charlie Parker." The last wire reads: "My daughter is dead. I know it, I will be there as quick as I can. My name is Bird. It is very nice to be out here. People have been very nice to me out here. I am coming in right away take it easy. Let me be the first one to approach you. I am your husband. Sincerely, Charlie Parker."

Most of those who knew Bird best believe that Pree's death was the final agony he was able to endure. He made one more attempt to rehabilitate himself, living with Chan in New Hope, Pa., but within a year he was dead.

BLYTHE INSIDE AND OUT AT McCABE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Arthur Blythe, the alto saxophonist and composer who has been the subject of more journalistic commentary than any other jazz soloist in the past two years, brought a quartet to McCabe's over the weekend for his first local appearance as a leader.

The term "outside" has been used by critics as a synonym for radical, defiant of the conventions of form, tone and tradition. Blythe, with his use of multiphonics and abrupt shifts of mood, rhythm and tempo, is indeed an outside player when the impulse seizes him, yet he is capable of reverting to a style that is, to quote one of his album titles, "In the Tradition." Saturday evening he kept moving outside and inside as if caught in a revolving door.

For this reason and others, an evening with Blythe is an invigorating experience. This was not his "In the Tradition" group, for which he employs a conventional rhythm section; instead, he had a superbly kinetic tuba player, Bob Stewart, in place of the regular bass, and replaced the piano with a guitar, played by Kelbyn Bell, who developed an often tense and never predictable alternation of jazz, rock and funk.

Blythe opened with one of his more conventional pieces, "As of Yet," an apt medium for his display of orthodoxy and audacity. The climax was a sonorous, tenebrous tuba solo by Stewart.

The closing work started as space-age bebop, then lapsed into a 10-minute drum solo, complete with whistles, a flexatone, anything to draw laughter, which had not seemed to be the true objective of an otherwise musically rewarding evening.

ORCHESTRA PASSES ECLECTICISM TEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

When The Orchestra, with its 84 musicians and lofty ambitions, launched its first season in the fall of 1979, conductor Jack Elliott asked rhetorically: "What's wrong with being eclectic? The days when people insisted that you decide whether you represent classical music or jazz or pop, or any other area, are gone forever."

There were times when it seemed that sound-track music, flatulent exercises in pretension and under-rehearsal threatened to sink the venture not long after its maiden voyage. But the problems of the past were forgotten Tuesday evening at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion when Elliott took his fourscore hirelings through a program of two newly commissioned works and a third that was new to Los Angeles.

The premise that The Orchestra can undertake ventures of which no other ensemble is capable was best illustrated in the opening "Concerto Due," composed by Bill Holman for Bob Brookmeyer on valve trombone and Jim Hall on guitar.

The work was intelligently designed to utilize the vast resources at Holman's disposal while incorporating both soloists, separately or intertwined, in a manner that reinforced their personalities. The second movement, a fast waltz, and the third, with Brookmeyer conjuring up his unique brand of melancholy, paved the way to a slightly overbrassy but skillfully crafted finale. Hall's gentle sound and loping swing came across generally well balanced with the string section.

Lalo Schifrin's "Invocations" (conducted by the composer) was the most serious piece, and the only one that perhaps could as well have been written for a conventional symphony orchestra, since there was virtually nothing in it that called for jazz capabilities. This observation is not made judgmentally, for Schifrin's examination of his instrumental options—splashes of marimba, pizzicato figures by the bass section, harp passages, vaguely Middle Eastern flute effects—cut a high, wide and handsome swath of sound.

After intermission, David Grusin's "Centennial Almanac" brought The Orchestra in tandem with the 70-voice Valley Master Chorale and a jazz rhythm section that included Oscar Castro Neves on guitar. Commissioned by the University of Colorado, it was first performed in 1976 by a student orchestra at Boulder.

From the opening "Divertimento" through the pastoral second movement ("Earth Song") to the jubilant "R.F.D. Saturday Night," this concerto grosso is a well conceived slice of Americana, ranging from the simplicity of handclaps by the choir to the complexities of off-beat rhythms. The first movement was in 14/8 and the third, for the most part, in an odd nine-beat meter, subdivided 2-2-2-3—great foot-tapping music for your average nine-toed listener.

Castro Neves added a Latin touch, Chuck Domanico, a solid bass beat, and only Grusin himself, at the piano, seemed out of place in a spot where, say, a Roger Kellaway could have added a missing element of energy. But the overall result, like the evening as a whole, proved that in the right hands, eclecticism does indeed pay off.

JAZZ/POP MUSIC

A JAZZ WRITER'S STANDARDS
KNOW NO BLACK OR WHITE

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Recently colleague Dennis Hunt of The Times inadvertently stirred up a controversy by writing a highly critical review of Smokey Robinson. Certain black readers, assuming Hunt was white, accused him of racism. Others who know Hunt is black were angry that he did not bend over backward to be kind to a black artist.

"My job," Hunt wrote later, "is to assess all forms of pop music without regard to the race, creed, sex or color of the performer . . . Praising mediocrity would be a flagrant violation of reviewing ethics."

Substitute "jazz" for "pop music" in that first sentence and you have the credo of any journalist or historian, black or white, who professes to be a jazz critic.

Racial sensitivities work in several ways for the non-black jazz writer. Logically, in dealing with an art form almost all of whose most vital originators have been Afro-Americans, the writer concerns himself with a great percentage of black subjects; but whether black or white, they are evaluated according to the standards cited by Hunt.

This is not good enough for certain white observers. The following is a brilliant illustration of the brand of mail to which a white writer may be subjected. Written last year after I had reviewed a performance by the bands of Ray Anthony, Tex Beneke and Mercer Ellington, it took the form of a letter to the editor:

"This letter is written to protest Leonard Feather's . . . bigoted coverage (of) musical events . . . He praises the Duke Ellington Orchestra, conducted by his son Mercer. . . . The audience . . . almost unanimously disagreed with Leonard's appraisal. . . . It was a bad band and Duke must be turning over in his grave.

"Leonard is entitled to his opinions but . . . he is unable to give a fair review to the performance of white musicians . . . For years he has appeared to have been conducting a one-man black-superiority crusade, and convinced that its success depended on ignoring or putting down white musicians. Racism is racism regardless of which direction it is pointed in."

The writer of this *billet doux* is Leo Walker of Hollywood, author of a book about dance bands. Nowhere did he point out that in the self-same review I mentioned that Woody Herman's band, which I heard the same evening, sounded superior to all the other three, including Ellington's. That would have spoiled Walker's point; but since his mind is made up, it would be cruel to confuse him with facts.

On the other hand, here is Exhibit Two, from one Frank B. Gerheim of Long Beach. His complaint is antithetical to Walker's. He is shocked that an article about Ornette Coleman, the black saxophonist, appeared under my by-line, for in his view this happened 20 years too late. (If I had failed to write an interview during Coleman's visit to Los Angeles, Gerheim presumably would have complained just as loudly; this was a no-win situation.)

Gerheim accuses me of failing "to separate the music from the realities of a

jazz musician's life," which he claims is "tantamount to condoning the overt racism that pervades our culture. . . ."

Take your choice. In reading my column you are accepting the words of an anti-white racist or of a condoner of anti-black racism, depending on whether you believe Walker or Gerheim. When the flak comes at you from both sides, you begin to have the feeling you must be doing something right.

The truth is that even the slightest hint of racism is by its very nature incompatible with a passion for jazz and the desire to devote one's life to playing, composing or writing about it. A survey of the history of jazz criticism would reveal that the typical jazz critic has risen above considerations of race in evaluating the music; however, he has concerned himself deeply with the problems of racism when dealing with the social issues that have been an inevitable factor in the jazz life.

John Hammond was the first shining example. From the early 1930s, he wrote about jazz for any of the few publications (mostly in England) that would accept the subject as worthy of serious discussion. Simultaneously, he became aware of the indignities and inequities that were being visited on black musicians, and of the horrors of lynching.

Hammond played a central role, as talent scout and record producer, in advancing the careers of Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, Charlie Christian and scores of others. By selective report-

ing, a Leo Walker could build up a "black-superiority crusade" case; but the fact is that Hammond also was sensitive to the talents of Benny Goodman, Joe Venuti, Jess Stacy and Mildred Bailey. An ardent integrationist, he was closely involved with many white musicians.

The late Ralph J. Gleason was another champion of civil rights for blacks who managed at the same time to promote the careers of Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman and, later, countless white rock musicians. Whitney Balliett, of the New Yorker, has combined a total sympathy for the plight of the black artist with a ready acceptance of the contributions of a Bobby Hackett, a Buddy Rich, a Zoot Sims.

Nor is this attitude confined to white writers. One of the most sympathetic

'The slightest hint of racism is incompatible with a passion for jazz.'

studies in the late cornetist Rex Stewart's book "Jazz Masters of the Thirties" was his profile of Red Norvo. Even the most militant among the more sociologically oriented historians of both races have acknowledged the existence of valid jazz talent among non-blacks.

The critics (and this is true in all the arts) are neither as consistent as one would want them to be nor, for the most part, as influential as the artists fear them to be. Glance at any jazz best-seller chart in Billboard: the top echelons are filled with albums that were critically ig-

nored or derogated, while at the bottom of the listings one finds the works that drew four- or five-star ratings.

A point that has eluded Frank Gerheim, in his Ornette Coleman diatribe, is that Coleman endured his greatest suffering not as a result of critical attacks but years earlier, at the hands of fellow musicians. Coleman's worst humiliations occurred, he himself pointed out, when men like Dexter Gordon ordered him off the bandstand, or when Clifford Brown and Max Roach walked off as soon as Coleman walked on. Why did Gerheim fail to denounce the jazzmen who subjected Coleman to this treatment?

Too often the musicians, rather than the writers, initiated these conditions of hostility and exclusion, delaying the acceptance of jazzmen whose experiments seem too radical. In most instances, the innovators (and many of their adversaries) were black. Ironically, when Lennie Tristano, the white pianist and pioneer avant-gardist, had to deal with opprobrium or apathy on the part of many of his peers, it was Miles Davis who understood him; according to Tristano, "Miles was the only important musician who acknowledged in print what we were trying to do." So, as in every situation under discussion here, neither literally nor figuratively is it all a matter of black and white.

All of us, of course, have our prejudices; nobody in the jazz writing fraternity is without his or her predilections toward this or that artist or genre. But racial generalizations are not part of the lexicon of jazz criticism. The only "superiority crusade" I plan to wage is a campaign for superior music, for creativity, whether its source be white, Asian, black, brown or beige. □

Staff Summary

The following is a summary of a book written by a Times staff member:

The Passion for Jazz by Leonard Feather (Horizon: \$9.95; illustrated)

This is a collection of newspaper and magazine pieces written over the past several years by Times Jazz Critic Leonard Feather. He re-creates the personalities and events that made jazz an important musical idiom. He reports on ground-breaking tours to Russia, China, Africa and important jazz festivals, including the White House jazz party in 1978. There are eulogies—Charles Mingus, Stan Kenton—and interviews with such artists as Benny Goodman, Art Blakey, McCoy Tyner. Connecting recent writings with their place in history is the recurring presence of jazz progenitors: Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, Bessie Smith.

Leonard Feather

Preeminent Jazz Authority and Critic



Leonard Feather

Although Leonard Feather has been a contributor to every perceptible aspect of jazz—as a composer, producer, musician, teacher, disc jockey, commentator and lecturer—it is as a jazz writer and critic that he is best known. In addition to his 12 books (recently published is "The Passion for Jazz", Horizon) he has, for the past 15 years, written a column for the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post News Service, which appears in more than 350 newspapers nationwide. He has been writing about jazz for a longer time than any other person here or abroad—he began when he was a teenager growing up in London—and has done so ceaselessly.

Feather has contributed significantly to the cause of women in jazz; for example, he was the first to produce records of Sarah Vaughn and Dinah Washington. He has long been a champion of both women's and civil rights (and is, in fact, a life member of the Bev Hills-Hollywood NAACP).

By the time Feather moved to New York in the late 1930s, he had already started writing music; his compositions have been recorded by Duke Ellington, B.B. King and other greats. It was during Feather's New York

years that he began his associations with such periodicals as Downbeat, Metronome (now defunct) and Esquire (where he was instrumental in initiating their annual jazz poll).

Besides writing his columns and other pieces, which appear in the LA Times on Sundays and several weekdays, Feather, who moved to Los Angeles with his wife Jane 20 years ago, hosts a Saturday night jazz show on KUSC. He will be the MC for the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City later this month, and is giving a lecture on Ellington at Stanford soon after that. Other ongoing activities include hosting jazz cruises and acting as commentator for jazz station KKKO during the Monterey Jazz Festival. He also has the distinction of being the father of singer Lorraine Feather.

"I do for a living what I would do as my hobby," Feather says. What that means is that he combines his unique credentials as a jazz authority and his considerable talents as a communicator with qualities of intellectualism, conscience and fecundity. His primary vehicle is writing about jazz. Leonard Feather has probably done more to relay the importance and beauty of that music to the public than anyone else alive.

—Leah Shahmoon

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HENDERSON SINGS MERCER SONGBOOK

By LEONARD FEATHER

3/24

The evidence is mounting that this is Bill Henderson's year.

People are stopping him on the street now, in recognition of his small but effective acting role in the film "Inside Moves." New Yorkers, among them such influential types as Rex Reed, spared no superlatives when Henderson's trio appeared recently at a Manhattan bistro.

At Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks over the weekend, Henderson and his colleagues off and on since 1975, Joyce Collins at the piano and David MacKay on electric keyboard, offered a compelling demonstration of their cheerful interaction. For the first set Saturday they repeated the show they had given at Michael's Pub in New York: a roundup of songs with lyrics by Johnny Mercer.

From the first railroad sound effects on "The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe" to the last strains of "I Remember You," Henderson applied an interpretive flair worthy of Mercer's creative genius. Simultaneously he adjusted the melodies to his own musicianly concepts, grounded in a jazz-based feeling for the tunes' harmonic outlines.

Nothing about the set was obvious. Henderson dug back into the archives for such Mercer Americana as "Something's Gotta Give" (words and music by Mercer), "Moment to Moment" and "Jamboree Jones." The quality of Mercer was not strained; it was sifted through the personal, cracked-wheat consistency of his timbre.

Midway through the performance, Henderson rested

while Collins sang a gently affecting "Fools Rush In," and MacKay intoned the Mercer lyric to a little known Jimmy Rowles song, "Baby, Don't You Quit Now."

Henderson's finest moment was achieved through an unlikely piece of material, "Hooray for Hollywood." He legitimized this normally dreadful melody by singing it at ballad tempo.

Working without bass or drums, Collins and MacKay provided all the support that was needed, each taking an occasional unspectacularly pleasant solo. For a pre-Henderson opener, they offered "I'm Old-Fashioned," deftly belying the title.

Henderson & Co. won't be back at Le Cafe until May 8, but those who cannot wait that long are advised that they will be at Dino's in Pasadena Friday.

LOREZ ALEXANDRIA HOLDS THE DREAM

By LEONARD FEATHER

3/26

Listening to Lorez Alexandria, who opened Tuesday at the Ol' New Yorker in North Hollywood, you may be reminded of Langston Hughes' poem about a dream deferred. Here is one of the great, unspoiled talents on the vocal scene, yet her hopes of success, of records that sell beyond an inside fringe following, remain unfulfilled.

Although her dream has been on hold too long, happily it has not dried up like a raisin in the sun, nor did it explode. She is singing with the same fortunate blend of timbral distinction, technical equipment and honesty of feeling that impressed audiences when she first settled in the Southland just 20 years ago last month.

A large, well-dressed woman with an engaging smile, Alexandria applied to her dozen songs the same dues-paying, blues-driven honesty that always has been part of her personality. Like Bill Henderson, she has just completed an album of Johnny Mercer songs, several of which constituted a portion of this show: "Dearly Beloved," "When a Woman Loves a Man" and "I Remember You" among others.

There was no tune newer than the 1966 Lennon/McCartney "Here, There and Everywhere," and one that

went clear back to 1930, the Maurice Chevalier hit "You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me," but Alexandria's taste, both in her selection of material and in the personal twists she brings to each number, eliminates all thoughts of lyrical or melodic age barriers. She is a totally satisfying artist who seems to be reaching new peaks of assurance and conviction.

No Alexandria performance would seem complete without a blues, and on this occasion her choice was the venerable and witty Duke Ellington lyric that ends with the line "underloved, overfed, my man's gone, so instead I've rocks in my bed."

Her accompanying trio, apparently borrowed from the Parisian Room, lent a blithely swinging accent to the up-tempo and a sympathetic groove to the ballads. Art Hillary is at the piano, Clarence Johnston is on drums and Allan Jackson on bass.

Candy Wise and Arlene Goldberg, who steadfastly have maintained a quality poise since they took over this room last December, are to be congratulated for bringing talent of this caliber to the Valley. Alexandria closes Saturday, next week Maxine Weldon plays a return engagement.

JAZZ ALBUMS

TRACKING DAVIS FROM 1960 TO '70

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"DIRECTIONS." Miles Davis. Columbia KC2 36472.

Like last year's "Circle in the Round," this is a collection of previously unreleased material, taking in a dozen tracks recorded between 1960 and 1970.

The surprise opener is "Song of Our Country," a leftover cut from the session at which Davis and Gil Evans completed the classic "Sketches of Spain" album. Davis' open flugelhorn, at its most lyrical, is wrapped in Evans' 20-man coat of many colors: bassoon, flutes, tuba, french horns.

The remaining tracks find Davis at the helm of a variety of small combos: live at the Black Hawk in San Francisco, playing his sixth recorded version of "Round Midnight" (and hardly his best); an interesting cut from the brief 1963 period when Victor Feldman was Davis' pianist and George Coleman, an underestimated musician, had the tenor chair; three numbers with the 1967-68 group that included Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock; and three representing the multiple keyboard period (Joe Zawinul, Hancock and Chick Corea).

Because of the chronological sequencing, the listener follows Davis as he gradually gives up linearity for a contemplative, few-noted style often composed of isolated stabs, trills and brief phrases.

The other elements gradually pervading the combos are the transition from the subtle drumming of the early groups to rock percussion; the other-worldly atmosphere established by Zawinul's "Ascent" in which Miles makes a belated, slow and stately entrance; and the inexorable shrinkage from melodies to vamps, from harmony to single chord (on "Duran" bassist Dave Holland plays one riff throughout while John McLaughlin goes through his almost Hendrix-like motions); and from rhythmic sophistication to constant repetition. By the time we reach the concluding "Willie Nelson," Davis has entirely dispensed with the keyboards, using only Jack DeJohnette, Holland, McLaughlin and the soprano sax of Steve Grossman.

Uneven though it is, the album has enough moments of discovery on the leader's part, and enough diversity of personnel (others present include Tony Williams, Ron Carter, Keith Jarrett and Airtio), to assure that this is no mere collection of rejected outtakes. Four stars.

□

"THE THIRD HERD." Woody Herman. Discovery DS 815. A welcome reissue of material that originally appeared in 1952-53 on Herman's own short-lived Mars label. The recorded sound is surprisingly brilliant for its day. Musically, it's a mixture of swing- and post-swing-era big band jazz works (Edgar Sampson's "Blue Lou," Benny Moten's "Moten Swing" and Ralph Burns' "Terrissita"), sophisticated dance music ("I Love Paris," "The Moon Is Blue") and three vocals by Herman, all with forgettable lyrics. The liner notes give only partial solo credits: Nat Pierce, piano; Ralph Burns, arranger (except



Miles Davis

"Blue Lou," which was Pierce's, and "Moten Swing," a head arrangement); 3½ stars. —L.F.

"VOICES IN THE RAIN." Joe Sample. MCA MCA-5172. "Voices in the Rain," the third solo album by Crusaders keyboard man Joe Sample, is a prime example of a genre becoming known as "fuzak," i.e., jazz fusion marked by all the easy-listening properties of Muzak. The material here is certainly melodic enough, but it coalesces into a seamless,

languid whole that probably would sound great being piped into a dentist's waiting room. The backing, by Sample's Crusader cohorts and other familiar jazz-session names, is predictably professional but utterly listless and safe. The seven selections range from classically tinged compositions adorned with springs (the title track) to a funk-samba hybrid ("Burnin' Up the Carnival") that's so sedate the title unintentionally becomes tongue-in-cheek. Two stars. —DON SNOWDEN

"RELAXIN' AT CAMARILLO." Joe Henderson. Contemporary 14006. Henderson's turbulent, multidimensional tenor is in splendid company here. Chick Corea, who played on all five tunes and composed two of them ("Crimson Lake" and "Yes My Dear"), is a sympathetic partner, lending a minor coloration to the title song, an old Charlie Parker blues. Richard Davis' bass and Tony Williams' drums round out the group on these two works; on the other three Tony Dumas, a no less agile bassist, and the Weather Report drummer Peter Erskine take their places.

Henderson is in typically hard-nosed form on his own "Y Todavía La Quiero," but rambles melodically through a superior pop standard on "My One and Only Love." Another admirable addition to the series of commendable combo dates produced by John Koenig for Contemporary (others were last year's George Cables and Joe Farrell sets). Four stars. —L.F.

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King and the kin's English

English English by Norman W. Schur (Verbatim: \$24.95)

This splendidly researched, wittily written update of Schur's 1975 "British Self-Taught—With Comments in American" is as much entertainment as education, especially for those of us who have lived both in the United Kingdom and the United States.

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

After absorbing some 5,000 words or phrases commonly used in England, but either unknown here or different in their American meaning, the reader will be ready to offer an amen to Oscar Wilde's epigram: "The English have really everything in common with the Americans, except of course language."

In explaining reverse meanings, "English English" can save the reader from many an embarrassment. When a friend calls your show a bomb, don't be insulted; he means it's a smash hit. In a grocery store, if you want chicory, ask for endive, and vice versa.

Their braces are our suspenders; their suspenders are our garters. Their service lift is our dumbwaiter; their dumbwaiter is our Lazy Susan. And don't expect graft from a bagman; he's

simply a traveling salesman.

If the linguistic contradictions sometimes seem trivial, consider Winston Churchill's report, in his war memoirs, of a long, acrimonious debate that resulted from the verb "table," which means shelve to Americans, and the exact opposite (bring up for consideration) to the British.

Words aside, subtle differences of punctuation, syntax, spelling, pronunciation and the uses of prepositions are examined. Social and political distinctions are dealt with, sometimes briefly, occasionally in long, fascinating essays.

Glossaries and tables show the differences between our respective units of measure, automotive terms, musical notation and the dangerously confusing numerical systems (our billion is a British milliard, their billion is our trillion and their trillion is our quintillion. It's safest to deal only with amounts of under a billion dollars).

An American-English index enables proper international exchange.

Feather writes in American and English for The Times and the London Melody Maker.

CHAPTER AND VERSE

LEONARD FEATHER

nyone who attempts to document the annals of music and its makers is obliged to have at his beck an ever growing body of facts, and recollections. Those readers occasionally refer to us as walking encyclopedias are laboring under a delu-

truth is that an enormous library reference works, many of them published during the past 20 years, has made it easy to toss up seemingly obscure and details.

When it seemed that everything and possibly want to know about must be right here on the shelves beside our typewriter, the postman called twice, and through the door "ASCAP Biographical Dictionary (10th Edition)" (Jaques Cattell Press, \$5, or \$19.75 to ASCAP members), Carlton's Complete Reference Book "Music" by Joseph A. Carlton (Carlton Editions, Studio City, \$40).

Though the two works overlap to some extent, there are areas in which each is unique and, for the serious archivist, indispensable. Both look imposing enough to justify those price tags. The pages are numbered 11, almost 600 of them in the ASCAP and more than 700 in the Carlton. ASCAP is, of course, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, a nonprofit clearing house found-

ed in 1914 to enable composers at long last to earn compensation when their works were performed in public for profit.

ASCAP's charter membership comprised 170 writers and 22 publishers, some of them born before the Civil War. Of the eight founding fathers, the best known was Victor Herbert (b. Dublin, 1859; d. New York, 1924), composer of "Indian Summer" and the scores of some 30 Broadway shows. Another, Raymond Hubbell (1879-1954), wrote "Poor Butterfly," still one of Sarah Vaughan's favorites. Louis Hirsch (1887-1924) wrote "Love Is Like a Red Red Rose" and the score for "Passing Show of 1912."

The early history of the society was marked by extensive litigation to preserve the composers' and lyricists' rights. Another historic milestone was the battle with the radio stations. The broadcasters' license expired at the end of December, 1940; from then until the following October all ASCAP music (which by then meant just about everything that was not in the public domain) was unavailable for use on the air. The broadcasters were limited to material available through their own newly formed performing rights organization, Broadcast Music Inc. (BMI). Through BMI a large influx of Mexican, Cuban, Brazilian and other Latin songs eventually gained popularity,

Over the decades ASCAP and BMI have learned to live together, though the competition to sign up composers has sometimes been fierce.

The growth of ASCAP can be deduced from the size of the new book. A previous dictionary, in 1966, included biographies of 5,238 members. The new volume has well over 8,000 and the actual writer membership has reached 18,000.

The job of collecting data for a reference work is unenviable. Having assembled several encyclopedias of jazz, I can speak from experience; thousands of questionnaires must be sent, often to addresses that turn out to be wrong. Other stumbling blocks: the acceptance on faith of the respondents' truthfulness (Who has the time or the staff to track down thousands of birth certificates and get their real birth dates?) and the problems involving deceased subjects with hard-to-find heirs.

Sifting the millions of facts in the ASCAP tome, one comes across a wealth of oddities. There are unlikely members from other walks of life. Red Buttons (ASCAP, '63) composed "The Ho-Ho Song." Lola Falana is a member, listed as "singer, dancer, actress," but what lyrics or music she wrote remains untold.

There are some whose entries are surprisingly brief. Billy Strayhorn ("Take the A Train," "Satin Doll") and David Rose ("Holiday for Strings," "Our Waltz") earn a meager five lines apiece. Fats Waller and Andy Razaf, one of the most successful songwriting teams of Tin Pan Alley history, both get relatively short shrift, and it is not even noted that Razaf died (in 1973).

On the other hand, does a certain George William Lotzenhiser deserve 58 lines while Cole Porter and Duke Ellington only rate 43 lines apiece? (No disrespect is meant, but I think such details as the number of the Boy Scout Troop of which Lotzenhiser was chairman in 1965 could have made way for more relevant facts about better known people, such as John Cage, who has a piddling 6 1/2 lines.)

Nevertheless, to some extent or another, everyone of consequence has his or her place—even Mary Kay Place, of "Mary Hartman" fame, composer of "Baby Boy" and "Vitamin L."

Books such as this are infinitely easier to complain about than to compile. The ASCAP volume serves as important a purpose as its three predecessors. It is a useful reference tool for anyone concerned with the facts and figures of musical life during the past century.

Joseph Carlton, who put together the "Complete Reference Book of Music," has a long track record as former music editor of *Billboard* and vice president of RCA, Mercury and other record companies. During the pre-rock years he was the producer of some 24 gold records, from Eddie Fisher's "Oh My Papa" to Patti Page's "Tennessee Waltz." In taking on the staggering job of assembling this book he has at least earned our respect for magnificent intentions.

There are five main sections. The first, "Over 10,000 songs and instrumental music heard in the U.S.A. from 1780 to 1980," lists the songs alphabetically, without dates or publishers. Included are four songs entitled "I Love You," but no explanation of which came out when, or who had a hit with which.

Section two, "Over 1,200 composers and lyricists of popular, rock, country, soul, blues, jazz, gospel, inspirational, theater and film music heard in the U.S.A. from 1780 to 1980," is a mind-boggling collection, perhaps even to the author. He, too, seems unaware of Andy

Razaf's death; but more important, taking my own field of expertise, jazz, as a yardstick, I find his facts a little suspect.

John Coltrane is credited as the composer of "Good Batt," which was written by Todd Damerot, and of "Round Midnight," a Thelonious Monk work. Miles Davis supposedly wrote "Bags' Groove," which as its title makes clear was the work of Milt "Bags" Jackson. Dizzy Gillespie, we are informed, was responsible for "52nd Street Theme" (actually another Monk work) and for "Ole Man Rebop," which Floyd Wilson wrote.

These errors were spotted after a preliminary and perhaps not too thorough search. As for mistakes of omission, Louis Armstrong is here, but his best known composition, "Someday," is not mentioned. Benny Carter, composer of numerous jazz standards, is not listed at all. Neither is Gene Lees, lyricist for many of the great Brazilian songs, nor Jon Hendricks, a dozen of whose hits are in the ASCAP book. Selectivity is a touchy business in assembling a work of this magnitude, but surely such men deserve a place before room is made for Kai Lee (writer of "One Paddle, Two Paddles") or Edward Kelly ("Peaceful Henry"). Let us bear in mind, though, that for every goof there are at least a thousand correct and useful facts.

Next comes the alphabetized list of more than 2,000 classical composers "from Antiquity to 1980" and their principal works. Any attempt to check this section for total accuracy would be mind-taxing and unthinkably time-consuming; one can only admire Carlton for his efforts in putting together these monumental documentations. No biographies are included; just birth and death dates, nationalities and compositions.

The awards section is of particular interest. All the Oscar winning songs, from the first in 1934, are listed, along with all the others nominated. (In 1945 no less than 13 songs earned nominations, at least seven are still occasionally heard.) The Grammy Awards, from the beginning (1958) to date, are listed for eight of the major categories.

Carlton's opus swells to a fortissimo in a highly technical section dealing with the elements of music, a useful and generally well-constructed primer for the novice or would-be musician, though such misspellings as "Pythagoran" for Pythagorean leave an element of doubt in the mind.

Finally, Carlton brings us an illustrated dictionary of musical terms, telling us the meaning of everything from A, the sixth tone in the C Major scale, to *Zwischenspiel*, an instrumental interlude in vocal music. The definitions for the most part read well, except for a weird and inexplicable flaw. Somewhere along the way, Carlton came down with a severe case of exclamationitis. This condition is characterized by a tendency to attach an exclamation mark to the end of the sentence.

Octet: Denotes the 8 x 9 1/4 size of paper commonly used for printed choral music! **Octet (1):** A composition for eight instrumentalists or vocal soloists! **(2)** Any group of eight instrumentalists or vocalists! **Ode:** A poem set to music, usually honoring a particular person or occasion! **Oder:** from the German "or," "or else!"

Exclamation marks are to Joseph Carlton what asterisks were to H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N. He should consult a typographer before his problem becomes irretrievable.

Such reservations aside, there may be enough in the Carlton compilation to afford some purchasers their \$40 worth. □

RODNEY-SULLIVAN OPENS AT CARMELOS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Red Rodney-Ira Sullivan Quintet, which opened at Carmelo's Monday for a brief run (through Thursday), is an organized, touring band that avoids the belabored and the banal as if it were the measles.

Both leaders came up in the bop era, but they have transcended and surpassed that idiom. Except for one Charlie Parker blues, their music was almost entirely original, written by members of the band and by several outsiders.

Rodney, a near-legendary figure who was once Parker's trumpeter, now alternates on flugelhorn and is playing with more conviction and a greater capacity for innovation than at any time in his long and hectic career.

Ira Sullivan is incredible. On no two consecutive turns did he play the same instrument. He began the set on alto flute, then moved to trumpet for some blistering two-horn unison with Rodney. Next he broke out his alto saxophone, then his flugelhorn, and on the beguiling ballad "Red Giant" he played soprano sax with a reedy, almost oboe-like sound.

Versatility per se is merely a gimmick, but Sullivan plays all these instruments with a mastery that may well be unique in jazz today. This enables the group to achieve continual shifts in instrumental blends.

In the rhythm section are Steve Bagby, a solid drummer who has played with Sullivan for almost 20 years, an uncommonly mobile bassist named Jay Anderson, and the pianist/composer Gary Dal, whose perceptive, meandering solo specialty, "In Memory Of," aided by Sullivan's soprano, was an emotional high point of the evening. The rhythm team provides the leaders with just the youthful, energizing support they need.

JAZZ

4/12

**SALAMANDER LIT
BY SWEDISH FIRE**
BY LEONARD FEATHER

KANSAS CITY—Salamander? Whoever heard of Salamander?
Certainly nobody in American jazz circles, at least not until this instrumental quintet (80% female and 100% inspired) drew a standing ovation and became the surprise hit of the recent fourth annual Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City.
Before telling the story of these unique artists, it might be advisable to delineate the background that produced them.
The internationalization of jazz began to gather

momentum after World War II and has accelerated startlingly during the past two decades. Inexcusably overlooked in recent surveys have been the accomplishments in Sweden, where the sensitivity to modern jazz is almost as old as be-bop.

It was to Sweden that the first overseas tour was made by an American bop combo (Terry Gibbs, 1947). It was Scandinavia that first played host to a big be-bop band from the States (Dizzy Gillespie, 1948).

By the end of the 1940s Sweden had developed a clique of the most accomplished modern jazzmen outside America. Rolf Ericson, a trumpeter from Stockholm, spent many years in the United States touring with every band from Ellington and Herman to Kenton and Goodman. The first overseas musician ever to win an American jazz poll was Lars Gullin, voted No. 1 new baritone sax by the Down Beat critics in 1954.

Swedish jazz continued to be heard in the United States on records through the 1950s. Aake Persson (1923-1975), an extraordinary trombonist, toured Europe with Quincy Jones' band in 1959-60. Monica Zetterlund, a splendid jazz-oriented singer, was seen in New York briefly, in 1960, later recording an album in Stockholm with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra.

Today most of those post-bop-generation Swedes have given way to a new crop of forward-looking youngsters, among whom the group Salamander must be the most provocative example.

Salamander works out of Gothenburg, which, according to its saxophonist-spokeswoman Cecilia Wennerstrom, is "the most progressive jazz city in Sweden. We

Please Turn to Page 66

"Carnegie Hall Live"

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CALENDAR

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4/8/81

JOANNE GRAUER AT MULBERRY STREET

By LEONARD FEATHER

Joanne Grauer has been bringing her talents to the local nightclub scene ever since the days when it was not considered gauche to compliment a female musician on her good looks.

This department, having endorsed Grauer's pianistic ability since she played at Donte's back in the late 1960s, will gladly risk accusations of chauvinism. It still seems relevant that watching her at work is a visual delight; however, it's what emerges from the keyboard that counts. Even on the acoustic upright piano she played Sunday at Mulberry Street, her lyricism and delicacy were undimmed, coupled at times with a strong and propulsive left hand.

Grauer as a composer can establish a gentle mood, as in "Logging," or a quirkily rhythmic line such as "Gork." You believe her when she tells you this was inspired by a monster she saw in a science-fiction movie.

But monster music is not her true bag; more typically her original pieces reflect her love of animals. The

quietly impressionistic "Portrait of a Lonely Giraffe" was inspired by a visit to the L.A. Zoo.

Interspersed among the originals are such standards as "A Time for Love," in which she coaxes new meaning out of this 15-year-old melody. Bill Evans' "Time Remembered" recalls the early impression made on her by Evans' harmonic nuances.

Grauer is working in two different settings these days: Mondays she is at Donte's with bass and drums, but at Mulberry Street her lone accompanist was Valda Hammick on electric bass.

Hammick, who arrived here a few years ago from her native Australia, conquers what are sometimes said to be the inherent limitations of the instruments: Her sound never distorts, she supplies a firm, solid rhythm when it is needed, and she is capable, both as accompanist and soloist, of limning buoyantly melodic, rhythmically infectious lines.

The duo will be back at Mulberry Street Sunday, and the trio will work Donte's again Monday.

JON HENDRICKS AT THE OL' NEW YORKER

By LEONARD FEATHER

The good times are rolling at the Ol' New Yorker, where Jon Hendricks is keeping the torch ablaze for a tradition that began more than 20 years ago with Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

The art of taking old jazz records and setting lyrics to just about everything on them—not only the tunes but all the improvised solos—calls for a rare skill in creation and interpretation. Using four voices (the others are his wife Judith, his daughter Michelle and a newcomer, Bruce Scott), Hendricks whips through a program mainly of Ellington and Basie, the words often slipping by like a 33½ record played at 78 rpm.

The listener need not strain to catch every line, however, since the group's infectious *joie de vivre* compensates for any problems in keeping up with lyrics that violate the 55 m.p.h. traffic laws.

Because the blend may not match that of earlier Hendricks groups, and a couple of ensembles ended with questionable intonation on the high notes, the numbers that came off best were the solos. Under her father's guidance, Michelle Hendricks has developed into a confident, low-key and charming performer, as her "Angel Eyes" demonstrated.

Bruce Scott, in a role equivalent to that of the late Dave Lambert, was perfectly on target as he rattled off Hendricks' tricky, tortuous words to "Four."

Hendricks fielded his impression of Joe Williams' impression of Joe Turner in the rocking blues "Roll 'Em Pete," then turned to social, even religious significance with his "Tell Me the Truth." The group reassembled to remind us of such 1950s and '60s hits as "Moanin'," "Cloudburst" and "Centerpiece."

Hendricks' formula, and the instrumental sources of his vocal repertoire, are time-proof. They would reach a larger segment of the crowd, however, if he explained the vocalese art. The group closes Saturday.

Uneasy Vibes for Sanders at Opening

By LEONARD FEATHER

4/18

The vibes in the room were uneasy when Pharoah Sanders opened Thursday at the Maiden Voyage, and the fault was primarily not that of the tenor saxophonist, who stood there ready and eager to please.

When his quartet walked on stage at 10 o'clock for the alleged 9:30 set, Sanders found himself addressing a dead mike. Visibly irate, he waited five minutes for the balky sound system to come alive.

He then plunged into an uptempo work at such a high energy level that no upward mobility was attainable. His swirling, rasping sounds and multiphonic explosions eventually gave way to a synthetic climax in which he shouted and beat his chest.

This opening tune lasted close to half an hour, finally giving way to "I Want to Talk About You," an old Billy Eckstine ballad once recorded by John Coltrane, Sanders' mentor. Here the tempo went to the other extreme and even began to drag; but bassist Walter Booker unleashed a solo in which the ideas never quit. Best known for his years with the late Cannonball Adderley, he has remained a master of the upright bass in an era of Fender-benders.

John Hicks' piano solos were strong and compelling, though Idris Muhammad's solid drumming tended to overwhelm him at times.

Sanders' best groove was achieved in Benny Carter's "When Lights Are Low." The moderate pace precluded the excesses of his wilder tempos, and the chord changes of the song were comfortable. Sanders' recording of this tune, aided by an arrangement for three horns, is heard in his new album, "Rejoice," for which most of the cuts find him in a larger and more interesting context than his touring quartet.

After this third tune was over, more than an hour into the set, the rhythm section went into a one-chord vamp theme which Sanders wound up with another of his familiar, elongated *diminuendo* cadenzas.

The room was packed and the crowd unremittingly receptive. The quartet closes Sunday.

REJTO QUARTET AT TWO DOLLAR BILL'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

4/20

These are celebratory times for the Rejto family. Last Wednesday the classical cellist Gabor Rejto and his pianist wife Alice gave a well-received recital at Strinway Hall. Friday their surroundings were less formal: They were in the audience at Two Dollar Bill's for the first of their daughter Nika's two nights leading her combo.

Classically trained like her parents, Nika Rejto is a multidirectional performer: flutist, composer, lyricist, arranger, singer—mostly in the jazz idiom, with an undercurrent that rotates between jazz, funk and R&B.

"More Than Just a Dream," the opener, was her only vocal; the delivery of her well-designed words and music was sometimes hard-edged but generally convincing, with a firmly controlled vibrato.

For the next hour or so it was flute all the way, except for a few confident excursions by her sidemen. Llew Matthews on Rhodes keyboard, Chester Thompson on drums and Joel DiBartolo alternating between Fender

and upright bass.

Rejto's flute is rich in long, affirmative phrases decorated by all manner of trills, tremolos, growls and other effects that never descend into gimmickry. Her estimable technique remains the servant rather than the master of her improvisational ideas. Her compositions ranged from a driving samba to a Middle-Eastern minor theme.

The only orthodox four-beat jazz came in the exhilarating form of "Speedball," a high-calorie blues. Her capacity for a warmer, more emotional quality surfaced in "My Funny Valentine," for which on the last chorus she switched to the alto flute, imbuing it with a mellow, understated lyricism.

Rejto, who was once introduced as a guest soloist with Hubert Laws at the Chandler Pavilion, sounded like a good bet for records with this diversified display of her well-honed talents. She will be at the Maiden Voyage May 6 and 7.

VENTURA LEAVES LOW NOTES BEHIND

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Charlie Ventura has been up and he has been down, and take his word, he will gladly accept up any time. At this writing he suspects better times are just around the corner—again.

Ventura's is a classic whatever-became-of story. It might have remained so, had not an old colleague from his Gene Krupa band days, saxophonist Musky Ruffo, placed a classified ad in the *International Musician*, the *Union* magazine. It read: "Charlie Ventura—where the hell are you?" and was followed by Ruffo's phone number.

Ventura, it turned out, had landed, flat on his sax, in Miami, where he had been working in a musical in-

strument repair shop, playing the odd gig from time to time. After he saw the ad and called Ruffo, things began to look up; arrangements were made for him to come out to Hollywood, where for a couple of months he played Sunday night jobs at a club called Mulberry Street, located, as luck would have it, on Ventura Place.

A great deal remains to be accomplished. Aside from money problems, Ventura needs extensive dental work and has found a friend who is willing to take care of this. A bassist, Harry Babasin, has helped him get jobs. Ruffo has lined up arrangements and musicians for rehearsals with a 10-piece band.

The roller-coaster curves of Ventura's career are noteworthy for the parade of names they involve. Some Ventura sidemen went on to become Oscar recipients (composer-pianist Ralph Burns) or Grammy-winning composers (Neal Hefti and Johnny Mandel, both ex-Ventura trumpeters); others established solid careers in jazz and studio music: Buddy Rich, Shelly Manne and Ed Shaughnessy, all former Ventura drummers; Chubby Jackson, bass; Red Rodney, trumpet; Billy Byers, Benny Green, Bill Harris, Kai Winding, Carl Fontana, trombones; Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, the pioneer bop vocal



Charlie Ventura: "I haven't reached my peak . . ."

But meanwhile, I was in headlines all over the papers."

Ventura left town hastily and settled in Denver, working there with the guitarist Johnny Smith. From there he moved to Minneapolis. The next decade was a jumble of peregrinations: a visit to Japan with Krupa in 1964 as part of George Wein's World Jazz Festival; a stint as co-leader of a group featuring Frank Sinatra Jr., a return home to Philadelphia, and a long, painful bout with another illness.

He tried Las Vegas again, in 1968, leading a quartet and conducting a disc jockey interview show. By now it had been a considerable time since he had played the major jazz clubs or recorded. A new jazz generation had sprung up and Ventura was all but forgotten.

After a stopover in Philadelphia he moved on up the road to New England. "I got to know the manager of the Sheraton chain in New England, and wound up playing all over the Cape Cod area, with Dave McKenna on piano and Bobby Hackett on cornet.

"Then in 1977 some guy booked me into Poland. I was supposed to get a couple of thousand a week, but this cat ran off and I was left with not even enough bread to go home.

"By now I had had enough of agents and managers and the whole business; I decided that it was time to get away, so I went into a self-rehabilitation program. Although I never got entirely away from playing, I became an upholsterer, and I taught improvisation at Trenton State College in New Jersey.

"But there was another disaster that beat all the rest. After playing a Caribbean cruise out of Miami, I arrived back onshore and struck up a conversation with a cabdriver, who said he played tenor and was a fan of mine. I guess he was in cahoots with the bell captain at the hotel he took me to; anyhow, I ended up with nothing but the clothes on my back. All my horns were missing, along with \$2,000 in cash. So I was stuck in Miami."

The Florida sojourn, some of it spent working at the musical instrument shop, and playing for a few months at a Fort Lauderdale supper club, kept him going; but he was at a low ebb when the call came from Ruffo. His arrival in Los Angeles last January marked a turning point; there was no place to go but up.

The hard road he has traveled has left Ventura without a detectable trace of bitterness. Asked what he would do differently if he had to relive his life, he replied: "I'd learn to really play the saxophone. I had about three lessons, and wish I could read music better. Other than that, I have no regrets.

"I feel very fortunate to have lived and worked among the giants of our time—Duke, Louis, Basie, Dizzy, Lester Young, Bird. Obviously I wouldn't change any of that." □

team who sang in Ventura's award winning combo.

Between 1945 and 1949 Ventura earned five trophies from *Esquire*, *Down Beat* and *Metronome* as No. 1 tenor saxophonist or as leader of the most popular small group in jazz. There were other peaks: leading his own big band at the Paramount Theater on Broadway; working opposite Charlie Parker on 52nd Street; touring the world off and on for many years with Gene Krupa. ("The first time I left Gene, with his blessings, he put close to \$50,000 into my big band.")

He was on a hit record, "Dark Eyes," by the Gene Krupa trio, for which he was paid flat 1945 musicians' union scale, \$33 (but later versions, on which he was the leader, paid off substantially better).

Along with the awards and the records and the other euphoric moments, there were the not infrequent lows: the recurring instrument thefts (on seven different occasions); the nightclub venture that failed; the gastric ulcer that led to the removal of two-thirds of his stomach; a divorce and a disastrous second marriage to a beautiful blonde singer, Dell Scott (who is now herself a whatever-became-of); the marijuana bust in Las Vegas, and the mysterious disappearance of all his cash and his promoter that left him stranded in Poland in 1977. Ventura was never very good at taking care of his money, his horns or his health.

Mulling over these vicissitudes, he stopped short and said: "Let's go back to the beginning. I was born Dec. 2, 1916, in Philadelphia, the fourth of 13 children. I started playing sax in 1931 and my early influence was the late, great Chu Berry.

"I worked in Gene Krupa's band from 1942-43, until he got into that trouble, and rejoined him when he reorganized in '44." (The "trouble" was a trumped-up pot charge that cost Krupa three months in jail.)

In 1950 Ventura opened his own room, Charlie's Open House, in New Jersey outside Philadelphia. "I would book big names into the room—Gene, Buddy Rich, Dizzy, and pop singers like Patti Page and Rosemary Clooney—while I went out on the road. But it was too much work for my family—I had my wife, my brother-in-law and my dad all involved in the operation. My wife couldn't adjust to that kind of life; we were divorced and I sold the club.

"That's my greatest regret, because if I hadn't sold the property, I'd be a multimillionaire today. Where my parking lot was, they now have 300 apartments."

After more time with Krupa, he led his own groups again, winding up with a series of long runs in Las Vegas. One night he was headed for the New Frontier, where his wife Dell Scott was singing, when he was stopped. "Six guys came up, went into my glove compartment, and found a small vial of marijuana. Somebody had planted it. I was a big name and you could get a promotion by turning in someone important. My fingerprints weren't on the vial; they dropped the case."

COMMENTARY

THE WHITENESS OF STUDIO ORCHESTRAS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The recent complaints of a group of black musicians concerning the alleged failure of the motion picture and TV studios to hire qualified black musicians took on another dimension recently when a committee was formed by Local 47, the Los Angeles branch of the American Federation of Musicians, to look into the problem.

Headed by Mari Young, secretary of Local 47, the committee includes such well-known musicians as saxophonist Buddy Collette, drummer Earl Palmer and trombonist Garnett Brown. Brown also remains president of MUSE (Musicians United to Stop Exclusion), a previously founded group working along similar lines.

Basically, the hiring system in Hollywood involves three groups: the composer/conductors who write music for the screen and lead the orchestra that performs it; the instrumentalists (sometimes numbering as many as 100) who are hired to play the music and the contractors, who act as middlemen, securing suitable musicians for the composer.

It was recently revealed that, according to a study of

238 contracts over a 15-month period in 1979-80, out of 8,974 job calls only 67, equivalent to ¾ of 1%, were black. No records are kept at the Musicians' Union of the percentage of minority group members, but the overall figure is assumed to be well into the double-digit area. This apparent imbalance is blamed on the contractors by many performers. However, a survey of leading contractors suggested that the responsibility might be more diffuse.

The reaction of Carl Fortina, who contracts for the Paramount and Lorimar studios among others, pointed up an important aspect of the situation. "Years ago," he said, "a leader would call up and tell the contractor, 'Give me three trumpets, three trombones, five saxes, 10 violins'—and never mention names. Nowadays, they mention everybody in every chair. I'm just a robot who does what I'm told to do."

Asked whether there were no exceptions to this rule, Fortina conceded: "Conductors know less about string players, so I have more latitude in picking them personally, and there are a few talented black string players whom I call regularly."

Sandy De Crescent, contractor for Universal Studios, refused to comment, but acknowledged that she recently had a meeting with Buddy Collette to discuss the problem, and that Collette supplied her with a list of available, capable black musicians.

Gary Walker, contractor for Disney Studios, said: "I really can't talk to you about it. Our labor relations department is handling it. I do not have the right or the authority to talk to anybody about this."

A representative of the Disney labor relations department, who asked to remain anonymous, said: "I really don't have any specific comment. I received a letter from Mr. Garnett Brown, the President of MUSE; also

Local 47 of the Musicians' Union has formed a committee to deal with this matter. We responded to Mr. Brown that we feel the most effective way to deal with the situation would be through Local 47's committee."

"I'm contracting the Oscar show for Henry Mancini, and we made sure there are black musicians—we have Buddy Collette, Jerome Richardson, Al Aarons, J. J. Johnson, Tommy Johnson, and four string players whom I hand-picked because Hank doesn't know the names of many string players. About the only place a contractor really has any discretion is in the string section."

Artie Butler, a prominent Hollywood conductor, when asked whether he tells his contractors whom to hire, answered, "Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't."

Pat Williams, another composer and conductor, said: "I tell them whom I want, but if they run into trouble they use their own discretion. If you ask me, there's a certain amount of responsibility on both sides."

"It's an awful situation, and I had no idea how bad it was until I had dinner with Earl Palmer and he gave me those figures. I said if that's the way things looked I'd use Earl to contract a date for me." (There are no black contractors for many of the major studios, but Palmer, long a leading studio drummer, has worked as a contractor for the Wilshire Theater shows, and for other employers.)

Indisputably the use of black contractors such as Palmer would tend to ameliorate the situation, since most white contractors are not familiar enough with many talented black players. Moreover, the hiring system involves a tacit understanding that the conductors, (virtually all of whom are white) trust the contractors, in a pinch, to rely on the long-established musicians—some of them men and women who were working the studios back when there were two segregated unions, when Local 767, the all-black union, almost never was called upon to integrate an orchestra.

Even more urgently needed than black contractors, it would seem, are black composer/conductors. Trombonist J. J. Johnson, commented: "It's a lily-white situation among the composer-conductors. I'm literally the only active exception right now, and I just get occasional work composing and conducting for commercial television and movies. When I do, the contractors always ask me whom I want to hire. So they are not the ones to blame."

That racism does exist within this network of composers, conductors, contractors and musicians is beyond any doubt, as one contractor, who asked for anonymity, graphically illustrated with an anecdote. "I called a marvelous orchestra for this leader," he said, "and he told me he didn't like it. When I asked him why, he said, 'Too many blacks.' I said, 'What has that got to do with it? Are you listening with your eyes or your ears?'"

Marty Berman, a leading independent contractor, echoed the reaction of Carl Fortina: "The composers really do the hiring. I talk to the composer/conductor, and whoever he wants, he gets. However, I think affirmative action is a damn good idea."

CHARLES MINGUS: HIS MUSIC LIVES

By LEONARD FEATHER

MINGUS DYNASTY: LIVE AT MONTREUX. Atlantic SD 16031. Charles Mingus died in January, 1979. Mingus Dynasty is a group with a floating membership, consisting principally of Mingus alumni. It was organized by his widow, Susan Graham Mingus, to perpetuate the music and the memory of the uniquely vital and creative bassist/composer.

During this concert at a festival in July, 1980, the Dynasty boasted unusually strong personnel. It was symbolic (or perhaps necessary) that Mingus' place was taken not by one but by two bassists, Mike Richmond and Aladar Pege. Both are exceptional legatees of the Mingus tradition and are in peak form on "Haitian Fight Song," in which they are heard to advantage in solos and in fascinating interplay. Pege, unknown in the United States, is a Hungarian virtuoso whom Sue Mingus discovered at a jazz festival in India.

This tune and three others will be familiar to most Mingus followers, having been heard in earlier versions: the frantic "Fables of Faubus," the flamenco-esque "Ysabel's Table Dance" and best known of all, the gos-



The late Charlie Mingus was the inspiration for the Mingus Dynasty, a group with floating membership consisting principally of Mingus alumni.

pel tinted "Better Git Hit in Your Soul." The other cuts are "Consider Me," inspired by a Langston Hughes poem, and "Sketch Two," composed during Mingus' last year.

It is difficult to apportion the credit, but much of it must go to the longtime Mingus sideman Jimmy Knepper, a volatile trombonist, who sketched five of the six arrangements. Randy Brecker on trumpet and Joe Farrell on tenor are at their most inspired; Sir Roland Hanna at the piano and Billy Hart on drums round out an intense rhythm section.

It is not necessary to compare any of these performances with Mingus' original treatments. His spirit and creative power remain potently present throughout. This band reflects Mingus and all the Mingus sources of inspiration—the blues, the Holiness Church, Duke Ellington. Mingus would have been proud of it. Five stars.

MUSIC FOR VIOLIN AND JAZZ QUARTET. NY5/ Michal Urbaniak. JAM 001. A promising first release from this new company (the name is an acronym for Jazz America Marketing). Urbaniak's violin is at its most convincing with the jazz/rock fusion albatross removed from its neck. The choice of material is admirable, with three Horace Silver originals, three by Urbaniak, Stanley Turrentine's "Sugar" and the moody Wayne Shorter melody "House of Jade," notable for a fine bass solo by Buster Williams. The other participants, all seasoned mainstreamers, are Kenny Barron, piano; Ted Dunbar, an underrated guitarist; Roy Haynes on drums. Four stars.

THE ORIGINAL 14 + 2. Willie (The Lion) Smith. Commodore XFL 15775. Known in his earlier years as a stride pianist and a strong influence on Duke Ellington, Smith later developed a delicate, totally personal style as composer and soloist. This is the definitive 1939 Lion album, with eight original pieces (among them the classic "Echoes of Spring") on the first side, and six standards on the second, followed by two maverick tracks: a piano duet with Joe Bushkin and a trio cut with Bushkin and Jess Stacy, neither of which is memorable. But the 14 solos are much more than historical curiosities. The Lion, black by birth and Jewish by choice, was one of a kind as musician and man. Four-and-a-half stars.

CITY LIGHTS. Jimmy McGriff. JAM 002. Jazz organ LPs, which once glutted the market, now are only occasional and usually insignificant. McGriff is among the few who have kept the genre engagingly alive. On some of the six cuts he is aided by a horn section, with Harold Vick's tenor in fine fettle on "Jimmy's Room." The album notes are confusing; two alto players and two guitarists are listed, but who plays which on what? Three-and-a-half stars.

THE PATH. Peter Sprague. Xanadu 183. You will search in vain for a dull or trite moment here. The Latin, African, jazz, vocalese and other elements are perfectly wrought into a fascinating unity, particularly on the combo tracks featuring Sam Most's flute. Sprague alternates among classical, drone and electric guitar. The duo tracks with Bob Magnusson on bass are almost

equally effective. The closing out, an Indianized version of Sonny Rollins' "The Cutting Edge," has Sprague on drone guitar against the sounds of a tamboura and a Surti Box. Ms. Kevyn Lettau's vocal effects are imaginatively conceived and executed. Five stars.

LIVE AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD. Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan. Muse MR5209. The Rodney/Sullivan group has improved in personnel and repertoire since this May 1980 taping; still, it is intriguing to hear these two reformed beboppers in a modern groove, and particularly impressive to follow Sullivan as he picks up a soprano sax, flute, fluegelhorn or tenor sax and plays each in a style that fits the theme and the instrument. Rodney's trumpet and Sullivan's soprano combine modal and bop forms in "Lodgellian Mode." Five of the six cuts were specially written for the group; the sixth is "A Time for Love," played spontaneously by Sullivan and Rodney on fluegelhorn and trumpet. Three-and-a-half stars.

JAZZ IN BRIEF

By LEONARD FEATHER

"LIVE UNDER THE SKY." V.S.O.P.—The Quintet. Columbia 12 C 36770. Recorded at Denen Coliseum in Tokyo in July 1973, this has the same personnel heard in the first two sides of the original 1976 V.S.O.P. album. The general level of performance is not equal to that of the earlier occasion, for reasons made abundantly clear by the annotator, Shoichi Yui.

These are, in fact, very odd liner notes, reading less like a musical commentary than a weather report. The concert took place during a violent rainstorm, and we are reminded of this again and again: even the musicians talk about it on the record.

Of the chaotic "Fragile," Yui observes: "Wayne Shorter fans will notice that his playing did not flow and is very stiff. In fact, the cork pad of his instrument had swelled, and rainwater had accumulated in the keys, making it impossible to play properly."

Similar conditions might also account for a few somewhat hysterical passages by Freddie Hubbard. The LP nevertheless has some first-rate moments, especially by Hancock and bassist Ron Carter in the latter's composition, "Teardrop." Drummer Tony Williams' "Pee Wee," with Hubbard absent, has some of Shorter's best work. Three stars.

"SECOND COMING." Jimmy Smith. Mojo MJ-12830. Smith remains the nonpareil jazz organist, and the reunion with guitarist Kenny Burrell and drummer Grady Tate assured plenty of first-rate jamming, however, the results could have been considerably upgraded by a more imaginative choice of material. The three blues tracks on side one could have been recorded a decade or two ago. More songs like the harmonically attractive "Yesterday I Heard the Rain" would have helped. Three stars.

5/11 LIGHTHOUSE WILL REOPEN WITH JAZZ

The Lighthouse, which closed March 29 when Rudy Onderwyzer, who had operated it since 1972, sold out to a new owner, will reopen shortly with its jazz policy intact.

Long advertised as "the world's oldest jazz club and waterfront dive," the Hermosa Beach venue has been redecorated and modernized. The present owner, Paul Hennessey, is working with talent coordinator Oznie Cadena to keep the room alive with music seven days a week, with full restaurant facilities.

Probable starting date under the new regime is May 29, which will be the 32nd anniversary of the date the Lighthouse was originally launched as a jazz room. Cadena is lining up some of the musicians who were members of the original Lighthouse All Stars in the 1960s.

"We'll be using local talent and some names from New York," said Cadena. "Occasionally we'll also be bringing in big bands. Woody Herman has agreed to work here for three days in August."

Onderwyzer, since selling the Lighthouse, has been concentrating his efforts on long-standing plans to open a larger club, Hop Singh's, in Marina del Rey.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times

CHAMELEONIC COREA AT PASQUALE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Pasquale's, the only club in town where the ocean waves offer a soothing obligato to the rhythmic indoor impulses, was the scene of a singular benefit performance Sunday. Chick Corea took over the Malibu room to play three shows (all sold out in advance) for the Committee for a Safer Environment.

The chameleonic Corea has been through so many phases that there was no way of predicting what would be heard: Latin music, fusion, rock, jazz, Spanish melodies or a mixture of the above. Perhaps because he was playing for kicks, not money, jazz was largely in the forefront, and Corea's choice of material reflected his wide-ranging interest in the great pop and jazz standards of the past.

Like so many other keyboard artists who have moved into new areas, he still seems to be a bebopper at heart, as was promptly demonstrated with his opening piano numbers, "Night and Day" and his own "Mirror Mirror," the latter highlighted by Janie Faunt's agile Fender bass solo.

For the rest of the set it was musical chairs. Mike Garson took over at the piano while Corea played electric keyboards. John Dentz was the drummer, succeeded after a while by Billy Mintz. The two keyboardists worked vigorously and valiantly in tandem on Bud Powell's bop era tune, "Oblivion." Corea, commenting on how much fun it was to delve into the standard repertoire, offered an intriguingly updated version of Victor Young's "Beautiful Love," fortified by a turbulent Garson solo.

"All Blues," with tricky alternations of meter, switched from the regular fast waltz groove to an up-tempo four-beat Garson foray. Corea's electric keyboard brought an intense new dimension to the 23-year-old Miles Davis classic.

Gayle Moran, whose Grecian profile and white lace gown continue to remind one of a 19th-Century daguerreotype, lent her pure soprano to two songs, accompanying herself on her own wistful "When I'm With You."

Then it was back to jazz for a final and somewhat too hectic instrumental, "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," with everyone seemingly carried away by the break-neck tempo.

Corea is usually at his best when he shuns pretension, as was the case during most of the 90 invigorating minutes. A rock band led by singer Jimmie Speeris played a long, tiresome opening set. Corea will return, for the same environmental cause, Sunday at 4, 7 and 9 p.m. Meanwhile, Corea alumnus Joe Farrell will occupy the room Thursday through Saturday.

LEONARD FEATHER



Trombonist Garnett Brown plays at Pasquale's.

5/13
'JAZZ ALIVE!' TAPES LOCAL MUSICIANS

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the past two weeks, the Southland jazz world has been undergoing a thorough process of preservation, via tape, for National Public Radio.

In town for the project is the Washington-based production staff of "Jazz Alive!," NPR's award-winning show, heard weekly on some 200 FM stations nationwide, including locally KCRW, KCSN, KCPB, KPCC, KLON and KUSC. Among the clubs visited have been the Parisian Room, Donte's, Concerts by the Sea, Pasquale's, Carmelo's and the Ol' New Yorker.

"We're trying to present as comprehensive a picture as possible of what's going on in Los Angeles jazz," said producer Tim Owens. "In addition to taping dozens of hours of music, we've interviewed jazz men who are veterans of the local scene and have reminisced for us: John Collins, Les McCann, Bobby Troup and Buddy Collette among others."

At Donte's, an early stop for NPR's sound truck, Ernie Watts' quartet provided an eclectic mixture of straight jazz ("Skylark," with Watts in powerful control on alto sax), fusion (a rock-samba with Watts on tenor and Russ Ferrante on electric keyboard) and one oddity

that might be described as a Watts "happening." In it, he played the horn without holding it to his mouth.

The overall impression, especially on this novelty, was that Watts is going for a broader audience than he feels he can reach through straight jazz. In the process, some of his individuality of tone and style is being undermined. However, he still plays in regular acoustic settings, and proved the point a few nights later at Pasquale's. He will be back at Donte's tonight.

Pasquale's also was the scene of a rare event Friday, when an all-star septet was assembled for a pure, passionate jam session.

Oscar Brashear, in his fluegelhorn treatment of "Body and Soul," offered heartwarming evidence of his soulful creativity, coupled with extraordinary technical prowess. George Cables' piano and Peter Erskine's drums were scarcely less compelling. Lanny Morgan, on alto sax, bopped his way engagingly through "Stella by Starlight."

All these sounds will reverberate around the NPR network sometime next fall, in the form of three "Jazz Alive!" specials, each three hours long.

5/17
 JAZZ

**RODNEY & SULLIVAN:
 BEYOND BEBOP**

By LEONARD FEATHER

This generation's conventions were yesterday's revolution. This axiom, true of most art forms, is particularly applicable to jazz. The bebop that seems conservative by today's standards was the object in its 1940s heyday of vitriolic attacks in the press, and even among the more reactionary jazz musicians was reviled as some sort of heresy.

Today's music has moved several stages beyond the relative simplicity of bop into areas that are variously modal, atonal or attempt to fuse African, Brazilian, Indian, Asian and other elements. Among the still active beboppers of the 1940s, many are still content to play the same old songs. Some, such as Supersax, do it with a twist new enough to revitalize the form. Others go through the motions with all the verve of yesterday's mashed potatoes. But the survivors who deserve our

unqualified respect are those who have changed with the times, designing new concepts while retaining the essence of their origins.

Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan, who teamed up last year to form what has since become one of the hottest and most talked about new combos in jazz, are exemplary cases in point. The music they have distilled is fresh and contagious in its spirit, diversity of forms and melodic originality. Flexibility is the name of their game.

"Part of the reason for the acclaim we're getting," says Red Rodney, "is the variety of textures we can produce. No matter how far out we go, whether we play modal or boppish or whatever, there's always a melodic line people can identify with."

Sometimes kiddingly known as "The Red Sullivan Show," Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan are an odd couple indeed, in appearance and background: one a short, red-headed Jewish trumpeter and fluegelhornist (born Robert Chudnick) whose career has been a series of traumas marked by all the problems of the bebop era; the other a tallish, composed and devoutly religious Christian who, because he has chosen to spend much of his life in Chicago and Miami, has never gained recognition commensurate with his talents.

Had Sullivan spent the last two or three decades in New York or Los Angeles, he would long ago have been world-famous. He belongs to that rare breed of jazzmen who can switch with equanimity from brass to reed or woodwind. In any given set he may be represented as composer, trumpeter, flutist, fluegelhornist, alto or tenor or soprano saxophonist. Moreover, as Rodney points out, "Ira sounds different on each instrument."

Sullivan assents: "It would be just a show-biz gimmick if I picked up a sax and played it in the same style as the trumpet."

"Benny Carter was one of my main influences; he proved you could play both sax and trumpet with a different style on each. Aside from Benny I've never known anyone who has done that successfully."

"Basically I considered myself a trumpeter; that's what I began playing when I was 3½, just big enough to

ART BLAKEY AT THE MAIDEN VOYAGE

By LEONARD FEATHER

How does Art Blakey do it? Every new edition of the veteran drummer's Jazz Messengers brings at least one valuable newcomer to his mile-high, 34-year-long list of discoveries.

This time it is a trumpeter. Wynton Marsalis, from New Orleans, stands in the spot once occupied by Donald Byrd, Freddie Hubbard, Chuck Mangione, Woody Shaw and the Russian import Valeri Ponomarev.

Opening with the band Tuesday at the Maiden Voyage, Marsalis roved the registers as if the horn had seven-league valves. No idea leaps to his fertile mind that he is incapable of executing. He has it all—the bell-clear sound, the perfect timing and phrasing, the passion, and most surprising of all, the maturity.

Surprising, because Marsalis is all of 19 years old. Less astonishing when you learn he is a second-generation jazzman.

Tenor saxophonist Billy Pierce lacks the energy and explosive force of his predecessor, David Schnitter. Still in the hand is Bobby Watson, whose ferocious solo on his own composition, "Fuller Love," whipped the audience into a frenzy.

Pianist James Williams battled impossible odds. The Maiden Voyage should replace its piano, or fix its audio

system, or both. These problems were the subject of an outburst by Blakey, who inveighed against the indignities to which jazz musicians are submitted.

Alongside the leader is a solid bassist, Charles Fambrough, formerly with McCoy Tyner, his composition "Little Man" and the old Charlie Parker blues "Cheryl" provided the most typical Messenger moments.

Blakey's volume was vast but never overpowering; there is not a drummer half his age who can dominate and drive a band with such total command. He will be at it through Saturday.

TAPSCOTT AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

5/25

By LEONARD FEATHER

The activities of the pianist and composer Horace Tapscott have covered many years and areas: conducting for television, scoring for films, leading various groups such as the Pan African Peoples Orchestra. Given his proven artistry and many credits, his one-night stand Wednesday at Concerts by the Sea offered a promise of great excitement.

Promise is not fulfillment. Tapscott brought a seven-piece combo, unusual only in that it included two bass players. It took the group more than an hour to play two numbers.

The first was a fast minor blues, except for the opening and closing half minutes, this was all ad lib, without even any organized backing for the soloists. At about six choruses a minute, for 30 minutes, this added up to 180 choruses of the blues. Even such admirable talents as the trombonist George Bohanon, and a promising young alto saxophonist named Gary Bias, could not meet this challenge.

The other piece started with Tapscott, a vital and

fiery pianist, introducing a minor vamp in an unusual meter, 11/8. This continued throughout another series of long solos. A passage with Henry Franklin playing melody on one bass, while David Bryant bowed the other, raised the interest level considerably, as did the leader's searingly unpredictable solo. But the one-chord, 11/8 vamp went on unrelievedly for better than a half hour, again with brief ensemble work only at the beginning and end.

In the time it took to get through this set, Tapscott could have shown, in five or six succinct compositions, his true capabilities in scoring for the three horns, in developing and altering themes and extending himself beyond the limitations of a jam session. He has a brilliant track record and was instrumental in bringing to prominence such soloists as Arthur Blythe and Asa Lawrence.

Tapscott's publicity has referred to him as "the sleeping giant"; on this occasion at least, an awakening was called for.

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JAZZ REVIEWS

BIG BAND BONANZA ON DISPLAY IN L.A.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Anyone who fears the imminent demise of the big bands need only examine a typical week's schedule at the jazz spots around town. Between the afternoon of May 17 and the evening of May 18, at least five or six were on display, though overlapping schedules restricted this reviewer to an inspection of only four.

The spring season at the outdoor Ford Theater began May 17 when a capacity crowd greeted the Akiyoshi/Tabackin orchestra. Although most of the works performed by the Tabackins were familiar and had been reviewed here before, repeated hearings reveal new subtleties of texture and voicings in Akiyoshi's compositional technique. The newest piece was a Lew Tabackin composition, arranged by Toshiko Akiyoshi for a forthcoming album. Entitled "A Bit Byas'd," it was ded-

icated to the late Don Byas, one of Tabackin's tenor sax idols. An old-timey piano introduction by Akiyoshi, and a brief, humorous duo passage by the two leaders, led into a brisk series of choruses in doubled-up tempo on the familiar "Indiana" chord pattern.

As always, the Asian influence in "Autumn Sea," with four flutes and bass clarinet setting the mood, and Tabackin's long modal solo flute interlude, was a breathtaking highlight of the concert.

It was a far cry from the full house, standing ovation and encore at the Ford matinee to the Sunday evening, May 17 scene at a small room on Sunset Boulevard, a few blocks east of the Strip. The misleading billing read "Ladd McIntosh Big Band Live at Gio's Supper Club," but the music was confined to a small room, next door to the restaurant, that offered no supper, no microphones, and not even any air conditioning.

McIntosh, a college jazz instructor, is a capable com-

poser/arranger, but the uninspiring conditions resembled a rehearsal as a couple dozen listeners heard him take a sometimes listless orchestra through "Killer Joe," "Maiden Voyage" and others. The musicians are a mixture of young professionals and college students.

"Jeannine" began with a provocative percussion duel before moving into some well conceived dissonances. "Hey, Babe, Why You So Fonky?" was a funk-rock number, as contrived as its title. McIntosh can be heard next Sunday at the Maiden Voyage, where conditions may be more conducive to an effective performance.

Last Monday evening at Donte's, Bill Watrous demonstrated once again that he is a trombonist of dazzling power and originality. Playing Sammy Nestico's attractive "Samantha," with a background of flutes, he also revealed that his orchestra, composed mostly of musicians many years his junior, is eager, well rehearsed and diversified in its library of jazz, salsa, blues and light rock. Watrous will be back at Donte's tonight.

Finally, time permitted a brief inspection of Wade Marcus and the Soulphonic Jazz Orchestra, at Carmelo's. Marcus, a conductor and arranger, has an impressive lineup of men (and one woman, trumpeter Louie Berk). Charles Owens' alto sax was a vital contribution in "Ode to Freddie Webster," dedicated to a long-gone trumpet virtuoso.

This was the only band of the four to boast a vocalist. Sonny Carter's first two tunes were overarranged and undermiked, but in "Everything Must Change" his vibrant, soulful sound came across.

The Soulphonic Orchestra, despite its name, is closer

to regular jazz than to R&B or funk, using arrangements that reflect an often unorthodox character. Marcus is due for more dates both at Carmelo's and Maiden Voyage.

RODNEY & SULLIVAN

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Of his own low points, Sullivan commented: "I really don't remember any, and that's by the grace of God. St. Paul spoke about forgetting the things that are behind you and pressing forward to the mark of the high calling. Now my calling, from the crib on, was the trumpet, even though I got my life cluttered up with the saxophone and this and that.

"The Bible says you're refined in the furnace of afflictions; but I'm not saying that God would have us all become self-destructive. That's just something one encounters in, shall I say, the jazz world. But I firmly believe that today anyone can become a great jazz musician without falling into any of the traps that existed in our generation.

"I thank God that today I find myself working with young musicians who don't drink, don't smoke, who show up for the job half an hour early, who are totally dedicated to the playing of music. We are living in a different world from the bop generation. I told Red that the last three clubs we played looked more like churches than saloons. People are really coming in to listen; the music is no longer just a background for ca-rouising."

The Rodney-Sullivan alliance was firmly cemented when they signed a contract recently with CBS Records. (Previously they were with Muse.) "Bruce Lundvall, president of CBS, came to us," said Rodney, "and told us he wants exactly the kind of music we're playing. At Muse the producer wanted bebop of the '50s and '60s. Not that we've rejected bebop; if someone comes in and asks for 'Donna Lee,' we'll do it and love it."

"The funny thing about it," said Sullivan, "is that when we play some bebop, these gray-haired couples will snuggle up to one another with that 'Martha, they're playing our song!' look in their eyes. Even one club owner, when he said 'Keep playing that sweet music' I thought he meant the ballads, but he really meant bop. Oh yes, we're still aces with the over-30 group."

True, but the basic premise underlying the Rodney-Sullivan ethos is that while change may not necessarily be equated with progress, stagnation is the evil to avoid above all others. □

JAZZ IN BRIEF

By LEONARD FEATHER

"DARK ORCHID." Sammy Nestico. Dark Orchid 601-04018. Count Basie's principal composer/arranger since 1968, Nestico fields two bands of his own: on the A side, an enlarged group with French horns, playing light contemporary jazz/rock; on the B side, a regular orchestra of Los Angeles jazzmen playing three Basie-type pieces and an agreeable ballad, "Samantha," featuring Bud Shank on alto sax. The results do not show new and exciting facets of Nestico's talent; he should have aimed his sights higher and worried less about commercial acceptance. Three stars.

RODNEY & SULLIVAN

Continued from Page 85

club by his father, was 15 at Rodney, 19, was playing in Charlie Ventura's band).

"After a 20-year hiatus, Sullivan said, "Red was booked into a club in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., where I had the house band. I'd spent 15 years in Florida, working steadily at clubs for long time. Red got all excited and asked me to work with him at the Village Vanguard in New York. He sent me a plane ticket and kept working on me until he wore me down."

Both men had been hiring musicians who were many years their juniors, drawn from the University of Miami for Sullivan or Berklee in Boston for Rodney. "We have to try to season these youngsters into our school," Sullivan said, "because they are the post-Coltrane generation. Now Red and I don't want to be labeled as beboppers, like relics from the old days, but on the other hand

the young musicians need to be indoctrinated into our roots, the traditions of the blues and 'I Got Rhythm.' So there's a mutual, stimulating give-and-take within our group today."

Though he has always been a master of improvisation, Sullivan thinks of himself primarily as a melodist. During guest appearances at colleges he often asks the band director whether the students are being taught how to play ballads. "They always look at me as though I've said something very profound, and they'll say, 'No, but I'm gonna start today.' All those students I saw at the University of Miami could play every Coltrane pattern and all the standard textbook patterns for jazz, but you can't use that on a club date; I mean, how many times can you play those set patterns on 'Stardust'? The essence of all music is in the melodic structure. When we were coming up we even learned the lyrics of a song, so that we could bring the right feeling to our interpretation of the melody."

Sullivan and Rodney differ sharply in their listening tastes. "Very seldom will I listen to jazz," says Sullivan. "I usually find myself involved with classical music, or Peruvian gamelan music, or Ravi Shankar, or a Japanese virtuoso playing a shakuhachi flute, or Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs; anything but what I'm involved in as a player. I've listened to several fusion groups, but found that the electricity covered up a lot of their individuality. I prefer to spend my time listening to music that stirs my heart. Jazz does that when I'm performing it, but playing it is one thing; sitting around listening to it is another."

Rodney remains more closely involved with the core of jazz. "I listen to everybody, but I believe Freddie Hubbard is the most magnificent trumpeter today—he can do things with such ease, grace and beauty. I enjoy Woody Shaw very much; he sits in with us every time we work at the Vanguard. Dizzy Gillespie, of course, remains the master—the teacher and father of us all."

Because their lives had assumed patterns that have been less than obvious or logical, it seemed appropriate to ask what had been the high or low points in their careers. Both men immediately agreed that the zenith is the present moment. "Musically and socially," said Rodney, "the good old days are right now."

As for the low points, "There were five or six," Rodney conceded. "One time I tried to commit suicide. I was strung out, deeply disturbed, disgusted with everything, and took 40 sleeping pills. A friend in whose apartment I was staying came home and saved me. I look back now and say thank goodness; I'm very happy with the way I'm now growing old gracefully."

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TANIA MARIA'S BRAZILIANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The name Tania Maria is still all but unknown to American audiences, but this state of affairs is unlikely to endure. Born in Brazil, based in Paris, she has made her belated entry into the U.S. record world with an album, "Piquant" (Concord Jazz Picante CJP-151), that is everything its title implies.

As a pianist, she has been likened to everyone from Oscar Peterson (who, in fact, was her first jazz inspiration) to McCoy Tyner, Keith Jarrett, and Bill Evans, all of whom she names as idols. As a singer she defies comparison, though she cites such influences as Milton Nascimento and Antonio Carlos Jobim, and sounds at times like Jackie Cain or Anita O'Day.

Tania Maria is one of a kind. Three of the album's eight songs include passages in Portuguese, two are in English; but almost every track is at least partly devoted to her scatting, a buoyantly personal form of vocal onomatopoeia for which she improvises piano lines in unison with the wordless singing. Mingled in her performances are elements of Latin music in many forms—jazz, contemporary balladry and touches of the blues. She is, as Duke Ellington would have said, beyond category.

Her American LP debut was due to a lucky accident. "Charlie Byrd, the American guitarist, heard me in Australia." (Byrd, in a neat coincidence, is the musician who, by persuading Stan Getz to record "Desafinado" and "One-Note Samba" with him, triggered the bossa nova revolution in this country 19 years ago.) "Charlie invited me to work at his club in Washington, D.C., and he told Carl Jefferson of Concord Jazz Records about me."

Jefferson assigned Cal Tjader, the veteran Latin-jazz vibraphonist, to produce the album, on which Maria is accompanied by Tjader's rhythm section. The result moves effortlessly from funky swing to sensuous ballads to the cooking intensity of the vocalese finale, "Vem P'Ra Roda." Four of the eight tunes are Tania Maria originals, all blessed with the melodic grace that seems to come with such uncommon ease to the Brazilians. Of the others, one is Antonio Carlos Jobim's

"Triste," sung in English and in the Esperanto of scat; another is the album's only English pop standard, "It's Not for Me to Say," which provided Johnny Mathis with a best-selling single in 1957.

On a couple of cuts Tania fleshes out the singing with scat overdubs. On "Começar de Novo" she presents the melody first by whistling it, before introducing the Portuguese lyrics. As you may have gathered by now, dull moments with Tania Maria are about as easy to find as a wrong note in an Oscar Peterson solo.

How to define her vocal or instrumental style? A true original, refreshing from the first bar, she has devised a personality, vocally and at the keyboard, that is too elusive to analyze in words. Nor is she ever predictable; relaxation and warmth on one tune give way to relentlessly rhythmic, improvisational vigor on the next.

Curiously, though France has been her home since 1974 and French, in which we conducted the interview, has become her second language, she prefers to avoid it in her vocals. "There are only two languages I know of that have the right rhythm for my music: English and Portuguese. Even though I admired the Double Six of Paris, a wonderful vocal group that was popular in the 1960s, I don't believe that jazz and the French language belong together."

Born in 1948, the daughter of a Brazilian metal worker who plays guitar in his spare time, Tania Maria names Sao Luis in the state of Maranhao as her hometown, but lived for some years in Rio and Sao Paulo.

"I started playing the piano at 7, and devoted several years to classical studies at a conservatory, but before long I developed an interest in Brazilian popular music and I was only 13 when I began playing dance dates with pop groups."

Her family wanted her to have a career in law, and for a few years she was sidetracked. She took up music again at 22 but found too many problems inherent in a career that confronted her with the babble of nightclub customers and the rattle of dishes.

A break from this grind came with an



Brazilian-born Tania Maria has made her U.S. record debut with "Piquant."

invitation to inaugurate a Brazilian nightclub in Paris. "I was invited to stay three months, but Paris has been my home base ever since."

During this time she resumed a recording career that had begun when at the age of 14 she made her first album. Her output now includes four LPs made in Brazil and five in Europe, but only "Piquant" was produced and released here, during a two-week visit to the San Francisco area.

"This wasn't my first visit to America," she says. "Hardly anyone remembers it but I was at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1975. Sarah Vaughan was starred in the same show. This was important to me, not only because of the privilege of being on the same bill with her but also because I found myself working under true concert conditions, when I felt I had the complete concentration of the audience."

Since then she has been able to find a similar ambiance in many other concert halls and in certain clubs that manage somehow to keep the sounds of silverware at a minimum, such as Ronnie Scott's in London and Michael's Pub in New York.

During her brief U.S. visit to tape the album Tania Maria made one appearance, at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco. Cal Tjader, whose group ap-

peared opposite her, said, "With that wonderful, loose personality and audience rapport, she could make it here as a supper-club attraction along the lines of a Bobby Short or a Blossom Dearie." Minimizing his role as producer, he added: "I had never produced a record in my life, but Carl Jefferson sent me one of her European albums and asked me to take this assignment."

"Well, she came in the studio with her husband, who's a Frenchman, and all these songs, ready to go. All I did was chew a pencil and try to look like a producer, sit and listen, and occasionally say 'a little too fast' or 'a bit too slow.' She really took care of business; we had the whole album finished in eight hours."

Without doubt, Tania Maria could become a regular and respected visitor to America, given good management and the chance to make more records along the lines of the new one. This summer she will be back, playing festivals at Santa Barbara, Concord and Monterey (this last as part of a Latin-American night along with Flora Purim, Airto, and others).

Since a comprehensive tour of the United States may not yet be feasible, your main option for the foreseeable future is the album. I suspect Cal Tjader may have launched his producing career on just the right note. "Piquant" is the stuff of which Grammys are made. □