AT THE PILGRIMAGE

An Inspired Severino Quintet

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

At the Pilgrimage Theater Sunday afternoon, it was time for some frank statements. They were duly delivered by Frank Severino's quintet, with Frank Della Rosa on bass and Frank Collett on keyboards.

These three provided an affirmative undercurrent for the horns of Jay Daversa, trumpet and fluegelhorn, and Sam Most, flute and tenor saxophone.

Best known as Carmen McRae's drummer, Severino on this occasion also revealed his talents as composer and guitarist. The latter role is strictly functional, a means to the end of writing some unusually affecting melodic themes such as "Dawning," "Puppies" and "Children."

The only weakly structured piece was "Rain Mountain." Working its way through an endless arco pedal point on the bass, it moved into a pizzicato riff. In any series of ad lib choruses, the inherent interests may not be in direct proportion to the number of chords employed; however, there is certainly no inverse ratio.

"Children" was Severino at his most inspired: a simple, hymn-like, beautiful waltz from which Daversa, who up to that point had been merely competent, drew strength and warmth.

Collett was one of the program's two surprises, digging deeply into the blues on acou[illegible] piano, creating moments of serenity on electric keybo[illegible] and off-the-wall innovation on the arp synthes[illegible] other surprise was Most. Unjustly bypassed in the [illegible] books, he was the first bebop flutist and the fir[illegible] to use his voice in unison with his improvisations, as he did on this occasion in "Bessie's Blues."

Most of the post-intermission music was devised, on the spur of the moment, to feature each of the sidemen. Daversa chose "Morning of the Carnival," Della Rosa selected "My Romance" and Collett displayed his capacity for funk on "Blue Monk."

Despite its pickup nature, Severino was able to weld from this superior group of performers a reasonably consistent entity.

AT SWISS CONNECTION

Gibbs and Gastronomy a Gas

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It has often been observed that the opportunity to dine elegantly and well while listening to music of quality is as rare as tartar steak. An exception to this rule is the Swiss Connection, a most attractive restaurant on Wilshire Blvd. just east of Beverly Drive, where the Terry Gibbs Quartet was recently installed.

As you dip your fondue into a bowl of boiling oil, the musicians also participate in the cooking, figuratively, with their vigorous brew of undiluted bebop. Gibbs, one of the true originals of the vibraphone, is doing today essentially what he did in his formative years on New York's 52nd St.

Intensity is his central characteristic. As if driven by some compulsion to maintain a sense of perpetual motion, he weaves long, convoluted phrases, rarely pausing for breath. His vehicles, as always, are mostly familiar standards; there are no arrangements and no surprises. New, stimulating material would be very helpful.

To his credit, it must be emphasized that Gibbs' credo is an honorable one established decades ago by Duke Ellington: It don't mean a thing if you ain't got that swing. Yet there are some moments when you ask yourself whether 16th notes are necessarily twice as valuable as eighth notes, and others when one wonders if Valium would help.

Occasionally, during a tune like "Willow Weep for Me," Gibbs will relax a while to show the emotional sensitivity of which he is capable but never for long. "What are you Doing the Rest of Your Life?" was played as a brisk bossa nova. The ancient Tommy Dorsey theme, "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," provided a chance to show his self-sufficiency when Gibbs played an entire up-tempo chorus unaccompanied.

The rhythm section is well suited to his technical demands. Pianist Frank Collett, drummer Frank Capp and particularly bassist John Giannelli all distinguished themselves at the racehorse pace established on an old bop anthem called "Wee."

The quartet will continue at the Swiss Connection Tuesdays through Saturdays for two more weeks. Gibbs himself will be off tonight and Friday but the rhythm section will carry on. The gourmet cuisine will remain, one hopes, indefinitely.

AT PASADENA CIVIC

Toshiko, Lew and a Big Band To

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Jazz at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium returned in triumph Saturday evening when Chuck Niles presented the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band in a long and superlative program of orchestral jazz in excelsis.

Toshiko Akiyoshi is the first woman in jazz history ever to compose and arrange an entire library of music and organize her own orchestra to interpret it. Lew Tabackin, her husband and coleader, is a tenor saxophonist of amazing power and rhythmic impact and a flutist of rare individuality. Their combined talents are boosted by a precise, well-trained ensemble that accentuates the quality of the writing.

Unlike several locally based orchestras that offer so much surrogate Basie and Ellington, this group reflects the personality of one individual—Akiyoshi. Collectively and in its component parts—a tightly knit trumpet team, well-blended trombones and one of the best saxophone/flute sections anywhere—the band sustains a spark, bite and crispness that few if any others can match.

Tabackin's flute was exotically showcased in the East-meets-West cross-cultural piece "Kogun." On "Sinse Perry" and "Yet Another Tear," he distilled the emphasis of Sonny Rollins and others into a bristlingly personal style.

Other original works were "Strive for Jive," "American Ballad" (with a yearning, sensitive trombone solo by Britt Woodman) and a quasi bossa nova called "Success May Be Hazardous to Your Health." Every composition has its own character; the excellent solos mercifully never ran too long.

Attempting to follow this excitement-laden set was no easy task for the jam-session group that followed. The front line (Blue Mitchell, Carl Fontana and Harold Land) and the rhythm section (Patrice Rushen, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown and Stix Hooper) constituted seven strong links in search of a chain. They relied mostly on the blues and other standard forms, which sufficed; but each number could have used some tightening up.

Saturday afternoon, pianist Phineas Newbo[illegible] at the Wilshire Ebell was a disappointment. [illegible] effects (taped interviews by and about New[illegible] awkward, the attempts to offer a history of ja[illegible] out almost everybody and Newborn, normally [illegible] ing performer, was stiff and unemotional. [illegible] the end of the second half did he begin to loo[illegible] by the final tune, "Watch What Happens," h[illegible] to his old form. The rhythm section, Ray Brow[illegible] Berk, clearly had not rehearsed; one numb[illegible] from five false starts.

Note: The Akiyoshi/Tabackin Band will p[illegible] day morning at the Oisi Festival.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES, 5/16/76
JAZZ 5/16

A Floodtide of Reissued Records

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The floodtide of reissued recordings continues unabated. In recent months Clive Davis' Arista Records has acquired the immense catalogue of Savoy, one of the definitive jazz companies of the '40s and '50s; Polydor, having taken over MGM, has reactivated the latter's invaluable Verve subsidiary, founded by Norman Granz and still an important company even after he sold it in 1961; Cayre Industries has brought back the long defunct Bethlehem Records, a jazz fountainhead of the 1950s. Meanwhile Fantasy continues to gush forth two-record sets on its Prestige label.

The growing army of rock devotees who have moved on to a concern for jazz and an interest in its roots will find in these albums the equivalent of a full semester of history lessons. In particular, they can focus on three seminal, long-deceased saxophonists whose influence was incalculable. "Charlie Parker: The Savoy Recordings" (Savoy 2201) covers the cradle years of the early Bird, 1944-48; "Charlie Parker/The Verve Years" (Verve VE 2-2501), embraces the bop progenitor's work through 1950. "John Coltrane-Wilbur Harden: Countdown" (Savoy 2203) is the product of a 1958 session; "Kenny Burrell/John Coltrane" (Prestige P-24059) was taped at two sessions led by Burrell and pianist Tommy Flanagan in 1957-58. "Lester Young, Pres/The Complete Savoy Recordings" (Savoy 2202) consists primarily of 1944 tracks; "Pres and Teddy and Oscar" (Verve VE 2-2502) displays a later Lester, backed by Oscar Peterson in 1952 and Teddy Wilson in 1956.

Charlie Parker (1920-1955): It is impossible to impart convincingly, to any young student who was not a part of that scene, the sense of discovery, the feeling of genius revealed that came to many who were in New York at the time of Bird's first impact. He was more than an alto saxophonist; along with Dizzy Gillespie he was a new way of creative life. Despite the presence of a nervous, teen-aged Miles Davis on the Savoy sides, there emerges from these grooves enough evidence of how things were for the jazz community when "Koko" and "Parker's Mood" were not Supersax re-creations but superhuman innovations.

If the early Bird catches the warmth, the process of distillation, the later Parker on the Verve set displays his ability to maintain the spirit in a wider variety of settings. Here is the first full session ever recorded by a jazz soloist with strings (including one masterpiece, "Just Friends"). Here too are a reunion date with Dizzy and Thelonious Monk, as well as products of several quartet, quintet and septet dates, and a ringer, "Repetition," on which Bird appears as guest soloist with the Neal Hefti orchestra. For history, the Savoy set is recommended; for diversity, the Verve.

John Coltrane (1926-1967): Unlike Parker, Coltrane recorded regularly for several years during his formative period. Like Parker, he would eventually find a fresh vocabulary, an all but totally new language for jazz; but in the late 1950s he confined himself, albeit with exceptional technical command, to the established frameworks of the day.

Listening to Coltrane playing a blues, or a simple tune based on "I Got Rhythm," is akin to hearing Einstein recite the multiplication tables. Wilbur Harden is a strongly communicative fluegelhorn soloist and comparison shoppers will find the Savoy set attractive, since it offers previously unissued alternate takes on four of the six long tracks. The Prestige session is helped by Burrell's guitar, a calefactory presence in both solo and rhythm section.

Lester Young (1909-1959): Unlike Parker and Coltrane, whose lights went out at the noonday of their careers, Young allowed his personal traumas to reduce him, in his final years, to a shadow of the man who had made his most influential statements in the early years. Most of the Savoy sides were made not long after his most vital days in the Basie band.

It is instructive to compare the two versions of "These Foolish Things." In the Savoy version, though he yields the right of way to other soloists after the first chorus, Young's gray, somber sound and lagalong phrasing are impeccable. Eight years later, in the 1952 Verve treatment backed by Oscar Peterson and a stronger, better recorded rhythm section, his intonation and ideation are off just a hair. The process of degeneration had barely begun.

Both sets on the whole are admirable. Because the Savoy makes extensive use of rejected and incomplete takes, on "Exercise in Swing" the opening piano chorus by Johnny Guarnieri (whose date this was, despite the top billing now accorded to Young) is heard four times. Since there is precious little variation from take to take, the effect wears very thin. On "Salute to Fats" we hear his introductory chorus no less than five times, and on one of these forays Young plays only three bars before fluffing, at which point the take is aborted.

AT THE GROVE 5/18

Saxmen Woods, Sims Share Bill

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

En route to a tour of Japan, Phil Woods and Zoot Sims stopped off Saturday long enough to play a one-night stand at the Grove.

The results were less electrifying than might have been expected. Woods, an exemplary alto saxophonist originally inspired by Charlie Parker, and Sims, a tenor and soprano sax veteran rooted in Lester Young, are compatible musicians who could constitute an admirable team. Unfortunately, except for the last couple of numbers, they worked separately, backed by Woods' regular New York rhythm section.

Woods took over the stage for the first half-hour, opening with Benny Golson's "Along Came Betty." Starting tentatively, he worked his way into an infectious and ultimately jubilant statement. "Body and Soul" was packed with fertile double-time runs, wrapping itself eel-like around the song's demanding chord changes.

Woods was brave, perhaps a trifle foolhardy, to attempt his "Sun Suite." This three-movement, 12-minute piece, his most ambitious effort as a composer, was elaborately arranged and recorded with a full orchestra. At the Grove, stripped of all accoutrements except for Mike Melillo's intelligent piano, Steve Gilmore's bass and Bill Goodwin's drums, it came off moderately well, all the way from a Stravinsky-inspired opening to a hard-stomping conclusion.

Sims in his three solo numbers was less ambitous. His has always been a style at once easygoing and hard swinging, laced with humor. He played "Jitter Waltz" and "Emily" on tenor, "Indiana" on soprano, then was joined by Woods for "In a Mellotone" and "Love for Sale." The former involved a passage in which the two men dispensed, for one full chorus, with the rhythm section. They were effortlessly airborne throughout this buoyant experiment.

Next time these two giants of the reed family are in town together, they could surely find more stimulus, both for the audience and each other, in devising some arrangements to suggest that more than a casual jam session is taking place. Not that this was less than a welcome and agreeable encounter, but it could have been much more.

Big Band Pianists

Their Role In Jazz History

By Leonard Feather

Mary Lou Williams c. 1946.

Fats Waller in 1943.

Mel Powell c. 1941.

Photos from the Duncan Schiedt Collection

Leonard Feather will need no introduction for the millions of readers of his widely syndicated newspaper column on jazz and the jazz scene. Born in England, Feather emigrated to the United States in 1935, where his indefatigable energy and enthusiasm as a journalist, publicist, composer and arranger, and pianist earned him recognition as one of the outstanding advocates and chroniclers of jazz. His monumental The Encyclopedia Of Jazz *(Horizon Press) stands as an unparalleled work of scholarship in the field. Feather now resides in Southern California.*

—Editor

It can be stated that but for the presence in certain major orchestras of a succession of giant contributors who happened to be pianists, the history of big band jazz would have been demonstrably impoverished; yet the roles played by these artists as pianists, and the importance as pianists of their presence in (or leadership of) a band, is questionable.

It is true for instance, that the leader of the first great jazz orchestra was a pianist, Fletcher Henderson. Yet his legacy is primarily that of a leader of men, discoverer of talent, and, after he had given up his own band, arranger whose charts for the Benny Goodman orchestra played a central role in the success of that band.

As a pianist, Henderson was better known for his accompaniments on early records by blues singers than for his contribution to his own orchestra. He stayed largely in the background, and on many occasions would yield the keyboard to his younger brother Horace or to Fats Waller, both of whom displayed a more complete mastery of the stride tradition. The downplaying of the leader's role in this pioneering band was an augury of things to come.

Although several of the great maestri during the first big band years and the succeeding swing era were pianists, for the most part they were best known as composer/arrangers (Duke Ellington, Stan Kenton) while others, notably Count Basie and Earl Hines, allowed the brilliance of their numerous horn soloists to take precedence, and consequently did not showcase themselves as often or as skillfully as might have been expected.

An overview of the piano in terms of its entire value to big bands brings into focus a curious but incontrovertible fact: whether the pianist was the leader or a sideman, a substantial number found themselves confined for the most part to comping in the rhythm section, helping to supply a sympathetic four-beat feel along with the pulse of rhythm guitar, walking bass, and the generally unobtrusive drums of those relatively low-decibel days. Their solo forays were infrequent and brief. The number of pianists who leapt to fame as a consequence of their incumbency in swing bands is surprisingly small. Who, for example, can recall the name of a single pianist featured in the bands of Gene Krupa, Jimmie Lunceford, or Harry James?

The function of the pianist in a band is primarily that of a rhythm section component. More important generally than his ability as a solo contributor is the empathy with which he listens to the bass player's lines (and the bassist, by the same token, must be aware of the keyboardist's left hand idiosyncrasies). Listening to some of the best old band records preparatory to writing this survey, I was reminded of the extent to which the pianist usually faded into obscurity as part of an overall rhythmic entity.

On many of the most durable Duke Ellington masterpieces, for example, it is not always possible to discern whether Duke is at the piano, whether Billy Strayhorn has replaced him, or even whether Duke, busy conducting, has left the instrument unmanned. This can sometimes be said of Stan Kenton, though he has been more often inclined to incorporate himself into the band's arrangements.

Probably by coincidence, the first big band pianists to be used effectively,

Duke Ellington in 1943, with Fred Guy.

Count Basie in 1950.

Earl Hines in 1948, with Louis Armstrong.

both as members of their respective rhythm sections and as integral parts of the arrangements, were Mary Lou Williams with Andy Kirk And His Clouds Of Joy, frequently based in Kansas City during the 1930s; and Count Basie, also in Kansas City and environs, first with the Benny Moten orchestra and later with his own band. Ms. Williams, as composer and arranger of much of the Kirk library (she joined the band as a writer in 1929, doubling as pianist from 1932-42), was in a position to determine that her role as soloist was not neglected. In such numbers as "Froggy Bottom" and "Moten Swing" she assigned herself the opening solo. This use of the piano as a sort of pacesetter in big band arrangements was to become one of its major functions throughout the swing era.

The same pacesetting role was used in "Moten Swing" as performed by Bennie Moten's Kansas City Orchestra. Reissued in an album entitled *Count Basie In Kansas City*, on RCA (now probably hard to find), this 1932 recording was one of the early masterpieces of jazz piano-with-band. Count Basie not only takes the opening chorus (in a hard-hitting style closer to that of Earl Hines than of Fats Waller, who was his first idol), but also can be heard weaving his way in and out under the other soloists. In fact, he remains a vital part of the entire performance—so much so that the bassist, no less an eminence than Walter Page, remains virtually inaudible while Basie shows how valuable the piano can be in galvanizing a rhythm section.

When Basie formed his own band, not long after Moten's death, he followed the same technique of triggering certain routines with his own solos, the most famous instance of course being "One O'Clock Jump." This is simply a blues, starting in *F*, in which Basie's opening statement (much of it copied almost note for note by a thousand other pianists in the past forty years) leads logically to the dramatic modulation into *Db*. Later, during Walter Page's bass chorus, he tosses in a few filler chords in the manner that would later become his trademark and earn him the nickname "Splanky."

Basie's original rhythm section, with Page, drummer Jo Jones, and his sempiternal sidekick Freddie Green, whose rhythm guitar has been part of the Basie sound for close to forty years, has never been equaled. It is largely because of the inspiration they gave the horn soloists that the early Basie band's records have become dateless masterpieces while the works of lesser swing bands sound stiff and dated by comparison.

Among the popular bandleaders who gained worldwide popularity at the height of the swing phenomenon, Benny Goodman has emerged as the man who, it appears from today's perspective, did more for his pianist-sidemen than any of the others. Teddy Wilson, of course, is a special case, since he worked exclusively as a member of the trio; but Goodman played a significant part (perhaps inadvertently) in advancing the careers of several pianists who played in the orchestra.

Jess Stacy, who was with the band when it caught fire nationally in 1935, and who remained for just four years, ultimately gained fame on the basis of Goodman's unprecedented concert at Carnegie Hall, January 16, 1938. At the end of an unusually elongated version of "Sing, Sing, Sing," with solos already taken by Harry James, Krupa and Goodman, and uproarious applause for a BG high note, the performance seemed to be over when, unexpectedly, Stacy offered a change of pace with a long, beautifully understated solo based entirely on a *Bb* minor chord. It was a perfect example of the right man doing the right thing in the right place. After Stacy came the reprise of the theme, but in those two or three minutes he had made an impression that lived long in the minds of those who were lucky enough to be present. (Someone fortunately had an old-fashioned disc recording machine on

Continued on page 36

Fletcher Henderson in 1950.

Jess Stacy in 1940.

Stan Kenton c. 1947.

JAZZ

Trumpeter Blowing His Horn of Plenty

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● After leading an orchestra with moderate success off and on for 20 years, Maynard Ferguson has discovered the not-so-secret formula and now has a fast-climbing album on the charts.

To achieve this objective, the 48-year-old trumpeter abandoned his regular 14-piece band format in favor of a bulky aggregation that involves, at one point or another, dozens of New York studio regulars, among them an augumented brass section, a vocal group and a dozen strings.

A fashionable producer, Bob James, was assigned to oversee the venture; a hot contemporary personality, Chick Corea, was persuaded to contribute a composition ("Cheshire Cat Walk") and to play synthesizer on it.

If the results don't sound much like Ferguson, they assuredly sound like money. The proof of the pudding is in the sales: The LP is now No.. 75 on the pop listings.

How can you blame Ferguson? Who in his place would not similarly opt for commercial rather than artistic viability. Besides, by seducing the disco crowd, in due course he may attract their interest in some of his earlier, more creative works.

The florid, fulsome adaptation of the 84-year-old aria from "I Pagliacci" is the kind of vehicle Harry James might have been expected to use in 1941. As long as a public exists to eat up excesses of this kind, there will always be performers to minister to its hunger.

Ferguson is philosophical about this curious, devious route to success. "There are parts of the album I really enjoyed," he says, "particularly the title number, 'Primal Scream,' and 'Pagliacci, both of which have been adapted to my regular band for use in our concerts. But when you undertake a change of direction you may realize in retrospect that there were certain things you could have done better. Frankly, at certain points I do think we went a little too far in the direction of rock."

There is an odd story behind Chick Corea's presence.

Maynard Ferguson seducing the disco crowd.

"Some years ago we recorded a composition of Chick's 'La Fiesta.' One night when we were in Boston he called up and said he would like to hear the band. Afterwards he came backstage and said how pleased he was with what he had heard, and how well we had performed his piece. So I said to him, 'Gee, it's so nice to finally meet you.' Chick looked at me and said 'Maynard, it's me, Chick. Don't you remember? I was your piano player when you used to play "Maria," right after Jaki Byard left the band.'

"Well, about a month after that incident, the people at Columbia told me they wanted me to switch producers and would like me to meet this guy, Bob James. I said, 'Oh yeah, I'm familiar with a couple of his albums.' So while I was in Chicago, a Columbia executive brought me together with Bob James to see how we would get along.

"I said to him, 'Bob, it's very nice to meet you! He said almost the exact same words as Chick: 'Maynard, I was your piano player at Birdland in 1963, not long after Jaki Byard left!' I guess I don't have a very good memory for that particular stage in my career; they were both very young piano players who put in a little time with my band."

If Ferguson has less than total recall of the musicians who have passed through his ranks, this is understandable, since they number in the hundreds. Many, like Corea, James, Don Ellis and Don Sebesky, have moved on to distinguished careers of their own.

Fans who came to hear him play "Maria" in the 1950s now bring their grown children to his concerts. The all-British band Ferguson brought over a few years ago after his English residence slowly dissolved as he made U.S. replacements. His present band, composed entirely of Americans, now tours about nine months a year, enabling him to spend time at his new home in Ojai.

Ferguson's equipment includes two instruments he designed himself: the superbone, a half-breed valve-cum-slide trombone, and the firebird, a valve-and-slide trumpet. But his principal identification is essentially what it was when he shot to prominence in the Stan Kenton band, class of '53: the image of an iron-lunged trumpeter reaching for notes in a range most accessible to the ears of basset hounds and beagles.

This aspect of his ability will be on display at the Summer Olympics in his native Montreal where he will play July 28 at the Place des Arts. On the closing day of the athletic convention, Ferguson will carry out a suggestion offered by a member of the Olympics Committee: facing a television audience estimated at 2 billion (Give or take a billion), he will blow out the Olympic flame with his horn.

"How do you plan to do that? What note will you use?"

Ferguson laughed. "It will have to be at least a double high C, or else all those young high school students will be very disappointed."

That should be the primal scream to end them all.

AT ROYCE HALL

A Long Tribute to Cannonball

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A three-day program at UCLA, dedicated to the memory of Cannonball Adderley, began Thursday with a concert at Royce Hall and ends today with morning and afternoon workshops by Nat Adderley and others, starting at 10:30 a.m. at Schoenberg Hall. These will be open and free to the public.

Proceeds from the concert, organized by the Center for Afro-American Studies, will be used to establish an Adderley memorial scholarship fund. An admirable initiative, but good intentions do not necessarily lead to flawless achievements.

The program at Royce Hall began with a Watts Youth Combo of earnest and well-trained but decibellicose teenagers. Between their set and "Threnody for a Brother," a ponderous rock 'n' roll dirge written and conducted by David Axelrod, four and one-half hours elapsed. During the final hour there were sizable defections from what had been a capacity audience.

The premise of gathering together many of the musicians who had worked with Adderley over the years was splendid and should have been adhered to. Instead, the evening was fleshed out with ringers whose connection with the saxophone immortal were peripheral or nonexistent.

It was not until 80 minutes into the event that Sarah Vaughan lifted the proceedings out of the morass of perfunctory instrumental music to offer four songs that brought the house to its feet: "The Man I Love" pumped adrenalin into the proceedings, "Wave" was slow and sensuous, "East of the Sun" was a delightful duet with bassist Walter Booker and her "Summertime" was a glorious a cappella.

The best of the many instrumental sets offered Cannonball's brother, Nat Adderley, in splendid shape on cornet, with two other horns and the reconstituted 1960 Cannonball rhythm section: Victor Feldman, piano, Sam Jones, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums. Their "Azul Serape" (composed by Feldman) and "Work Song" (written, Nat Adderley kidded, "by one of the truly great composers of all times—me"), finally captured the true spirit of what Cannonball's music was all about.

There were other first-rate solos scattered here and there—by Blue Mitchell, Harold Land and George Duke among others—but the impact of Kenny Burrell's fine guitar on "Invitation" was reduced by poor rhythm section balance, and the early part of the concert was cheapened by Airto's flamboyant visual gimmicks and Mayuto with his novelty cuica sounds and comedy dancing. Conspicuously absent was Joe Zawinul, who was not even represented by "Mercy Mercy" or any of his other celebrated works.

A fan sitting next to me asked rhetorically: "What would Cannonball have thought of all this?" Because he was a gentle and understanding man, he probably would have awarded the producers a B for effort and let it go at that.

Vol. 2, No. 1, Spring 1976

IN CONCERT

The World Jazz Association Monthly Newsletter

WARNER BROS. ANNOUNCE RELEASE OF WJA CONCERT ALBUM

Photography by Ray Avery

Warner Bros. has promised a mid-June release date for the WJA FIRST ANNUAL CONCERT record album. The one-record album is the result of careful editing of the master tapes obtained at our November concert in the Shrine Auditorium.

Featured at the concert were GEORGE BENSON, RANDY CRAWFORD, STAN GETZ, BOB JAMES, JIMMY JONES, QUINCY JONES, LES McCANN, PHINEAS NEWBORN, JIMMY SMITH and the WJA ALL-STAR ORCHESTRA organized by JEROME RICHARDSON.

Final selections for the album include performances by STAN GETZ, RANDY CRAWFORD, LES McCANN and the WJA BIG BAND under the leadership of QUINCY JONES, with contributions by GEORGE BENSON.

Veteran jazz man Getz and his group — consisting of bassist CLINT HOUSTON, drummer BILLY HART and pianist JOANNE BRACKEEN — kick off side one of the album with a consummately beautiful rendition of Harry Warren's "SUMMER NIGHT." Getz and Company were warmly received by the concert audience who awarded ovations to Brackeen and Houston.

The remainder of the first side is taken up by a two-number set featuring the exciting new discovery RANDY CRAWFORD singing "GONNA GIVE LOVIN' A TRY" and "EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE." Singer Crawford, who made her recording debut on Cannonball's last record "BIG MAN," is definitely headed for stardom.

Concert Master of Ceremonies LES McCANN — also a Board member of the WJA — expertly

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AT DONTE'S 5/27

Hawes: Thinking Man's Pianist

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Down to his best playing weight after an illness that had him hospitalized for a while, Hampton Hawes is back at Donte's with a new group, new compositions and as firm a sense of direction as he has ever displayed.

Hawes is the thinking man's pianist, or more simply the thinking pianist. Although it is impossible ever to predict the size, shape, density, direction or textures of any given phrase, each statement bears the stamp of authority, of determination within improvisation.

He can be as intense and complex as McCoy Tyner, as funky as Les McCann, or as straight ahead a swinger as Oscar Peterson, all without losing his own identity. With the exception of "Sunny," all the tunes played on the opening set Tuesday were his own, and all had been arranged and rehearsed with care.

While one work showed a strong, surging Spanish influence, another was a peaceful, pensive melody, built mainly on long notes and balancing its harmonic subtlety with melodic simplicity. Hawes has long been a great underrated composer.

Drummer Ralph Penland's role was well integrated into the overall structures. Denny Dias functioned dually as a fluent jazz guitarist soloist and steady rhythm section component. On Fender bass was the 20-year-old Mike Porcaro, son of the drummer Joe Porcaro and clearly a talent to bear in mind.

During Hawes' long, impressionistic introductions, articulated with the perfectionism of a concert pianist, his three sidemen sat gazing at him in obvious awe. It was a joy to see such mutual respect, to hear such fresh, inspired sounds (most of the compositions are so new that Hawes has not yet titled them).

Hawes was the first artist to work at Donte's when it was an obscure piano bar 10 years ago. His progress over the years has matched that of the club itself. He closes tonight, but one hopes this splendid new quartet will be back soon and often.

Wednesday, May 5, 1976

174 MUSIC-RECORDS VARIETY

Feather On Jazz: 'Oldies Will Still Be Around In Year 2000'

As jazz invades the pop arena with some question whether much of the music can be labeled jazz at all, it is causing not only a resurgence of interest in the giants of the past, but is also aiding sales for performers whose roots were in jazz before they switched to a more contemporary sound.

Arista has recently released a number of albums from the Savoy catalog, Polydor has released many from the Verve catalog and, said author Leonard Feather, "Records made years ago and today will still be selling in the year 2000."

Feather has just published his eighth book, "The Pleasures of Jazz," via Horizon Press, a collection of interviews with performers in a wide spectrum, from oldtimers like Eubie Blake to modernists like Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea and Freddie Hubbard.

Though he said much of what is being released new and in reissue is good music, Feather added, "Not all that is being marketed as jazz is jazz. But sometimes you just have to move with public opinion, whether I think it's jazz or not.

"Some of the music comes from people who once had a jazz image. The crossover phenomenon has had a healthy effect overall. A jazz musician now can sell many thousands of albums. It'll also cause listeners to go back and listen to earlier product which is in the catalog. If it's valid music, no matter what the initial sale, it'll stay in the catalog."

Feather feels the image of the jazz musician is changing somewhat. "Musicians are becoming much more aware of the business end. Charlie Byrd, for example, studied business and law. Chick Corea is involved in all areas of the business.

"Musicians are aware songs used to be sold outright, they know the hazards and that they must be businessmen as well as musicians. Two good examples of musicians who were businessmen and led the good life without musical compromise are the late Oliver Nelson and Cannonball Adderley."

In pointing out the longevity of the jazz performer, Feather noted that almost all the living musicians who participated in the original Newport Jazz Festival in 1954 are still active.

Markets are changing, too. "Japan has become a big jazz audience and a big jazz market. They buy records and they go to concerts. Now they're playing some original music. A Japanese group, The New Herd, played at the '74 Monterey Jazz Festival and there are some top Japanese players here."

Feather will bring out "The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '70s," written with Ira Gitler, this fall, and feels jazz will remain strong, especially as more and more better-equipped musicians come out of the leading music schools.

June 1 '76

AT DISNEYLAND

Touching All of the Jazz Bases

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A Santa Ana wind of change has blown its way to Disneyland. The bill of fare for this year's Memorial Day Jazz weekend was more diversified than any previous talent roster.

Dixieland, New Orleans, big band sounds, rock and soul were among the aspects represented. There was the unusual sense that an amusement park is not a concert hall, that entertainment and showmanship must take precedence over pure artistry; moreover, the policy of restricting the groups to half-hour sets barely gives the performers time to get their chops warmed up.

Still, it was encouraging to see the Plaza Gardens packed with youngsters who squatted on every available inch of the dance floor while Freddie Hubbard's combo guided them through the intricate contours of "First Light," even held their attention when he played a lyrical ballad. It was Disneyland's first experiment with this genre of modern jazz, and the reaction left no doubt that it will not be the last.

Alternating with Hubbard was the Maynard Ferguson orchestra. If Ferguson's taste were the equal of his technique, he would be the Art Tatum of the trumpet. The arrangement, and his screaming solo, on "Vesti la giubba," are a five-octave high monument to bathos; but an amazing flute solo by Bobby Militello in which he played and hummed, not in unison but in two-part harmony, almost saved this tiresome aria from the kitsch that dominated it.

At New Orleans Square, Teddy Buckner took his sextet through a set overloaded with vocalists. "Rusty Old Horn" was a pleasant vehicle for the leader's Satchmo-pure trumpet and rasping voice; but the charming Didi Wilson is a promising youngster and should sing some new material as well as standards.

Tomorrowland presented Esther Phillips, in a miniversion of the show she did recently at the Grove, and clarinetist Pete Fountain, who brought an eight-man band from New Orleans. Fountain now sports a three-man brass section, but made little use of it except for background. Eddie Miller, the veteran ex-Bob Crosby tenor sax star, was the most impressive presence and at least sounded as though he was not duplicating solos he had played for a thousand and one nights before.

At the Golden Horseshoe another old-timer, Papa John Creach, put his Midnight Sun rock unit through its boisterous paces. Bald, lanky and personable, Creach is a fine artist, but only in the first chorus of a schmaltzy "Over the Rainbow" was his Stuff Smith sound allowed to emerge from the amplified hullabaloo that engulfed him.

Despite the limitations noted, audience response throughout the park was excellent and Disneyland can congratulate itself on what was, by and large, an agreeable evening well geared to a broad span of tastes.

Natalie Cole: She's Come a Long Way, Daddy

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"The first time my dad heard me sing I told him 'Sit down, Daddy, I want you to play this tune I heard Ella Fitzgerald sing.' And so he played 'Undecided,' and I sang it in the style of Ella's record. I'll never forget his face; he looked at me like I was really crazy."

Natalie Cole's inadvertent audition for her father led to her appearance soon after at the Greek Theater's presentation, "I'm With You," with Nat Cole and Barbar McNair. She was 11, and sang "It's a Bore." Possibly it was, since that was the end of her show-business career for almost 10 years.

"You know," she says, "people think it's only natural that his daughter should be a singer. This may be true in terms of heredity, but not in terms of desire. It was like a hobby to me, and I had other things on my mind."

Despite this early indifference, Natalie Cole today has the world on a string. Only 18 months after her first encounter with Chuck Jackson and Marvin Yancy, the producers/songwriters who turned her faltering career around, she has to her credit two Grammy awards, as Best New Artist of the Year and Best Female R&B Vocal Performance for "This Will Be." Her two Capitol albums have been well enough received, both commercially and artistically, to establish beyond doubt that talent, not nepotism, was the determinant factor in her success.

Natalie Maria Cole is a very together young lady. At 26, tall (5 feet 9½), slim, broad-shouldered, facial features an uncanny mixture of her parents, she shows every sign of having reacted maturely to the fame that overtook her last year. Using frequent, graceful hand gesticulations, smoking moderately (but more, she confided, than her mother would approve of), she reminisced about the forces by which she was unconsciously shaped.

During her childhood, at the elegant Los Angeles home in Hancock Park, mingling with celebrities was a way of life. She remembers Pearl Bailey, Nancy Wilson and Count Basie, but most of all the memory of Harry Belafonte's visit stays in her mind. "I loved to hear him sing 'Day-O' and 'Brownskin Girl,' and I was just ecstatic when he came over. He was in the pool, but I was afraid to come out—I was watching him from behind a curtain. Then when I got bold and walked out, he pulled me into the pool. Belafonte, my idol! That was the biggest thrill of my life."

One singing career of which she long remained unaware was her mother's. The former Maria Ellington, though not related to Duke, had sung in his band in the 1940s and, after her marriage, continued to sing occasionally on records, including one duet with Nat, which Natalie overheard. "It wasn't until then that I knew Mommy could sing. I think my influences were a combination of the people she liked—Nancy Wilson, Jack Jones, Tony Bennett—and the jazz people my dad turned me onto like Ella, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. My sister Carol and I used to listen to L H & R records and got every song down pat; I mimicked Annie Ross note for note.

"Later on I found my own influences in the early Motown people, as well as Sly Stone, Aretha Franklin and Janis Joplin. That's probably why I couldn't get myself together musically. I was pulled in so many directions. Given the opportunity, I could have gone into a studio and recorded a really wild album, including a couple of Joplin things. I really dug Janis—she was like the rock Billie Holiday of her time. And I was affected by the music I heard at the schools I went to, where most of my friends were white—they were into the white rock, which was really my first influence; the Jefferson Airplane and stuff like that."

Natalie left Los Angeles to attend the University of Massachusetts as a premed student. She loved Amherst, staying on one summer as a waitress in a local club and fronting a band on weekends. She played her first adult gig on July 4, 1971, mixing soul, rock and jazz.

"But it didn't really become serious to me for a while. The first step was getting a manager; the second was doing gigs like the Copacabana and the Latin Casino." She opened at the Copa in May of '73. Her repertoire ran from "Honky Tonk Woman" and "Killing Me Softly" to "You Are the Sunshine of My Life." She firmly avoided her father's material, with only two exceptions: "Mona Lisa" and "Love." But she stopped singing "Mona Lisa" because "I found the audience would start crying—and I got a choked-up feeling myself."

"We all need to get back to the realness, to the concept of giving as much as you can to everyone you meet."

The encounter with Jackson and Yancy gave her a new songbook and a firm sense of direction. When they taped the first demo tracks with her, she recalls, "I made it very plain to them and to my manager that the last place I wanted to go was Capitol Records. I was afraid Capitol would try to exploit me by making me do things like Daddy would have done; but ironically, I wound up there and they didn't. They took me for me, and I'm really glad."

Of the songs in her latest album, she relates most closely to "No Plans for the Future," because, she says, "I know at one point, less than two years ago, that was just the way I felt about myself. I was in a very deep state of depression and disillusionment—until I met Chuck and Marvin. I really didn't think I could sing all that good until I began working with them, but they can communicate to me exactly what feeling they think is right for a particular song, and we've gotten to the point whether it's almost telepathy—I can go into a studio and do exactly what Chuck is thinking."

Working on this team basis has strengthened her musicianship. "I don't read music too well. I did take lessons for two or three years, but I was learning Beethoven and Bach and just couldn't get into it. I wish to this day that my father had taught me to play. But I'm learning so much now. Instead of using a vocal group, I overdub all the backup voices myself, and I don't find it difficult at all; in fact, it's a lot of fun. Like, on certain cuts the backup vocals have a different sound. You know how I do that? I imagine two groups; I call them the N Sisters and the Colettes. For 'Mr. Melody' and 'Hard to Get Along' I became the Colettes—they're a commercial kind of group—and I've given them all names like Jody and Betty and Suzie. But the Ns are gospel singers, and that's the sound I get on 'Heaven Is With You' and 'Touch Me.' I was inspired by the way Stevie Wonder can make each voice sound different; I think that's really neat. Besides, if a musician can go into the studio and play so many instruments, why can't a singer do a comparable thing?"

Deeply involved though she is in the business of learning and self-improvement, Natalie Cole consciously separates her onstage life from her natural personality. "When I'm working, I live every line of the lyrics, but when I'm through, I take myself outside of all that; often I don't even think of myself as a singer.

"My sister Carol, on the other hand, is dynamic, emotional, a very deep person who really lives her acting, on and off the stage. Whether it's comedy like 'Grady'—for which she got great reviews—or straight drama, she plays every role to the T." (Five years Natalie's senior, actress Carol Cole actually is a first cousin who, when her mother died, was adopted by Nat and Maria.)

Natalie has moved a long way beyond the no-plans-for-the-future dilemma of 1974. Her present plans include marriage, Aug. 1, at a Baptist church in Brooklyn, to Kevin Nance, the keyboard player with her backup combo, and an auxiliary career as a songwriter.

Perhaps because she grew up amidst her parents' talented entourage, her closest confidants are those she has known and admired over the years. "My best friends in the business are people like Nancy Wilson—my dad predicted she was going to be a star when she was just beginning—and the Staple Singers, who have been around since before I was born. I talk to people like that and find they think just the way I think."

How does she think? "I believe we all need to get back to the realness, to the concept of giving as much of yourself as you can to everyone you meet. It's not about just giving autographs. There are so many successful people who are selfish and very lonely and don't have a genuine friend in the world.

"When you stand in front of an audience, if you feel that they love you—I mean really love you, like someone who knows you as a friend—well, you're going to perform 10 times better, and they'll go home feeling touched; they can't take you home with them, but they can take something of you.

"My father gave many hundreds of interviews, talked to thousands of fans; everyone always came away with a very human feeling. It wasn't that he was a star; he was more than a star. He communicated that quality to them. I can count on less than my 10 fingers how many people have that kind of a following. And I think we need to get back to that."

6/3/76

AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

Stan Getz: A Study in Jazz Bravery

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The opening of the Stan Getz Quartet Tuesday at Concerts by the Sea provided an opportunity to observe not only a study in artistry but also in bravery.

Still in pain and shock after having been mugged and robbed last week in San Diego, Getz overcame the trauma well enough to perform with his customary brilliance. The rhythm section now backing him, unchanged in personnel since last year, reaffirms his perennial knack for finding top-notch talent.

Stan Getz

Most notable is the pianist Joanne Brackeen, whose solos were marked by long, crisply articulated right hand runs, punctuated by a left hand you would swear she had borrowed from McCoy Tyner. It is remarkable how well her style and spirit, essentially a product of the 1970s, complement the playing of Getz. But of course the saxophonist, after 25 years leading various combos, never stops moving with the times.

The Getz sound, however, is essentially what it has been from the start. The particular wave form that results in his vibrantly affecting timbre is as incapable of duplication as a fingerprint. But together with this long-established virtue he has developed a keen ear for the kinds of challenging compositions that are being written today by the young Turks of jazz.

During the set heard, only one song, "No More Blues," offered a reminder—and a most agreeable one—of his 1960s bossa nova image. Getz today is more intrigued by such works as "Litha," written by his former pianist Chick Corea; Wayne Shorter's haunting balland "Infant Eyes," and a piece by the British composer Kenny Wheeler called "Cry of the Wild Goose."

It is noteworthy that these and other compositions are given a treatment that is completely contemporary without the use of electric piano or fender bass. Clint Houston on upright bass and Billy Hart, the former Herbie Hancock drummer, are both an integral part of the arrangement. Houston's supple technique was showcased in one or two solos that didn't quite show the virtuosity of which he is capable, but this could just have been an off night.

The Getz quartet provides encouraging evidence that jazz can go forward, while preserving the best traditions of the past without falling into the trap of today's commercialized crossover effects. The leader, no less a giant than when he first rose prominence, is one of the last great unspoiled jazz saxophonists. A visit to Concerts by the Sea between now and Sunday could be a most reassuring experience.

AT THE GROVE

Bonnie Raitt, Sippie and Sykes

BY DENNIS HUNT
and LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writers

Singer-guitarist Bonnie Raitt has said she doesn't want to be a major star because it would mean making lots of artistic compromises, playing big concert halls and contending with many extra pressures and demands. She is content with a blues, folk and country audience that is just big enough to sustain her but not big enough to carry her even close to superstardom.

Los Angeles is one of her few big markets. Her three sold-out shows at Concerts at the Grove last weekend are indicative of her local drawing power.

There was plenty of evidence in her Saturday-night show that she could be one of the top female pop music performers in the country if she wanted to be. However, she can't be a major star without a hit record and, without the proper motivation, she doesn't do her best work in the studio.

Miss Raitt, an attractive young woman with a boisterous endearing manner, is an excellent concert performer who focuses on blues, folk and country music but doesn't try to imitate the hard-core performers in these genres. All her songs have pop-rock foundations and are dominated by her gritty, unpretentious style. Her guitar playing, particularly when she used the bottleneck, was surprisingly authentic. She was expertly accompanied by a band that began as a quintet but expanded as she added musicians to help on various numbers.

Raitt's show also included two senior blues artists, 70-year-old Roosevelt Sykes and 78-year-old Sippie Wallace. Both performed solo sets and Miss Wallace later joined Raitt for several duets.

Sykes, in a broad-brimmed hat and a natty '40s-style suit, played piano—rather unsteadily most of the time—and sang old blues like St. Louis Jimmy's "The Night Time Is the Right Time," which contains many classic blues lines. Some of his songs included lyrics that were risque decades ago but seem rather quaint and tame now. His singing was admirable for its gusto and sincerity.

Sykes, nicknamed the Honeydripper, was recording in the '30s and '40s and was part of the Chicago blues scene. He made a contribution to the blues genre but was never in the same league with pianists like Albert Hammond and Meade Lux Lewis.

Miss Wallace, who still shows the effects of a stroke she suffered five years ago, seemed rather lonely out there accompanying herself on piano in her gentle, understated style. She was much better in her duets with Raitt where the rhythm section gave her frail voice some much-needed support. An amplified tuba added dimension to Miss Wallace's version of "Lovin' Man."

She made her first record, "Up the Country," in 1923, three years after the first blues record was made. Though she recorded with artists like Louis Armstrong, she was never in a class with Bessie Smith and faded during the Depression.

Whatever the artistic shortcomings of Sykes and Miss Wallace, it is admirable that Raitt is bringing them into the limelight in the twilight of their careers.

Tue. June 8

Cornetist Bobby Hackett Dies in Cape Cod at 61

Bobby Hackett, the cornetist best known for his lyrical jazz style, died Monday in Cape Cod, Mass., of a heart attack. He was 61.

Born in Providence, R.I., Mr. Hackett played in Boston before achieving prominence in the late 1930s in New York, where he was hailed as a successor to the late Bix Beiderbecke. He led his own band in 1939, later playing guitar and occasional cornet with Glenn Miller.

In later years Mr. Hackett led his own small groups, off and on, in many New York clubs and achieved fame through a series of albums and appearances with Jackie Gleason. He was greatly admired by his peers, particularly Louis Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie, both of whom were close friends with whom he appeared on recordings. He also played on records and in person with singer Tony Bennett.

—LEONARD FEATHER

6/4

AT MEMORY LANE

O. C. Smith: Voice Full of the Past

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

If you were to turn on your radio and hear the voice of O. C. Smith, instant recognition would be assured. Nobody else has his finely honed yet gritty tone quality. Smith alone owns the copyright to that particular manner of bringing out all the jubilation in "How Sweet It Is" or the tenderness in "Don't Misunderstand."

Sadly, the chances of your hearing him on the radio are remote, for Smith today has no recording contract, despite a series of big sellers in the late 1960s. It is a worthwhile alternative to consider hearing him in person at Memory Lane, where he has been working for some time on an open-end basis.

Smith sings so well, with such a potent jazz pulsation, tnat you may wonder how, in an era then dominated by vocal charlatanry, he happened to break through with those hits in the first place. Presently his performance, in terms of both artistry and visual charisma, is more unpretentiously engaging than ever.

His repertoire is a mixture of standards, up-tempo blues and, of course, the songs that established him, such as "Son of Hickory Holler's Tramp" and "Little Green Apples." He was in complete command throughout, even dealing tactfully with a female customer who insisted on engaging him in a dance in midsong. An impromptu guest appearance by Adam Wade, who attempted to trade blues lines with Smith, worked well as a crowd pleaser.

The accompanying group, though tending to plod monotonously through its warmup instrumental sets, pulls itself together while Smith is on the stand. Bill Henderson doubles on piano and soprano sax; Craig McMullen plays guitar, Louis Spears mans an electric bass and the ubiquitous Ralph Penland is the drummer. The show is presented Thursdays through Sundays.

JAZZ

Weather Report: An Aural Rainbow

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• Success in the rat race of contemporary music most often blows in as an unpredicted windfall, one that can be explained only by hindsight. An extraordinary exception to this rule is Weather Report. Founded in 1971 after its leaders, saxophonist Wayne Shorter and pianist Joe Zawinul, had ended their long tenures with Miles Davis and Cannonball Adderley respectively, the quintet came together as an idealistic concept, based on the desire to play a new music beyond category.

Along with these expressed aims, Zawinul now says, there was a sense that this concentration on creativity would reach a mass audience. The charts confirm that Weather Report has succeeded beyond the predictions of its most ardent advocates: No. 2 on the jazz lists, No. 20 for soul and No. 42 in the overall pop figures, with a sale of 185,000 only two months after release of its new LP, "Black Market" (Columbia PC 34099).

"Did you ever dream, when you started the group," they were asked, "that you would reach this level of acceptance?"

Zawinul's forthright reply: "Sure I did. I'm only surprised that it took so long."

Shorter added: "One reason things have worked out is that we've had time to relax and create. We decided right from the start that we wouldn't knock ourselves out by working 52 weeks a year. It was possible to bring a deeper feeling to our music by allowing time to stay home and feel good—and without working six nights a week in a club, when we could play to just as many people during one evening in a concert hall."

The explanation still neglected to take into account that many groups pursuing this policy still fail to hit the jackpot. Zawinul had a more cogent answer:

"I feel that certain people—and this has nothing to do with brains—simply have a certain gift for making music that can communicate. I found this out very clearly; I never wrote any bad music, nothing consciously commercial, yet it was all salable.

"Some of my very simple early pieces like 'Mercy, Mercy, Mercy' for Cannonball turned out to be big hits. Later, when I wrote 'In a Silent Way' and some others for Miles Davis and Wayne composed things like 'Nefertiti' for Miles that became standards, it turned out that people could follow these pieces and enjoy them."

Zawinul refuses to ascribe these successes to any sixth sense about what the public will relate to. "We just do what we feel like doing, and the people happen to like it."

Weather Report lately has been in a turmoil of activity on several fronts: new musicians, many new compositions, new instruments.

The most extraordinary arrival is bassist Jaco Pastorius, who exemplifies the tricks of fate that can generate a leap from obscurity to celebrity. "He's a phenomenon," said Shorter, "yet for years he was living as an almost total unknown in Ft. Lauderdale." Zawinul added: "His father is a singer who was a friend of Cannonball. He was just working with people like Nancy Wilson and Wayne Cochran when they visited Florida, but when I heard a tape of him, we asked him to come to a recording session, and he's been with us ever since."

The one-world character that always dominated Weather Report (among its original members were a Czech bassist and a Brazilian percussionist) has persisted with the recent addition of a young drummer named Alejandro Neciosup Acuna. "He's from Peru," said Zawinul. "An original Maya Indian and an unbelievable musician. And our percussionist now is a brilliant young guy from Puerto Rico, Manuel Padrina."

The rainbow of sounds heard in "Black Market" is attributable to the increased use by Zawinul of two ARP 2600 synthesizers, a Rhodes electric piano, a Yamaha grand piano and an Oberheim polyphonic synthesizer, with Shorter on soprano and tenor saxes and lyricon.

This last is a hybrid that belongs both to the woodwind and synthesizer families. "It's related to playing a saxophone," Shorter explained, "in the sense that wind has to go through it, and you have to use a mouthpiece and a reed. But according to the quantity of wind pressure, and what you do with the little board with knobs linked to it, you can go in a million directions. The inventor told me, 'When you play the lyricon, you are the computer.'

"On one tune in the album, 'Three Clowns,' I turned some knobs between the restatements of the theme, and without really knowing what each knob was for, bam! Some marvelous sounds were created.

"I haven't mastered the lyricon yet, but it's a fascinating experience. I feel like I'm beginning to study the violin and the piano simultaneously."

The ability of Zawinul, Shorter and their colleagues to move from strength to strength commercially while continuing to experiment with so many creative challenges is a heartening indication that is impossible to write music above the heads of the people provided the people are willing to hold their heads a little higher.

"We're growing and the public is growing," says Zawinul, with the cheerful confidence he has shown from the start. "This is a nice process of continuous living."

AT DONTE'S

'70s Sound of Woody Herman

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

During his one-night stand Sunday at Donte's Woody Herman announced that a 90-minute special he taped recently for PBS will be aired on election eve. That date will mark the 40th anniversary of his debut as an orchestra leader.

Most of the men who constitute the present Herman ensemble were not born until many years after that occasion. When they play "Early Autumn" or "Four Brothers," their ability to feel the spirit of the era they're recreating is as remarkable as the undiminished interest in the compositions themselves. But such works, a reminder of the band's illustrious past, are only a small part of a typical set.

This young, exuberant and perennially vital band divides its time between three main types of works. There are the orchestral expansions of modern combo tunes from such sources as Freddie Hubbard, Chick Corea and John Coltrane. A second category consists of material written by past and present sidemen, such as Alan Broadbent's "Reunion at Newport" and Gary Anderson's "Pavanne."

Third, there are the rock charts, for which the pianist and bassist switch to electronic instruments. These are drawn from such writers as Stevie Wonder ("Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing") and Joe Farrell ("Penny Arcade"). This eclecticism turns each set into a minihistory spanning four decades.

Herman and his young hired hands deserve as much credit for preserving and expanding on a tradition as the earlier bands did for establishing one, for it is too soon to know whether today's personnel may include a future Stan Getz, Bill Harris or Neal Hefti. Such talents as Anderson on tenor sax and flute, the amazingly flexible trombonist Jim Pugh, trumpeters Dennis Dotson and Jeff Davis evince an impressive degree of maturity.

There have been a few changes since the last visit: A new pianist and bass player who, like their predecessors, are products of the jazz education program at North Texas State College. The present rhythm section is almost the equal of the last one.

Big jazz in its present incarnation involves all the best qualities it developed during the swing era along with enough innovations to broaden the palette immeasurably. Bassoon (played by Frank Tiberi), clavinet, flutes and piccolo-trumpet provide textures that contrast intriguingly with the longer established instruments and blends.

Last but not least there is the great man himself. Adjusting his instrument and his style to the requirements of each number, Herman is as much at home playing alto sax on "Naima" as he is lending a touch of the blues to a clarinet solo or a new sound to the soprano sax on "La Fiesta." Of all the big band survivors, he alone has moved consistently with the times in his own playing, while the men around him manage simultaneously to light his fire and recharge their own batteries. Herman has a way of referring to himself in self-derogatory terms such as "Father Time." He need not; he will always be the youngest man in this quite extraordinary band.

BOOKS

A cool, affectionate view of the rich world of jazz

By JUDSON HAND
Books Editor of The News

Leonard Feather, an elegant Englishman who speaks and writes in crisp, rounded sentences, long ago established himself as the insider's critic of the brawling world of jazz.

Not only has Feather known well virtually every important jazzman over the past three decades, but he's also a pretty fair jazz pianist himself. Just listen to his record of the "Fifty-Fifty Blues," cut in the early 1950's with Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden if you don't believe me.

In his new book, THE PLEASURES OF JAZZ (200 pages. Horizon. $7.95), Feather simply discusses some 50 jazzmen old and new casually and with his usual insights. The result isn't monumental, but it's enough to quicken the heart of any jazz buff.

There's a marvelous interview with Bob Crosby, Bing's brother, who, in the 1930's, fronted a big swing band which included in it such all-star musicians as clarinetist Matty Mattlock and guitarist Nappy Lamare. The all-stars used to play as an 8-piece dixieland combo called the Bobcats and, as such, they made jazz history.

Bob was a good enough bandleader, suave and handsome, but, inside, he lacked self-confidence, partially because he always stood in Bing's shadow. Bob played no instrument and he wasn't a great singer.

"I never try to do much singing," Bob told Feather. "Even if I wanted to, I probably couldn't, because I had it scared out of me years ago."

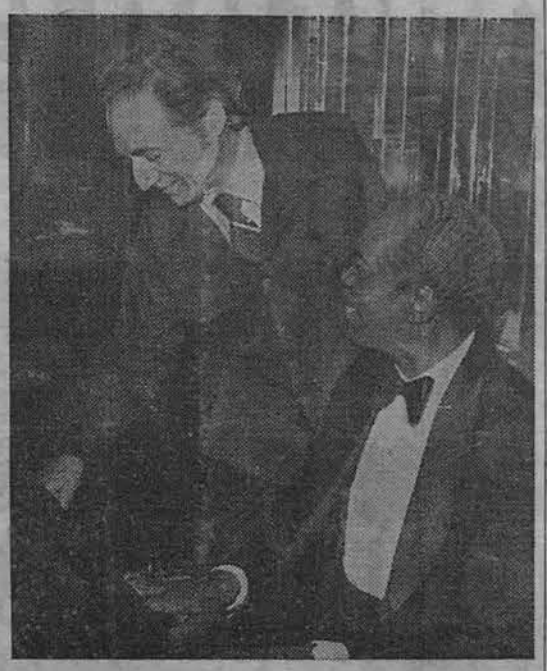
Bing, Bob said, had his problems, too: "Well, for example, he has no friends. . . . Coming from a poor background, when Bing had his first huge success he was so frightened that he built a sort of big cellophane bag around himself."

Despite his psychological problems, though, Bob was a good bandleader and enjoyed the job. He cheerfully found baby sitters for restless trombone players' wives so they could be with their husbands, and he even gave marriage counseling to some distraught musicians.

The book is full of little details which make the subjects come alive. We see actress Diahann Carroll successfully rebelling when she wasn't allowed a conversational role on the Tonight show (in those days, blacks were used only as singers). We hear from the piano-playing son of World War II Italian dictator Benito Mussolini that his father used to love the gutsy stride piano of the late Fats Waller. And we learn about the distinction between real jazzmen and millionaire rock musicians from John Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet: "They are people in show business, entertainers. We are musicians."

The book is also spiked with humor, some of it unintentional. Clarinetist Barney Bigard on visiting the Africa of some of his ancestors: "The people there really have a good sense of rhythm."

The book is also full of anecdotes about the old, hard days of jazz. Pianist Jess Stacy recalls: "A band I was playing with broke up and I couldn't get work, so I had to play for all those gangsters in their speakeasies. They didn't bother you if you stayed sober on the job; but one night the drummer, George Wettling, got juiced. A mob guy took him out in his car, fired off a tear gas bomb, closed the car door and left George there. George cried for a week."



LEONARD FEATHER talks it over with pianist Hank Jones.

Feather's heart, however, beats to the sophisticated rhythms of post-swing era jazzmen much younger than Stacy and so, not surprisingly, his best passages concern such musicians as Chick Corea, Thad Jones, David Amram and, of course, Dizzy Gillespie. Said Dizzy after playing his trumpet in Kenya: "Some of our music may have sounded strange to the Africans because harmonically they are in the same place as always. Their music didn't sound unfamiliar to us, though. In fact, it sounded a lot like calypso."

Feather's book, which includes a preface by saxophonist Benny Carter and portraits of most of the musicians discussed, should be enough to propel any jazz buff out of his easy chair and into the nearest jazz club.

AT ROYCE HALL

An Uneven 'Guitar Summit'

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The "Guitar Summit" concert presented Saturday at Royce Hall left the impression of a musical history lesson played backwards. The evening ended where it might well have started, with Laurindo Almeida interpreting Haydn, Bach and Debussy on an orthodox Spanish guitar. It had begun with Sandy Bull putting various 1970s contraptions through their paces.

In between was the team of Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis, whose mainstream jazz scored resoundingly. Kessel and Ellis are from Oklahoma and Texas respectively; that was Charlie Christian country, and neither man ever let us forget his debt to Christian, who opened up a new world of electric guitar circa 1940.

Their set began with a few standards, among them a brilliantly crafted blues during which they took turns simulating the left and right hand parts of a boogie-woogie piano routine. After a gentle, unaccompanied Kessel solo on "Alfie," Ellis took over for a spirited "Love for Sale" backed by Jake Hanna on drums and Chuck Berghofer on bass. The latter pair remained to back the two guitars in a couple of blues and the "Flintstones" theme, a perfectly suitable vehicle for jamming.

It is impossible to choose sides in judging Kessel and Ellis. Each is a master and swings in his own way. Their happy rapport is reflected not only in the alternating excitement and tenderness they generate, but also in the obvious mutual admiration. Kessel's wry announcements were frosting on the fret.

Laurindo Almeida, the long-respected virtuoso from Brazil, gave a solo recital that spanned three centuries. He began a little nervously, sounding rhythmically rigid on the Bach works, but by the time he reached Villa-Lobos he was more relaxed and technically impeccable.

Somewhere between Stephen Foster and Luis Bonfa he inserted a charming composition of his own, "Lament for Rocky." Despite the late hour, the audience pressed Almeida for more, which he gave them in the form of a succinct Antonio Carlos Jobim medley.

The excessive duration of the concert was due to Sandy Bull, whose lengthy set consisted mainly of amplified oud and pedal steel solos. There were also some clangorous numbers on a solid-body guitar, a couple of vocals offered in a boots-and-saddles twang and a long, tasteless anecdote. Bull also saw fit to use the "rhythm ace," one of those inhuman drumming gadgets, to supply an automatic beat. An hour of Bull is very hard to take. But the audience disagreed; they loved him.

JAZZ

Dorsey and Henderson Reissued

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• With "That's Entertainment II" showing signs of outstripping its predecessor as a commercial blockbuster, with dance halls from New York's Roseland to Orrin Tucker's Stardust Ballroom in Los Angeles attracting crowds who foxtrot to golden oldies and with record companies digging into their vaults to make the past ever more relivable, the American public seems to have been engulfed in a wave of nostalgia.

From the musicological standpoint it is not always easy to determine how much of this yearning for the past is predicated on artistic value and how much on the assumption that old equals good. Two recent albums are helpful in providing an answer. They are "The Complete Tommy Dorsey, Vol. 1/1935" (RCA AXM 2-5521) and "The Complete Fletcher Henderson, 1923-1936" (RCA AXM 2-5507). Both are part of a series in RCA's reactivated Bluebird label.

A 40-year perspective makes it clear that the big band era was concerned mainly with producing music for mass consumption. Musical validity at times prevailed, but in most cases it was a matter of preparation. Some bands went all out for kitsch; others tempered their concessions in varying degrees with music intended to last; but nobody, not even Duke Ellington (who recorded "The Lambeth Walk," "The Twist" and "La De Doody Doo"), was immune to the pressures of operators who controlled the pop world.

OVER

Please Turn to Page 68

Pop Album Briefs

The L.A. Four. Concord Jazz CJ-15. The "Concierto de Aranjeuz" never had it so good. Rodrigo's classic rubs grooves with Jobim ("Dindi"), Gillespie, Rollins and Bach in an eclectic set by four bastions of the West Coast scene: Laurindo Almeida, Bud Shank, Ray Brown and Shelly Manne. Nothing startlingly innovative here, but somehow this group manages to cater to many tastes without falling en route into the abyss of compromise. —L.F.

Live. Paul Desmond Quartet. A & M/Horizon SP 820. Recorded in a Toronto club, this has just about everything going for it: Desmond's horn has never sounded more relaxed, he is obviously delighted with the three Canadians who back him up (particularly the guitarist, Ed Bickert), and the menu is MOR jazz, stretching out on six standards and two originals—"Take Five," which he still plays as if he had just composed it, and the uncommonly attractive ballad "Wendy." Desmond the liner-note writer is as delightful to read as he is to hear. A splendid package.

—LEONARD FEATHER

6/14

MUSIC REVIEW

Jarrett: Harbinger of New Forms?

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The next time Keith Jarrett appears in town, he may be picketed by the merchants of electronics. If his concert Friday at Royce Hall was any yardstick, he is starting a counterrevolution, for the entire recital was completed without any amplified instruments, without even a single microphone.

Sold out three days in advance, this was essentially a performance of neoclassical music, with intermittent overlays of improvisation, rather than vice versa. Playing acoustic piano, Jarrett introduced four of his extended compositions for orchestra, backed by a 25-piece string ensemble, many of whose members were drawn from the ranks of the L.A. Philharmonic. Paul Shure conducted.

Delicately counterbalanced against his richly textured string writing were two improvising musicians, Charles Haden on bass and Jan Garbarek, a 29-year-old tenor and soprano saxophonist from Norway making his U.S. debut.

The first piece, "Chekara Si," began with an incessantly repeated five-note diatonic phrase, the kind of melody your bright 10-year-old nephew might stumble on by chance. But this preliminary simplicity proved deceptive as Jarrett's and Garbarek's energetic statements took over. In "Runes," the second work, Haden's role provided a counterpoint of freedom under the stately, almost solemn opening statement by the strings.

It was not until midway through the third composition, "Solara March," that the concert hit its stride. Dedicated to Pablo Casals, it was appropriately equipped with a touch of Latin rhythm behind Garbarek's sinuous, lyrical soprano sax.

Jarrett's contributions, both as composer and soloist, were unpredictable. Sometimes it was as if he had dipped into a goldfish bowl, picked out a decade and written or played a passage to fit that period. Only when he got into a Cecil Taylor bag, playing random clusters and banging the piano lid, did the music lapse from strong and adventurous into silly and pretentious. For the most part he is a uniquely disciplined artist; many of his solos are so deftly constructed that the string players, I was told, found it hard to believe they were improvised.

A couple of zephyrean trio numbers by Jarrett, Haden and Garbarek followed the intermission. After a delay caused by Jarrett's insistence that the piano be changed, the strings returned for the final, 35-minute work, "Mirrors." Though at times it seemed aimless and overextended, there was a segment in 7/4 with Jarrett, Garbarek and the strings that represented the modern-classicist-jazz fusion at its most inspired.

Are we about to enter a brave new world of acoustic music to which young, rock-reared audiences can relate? If we are to judge by the financial and artistic success of Jarrett's venture, he will be the man to lead us through the gates.

6/30

AT DISNEYLAND

Crosby Cats Blur the Borderlines

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

As the swing era slowly fades into history, its borderlines become blurred. It is of no moment to the audience if the Harry James band plays a Glenn Miller arrangement or if the Tommy Dorsey ghost band offers a Duke Ellington medley. All that matters, it seems, is general nostalgia.

Example: When the Bob Crosby band opened Sunday for a week at the Plaza Gardens in Disneyland, it was strictly Ellingtonia when alto saxophonist Les Robinson played "Daydream," Peanuts Hucko did a Benny Goodman Quartet number on "Stealin' Apples" and the band defected to Tommy Dorsey for "Opus One."

All this seemed agreeable to the very young listeners who squatted on the dance floor as well as to the jitterbugging elders; however, what with these second-hand pieces and four or five vocals per set, there was too little time to remind us purists of the orchestrated Dixieland style that was the Crosby band's hallmark.

When these authentic arrangements did show up, however, they were played spiritedly. Trumpeter John Best was warmly affecting in a colorful Deane Kincaide treatment of "Bess You Is My Woman Now." Best and Hucko enlivened the free-wheeling numbers by the seven-piece Bob Cats contingent. Ray Sherman's piano was competent but derivative; the other soloists were barely adequate.

The band came most fully to life in Billy May's "Front Page Rag." A mixture of tongue-in-cheek Dixieland cliches and a hint of Ellington's "Rockin' and Rhythm" with some honest two-beat jazz thrown in, this recent work provided a reminder that every band needs a turnover in repertoire once in a while.

Mavis Rivers, an attractively jazz-inflected singer, was more at ease on the songs with improvised backing than on the arranged tunes, in which the band seemed to get in her way. Chris Crosby, who has a country-style combo but occasionally moonlights with his old man, showed an agreeable personality and sound on "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" and "Can't Take My Eyes Off You."

With Sherman, drummer Nick Fatool and bassist Jack Lesberg as his rhythm team, Crosby re-creates the special beat that characterized the band in its heyday. What he needs most of all now is a bunch of brand-new compositions, and even some contemporary instrumental material, arranged in the original vein. After all, the Muskrats cannot ramble on forever.

written by the band's elegant lead alto saxophonist, Los Angeles Councilman Ernani (then known as Noni) Bernardi.

There is an intense irony in the fact that Edythe Wright, Cliff Weston and the other singers who occupy so many of the grooves are now forgotten, and that an album of 32 numbers along the lines of "Weary Blues" or "Getting Sentimental" would have infinitely more validity in 1976. As it stands, this collection will appeal to nostalgia-seekers only.

The black bands, though forced to deal with insufferable Jim Crow conditions and club owners or managers whose orders they were terrified to disobey, nevertheless had slightly more leeway. As the orchestra led by composer Fletcher Henderson (1898-1952) illustrates, atrocious songs were imposed on them (sometimes along with indifferent white vocalists, though the black ballad singers were no less egregious); but because of the hot-jazz image associated with black musicians, there were frequent chances for the band's many virtuosi to take brief solos. Thus we hear prime examples of Coleman Hawkins, the grandsire of the tenor saxophone; Edgar Sampson, one of the few early jazz violinists (he later composed "Stomping at the Savoy"); the trumpets of Roy Eldridge and Rex Stewart, and the piano of the leader or his younger brother Horace.

Of the 34 tracks squeezed into these four sides, 17 have vocals. The songs range from profound philosophical statements ("My Sweet Tooth Says I Wanna but My Wisdom Tooth Says No") to profane Uncle Tomfoolery (Old Black Joe and Sambo are characters in the lyrics of "Malinda's Wedding Day," sung by the white Dick Robertson).

In those days, big-band music was utilitarian, designed for dancing or light entertainment. When you found jazz artistry in the crevices between novelty vocals, it was like winning a treasure hunt. Jazz also was an idiom that called for greater musicianship and more accurate intonation than Henderson's poorly disciplined early band was able to muster. The 1927-1931 material is flawed by these problems. By 1936, the band had settled, its rhythm section had learned how to swing and even a couple of the vocals, because they were delegated to such horn players as Roy Eldridge, sound tolerable.

L. A. SUNDAY TIMES JUNE 20

'Visible' L.A.; audible interviews

The following are summaries of books by Times staff members.

The Big Orange by Jack Smith (Ward Ritchie Press, $7.95).

Jack Smith's approach to Los Angeles is that of the long-time resident who visits, and sometimes revisits, the places that are not only of historical and cultural interest but those which evoke some special resonance to those who know the Southern California area. "The *real* Los Angeles is invisible," he begins his odyssey. "It is to be found in such abstract qualities as newness, space, openness, freedom, variety and the weather. This book is more about the *visible* Los Angeles, which is of course unreal . . . It is about the visible entertainments of this place which Will Rogers affectionately called cuckooland. There is nothing behind the scenes here, no doors are opened that the reader can't enter. There are no discoveries here that the reader can't make for himself."

With this sense of discovery in mind, Smith pays homage first to perhaps *the* unique aspect of Los Angeles—those places in and about Hollywood which relate to the film industry. As he walks Hollywood Blvd., with its underfoot galaxy of stars, as he takes the limousine tour past Groucho's house, and looks for Lucille Ball, and when he tours the Movieland Wax Museum with its paraffin idols, Smith sets the tone of his book.

Of greatest historical interest are the Huntington Library, though Will Rogers State Park bears a special slant of a famous wit's California abode. Art comes in for viewing when Smith sees what the J. Paul Getty Museum holds (as well as those Gainsboroughs in the Huntington); and the religious fervor of a distant generation is felt in his background story of Sister Aimee's Temple, a saga of zeal, money, religiosity and mystery. But the largest sweep the columnist makes is his visits to the many communities which make up Los Angeles, each with a singular ethnic or geographical focal point in the Los Angeles scene: Chinatown, Elysian Park, Venice, Watts (with the Simon Rodia Towers that deserve a chapter by themselves) and, Santa Monica.

The remaining grouping of interest points are those geographically real, but whose essence is some special flavor they provide the community. Smith lists "The Bicycle Path," "The Swap Meet" and "The Watts Festival" as places where people engage in pastimes for purposes of cultural or recreational enrichment.

Jack Smith's tour of Los Angeles, seen from his vantage point as native and commentator, covers completely those abstract and real qualities which make this sprawling city special to him.

The Pleasures of Jazz by Leonard Feather (Horizon: $7.95).

Times Jazz Critic Leonard Feather's latest in a long series of books about this native American art form combines the expert's observations about the movements of music in recent years with profiles and interviews with the jazz masters themselves.

The period he treats is noted as crucial to the development of music today. Jazz, which gave birth through blues to rhythm-and-blues, rock 'n' roll and eventually the many forms of rock, went into a temporary decline, only to emerge in the last few years in unexpected prominence.

History is the foundation of this book, and Feather points out (through the on-the-spot insights of Eubie Blake) that jazz was not born, as alleged, in New Orleans, but 20 or more years before the King Oliver-Louis Armstrong era, and in disparate spots of the country. Blake's ragtime is an ironic line to the present interest in that form, Feather notes.

The author's interviews provide portraits of more modern figures in contemporary music. Mercer Ellington, Duke's son and heir to the band and an old friend of Feather, provides the critic information about his experience with a genius father and notes about the difficult transition period when the responsibility of that famous orchestra fell upon him. Miles Davis, the musically dominant but personally elusive figure in command over modern jazz for two decades, is alluded to through the viewpoints of other musicians, but Feather makes direct contact with Herbie Hancock.

Feather also derives an in-depth interview with Freddie Hubbard, rising trumpet star of the '60s and claimant to Miles Davis' crown in the '70s.

"Old Masters" are given their due in this book: Joe Venuti, Blake, Earl Hines and Red Norvo are presented, as is Hoagy Carmichael, laconic creator of "Stardust" and other songs of the past. (Naturally, some of the pieces are comments of Feather's from past years.) Big bands are discussed as well, including the successful and influential recent combination of sounds under Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. And singers of note over 30 or more years are given a view, including Sarah Vaughan, Lena Horne, Cleo Laine and Billy Eckstine.

When coupled with little-known facts (Donald Byrd was a longtime professor of music, and Yusef Lateef recently completed a Ph.D. in music), Feather's book updates trends and patterns and personalities in a musical form that is constantly changing.

Melody Maker

JUNE 19, 1976 15p weekly USA 75 cents

Crosby caps 50 years

BING CROSBY is in London next week for his first ever British concert appearances!

To celebrate the shows, MM this week spotlights the career of Crosby — the first pop singer — with an in-depth interview by Leonard Feather in California, which starts on page 8.

There has been a phenomenal demand for tickets to see Crosby, whose sell-out two week season at the London Palladium opens on Monday (June 21).

And Bing, who makes his visit during his 50th anniversary in showbusiness, has extended his tour to include dates in Ireland and Scotland. He follows the Palladium shows with concerts at DUBLIN Gaiety Theatre (July 12 and 13) and EDINBURGH Usher Hall (15 and 16).

Tickets for the Dublin shows are on sale at the theatre box office, and written ticket applications only are being accepted at Usher Hall.

● *From left: BING CROSBY with the RHYTHM BOYS in 1930; with accompanist EDDIE LANG in the movie The Big Broadcast (1932), which featured his immortal 'Please'; in one of his many Hollywood shorts, I Surrender Dear. Right: the Forties — with legendary jazz trumpeter WINGY MANONE in Rhythm On The River and broadcasting with ANNE SHELTON for troops during the Second World War.*

Bing: the father of pop...

Exclusive interview by Leonard Feather in Hollywood

The road to the Palladium... BING CROSBY traces a 50-year career which leads to the first pop star—now in his seventies—starting his first London season on Monday

"THIS is my demicentennial," Bing Crosby told the packed house on a recent night at the Los Angeles Music Centre. He was approximately right.

It was St. Patrick's Day — a fitting occasion for a half-Irish baritone to give one of his very rare concert appearances — and just 50 St. Patrick's Days earlier, the man who would eventually become the world's first pop superstar had just arrived in Los Angeles from Spokane, in the far northwest of the US, along with his vocal partner Al Rinker (Mildred Bailey's brother), and had played his first local engagement at a theatre near the University of Southern California campus.

His audience on that distant occasion had consisted largely of students. The crowd that flocked to the Music Centre on this night a half century later probably included a few of those very students, along with their children and perhaps a few grandchildren. Their smiles were as broad as their age span.

The concert began strangely, with an empty stage and speakers playing, for 20 minutes, excerpts of old Crosby radio shows. Comedy sketches that paired Bing with Bob Hope, James Stewart, Gary Cooper reminded us of the quality and nature of our home entertainment in the Thirties and Forties.

As the tapes ended, Joe Bushkin eased towards the piano at stage left and accompanied a series of excerpts — run without sound — from some of the 58 feature films Bing had made between 1930 and 1966. Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Sinatra, Grace Kelly flashed across the screen. The sight of Louis Armstrong brought a warm burst of applause.

At last, almost a half hour into the show, Nelson Riddle's orchestra struck up the overture, Bing's famous theme "In The Blue Of The Night" (oddly enough, he never got around to singing it). After the opening song, "The Pleasure Of Your Company," Bing let loose with a few light comedy lines, such as the joke about the girl who asked him "Didn't you used to be Bing Crosby?"

And he told the audience this was a formal occasion: "You'll notice I wore my hair." During the next two numbers, "Mary Lou" and "My Time Of Life," it gradually became clear that Crosby at 71 (or is it 75? The reference books disagree, though Bing's autobiography gives May 1904 as his birth date) has suffered very little from the attrition of the years in terms of timbre, phrasing and style.

After Bing had made mention of the two charities to which the proceeds of the concert were being given, the Tarzana Psychiatric Hospital and the Sugar Ray Robinson Youth Foundation (Robinson, sitting in the front row, took a bow), it was time for his first guest star, Rosemary Clooney.

After years of illness and semi-inactivity, Clooney, who worked with Bing in his 1954 movie White Christmas, gave a good account of herself, duetting with Bing on "Slow Boat To China" before tackling four numbers on her own.

Comedian Rich Little devoted 20 minutes to imitations of Groucho Marx, Bing, George Burns and others and sang a duet with Crosby.

The first half concluded with "Send In The Clowns," which Bing set up intelligently by explaining the meaning of the lyrics. One of the few new tunes of the evening, it sounded as though it could have been written for him.

After an intermission, there were a few family touches as Bing introduced his wife, Kathryn, a charming and competent singer in her couple of duets; Mary Francis Crosby, 16; and Harry Crosby III, 17 — clearly not yet professionals and present mainly as tokens of togetherness.

Most of this half was dedicated to a marathon medley of 32 Crosby-associated hits, for which he was accompanied by the Joe Bushkin quartet, with Herb Ellis on guitar, Jake Hanna at the drums, and Chuck Berghofer on bass.

Naturally, nostalgia was rampant throughout, but Bing was in prime form on "Sweet Leilani," "Accentuate The Positive," and a couple of St Patrick's Day specials, "Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ra" and "Galway Bay."

Bushkin was an anomaly. A first-rate swing era pianist with Eddie Condon, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, and later briefly with Louis Armstrong, he has been in semi-retirement for most of the past 15 years and sounded as though he has not kept up too well.

On several numbers he doubled the melody, offering an echo where a simple accompaniment would have been sufficent.

On the couple of numbers where he switched to trumpet, notably "Pennies From Heaven," Bushkin brought the proceedings swingingly to life.

In general, this was the type of evening to which the audience relates the lyrics and melodies to what they recall of the artist's personal life and his career.

This was particularly applicable to his closing song, "That's What Life Is All About." Introducing it, he said it embraces "whatever philosophy I do have, which is minimal."

As a retrospective of a unique career, it could not help but succeed. As a musical event, it had been well-conceived and, aside from a few blown cues during the medley, a couple of problems with the balance, commendably executed.

Crosby had once attributed his success to the fact that the average listener feels that he could be up there doing the same thing.

I sensed some of this same attitude in his casual air throughout. He acted as though there was no need to make a special effort to please; the audience was automatically with him and it was permissible to maintain a slight distance.

The slight errors, in any case, remind us that Bing is human. His humanity and fallibility, coupled with an enduring talent, have sustained him as an institution throughout a quarter of this country's existence.

The demicentennial, in short, was an agreeable experience for artist and audience alike.

THE next day I had an appointment to meet Bing at the NBC studios, where he was taping a guest appearance on a TV show. We had never really met, but I knew enough of his story to feel prepared.

It was more than a little awesome to realise that here is a man who has sold more records than any other singer in history (at last count 300,650,000 on 88 labels in 27 countries). He has received a platinum record on two occasions.

At one time, because he is an ardent conservationist and had championed the cause of the Atlantic salmon, which were threatened with extinction by Danish fishing fleets, his records were banned in Denmark, ironically, since he is of Danish descent on his father's side.

I knew that Bing, as a young collegian in Spokane, Washington, had sung in the glee club, appeared in amateur shows and played the drums in a college band called the Musicaladers. The key years in his life were 1927, when he, Al Rinker and Harry Barris, The Original Rhythm Boys, became a featured vocal trio with Paul Whiteman; 1930, when he made his first movie, appearing with Whiteman in The King Of Jazz; 1944, when he won an Oscar as best actor in Going My Way; and 1960, when he received a platinum record as First Citizen of the Record Industry.

A wealthy man since the early Thirties when his movie career got under way, he built up an investment empire that included the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team, a company called Bing Crosby Productions, which has produced a number of successful television series, and interests in any number of other business ventures.

To the American public, however, Crosby's primary image was that of a crooner — the term was one originally associated with him, and later with every other pop baritone singer who followed in his footsteps.

At the time of his first marriage in 1929 to a rising young starlet named Dixie Lee, he was so obscure that one headline read: "Well known Fox movie star marries Bing Croveny."

Four sons, including the twins, Phillip and Dennis, were born to this marriage. Mrs Crosby died in 1952; five years later Bing married an aspiring young actress, and raised a new family, two boys and a girl.

In 1964, Bing and Kathryn moved their family to Hillsborough near San Francisco, where Mrs Crosby conducts a popular television interview show.

It is the good life for the Crosby family, and in recent years he has pared down his activities to a dozen or so guest star roles on television annually, as well as the regular Christmas show (launched on radio 40 years ago).

Bing's use of Joe Bushkin on the last Christmas show, and Bushkin's specially organised jazz quartet at the Music Centre concert, offered a reminder of his intermittent association over the years with jazz musicians.

In his Whiteman years, he recalls, he developed his ability as a song stylist largely because of the associations he formed in that band, with Joe Venuti, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Eddie Lang (his personal accompanist in a couple of the immediate post-Whiteman years) and, most particularly, Bix Beiderbecke, with whom he shared a room at New York's Belvedere Hotel, where most of the Whiteman band stayed.

"I sometimes think he played piano better than cornet. He had a superb ear, an inimitable style, and was a serious student of avant garde classical music.

"He was an intellectual and very well read, and when he met with other musicians who had similar tastes, they would sit for hours listening to records and discussing music very deeply.

"In fact, sometimes it got a little too deep for me; but I certainly gained some advantages from being around Bix.

"I learned to like good music, whether I understood it or not, and tried to appreciate and evaluate everything I heard."

The extent to which Bing has kept up on the contemporary scene was one of several topics we touched on in a wide ranging conversation.

Why, over such a long period, have you done so few concerts?

Well, it was always quite an effort to get anything together in the way of an act. I always kind of shrank from just going out and singing some songs, because other people like Hope, and Como, Williams, and Bennett — they have a real act that they work on and prepare; they have a lot of material and a lot of staging, and I never had that kind of an act and didn't get around to preparing one, so I just never accepted the opportunity to do personal appearances.

But lately I've been doing an awful lot of recording and built up quite a library of new arrangements and new things that furnished me with the material I was lacking formerly.

Also, this tour — well, it's not a tour yet, but it's developing into one, because this concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion — I think this is the fourth one — gives me an opportunity to raise some money for charity quite painlessly.

Formerly, when I was making a very big income, I could deduct a sizeable amount for charitable donations.

Now I don't have that big an income, so that deduction is not available. You're only allowed to give to charity 30 per cent of your income.

So I still wanted to keep up some of the charitable activities that I've been engaged in and meet some of the commitments I've made to some of the various organisations.

So in order to do that, I make this tour, and after the expenses are paid, all the funds that are left go towards the charities.

Then the second consideration that influenced me was that this new family coming up gets very little opportunity to work or to appear.

They do a Christmas show, then they go back to school or back to their golf, or one thing and another, and they don't get another chance to really do anything.

So they're not very expert, they're not very polished, they're not performers.

This kind of thing, although last night they did very little because we didn't have much chance to work with them ... for instance, in England we'll be doing two weeks at the Palladium, and I hope to get some material written by some good authors, some good writers, that will involve the children with some things they can do.

Like Mary Francis is a very good dancer; Harry can play guitar, piano, sing; Nathaniel could do dialogue, or whatever you want.

So it gives them a chance to really work. And unless they work, you can rehearse and practice, but you can't get anywhere unless you get in front of an audience.

Actually, they don't have too much ... they're not timorous about working. They don't get nervous.

Mary Francis, for instance — you just tell her to go and she'll go right on and do whatever you want. She's studying drama at the university and also keeping up a little on the ballet.

Her goal is to become an actress and she wants to be a serious actress, and maybe after two years in the drama department at the university, she'll have an opportunity to go to England.

We'll get her in one of those schools over there.

You haven't made a movie since Stagecoach in 1966, plus a couple of movies for television. Don't you plan to resume again?

There are no parts for me in movies. At my age, I can't get involved romantically in a film. I suppose I could be a character actor or something. It's true they are talking about making another Road picture.

But something like that would need a little more insanity than the earlier ones — you know, like the Marty Feldman, Monty ... wild, far-out, cra... stuff to really ... becau... they're buying that ... Mel Brooks, the two things he made, you know — the kids go see those two or three times.

That's what Bob Hope thought, so the writer took it back and he's getting another writer in that can do that kind of thing and then we'll take another look at it.

What kind of things have you been listening to lately? Here's a list of recent Billboard chart toppers. The No. 1 record is The Eagles. The next is Peter Frampton.

● *From left: Bing with FRANK SINATRA and LOUIS ARMSTRONG in the smash hit film, High Society (1956), and guesting on PERRY COMO's TV show in 1960. Right: recording a TV show in Britain with ROSEMARY CLOONEY (who is also on the Palladium bill) in the early Sixties, and BING CROSBY today.*

How many of these have you heard of?

(Scans a list that includes David Bowie, Bad Company, Queen, Gary Wright, Fleetwood Mac, Phoebe Snow and so on). Well, I've heard of Dylan, of course; Carole King, of course — a good performer and a good writer; Bowie I don't know.

Simon . . . is that Simon and Garfunkel? Yes, I know him. His work *is* great. I don't know this kid at all, but I understand he's very big. Or is it a girl?

Janis Ian.

A girl?

Yes. She's very good, There're a lot of unfamiliar names, right?

(Continues to scan list) . . . Joan Baez . . . I'm afraid I'm not very au courant. Denver I know. I hear this stuff on the radio in the car driving, and some of them are great. A great many of them are great.

What do you listen to personally, for pleasure, when you want to play a record?

I don't really listen to records any more, unless I want to learn a tune or something. We had a tape machine, a good one, that I can't even run. Harry is the engineer in residence.

The only thing I use are the cassettes for rehearsals, and learn some tunes, if I have to learn some songs.

Like on this show I'll get a cassette of the songs. But I don't think I've played a record in a long time.

Do you have any old jazz?

I have them. Once in a while I play some old things that I like, on tape, that Harry gets. For instance, he's got a Duke Ellington tape — it's an album that the Sunday Times put out.

You know Derek Jewell? His outfit put it out. Three LPs like this, and a beautiful brochure . . . what do you call it, a mock-up? Pictures, and all that.

There're some great things on there. There's a saxophone solo in there in "I Got It Bad And That Ain't Good" . . .

Johnny Hodges.

Holy Toledo! That's a saxophone solo of all time. I just heard it for the first time the other day. I probably heard it years ago but didn't remember. But listening to it now, that must be the greatest saxophone solo ever played!

It was beautiful. Yeah.

Who was the tenor sax man who used to be with McKinney?

Coleman Hawkins?

Yeah. He was great. Did some marvellous things. But this is fantastic what he . . . he's really preaching, and really feeling it.

Most of those people have gone by now. Johnny Hodges is dead, and Colenan Hawkins. So many of the great jazz people of that generation. And Duke. I remember the record you made with Duke of the "St Louis Blues."

Yeah, that was a strange thing. We . . . I think I was working in Philadelphia at the Carmen Theatre, and he was coming through town, going some place, and we did it in Camden, about three in the morning.

It was the only time we could get together, because he had a date there and it was the only time — I think he was doing a lot of other things.

And they said "let's go out and you sing a couple of songs with Duke." We were really exhausted, but very lively, for that time of night.

It was a memorable record. It was on a 12 inch 78 as I recall. That was almost before you started your own records, wasn't it?

Well, it was while I was on tour. I had Eddie Lang and Lennie Hayton conducting the orchestra, and Eddie Lang on stage, and we were playing at a place called the Carmen Theatre in

> There're three fellows who, for me, sing pure songs — Matt Monro, Barry Manilow and Buddy Clark

Philadelphia. Do you have any idea of the year?

1930.

That's when it was, huh, Late 1930, I believe.

Something like that.

I had gone East to make a start on CBS sustaining radio, and after we did a few weeks we started doing a little touring around. We had some band on that sustaining!

We had Artie Shaw, Joe Venuti, Eddie Lang, Tommy Dorsey, Frankie Signorelli, and who was the drummer? Dick Burk. That was quite a band. A small band. And Jerry Colonna on trombone. He was a good trombone player.

So I really started with a good backup. Then I did a Primo Cigar programme for some months with Carl Fenton, which was the name of another leader — it was the house orchestra.

A big orchestra. And Eddie Lang and Venuti were in that. But the rest were just NBC house men.

DO you hear any jazz musicians around today that are in that class?

No. I see some great jazz musicians, but they've gone into a different, progressive — what do you call it? And I just don't quite understand too much.

Well, Herb Ellis is a fine guitarist.

The best, I think. I don't know much about guitar. Harry kind of studies the guitar and he thinks he's the greatest. There's another fellow, Joe Pass, that's very good. I saw the two of them in concert, just him and Herb.

Did you ever see Oscar Peterson?

The pianist? Oh, a long, long time ago.

He and Pass have done some things together. They play off against each other beautifully.

That's what this was. It was up at Oakland. In fact, it was a concert of eight or ten of the great guitar players. And they did a segment, Pass and him, and they tore it up. They really broke it up.

Did you ever try to play guitar?

Oh, I could play ukulele. A few chords, and that's all. I have no facility for learning anything like that.

Well, I think the ear is all that matters.

I have a pretty good ear. I can feel the beat, the rhythm. Geez, we had a terrible time with rhythm on a few songs last night.

That song' I did with Harry, you know? The band couldn't find the beat but they kept trying.

So Joe, he thought he'd help them. Then we had three beats going. I should just let Harry really establish it, you know: chunk, chunkie, chunk, chunk . . . chunk, chunkie, chunk . . . and let it get going, and **then** start singing.

We started like (taps foot) . . . and then got going. But it was all right. I think the public understands that.

I saw your daughter and young Harry in the concert last night. Can you tell me what the older boys are doing?

They're all busy. Gary does a lot of dramatic parts. Gary keeps working. He loves to work. Phillip has a night club act. He's just been down to Australia. He does a lot of USO tours. He's got a helluva voice.

He can really sing. But he's so lazy. Can't get up in the morning. Once in a while he shakes himself out and he'll do a little tour. He's got a little money his mother left him. He just works enough to keep in action.

Dennis, he's down in Palm Springs. He's got a little electronics development he's working on.

The other kid, Lindsey, he has horses he rents for Westerns. He actually works in Westerns once in a while. They've all got children. I've got eleven grandchildren now.

Who's the oldest?

The oldest is about 14.

I was just wondering if you'll be a great grandfather.

Not for a while. It could happen. Let's see. I guess 14 is as old as I can get any of them now. I have a step grandson that Gary adopted when he married his wife.

He's going to Santa Clara University. He's a wonderful kid. He married a widow who had this boy. I think Gary adopted him when the boy was about 10.

Where do you place yourself politically? You've been called a conservative by many people.

Well, I don't have any real politics. I don't canvass for politics. I don't like the way it operates. I think we need a new system for electing presidents. I don't think the conventions are necessary.

I can't see this giving a candidate a million dollars to go out and campaign with public funds. I don't know why — take, for instance, presidential candidates.

Once they're nominated, why can't the government just say to the networks "You give each candidate 15 spots on television, free"?

The government controls television, radio, the FCC. And let them get 15 times on the networks to state their position, debate if they want, and let people vote.

Why does the government have to give these guys a million dollars? I don't get it. They don't finance the candidates in England, do they, to go out and campaign?

The English system is very good. Do you have a special love for England?

Oh yes. London is my favourite city.

Really?

In all the world. Yes. So much to do, to see there. They have a great sense of humour. The cab drivers, the doormen, the people at the race track, golf course. Geez, they're funny!

They love to gag and kid, even in spite of the troubled times they're going through. They're still going to cricket and the horse races.

Yeah, that amazes me. I still have a sister there and she writes us as if nothing is happening, and there's 25 per cent inflation, and all these problems, and she still is as cheerful as ever.

During the war, nobody could have withstood what they went through during the Second World War — all that bombing — they're so stoic. The average nation would have collapsed.

I don't know what we'd have done if we got bombed like that. I love the whole scene over there. Really great. The golf, the horse racing. The **theatres** in England!

I was talking to Doug Fairbanks, Jr last night — he came backstage for a minute. He said, I think, that in New York there're 24 shows running. In London there're 59. Of every kind. I'm

continued overleaf

JAZZ

Moon River Still Flows for Mancini

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Millions of words have been devoted, during these post-Beatle years, to the pop revolution, its diverse musical forms, its folk heroes and changing values. Little has been said, though, about the near-total disappearance of a once-lively staple of the business, a phenomenon known as the cover record.

Cover versions of hit tunes were those recorded by various companies to cash in on the song's success on a rival label. The fact that one singer or orchestra hit the original jackpot did not deter others from offering their own interpretations. One of the principal beneficiaries of this system during the early 1960s was Henry Mancini.

"The music world has changed irreversibly," said the composer who has to his credit by far the biggest list of Grammys (20—the runnerup is Vladimir Horowitz with 12), three Oscars and enough other awards to keep him in pride for a lifetime. "For example, when I wrote the title song for 'Moment to Moment' with Johnny Mercer in 1965, the first record we had on it was by Sinatra. Those are the kinds of thrills you used to be able to have as a songwriter; somebody coming along like Frank, or Andy Williams, selling millions of records.

"Nowadays, part of the rock syndrome is that most artists write their own material and even a movie song is very difficult to get off the ground."

Further statistics bear Mancini out. "Dear Heart," another Mancini title song, became a best-seller for Andy Williams and Jack Jones as well as for the composer. "Right after the picture came out we had 22 recordings," he recalls. And on 'Sweetheart Tree' from 'The Great Race' there were well over a dozen records. As for 'Moon River,' the cover records on it worldwide are now approaching 700; it's probably among the top 10 most covered of all time.

"But who knows what might have happened if 'Moon River' had been written and published in 1976? Would we get any cover records at all? I'm thinking of what today's writers have to deal with. Take a song like 'The Way We Were.' Ten years earlier, if it had become obvious that Barbra Streisand was about to have a hit with it, within a week every arranger in town would have written a treatment for someone to include in an album."

A glance at last week's "Billboard" shows that among the "Hot 100" best-selling singles there were no less than 100 different songs, a situation that is now more rule than exception. "Even if Sinatra did a song of mine now," says Mancini, "it would be very hard to get airplay. They don't care who you are, it's just a matter of fitting a format, using up radio time to get top ratings."

"Still, strange things are happening. The No. 1 stations in many big cities are what they call the beautiful music stations; but, unfortunately and paradoxically, you can't sell records through them."

Mancini has no need either to suffer or complain; while well aware of the effects these conditions have had on his role as a songwriter, he is busier than ever juggling several other careers, all of which are in perpetual high gear.

His reputation as a director of symphony orchestras has been enhanced by a tastefully crafted album of film music with the London Symphony. His television career, which began with a literal bang when Peter Gunn got under way in 1958, continues more quietly on various levels. Among his latter-day credits have been Cade's County, starring Glenn Ford; The Invisible Man; and three hour-long specials in which he starred for Monsanto prior to his weekly Mancini Generation series. He is the writer of the original theme for "Decision '76" used by NBC-TV for election-related newscasts and specials.

Henry Mancini

His work for the larger screen, which began when he contributed part of the score for a 1952 Abbott & Costello film, "Lost in Alaska," moved into high with the revolutionary score for "Breakfast at Tiffany's" 15 years ago. Now at work on a Jack Lemmon vehicle, "Love and Other Crimes," and ready to jump from that assignment to work on "The Pink Panther Strikes Again," he is deeply conscious that his songs might never have existed but for the movie scores from which they stemmed. The role of film writer remains his most significant and durable image.

"I don't want to forget my roots," he says, "because this is the only way I can avoid flying off in all directions at once. I just keep doing what I've done all these years, and in my film work I write what I have to write, and I've been lucky."

Mr. Lucky's good fortune has taken many forms. Despite the passing of the old cover-record system, his standard pieces continue to be played, and often recorded, in England and almost everywhere else.

Though theirs are not cover versions in the strict sense, jazzmen have evinced a special affinity for Mancini's music. Shelly Manne and the late Bobby Hackett recorded "Peter Gunn" albums; Quincy Jones once made an all-Mancini LP; Duke Ellington recorded "Moon River," "Charade," "Days of Wine and Roses," and the last of these three was the subject of numerous other versions by Woody Herman, Oscar Peterson et al.

Mancini, in any event, moves with the times. In a new recording of "Gunn" for his "Symphonic Soul" album, he sets a solid jazz/rock groove with the help of an electric bass soloist, a Brazilian percussionist and Joe Sample of the Crusaders on keyboards.

"I've been getting into synthesizers too. I have my own big Arp and whenever I need help I call my son Chris. He's 26, and an excellent musician on a half dozen instruments. Chris has worked with me on the synthesizer in some of my movies, because that kind of thing is second nature to him."

Despite his ability to keep ahead, Mancini senses a cooler wind blowing. "If you look through the charts you'll find a growing number of tasty performers, good singers—you know, like Gladys Knight, the 5th Dimension—by now they are probably called middle of the road. But who's to say where the middle of the road is any more? That white line keeps shifting so fast you don't know where the hell it is!"

AT THE PALLADIUM

Satchmo Benefit Well-Intentioned

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Good intentions motivate most benefits, but it has been shown time and again that they are not enough.

Thursday at the Palladium, Herb Jeffries' Flamingo Productions sponsored a show to aid the Louis Armstrong Statue Fund. Things looked suspicious from the moment the tickets arrived with Satchmo's name misspelled. That was about the level of professionalism that marked the whole presentation.

Jeffries and Ruth Brown were the only acts officially advertised—hardly a blockbuster show. Other, bigger names were said to have promised to take part, but didn't.

The program, scheduled for 8:30, began an hour late before a very scanty audience. After Gerald Wilson's excellent orchestra had played only one number, the stage was taken over by Roberta Linn, a Las Vegas lounge act-type singer who, we were assured, owns a club in Reseda. And so it went. It would be unfair to judge the acts who gave their services under the prevailing conditions. Ruth Brown tried hard, but even her pacing was off: she sang three successive numbers in the same dirgelike tempo. Other participants were Willie Bobo, Sam Theard, Bobby Forrester and a disco trio, the Third Point.

Herb Jeffries made a speech about Armstrong that started out pertinent and moving, but ended, some 15 minutes later, prolix and maudlin. He sang "Feelings," borrowing Ruth Brown's dirge tempo, but livened things up a little with "Jump for Joy."

To the thousands who stayed home, a tip: The statue is en route to New Orleans, but expenses remain to be paid. Donations may be sent to the Louis Armstrong Statue Fund, Box 60244, Los Angeles 90054.

Il critico Leonard Feather in visita a Oscar Peterson, negli studi della Twentieth Century Fox, a Hollywood; Feather ha pubblicato un nuovo libro sul jazz, di cui diamo notizia in questa pagina.

AT THE PILGRIMAGE

6/24

Littlest Vig, 3, Steals the Show

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

What could be more fitting, during a Father's Day concert, than to have your small son steal the show from you?

At the Pilgrimage Sunday, Roger Vig sat proudly at his miniature drum set and borrowed his father's orchestra for an arrangement neatly built around his prodigious gifts. He is by far the best 3-year-old, half-Hungarian, half-Korean drummer in Southern California. He kept good time and had the confidence of a man twice his age. He could well become the Shelly Manne of 1999.

Nor was he the only Vig to upstage the paterfamilias. His mother, Mia, who for years was hidden in Las Vegas as one of the Kim Sisters, revealed an agreeable, jazz-inflected sound and a relaxed style and presence in four songs.

Taken for Granted

When a band is billed as "Tommy Vig's Bicentennial Electravibe All-Star Symphonic Jazz Rock Festival Disco Orchestra," you may take it for granted that (a) the leader has a sense of humor, and (b) he does not wish to be taken too seriously. In fact, the lack of seriousness Sunday left little time for meaningful music.

As a composer, Vig tends to fill his arrangements with brass-heavy, percussion-loaded devices and self-conscious effects. "Now Blues" was packed with such tricky sounds; Vig played his electravibes and Don Ellis unleashed a long solo on the superbone, a valve-cum-slide trombone.

Art Pepper's admirable alto sax was overdressed in an elaborate movie-type setting. (Vig's talent might better be suited to motion picture writing than jazz.) Only the perennial tribute to Mrs. Vig, "For Mia," with Britt Woodman on trombone, gave the orchestra something delicate and attractive to play.

Blues Surrounded

Vig's sense of comedy extends to such ploys as surrounding a blues at either end with "Stars and Stripes Forever." This gets a great crowd reaction, but it was only during the blues passage that the band finally got to swinging.

Whatever its weaknesses, the concert continued what is becoming a Pilgrimage tradition. First Willie Bobo's son on drums, then Terry Gibb's kid, now the youngest hide-and-beat man of them all. When the fall season rolls around, will producer J. Foster come up with a drummer who can undercut Roger Vig in age and overshadow him in talent? I doubt it.

This was the final presentation in Foster's well-varied spring series, sponsored by the Musicians' Union and the county; however, Sunday afternoon at 1:30 L.A. City College will present its Studio Jazz Band in a Pilgrimage concert.

6/28

AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

A Teen-Age Band Battle of Note

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

If awards were given out for stage productions featuring amateur talent, a trophy would certainly go to Bonnie Jenkins and all her associates, who make the teen-age Battle of the Bands at the Hollywood Bowl a consistently smooth and entertaining event.

It was the youngsters themselves, of course, who walked off with the prizes at the 17th annual program Friday. Once again the judges (Henry Mancini, Jimmie Haskell, Roger Kellaway, Pat Williams and this writer) had a chance to marvel at the near-professional perfor-

duction number, "Abraham, Martin and John," with the band, the Birmingham High School Voices and the agile, self-choreographed Dorsey High School Dance Group, was the audio-visual peak of the evening. The dull moments, as ever, were few and fast forgotten.

The Battle of the Bands, with its incomparable esprit de corps, leaves you with the feeling that teen-agers ought to take over the world.

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

Joe Pass: 'The Segovia of Jazz'

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Joe Pass, who opened at the Lighthouse Tuesday, is working his first local nightclub engagement as a solo artist. His only rhythm section is the patting of his foot, yet it would be hard to imagine anyone more self-sufficient.

Playing a modestly amplified electric guitar, he transformed every song, even such often-told tales as "Here's That Rainy Day" and "All the Things You Are," into a vehicle for dazzling virtuosity.

Playing almost entirely in finger style (he only used the pick twice during a set that ran over an hour), Pass at times would weave two parallel lines, like railroad tracks that sometimes seemed about to intersect, before suddenly producing an outburst of resplendent chords. Meanwhile, his thumb would pick out a series of notes that provided an intricate bass line or countermelody.

Though his technique almost defies belief (during "It's All Right With Me" he let go with a few passages of eighth notes at a tempo of around 80 bars a minute), the central qualities of a Pass performance are his instinct for logical construction and development, his ability to swing relentlessly on the faster pieces and, during the ballads, to use the full potential of the instrument for harmonic and melodic beauty.

Pass, like most geniuses, is never self-satisfied. He complained that the salty air of Hermosa Beach was making his fingers stick to the strings. He worried about a broken nail. To relax between tunes he chatted amiably, telling an anecdote about Segovia. His reaction to the enthusiasm of the packed room was one of surprise; he had been genuinely concerned about working a club alone. "What are you so excited about?" he said in wonderment. "I'm only up here playing the guitar."

True, but when you are to the guitar what Charlie Parker was to the saxophone, or when your peers call you the Segovia of jazz, there is a little more to it than Pass implied. Not since Art Tatum's halcyon days have I heard a comparable display of total artistry on any instrument, and that piano colossus died 20 years ago.

Pass will be at the Lighthouse through Sunday, and an early arrival is advised; the line forms well in advance.

MacDonald emerging from retirement to direct the house orchestra, the evening was a delight as always. One pro-

AT DONTE'S

Mallet Cats on a Very Hot Tin Roof

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A new jazz/rock group heard last week at Donte's (and due back there Wednesday) has been formed under the direction of Emil Richards and Tom Collier.

What lends this combo distinction is its instrumental makeup. Both leaders are mallet experts: Richards plays the marimba while Collier concentrates on the vibraphone.

As soloists, both are men of palpable skills, running all over their instruments like cats on a very hot tin roof. In general, they display an ability that more or less compensates for the shortage of emotion and lyricism.

Several of the works heard (the well-rehearsed quintet concentrates on original music) were written by the bassist, Dan Dean. Their intricacy calls for long passages, mostly in unison, delivered with startling speed and accuracy by Richards and Collier. In Dean's "Cuckoo Trot," he himself fortified this effect by doubling the melody on his electric bass.

Collier is bound to make a strong impression soon on the local scene. Though not yet an inspired improvisor, he is so well equipped academically that his sleight-of-hand solos already are a fascinating study.

The group has a built-in disadvantage in that its three soloists sound too much alike. Even the electric piano of Don Grusin is too similar to the vibes and marimba to provide the needed contrast of timbre. Twenty minutes of this group and you may begin to feel as if you were spending a night trapped in a belfry.

Thus it was a welcome change of pace when Grusin, Richards and drummer Bob Zimmitti stepped aside to allow Collier and Dean (the latter switching to a six-stringed electric bass) to run through Larry Coryell's fascinating, fingerbusting "Lines."

Richards and Collier deserve credit for trying something different. If this is not music for all tastes, at least it merits inspection.

'Yeah, Sam' Is Still the Name of the Game

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Sammy Davis Jr.'s life-style and accomplishments over the past decade or two bring to mind many of the Ira Gershwin lyrics to "I Can't Get Started" —all of them except the title itself. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did indeed want him to star —in the movies and on records. He may not have settled revolutions in Spain, and possibly on the golf course he ain't under par, but how about the Sammy Davis Jr. Greater Hartford Open, which made him the first black man to have a tournament named after him by the Professional Golfers Assn.?

"In England I'm presented at court," wrote Gershwin. Well, did Davis' three Royal Command Performances for her majesty count for nothing? As for "Greta Garbo has had me to tea," Davis and his wife Altovise threw a recent dinner party for Betty Ford. Garbo can wait.

Life on this dizzying plateau, commanding close to $200,000 a week at Caesars Palace, starring in his weekly TV show, Sammy & Co. (now seen on 100 outlets), owning the largest taping facility in the country (Trans-American Video on Vine St.), has failed to obscure his view of what is happening around him in the music world which propelled him to fame and fortune. (His gross is anywhere from 3 to 5 mil a year, and when you're in that bracket, who but the IRS keeps tabs?)

On a recent afternoon, fresh from taping a show with Bob Hope across the street at NBC, Davis wrapped himself around a rare Courvoisier and ginger ale (he has been almost completely on the wagon for the past eight months) and rapped on his favorite topic: the musical state of the union.

"There's things happening today that are frightening, man. I say this at the risk of sounding archaic and dull and prudish, but there's a lot of sounds around—singers, groups, musicians—that not only don't swing; they have no identity, no recognizable personality. Too often it seems like everything is in the hands of the cats who turn the knobs.

"Sure, I love the Captain and Tennille and I love Chicago and I'm crazy about Blood, Sweat & Tears, which is working with me at the Greek Theater; but I also feel that somewhere along the way music is becoming a rip-off. Any time a cat says, 'Well, I'll keep rerecording until I have 17 flutes,' you know something's wrong. There were no 17 Dizzys or 17 Mileses or 17 Thelonious Monks; one strong individual was enough."

The conditions under which records are made are a source of irritation that affects him personally. "There used to be a sense of urgency when we walked into a studio; a commitment that you felt when you looked around and saw some of the great heavyweight musicians in the band; their presence inspired you, and it was healthy. But today you go in, and the studio is almost empty, and some guy will say, 'We're just doing the piano and the rhythm track today. We'll add the strings later; and if we don't like 'em, we'll have some other cat write some more strings.'

"So you wind up just singing to a tape. It's like artificial insemination! Jesus, if I'm going to have a baby, I don't want a guy shooting a needle in my wife's arm, or wherever . . . How can I do my best in a recording situation when I don't have cats like Buddy Collette or the Candoli Brothers or George Rhodes' orchestra sitting around and digging what I'm doing and encouraging me with a smile? This takes all the joy out of it!

"It's the same thing when I do the Tonight Show; I can really cook when I'm on that show, when I hear the cats in the band saying 'Yeah, Sam!' That's still the name of the game. You take away that personal element and it all becomes sterile. You're into Orwell's '1984.'"

'The cats who wind up with the longevity in this business have a purity that eliminates the need for artificial aids,' says Sammy Davis Jr.

Among his vocal peers, Davis makes a categorical distinction: there are, quite simply, the pure and the impure. "The cats who wind up with the longevity in this business, like Sinatra, Mathis, Andy Williams, Tony Bennett—and, I'd like to think, myself, too—have a purity that eliminates the need for artificial aids. But then you have the whole other side of the coin; the singers who obviously need all the synthetic help they can get, and suddenly this sounds like a bunch of gibberish. I'm not knocking it; I'm just talking about me at the age of 50, what I'm used to and what grooves me."

Sammy proceeds to make a statement that will get him off the old-is-good-new-is-bad hook: "The Beatles were pure, the Isley Brothers are pure. Stevie Wonder is to music today what Orson Welles was to the movies when he made 'Citizen Kane.' A genius. I revere the purity of Ray Charles. I think Marvin Gaye is tomorrow. But the other cats, all those jive turkeys who capitalize on what they think is a fashionable beat and spend months putting together one record—forget it!

"We'll always be able to listen to Frank and Tony, and I can still dig records like Woody Herman's 'Wildroot' or Dizzy playing 'Round Midnight.' These are not overnight, flash-in-the-pan creators. Nowadays, after a group has been working for a year, they'll break up with some excuse like 'We gotta separate so we can get our heads together.' What is that? They ain't been together but a year; where are they separating to? What happened to maturity?"

The question of maturation, and of how one's image changes with the times, bothers Sammy with respect to another Davis he has long admired, Miles. "I think that being the great artist he is, Miles is going through a transitional period. I appreciate the fact that from an artistic point of view he's looking for something. He's going for the mountain. People who only followed him in his 'Sketches of Spain' days, then didn't buy another album for a while, will be shocked when they hear what he's into now. But I would rather see somebody experiment and fall on his ass than simply stagnate."

"Yes, but what do you get out of it personally?"

"I get out of it what I get out of my own recent things. If I had my way, I wouldn't listen to 'Candy Man,' as big as that record was for me. I'd listen to a couple of albums I made many years ago with nothing but guitar accompaniment —one with Mundell Lowe and one with Laurindo Almeida—that probably didn't sell 10 copies. But somewhere along the line you find yourself saying, 'Hey, do I go with the trend?' Well, trend or no trend, I know which of my records I like to hear."

Davis finds it easier abroad than at home to live up to an "I Gotta Be Me" philosophy. "I just came back from a tour of Europe and Japan, and it was like a shot of adrenalin. You don't have to get into any clowning; you don't tell ethnic jokes. You just do an hour and a half of singing. It was the most exciting, exhilarating experience I've ever had, because these people are not buying images; they're strictly buying performance, and the reviewers wrote about how I sang, my diction, my choice of songs."

Davis' insistence on what may seem to be a one-dimensional performance contrasts sharply with the image I recall from a visit to Windsor, Ont., where he was appearing in a club just across the river from Detroit back in the 1950s. On that occasion he sang, danced, did a devastating series of vocal impressions, played the drums, piano, vibraphone, trumpet & bass. Asked what had happened to his sidelines, he banged his rings on the table and replied: "What you saw at the Elmwood was many years ago and comes under the heading of (here he broke into song) 'Young and Foolish . . .' I'm 50 now, and I'm not going to take any chances.

"Why should I go into the Greek Theater and try to play the drums and act like an ass? No way, Jose. The feet and the fingers don't work any more. Maybe I can get away with that in a nightclub; I can do it at Vegas or Tahoe or Reno. But in any case, when you get older you have to practice. I need two weeks at least by myself just to get my legs in shape to dance. I'm not just going to do a tap routine to 'Me and My Shadow.' I'll do it right or not at all."

He said it not defensively, but with a confidence that brought to mind his autobiography, "Yes I Can." When the chips are down, Sammy will meet any challenge, but right now the chips are piled so high that this is simply not the time to shake the table.

Body English. Michael Urbaniak. Arista Al 4086. Playing violin, violin synthesizer, lyricon, Farfisa organ and polymoog, Urbaniak switches instruments, moods and idioms through the harmonically attractive title song, the dullish "Sevenish," the Weather Reportage of "Quintone" and six other assorted tracks. On the best of them he is joined by his opposite Pole, Mrs. Urszula Dudziak Urbaniak, whose electronically hyped vocal on the brief, witty "Zomar Land" is the fastest minute of neo-bebop ever heard.

—LEONARD FEATHER

The Best of Two Worlds. Stan Getz-Joao Gilberto. Columbia PC 33703. This welcome reunion reminds us that very little updating has been required in reintroducing the semi-Americanized Brazilian samba sound that triggered a melodic revolution in 1962. Getz is superb, but should have played more. The vocals, by Heloisa Miucha Buarque de Hollanda and Gilberto, are in English as well as Portuguese. The tunes are delightful, but Jobim's "Waters of March" falls bravely in its attempt to duplicate the composer's own rendition.

—L.F.

JAZZ

Benson Finds His Voice

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• Ever since George Benson, the guitarist, began recording with his own group a little more than 10 years ago, he has tried to persuade his producers to let him sing an occasional number. By now it need hardly be pointed out to any owner of a radio that his persistence has paid off.

Although the latest Benson LP, "Breezin'" (his first for Warner Brothers), is predominantly a series of instrumentals, it was the one vocal track, Leon Russell's "This Masquerade," that earned vast airplay, catapulted the album to the No. 1 spot on both the soul and jazz charts and earned him a gold record. The eight-minute performance, which includes some ingenious passages that display Benson singing in unison with his improvised guitar solos, was cut down to three minutes for the hit single.

Benson, a modest, affable man of 33, is less than astonished that his singing, rather than his instrumental virtuosity, was directly responsible for elevating him to stardom. "I started singing 26 years ago. I won a lit-

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George Benson

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circle. Benson has reminded some listeners of Hathaway.

Benson attributes the success of his album to a confluence of fortunate elements: "For the first time in eight years, I was allowed to bring my own group into the studio, musicians I had personally chosen. For the first time I selected all the material personally, including a piece of vocal material I felt represents my true feelings. I like romanticism; I don't care about songs that are written or sung just for the sake of excitement.

"Then, too, we selected a fine arranger in Claus Ogerman, because he is a lover of guitars—he made a fantastic album with Wes. Claus has a knack for writing effectively, using a lot of strings yet never getting in the way."

The surest sign of success in the record world is the sound of the performer's past catching up with him. Some material Benson taped just before he left CTI Records has been released under the title "Good King Bad" and is enjoying a healthy ride of its own on the charts. "The Other Side of Abbey Road," a collection of Beatle songs including several vocals, has just been reissued by A&M.

"That's fine with me," Benson says. Though now busily involved with planning an illustrious future, he has no need to be ashamed of anything that may surface from his past. He is one of the few contemporary jazzmen who can claim, in every sense of the phrase, an unblemished track record.

Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington had begun, by the early 1930's, to pique musical interest all over the world.

Leonard Feather was still a high school student in London when a friend introduced him to those first, tantalizing, 78 rpm tidbits of jazz.

By the time both musicians toured England, Feather determined to meet them and thus began two friendships crucial to his lifelong commitment to the jazz world.

Feather's reminiscences, which span five decades of Armstrong, Ellington, and scores of other jazz greats, reach full bloom smack in the middle of the swing era.

He made his first visit to the United States in 1935, and was immersed in the bustling jazz centers from the Savoy Ballroom and Apollo Theatre in Harlem to the smaller night clubs along 52nd Street. He formed close ties with many artists during that period – Fletcher Henderson, the teenaged Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Carter, Billie Holiday, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Count Basie, Jimmie Lunceford, Red Norvo, and Mildred Bailey. He even heard the legendary Bessie Smith.

The 1940's and '50's found Feather producing concerts and records – including the first Carnegie Hall appearances for Louis Armstrong, Lionel Hampton, Dizzy Gillespie, Nat King Cole, and Woody Herman, and Billie Holiday's first and only

Lionel Hampton and Leonard Feather, 1962

Duke Ellington's White House Birthday Party, April 29, 1969 Leonard Feather (center), Willie "The Lion" Smith (derby), Ellington

Leonard Feather and John Harvard, 1976

Benny Goodman, Leonard Feather, 1959

Feather, W.C. Handy, Dizzy Gillespie, Mrs. Handy, 1957

Europeon tour. He produced the very first record sessions for George Shearing, Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughan, and was involved with sessions for many others, including Jack Teagarden, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, Charles Mingus, Fats Waller and Earl Fatha Hines.

And Feather's own career landmarks read like those of the artists he documents so colorfully...

His compositions have been recorded by Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, George Shearing, Andre Previn, Benny Golson, B.B. King, Aretha Franklin, Dinah Washington, Yusef Lateef, Cannonball Adderly, Louie Bellson, and many more.

He recorded with Louis Armstrong and others, wrote arrangements for Count Basie's band, accompanied Jimmy Rushing and other blues singers at the 1970 Monterey Jazz Festival, and recently led the Night Blooming Jazzmen in the two albums of his own composition on Mainstream Records.

Largely responsible for the entire **Esquire** jazz project in the 1940's, Feather organized the polls – which played a major role in breaking down the **de facto** segregation in jazz circles – assembled the yearbooks, and produced the annual award winners' concerts.

Also a pioneer in jazz education and technical analysis, Feather originally teamed with Belgian jazz critic Robert Goffin in 1941 to present a series of jazz history classes, believed to be the first of its kind, at the New School for Social Research in New York City. In the past few years, Feather has presented jazz history as Regents Lecturer at the University of California at Riverside and Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles; he has been appointed National Historian of the National Association of Jazz Educators; and he shared the podium with Nat Adderley as the first annual Artists in Residence in the Harvard University "Cannonball" Adderley segment of the university's "Learning from Performers" series.

His early effort at technical analysis, "The Anatomy of Improvisation," received wide acclaim, appearing in his "The Book of Jazz from Then Till Now." He has since become internationally known as the author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz." His most recent books include "From Satchmo to Miles" (studies of Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, Miles Davis and nine other jazz greats); "The Pleasures of Jazz" (an anthology of his interviews with more than 40 prominent artists); and "The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '70's" set for publication in the fall of 1976.

Feather's byline as a critic and columnist is seen regularly in major publications throughout the world via his weekly syndicated columns, serviced by the **Los Angeles Times-Washington Post** News Service to more than 350 newspapers worldwide.

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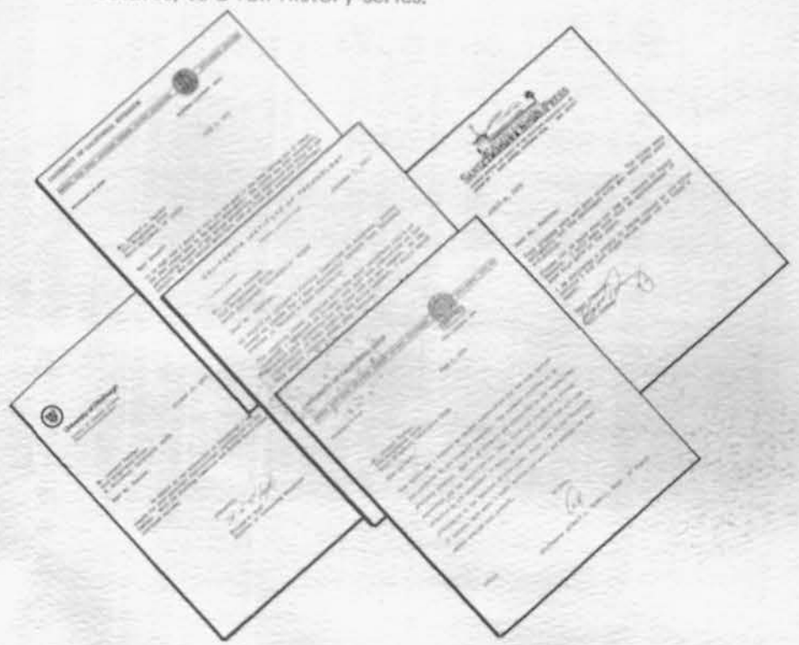

LEONARD FEATHER has viewed the jazz world from every possible angle...as a critic, columnist, author, lecturer, performer, lyricist, composer, disc jockey, TV producer and script writer, concert and record producer, and talent scout.

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Duke Ellington, Leonard Feather, Nat Cole, Johnny Hodges, 1951

JAZZ

Rahsaan Roland Kirk: Concerto in Courage

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who suffered a stroke and partial paralysis last Thanksgiving, shrugs it off: "I couldn't see any point in staying home . . ."

• You could call it the Miracle of the Lighthouse. That, at least, was where I saw it, although it had begun a few weeks earlier. At the small, crowded club in Hermosa Beach, Rahsaan Roland Kirk offered one of the most remarkable performances of his maverick career. Seeing him at work at all was a shock in itself, for it was just last Thanksgiving that Kirk suffered a stroke and was told by one of his doctors that he would never play again.

"I'm not trying to be a hero," Kirk said. "It's just that I don't believe what doctors say, and anyhow I couldn't see any point in staying home."

Kirk had enough strikes against him before his career ever began. Born in Columbus, where his parents were counselors at a children's camp, he was educated at Ohio State School for the Blind. One night when he was 16 he dreamed that he was playing his

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Concerto in Courage

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tenor sax and two other horns all at once. The next day at an instrument shop he found a couple of obscure products of the reed family, a manzello and a stritch, and soon developed a technique for playing two, occasionally all three, simultaneously.

Jack Tracy, a hip recording director, discovered Kirk and taped him in Chicago in 1960. Since then Kirk has won many polls, toured the world and extended his talents to encompass a dozen instruments.

The stroke temporarily affected his speech and left him paralyzed on his right side. Listening to him now, you would never suspect anything had happened to him, though his right hand at present is still unuseable for playing purposes.

During one set, he went through a series of scales, squeaks, moans and explosions worthy of John Coltrane; outlined a lyrical ballad, "A Step Into Beauty," that evoked memories of Coleman Hawkins ("I wrote it recently at the piano with my left hand," Kirk told me); even tackled two horns at once briefly by leaving all the keys open on the tenor sax to produce a drone while blowing a melody on the manzello.

At other points Kirk played a sort of kazoo solo on what looked like a trumpet mute; picked up an odd-looking flute shaped like an inverted J, blowing through the top and holding it vertically so that he could finger the notes with his left hand; turned on a small cassette player hung around his neck and sang along with an old Fats Waller tape. He even played a harmonica solo, using the left thumb for what would normally be the duties of the right hand to produce chromatic tones.

"When I did a lot of the two-horn playing," he said later, "I had an attachment put on the horns so I could play all the notes, even though I could only press down half the keys on each. I'm taking advantage of the facility that attachment gave me, so I can now make full use of the tenor sax with just the one hand.

"As for the flute, it's an experimental

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A Concerto in Courage

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instrument that's sometimes used in military bands."

Kirk, who has been undergoing inten-sive therapy, is convinced that he will eventually regain the full control of his right hand. "But even when I do, I expect to keep some of the techniques I've developed out of not being able to use it."

Even before he could resume playing, he was back at work as early as January in the capacity of producer; he directed an album featuring Vi Redd, the Los Angeles saxophonist and singer.

His group, billed as the Vibration Society, was forced to disband when he was stricken, but has reorganized with excellent personnel that features his regular pianist, Hilton Ruiz, and an exceptionally talented trombonist, Steve Turre. The combo played its first official public performance March 23 near his home in New Jersey.

Kirk, who affects a battered Ted Lewis-style top hat onstage, is as much the entertainer as ever, rapping about a variety of topics from racism to Watergate, but rarely touching on his physical problem. "Occasionally I may tell people my right hand is on vacation; but usually I just say nothing, and I guess a lot of people don't even notice the difference."

The Kirk story from the beginning was a profile in courage; those of us who are sighted and white can only guess at what dues he paid even before last November. I left the Lighthouse feeling that Rahsaan in his way had turned on a light of sorts for all of us.

★

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Art Pepper—"Living Legend" (Contemporary S 7633). After many years away (in San Quentin and Synanon), the alto saxophonist makes a giant step on the comeback trail with this superbly recorded album, brilliantly supported by Hampton Hawes, Shelly Manne and Charlie Haden. His razor-edge sound and implacable beat are applied to six originals, one of whose tules, "Lost Life," is presumably autobiographical. Strong, honest jazz from the first note to the last.

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NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL

N.Y. Alive With Music

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

NEW YORK—After a weekend that seemed like a gigantic concerto for drums and firecrackers, the Bicentennial spirit lingered on Monday. Though Operation Sail was officially over, thousands visited the ships at piers on the Hudson; meanwhile, there was a new bonus for visitors roaming the streets of Manhattan, one that might best be described as Operation Wail. It was the last major blast of this year's Newport Jazz Festival.

The streets were alive with the sound of music. A bandstand had been set up on 51st St. near 7th Ave., almost precisely on the spot where Kelly's Stable vibrated in 1939 to the passionate tenor sax of Coleman Hawkins. Two more stages were set up on the block of 52nd St. between 5th and 6th Ave. where, in the 1940s, a cornucopia of jazz flowed from the matchbox-sized clubs like the Onyx, the Three Deuces and the Famous Door.

From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. the sounds were provided by 15 groups that ranged from a big, tightly knit Navy jazz band to a combo from South Africa giving a fair impression of American hard bop.

The sunny, blocked-off streets were jammed clear across with the broadest spectrum of fans ever seen, applauding the mainstream groups of Clark Terry and Zoot Sims and the avant-garde explosions of the Beaver Harris and Sam Rivers combos.

A babel of a dozen languages filtered through the crowd as counterpoint to the music. A vendor resplendent in red, white and blue, with a Wallace For President stovepipe hat, peddled "four new simplified versions of the Star Spangled Banner" in sheet-music form. An elderly man in a wheelchair slept clear through the loud, long trumpet blasts of a chorus on "Night in Tunisia."

The 52nd St. Fair, one of several free events, was a gift to the city by producer George Wein. The indoor sessions, many at Carnegie Hall, did fair to excellent business. According to Wein, the festival broke even. It cost half a million dollars, grossed $370,000 in ticket sales but made up the deficit in ads for the souvenir programs, sponsorship of several programs by the Schlitz Brewing Co. and a $25,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Of the several concerts during the final weekend, a Basie doubleheader came off best. The first half played by a reunion of most of Basie's 1950s sidemen, including singer Joe Williams in a loose, happy blues set; the second half presented Basie's current band, tighter and clearer but less inspired.

There were four concerts dedicated to Ellingtonia, but if the one I saw was representative, the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra merely succeeded in underscoring the extent to which Duke composed with specific musicians in mind. This band, which included only three ex-Ellington men, read his masterpieces with a sad lack of sensitivity. Trumpeter-director Joe Newman seemed out of his depth even in trying to explain the tunes.

The final Carnegie concert at 11:30 Sunday night drew a far bigger crowd than the Ellington retrospective, as guitarists Jim Hall, Kenny Burrell and Tal Farlow, each impeccable in his own style, offered a quietly relaxed, swinging program. Hall in particular pointed up the contrast between real jazz guitar and the generation of decibel-driven jazz/rockers who have done so much to bastardize the instrument.

Monday night the festival's coda was a dance and jam session at Roseland, with some 30 of the 100 jazz stars who left Tuesday to take part in an 11-day jazz gala at Nice. More and more each year, the summer season is becoming a worldwide jazz festival.

Rodgers & Hart Songs—Tony Bennett. Improv 7113. Bennett will never make a bad record, but this is far below the level of his recent set with pianist Bill Evans. Ruby Braff's cornet offers tasteful obbligatos; George Barnes' guitar, and the blend of two guitars and bass, seem a little stiff at times. Some tracks seem unnecessarily brief, and the album offers only 27 minutes of music (Columbia sometimes puts more on a single side).

—LEONARD FEATHER

7/4

JAZZ

● Given time, money and adequate gas for the car, jazz fans will find their kind of music copiously represented on the summer schedule.

Several concerts will be offered at UCLA's Royce Hall: the Preservation Hall Jazz Band Friday and Saturday, Gerald Wilson's big band July 31 and John Klemmer Aug. 28. Anita O'Day will be heard at Schoenberg Hall on the campus July 17. The Wilshire Ebell will be the scene of an unusual program July 24, featuring the Art Pepper/Jack Sheldon Quintet and guitarist John Morrell/pianist Mike Lang's Ensemble.

Concerts by the Sea has Yusef Lateef opening Tuesday; Carmen McRae July 20 to 25, the Duke Ellington orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington Monday through July 26, Earl Fatha Hines July 27 to Aug. 1, Ahmad Jamal Aug. 3 to 8, Horace Silver Aug. 10 to 15, Cal Tjader Aug. 17 to 22, Woody Herman Aug. 23, the L.A. Express Aug. 24 to 29 and Norman Connors Aug. 31 for two weeks.

Outdoor events will not be very numerous in the Southland. Cleo Laine will double up this year at the Hollywood Bowl, sharing two nights with saxophonist-composer-husband John Dankworth Sept. 3 and 4. Nothing else at the Bowl, and no jazz all summer at the Greek.

Open air jazz will be available in a series of free concerts Sundays at 7:30 at Burbank's Starlight Bowl: Supersax next Sunday, Blue Mitchell-Harold Land quintet July 18, Vi Redd Sextet July 25, Crystal Palace (ragtime) Aug. 1, Charlie Shoemake combo Aug. 8, Joe Roccisano Aug. 15, Don Ellis big band Aug. 22.

Barnsdall Park will be the setting for free recitals by the Jerry Mancuso Quartet today at 4:30, Louis Bellson's band Thursday at 8, John Rinaldo's Quintet Friday at 6, the Baroque Jazz Ensemble Saturday at 5, the Valley Dixieland Band next Sunday at 1:30, Buddy Collette's Quintet next Sunday at 3:30, Jay Migliori's Quartet July 14 at 7:30, Jerome Richardson's sextet July 16 at 7:30, Dick Cary's Dixieland Band July 22 at 7:30, the Brent Brace Band July 24 at 2:30 and Bruce Lofgren's Starbound July 25 at 6:30.

For those with plane fare to spare, an exceptional jazz festival has been lined up for the new Concord Pavilion in the Bay Area the last two weekends in July. Highlights include the Ellington orchestra augmented by a 200-voice choir in a sacred recital July 23, Louie Bellson and Tony Bennett July 24, Jake Hanna's Kansas City Express July 25, George Shearing and Joe Venuti, July 30, Pias Johnson and several guitarists July 31, Tal Farlow, Ernestine Anderson and the Bill Berry Band Aug. 1, and many others, all in the mainstream-modern jazz bag.

Donte's will offer such typical fare as the Bellson band July 16 to 17, Teddy Wilson's trio July 22 to 24 and 29 to 31; Milt Jackson July 18 to 21 and the Ellington orchestra July 28.

The diversity-prone Lighthouse has John Handy closing tonight; Ihad Monday; Dave Pike Tuesday through Thursday, blues veteran John Lee Hooker Friday through Sunday, David (Fathead) Newman July 13 to 18, Art Farmer July 20 to 25; Etta James July 27 to Aug. 1, Mose Allison Aug. 3 to 15, the L.A. Four Aug. 19 to 22.

The Cocoanut Grove is now into its second year as a center for occasional jazz action, but presently nothing is set except a booking July 30 and 31 when vintage music expert Max Morath will explore the Ragtime Era. At the Parisian Room, Eddie Harris is going into his second week. He will be followed by Jimmy Witherspoon, armed with some blues, July 13 to 18, guitar virtuoso Kenny Burrell July 20 to 25 and singer Maxine Weldon July 27 to Aug. 15.

And the Second Sunday of the Month concert series at the Eagle Rock High School Auditorium continues next Sunday with Teddy Edwards, Cat Anderson and others.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AT DONTE'S

7/10

Harry the Hipster —A Living Curio

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A poster on the wall at Donte's quoted a United Press International review that called Harry (The Hipster) Gibson "erotic and degenerate . . . a contributor to juvenile delinquency."

That was in 1945. When Gibson, who left his central California ranch to make a comeback two months ago, arrived at Donte's and gave his audience some examples of what seemed so scandalous three decades back, it seemed, to quote Cole Porter, about as shocking as a glimpse of stocking.

A small, wispy man sporting a gray Van Dyke beard and a wide-brimmed straw hat, Gibson half-sat, half-stood at what must be the world's oldest electric piano, applying his pea-soup voice to rambling monologues about the growth and cultivation of grass, along with references to various harder drugs.

Accompanied by drummer Bruz Freeman (who played with him in the old days at Billy Berg's) and by bassist Henry Franklin, both of whom seemed a trifle confused, Gibson sang "I'm the Reefer Man" and his quasi-hit of 1947, "Who Put the Benzedrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine." There was also a song about skinny-dipping and freaking out in Venice. Far in, man.

Gibson's piano playing is reasonably authentic when he sticks to slow blues, but things went somewhat awry when he attempted to sing and play "Sweet Lorraine." The purported high point of his set arrived, I suppose, when he played "Tea for Two" with left hand only, then briefly added "Cocktails for Two" played with the right hand simultaneously.

The act was poorly presented: there evidently had been no sound check and the piano often drowned out the voice. It was also long, long, long; after about an hour and 20 minutes I felt justified in splitting. Anyone curious enough to check up on primeval hipsterism, as it sounds in the age of Cheech and Chong, can find Gibson back at Donte's again Thursday.

Covering All Jazz Bases in Nice

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

NICE—The Grande Parade du Jazz, now taking place in the Jardins des Arenes de Cimiez, has been upgraded since its tentative beginnings in 1974. Producer George Wein, who organizes the festival in conjunction with the city of Nice, has expanded it from a week to 11 days. The number of European bands has been reduced to make room for almost 80 imported American musicians.

Wein no longer limits himself to musical-chairs jam sessions; along with the ad hoc groups, he has brought in the Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, Sarah Vaughan with her rhythm section and the Count Basie band. Most valuably, he has cut down from four to three the number of events taking place simultaneously in the park. As a result, there is reasonable sound separation most of the time, whereas in 1974 Nice was the scene of the worst leaks this side of Washington.

The settings for this three-ring musical circus are the ruins of an ancient Roman amphitheatre, a clearing nearby known as the Dance Stage (though most of the crowd stands and watches) and the Garden Stage, where young fans sat on the grass despite the drizzle and overcast skies that ushered in the festival last Thursday.

This dampness worked havoc with the piano on the Arena Stage, where a small but eager scattering of listeners heard Jimmy McPartland's septet run through such Chicago-style standards as "Nobody's Sweetheart" and "Sugar." But that was an early set, and what business there was had congregated around the Dance Stage to hear Basie. Since then, the park has been crowded nightly, the excitement continuous as the music.

Every hour on the hour, from 5 p.m. until midnight, three new groups start at each location. If you tire of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, that collection of ancient warriors from New Orleans, you are a minute's walk from the Arena, where Ms. Vaughan demonstrates how far jazz has moved beyond Basin Street; or you can plant yourself among the trees near the Garden Stage, where pianist/arranger Dick Hyman leads a miniature version of the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra through a series of Louis Armstrong classics.

Hyman's show, one of the best conceived of the festival's first week, re-creates the program with which last year he triumphantly toured the Soviet Union, where Armstrong's name is legendary though he never got to play there. Armstrong's old solos, taken off his records, are orchestrated for three trumpets in a sort of "Super Satch" technique. "Weather Bird," originally a piano and trumpet duet, was a masterpiece of ingenuity, with trumpeters Jimmy Maxwell, Bernie Privin and Joe Newman reliving the Armstrong role in harmony while Hyman duplicated Earl Hines' solo with flawless accuracy. Carrie Smith's powerful vocals recalled Bessie Smith as she sang "St. Louis Blues" with Newman playing a sensitive Armstrong-inspired obbligato.

Satchmo was one of three trumpeters honored during the evening. The Arena was jam-packed for a tribute to the late Bobby Hackett, bringing together 15 musicians, all close friends and admirers of the cornetist who, last year at the same hour on this stage, received a Newport Jazz Festival award. Stylistic barriers fell as Gillespie, McPartland and others shared the trumpet chores while Teddy Wilson and Wein took turns at the piano, in a set composed of Hackett's favorite songs, from "Struttin' With Some Barbecue" to "When Your Lover Has Gone."

The third trumpeter honored was Buck Clayton, whose participation surprised everyone. Clayton's elegant muted horn graced the Basie band in its pristine days, but dental and oral problems six years ago seemed to have silenced him forever. His appearance here (he has yet to resume playing in the United States) found him nervous and low keyed, but the very ability to blow again has erased 10 years from his rugged features.

Surrounded by well-wishers, buoyed by the encouragement of a group of his peers, Clayton symbolized the resiliency of the jazz man, offering a potent reminder that the music he represents is an art form as stubbornly indomitable as Clayton himself.

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

7/22

Art Farmer on the Fluegelhorn

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Art Farmer, the American master of the fluegelhorn, has been living in Vienna since the late 1960s as a radio-TV staff musician. Currently on his annual summer sabbatical, as usual he is spending a week of his leave at the Lighthouse.

At a time when too many of the most prominent horn players are sacrificing honesty of style in favor of a dollar-directed, rock-influenced commercial image, Farmer must be praised as much for everything he avoids as for what he does. He remains loyal to the tradition of stating a melody, usually a well-known standard, improvising on its harmonic pattern, then returning to the theme.

His two most identifiable characteristics are his sound, which is full, rich and sonorous, and the consistently melodic quality of his ad libbing. He has a firm control that gives him almost limitless opportunities for running all over the instrument. But fluency is a potential trap, one that Farmer sidesteps every so often by playing a series of short, darting phrases, or a single upswept high note, before embarking on a long and eloquent train of thought.

He plays songs you don't hear too often nowadays: "Cherokee," "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," Leonard Bernstein's "Some Other Time," and Kenny Dorham's "Blue Bossa." His repertoire would have been broader, and his performance even more impressive, had he not been working with an unrehearsed pick-up group.

Gildo Mahones is an experienced pianist, Larry Gales a bassist notable for his bowed solos as well as his section work, Doug Sides a competent if sometimes overloud drummer. This rhythm section, however, did not always agree on setting or maintaining the right tempos. In any case, the potential delicacy of Farmer's music calls for a gentler setting. Some of his best records have been made in the company of a guitarist, or a full string section. Too often on opening night he and his colleagues seem at odds with one another.

As the one-week engagement progresses, this lack of unity presumably will iron itself out; in any event, Farmer's impeccable taste, pure artistry and lack of pretention are in themselves enough to justify a visit to the Lighthouse. He closes Sunday.

AT TAIL O' THE COCK

Classy Sound at Piano Bar

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Trying to find a restaurant that offers first-rate music in the early evening hours is a near impossibility. A notable exception to this rule is the presence of Johnny Guarnieri at the Tail O' the Cock, Ventura and Coldwater.

A resident of the room off and on since 1971, Guarnieri at once maintains and transcends the traditions of his Swing Era idols. Though principally a stride pianist, he puts the left hand to many uses other than the mere pumping out of rhythm, sometimes even conveying the impression that he has two right hands.

Starting his gig at 7 p.m., Guarnieri plays it cool and cautious for the first set or two. His style is unswervingly melodic, especially on such seldom heard ballads as Fats Waller's "Blue Turning Gray Over You." Now and then he will stretch out improvising a string of deftly swinging choruses on "Rosetta," but part of his time is spent reading manuscripts of original works such as his own charming "Memories of the Lion" or the ebullient "Pasadena Shout."

Guarnieri's five-card parlay is his unique transformation into 5/4 time of such works as "Lover," "Bye Bye Blues" and even "Maple Leaf Rag." If Scott Joplin is turning over in his grave at 5 r.p.m., he must be enjoying it, since the odd meter brings a new dimension to these overworked classics. The gimmick is not used often enough to become tiresome.

A veteran of the Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw bands, Guarnieri has become self-sufficient as a provider of dinner music. Though he brings to this sometimes limiting art a rare sense of pride and enthusiasm, he cannot be fully appreciated unless you install yourself at the piano bar, or find a table very nearby.

Working without a microphone at a good grand piano, he has been attracting a heavy influx of fellow keyboarders.

Incidentally, Teddy Wilson, another Goodman alumnus, is in town for a brief stay at Donte's, closing Saturday. Still another piano pioneer, Earl Hines, opens Tuesday at Concerts by the Sea.

Guarnieri continues at the Tail O' the Cock nightly ex-

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JAZZ

In France, Days of Wein and Roses

BY LEONARD FEATHER

VENCE, France—George Wein and his wife and longtime assistant, Joyce, now spend three or four months a year in their country home, an hour's drive from Nice, where he is presently conducting his third annual Jazz Festival. Wein, who has spent almost half of his 50 years promoting the cause of jazz (the 23rd annual Newport Festival ended July 5 in New York), says that this is where he hopes to retire when the moment arrives.

Wein's little acre is remote, yet not totally isolated from show business. He points out that on this hill is the home of the president of RCA, on that mountain is a top executive of Atlantic Records, a little beyond lies James Baldwin's home, and at the nearby town of Cagnes, John Lewis began summering regularly at his Riviera retreat long before his Modern Jazz Quartet fell apart.

On this day, George Wein is a little upset. There was trouble with the sound system last night in the Jardins des Arenes de Cimiez. The three pianos on the festival bandstands, imported from Marseilles at a cost of $3,000, all turned out to be lemons. But unexpected crises are in the nature of the feast. "The trouble is," Wein says, "Last year I was able to come here a week ahead and plan everything myself. This year, the end of Newport and the start of Nice were separated by only two days. I arrived here the day before the first concerts. Sometimes you can't help having to delegate authority."

He is not too disturbed, though. The pianos have been replaced and the crowds last night were big and enthusiastic. Even while the fans overflowed onto the stage at the Roman Arena, to hear Clark Terry, Sweets Edison and Illinois Jacquet rejoin their alma mater, the Count Basie Orchestra, a second swarm of traditionalists could be found at the dance stage listening to Carrie Smith singing "Big Butter and Egg Man" and "Birth of the Blues" with the Dutch Swing College Band, one of several continental combos imported for the festival, meanwhile, still others had opted for "A Night at Nick's," presented on the Garden Stage with Pee Wee Erwin on trumpet, Bob Wilber on soprano sax and Vic Dickenson on trombone.

Wein himself remains an active participant. The night before he played piano with Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude orchestra, this evening he was scheduled to work a set with Cootie Williams and the Newport All Stars . . . "The fans here really get a break," he says. "They pay 25 francs ($5) or only 15 francs if they bought a ticket in advance. For this they can hear at least a part of 20 different sets by as many groups between 5 p.m. and midnight.

"The city of Nice has partially subsidized us to make this one of the season's big events. We lost money the first time around, in 1974, but this year a slight profit is expected. There was a similar process of gradual building at Newport and everywhere else."

George Wein

Wein oversees the monumental task of assembling the 120 hand-picked musicians into an endless assortment of groups. Each combo must be musically compatible, involve no ego clashes and be familiar with a set of tunes that may be called spontaneously by the nominal leader. This job is not unlike shuffling a deck of 120 cards and hoping each time to come up with a royal flush.

This year Wein had some help in the selection process. Dick Sudhalter, a Bostonian who has lived a double life, mostly in England, as journalist and trumpeter, not only assembled some of the groups but attached evocative handles to the 50-minute sets. "Remembering Bix" (Sudhalter wrote an authoritative book on Beiderbecke), "The Street That Never Slept" (for a session recalling the 52nd St. era), "Ringside at Condon's" with Jimmy McPartland, Dick Hyman and others, "Night in Tunisia" with Dizzy Gillespie and John Lewis.

Nice is unique among Wein's many festivals in that it involves no avant-garde exercises, no rock and very few organized groups. Most of the jazz is 1920-1950 vintage. It was clear from the immediate recognition of song titles, of musician's names and of re-created solos that the predominantly young spectators have studied jazz history thoroughly.

Though in his day he has presented every innovator from Cecil Taylor to Anthony Braxton, Wein's heart essentially belongs to the jazz of the era in which he grew up. Sitting around the pool at Vence, he reflected on the past.

"Sure, I'm sorry, in retrospect, that I brought rock 'n' roll to Newport. I made the mistake of reading the rock press and allowing myself to be convinced that I hadn't kept up with what was happening. So in 1969 at Newport I booked Sly and the Family Stone and there was a near riot. In 1971 I booked the Allman Brothers. They never even got to play there because word of their impending arrival brought thousands of rock kids to the hills around the festival field and soon they were breaking down fences and storming the stage. It was the first and only time I ever had a festival canceled in mid-concert."

The riot turned out to be a blessing in disguise, for the following year brought a greatly expanded Newport presentation to New York.

Some of Wein's American events nowadays are heavily larded with soul and rhythm and blues. His festivals in Oakland, San Diego and other cities were jazz in name only, so characterized because, Wein says, the word jazz has belatedly become a respected term and a box-office lure with black audiences, regardless of what music is actually being played.

In Nice, however, there is a true jazz ambience, along with a sense of camaraderie that exists in few if any other areas. Music created spontaneously for mutual stimulation is the essence of what happens here. Only occasionally in the United States where rigidly set units of younger jazzmen predominate, do you find musicians dropping in after the gig to blow a few choruses of "Perdido," as they do at clubs and hotels here after a seven-hour work schedule at the park.

It is ironic that the older men, who might be expected to have grown tired and apathetic, are the most likely to reflect this jam session spirit that has long been a vital part of jazz, and that Wein has found, in this sunny Riviera haven, the best home-away-from-home at which they can express it.

FAMOUS CRITICS SCHOOL

'If a young music enthusiast eager to learn about jazz, but puzzled by the glut of available recordings, asked you for a list of 10 albums as a starting point, which would you suggest?'

Bob Parent

Bird and the High Priest: Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk at the Open Door, 1953

This page is intended as a consumer aid for the novitiate, though it may afford greater amusement to some as an acid test for judging the critics. The problem asked of what I consider a representative group of American jazz critics was this: If a young music enthusiast eager to learn about jazz, but puzzled by the glut of available recordings, asked you for a list of 10 albums as a starting point, which would you suggest?

The idea was ludicrous because no one can compose a list of 10 albums and be satisfied with it. Still, I thought the inevitable repetitions and an occasional surprise choice would prove illuminating to those of you who didn't know who inhabited the jazz pantheon as of 1976, and wouldn't know, in any case, which Count Basie record to buy first.

The many repetitions—10 musicians were chosen by six or more critics, with Ellington and Parker mentioned most—suggests some unanimity in jazz criticism, especially when it is noted that the participants represent several generations, from such elder statesmen as Stanley Dance and Leonard Feather—I don't know which of them has seniority—to Peter Keepnews, who is, just barely, the youngest in the bunch. There is also a lot of geographical territory covered, despite an unavoidable accent on New York writers.

I asked that the records chosen be in print, and all but a couple should be readily available, though this caused considerable frustration for us all. Several recordings that would surely have appeared on lists of this sort a decade or even five years ago are missing because they've been taken out of the company catalogs. Jazz classics have a way of appearing and disappearing every decade. Thus, when RCA scotched its Vintage series a year ago, it removed from circulation Coleman Hawkind's celebrated "Body and Soul" and much of the significant work by Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller, and Duke Ellington. Since Ellington's Victors of 1940-42 are widely regarded as his greatest work, several critics were forced to find a compromise choice to represent him. Similarly, the Basie/Young recordings owned by Columbia, the same label's Fletcher Hendersons, and the Charlie Parker Dials would undoubtedly have appeared if they were conveniently anthologized.

Bob Blumenthal notes that a 10-best list excludes many personal favorites, like Jackie McLean's superb "Let Freedom Ring." It's unfortunate, but the idea was to suggest a beginner's five-inch shelf of classic jazz. To reduce the imposed limitations, I asked the participants to consider "The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz" as a given in any jazz library.

lection of great jazz ever gathered under one roof, and the ambitious student could do worse than spend a week in hibernation with it, and perhaps Williams's "The Jazz Tradition" (Mentor) as well. An impressive booklet is enclosed with the set, which has Hawkins's "Body and Soul," Armstrong's "Sweethearts on Parade," Ellington's "Ko-Ko," Morton's "Dead Man Blues," and numerous other treasures which are not presently in print elsewhere (in the U.S.).

A few comments on the choices: The Basie MCA was chosen in many instances for its representation of Lester Young, as well as of Basie and the other Basieites; all selections on Armstrong-Hines (Columbia 853) are on the complete Armstrong-Hines set available from the Smithsonian, a better buy; Ellington's "At His Very Best" is out of print, but can still be found; "The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever" is by Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charles Mingus, and Max Roach; imports from Europe are marked with an asterisk.

To amplify the usefulness of this feature, I have taken the editorial prerogative of appending to my own list a larger selection of additional recordings. My thanks to those who [illegible]

BOB BLUMENTHAL, Contributing Editor, Boston Phoenix; contributor Jazz Magazine.

1. "The Genius of Louis Armstrong, Vol. 1 (Columbia CG-30416)
2. "The Best of Count Basie" (MCA 4050 E)
3. Ornette Coleman, "Free Jazz" (Atlantic S-1361)
4. John Coltrane, "A Love Supreme" (Impulse S-77)
5. Miles Davis, "Sketches of Spain" (Columbia PC-8271)
6. "The Ellington Era, Vol. 1" (Columbia C3L-27)
7. Charles Mingus, "Better Get it in Your Soul" (Columbia CG-30628)
8. Thelonious Monk, "Brilliance" (Milestone 47023)
9. Charlie Parker, "The Savoy Recordings—Master Takes" (Savoy 2201)
10. Cecil Taylor, "Spring of Two Blue-J's" (Unit Core 30551)

My choices are both highly personal and, even with the inclusion of the Smithsonian collection, woefully incomplete. My apologies to omitted artists (Ayler, Gillespie, Holiday, Mitchell, Art Ensemble, MJQ, Morton, Rollins—though he is on the Monk album—Sun Ra, etc.) My eleventh album would be that common phenomenon, a critic's favorite which

3. "The Best of Count Basie" (MCA 4050 E)
4. "Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines 1928" (Smithsonian R 002)
5. Duke Ellington, "The Great Paris Concert" (Atlantic 2-304)
6. Charles Mingus, "Tia Juana Moods" (RCA APL 1-0939)
7. Thelonious Monk, "Monk/Trane" (Milestone M-47001) 47011)
8. Ornette Coleman, "Free Jazz" (Atlantic S-1361)
9. Albert Ayler, "Prophecy" (ESP 3030)
10. John Coltrane, "Interstellar Space" (Impulse 9277)

Also, Joseph Jarman "As If It Were the Seasons" (Delmark 417), Cecil Taylor, "Nefertiti" (Freedom 1095), Roscoe Mitchell, "Congliptious" (Nessa 2), Muhal Richard Abrams, "Things to Come From Those Now Gone" (Delmark 430).

STANLEY DANCE, author of "The World of Duke Ellington" and "The World of Swing"

1. "Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines 1928" (Smithsonian R 002)
2. "The Best of Count Basie" (MCA 4050 E)

and Mighty Hawk" (Master Jazz 8115)

8. Earl Hines, "The Fatha Jumps" (Bluebird AXM2-5508)
9. Bessie Smith, "The Empress" (Columbia G-30818)
10. Dicky Wells, "In Paris" (Prestige S-7593)

It is discouraging that so many true classics of jazz, such as Fletcher Henderson's, are no longer in catalog. Nevertheless, the emphasis in this list is on the classical period, from which the beginner may proceed backward to the archaic or forward to the arcane.

LEONARD FEATHER, author, "The Pleasures of Jazz," "The Encyclopedia of Jazz," etc.

1. "Piano Giants" (Prestige 24052)
2. "The Saxophone" (Impulse 3-9253)
3. Miles Davis, "The Complete Birth of the Cool" (Capitol 11026)
4. Bix Beiderbecke, "Bix and Tram" (Columbia CL 845)
5. "Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 3: Louis and Earl Hines" (Columbia CL853)
6. "The Ellington Era, Vol. 1" (Columbia C3L 27)
7. Dizzy Gillespie, "In the Beginning" (Prestige 24030)
8. "The World of Swing" (Columbia PG 32945)
9. "The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records, Vols. 1-2" (MCA 4061)
10. "The Encyclopedia of Jazz on Records, Vols. 3-4" (MCA 4062)

Impossible task! I was tempted to use anthologies only, but that would do injustice to Duke, Louis, Miles, Bix, and Dizzy (and Bird, who is cofeatured in the Gillespie). It's a toss-up between "Piano Giants" and Columbia's "Jazz Piano Anthology" (KG 32355). My choices occasionally duplicate tracks in the Smithsonian set but more often complement it. Art Tatum should be represented by an entire set, as should Benny Goodman (band and combos).

GARY GIDDINS, jazz critic, Village Voice

1. "Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines 1928" (Smithsonian R 002)
2. Duke Ellington, "The Great Paris Concert" (Atlantic 2-304)
3. "The Best of Count Basie" (MCA 4050 E)
4. Billie Holiday, "Lady Day" (Columbia CL 637)
5. Parker, etc., "The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever" (Prestige 24024)
6. Sonny Rollins, "The Freedom Suite Plus" (Milestone 47007)
7. Thelonious Monk, "Monk/-Trane" (Milestone M-47011)
8. Miles Davis, "Kind of Blue" (Columbia PG-8163)
9. Ornette Coleman, "Ornette!"

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AT WILSHIRE EBELL

Art Pepper's Seasoned Alto Sax

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Art Pepper, the saxophonist who has long been an intermittent figure on the Southland scene, was presented in concert Saturday evening at the Wilshire Ebell.

Leading a quintet that addressed itself to a regrettably small audience, Pepper offered renewed proof that he is one of the few alto players who have emerged from under the giant shadow of Charlie Parker with a style and tone quality of his own. Basically, his is a neobop personality, the sound generally crisp and clean, the phrasing rhythmically impeccable with one exception: he has developed a habit of going into a sort of spastic tremolo, alternating violently between two notes in a pseudo-avant garde fashion. Though this only happened a few times, it is an annoying mannerism and should be avoided.

Otherwise, his performances on a blues, "All the Things You Are," a rhythm-and-blues piece called "What Laurie Likes" and "Over the Rainbow" were consistently lucid and creative. Unfortunately, it took more than an hour to wade through these four numbers, which, aside from a solo record closer, constituted the entire set. Why does every tune have to include long solos by each sideman? Eight tunes, each half as long, would have doubled the dramatic variety and eliminated the sagging tempos.

Bobby Shew, a last-minute replacement for trumpeter Jack Sheldon, was an admirable teammate for Pepper. The rhythm section, notable for some startlingly virtuosic bass work by Bob Magnuson, also included an explosively effective drummer named Lew Malin and the reliable Frank Collett at the piano.

The opening set was played by a jazz/rock sextet under the direction of pianist Mike Lang and guitarist John Morell. Playing music written by their saxophonist, Paul Novros, and by other members of the group including trumpeter Gary Barone, they steered a curious course halfway between Tom Scott and Cannonball Adderley. Lang's electric keyboard, overamplified, upset the combo's already shaky rhythmic equilibrium. Significantly, when Lang and Novros returned to sit in with Pepper's group for the "Lester Leaps In" finale, they achieved a loose, happy feeling that their earlier work had lacked.

Free in America. Ben Sidran. Arista AL 4081. Singer/composer/pianist/producer Sidran comes up with a surprise on every track: a raunchy sax solo on "Feel Your Groove" by David (Fathead) Newman; a supermodern trumpet interlude by Woody Shaw on "New York State of Mind." "Cuban Connection" is an odd pseudo-mambo instrumental. But Sidran's imaginative writing and his Mose Allison-cum-Dylan voice make him one of the most intriguing and least predictable figures on the contemporary scene.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AT STARLIGHT BOWL

Stripped-Down Style of Vi Redd

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Vi Redd, the alto saxophonist and singer who in recent years has devoted most of her time to teaching, was heard Sunday evening in one of the series of concerts presented by the Burbank Park and Recreation Department in the Starlight Bowl at Stough Park.

That the concert succeeded even partially was surprising under the circumstances. Ms. Redd's group not only was not organized or rehearsed; at post time it didn't even include a bass player. Frank Della Rosa, summoned hastily to fill this gap, arrived shortly before intermission.

The Redd style has always been a sort of stripped-to-the-bone essence of Bird, with a sharp, resolute attack and a style given more to melody than ornamentation. "Lover Man," a tartly eloquent statement, was played as part of a dual tribute to Billie Holiday, the second half being a vocal, "Fine and Mellow."

Redd's voice is capable of a tenderness which on this occasion she seemed reluctant to display: "Summertime," which she used to sing slowly and soulfully, was taken at a tempo too fast to allow for the necessary emotional depth. At best she has a becomingly gritty, rasping sound, heard most advantageously at this concert in her blues numbers.

In the straggling combo that backed her, Terry Evans stood out with several bitingly articulate, hard-swinging guitar solos. Marty Harris played piano, Dick Berk drums, and a conga player named Pondaza contributed minimally to the group sound.

It is regrettable that an artist whose talent is so distinctive, and whose public appearances are so rare, could not have taken greater care to make this occasion a Redd letter day.

Next Sunday at the Starlight Bowl: Ragtime, with Jackie Lustgarten and Crystal Palace.

7/28

AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

Ellington Band in Transition

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Duke Ellington Orchestra, heard Monday at Concerts by the Sea and due to appear this evening at Donte's, seems at last, two years after the maestro's passing, to be going through a significant stage of transition.

At the Redondo Beach gig it appeared that the personality and attitudes of Mercer Ellington are coming through more conspicuously, even though the compositions are his father's.

The first shock was "Sophisticated Lady," which began in orthodox fashion with a muscular baritone sax solo by Bobby Eldridge but proceeded to a new, boisterous arrangement in doubled-up tempo. The same process has been applied to "Rocks in My Bed," once a slow blues, now a fast, stomping crowd pleaser, sung theatrically by Anita Moore with much charisma and visual emphasis.

Hard-line Ellingtonians will find it difficult to accept such changes. The quiet, spiritual beauty typified by "Mood Indigo" is giving way to a stress on volume that may be more in keeping with the spirit of the times. Tenor saxophonist Dave Young, playing "In a Sentimental Mood," never tried to reflect the song's title and lyricism.

Still, there were many moments of the old grandeur. The "Three Black Kings" suite (reviewed here during a New York concert last April) is rich in color and was splendidly interpreted. Two movements from the "Afro-Eurasian Suite" recalled the majesty the Ellington pen could summon.

The trumpet section is strong, with fine open horn work by Willie Singleton, plunger solos by Buddy Bolden and the flowing contemporary lines of Barry Lee Hall.

The sax section needs considerable strengthening. Once the greatest reed team in jazz history, it lost three men to death (Hodges, Carney, Gonsalves) and two to defection (Procope, Hamilton). Today only Eldridge shows great potential. An alto soloist plodding through a pedestrian chorus in a dull new arrangement of "Satin Doll" was the low point of the set.

Still, one must suspend judgement while the evolutionary process continues. Mercer Ellington should be given credit for trying to find a way of his own, even if there are failures en route. He cannot allow time to stand still and simply wallow in nostalgia. Besides, this remains one of the handful of big bands with a library that is primarily aimed at creativity.

Pop Album Briefs

New Life. Thad Jones/Mel Lewis. A & M/Horizon SP 707. The greatest big jazz orchestra extant, which recently embarked on its second decade, is in superlative shape throughout these seven tracks, five of which were composed and arranged by Thad Jones. From the Latin groove of "Forever Lasting" to the scorching heat of "Cherry Juice," all exemplify the unique excitement this band generates. A superbly produced package with endless liner notes, even a reproduction of part of one score.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Ray Charles

JAZZ

Ray Charles Not Trying to Prove Anything

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• During the first half of the 1960s, Ray Charles was not only one of the hottest and best-selling properties in jazz/soul/black music, he was also among the most honored, winning one Down Beat poll and Grammy award after another.

Today you rarely find him soaring in the charts; he works steadily and lucratively, has tremendous material security and owns a record company (Crossover). But the spark so many millions heard in his pristine days too often is lacking. This was particularly evident in a recent album bearing his name but almost no audible evidence of Charles' presence. Entitled "My Kind of Jazz Part 3," it featured his orchestra in a group of unspectacular arrangements. There are no vocals, and the only piano credit on the cover is given to Ernest van Trease, the assistant keyboard player. Charles' only active role appears to be that of producer.

Asked why he would release such a seemingly pointless venture under his name, Charles said, "Well, basically I just wanted to feature some of the cats in the band. I didn't play a lot, but I do remember playing electric piano on 'I'm Gonna Go Fishing.' (A second hearing suggested that this must have been a piano duet with Van Trease.)

"I didn't play much because that wasn't the intent. Besides, we had a vocal album that came out around the same time. Look, man, I just love music, and I don't want to get locked into any one particular bag. People are always asking me, 'When are you going to do another country and western album?' or 'Hey, why don't you play the saxophone any more?' Somebody once said that what goes around comes around; so I tend to think that before it's over, I'll do another blues album and another C & W and maybe another album like the one I did playing organ around 1961. But I'm not at a stage in my career where I'm trying to prove anything. I think I've done that already."

Touche. Charles has proved many points; but one expects an artist of this caliber never to let his guard down to the extent of releasing under his name anything without a measure of the inventiveness, the passion or the poignancy of which he is capable.

"You have to remember," he went on, "that I'm out on the road working so much of the time, and I have my own little record company. It's nowhere near Atlantic or Motown or anything like that, but it does take up my time; so between trying to produce, trying to run the company, maintaining the publishing company and doing a little TV, it keeps you busy as hell.

"I'm at the point where it takes a lot of very precious time for me to get involved in any big project, like for instance the one I just completed with Cleo Laine. We did an album of 'Porgy and Bess.'"

On experimenting with the clavinet, the synthesizer and so forth, Charles said, "I've done quite a bit, but not much on records, and then mostly for sweetening, rather than in any dominant way. I've never gone all out and said, 'Well, now I'm going to make an album of just synthesizer.' When we made 'Living for the City' in my album 'Renaissance,' I played the clavinet a little.

"In general I'm not into that kind of thing. I have a computer right in this office that's quite a thing; you can put cards in it and set up certain tones. It's fascinating. But you know how much that piano player Herbie Hancock is into it . . . well, I'm nowhere near as much into it as he is.

"There's nothing wrong with it, but it's a little too much for me. These synthesizers and stuff, they're just nothing but oscillators and after a while, no matter how much you alter the sound, or brighten it, or lower it, or take some of the highs off, it doesn't keep my attention. It becomes boring.

"When you cut all the fat away, you can't escape from the genuine article: a saxophone's a saxophone, a piano's a piano. One of the things I find really sad with the youngsters today is that with all the electric things that are available now, a lot of these instruments fool the kids into not studying like they should. They go out and buy a big amplifier with a huge speaker, but they won't get into the harmonics, the subtleties, and they often come up with a very sloppy sound."

And might the same guidelines apply as a reason for keeping Charles' big band together? "Exactly. The band gives me the drive, the excitement I need. As a youngster I always wanted my own band, and I would not give it up now for any synthesizers. The band does not make a dime for me—in fact, it costs me money, because a promoter would pay me the same price for three guys as he does for 25. He's just buying the name.

"I guess I'll keep the orchestra together until I just can't afford it any longer. And that's why I make albums like 'My Kind of Jazz.'"

POP MUSIC REVIEW 7/29

Bacharach/Newley: Unlikely Duo

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It was a battle of the bashful and the brash Tuesday at the Greek Theater, where the Burt Bacharach-Anthony Newley Show began its six-day engagement with a benefit for the building fund of the new Hospital of the Good Samaritan.

Actually, it was no contest. Newley, a product of Hackney, London, was a teen-age actor in the mid-1940s and is your prototypical seasoned performer, self-confident to the edge of arrogance. Bacharach, whose debut in the late 1960s as a performer came as an accidental offshoot of his success as a songwriter, was a bundle of nerves by comparison.

That Newley comes across as a mere hypnotic performer defies belief when you consider the facets of his persona. Everything seems askew, from the facial features to the piercing eyes, the Chaplinesque movements, the nanny-goat vibrato, the near total failure to crack a smile and, above all, that impossible Cockney accent. That he can convey a romantic impression while telling us he is "Gonna build a mountine" or assuring us "I'll go on my why" is as improbable as a Brazilian from Brooklyn singing "The Goil From Ipanema." Yet Newley's impact on an audience is all but infallible. Not a little of this is due, of course, to the crowd's awareness that most of the act is based on songs he wrote with Leslie Bricusse.

With Woolf Phillips conducting the orchestra and Marty Davich handling the keyboard, he owes a measure of his success to the instrumental support. Though such specialties as "Mr. Newley's Ragtime Band," a mix of ragtime and rock, and "Teach the Children" with its moving social

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BURT BACHARACH
. . . battle of the bashful and the brash.
Times photo by Marianna Diamos

BACHARACH
Continued from First Page

message, come across best, he tackles a medley of "songs I wish I'd written" and, for all his elocutionary heresies, makes everything work.

He is not above a touch of self-put-on. When two attractive black girls, whom he identifies as Michelle and Janice, slink on stage for a touch of choreography, he poses the question: "Can a middle-aged English Jew do the hustle and not do himself terrible injury?" The ensuing demonstration leaves little doubt that as a dancer, he's a great singer.

Burt Bacharach, who appears after intermission, logically should play the first half. He has created a magnificent body of melodies (mostly with brilliant lyrics by Hal David), yet he has never quite mastered the art either of performing them suitably or of presenting them in appropriate instrumental settings.

As has long been his custom, he fragments his composition so that most of them are only heard in glimpses: a few bars from the strings, a few of Bacharach singing or playing piano, a touch of brass and then on to the next song. What matters about all his works is the impact of the totality: lyrics and music from start to finish. It is strange that he seems oblivious to this; strange, too, that his florid conducting appears to be designed more to impress the audience than to guide the orchestra.

Understandably, the tunes that stand up best are those that are offered in their entirety. Most attractive were "No One Remembers My Name," a recent collaboration with David, featuring the backup singers Melissa McKay, Sally Stevens and Marti McCall; and particularly "Seconds," with lyrics by none other than Neil Simon, sung tenderly by Ms. McCall without any of the show-biz bravura that dominated so much of the evening.

Newley returns to join with Bacharach, helping to bring this fast-moving show to its climax with "Who Can I Turn To," perhaps the most successfully ungrammatical ballad of all time. Nobody remembers that Alec Wilder wrote a tune with the identical title in 1941, recorded by Jo Stafford with Tommy Dorsey.

Blood, Sweat and Tears: "It's a joy that we've brought two worlds a little closer together."

8/1

JAZZ

Riding the Jazz/Rock Coaster With BS&T

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• In February of 1968 an album called "Child Is Father to the Man" was released in which a new combination was tried out: the conventional rock rhythm section augmented by four jazz-oriented horns. Of the group heard on the album under the name of Blood, Sweat & Tears, only one founding figure remains. He is Bobby Colomby, then a 24-year-old drummer, now a member emeritus who still plays on the band's records but is replaced on the road.

BS&T grew out of an idea long nourished by pianist/singer Al Kooper, previously with the Blues Project, but shortly after the first album was released Kooper left to work as a producer. Very soon, though, a transfusion was injected in the form of David Clayton-Thomas, Canada's answer to Ray Charles.

With the release of the second LP, its title the same as the group's, the jazz/rock era was under way, its path shown by such instrumental innovations as the variations of Eric Satie's "Gymnopedie" and vocally by Clayton-Thomas' clutch of hits, many of which ("And When I Die," "Hi De Ho") are an indispensable part of the repertoire today.

The band and its vocal star have had a roller-coaster existence since then—together, separately, and reunited. The sidemen who seemed so vital to the group sound have disappeared. Colomby feels that the personnel changes were by no means the only reasons for BS&T's checkered history.

"Ups and downs in the pop world have very little to do with the music itself. They can involve irrelevant factors, such as where you're working. We played in Eastern Europe, and some people got angry about that, for political reasons I don't understand. We played in Las Vegas, and I probably had the best time in my life while I was there, but that was considered to be very bad for our pop image. People thought we were selling out. It seems strange that just for playing in a certain city a band should be held in contempt."

The departure in 1971 of the charismatic Clayton-Thomas, a crippling blow, was followed by a series of instrumental defections. As Colomby says, "We changed our direction with each new guy that came into the band. And David is such a strong singer, his sound is unique, so his absence was felt most strongly of all." Gradually the band that had experienced phenomenal success, charting a path for all the others that attempted the idiomatic fusion, receded from its role of jazz/rock supremacy.

"We reached our lowest point," Colomby recalls, "about two years ago. A very nice gentleman, who had suddenly made a lot of money when coal was found on his farmland, built a beautiful club in a hotel in Evansville, Ind., and he would book in expensive acts who would wind up playing just for his friends. He'd always lose money but he didn't care.

"We played a week there, two shows a night, to fewer people than were on the bandstand."

There were, of course, some memorable events to compensate for those better-forgotten moments: the Newport Jazz Festival, at which BS&T was the first jazz/rock group ever to perform; Woodstock, and most recently a wild closing night ovation at the Monterey Jazz Festival last September, some nine months after Clayton-Thomas had ended his three-year absence.

With the return of the singer who provided the band with much of its personality, and with the continued presence of such strong soloists as Dave Bargeron on trombone and tuba, pianist Larry Willis and trumpeter Tony Klatka, the band's identity as a potent jazz/rock force seems to have been restored. The group is now at the Sahara in Las Vegas through Wednesday. And on its current album, "More than Ever" (Columbia PC 34233), most of the arranging was the work of producer Bob James, of whom Colomby says: "Bob arranges more for each song specifically than for the band, which is the way it should be, because essentially what we're trying to do is interpret a song. At the same time, the band does all it can to make its style heard.

"But primarily on this album, it's David's voice that established it as the BS&T sound. Even when David speaks to you on the telephone you get this reaction, 'Yeah, that's BS&T on the line.' "

Though his evaluation of the singer's importance is not arguable, the dichotomy in the band's character remains unresolved, in the sense that it is at once a strongly original setting for a vocalist and a medium for instrumental performances that have had a seminal influence on contemporary music.

As Clayton-Thomas remarked not long ago, "Suppose this band were to go out there without me and play just an instrumental set. They would be playing jazz just as far out as you would want to go." A slight exaggeration, but based on the inescapable truth that the band, today as much as when it was started by Kooper late in 1967 as a rehearsal group, remains an original and viable entity irrespective of any vocal association.

What BS&T started almost nine years ago was picked up, with variations, not only by Chicago, Chase, Tower of Power and a host of others, but also by Maynard Ferguson, Woody Herman and other orchestras that have made a partial accommodation to rock.

Colomby feels this is a two-way street. "If Woody is doing any of the things that we do, that's fine with me, because we steal all of his music—and even his musicians. We scooped Tony Klatka right up out of his band!

"But the main point is this: If what we did has influenced the course of music and benefited all the groups that followed us, then everything I ever hoped for in my heart has been realized. It's a joy to know that we've brought two worlds a little closer together."

JAZZ FORUM July 76

At the 20th Century Fox Studios, Oscar Peterson recently recorded the theme music he had composed for a new television series — "Crunch". Leonard Feather came to visit him on the set.

Letters

Savoy's resurgence

I was pleased to see Frank Conroy's interesting article concerning the welcome resurgence of Savoy Records (Jazz, June 25). This was undoubtedly a vitally important label, and its revival is a happy event. However, the statement that "the major labels at that time did not deal with black musicians, a policy that lasted until the early 1950s" makes me wonder how, growing up in London in the 1930s, I managed to acquire the masterpieces of all the giants of jazz.

I am not disputing the importance of Savoy, but for Mr. Conroy to call it "the most important jazz label of all time" is interesting in view of the fact that Armstrong, Ellington, Holiday, Nat Cole and innumerable others never recorded on this label.

Leonard G. Feather
North Hollywood, California

AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

Bobo Band Takes Familiar Route

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A gathering of Horace Silver fans, having seen his name advertised, showed up Tuesday at Concerts by the Sea, but there was a surprise in store for them. Owing to some confusion about booking dates, Silver had been exchanged for the Willie Bobo Band. (Silver will appear next week, in a double bill with Cal Tjader.)

Because of the last-minute nature of the booking, Bobo was unable to collect all his regular musicians; as a consequence this was a loosely knit unit, playing whatever numbers were familiar to all hands.

Bobo's territory has always been a sort of intersection where several roads meet: Latin, jazz, R&B and salsa. The material is lightweight for the most part, but the interpretation carries it, particularly when Bobo gets going with his timbales. Though heavily rhythm oriented, the band swings with an ease no rock group normally achieves.

Two valuable ringers in the rhythm section were Gildo Mahones, whose piano fits into just about any setting, and the guitarist Tom Trujillo, borrowed from Mandrill. With Victor Pantoja on conga, Ron Chretin on bass and Norman Farrington on drums, they succeeded in bringing a modicum of substance even to tunes based on one chord.

Of the front-line musicians, Billy Brooks had little to do on trumpet, Ron Starr played adequate tenor, and Thurman Green added what jazz strength there was with his potent, well-constructed trombone choruses.

Aspiring to no great aesthetic achievements, Bobo and his men play music that is designed for listening, dancing or just plain entertainment. Taken on its own terms, it remains one of the most agreeable groups of its kind.

AT CONCORD FESTIVAL

Jazz Fest Without Gimmicks

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

CONCORD—The eighth annual Concord Summer Festival was the second to be held in the handsome Concord Pavilion hidden in the rolling foothills east of this city.

As has been the custom in previous years, the event reflected the musical credo of its founding father, Carl Jefferson.

During the past weekend, the second of two, the tone was conservative and low key—a trifle too low for its own economic good, for the attendance was far short of the pavilion's 8,000 capacity. Artistically, Concord remains one of America's most tastefully designed festivals. Two of the high points were attained at the closing show Sunday, with the comeback appearances of Ernestine Anderson and Red Norvo.

Ms. Anderson, who peaked out in the late 1950s and has spent most of the past few years in Seattle, provided rewarding evidence that there is still a place in jazz for honest, ungimmicky singing. Her set of standard tunes ("Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Am I Blue," etc.) was devoid of any trace of the R&B affectations that often pass for style nowadays. She was sensitively backed by Hank Jones, every singer's preferred pianist; by Ray Brown, the festival's musical director and bassist nonpareil, and by drummer Jake Hanna, a ubiquitous and invaluable Concord presence.

Red Norvo, who used the same rhythm section with the addition of guitarist Tal Farlow, has been living in the Southland, but hardly ever working there, for many years. His vibraphone transmits a sense of leisure even when he is chopping out notes at 70 bars a minute; the word "forte" simply is not in his dictionary. He and Farlow established a gentle groove in some of the tunes they played together in the early 1950s as two-thirds of the Norvo Trio (the bassist then was Charles Mingus).

Farlow, who has become a legend partly by virtue of staying semiretired for the past 20 years, is an estimable musician but seemed nervous and flubbed several runs during his generally well-conceived solos. He was in tough company as part of a weekend that saw seven guitarists come and go.

A Living Legend

The Saturday concert covered most of the plectrum spectrum. Laurindo Almeida's classical and Brazilian selections set the pace for the L.A. Four, a group that remains no weaker than its very strong links (the others being Bud Shank on alto sax and flutes, Shelly Manne and Ray Brown).

A "Great Guitars" summit meeting was most notable for the solo and duet pieces by Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel. Both men have the precise mix of Southwestern blues-funk and universal mother wit that makes for superlative improvisation. They were joined at times by the more punctilious, slightly less jazz-wise Charlie Byrd, who concentrated mainly on acoustic guitar.

Friday's guitarists were less noteworthy. George Barnes, a member of the group that backed violinist Joe Venuti, seems unable to realize that the surest way to avoid swinging is to try too hard. Marty Grosz, a German-born soloist heard in the Soprano Summit quintet of Bob Wilber and Kenny Davern, seems preoccupied with the memory of a chord-style of jazz guitar that was very hip in the 1930s. Grosz was also responsible for a campy vocal on "Doin' the New Low Down" that further lowered the level of a set in which the two leaders deserved better.

George Shearing, shorn of his quintet trappings, was backed by Andy Simpkins on bass and Rusty Jones on drums. He celebrated his freedom in fine fettle with "Love Walked In," "Emily" and some touches of the blues. Tenor saxophonist Plas Johnson, heard here last year with Benny Goodman, led a cooking sextet, in which Mike Melvoin's occasional use of electric piano was anachronistically modern by Concord standards.

Touch of the Blues

The festival ended Sunday with a long set by Bill Berry's 16-piece orchestra. Ironically, this band now is in the position of sounding, on certain Ellington works, more authentic than the Ellington band itself. This is due in part to the presence of such Duke-bred soloists as Cat Anderson, Britt Woodman and Berry, partially to a superior reed section led by the peaches-and-cream alto of Marshal Royal, but most of all to the spirit and maturity of various musicians. You just don't achieve that all-knowing sound until you've paid some dues. Berry also fielded several attractive pieces written by members of the band.

The pleasures of Concord are many, not the least being an audience that is exceptionally attentive. Jazz festival crowds whose main concern is to hear the music, rather than just to get high to it, are becoming a minority group. It can only be hoped that Carl Jefferson and Ray Brown next year will find a way of holding onto this element while also achieving viable ways of filling the pavilion.

Christiane Legrand

JAZZ

Heavenly Sounds of Innovative Quire

8/8

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• Vocalise, or its jazz equivalent, scat singing, has been a part of our scene since the earliest days of Louis Armstrong. Though new techniques for employing the voice in jazz are still being devised, it has been a long haul since Lambert, Hendricks & Ross established the idea that instrumental solos could be fitted with lyrics and translated into vehicles for group singing.

For no clear reason, France has long been a center of jazz vocal experimentation. Blossom Dearie, an American in Paris circa 1952, organized a group called the Blue Stars and had a hit with "Lullaby of Birdland" sung in French. Later the Double Six of Paris came up with a super-Lambert-Hendricks-Ross, via overdubbing, recording French-language versions of records (including the jazz solos) by Quincy Jones and Dizzy Gillespie. The Swingle Singers, whose personnel overlapped with that of the Double Six, wiped out words and centuries with their first album, "Bach's Greatest Hits."

Now comes Quire, a creation of Christiane Legrand, Michel's sister. A member of all three of these previous groups, she has devised a method by which, without any speeding up or other unnatural tape tricks, entire instrumental arrangements by big bands could be duplicated, note for note, chord for chord. There are no words; just the exact sounds of the original records revitalized in vocal terms.

Quire has a debut album, "Quire," out on RCA BGL 1-1700. There are only four voices, all Swingle alumni. But in order to correspond precisely with the original recordings, the singers used overdubbing to reproduce everything played on the old LPs.

The first impression left by Quire is one of near-disbelief. On the opening track, Dave Brubeck's "Blue Rondo a la Turk" is an amazingly faithful re-creation, with Claudine Meunier singing what was once an alto sax improvisation by Paul Desmond. But this is a piddling achievement compared with "Misty" and "Teach Me Tonight," when the group reaches the impossible goal of simulating a piano solo, right down to the last note in the heavily chorded left hand lines.

Even more esoteric is "Ain't Misbehavin'." Spurning the easier task of reproducing Fats Waller's various piano versions, Quire elected to use as a basis Waller's 1929 interpretation, which was played on a pipe organ. The resemblance in tonal texture is uncanny.

Every item in this unique album has a character determined by the original artists and by Quire's singular manner of renovating their works. Among those whose solos have been dealt with are John Lewis and Milt Jackson of the Modern Jazz Quartet on "Django," Meade Lux Lewis in the primal boogie-woogie screams of "Honky Tonk Train Blues," and, though he is not properly credited, Nat (King) Cole, whose piano solo in a Jazz at the Philharmonic concert becomes the opening chorus, some 32 years later, of Quire's "Body and Soul."

It is too soon to tell whether the novelty and technical genius of Quire and its engineers will prove lastingly valuable, but on the basis of several hearings I can recommend this as an experience bound to delight the most sophisticated ears, as well as the less educated for whom the overall effect should prove devastating, regardless of how little may be known about the concept and process.

★

The revival of the Verve catalogue continues apace with four releases, all so essential to any collection that it is impossible to state any preference. They are the Ella Fitzgerald-Louis Armstrong "Porgy and Bess" (Verve VE 2-2507); the memorable Norman Granz 1952 jam session that united, for the only time on records, history's three supreme alto sax giants: Benny Carter, Johnny Hodges and Charlie Parker (VE 2-2508); a Bill Evans trio and duo set, the latter teaming him with the superb guitarist Jim Hall (VE 2-2509); and Evans again, as a sideman with Stan Getz, on two sides of VE 2-2510, on the other two sides of which Getz's pianist is Chick Corea. Five-star albums straight down the line.

AT THE STARLIGHT

CTI Spotlights 10 Jazz Artists

8/16

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

As is its annual custom, CTI Records recently assembled a summer jazz package for a tour to display some of the artists featured on its label or its affiliates.

Seen Saturday at the Starlight Bowl in Burbank, the show drew a capacity crowd of some 6,200. Musically, the program fell below last year's standard, when peak moments were provided by George Benson (now a hit maker for another label) and Hubert Laws. Of the 10 participants this time around, three appeared through the courtesy of other record companies.

Curiously, CTI did not see fit to borrow any brass players. The roster comprised four musicians who all played saxophones and/or flutes, along with two keyboards, two percussion, bass and guitar. This made for some programming that tended to monotony. Rhythmic overkill lent an R&B flavor to several numbers, with the conga player Leonard Gibbs, intruding where he was not needed, and Ron Carter playing Fender bass even on ballads.

Grover Washington Jr. was the great crowd pleaser. He knows all the tricks—the repeated notes and phrases, the sedulously built climaxes. He was at his most relaxed playing a tin whistle on "Jamaica Farewell," with sympathetic backing by pianist Bob James. It's hard to play florid fortissimos on a tin whistle.

The rough cutting edge of Hank Crawford's alto sax lent brilliance and authority to "Love Won't Let Me Go." The third sax soloist, Joe Farrell, playing soprano, battled with Washington and Crawford in "Great Gorge" and played a pleasant flute feature.

It was not until 10 minutes into the second half that the diminutive Bobbi Humphrey picked up her flute and played "Summertime," backed only by Bob James, Ron Carter (belatedly playing his upright bass), and Harvey Mason laying down a straight 4/4 jazz beat. Miss Humphrey, who also played a spritely jazz waltz called "Virtue," thus became the artistic scene-stealer of the evening.

Carter displayed his phenomenal technique on "Willow Weep for Me" (why the same song year after year?) and spoiled it by apparently bucking for the Guinness Book of Records with the world's longest bass solo.

Grant Green's guitar provided sophisticated yet funky variations on the blues "Future Feature." Johnny Hammond neither surprised nor disappointed with Carole King's "It's Too Late," now in its sixth year as a vehicle for his organ and Washington's tenor.

The CTI concert formula needs restructuring in instrumentation and could use more of the quiet good taste that crept on stage during Ms. Humphrey's turn. In moments like "Summertime," the listening is easy.

Mercer Ellington

JAZZ

New Ellington Band Transforms Tradition

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• More than two years have passed since Mercer Ellington, a novice at the task of directing the world's longest surviving band of distinction, said: "I want to have a band that Pop would be proud of."

The road to reestablishment has been a rocky one. At times it seemed hard for agents to convince potential buyers that the band still existed or was of any value without the charismatic figure who had led it for a half century. The attrition in the ranks of veteran sidemen continued as Harry Carney's 48-year tenure in the band ended in death and Cootie Williams sounded his last growl a year ago before going into semiretirement.

New, young musicians have filled the empty chairs (of the performers who worked under Duke's guidance, only Mercer, singer Anita Moore and five horn men remain). Some, notably 20-year-old bassist J. J. Wiggins, show an amazing maturity. Others, particularly a sax section that once housed such giants as Carney, Johnny Hodges and Paul Gonsalves, all dead now, are waging an uphill battle.

"We have a fight going on," Mercer Ellington says, "between the old guard and the newcomers. These kids have a ferocity about them—we've had quite a few complaints from country clubs about the band's being too loud. Our objective is to shut 'em up and slow 'em down and get 'em together.

"One thing we do have is the will to succeed. We're a scourge to every motel, because practice and jamming starts anywhere from 8 a.m. We're even had to shut up Bobby Eldridge at 5 in the morning, playing his flute and his baritone sax."

The real problem is that of trying simultaneously to please the older listeners, who expect everything to remain in status quo, and a new generation that looks for something more contemporary to relate to. "We do play some rock numbers," Ellington says, "but we have to resist the temptation to just give up and be a rock group.

"Some people are bound to expect us to maintain the traditions, to keep playing 'Mood Indigo' and 'Solitude,' while others are looking for us to find some identity of our own. So what are you going to do? The answer is, you try to house both concepts under one roof."

One procedure used to reach this objective is the combining of old arrangements with new versions of the maestro's standards. "Sophisticated Lady" now begins much as it used to, with Eldridge's baritone sax playing the languorous melody in a style not unlike Carney's; but this is followed by a doubling of the tempo and a wild new interpretation with a samba flavor. For those diehard Duke fans who have been aghast at the supposed heresy Mercer offers this story:

"Five years ago Duke took the band to Brazil. We were at a music festival in Sao Paolo at which 28 orchestras played something of Ellington's in their own fashion. Well, one of the big hits of the evening was this band that played "Sophisticated Lady" as a samba. Without even asking each other, Pop and I both decided we had to get hold of that arrangement. So when a critic like John S. Wilson of the New York Times asks: 'What would Ellington say if he heard you playing it like that?' it tickles me, since it was Pop's idea in the first place."

Mercer himself has written only four original works during the two years, none of which he has introduced. "Right now there's still this need to keep on identifying, establishing that we are heir apparent to the throne. So many bands are doing a fine job of playing Pop's things—Bill Berry's band in particular—that we're hard put to keep up with them."

"My main job now is that of a traffic cop. We need a lot of discipline, everyone has to be on time, the sections must make their correct entrances. But beyond that point they're on their own and must establish their personalities just the way Pop used to encourage his men to find their own way.

"Sometimes people say, 'Gee, you did that just like Duke used to do it,' and although I don't consciously emulate him as a leader, obviously when you've watched someone for the best part of 40 years, and when you consider that even people whose lives Ellington touched only briefly were affected by him—well, it's only natural that I would wind up with some of his affectations and qualities."

After a slow start and many long layoffs, the band is gradually picking up the prestige it lacked as a seemingly rudderless ship. There was a European tour last year ("The overseas audiences are much more willing to accept change than the Americans") and a New York performance last spring of one of Ellington's sacred concerts at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Currently a series of appearances with the Alvin Ailey Dance Company, for which several of the extended Ellington works have been choreographed, is bringing the band belatedly out of the boondocks and into the limelight.

It is ironic that orchestras such as those bearing the names of Tommy Dorsey, Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller, whose personnel have little or nothing to do with those of the originals, continue to work steadily decades after the deaths of their leaders, whereas the Ellington unit, which is not a ghost band but rather represents a continuum, has had to battle considerable resistance.

During these two years Mercer has been at work with Stanley Dance, his father's biographer, on a book of his own that may succeed at long last in tearing away the facade, the seemingly impenetrable mask Duke wore throughout his career. "For those who might consider him flawless, this may point out some negative aspects of his nature. He was a man, not a machine. Although it was a worthwhile book, my father's 'Music Is My Mistress' gave everything a glossy coating. I think I can provide a better understanding, which may reflect even more credit on him for achieving as much as he did during 50 years in show business as a fallible human being."

★

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Duke Ellington's Jazz Violin Session" (Atlantic SD 1688). Produced by Duke in Paris in 1963 but never before released; with Stephane Grappelli, Svend Asmussen and the late Ray Nance.

AT PARISIAN ROOM

New Land Quintet Stretches Out

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Time runs in circles.

In the early 1960s Harold Land, the drivingly fluent tenor saxophonist, co-led a splendid quintet with Red Mitchell, the bassist, featuring trumpeter Carmell Jones. The latter pair having both expatriated themselves to Europe, Land has switched Mitchells, changed colors from red to blue and is now gigging with a group known as the Blue Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet. Opening Tuesday for a week at the Parisian Room, this recently formed unit showed much the same virtues as its illustrious predecessor.

Though Mitchell and Land both have been heard to advantage around the Southland in a big band setting (mostly with Gerald Wilson and Bill Berry respectively), the combo context gives them a better chance to stretch out. Arrangements are at a minimum, usually confined to an opening and closing statement and separated by blowing choruses that are as lyrical on the slow tunes as they are excitingly inventive on the up-tempo selections.

Blue Mitchell doubles on trumpet and flugelhorn, employing the latter's mellower sound in Land's attractive bossa nova composition "Damisi" but picking up the trumpet for his solo specialty, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." In his hands, the Kern standard was a kaleidiscope of subtle melodic shifts, with discrete use of the horn's broad range.

Land was no less consistently impressive, particularly during a closing workout on "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" at a tempo that demanded a thousand notes. He is strong but never headstrong.

Kent Brinkley, a bassist formerly with Freddie Hubbard, adds rhythmic variety through ostinatos and other beat-varying effects, though on such numbers as Mitchell's "Blues for Thelma" his main responsibility was to establish rhythm section. The other members are Gildo Mahones at the piano and Clarence Johnston on drums.

The Mitchell-Land brand of music is basically a virile, confident update of a style created long ago in the days of what was once called hard bop. Rooted firmly in the jazz tradition, it is timeless and just about flawless. The quintet will remain at the Parisian Room through Sunday.

Jazzsce

Nice one!

LEONARD FEATHER reports from the South of France

STRANGE as it may sound, George Wein's third annual Grande Parade du Jazz of Nice began at the Roseland Ballroom in New York City.

On that evening, before a vast mob of standing, sitting, dancing and drinking fans of all ages, Wein held what was actually the last night of the eleven-day Newport Jazz Festival and simultaneously a Salute To Nice in which many of the stars who would be bound for France the following day gave New Yorkers their only opportunity to hear what was in store for the French fans.

Count Basie and his orchestra were at one end of the bandstand. Alternating with them, with Buddy Tate as [illegible] leader, were such world travellers as Milt Buckner, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Vic Dickenson, George Duvivier, Sweets Edison, Panama Francis, Illinois Jacquet, Maxim Saury, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Cootie Williams, and others.

It was one of those evenings in which the air was thick with excitement and anticipation for many of us. Even those who were not bound for Nice were caught up in the spirit of revelry that ended what was generally conceded to be one of the best festivals of the 23 in Newport history.

George Wein upgraded his plans for Nice this year by cutting down on the number of European groups, by increasing to some 80 again the number of Americans who would fly over to take part, and by including among the latter several organised or semi-organised groups, such as the Basie band, the Gillespie quintet, Sarah Vaughan and her rhythm section, Art Blakey's Messengers, and the loosely knit bunch of soloists known as the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra.

The following evening all of us left New York on two Air France planes. Ours was the latter one, and there were groans as we arrived at the airport to be greeted by the news that the 10 pm departure had been postponed to 11.30. The prospect of an all-night flight that would extend into early the following afternoon was not brightened by the necessity to kill time in the airport.

Fortunately, no music had been scheduled for the day of arrival, so the Grande Parade officially started at 5 pm on Thursday. To our surprise, skies were overcast and a slow drizzle kept the crowds down early in the evening. The ruins of a Roman amphitheatre, where many of the main events were held, had no bandstand canopy, and the dampness wreaked havoc with the piano. A couple of sets that had been scheduled to take place there were transferred to a clearing nearby known as the Dance Stage. Meanwhile, a third area in the park, the well canopied Garden Stage, provided a series of jam sessions.

Wein has cut down from four to three the number of events taking place simultaneously. Every hour on the hour, from five until midnight, three new groups start at each location. During the early hours of this first evening Basie, at the Dance Stage, acquitted himself reasonably well while at the Garden Stage three ex-Ellingtonians, Cootie Williams, Buddy Wood, and Sam Woodyard joined forces with Raymond Fol" and Michael Gendry. Cootie, as I was to find out in the next several days, is in reasonable shape for a man approaching his 66th birthday and not in the best of health; however, his tendency to repeat old recorded solos note for note, usually with an excessive rubato, was only curbed when he was occasionally allotted an additional chorus in which he was obliged to ad lib.

A small but eager scattering of listeners sat in the Arena for a set called A Taste of Chicago as Jimmy and Marian McPartland, Bud Freeman, Eddie Barefield, George Duvivier and Oliver Jackson ran through such Windy City standards as "Nobody's Sweetheart" and "Sugar," which Jimmy recorded a half century ago with McKenzie & Condon's Chicagoans.

For those of us who had not heard him since he took up residence in Britain and Ireland, it was a joy to hear Bud Freeman blowing as individually and confidently as ever.

A novel idea this year was the assigning of titles to each set. This was the work of Dick Sudhalter, who also assisted Wein in the monumental task of shuffling the performers to come up with a new group at each stage every hour. Since there were at least 120 hand-picked musicians, the job was not unlike shuffling a deck of some 120 cards and hoping each time to come up with a royal flush.

Obviously there could not always be compatibility, yet I was amazed how many of the rhythm sections gelled successfully and how much empathy there was among the horns in each group. The set titles generally gave a pretty good idea of what was expected of the musicians: Groovin' The Blues, Doggin' Around, The Street That Never Slept (title of a book about 52nd Street), Night At Nicks, Remembering Bix, Ringside At Condon's, Night In Tunisia, etc.

One of the best conceived and executed programmes of the opening night was a recreation of a show commemorating Louis Armstrong, the same presentation with which Dick Hyman, the leader, pianist and arranger triumphantly toured the Soviet Union last year.

It was a delight to hear Louis's old solos taken from the records and orchestrated for trumpeters Jimmy Maxwell, Bernie Privin and Joe Newman, in a sort of "Super Satch" technique.

To evoke memories of the early records Satch made accompanying blues singers, Carrie Smith brought her powerful sound and vibrato to "St Louis Blues," "Cakewalkin' Babies" and "You've Been A Good Old Wagon," with Joe Newman playing a sensitive obligato. The rest of the band in this extraordinary set comprised Budd Johnson, Ed Hubble, blowing some remarkably visceral trombone, Bucky Pizzarelli, Major Holley, Panama Francis, Hyman, and Joe Newman, who captured the Satchmo spirit in a couple of vocals that were right on target in both timbre and phrasing.

Satchmo was one of three trumpeters honoured during the evening. The arena was jam-packed as a tribute to the late Bobby Hackett and brought together 15 musicians, all close friends and admirers of the cornetist who, last year at the same hour and on this same stage, was recipient of a Newport Jazz Festival award. Stylistic barriers fell as Gillespie, McPartland, Pee Wee Erwin and Sudhalter shared the trumpet chores while Teddy Wilson and Wein took turns at the piano in a set composed of Hackett's favourite songs, from "Struttin' With Some Barbecue" to "When Your Lover Has Gone."

The third trumpeter honoured was Buck Clayton, whose very presence amazed us all. Dental and oral problems six years ago supposedly had silenced the Basie veteran for ever. His appearance here (he has yet to resume playing in the US) found him nervous, low-keyed and keeping his solos as simple as possible. However, the very ability to blow again seemed to have erased years from his rugged features.

So much went on during the balance of the Grande Parade that for any one critic to review it would be an impossibility. In the first place, it would be necessary to be in three places at once at all times. Secondly, the total of 20 different sets a night represented such musical saturation that it was essential, now and then, to take a little time out. The comments that follow are

continued on pa[illegible] 33

Nice festival

from page 28

based on part or all of various sets I heard that seemed to call for inspection, or observations of individuals who stood out during the few nights I was able to be present.

Growls And Mumbles, a set ostensibly featuring Cootie Williams and Clark Terry, was also notable for the presence of two other ex-Duke men, Norris Turney and Bootie Wood. The surprise of this set, however, was Eddie Daniels playing "Body And Soul". Here is a tenor player who seems to have total technical command, yet never overblows or shows off. He has absorbed all the influences from the giants of the Thirties to the most contemporary figures, but has taste enough to eschew the turmoil and freakish excesses of the latter.

Several appearances, as a group or as sidemen with various other combos, were made by the members of the revamped Dizzy Gillespie Quartet. Mickey Roker is still on hand, as aggressive and propulsive as ever, but there is a new, very capable bassist named Benjamin Brown, and a truly remarkable new talent in Dizzy's guitarist, Rodney Jones. Only 19 years old, Jones generally is more assertive and less subtlely lyrical than his predecessor, Al Gafa, but he showed an extraordinary eclecticism for his age along with a driving swing and fluency.

Among the older school, Sweets Edison distinguished himself in every conceivable setting, playing one night with Dizzy, another with Clark Terry, guesting with his old boss, Basie, and generally showing the elegance and distinction of a man whose sound will never be dated. Sweets at 60 has the youthful enthusiasm of a man one third his age.

Less predictable, but equally impressive, was the clarinet of Johnny Mince. A veteran of the original Tommy Dorsey band, he was buried for many years in New York radio and TV work, but at Nice he showed a capability for generating excitement that put him almost on a level with Benny Goodman. In fact, he played a set called Waiting for Benny with Teddy Wilson and Milt Buckner, the latter playing some four mallet locked hand vibraphone work.

On most evenings the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra was assembled to read manuscripts from the libraries of Ellington, Lucky Millander, Fletcher Henderson and others. They were variously directed by Dick Hyman, Joe Newman, and Panama Francis (who really had the group swinging on the Millander session). Jimmy Maxwell, a swing era trumpeter too long unrecognized in jazz circles, distinguished himself playing first and solo horn on several of these sets.

It was fascinating to hear a recital of Ellington's 1940s music with the repertory band led by Joe Newman, for a few nights earlier I had heard the identical charts read at Carnegie Hall with a pitiful lack of sensitivity. In Nice the personnel was almost entirely different and seemed to have more of a grasp of what Duke's masterpieces were all about.

The trombone section included Gene "Mighty Flea" Conner, who plays in a peppery style strongly reminiscent of Ellington's 1960s star, Buster Cooper. The sax section comprised Norris Turney (always dependable in his Johnny Hodges bag), Heywood Henry, Budd Johnson, Zoot Sims, and, doubling on clarinet, Johnny Mince.

Marian McPartland, as much as anyone present, symbolized the joy of cooking in every conceivable setting. She and Jimmy, who are surely the most compatible ex-married couple in jazz, appeared together several times, but Marian also sat in with the Dutch Swing College Band, played a set with Zoot and Illinois, and clearly enjoyed herself in a set with Dick Hyman, during which they alternated playing the same tunes at the same piano.

For a while, too, they played together, when Percy Heath came on, carrying a piccolo bass, to stimulate some real excitement with a funky blues to which both pianists reacted responsively.

Of the European groups I was able to hear, the Dutch Swing College Band was the most impressive. Founded by the baritone saxophonist, Peter Schilperoort, in 1945, this is a bunch of real pros who manage to make something meaningful out of such overworked material as "Muskrat Ramble" and "Do You Know What It Means To Miss New Orleans?" Everyone seemed to enjoy sitting in with this band, from Dick Hyman to Swiss trumpeter Oscar Klein and Carrie Smith.

As a visitor from the States who hears Basie, Vaughan and Gillespie all the time, I tended to turn my attention more to the specially assembled units at these sessions, and the sound of surprise was constant. John Lewis, who spends his summer vacations in nearby Cannes, dropped in one day purely as a visitor, but was promptly corraled by Wein into taking part as a member of the festival.

As a result, I heard him playing with his former boss, Dizzy, as well as with his long time MJQ sideman, Percy Heath. Lewis' delicacy contrasted interestingly with the extrovert sounds that were going on all around him.

One traditional session I found particularly effective was Windy City Jazz with at least four highlights: Bob Wilber's clarinet on "The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise", Sudhalter's lyrical, Bixian horn on "My Gal Sal", Milt Hinton's humorous slapping-the-bass beat on "China Boy" and Jimmy McPartland throughout. Bob Rosengarden, a spirited drummer who seemed to fit in everywhere, joined with Marian and Milt in the rhythm section.

The Nice Festival offers unique value for money. For a mere 25 francs (or 15 if you bought your tickets in advance) you can have your choice of bits and pieces of the whole 20 sets offered during the seven hours of music.

Of course, there were crises. What would a jazz festival be without them? The sound system caused frequent trouble, and once during a Basie set, completely broke down.

Talking with Wein during his sets with Bud Freeman's Summa Cum Laude orchestra and with Cootie Williams and the Newport All Stars, I learned that the city of Nice is still partially subsidising the festival and that this year, for the first time, it was expected to make a slight profit.

Money matters aside, what counts here is the extraordinary sense of goodwill that prevails and the relative lack of jealousies among the performers. True, Sudhalter tended to take over here and there, and to speak at inordinate length in English to an audience many of whose members couldn't understand his grandiloquent announcements. But more typical of the Nice spirit was the joint birthday celebration of Milt Buckner and Major Holley. Characteristic, too, was the tendency of many of the participants, after working such long hours in the park, to look for somewhere else where they could continue playing.

It is ironic that the older men, who might have been expected to grow tired and apathetic, are the most likely to reflect this vital aspect of the spirit of jazz, the joy of collective improvisation.

Nice indeed is a grande parade, and everyone associated with it, from Wein and his collaborator, Simone Gimbre, to the officials of the city itself, deserve a share of the credit.

JAZZ

A Pianist of Many P

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Ben Sidran came to the attention of musicologists and sociologists when his erudite and perceptive book, "Black Talk," was published in 1971 by Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Rightly describing it as a radical departure from all other studies on black American music, he acknowledged his debt to Marshall McLuhan, declared that black culture in America is an oral culture and that black music must be treated as part of the oral tradition.

"Black Talk" represented one of Sidran's many faces. Dividing his time between practicing and preaching, he has neatly combined the two careers by touring with his own group as singer/pianist/composer and by preparing an essay for Rolling Stone about the vicissitudes of being on tour.

Perhaps because he has been flying off at so many tangents, Sidran's name is not as familiar as it should be. Now, however, with the power of Clive Davis' Arista Records behind him and his new album "Free in America" gaining good airplay, he seems likely to make enough of a dent as a performer to enable him to indulge in his journalistic and academic pursuits.

A small, quietly self-confident man in his early 30s, Sidran acknowledges that one cannot disperse one's energies in a dozen directions. "Mostly, at this point, I'm a piano player. At least, that's what I've been doing longest, about 20 years.

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"My piano idols
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Powell. Now a lot
grew up listening to Jerry Lee Lewis rather than Horace Silver, so when they try to play jazz it sounds forced. When I impose jazz on a rock or blues context, it's personal and natural to me."

Sidran's early start in music did not deflect him from his academics. A few

Ben Sidran

years later, he attended the University of Sussex in England and earned his Ph.D. in American studies. Befriended by Glyn Johns, the engineer/producer, he found himself in the vortex of the British rock world. "Glyn would call up and say, 'Get down here in a half hour. I've got some work for you.' And that's how I found myself on sessions with the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, Peter Frampton.

"Hanging around Glyn in the studio, I realized that record production was just a matter of juggling certain economic and aesthetic details to make a viable product. I said to myself, 'I can do that!' and after moving to Los Angeles I produced for Steve Miller, then started producing my own albums as a performer."

Sidran has since produced an Arista album by Jon Hendricks (playing on one track himself) and is the associate producer of an upcoming public broadcasting TV show that should prove unique and valuable, since it will reunite Hendricks with Annie Ross (who is flying from London to Chicago just to do the show), along with Eddie Jefferson and Leon Thomas. "It's called 'Sing Me a Jazz Song' and we'll hear tunes like 'Twisted' and 'Cloudburst'—singing in the original sense, using the voice as an instrument. This is still very influential among musicians, but it deserves to be given more exposure and become much better known."

As a singer himself, Sidran has often been likened to Mose Allison. "I'm flattered, because to me Mose is the William Faulkner of jazz, with those great lyrics of his. It's been said that he doesn't really sing that well;

Please Turn to Page 64

Can't Hide Love. Carmen McRae. Blue Note BN-LA635-G. Carmen's best album in years. The McRae sound is as hauntingly plangent as ever as she weaves her way through charts by Dale Oehler (who produced this set), Thad Jones, John Mandel, Gerald Wilson and others. Contemporary tunes such as Bill Withers' "I Wish You Well" and Kenny Rankin's "Lost Up in Loving You" jostle with works of jazz origin (Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born," Chick Corea's "You're Everything") to bring together the best of both worlds.

—LEONARD FEATHER

MUSIC REVIEW

Vaughan, Philharmonic at Bowl

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

They just wouldn't let Sarah Vaughan go Saturday night at the Hollywood Bowl. She had appeared with the Los Angeles Philharmonic on several previous occasions, but there was a special magic in the air as 11,302 listeners sat spellbound while John Green, at the piano, accompanied her in his most imperishable composition, "Body and Soul."

Green then rose to conduct the orchestra in a second chorus brilliantly arranged by Marty Paich, with a surprising bridge in waltz time. (Long before she met John Green, this was the first song Ms. Vaughan sang when she began her professional career with the Earl Hines band at the Apollo Theater. Onward and upward.)

Though this was the final tune according to the program, Vaughan and Green had come prepared for more. The encores—a three-song Gershwin medley with the orchestra, and "Misty" with her rhythm section—were anticlimactic, especially since we had already been sated with a dozen Gershwin songs by Vaughan.

The evening had not begun well for her. She was confused about where to make her stage entrance; her nervousness extended to flubbed lyrics on two or three songs; but as Gershwin himself would have said, who cares? She is a classical singer in the best sense of that abused term, with a great range, a glorious warmth and an ability to manipulate tones and change timbre in midnote that is unequaled anywhere on the popular or concert stage.

It is presumably every singer's dream to work with a great symphony orchestra. Since Vaughan realized that ambition years ago, she no longer needs to prove the logic of this mating. Some critics have found the setting an encumbrance, yet there were sublime moments, such as the upward modulation in "Someone to Watch Over Me" and the quote from "Round Midnight" in "I Loves You Porgy," that would have been far less effective with her rhythm section alone. Much of the credit was due to Paich power.

Nevertheless, when she performed several numbers backed only by her excellent pianist Carl Schroeder, Walter Booker on bass and Jimmy Cobb on drums, you realized that she doesn't need to rest her head against the Philharmonic pillow of sound. "I Got It Bad" during this set, with its bottom-register ending, could not have been more sumptuous with a 500-piece orchestra and choir of angels.

The Green-conducted instrumental portions of the evening, entitled "The Great American Art Form—The Movies," made no attempt to live up to this premise comprehensively. The Henry Mancini and Quincy Jones generations were totally ignored in favor of old-line Hollywood music by such veterans as Miklos Rozsa and Bernard Herrmann.

Removed from their celluloid sources, a work such as Sir Arthur Bliss' march from "Things to Come" has a detached, strike-up-the-bland flavor. The excerpts from Bronislaw Kaper's "Glass Slipper" ballet suite, however, provided pretty and generally charming light music.

The Philharmonic recently completed the soundtrack for a film, "Goin' Home," from which a Lee Holdridge theme was played. Recent, yes; but still early Hollywood in concept and execution.

8/9.9

JAZZ

Hines and the Boys in the Back Room

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• Earl (Fatha) Hines, who looks a fast 45 but who in fact turned 70 last December, was the first seminal pianist in jazz history. He has survived without any substantial change of direction: A record he made in 1923, recently reissued, displays just about the same incisive, rhythmically convoluted style that has sustained his global reputation more than half a century.

No less remarkable, he has survived physically after spending a substantial segment of his career in an involuntary relationship with organized crime.

When jazz musicians were confined to cabarets and clubs, they found themselves involved with the underworld in varying degrees. Because he was based in Chicago and because he is black, Hines was particularly susceptible to domination by the strongarms.

Earl (Fatha) Hines

It is one of the great paradoxes of jazz that the Big Band Era was partially launched and sustained through this unholy alliance. Duke Ellington was only able to enlarge his band and gain national radio exposure when he moved into the notorious Cotton Club. Louis Armstrong, as a recent TV dramatization showed, was so cynically manipulated by rival gangs that he purportedly left the United States and toured Europe to let things simmer down. Lucky Millinder, Fletcher Henderson and others worked in clubs controlled by the syndicate in Cicero, headquarters of the Capone gang.

Hines, surprisingly philosophical about all this, led a big band for 20 years, spending more than half that period at Chicago's Grand Terrace Ballroom. "I'd go out on tour in the summertime—the club had to close down because there was no air conditioning—and my one-year contract kept getting renewed for another year. Then the racketeers, realizing the reputation I had built, offered me a contract for the life of the club.

"When the mob first took over, they called all the musicians together and told us, 'Now we want you to be like the three monkeys. You hear nothing, you see nothing and you say nothing.' So we all lived under that, and unless you got in their way they never bothered you.

"They had meetings in the restaurant in back of the club, and I'd overhear a lot of talk about shipping this crate of beer from Cleveland to Detroit and so forth; then the police would ask me, 'What were they talking about?' and I'd tell them I didn't know and it was none of my business. If I'd said anything more than that, the next thing you know somebody would have [illegible] me dumped in some dark corner in Jackson Park. So by my keeping things to myself, those mobsters became some of the closest friends I ever had.

"In fact, we didn't know what the Depression was, because the gangsters kept money flowing like water. We knew Al Capone's reputation, but he had a good side that I recall well. He kept the restaurant part of the Grand Terrace open 24 hours a day and didn't charge us a nickel for meals. When there was a great snowstorm, up over people's heads, and the landlords were putting tenants out in the snow because they had no rent money, Capone would come by with his trucks and pick up furniture and the people and keep some of them in his buildings while they found a place to stay.

"I remember one night, Capone comes in the ballroom and says, 'I don't like your handkerchief, Fatha,' then he'd shake my handkerchief and when I opened it I'd find a $100 bill. Or he'd shake hands and I'd find a $20 bill in my hand.

"Capone himself never carried a gun, but he had dozens of bodyguards. When I traveled on one-nighters with the band, two bodyguards were assigned to me. I couldn't go to the men's room without them. I'd wake in the morning and find them outside my door."

Hines' open-end contract with the Grand Terrace lasted until 1940. "It's not easy to break a contract with mob guys, but by that time the law had caught up with them on their income taxes, so they had to get out of the club business, and that gave me a chance to get away from them.

"It may seem strange, but I look back on that part of my life as a time of great musical freedom and adventure. We were playing music just for the thrill of it, not simply for commercial considerations. I was only concerned with how much I could get out of that piano and the fellers in the band were all working continuously to get the best intonation and ideas out of their horns. It was a very creative period."

There is a potent irony in Hines' nostalgia for the good old days. Today he is managed by honest, straight citizens, plays concerts, festivals, and clubs over which the mob does not ever exercise remote control, and is no longer at the mercy of the Capone brand of condescending largesse.

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ALBUMS OF THE WEEK: The Fantasy complex has gushed forth no less than a dozen more double-pocket LPs on its Prestige and Milestone labels. Recorded in the 1950s and early '60s, all are artistically valid and historically important. Perhaps the most indispensable are Miles Davis' "Green Haze" (Prestige P-24064), with John Coltrane as a sideman, and Bill Evans' "Spring Leaves" (Milestone M-47034). It is fascinating, too, that Donald Byrd appears not only as a leader in "House of Byrd" (P-24066), a 1956 set, but also as a sideman in three other albums by Phil Woods, Thelonious Monk and Elmo Hope. For new collectors who only know the jazz/rock Byrd of today, the bop-derived melodically creative sounds of the early Byrd are recommended as essential listening.

TV REVIEW 8/26

See Jane Sing for Children

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

"My Name Is Jane," a 30-minute children's special to be seen this evening at 7:30 on Channel 4, is a pilot for a series. What the series will consist of, however, is never quite made clear.

Jane Harvey, who once sang with Benny Goodman's Orchestra and on the original Steve Allen Show, interprets original music and lyrics by Lan O'Kun, who is also seen briefly playing a piano duet with musical director Billy Taylor. The latter leads a well-chosen jazz combo with Don Elliott on mellophone, Richard Davis on bass and Freddie Waits on drums.

The opening number, with the attractive Ms. Harvey introducing the instruments, appears to indicate that this may be an essentially musical and/or educational show. It turns out to be neither, though the musicians provide an agreeable background for the jugglers, the star and the small group of children around her.

There is one song about mythical creatures that has the germ of an idea, but the creatures are never shown (animation would have helped) and the lyrics are rattled off to fast for subteen comprehension. The best moment for Ms. Harvey is a charming song called "Come Away" in which she belatedly seems at ease.

If the show is to become a series, it must make more use of the children as participants rather than onlookers, and it will have to pull together, through clearer thinking and better writing, the unfocused elements of which tonight's program is composed. Producer-director was Sidney Smith, Ms. Harvey's husband.

AT DONTE'S

The Total Talent of Sue Raney

BY LEONARD FEATHER 8-28
Times Staff Writer

The announcer who introduced Sue Raney at Donte's Thursday asserted that "she epitomizes what singing is all about." This seemingly extravagant claim turned out to be an understatement.

Sue Raney's style, timbre, phrasing, accompaniment, choice and pacing of material are all perfect, and she is perfectly beautiful—a stunning, sophisticated lady with bouffant blonde hair who radiates sweetness, wit, tenderness and rhythmic sensitivity. What more can you expect from a singer?

So many superlatives, applied to a name with which the public at large is presently unfamiliar, may arouse skepticism. But Sue Raney has been around—long enough to have had one of her albums endorsed in glowing terms by Nat (King) Cole. She simply withdrew from personal appearances and now runs a thriving business composing, arranging and singing commercials, songs and television music. This brief engagement (closing tonight) is her first nightclub job in five years.

Since she leaves not a millimeter open for criticism, it is necessary only to chronicle a few facts. Her backing is both expert and unusual, including on some numbers a cello, played by Glen Grab, who lent an 18th-century touch to her own composition "Patching Quilts." Dick Shreve's piano was a sensitive complement; Colin Bailey's drumming and the bass of Gary Walters rounded out a sympathetic rhythm section.

She sings very few predictable standards, preferring a gentle tone poem by Rupert Holmes called "My Father's Song," a rare vocal treatment of "Holiday for Strings" complete with mini-Minnie Riperton high notes; a raffish number about Coney Island done in a sort of Bobby Short manner; and the lovely "Morning Star" with Johnny Mercer's lyrics wrapped around a Jimmy Rowles melody.

Best of all, perhaps, was "Van Lingle Mungo," a riotous song by Dave Frishberg, the words of which consist entirely of the names of baseball players of the 1940s—all strung together with a pretty melody and sung deadpan as a ballad.

Is the present musical climate unable or unwilling to accommodate the total talent of a Sue Raney? Are we entirely under the rule of raucousness? It would be cynical to believe so. Surely the time has come for her to turn aside, at least temporarily, from the daily routine of grinding out paeans of praise to automobiles and sausages and pick up her in-person career where she left off.

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

Jones Quartet in Fine Fettle

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Elvin Jones, whose quartet is at the Lighthouse through Sunday, was the founder of an entire new school of drumming marked by unprecedented freedom, polyrhythmic ingenuity and ferocity.

Jones employs functional equipment, far less elaborate than many drummers who feel that the more cymbals, bass drums and other paraphernalia one has, the easier it becomes to create ideas. His complexity stems from a lightning mind, with hands and feet to match.

His capacity for sustaining and releasing tensions, like a spring suddenly uncoiled and snapping back, inspires his musicians to optimum performance level. Yet is capable of utter simplicity, sometimes reducing his roll to a whisper on the brushes if the mood and tempo call for it.

Jones' guitarist is Ryo Kawasaki, who came to the United States two years ago from Japan. A soloist of dazzling speed, he has a slightly tinny sound that suggests rock experience. Sometimes he becomes so infatuated with his own serpentine lines that his fingers seem to run ahead of his mind and get lost; but for the most part he is a good match for Jones, blessed with an almost comparable expertise.

Even more consistent and astonishing is the bassist, David Williams. Playing upright bass with a legitimate classical technique and perfect intonation, his solos switch from beautiful bowed passages to wild pizzicatos and repeatedly strummed chords. His long introduction to "Yesterdays" was so masterful that the ensuing soprano sax solo by Azar Lawrence was anticlimactic. Lawrence was not consistently in tune and there were indications that he was unsure of the song's harmonic pattern. On tenor sax Lawrence has an enormous Coltrane-derived sound, but when he spews out torrents of eighth notes, the need for more dynamic variety becomes obvious. He shows promise but should listen attentively to his maturer contemporaries and elders.

Good use was made of tenor-guitar unison in a Frank Foster tune called "Someone's Rocking My Jazz Boat." Jones lent a sense of form to "Keiko's Birthday March" with his pseudo-military introduction and coda. Like so much of his work, his light touch showed the fatality of his approach to the drums. His muscular coordination, unique intricacy and continual switching of rhythmic patterns still rank among the models of contemporary jazz.

AT DISNEYLAND 9/3

Past Pays Off for Buddy Rich

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

"Goodbye Yesterday," a tune played by the Buddy Rich band last Thursday at Disneyland's Plaza Gardens, symbolized what this orchestra is all about. The myth that big bands are an anachronistic holdover, dedicated to preserving the sounds of an earlier generation, is dispelled as soon as you even look at this ensemble.

It is a very youthful crew, most of its members in their early 20s—and, significantly, so was most of the audience. (Curiously, this phenomenon is ignored by the music departments of the counterculture press that aim at a similar age bracket.) Rich's pianist, Barry Kiner, who is 20, plays neo-bop blended with a Bill Evans lightness of touch and is just one of a half dozen exemplary soloists.

Buddy Rich

Some of the uptempo arrangements are bursts of exhilaration rather than fountains of creativity, but the energy emanating from the leader suffuses the entire crew with a contagious enthusiasm. Other works, however, have a strong orchestral validity, with Rich playing a subdued role. Typical of the latter was a brilliantly textured treatment of "Lush Life."

More representative of what arouses the audience was the Lafinesque "No Jive," composed by 23-year-old Bob Mincer, and sparked by his tenor sax; John LaBarbera's "Best Coast," with Steve Marcus playing Coltrane-influenced soprano sax, found Rich driving the band powerfully in a fast waltz beat.

A wildly speedy workout on "Rocky and His Friends," based on a television theme and arranged by David Berger, is as loose and infectious in its call-chorus riffing as the Basie or Herman bands at their swinging best.

John Burr's bass is impressive, but in a band so heavily dominated by a phenomenal drummer it is sometimes barely audible, despite his use of an electric instrument. Totally unheard on review night was the vocal duo of Cathy Rich (who first sang with her father's band when she was 12) and Stan Getz's daughter Beverly. Both 22, they may have been out owing to Cathy's illness but probably will return tonight. The band closes Saturday.

The crisp ensemble precision (particularly in the brass section) reminds you that only those bands able to stay together permanently and crisscross the country can achieve this sort of togetherness.

Rich and the young men around him offer potent proof that this brand of jazz can borrow from its own heritage in order to make an investment in tomorrow.

Coming Sunday at Plaza Gardens: Count Basie.

JAZZ

Auld Times Revisited in Big Band Movie

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Georgie Auld and Liza Minnelli in the band bus scene from the upcoming movie "New York, New York."

● "OK," said director Martin Scorsese, "let's run it down."

Georgie Auld and Liza Minnelli, sitting in a reconstructed 1945 band bus, went over their scene in which Auld, playing the orchestra leader, showed her the account book, pointed out the red ink, deplored the imminent demise of the big bands and declared his intention of quitting. Miss Minnelli, playing Francine, the band singer, suggested that her boyfriend, Jimmy Doyle (Robert DeNiro), assume leadership.

The scene, for United Artists' "New York, New York," was remarkable in two respects. It indicated that possibly for the first time in the battle-scarred history of movies about jazz and/or big bands a film may offer convincing dialogue and an authentic story line. Second, it will bring back to the forefront a musician who has been in and out of the limelight for some 40 years. Georgie Auld, the perennial bounce-back artist, has landed on his feet again.

"It's not my first time working as an actor," Auld said. "I had a part in a Broadway play called 'The Rat Race' in 1949 and five years ago I worked for Garson Kanin in 'Idiot's Delight' at the Ahmanson in Los Angeles with Jack Lemmon.

"But this is something special. Scorsese keeps saying, 'Forget what's written; do it your way.' So I improvise a little on my lines and it comes out more natural than anything I've ever done." As for Liza, she's so beautiful to work with—she just opens the door to each scene and lets you walk right in.

"DeNiro—I had to teach him to play saxophone for the part—is a fast study. He actually had a little musical experience, used to play clarinet. I picked out a horn for him and took him around to hear some live jazz in New York."

According to Ralph Burns, the film's musical director, this is one musically oriented story that will provide some genuine aural excitement: "In the later scenes, after DeNiro has taken over the band from Georgie, it becomes a wild combination of the Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman and Maynard Ferguson bands. Scorsese let me write anything I wanted. There's also a great sequence in Harlem for which Jerome Richardson played some Charlie Parker alto." Burns, who won an Oscar for "Cabaret," is a former Woody Herman pianist and arranger who won a New Star award in Esquire's 1946 jazz poll.

The role Auld plays has special overtones: "They let me use the name Frankie Harte. Ages ago, not long after I was bar mitzvahed, I ran away from home—we were living in Brooklyn—and one of the first cats who helped me out was a guy in Brownsville named Frankie Harte.

"I've been working on this picture since June, 1975, when they called me in to coach DeNiro, and also to work on the sound track. Later on, Scorsese, who knew that I'd done a little acting, asked me about playing this part."

Ironically, though Auld's instrument is the tenor saxophone, Frankie Harte in the picture is a clarinetist. When Auld is seen on screen playing the clarinet, this will actually be dubbed by Abe Most; but when DeNiro is seen playing the saxophone, it will be dubbed by Auld.

To compound the confusion, Clarence Clemons, who in real life plays tenor saxophone, has an acting role as a trumpet player. Clemons, who at one time was a football lineman for Maryland State, later turned to music and has gained a reputation during the past year as a featured soloist with Bruce Springsteen.

Scorsese saw him at work with the rock singer and decided that he would be right for the part of Cecil Powell, a friend of DeNiro and operator of the Harlem club where a jam session, one of the film's musical highlights, takes place.

It could only happen in Hollywood.

Born George Altwerger in Toronto, Auld won a Rudy Wiedoft scholarship in 1931 and studied with that early alto saxophone eminence. The sound of Coleman Hawkins persuaded him to take up the tenor sax, which he played with a series of big bands: Bunny Berigan, 1937-38; Artie Shaw, off and on, 1938-42; Benny Goodman, 1940-41. While with Goodman, he played on the famous Sextet records along with Charlie Christian, Cootie Williams and Count Basie (in whose band he worked briefly in 1950).

Auld then led his own band, a manic bunch of youthful beboppers, and later a series of small combos. He hit the commercial jackpot in 1952 by launching a series of pop ballad recordings with vocal group backgrounds by Jud Conlon. Their version of the Rodgers & Hart "Manhattan" was a million seller. During the next six years Auld was a hot record property, had his own club on the Sunset Strip and worked on staff at the MGM studios. In 1962 he organized an all-star group for a trip to Europe, with Doc Severinsen in the lineup.

While Auld cooled off domestically, he became a major record name in Japan; in the late 1950s and early '60s he toured there eight times, though by then he was relatively unknown elsewhere, taking a variety of jobs in Las Vegas, globe-trotting as Tony Martin's conductor and eventually settling into such obscure gigs as a sideman role in the band on the Flip Wilson show.

If "New York, New York" doesn't do it for Georgie Auld (who, to quote the old blues line, has been down so low this looks like up to him), then perhaps his book will.

"I've been working with my wife Diane on an autobiography. It's called 'Where Do I Go From Here?' and we already have 250,000 words on paper. I'm telling the whole truth, like it really was."

Random House is interested, Mrs. Auld informed me, though there is no firm deal yet. Because Auld's world and times were punctuated for many years by problems not unlike those that made smash hits out of "The Man With the Golden Arm" and "Lady Sings the Blues," the story seems likely to wind up as more than just a book. In fact, it may make those sentimentalized epics look like "Alice in Wonderland." Perhaps in due course the question may be: Who is going to play Georgie Auld in *his* movie?

★

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Les McCann—"River High, River Low" (Atlantic SD 1690). Beyond doubt one of the finest albums with some of the most pertinent songs interpreted by one of the best singers on today's scene. Accompanied only by his own keyboards, guitar, bass and drums, McCann sings the brilliant lyrics of his collaborator, the mysterious Rev. B., covering a broad range of topics: women's liberation, isolation, assassination, affection, reflection, rejection.

JAZZ

Freddie Hubbard's Creative Cupboard

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Two or three years ago, Freddie Hubbard was hailed as the potential Miles Davis of this decade. "I'm attempting to stick to grassroots, keep my feet on the ground," he was quoted, "because with everybody using that Fender Rhodes piano and stuff, they'll all sound alike . . . Not so long ago a lot of young trumpeters were following Miles; now they're trying to play what I'm playing. They hear me constantly searching for new ideas, but keeping enough musicality in there so people can understand where it's at."

Hubbard's new album, "Windjammer" (Columbia PC 34166), shows intermittent attempts to live up to those precepts, but for the most part this is a portrait of a man pulled between countervailing forces. On the one hand there are his original good intentions. On the other is the ever-growing tug of formula music, of the crossover syndrome.

Bob James, assigned to arrange, conduct and produce the album, is an expert in this genre and has had three very successful albums of his own. He has not only supplied Hubbard with the allegedly unwanted Fender Rhodes piano, but also, as the opening track "Dream Weaver" makes clear, with all the other fashionable appurtenances.

James uses the usual frog-like bass amp; a 14-piece string section; five singers whose responsibility both on this track and on "Touch Me Baby" is mainly limited to repeating the title ad nauseam (the lyric writers seem to have the world's easiest job in this jazz/rock genre); a pool of five guitarists, two or three of whom are in use at all times throughout the album; and over it all, Hubbard plays an agreeable, innocuous melody, straining a little at times but never disgracing himself. By the same token, he never lives up to the potential he showed five or six albums ago.

"Feelings," though rapidly becoming the most overrecorded new song in the jazz, pop and Brazilian markets, is the best track if only because it offers a composition rather than simple rhythmic repetition. Hubbard's own "New Land," despite its title, covers old territory: Its main melodic strain is a first cousin to that of "Lullaby of Birdland." "Windjammer," the trumpeter's other composition, is well constructed, makes good use of synthesizer effects, and is arranged with James' customary skill; yet the feeling remains that this same work, shorn of so much rhythmic pretention, would have been far more effective artistically.

It is disturbing to find men of Hubbard's caliber accepting and exploiting the very values they once scornfully rejected; yet who among us would be strong enough to resist the temptation, given the opportunity for mass sales? At least there is more musicality here, and a degree of accessibility that will broaden his audience and perhaps open up their ears for some of the pure jazz albums he recorded back when he made that statement about grassroots. Two and a half stars.

★

It is my firm belief that harmonic subtlety will ultimately win out over monotony; the use of chordal and rhythmic repetition will prove self-defeating. For evidence, try Ron Carter's "Yellow and Green" (CTI 6064). The bassist and his small, unpretentious group offer a more profound appeal to the heart, emotions and intellect in the first 30 seconds than Hubbard's "Dream Weaver" can muster in its entire 5½ minutes.

Carter plays acoustic bass, electric bass and a half-size (piccolo) acoustic bass, all of them masterfully. The title track is a funky, blues-tinged piece with a surprise entry by an unidentified harmonica player (it's Hugh McCracken, who played guitar on the date); but the most unlikely rewards throughout the album are the two pianists, Kenny Barron, a Dizzy Gillespie alumnus who brings an ethereal, early Bill Evans quality to "Opus 1.5" and Don Grolnick, whose solo on "Receipt, Please" is inclined toward 1960s Les McCann.

"Epistrophy" is of special interest. This quixotic, angular composition was an early brainchild of Thelonious Monk, with whom Carter worked for a while. Ben Riley, Monk's drummer for many years, is also heard on this trio track, in which Kenny Barron updates the 35-year-old theme most engagingly. In all, an unpretentiously attractive album. Four stars.

★

Equally close to the core of jazz, and even more effective by virtue of its instrumentation, is "Sunshine Express" (Concord Jazz CJ-20), by the Bud Shank Quintet. "C'est What," a Shank piece, has the kind of loose, happy pulse that has always been the essence of much great jazz, and it's done without any guitars, prescribed bass patterns or auxiliary percussion, voices or strings.

Shank plays alto sax in a rhythmically infectious style he has honed carefully over the years. We are reminded of his role as one of the first important jazz flutists on the blues waltz "Flim Flam," and on the vaguely Oriental "Horizon." Both were composed by Mike Wofford, whose piano is as much of a sparkplug to the group as the horn of Bobby Shew. I commend the latter's work to the attention of Freddie Hubbard. It might remind him of some happy things that used to be—and still could be—a part of his scale of values. For Shank & Co., five stars.

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AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

Sound of Surprise From Matrix

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The impression made last week at the Monterey Jazz Festival by a nine-piece band called Matrix was reconfirmed Tuesday when the group began a week's engagement at Concerts by the Sea.

Matrix was organized in 1974 in Wisconsin, where its members at one time were students at Lawrence University. Most are in their early 20s; the senior member, John Harmon, 40, was director of jazz studies at Lawrence.

It would be a disservice to use the term jazz/rock in analyzing this fascinating orchestra. Its scope is too broad, its level of artistry too high, its potential too great for such pigeonholing.

Built From the Top Down

Too many jazz groups nowadays sound as though they were built from the bottom up, with a big, dominant rhythm section as the focal point and the horns almost secondary. In Matrix, the opposite effect is achieved. Though a great deal of doubling goes on, basically there are six horns, keyboard, bass and drums.

Most of the material is written by Harmon, who plays keyboards, and by trombonist Fred Sturm. Between them, they cover an amazing range of textures, colors, tempos and moods, changing so often that the sound of surprise is never more than seconds away.

In the beguiling "Clea," introduced by Michael Bard's soprano sax, the three trumpeters take over, but one of them, instead of playing, sings wordlessly. In other compositions, three keyboards were at work (piano, clavinet, synthesizer); a valve trombone and slide trombone matched wits; the soprano sax played a lead part with five brass clustered around him in rich, impressionistic voicings. Yet the band's ability to strip down to basic four-beat jazz was displayed in a blues "Bottoms Up."

A Sense of Discipline

The soloists, whether playing or singing (almost all the short vocal passages are in vocalise or some sort of strange double-talk), all performed with a sense of discipline, concerning themselves more with passion than with power.

"Last Generation," a Sturm work which the band once played with the Milwaukee Symphony, is an amazing, otherworldly piece. Voices move upward in quarter tones, building to a phenomenal climax. Shock value, however, is not typical of the band. Harmon's succinct "Geese," for example, is a gentle wave of exotic tone colors. The evening's only standard tune, "Green Dolphin Street," was also the only failure. Sung by Larry Darling, with rhythm section accompaniment, it was a meaningless throwaway; in fact, thrown away is what it deserves to be.

A tremendous creative effort clearly went into the building of a library for Matrix. The result is a band that cannot fail to appeal to the emotions, the intellect or to any jazz enthusiast who, tired of bebop cliches or rock overkill, is receptive to something adventurous, exciting and just about totally new.

AT THE FORD THEATER

Kamuca Opens Fall Jazz Series

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The 11th annual fall season of jazz concerts at the Pilgrimage began Sunday afternoon. Attendance was less than is customary for the opening event, perhaps due to confusion caused by the theater's incredibly cumbersome new name, the John Anson Ford County Cultural Arts Theater, a tag about as likely to catch on as New York's Avenue of the Americas (which after 30 years Manhattanites still call Sixth Avenue).

Produced by J. Foster for the county, with Local 47 as a cosponsor, the program featured the Richie Kamuca Quartet and guest star Helen Humes. Kamuca, who also plays Sunday evenings at the Baked Potato leading a more aggressive quintet, assembled a low-key, soft-shoe group for the matinee, with his tenor saxophone and Mundell Lowe's guitar as the centerpieces.

The accent was less on substance than on development. Old songs and jazz standards were used as points of departure while the group went through its gently swinging paces. Kamuca owes his principal debt to Lester Young, whose "Tickle Toe" was featured along with other Young-recorded works; but his sound is somewhat fuller and his time less laid-back. He is a sort of Lester-plus-luster.

Lowe, as always, played spiritedly both as soloist and as a rhythmic stimulant. Bassist Monty Budwig and drummer Nick Ceroli remained on stage to accompany Miss Humes, for whose first set trombonist Al Grey was added, along with her regular pianist Gerald Wiggins.

Humes long ago discovered the fountain of eternal youth. Her high-pitched, exultant sound and innate jazz feeling have remained unchanged over a 40-year period. "Don't Worry 'Bout Me," which she recorded as Count Basie's band vocalist in 1939, comes across with the same girlish quality heard on that record.

During her two sets she sang three blues, several standards, the quaintly comic "If You're a Viper" (a Stone Age song about pot smokers) and the delightful Calypso "Shame and Scandal in the Family." A series of standing ovations made it difficult for her to bring the set to an end.

AT PARISIAN ROOM

Damita Jo Not Up to Potential

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Damita Jo, currently at the Parisian Room, has racked up a respectable series of credits during a long career: the big showrooms in Vegas and Miami, Basin Street East and New York, TV spots with Sullivan, Como and Carson.

For those jobs, and on her records, she had the help of expert arrangers and large orchestras. These factors enabled her to bring out a communicative warmth that was seldom present Tuesday evening in the small room, where she was backed by the resident quartet under the direction of drummer Clarence Johnston.

The first three songs, all standards, were delivered without arrangements and sounded like throwaways, sung at an unchanging dynamic level. It was not until she combined "Mr. Wonderful" and "You Are So Beautiful," with saxophonist Clarence Webb switching to flute, that there was a semblence of concept and variety of execution.

"Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," one of her best records, was taken a hair too fast, neither down enough nor out enough for a song supposedly inspired by poverty and misery.

"The Masquerade Is Over" provided a reminder of Damita's potential as a messenger of lost love; the feeling was there and her diction, as always, was splendid. "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" achieved enough rhythmic strength to recall her strong, swinging jazz sense. But "Bye Bye Blackbird," complete with some uninspired scat singing, could have been any entertainer in any lounge in any city.

In order to reestablish herself as a major talent, Damita Jo needs to overhaul her presentation, acquire some original material and imaginative treatments. The powerful emotional impact of which she was once capable just isn't there at present.

Completing the accompanying group, which also plays an adequate opening set, are Dwight Dickerson on electric piano and Alan Jackson on bass. Closing night is Sept. 26; Plas Johnson and Sam Fletcher open Sept. 28.

Looking Ahead to Fall Entertainment Season

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1976

JAZZ

• For jazz fans, the advent of fall marks an end as well as a beginning, since tonight the final presentations will be made in two festival weekends at Monterey and in Los Angeles.

The local event, at the Wilshire Ebel, winds up with "Memories of Satchmo" featuring Barney Bigard, Trummy Young, Arvell Shaw, Cozy Cole, Dick Cary and Teddy Buckner in the role of Louis Armstrong; also the Trevor Richards New Orleans Trio.

At Monterey this evening, the international scope of jazz will be stressed with a set by the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band, the Eje Thelin Quartet, pointing out new directions in Swedish jazz; a touch of the Latin infusion by the Cal Tjader Quintet with Carmelo Garcia, Bob Redfield and Luis Gasca; and John Harmon's jazz/rock band, Matrix.

UCLA's concert schedule at Royce Hall will offer a study in guitar contrasts by presenting Les Paul Oct. 2 and Joe Pass Oct. 30. Also scheduled are the Duke Ellington orchestra conducted by Mercer Ellington Oct. 14; the ECM Jazz Festival, described as a consortium of leading American and European jazz artists, Nov. 11, and violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, Dec. 4.

El Camino College has concerts scheduled for the Preservation Hall Jazz Band Saturday, Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Oct. 12, and the L.A. Four Oct. 30. Cerritos College in Norwalk will present Oscar Peterson in a solo piano recital Friday.

For Dixieland fans, a program of traditional jazz, free to the public, will be presented as the United Jazz Club Bicentennial Jazz Celebration aboard the Queen Mary at Long Beach Oct. 31. The various Dixieland clubs in and around the Southland will continue their regular Sunday sessions.

The Pilgrimage Theater, now known as the Ford County Theater, continues its free Sunday afternoon concerts with Charlie Shoemake and Pete Christlieb today at 2 p.m.; Henry Franklin and the Skipper, next Sunday; John B. Williams Jr. and Expectations, Oct. 3; the Don Ellis Big Band, Oct. 10; the guitarist/singer Beloyd, Oct. 17; a 10-piece ensemble headed by Devorah and Julius Ivory, Oct. 24; Dave MacKay, Oct. 31; Jay Migliori Quintet, Nov. 7, and Kim Richmond and the New Hereafter, Nov. 14.

Concerts by the Sea has Jackie Cain and Roy Kral tonight; Jimmy Witherspoon Tuesday through Sunday; Matrix, Sept. 28-Oct. 3, a double bill with the Nat Adderley Quintet and the Heath Brothers, Oct. 5-10; Norman Connors, Oct. 12-24; the Laurindo Almeida duo and the Baroque Jazz Ensemble, Oct. 26-28; dark Oct. 29-Nov. 8; Eddie Harris, Nov. 9-28; Jack DeJohnette with John Abercrombie, Nov. 30-Dec. 5; Carmen McRae, Dec. 7-12 and Dec. 14-19; and Mongo Santamaria, Dec. 21-Jan. 2.

A schedule of jazz concerts is being lined up for the Pasadena Civic Auditorium, starting Friday with Weather Report; it will probably include Oscar Peterson, Bill Evans, Sonny Rollins and the Crusaders later in the season.

The monthly concert series at the Eagle Rock High School auditorium will continue, with a special anniversary program scheduled for Oct. 10.

Donte's, which will celebrate its 10th anniversary next month, presents Irene Kral with the Alan Broadbent Trio tonight and next Sunday; the regular Monday guitar nights, with John Collins Monday, Thom Rotella's quartet, Sept. 27; the Toshiko Tabackin Big Band, Sept. 21 and 28 and once or twice a month thereafter; the Art Pepper Quartet, Wednesday and Thursday; the Ed Shaughnessy Energy Force Big Band, Friday and Saturday; Tom Scott and Emil Richards, Sept. 29-30; Sue Raney, Oct. 1-2; Bud Shank, Oct. 5-9 and 15-16; Warne Marsh and Lee Levy, Oct. 6-7; Hampton Hawes, Art Pepper, Al Viola and various other combos to round out the year.

The Lighthouse has a double bill tonight with Kenny Burrell and Stephane Grappelli, the latter staying on through Tuesday. Opening Wednesday, through Sept. 27, Sonny Stitt; Clifford Jordan, Sept. 27-29; Bobby Hutcherson, Sept. 30-Oct. 10; Pharoah Sanders, Oct. 12-17; Cedar Walton, Oct. 19-31; David Leibman, Nov. 1-3; Grant Green, Nov. 9-14; Milt Jackson, Nov. 16-28; Betty Carter, Nov. 30-Dec. 5; Tony Williams, Dec. 7-12; Dexter Gordon, Nov. 14-26, and Kenny Burrell who will return Dec. 28-Jan. 9.

The normally rock-oriented Roxy has set Gato Barbieri for Nov. 1-2, followed by Sarah Vaughan, Nov. 3-6. The Playboy Club will bring back Maxine Weldon from Oct. 5-30.

At King Arthur's in Canoga Park, the big band and/or nostalgia weekends will continue with Terry Gibbs Friday, Milton Raskin, Saturday; The Four Freshmen with the Tommy King orchestra, Oct. 1, and the Bill Holman band Oct. 2, the Frank Capp-Nat Pierce Juggernaut Oct. 9, and later dates by the Bill Berry Big Band, and probably Steven Allen in tandem with Terry Gibbs.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ

Jazz Party Filmed for Posterity

BY LEONARD FEATHER

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—It began Saturday afternoon with trumpeter Pee-Wee Erwin, trombonist Trummy Young and a combo of seven kindred souls reexploring the wizened but hardy lines of "Royal Garden Blues." It ended Monday evening with a madhouse wrapup for which some 30 musicians were shoehorned onto the stage to answer the musical question, "Perdido?" (lost?) The reply: "Si!" In between, there had been 30 hours of improvised music by 51 handpicked musicians (no organized groups) and a single singer (female). There was a total, I would guess, of close to 50 standing ovations, most of them deserved.

In other words, the annual private jazz party, staged by Dick Gibson, was not unlike the 13 that had preceded it. Admission to the five marathon jam sessions now costs $230 per couple; additionally, except for those who live nearby in Colorado Springs, there are the meals, drinks and hotel room costs at the Broadmoor, in whose crystal-chandeliered ballroom the blues and stomps resonate. For Gibson's patrons, still held to a limit of 500, the expensive weekend is justified by their inability, all year round, to hear any comparable music or, in some instances, any jazz at all. ("This is my annual shot of adrenalin," a Nebraska lawyer said. "Back home it's strictly musical starvation.")

But this year's gathering in one respect differed notably from its predecessors. Gibson at last has realized his ambition to have the party filmed.

Budgeted at $480,000, an amount supplied by 16 investors, all of whom are jazz fans, the documentary will be called "The Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party." Hal Graham of Los Angeles is the executive producer, Gibson and his wife Maddie are producers.

"We really did it right," said Gibson. "We brought in a crew of 27, headed by our director and head photographer, Vilis Lapenieks, who was the cinematographer for the Oscar-winning documentary 'The Hellstrom Chronicle.' The film, which will run one hour and 45 minutes, will be shown in movie theaters and on television; and since it was recorded in 16-channel sound, we'll be able to release some superb albums."

Though the film essentially will be a cinema verite documentary, a dozen brief scenes were staged to lend special touches of color. Most seemed innocuous enough. Cornetist Ruby Braff was filmed, in a 1928 Ford, careening onto the sidewalk outside the Gibsons' Denver home, leaping out and engaging in a battle of horns with Clark Terry. Two saxophonists stepped onto the third-floor balcony of a house across the street to serenade the arriving jazzmen and wives.

Confetti and streamers were supplied. These and other attempts to render the movie more visual were not theatricality but rather externalizations of the good vibes invariably felt on these sociomusical occasions. Old friends meet, perhaps for the only time in a year, possibly for the last time (a member of the ceremonies last year was the late Bobby Hackett).

Perhaps because they were aware of being documented for sound and cameras, the men (and the Bessie Smithsonian blues singer Carrie Smith) were more than ever on the qui vive. Gibson's insurance policy is the rounding up of trumpeters like Clark Terry, Joe Newman and Billy Butterfield; trombonists such as Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino, Vic Dickenson and Al Grey; a saxophone contingent involving Benny Carter, Phil Woods, Zoot Sims, Flip Phillips, Buddy Tate; clarinetists Buddy De Franco and Peanuts Hucko; violinist Joe Venuti (who become so excited that he even played during Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite," a song two or three generations his junior); guitarists Herb Ellis and Bucky Pizzarelli, and an ever-shifting, always inspiring rhythm section drawn from a pool of eight pianists, seven drummers and six bassists.

The weekend reached its insurmountable peak during the Saturday evening session. Jon Faddis, a Gillespie-inspired trumpeter who was only 18 when he came to prominence with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, played the Jones composition "A Child Is Born," a waltz of such sublime eloquence that simply to listen to the melody is a rare experience. But Faddis has reached that point of maturity at which a few grace notes here, a sudden flurry of arpeggios there, added just enough embellishment to merge his own personality with the composer's.

Eubie Blake, who is as old as the ragtime piano art itself, followed, playing "Charleston Rag," which he said he composed in 1899. "Composed, not wrote—because I could only read music then, I couldn't write it down."

Gibson then had the inspired notion of putting the two men together. Unlike many young jazzmen, Faddis, well versed in the jazz repertory, was familiar with "Memories of You," which Eubie wrote in 1930. Blake smiled wistfully as Faddis brought to the song a few flourishes indicative of his tutelage under Gillespie; yet at the same time there was a pristine, almost Armstrong-like purity. (Mrs. Armstrong, an annual visitor, was in the audience.)

It was a poignant and flawless performance. Time seemed suspended, and when it was over, Gibson reminded us that when Jon Faddis was born, Eubie Blake was 70 years old.

Eubie today is no doddering valetudinarian; after all, he will not hit 94 until February. But the fact that a musician of 23 can join with someone old enough to be his great-grandfather in an act of spontaneous creativity says something about the unifying power of jazz that cannot be applied to any other music I have ever heard.

There were other, less spectacular triumphs: Benny Carter, renowned for his elegant alto sax, proving himself no less personal and affecting as a trumpeter; Dick Hyman and Roger Kellaway, who meet only once a year in Colorado, playing two grand pianos as if they had been honing the act for years. Trummy Young, who toured for 11 years with Louis Armstrong and who flies in annually from his Honolulu home, sang "Hello, Dolly" and Satchmo's "Someday," prompting Lucille Armstrong to kiss every musician onstage.

With sounds and scenes like these, surely not much fictionalization will be needed. The party invariably speaks in a language more accessible to potentially larger audiences than anything previously attempted in the limited history of jazz on film. If it is not a winner, an unaware public will be the heavy loser; but every indication points to success.

Like other wise men before him, Gibson has come up with the right idea at the right moment. After 13 years as the most closely guarded special event of its kind, it is high time for "The Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party" to go public.

September 18, 1976

Caught in the Act extra

Elvin — still the freedom pioneer

LOS ANGELES: In his many years as a leader (and don't forget it has been over nine years since Coltrane died), Elvin Jones has been through more saxophonists, it seems, than Art Blakey has had Messengers. The latest change came about when Pat La Barbara left. At the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, Elvin revealed his replacement: Azar Lawrence, who showed such promise as a 21-year-old discovery with the quartet of another Trane man, McCoy Tyner.

Surprisingly, Lawrence is not the focal point of the new quartet. His soprano sax is not consistently in tune, and in "Yesterdays" he showed unfamiliarity with the chord changes, even stumbling a couple of times on the melody. His tenor work is fierce, aggressive and assured, but when he spews out torrents of eighth notes in an obviously Coltrane-inspired manner, you feel a need for more dynamic variety. Everything seems to be too much on the same level.

Ryo Kawasaki on the other hand, is [illegible] soloist blessed with tremendous chops and capable of dazzling speed, he has a slightly tinny sound, more suitable to rock than jazz, but what matters is that his solos (and his intelligent accompaniments to Lawrence) are intelligent, creative and they never remain long on any one dynamic or ideational level.

Even more consistent and inspiring is the bassist David Williams, a musician from Trinidad who formerly worked with Ornette Coleman. Playing upright bass exclusively, with a legitimate classical technique and perfect intonation, he offers solos that switch from beautiful bowed passages to wild, endless pizzicato runs and repeatedly strummed chords. His long introduction to "Yesterdays" was so masterful that everything after it was anticlimactic.

As for Elvin himself, what more can be said of the man who founded an entire new school of drumming. His work, as always, is marked by unique polyrhythms, freedom and complexity. He still uses very basic equipment, far less elaborate than that used by many drummers that [illegible] to match. He could make a solo interesting just playing with his bare hands on a telephone directory. — LEONARD FEATHER.

JAZZ REVIEW

Franklin Combo at Ford Theater

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Early in 1974 Henry Franklin, the tall, bearded bassist known as Skipper, led a small group in concert at the Pilgrimage Theater. Sunday afternoon he returned to the same stage—now called the John Anson Ford Cultural Arts Theater—with all his sidemen intact. At least he must be credited for consistency.

Now as then, the most meaningful moments were those in which Oscar Brashear's trumpet could be heard indulging in masterfully structured flights of fancy. But even Brashear's horn sometimes was unable to function effectively in the conditions that prevailed.

The program began with a series of melodramatic thuds on a large gong by the drummer, Sun Ship (formerly known as Woody Theus). From there we were taken on a long percussion ride, and it must have been 10 minutes before the rest of the band got into the act.

Sun Ship continued to charge away like a late summer storm throughout most of the afternoon. Seldom, if ever, has a combo ostensibly led by a bassist been so totally dominated by drums. Things eased up a little during a bossa nova number, but here, ironically, during a drumless passage, it was Franklin who overpowered the pianist, Bill Henderson, in what was presumably the latter's solo.

Saxophonist Charles Owens, as has been his wont in this situation, seemed weak and cowed by the nearby thunder, but he perked up a little on flute. Al Hall managed to get in a few facile trombone statements.

The Franklin combo is capable of generating some energy—Sun Ship never lets you forget that—but is otherwise about as attention-riveting as a presidential debate.

35

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Surprisingly, Lawrence is not the focal point of the new quartet. His soprano sax is not consistently in tune, and in "Yesterdays" he showed unfamiliarity with the chord changes, even stumbling a couple of times on the melody. His tenor work is fierce, aggressive and arhythmic, but when he spews out torrents of eighth notes in an obviously Coltrane-inspired manner, you feel a need for more dynamic variety. Everything seems to be on much on the same level.

Rye Kawasaki on the other hand, is full of surprises. A violinist blessed with tremendous chops and capable of dazzling speed he has a slightly dizzy sound, more suitable to rock than jazz, but what matters is that his solos (and his intelligent accompaniments to Lawrence) are intelligent, creative and they never remain long on any one dynamic or emotional level.

Even more consistent and inspiring is the bassist Dezrie Williams, a musician from Trinidad who formerly worked with Ornette Coleman. Playing upright bass exclusively, with a legitimate classical technique and perfect intonation, he effortlessly shifts from beautiful bowed passages to wild, endless pizzicato runs and repeatedly strummed chords. His long introduction to "Yesterdays" was so masterful that everything after it was anticlimactic.

As for Elvin himself, what more can be said of the man who invented an entire new school of drumming. His work, as always, is marked by unique polyrhythms, freedom and complexity. He still uses very basic equipment, for long elaborate drum rigs used by many drummers who seem to believe that the more cymbals, bass drums and other paraphernalia they employ, the easier it will be to create something new. Elvin's tenure does boast a lighting artist, with bursts and beat

In which he could make a solo impressing just playing with his bare hands on a telephone directory. — LEONARD FEATHER.

AT MONTEREY FESTIVAL

Tributes to Six Giants of Jazz

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

MONTEREY—In what was announced by Jimmy Lyons as a Bicentennial historical overview, six segments at the Friday and Saturday-night Monterey Jazz Festival concerts were commemorations or tributes to historical figures.

Of the six men saluted, only Dizzy Gillespie was both alive and present. Except for a closing number, the promised recreation of his 1940s orchestra did not materialize; yet Dizzy managed, through the dual power of his horn and personality, to salvage a most uneven evening.

He was joined first by Jon Faddis, his 23-year-old protege, whose immensely vital horn provided the kind of challenge Gillespie needs. So did Dizzy's new guitarist, Rodney Jones, who turned 20 last week. At one point during "Olinga," his own plaintive theme, Dizzy worked out on the congas, leaving the trumpet to Faddis in a typical noblesse oblige gesture.

The evening had begun, as have both subsequent concerts, with a touch of vintage color through the use of the Olympia Brass Band, a New Orleans marching group. Audience reaction to the Olympians' parade down the aisles, with the grand marshal holding a vivid parasol and the tuba blasting away, took little note of the band's horrendous inability to play in tune.

Bill Berry's 17-piece crew from Los Angeles took part in the big band retrospectives, which on Friday consisted mainly of tributes to Fletcher Henderson (with Benny Carter conducting) and to Jimmie Lunceford (Gerald Wilson conducting).

Three factors are involved in such undertakings: nostalgia, which is musically irrelevant; merit, which either is or is not in the manuscripts; and interpretation, which may or may not enable the performers to convey an authentic and exciting sense of the music's original significance.

The Henderson set, despite the unique importance of his role as a leader and writer in the 1920s and '30s, barely made the grade. Mundell Lowe had faithfully transcribed such pieces as "Wrappin' It Up" and "Christopher Columbus" from the original records, but trumpeter Blue Mitchell played anachronistic bebop solos. Bill Berry seemed to be lifting a Bunny Berigan chorus off the Benny Goodman version of "King Porter Stomp," and somehow the passage of 40 years has rubbed the glitter off these once-exciting works.

A dismally disorganized tribute to Louis Armstrong followed, its bright moments few and brief—Benny Carter playing lyrical trumpet on "Confessin'," Faddis trying to strip down his style to Armstrong essentials for "Hello Dolly."

The Lunceford set never quite achieved the special, loping two-beat that was the essence of that band's style. It came closest in Gerald Wilson's "Hi Spook," but how was a Lunceford salute possible without a single number by Sy Oliver?

The Saturday-evening Ellington dedication came off best, because Bill Berry, a couple of his sidemen and guest soloists Clark Terry and Russell Procope all were part of the ducal mystique. Procope's dark, limpid clarinet in "4:30 Blues," Marshall Royal's alto sax in "Warm Valley" and the entire band on "Rockin' in Rhythm" attested to the timelessness of the Ellington legacy.

Another highlight of the evening was Paul Desmond, his gentle alto sax perfectly set off by a Canadian rhythm section including the brilliant guitarist Ed Bickert.

The Count Basie band did honor to its ailing leader in a strong set, with Nat Pierce filling in effectively at the piano. A small group featuring Basie alumni Sweets Edison, Vic Dickenson and Buddy Tate was heard from briefly. Several opportunities were missed, however: Helen Humes, who gained fame with Basie, sang with a small combo but never with the band, and Annie Ross, who had volunteered to join Jon Hendricks for a reunion, was not seen at all.

The Saturday Blues Matinee has been going downhill for several years. This time not even the mighty Jimmy Witherspoon could save it from an overriding monotony and a noisy, inattentive crowd.

Sunday's concerts will be reviewed Tuesday.

9/27

JAZZ REVIEW

Peterson in Solo Recital

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Oscar Peterson's solo recital Friday at Cerritos College was mainly a composite of the elements that have enabled him, for better than a quarter century, to represent the *ne plus ultra* of jazz piano.

Everything was there: the filigree fills and ornamentation, the buoyant changes from rubato first chorus to a swinging 4/4 in the second; the sudden outbursts of stride left hand, several of which brought applause; the funky chords in a couple of blues numbers; the ability to live up to the titles of such songs as "Con Alma" (With Soul) and "Tenderly."

And yet, subliminally, there was a sense of *deja entendu* coupled with a realization that those critics who have long lambasted Peterson for using technique too much as an end in itself, may sometimes have a point. Could it be that a little drizzle is falling on his parade of dazzle?

There were some astounding moments in a boogie-woogie left-hand passage, and others of great beauty in "Watch What Happens," his eloquent closing tune. But "Body and Soul" made excessive use of quotations from other songs, and "Caravan" was a flashy, florid segment of the Duke Ellington medley. The latter, by the way, briefly included a little-known and beautiful song by Duke which, because there was no printed program and Mr. Peterson did not deign to address the hoi polloi, will remain unidentified.

Peterson long ago passed the point where he needed to prove his self-sufficiency. A solo first half, followed by a duo or trio set, would have displayed facets of his unique ability to interact brilliantly with the talents of others.

AT MONTEREY JAZZ FESTIVAL

An International, Inter-Age Finale

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

MONTEREY—The 19th annual jazz festival ended here Sunday evening on a stage brightened by the flags of several countries, with a superlative big band, co-directed by the Japanese composer-pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi and her Philadelphia sax/flutist husband Lew Tabackin welcoming as their guest soloists a drummer from Ghana, a Yugoslavian vibraphonist, a Polish violinist and two trumpeters from Mexico and Missouri.

This was no time for barriers, either of nationality or of age. During the afternoon, an All-California High School Jazz Band had dealt confidently with several demanding arrangements by the eminent educator Ladd McIntosh. The same intense dedication had been shown Saturday when a band from Reseda High, winner of the annual school band competition, played a jazz suite powered by the talents of a new, fast rising generation. Ted Nash, the alto saxophonist, son of a noted Hollywood musician, was one of several teen-age soloists who kept the elders on their mettle.

John Lewis

The Monterey house band was joined by the Oakland Youth Symphony Strings and a small choir to interpret Jimmy Heath's "Afro American Suite to Evolution," a series of thematic vignettes that ran chronologically from African percussion through avant-garde. Predictable for the sophisticate, but a neat primer for the novitiate.

Heath also teamed with his brothers for a combo set, with Percy Heath plucking a piccolo-bass on "Watergate Blues." Jimmy blowing urgently impassioned tenor sax, and their youngest brother Albert Heath propelling them from the drums.

Matrix, composed of nine former students at Lawrence University in Appleton, Wis., made a smashing West Coast debut. As a jazz-rock group (three trumpets, two trombones, saxophone, piano, bass, drums) they logically invite comparison with Blood, Sweat & Tears; however, they are primarily instrumental, using voices only for special effects. Their arrangements are far more delicately textured, their rhythm less blatant. Overall, a stunning outfit.

A soothing, easily digestible Third Stream composition, "In Dubrovnik Way," was introduced by John Lewis, the festival's musical director. Lewis also played "Django" in a sedate communion with the fiddling Pole, Zbigniew Seifert, and with Bosko Petrovic, Yugoslavia's answer to Milt Jackson. A startlingly kinetic trombonist, Eje Thelin, brought his quartet from Sweden to present his free-jazz credentials in a rather pretentious exercise. Cal Tjader did his rhythmically bracing Latin thing with a little help from some friends, among them trumpeters Luis Gasca and Clark Terry.

The five concerts brought 31,150 paid admissions, of which 750 were for closed-circuit television to accommodate Saturday's overflow. Though musically erratic, the festival achieved its normal complement of commendable initiatives. Some overtones will resound tonight, by the way, when the Akiyoshi-Tabackin band plays at Donte's.

JAZZ—Lew Tabackin and Toshiko Akiyoshi closed the 19th Monterey Jazz Festival Sunday.

CONTEMPORARY
KEYBOARD
The Magazine For All Keyboard Players
September/October 1976
Volume 2
Number 5

Leonard Feather

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Art Tatum, Part I

Celebrated jazz author Leonard Feather, whose monumental Encyclopedia Of Jazz *and syndicated newspaper column have been read by millions, herewith begins his regular column for* CK.

—Editor

DUNCAN SCHIEDT COLLECTION

Not long ago I received for review a new book entitled *Piano*, written by Louis Kentner and published by Schirmer Books. It purported to give a history of the instrument, its development and the great artists who had played it. I looked in vain through all its 210 pages for as much as a one-line mention of Art Tatum.

Not all historians will be as myopic as Kentner. Yet it was clear throughout his adult life, as it is clear twenty years after his death, that Art Tatum had to surmount two virtually unscalable obstacles: he was black and he was a jazz musician. (No white jazz pianist, either, is discussed in *Piano*.)

It has been reported by reasonably reliable sources that Tatum's artistry was praised by Horowitz, Godowsky, and Rachmaninoff. This is relatively unimportant, for most praise of men like Tatum by so-called "classical" virtuosi has been of a patronizing, condescending nature. In the final analysis, all that matters is the evidence on Tatum's records, many of which are still available. They confirm what Duke Ellington told us, what 68 of 100 musicians questioned for an *Encyclopedia Of Jazz* poll reaffirmed by voting for him shortly before his death: that Tatum was not simply the greatest improvising jazz musician who ever lived, but demonstrably one of the most astonishing performers ever to apply himself to the piano. (Tatum always resented being pigeon-holed as a jazzman; he preferred to be thought of as a pianist, a musician, with no further qualifications.)

It has often been pointed out that technique in the playing of jazz is by no means an end in itself, and that limited players with eccentric technique (Thelonious Monk, for example) achieved something of value within their limitations. Yet Tatum remains the paramount example of the artist for whom near-total mastery of the keyboard, a speed of ideation and execution not equaled to this day, produced a style comprising both breathtaking beauty and incredible virtuosity.

How he achieved this end remains wrapped in mystery. He was born October 13, 1910, in Toledo, Ohio, the son of a mechanic who had recently moved to Ohio from North Carolina. Born totally blind in the left eye and with only slight vision in the right, he showed an early interest in music, which his family encouraged by arranging for him to receive violin lessons at the age of thirteen. It was soon afterward that he took up piano, and very few years had elapsed, according to those who were around Toledo at the time, before he had achieved an astonishing degree of control and maturity.

Clearly, Tatum's primary influences were James P. Johnson and his disciple Fats Waller, but to state this is to tell only a small fraction of the story. The British musician/critic Benny Green summed it up best: "Tatum has been the only soloist in jazz history to date who has made an attempt to conceive a style based on all styles, to master the mannerisms of all schools and then synthesize them into something personal. [This] requires miraculous technical mastery . . . a complete understanding of what other piano players have been trying to do . . . an aesthetic morality compounded of courage and imagination . . . [and] the ability to see the whole of jazz piano development in a single all-embracing context . . . , all of which Tatum has."

The first recordings that effectively presented Tatum to the public were four tunes—"St. Louis Blues," "Tiger Rag," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Tea For Two"—cut March 21, 1933, and still obtainable, along with some much later concert recordings, on *Piano Starts Here* [Columbia, CS 9655]. The characteristics that were to remain his trademarks are clearly heard: the use of substitute chords and unprecedented harmonic subtlety; the sixteenth-note runs; the super-stride interludes; and perhaps most notable of all, the feather-light articulation. Not even Oscar Peterson, the pianist most often compared with Tatum, has approached that seemingly effortless lightness of touch.

Tatum's career until the mid-1940s was confined mainly to small clubs: the pre- and post-Repeal Onyx Club on 52nd Street, where white studio musicians came to marvel at him; the Three Deuces in Chicago, where he led a small band for a year or two; and, for one brief and triumphal visit, London, where I first heard him in person, in March of 1938. It was during his engagement at Ciro's Club that he was first accorded something of the dignity due a concert artist and celebrity, for audiences in Europe already were more willing to take jazz as an art form than were their American counterparts.

During the next five years Tatum played in several Los Angeles clubs and in Kelly's Stable and Cafe Society in New York. With the mounting of the first annual *Esquire* poll, for which a board of experts was asked to vote, Tatum won the Gold (first place) award on piano and appeared in a concert I helped assemble, with an all-star band of winners, at the Metropolitan Opera House. This was his first major concert appearance, and I shall never forget the humility he displayed at rehearsals and during the show. He was perfectly content to perform as a member of the rhythm section in addition to soloing; and he took part gladly in a record session by the Esquire All Stars (last reissued on Atlantic).

Tatum was so utterly self-sufficient that some observers were horrified when he formed a trio, with Tiny Grimes on guitar and Slam Stewart on bass; yet he found a new pleasure in the often humor-tinged interplay among the three, and the arrangements they worked out on "Flyin' Home" and other standards were like nothing else in small-combo jazz. Tatum retained the trio format off and on until his death.

Tatum's idiosyncracies are legendary. He was known as an after-hours man, who would wander all night from club to club or rent party, sometimes staying up for 48 hours at a stretch, consuming heroic quantities of beer. Though obviously he could have been a superb composer, he preferred to concentrate on the standard songs of George Gershwin, Cole Porter, and Duke Ellington, or on the blues, at which he was a past master. Two memorable blues sessions, on which singer Joe Turner was also heard, have been reissued, along with 22 solo or trio tracks, on *Art Tatum Masterpieces* [MCA, 2-4019].

Art began to play concerts with some regularity in 1945, but the jazz concert phenomenon did not get under way on a grand scale until late in his life. During his last few years he enjoyed a close association with Norman Granz, who not only presented him in concerts but proceeded to record him on an open-end basis, both solo and in a variety of settings with his peers on various instruments (Benny Carter or Ben Webster, saxophones; Buddy De Franco, clarinet; Roy Eldridge, trumpet; Lionel Hampton, vibes). These were reassembled not long ago, the solos in a thirteen-LP set called *Tatum Solo Masterpieces* [Pablo, 2625-703], and the groups sessions in an eight-LP set called *Tatum Group Masterpieces* [Pablo, 2625-706].

The trouble with Tatum was that he had too much too soon. Today he could be playing nothing but concerts, would tour Japan and Europe several times annually, and might be enjoying a degree of emotional and financial security he never quite achieved. In an interview for the MCA album his widow, Mrs. Geraldine Tatum, confirmed what most of us had guessed: that Art was indeed bitter about the opportunities that had been denied him because he was black.

Toward the end, after several doctors' warnings, Tatum went on a strict diet. "As much as he liked beer," said Mrs. Tatum, "he gave it up overnight and drank orange juice. he lost a great deal of weight. Then while he was on tour, he became too ill to work and had to return home to Los Angeles. He had been suffering from uremia. He was rushed to the hospital the night of November 4, 1956, and died at 1 AM the following morning."

Horace Silver

Jean-Luc Ponty

Herbie Hancock

George Benson

JAZZ

The Missing Musicians of Monterey

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Some morning-afterthoughts:

Since it was launched in 1958, the Monterey Jazz Festival has become one of the most world-renowned and prestigious events in its field, second only to Newport in age and scope. Logically, it might be expected to convoke each year most of the artists whose work is momentous, newsworthy, influential.

On considering the performers now foremost in the public eye, checking over the lists in Billboard, observing which musicians are the subjects of articles in Down Beat and the rest of the music press, you might expect to find at a typical festival some or all of the following:

Guitarist-singer George Benson, the first musician in history to record an album that reached the top spot on the jazz, soul and pop charts; Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard, Norman Connors, Ronnie Laws, Elvin Jones, Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, Grover Washington Jr., John Klemmer, Anthony Braxton, Jean-Luc Ponty, the Crusaders, Horace Silver.

Of these 14 representative names, not a single one could be found in the talent roster at Monterey. How, you may wonder, is this possible?

There are several explanations. First, though the names above are among the hottest in jazz circles, jazz today exists in many circles—and caters to many squares—all totally removed from one another. (A promoter in Los Angeles staged a festival of traditional jazz during the same weekend, confident that his audience would not overlap with Monterey's.)

As program director for Monterey, Jimmy Lyons has relied partly on the 19-year momentum, which has enabled the organization to sell half its tickets months ahead, before the talent lineup has been announced. This enables him to indulge his personal tastes; the crossover and electronic combos for the most part seem to hold no interest for him. He is untroubled by the turbulent events that have shaken up the modern jazz community during the past 10 years. The only "now" people who have meaning for him are the high school bands and combos, winners of a competition he helped organize, who cost immeasurably less than the Bensons and Hancocks. Economics, and the fact that subsidies from governments, airlines and other sponsors have made it easy to import foreign talent, may also explain the fact that of the few professional representatives of present-day trends, most are from overseas.

The late Ralph J. Gleason, once a close friend and adviser to Lyons, became disaffected in later years, wrote bitterly about the decline of standards at Monterey, and did not even bother to attend the last two festivals before his death. Though my own feelings often paralleled Gleason's, in fairness to Lyons and to his musical director John Lewis (whose jazz stance is only a little less conservative), it should be pointed out that the Hubbards, Jarretts and Coreas can be heard all year 'round at concerts of their own.

Why, it might be asked, should Monterey lure such fashionable saxophonists as Turrentine and Klemmer when, without paying extortionate prices, it is possible to bring in a superb and long-neglected alto saxophonist like Sonny Criss, along with the less-famous but respected tenor player Benny Golson, and add them to an exciting Dizzy Gillespie jam session?

Why should Monterey shell out thousands for some top-selling R&B unit, masquerading as a jazz group, when it can serve to introduce the public to John Harmon's Matrix, an extraordinary jazz/rock band that turned out to be the surprise hit of the festival?

Why, as long as the weekend winds up in the black anyway, should Lyons bring in the French violinist Jean-Luc Ponty, who has all but given up on jazz, when he can arrange for the U.S. debut of Zbigniew Siefert, a Polish violinist who sounds like a cross between Ponty in his jazz days and Stephane Grappelli?

And who but Lyons would have the courage to devote part of an afternoon to the presentation of a commercially dubious project such as Jimmy Heath's Afro-American Suite of Evolution, for which he supplied Heath with an augmented orchestra, strings, choir and such guest soloists as Gillespie and Joe Turner?

In the final analysis, with the exception of such monster exhibitions as Newport/New York, most festivals to some degree reflect the personal predilections of the businessmen who stage them. That is why the fast-growing Summer Festival arranged by Carl Jefferson, a jazz fan in Concord, Calif., has been untarnished by any hint of the selling out of principles. Lyons' motivations may be more calculatedly commercial (he is, after all, responsible to a board of directors), but the typical Monterey patron is likely to go home fulfilled and will surely return next year. He has been exposed to musicians he might otherwise never have heard. Because of Lyons' interest in the swing era, big bands and the blues, the young fan invariably learns a little about the history of jazz.

A festival that ignores so much of the contemporary scene is not immune to criticism. It seems only logical that two or three big names of the Hancock and Benson variety would fill those empty seats at the Friday and Sunday night shows, and with little or no betrayal of musical value. Yet Lyons' policy, which so often seems like a grab-bag lack of policy, has more plus than minus points going for it.

At a time in the evolution of jazz when so many musicians' ears, along with those of their managers, are firmly attuned to the sound of the cash register, we need a Monterey, warts and all, to enable us to keep some sort of contact with artistic realities.


14 Pt IV—Fri., Sept. 24,

AT THE CABA

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HOLLYWOOD
★CINERAMA DOME
CALLED HORSE(PG)
★PANTAGES
BURNT OFFERINGS(PG)
★HOLLYWOOD PACIFIC
DOUBLEHEAD(PG)
★PIX
BATTLE(PG) BUG(PG)
★WORLD
1. Search for Spock(PG) 2. Invasion of Bloodsuckers 3. Tales From Crypt(PG)
★VINE
POM POM GIRLS(R) CANNONBALL(PG)
BEVERLY HILLS WEST L.A.
BEVERLY HILLS DEATH(PG) MURDER BY
WILSHIRE
★WILTERN
SEARCH
WESTCHE
PARADISE
THE
WHITTIER
WHITTWOOD

AT THE CABARET

Carmen McRae in Top Form

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A building on So. La Cienega that has been through many incarnations over the years reopened this month as the Cabaret, a three-ring operation with disco, piano bar and a large, circular entertainment lounge. That this week's attraction in the major room is Carmen McRae would seem to indicate a policy that will offer meaningful alternatives to the rock clubs.

Although the McRae voice has long been identified with jazz, her last couple of albums have shown her in a transitional stage, finding songs and arrangements of interest to the contemporary audience without any sacrifice of musical principles.

Her first set Wednesday, running more than an hour, was about evenly divided between standard, jazz and recent pop material. James Taylor's "Music" was not the best possible opener, partly due to a rhythm section that was no match for the orchestral setting on her album. "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," the first jazz number sung, found pianist Marshall Ottawell playing an improvised chorus almost as if he were reading it. (Ottwell possibly was less to blame than the tinny sound produced by poor miking.) With Ed Bennett on Fender bass, and with drummer Joey Baron often playing too loud, this trio sometimes did more to impede than improve the overall effect.

Still, McRae rose above it all. On the pop tunes such as "A Song for You" and Bernard Ighner's wittily accusative "You Know Who You Are," she was in superb form and Ottwell seemed more at ease. "Only Women Bleed" (which she said she had heard on an Alice Cooper 45) has the kind of lyric from which Carmen can extract every ounce of meaning.

She flirted sardonically with the blues, an idiom Carmen rarely touches, in the vintage Bessie Smith hit "Tain't Nobody's Business." As the set hopscotched across decades and idioms her unique timbre and her musician's sense of harmony brought subtle melodic changes to every number.

The closer, after a nod to the perennial request for "Alfie," was "Can't Hide Love," which she dedicated to "Earth Wind and Fire, my favorite pop group." Despite throat problems induced, she said, by an air conditioner at her Tuesday opening, she remained typically relaxed throughout the show. Her casual, earthy rap between songs left no doubt about that.

She closes Sunday. Coming next week: Julie Budd.

Music Journal, September 1976

THE JOURNAL REVIEWS

THE PLEASURES OF JAZZ by Leonard Feather (200 pp., Horizon Press, New York, $7.95).

This collection of short takes, grouped under the headings "Happenings," "Old Masters," "Big Bandsmen," "Voices," "Combo Leaders" and "Other Pleasures," largely derives from a column written for the Los Angeles *Times* between 1966 and 1975. Feather is probably now the most experienced commentator on the jazz scene, and his scope is very broad.

Thus there are all kinds of insights into a great variety of subjects, the artists interviewed ranging from Mahalia Jackson to Herbie Hancock, from Dizzy Gillespie to Romano Mussolini (pianist-son of the late dictator). Together, they reveal a great deal about the jazz sector of what is so rightly called the "music business." Says Hoagy Carmichael: "If I were unknown, and if I brought *Stardust* or *Lazy River* or *Rockin' Chair* to a record company today, as unfamiliar material, I wouldn't get past the front door."

There are sixteen pages of photographs and an introduction by Benny Carter, an old friend of the author's. —*Dance*

AT KING ARTHUR

Bill Holman Plays Swing Music

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The orchestras of Stan Kenton, Count Basie, Woody Herman and several others would seem to have little in common, yet there is a noteworthy link. When any of them plays an arrangement by Bill Holman, the ensemble takes on the personality of the writer. Why, then, should there not be a band led by Holman himself, with a library of his own music?

For the past couple of years this logical step has been an occasional reality, most often at King Arthur's in Canoga Park, where Holman appeared Saturday. Inevitably, the personnels of these semi-organized units tend to fluctuate, but the musicians Holman selects, even last-minute subs, put as much intensity into the reading of his charts as is called for by the exigencies of his writing.

The 18-man unit swings jubilantly down Big Band Boulevard, with the nostaliga exorcists to the right of it and such texture-oriented composers as Toshiko Akiyoshi to the left. The occasional rock score ("Superstar") is an exception; his own compositions, and the unconventional treatment of standards ("Swing Low, Sweet Chariot") ("Airegin") are the rule.

The typical Holman arrangement draws on swing era resources—the saxophones, for instance, rarely double on flutes—but he expands them with the help of a melodic intelligence and orchestrational ingenuity, employed within this traditional framework. Though essentially the band is a mirror of his personality, Holman's soloists are numerous and generally capable.

Bill Stapleton, on trumpet, Dave Frishberg on piano and Bob Enevoldsen on valve trombone supplied the most personal sounds. The sax section is strong as a unit, but in terms of individual cooking it's on the medium-rare side.

Holman has never led a group that neglected to swing. He is buttressed in his efforts by a powerful five-man rhythm team—piano, guitar, bass, Latin percussion, and the all-purpose drummer, Nick Ceroli, securely in the driver's seat.

The degree of precision and the sense of involvement the band generates are remarkable in the light of its sporadic existence. A man of Holman's talent should be subsidized and enabled to keep his band together; but since we are not living in Utopia, he will reorganize for the same location Oct. 22. Better a one-night stand for a receptive crowd at King Arthur's than a rehearsal hall at the "Union."

JAZZ REVIEW

Expectations Avoids Cliches

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

John B. Williams, whose sextet is known as Expectations, led a happy congregation through a guided tour of music in the latest free Sunday concert at Ford Theater.

In addition to operating on a half dozen personal levels (he plays upright bass, Fender bass, cello, sitar, percussion, and composes all the music), Williams touches enough idiomatic bases to keep your ears on their toes.

The first half of the program consisted of two long pieces: "Reevaluation," a complex affair involving long and sometimes wearing passages without a steady pulse; and the rockish, uptempo "Saturn's Child," introduced on soprano sax by Ernie Watts in a vein reminiscent of Wayne

Watts, though given to excesses when he blew a long unaccompanied solo on tenor sax, is a commanding and highly emotional performer, as is Milcho Leviev, the brilliant Bulgarian who plays anything in sight that has black and white keys. The surprise of the day, however, was

JAZZ SEXTET

Continued from 7th Page

Billy Rogers. A former member of Ronnie Laws' group, he has assimilated and skillfully combined some of the best elements of jazz and rock guitar.

"As Above, So Below" was borderline Braziliana, in 6/4, with Williams on acoustic bass and Leviev extracting flutelike effects from a keyboard. Most attractive of all was the classically beautiful "To Marian With Love," played as a duet by Williams on arco cello and Leviev on acoustic piano.

Williams' music, with its wild swings from the aesthetic to the energetic, is often though not always successful, rarely lapsing into sterility and never into cliches.

AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

Adderley Quintet in Local Debut

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Nat Adderley Quintet, organized by the cornetist four months ago, is making its local debut this week at Concerts by the Sea in a double bill with the Heath Brothers Quartet.

Adderley wisely decided not to assemble a combo too close in style to that of his late brother and partner, Julian (Cannonball). Perhaps symbolically, the opening number was a tune called "Don't Look Back." The young jazzmen he has assembled see to it that this advice is followed.

John Stubblefield, who plays tenor and soprano saxophones in an emotionally charged manner, has also contributed, as a composer, such exotic pieces as "Amer Sonador." Onaje Allen Gumbs is another newcomer whose potential is evident, though his extemporaneous solo specialty, characterized by Adderley as "instant composition," had the same lack of substance as certain instant foods.

Adderley was at peak form orally and instrumentally, when he reminisced about his childhood in Florida and played his blues-drenched "Hummin'," inspired by memories of those days. He remains one of the handful of horn players who have managed to combine pure jazz, gutty material and commercial appeal. There is no electronic self-indulgence. Completing the group are Fernando Gumbs, the pianist's cousin, on fender bass, and an explosive drummer named Buddy Williams.

The Heath Brothers, reviewed a while back at the Lighthouse, play with a maturity toward which the younger Adderley men are still aspiring. Spending a set with

Thundering Ovations Mark Lively Jazz Sessions In Colorado Marathon

By LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times

COLORADO SPRINGS—It began Saturday afternoon with trumpeter Pee-Wee Erwin, trombonist Trummy Young and a combo of seven kindred souls re-exploring the wizened but hardy lines of "Royal Garden Blues."

It ended Monday evening with a madhouse wrapup for which some 30 musicians were shoehorned onto the stage to answer the musical question "Perdido?" (The reply: "Si!")

In between, there had been 30 hours of improvised music by 51 hand-picked musicians (no organized groups) and a single singer (female). There was a total, I would guess, of close to 50 standing ovations, most of them deserved.

In other words, the annual private jazz party, staged by Dick Gibson, was similar to the 13 that had preceded it. Admission to the five marathon jam sessions now costs $250 per couple; additionally, except for those who live in Colorado Springs, there are the meals, drinks and hotel room costs at the Broadmoor, in whose crystal chandeliered ballroom the blues and stomps resonate.

For Gibson's patrons, still held to a limit of ten, the expensive weekend is justified by their inability, all year round, to hear any comparable music, or in some instances any jazz at all. ("This is my annual shot of adrenalin," a Nebraska lawyer said. "Back home it's strictly musical starvation.")

But this year's gathering in one respect differed notably from its predecessors. Gibson at last has realized his ambition to have the party filmed.

Budgeted at $400,000, an amount by 16 investors, all of whom are jazz fans, the documentary will be called "The Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party." Hal Graham of Los Angles is the executive producer, Gibson and his wife, Maddie, are producers.

"We really did it right," said Gibson. "We brought in a crew of 22, headed by our director and head photographer, Vilis Lapenieks, who was the cinematographer for the Oscar-winning documentary "The Hellstrom Chronicle." The film, which will run one hour and 45 minutes, will be shown in movie theatres, and on television; and since it was recorded in 16 channel sound, we'll be able to release some superb albums."

Though the film essentially will be a documentary, a dozen brief scenes were staged to lend special touches of color. Most seemed innocuous enough. Cornetist Ruby Braff was filmed, in a 1928 Ford, careening onto the sidewalk outside the Gibsons' Denver home, leaping out and engaging in a battle of horns with Clark Terry.

Two saxophonists stepped onto the third-floor balcony of a house across the street to serenade the arriving jazzmen and wives. Confetti and streamers were supplied. These and other attempts to render the movie more visual weren't theatricality, but rather exclamations of the good vibes invariably felt on these sociomusical occasions. Old friends meet, perhaps for the only time in a year, possible for the last time (a member of the ceremonies last year was the late Bobby Hackett).

Possibly because they were aware of being documented for posterity by cameras, the men (and the Bessie Smithsonian black singer Carrie Smith) were more than ever on the qui vive.

GIBSON'S INSURANCE policy is the rounding up of trumpeters such as Clark Terry, Joe Newman and Billy Butterfield; trombonists such as Carl Fontana, Frank Rosolino, Vic Dickenson and Al Grey; a saxophone contingent involving Benny Carter, Phil Woods, Zoot Sims, Flip Phillips, Buddy Tate; clarinetists Buddy De Franco and Peanuts Hucko; violinist Joe Venuti (who became so excited that he even played during Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite," a song two or three generations his junior); guitarists Herb Ellis and Bucky Pizzarelli, and an ever-shifting, always inspiring rhythm section drawn from a pool of eight pianists, seven drummers and six bassists.

The weekend reached its insurmountable peak during the Saturday evening session. Jon Faddis, a Gillespie-inspired trumpeter who was only 18 when he came to prominence with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra, played the Jones composition "A Child Is Born," a waltz of such sublime eloquence that simply to listen to the melody is a rare experience. But Faddis has reached that point of maturity at which a few grace notes here, a sudden flurry of arpeggios there, added just enough embellishment to merge his personality with the composer's.

Continued on page 24

Jazz Marathon Brings Fans to Feet—Often

Continued from page 15

EUBIE BLAKE, who is as old as the ragtime piano art itself, followed, playing "Charleston Rag," which he said he composed in 1899. "Composed, not wrote—because I could only read music then, I couldn't write it down."

Gibson then had the inspired notion of putting the two men together. Unlike many young jazzmen, Faddis, well versed in the jazz repertory, was familiar with "Memories of You," which Eubie Blake wrote in 1930. Blake smiled wistfully as Faddis brought to the song a few flourishes indicative of his tutelage under Dizzy; yet at the same time there was a pristine, almost Armstrong-like purity. (Mrs. Armstrong, an annual visitor, was in the audience.)

It was a poignant and flawless performance. Time seemed suspended, and when it was over, Gibson reminded us that when Jon Faddis was born, Eubie Blake was 70 years old.

Eubie today is no doddering valetudinarian; after all, he will not hit 94 until next February. But the fact that a musician of 23 can join with someone old enough to be his great-grandfather in an act of spontaneous creativity says something about the unifying power of jazz that can't be applied to any other music I have ever heard.

THERE WERE other, less spectacular triumphs; Benny Carter, renowned for his elegant alto sax, proving himself no less personal and affecting as a trumpeter; Dick Hyman and Roger Kellaway, who meet only once a year in Colorado, playing two grand pianos as if they had been honing the act for years. Trummy Young, who toured for 11 years with Louis Armstrong and who flies in annually from his Honolulu home, sang "Hello, Dolly!" and Satchmo's "Someday," prompting Lucille Armstrong to kiss every musician onstage.

With sounds and scenes like these, surely not much fictionalization will be needed. The party invariably speaks in a language more accessible to potentially larger audiences than anything previously attempted in the limited history of jazz on film. If it isn't a winner, an unaware public will be the heavy loser; but every indication points to success.

Like other wise men before him, Gibson has come up with the right idea at the right moment. After 13 years as the most closely guarded special event of its kind, it is high time for "The Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party" to go public.

JAZZ

Dizzy Gillespie: Appreciation of the new talent; concern for the fate of the older musicians.

Gillespie a Not-So-Dizzy Oracle

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• John Birks Gillespie was in Hollywood for a few days recently, primarily for the taping of a new album. As is his custom, he devoted most of his spare time to fraternizing with old acquaintances and speculating in a far from dizzy manner on America's social and musical future.

Due shortly to enter his 60th year, Dizzy shows an undiminished degree of enthusiasm and involvement. Typically, during the taping of a Dinah Shore television program on which he was a guest, he heard a little-known member of the show's staff orchestra, saxophonist Ray Pizzi, play a brief solo—not too brief to impress Dizzy, who promptly invited him to take part in the recording session. "I've been walking on air ever since," said Pizzi, a 33-year-old Bostonian who for the past decade has been trying to break into the jazz major leagues, working briefly with Woody Herman, Willie Bobo and Louis Bellson. "All Dizzy heard me do on Dinah's show was one 25-second spot, and now he's talking about taking me to Europe! I can't believe my luck."

"Oooooh, did he play!" said Gillespie. "This was one of the most exciting sessions I've made in years. Along with Ray I had Paulinho Da Casta, the Brazilian percussionist, and my regular quartet. For the first time ever, I overdubbed a solo, playing a duet with myself.

"My new guitarist, Rodney Jones, is incredible. He was studying with John Lewis at City College in New York, played with Chico Hamilton for a while and then joined me, a few months ago, at the age of 19."

Along with his eagerness to root out new or hidden talent, Gillespie is deeply concerned about the fate of older musicians who have fallen on hard times. "Some of the men I used to play with in my big band days wound up taking day jobs as guards in a post office or a bank—men like Hilton Jefferson, the great saxophonist, who worked with me in Cab Calloway's band, and Dickie Wells, the trombonist, who was in a band I went to Europe with in 1937 when I was 19. There should be grants and subsidies for men of that caliber.

"The Mellons and the Carnegies have contributed so much to the support of classical music. What have they done for our own American music?" Gillespie chuckled as he was reminded of a recent encounter. "I played at a country club in Pittsburgh. There must have been 75, 80 millionaires in that room, and we could get everything we wanted to eat and drink—but no socializing. I was reminded of that classical pianist—Horowitz, wasn't it?—and the dowager who asked him how much he'd want to play a short private recital for her. Just to get rid of her he asked for $5,000. She jumped at it; 'But just one thing,' she said, 'you will not mingle with the guests.' 'Well, in that case,' he replied, 'my fee will be $2,500.'"

Government subsidy did play a role in Gillespie's career; in a precedent-setting move, a tour was arranged in which he took a big band under State Department auspices through the Middle East and Latin America. But that was 20 years ago, and the band was unable to survive for long on domestic soil. It broke up in 1960 and economic realities have forced him to travel only with a small group ever since.

"I'd organize a big band if I could have it without the headaches that come with leadership. Once in a while I may do a gig in New York and I'll get Billy Mitchell, the sax player who was my musical director in 1956, to put it together for me."

Gillespie, unlike Miles Davis, Donald Byrd and Freddie Hubbard and other trumpeters who have been seduced by the crossover lure, continues to play with an unswerving devotion to the style that established him a generation ago as the cofounder, with Charlie Parker, of the apocalyptic bebop movement. But he cautiously avoids denouncing current trends.

"There's a place on the scene for wah-wah pedals and all these other devices. We're in the age of electronics. Who is to say what is and what isn't natural? They're made available for a special effect, and if you dig the effect, use it; if not, forget it.

"Each generation has its heroes. I'm glad that there are some youngsters, like Jon Faddis, who listen to my style and are influenced by it. But Jon wasn't trying to go back to the roots—he just happened to like the way I play. I have a tape of some things we played together, and he's phenomenal. I don't know how he does it, but he somehow knows when I'm going to play a certain idea, and he's right there behind me."

The Gillespie who roves the world in 1976 is more reflective and relaxed than the comedian most audiences tend to see onstage. Behind the clown's mask he is a man who clings devoutly to the Baha'i religion he espoused a few years ago, who shares an Englewood, N.J., home with the same ex-showgirl he met at the Apollo Theater and married in 1940.

A while back he was invited to address a joint session of the legislature in his native South Carolina (he was born in Cheraw). "I got my whole speech out of a Baha'i book. In the Baha'i life we have a beautiful concept of economics. The solution to the economic problems of this age is predicated on the relative strength of the protagonists; whichever side is stronger, that's where the wealth goes; it's not according to what is just."

Gillespie speaks neither as a bitter man (he has a degree of financial security) nor as a soapbox orator, but rather as an acute observer who believes in the universality of his own philosophy and his music. "When I go to England, part of England becomes mine, because I am an earthling, and God makes no distinction between nations."

Though not yet ready to step aside, he has made preparations for retirement: "I bought an acre just 25 miles away from Nice, and eventually I'll build a home and settle there. I did it at the suggestion of my old friend and drummer Kenny Clarke, who has some land right next to mine."

Because Gillespie today seems to be reaching new creative peaks, it is reasonable to assume that the day when he deserts us must still be quite remote. Louis Armstrong, when he was about Gillespie's present age, told me quite seriously of his plans to retire to, of all places, Las Vegas; by the same token, like Satch and all the others who have felt the urge to express themselves, Gillespie will surely be with us as long as his embouchure holds out.

AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

Pan-Afrikan Arkestra: Broad in Scope

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Composer Horace Tapscott and his Pan-Afrikan People's Arkestra (sic) were presented Monday at Concerts by the Sea under the auspices of the UGMAA Foundation. The acronym stands for Union of God's Musicians and Artists Ascension, a nonprofit group active since 1962 in encouraging black youngsters to pursue musical careers.

Tapscott's 18-piece group is as broad in its musical scope as in its age span. Wendell Williams, who plays French horn, is 17; the talented flutist, Adele Sebastian, around whom the charming "Desert Fairy Princess" was fashioned by composer Jesse Sharps, just turned 20. Across the spectrum are Tapscott, 42, and his perennial bassist, David Bryant, a confirmed quinquagenarian.

Most of the harmonically intriguing music during the long set heard was written by Sharps or by Lester Robertson. The band has an odd setup: Six saxophones and three flutes are stretched across the front line, with three brass, three percussion and two bass in the background.

Possibly because of their physical sprawl or because of inexperience, the reeds had occasional intonation problems, and the sound at times was muddy and ragged. Using no music stands, Tapscott's performers have committed to memory such demanding pieces as "Eternal Egypt," written by saxophonist Ernest Fuwasi Roberts, and trombonist Robertson's "Lately Solo," a variation on "Milestones."

Sharps, who joined the band 10 years ago at the age of 14, summoned up an evocative Mexican mood with his soprano sax on John Coltrane's "Ole." Tapscott, in his brief solos, steered a judicious course between Horace Silver and Cecil Taylor.

The band's impact could gain from the use of fewer and shorter solos and written passages to back them up. The pattern of theme followed by endless blowing choruses ending with reprise of theme is somewhat outmoded. Besides, the group spirit and energy count for more than any individual contribution.

The Arkestra already offers something that is, as Tapscott has said, "Contributive, not competitive." For that reason alone it merits wider recognition, and Howard Rumsey deserves credit for giving it this exposure.

Norman Connors appears at Concerts by the Sea through Sunday.

Monterey Bay Hot Jazz Society: Hot Notes, Oct. 1976

BOOK REVIEW by Ned Brundage

THE PLEASURES OF JAZZ by Leonard Feather
Horizon Press, N.Y.

Looking at this newly released work we can avoid the cliche "Leonard Feather has done it again" if we consider the "it" as another fine book carefully planned, skillfully written and packed with information covering all the many aspects of jazz and its people because this book, like "pure" jazz, was not planned ahead, not written as a book and most of the considerable jazz knowledge it contains just "happened" during interviews or was "improvised" as the author wrote articles for Cavalier, Genesis, Melody Maker and the Los Angeles Times.

Leonard lets jazz great, Benny Carter, play the introduction to "The Pleasures of Jazz" and then lays down a thing called "Overview" (Twenty Years of Jazz) before he modulates to a selection of his previously published work to create a chord structure of chapters called "HAPPENINGS", "OLD MASTERS", "BIG BANDSMEN", "VOICES", "COMBO LEADERS" and "OTHER PLEASURES".

The book gives an impressive quantity of the pleasures it promises. It also presents some of the pains and perplexities connected with jazz. The pains are those caused by bigotry against blacks, expressed (and hopefully felt) in many of the interviews with musicians of every color. The perplexities are caused by the extensive range of which or what music should be classified as jazz and the problem of deciding who does or doesn't play it.

But the book is mostly about the joys of jazz and the music and its people.

The positioning of the fine photographs is an innovative joy. They start at the beginning (on the first page after opening the cover) and are continued at the back of the book. This solves a reader's problem presented by most books..Shall I look at the pictures or continue reading on page 169?

Those unfortunates who can't read will enjoy the photos (some by Ed Lawless who has contributed to "Hot Notes"). The rest of you can start on page 17 and dig the pictures whenever. (A bargain at $7.95)

JAZZ

Singer Annie Ross Back on the Scene

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• It doesn't seem too long ago that Lambert, Hendricks & Ross was as indivisible a phrase as Nina, Pinta & Santa Maria.

The trio, singing Jon Hendricks' words set to what had been recorded as improvised instrumental jazz solos, was called "the hottest new group in jazz"—as indeed they were for five years, until Annie Ross left to settle in her native England. Her replacement was barely adequate. Then in 1964 Dave Lambert, who called himself "the world's oldest bebop singer" (at 46), quit to settle in New York.

Just 10 years ago last Sunday, Oct. 3, 1966, Lambert was killed in a freeway accident. Since then, L, H & R had been not much more than a memory—until Ken Ehrlich, a jazz-wise TV producer for PBS in Chicago, having conceived the idea for a program called "Sing Me a Jazz Song," brought in Hendricks and Ms. Ross from London. Two kindred vocal souls, Leon Thomas and Eddie Jefferson, were added.

"It was a ball," Ms. Ross said, poolside in Southern California where she was raised in the 1930s with her aunt, the late singer Ella Logan, and where she stopped off for a few weeks to visit friends after the Chicago taping. "We did 'Goin' to Chicago' just the way it was on our recording with Joe Williams and Count Basie; and we did 'Little Pony,' which the Pointer Sisters revived, and then Jon wrote a kind of suite taking us through all the jazz eras.

"It wasn't just a memory lane trip; as long as the feeling is fresh, the quality doesn't diminish."

The concept developed by L, H & R was not picked up by any other group after the disbandment. Ms. Ross, radiant and cool and more redheaded than ever, tossed her head and said without a trace of boasting: "It isn't an easy thing to do and I don't believe anybody else did it as well as we did. It's tough to get words to a long jazz solo. Jon is marvelous; he sits down and writes lyrics as if he were writing a letter; his brain works so fast that it's fantastic to watch him."

The demise of the vocalese genre did not impede the career of Annie Ross, whose life has been a hopscotch of locations and avocations: English born, a Beverly Hills teen-ager, an Our Gang comedienne, a singer, dramatic actress and musical comedy star in London and Paris in the late 1940s, a vocalese pioneer herself in 1952 when, living in New York, she wrote and recorded lyrics for a Wardell Gray sax solo, "Twisted" (reincarnated 20 years later by Bette Midler and Joni Mitchell).

"There isn't much call for jazz singing in London—the English public loves those old Glenn Miller arrangements, and the recent star at the Palladium was Johnny Ray. So I've been more and more into acting, which I really enjoy; after all, acting is an extension of singing, or vice versa. I played, would you believe, a failed sex symbol in 'Kennedy's Children'—the part that Shirley Knight Hopkins played in the States.

"I did a part as a cockney in a movie, sang in the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, did Brecht's 'Seven Deadly Sins' with the Royal Ballet—that was a trip!

"Club owners in England think of a jazz singer as someone terribly hip and far out, and scat singing all the time."

Although Britain has supplied the United States with a few exceptional exports (Miles Davis discovered bassist Dave Holland and guitarist John McLaughlin during visits to England), they are rule-proving exceptions, according to Ms. Ross.

"You may be able to find a good drummer here and a bassist there—good, but not inspiring. Also it's very difficult to get an accompanist, as opposed to a piano player. In England the field is smaller, there's very little competition and the chances are negligible that I can get three equally capable musicians in the same rhythm section.

"After the taping in Chicago, I realized that I had been trying to put it out of my mind, the great difference between a British and an American rhythm section. This was such a treat, and the whole afternoon was so fabulous, that I wept."

That an Englishwoman could have exercised a decisive influence on the course of jazz singing is doubtful.

on faintly British overtones. "It's really weird. When I'm over here I feel very American; when I'm home I feel very British and when I'm in France I feel very French." She paused. "But I guess when you come right down to it, I really do feel American."

Perhaps before long there may be actions to match these words. Since her marriage to a British actor broke up a year or so ago, she has had no indissoluble ties to Britain. Years have gone by without an offer from a recording company.

Bill Heitz, who took over from Ken Ehrlich to produce and direct "Sing Me a Jazz Song," said: "Let's see what happens for Annie after the show has been aired." (The program, a part of the "Soundstage" series, will be seen on most PBS stations at 8 p.m., Oct. 25.) His hope, like mine, is that Annie Ross will decide to resume her life as a part of the U.S. musical scene she abandoned too many years ago. With a bottomless supply of American rhythm sections on which to draw, she might never have to weep again.

AT PLAYBOY CLUB

Maxine Weldon Amid Alien Corn

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Is Maxine Weldon kidding?

Not in the least, although that is the inference that might be drawn by those of us who have followed her career since she came to town in 1970. Anyone who has predilections based on her typical performances in earlier years had better enter Playboy Club's Playroom protected by a shock absorber.

The fact is that country and western music, once employed discreetly to add a dash of variety to her sets, has become the predominant element. She has even added a steel guitarist to her already dumb, countrified rhythm section; she sings songs with a lyrical depth of the Los Angeles River during a drought, and makes remarks like, "I want you all to get together and give me a little country clapping."

It is like going to hear a concert by a virtuoso violinist only to find her playing the banjo. But Maxine Weldon, who was born in Oklahoma and swears she believes in what she's doing, is determined to become the female Pride of Nashville.

Her backup singer, a Miss I. J. Routen, adds a further touch of corn in the two-part harmony passages, but she is a talented composer ("Sounds and Smells of Home"), and generally remains unobtrusive.

Some of Weldon's best standards are still in her book, but the kindergarten motions of the rhythm section on "Try a Little Tenderness" serve only to contradict the title and intent. Unchanged, fortunately, are Weldon's range and power, her irresistible smile and admirable taste in gowns. Her striking appearance, however, is utterly at odds with material that would be better suited to Mary Hartman's friend Loretta Haggers.

She will remain at the Playroom through Oct. 31. After that, what—a week at the Palomino?

TV GUIDE

Wednesday

AFTERNOON-EVENING

OCTOBER 13, 1976

the set of the Penguin's new movie. Penguin: Burgess Meredith.
22 LOS ASTROS TE GUIAN
24 MISTER ROGERS
28 SESAME STREET
36 PTL CLUB—Religion
40 ONE WAY GAME—Children
42 I SPY—Adventure
Part 1. In Florence, Kelly and Scott match wits with a gang of thieves who are after an American girl's family heirloom, a priceless Da Vinci painting. Kelly: Robert Culp. Scott: Bill Cosby. (60 min.)
50 ELECTRIC COMPANY—Children
52 KIMBA—Cartoon
58 INFINITY FACTORY—Children
5:05 22 CINE UNIVERSAL
5:30 3 ADAM-12—Crime Drama
The officers aid the mother of a missing child. Reed: Kent McCord. Malloy: Martin Milner. Patricia Filmore: Alma Platt. Benton: Lester Mathews. Mrs. O'Neill: Coleen Gray.
11 MONKEES—Comedy
Peter tries to prove that his pals' bank heist was all an accident.
13 SUPERMAN—Adventure
Gangsters steal a device that convinces people they are upside down. George Reeves. Lois: Noel Neill. Perry: John Hamilton.
24 LILIAS, YOGA AND YOU
30 FILM
34 LO IMPERDONABLE
40 BEHIND THE SCENES
50 VILLA ALEGRE—Children
52 ULTRA MAN—Science Fiction
58 ZOOM—Children
5:45 40 THE WORD—Religion
5:55 40 DAY BY DAY—Dick Mills

EVENING

6:00 2 12 CBS NEWS—Walter Cronkite
3 ABC NEWS—Reasoner/Walters
4 7 36 42 NEWS
5 NHL HOCKEY
Kings vs. the Maple Leafs at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. (Live)
9 GUNSMOKE—Western
Only a young thief knows a fatal trap has been set for Matt. (60 min.)
11 PARTRIDGE FAMILY—Comedy
"My Son, the Feminist" finds fem lib hitting the Partridges.
13 ADAM-12—Crime Drama
Trini Lopez plays a ghetto priest trying to prevent a gang war.
24 CHILD DEVELOPMENT
28 ELECTRIC COMPANY—Children
30 SPRING STREET USA
Former Miss America Vonda Kay Van Dyke discusses her religious beliefs and sings "New Kind of Happiness."
34 NOTICIERO
40 WONDER OF THE WORD —Religion
50 FOODS FOR THE MODERN FAMILY
52 LITTLE RASCALS—Comedy HW
"Boxing Gloves." An unlikely boxing match between Joe and Chubby.
58 UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS
As James' health improves, his marriage continues to deteriorate in this final episode of the season. James: Simon Williams. (Repeat; 60 min.)
6:30 2 DINAH!
Tony Bennett; Woody Herman; jazz pianists Leonard Feather and Chick Corea; and trumpet player Dizzy Gillespie. Songs include "Long, Long

A-94 TV GUIDE

Wednesday

EVENING

Journey" (Woody); "Autu
(Tony); "Summertime" (
"St. Louis Blues" (All) (9

It's easy to make too much of it, but you sense that something is up when a collegiate bar with a name like Dirty Nellie's Irish Pub West (in northwest suburban Palatine) gives up its Sunday night folk singers and bagpipe players for a 19-piece band called the Jazz Consortium.

The kids, who fill a room twice the size of the one in which the band made its debut last year, whistle and cheer for arrangements by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Thad Jones, and Maynard Ferguson and for some spirited "charts" by the young bandsmen themselves. But more than once I've been asked to explain that the instruments in the front row are saxophones and those in the back are trumpets and flugelhorns.

For new jazz fans especially, but for old ones too, there is good news in the publication of the "new revised, up-to-date edition" of Leonard Feather's *The Book Of Jazz from Then to Now* (Dell, $1.95). Feather, a student of jazz long before most of the kids at Nellie's were born, wrote the first edition of this book in 1957 and has revised it twice since. He does nothing but write about jazz and hang out with the musicians, and he knows a lot.

The book is sensibly conceived and organized, beginning with the history of jazz, including much-disputed theories about its roots in the 19th century. Among other perceptive observations, Feather points out that "jazz is a social, not racial, music. It was the segregated American Negro, not 'the Negro,' who contributed most of its essential characteristics."

The next 16 chapters concern the instruments, the sounds, the performers: who played what instrument or led what band, furthered its development as a jazz voice, and how it happened. There is little biography—for that there are other books; the emphasis is on the music itself.

Maynard Ferguson

Part 3 is devoted to the anatomy of improvisation, the theory of jazz harmonies and rhythms. Without a few music lessons you might find this pretty murky. But if you can read music and know what jazz sounds like, you will know better why it sounds that way.

The book ends with the obligatory chapter on the future of jazz. It contains more questions than answers.

Unfortunately, Feather sometimes writes with his knees and elbows. It's annoying to read on page 109 that alto saxophonist Pete Brown's "small wheezy tone and light timbre were a main source of inspiration for Paul Desmond" and on the next page read that Desmond's alto is "light in texture and pure in tone."

But as Feather admits — a little too readily — trying to describe with words the dry, ascetic beauty of a Miles Davis improvisation is as hazardous as trying to explain English grammar by playing a trumpet solo.

Unless you listen to jazz, and there's more opportunity to do so now than at any time in the last 15 years, Feather's book won't be of much value. But then if you don't, why would you want to read it in the first place?

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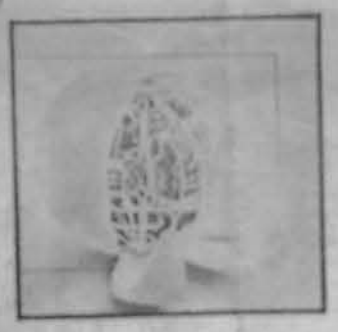
The Gun by Henry S.

43



JAZZ

The American Idiom With an Accent

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• It is noteworthy, though hardly astonishing in these days of instant communication, that among the recent albums most worthy of discussion are those recorded under respective leadership of a Jamaican pianist, a Japanese guitarist, a Cuban bandleader, a Canadian piano virtuoso, and other keyboard artists in Germany and France. Much has been written about the exportation of our native American art form; less is said concerning what is becoming a mass reimportation.

Monty Alexander began playing the piano in Kingston, Jamaica, at the age of 4. He was in his teens, working in Miami, when Jilly Rizzo heard him and installed him at Jilly's as a regular attraction. For Alexander, American jazz has provided more warmth than Jamaican sunshine; basking in its glow, he has become one of the new generation's more successful eclectics.

In "Love and Sunshine" (BASF G-22620), he is supported by Ernest Ranglin, an accomplished guitarist friend from Kingston, and by a German bassist and an English drummer. The opening track, a blues composed by Milt Jackson (with whom Alexander has often worked), establishes his credentials as a master of this peculiarly American idiom. Charlie Parker's "Now's the Time," also a blues, reinforces the point. But Alexander's ethnic background and his subsequent influences are most admirably displayed in "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," a masterful eight-minute nonconcerto that makes intermittent use of calypso rhythms. Other influences are at work, from bebop to classical impressionism. The eclecticism pays off. If there were such a potion as a Monty Alexander cocktail, it would consist of three parts Oscar Peterson, two parts Ahmad Jamal and a teaspoon of George Shearing, with dashes of Debussy and Michel Legrand (another of the better tracks is "Summer of '42"). Three and a half stars.

Mention of Oscar Peterson brings to mind a fortuitous event that led to the birth of a unique new project. Last year, hosting his own talk-and-music series on BBC-TV, the Canadian pianist had as one of his guests the former Prime Minister Edward Heath, who turned up with a clavichord. Intrigued by the soft, metallic sound of this early ancestor of the piano, Peterson acquired one and recorded a duo album, "Porgy and Bess" (Pablo 2310-779), with the guitarist Joe Pass, who fittingly left his amplifier at home and brought along an acoustic guitar.

Anyone who has ever been disturbed by Peterson's allegedly flashy use of his immense technique will find the ideal solution here. The delicacy of the instrument precludes any display of heavy rhythmic extroversion; "stride clavichord," for instance, would be a contradiction in terms. "It Ain't Necessarily So" swings lopingly, "I Loves You Porgy" brings out all the Weltschmerz of an inherently poignant melody. On a couple of tracks, Pass plays alone and his mood becomes as low-keyed and tender as Peterson's. The final and climactic offering, "Strawberry Woman," manages at once to be pure Gershwin, pure jazz and pure beauty. Four and a half stars.

Ryo Kawasaki, a former studio and jazz guitarist in Tokyo, came to the United States in 1973 and has worked with Gil Evans, Chico Hamilton and Elvin Jones. If you are into the electric and the synthetic (i.e., that which employs synthesizers), try plugging into "Juice" (RCA APL 1-1855). Much of Kawasaki's work (he invented one of the synthesizers employed on the LP) involves a profligate use of virtuosity and wah-wah extravagance. The two least pretentious and most harmonically oriented tracks are his own "Sometime," with Sam Morrison's pliant tenor sax an effective counterbalance to Kawasaki's high-frequency sounds, and "The Breeze and I," adapted from Ernesto Lecuona's "Suite Espagnole" in an ingenious melange of Latin and rock pulses. Three stars.

"Concerto for Classic Guitar and Jazz Piano" (RCA Red Seal FRL 1-0149) brings together the veteran French pianist Claude Bolling and Alexandre Lagoya, the renowned classical guitarist who has been concertizing since the 1940s. Summit meetings of this kind are more effective when generated by jazz writing, but Bolling's conception and direction lean toward the classical. There are attractive moments: "Serenade," the fourth movement, a sort of bossa nova waltz, hints at what might have been accomplished and "Africaine," the final movement, shows a mixed-media creative flair. Recommended mainly for classical students ready to dip their toes into not-very-muddy jazz water. Two and a half stars.

"Spring Fever" (Atlantic SD 1695) by the German composer and keyboard artist Joachim Kuhn, wavers between low-decibel rock and impressionistic pseudo-classicism. This is one of many reminders that our emulators overseas are as adept in borrowing the defective as in assimilating the desirable in American culture. It's too bad the Polish violinist Zbigniew Seifert (heard recently at the Monterey Festival) plays only briefly on a single track. One and a half stars.

The Havana-born composer Chico O'Farrill is reunited with the veteran Cuban bandleader Machito and with Dizzy Gillespie in "Afro-Cuban Jazz Moods" (Pablo 2310-771). The first side, played by a 23-piece orchestra (including a synthesizer) is a suite by O'Farrill, "Oro, Incienso y Mirra." On the overleaf is another, somewhat more accessible work, "Three Afro-Cuban Jazz Moods." The hybrid works well for the most part, and Gillespie's presence alone is an insurance policy. Four stars.

team and its accomplishments; you, browse through Dorothy Hart, fascinated by the reminiscences while conscious of the errors of omission, but entranced most of all by the words of that haunted man, of the inner struggle he surmounted to produce these lines in 1925:

We'll go to Greenwich/Where modern men itch/To be free;/And Bowling Green you'll see/With me./We'll bathe at Brighton/The fish you'll frighten/When you're in./Your bathing suit so thin/Will make the shellfish grin/
We'll go to Jamaica/Bay with

Hart Biographies

Continued from Page 35

ly handsome identical twins . . . Norwegian-born, and rumored to have been proteges of Adolf Hitler, they were pursued by international swingers of the day, admired as 'male courtesans.' They loved to play unfunny jokes, phoning people all hours of the night just to annoy them." (Clayton claims that Hart also had a penchant for unattractive practical jokes.)

Lorenz Hart

If Hart emerges from the pages of Marx/Clayton, and even of Dorothy Hart, as a genius with small clay feet, he is not alone. At that period in show business history, homosexuality and other abnormal or unpleasant social traits were swept under the literary carpet. Marx's realistic background story is no less iconoclastic in dealing with many other great men of the day, immortalized in movies, books or plays written about them.

George M. Cohan, cast as the President in R & H's "I'd Rather Be Right," made life generally unpleasant for those who were performing in the creative areas he believed he could do better." Billy Rose was "dynamic, grasping and self-important," buying himself credit lines (at a $100-bill a shot) on lyrics actually written by Hart. As for Florenz Ziegfeld, with whom H & R worked on the flop show "Betsy," "the glamorous image painted by his press agents bore little resemblance to reality. The self-proclaimed glorifier of the American girl was a ruthless, driving, demoniacal character. To know him was to dislike him." John O'Hara, who wrote the book for "Pal Joey," was scarcely more sympathetic and "tended to get belligerent in his cups."

Such recollections reinforce two ancient theories: the evil that men do lives after them, and many great men are touched by some sort of neuroticism. What Marx and Clayton tell us about the Zeitgeist of Rodgers & Hart seems to accentuate the negative at times while Dorothy Hart, who has a son named Lorenz Hart Jr., understandably would like to present him with the least unpleasant picture possible of his uncle's life and times.

In the final analysis the books are complementary. You read Marx and Clayton for an in-depth probe of the

team and its accomplishments; you, browse through Dorothy Hart, fascinated by the reminiscenses while conscious of the errors of omission, but entranced most of all by the words of that haunted man, of the inner struggle he surmounted to produce these lines in 1925:

We'll go to Greenwich,/Where modern men itch/To be free;/And Bowling Green you'll see/With me./We'll bathe at Brighton/The fish you'll frighten/When you're in./Your bathing suit so thin/Will make the shellfish grin/Fin to fin./I'd like to take a/Sail on Jamaica/Bay with you./And fair Canarsie's lake/We'll view./The city's bustle cannot destroy/The dreams of a girl and boy./We'll turn Manhattan/Into an isle of joy. ©

and in 1943, just weeks before he died:

I caught Sir James with his protectors,/The rector's wife, I mean the rectoress./His heart stood still-angina pectoris/To keep my love alive./Sir Frank brought ladies to my palaces./I poured a mickey in their chalices./While paralyzed they got paralysis/To keep my love alive./Sir Alfred worshiped falconry;/He used to hunt at will./I sent him on a hunting trip./They're hunting for him still./Sir Peter had an incongruity./Collecting girls with promiscuity./Now I'm collecting his annuity/To keep my love alive,/To keep my love alive. #

Reading these lines, and the thousands of others, many of them as warm and poignant as these two examples are comically ingenious, you realize that Larry Hart's mind never really faltered, not even in the final tragic days.

The ambivalence so many of his contemporaries felt toward him is best expressed in two quotes. In a letter last year to Jan Clayton, Richard Rodgers wrote: "It may be because of the fact people tend to enjoy the negative rather than the positive that you've not been able to discover enough about Larry . . . He was immensely loyal . . . he was more than 'pixie' and 'witty.' He had an enviable and unquenchable sense of humor . . . (etc., etc.) . . . Love, Dick."

The pro forma style contrasts sharply with a 1962 incident in Rodgers' office when he was visited by Jessie Matthews, who had starred for R & H in the 1930 London production of "Ever Green." Rodgers was effusive and charming, talking about old times, until Matthews mentioned the name of Hart. "Then Dick leaped from his chair and started banging on everything that was in his way and said, 'Oh, God! . . . I'm so goddamned furious that even after all these years he has the power to still irritate me to death."

More important, of course, is Larry Hart's power, after even longer years, to elevate us to euphoria, to beguile us with the charm of his word weddings, to bring back memories of people and places and music and songs forever endowed with the magic that makes our hearts stand still.

Lorenz Hart in the Eye of a Literary Hurricane

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Dorothy Hart, left, author of "Thou Swell, Thou Witty," and Jan Clayton, and Samuel Marx, who co-wrote "Rodgers & Hart," offer contrasting views of lyricist Lorenz Hart.

"Sam Marx says we shouldn't be competitive. Well, I didn't write my book to make money; but I wish I could take Marx's book line for line and show how it's made up out of his imagination, or quotes from senile people and other questionable sources. I tell you, 70% of that book is mistakes or lies."

—Dorothy Hart

"Dorothy Hart is conducting a real vendetta. I suppose I shouldn't be angry with her because it will get people more interested in both books. She has become a self-appointed guardian of Larry Hart's morals 33 years after his death."

—Samuel Marx

● At 9:30 p.m. on Nov. 22, 1943, six nights after he had been bodily ejected, drunk, from the revival premiere of "A Connecticut Yankee" (for which he had written the original lyrics 17 years earlier), Lorenz Milton Hart died in Doctors Hospital. Today, more than a half century since "Garrick Gaieties" became the first hit show with a Rodgers & Hart score, the lives and lodes of these preeminent popular songwriters are the object of more attention than ever before.

A Rodgers autobiography, "Musical Stages," appeared last year. In recent weeks Hart has become the posthumous eye of a literary hurricane, the pathetic central figure in what threatens to become a fortissimo feud. The reason: simultaneous publication of "Thou Swell, Thou Witty" (Harper & Row: $19.95, illustrated) by Dorothy Hart, widow of Lorenz's actor brother Teddy, and "Rodgers & Hart: Bewitched, Bothered and Bedeviled" (Putnam: $10) by Samuel Marx and Jan Clayton.

The former, a handsomely produced and elaborately illustrated book of memorabilia (photographs, letters, newspaper clippings, sheet music, playbills), is notable chiefly for a large selection of Hart's lyrics and for a series of memoirs, most of them by Dorothy Hart. The Marx-Clayton book, which contains no lyrics save a few excerpts, is a collaboration between the veteran movie producer and former MGM story department chief, described by Rodgers as "my oldest living friend" (both were born in 1902); and Clayton, the musical comedy star best known for her roles in several of the later Rodgers shows ("Carousel," "The King and I," "South Pacific") with lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II.

Though both authors were closer to Rodgers than to Hart, it is mainly the latter's memory that emerges from their intensely researched work larger than life —much larger, in fact, for at 4 foot 11, Hart was plagued by a complex, a virtual self-hate over his diminutive stature, oversized head and sense of social inadequacy. In the view of Marx and Clayton, this played a major part in his alcoholism (to which Mrs. Hart admits) and his homosexuality (discussed at length, for the first time in print, by Clayton and Marx, but vehemently denied to me by Hart, who never even brings up the subject in her book).

The demons that bedeviled Hart would not merit rehashing had they not drastically affected a partnership that lasted 14 years. During that span the team produced close to 500 songs, more than a few of which were masterpieces; the last new work was "By Jupiter," a year before Hart's death at the age of 48. (Rodgers, ailing after a laryngectomy, is still active in New York.)

"When I worked for Dick Rodgers," Clayton recalls, "I admired him for his meticulousness and discipline as a boss. Then, after Sam invited me to collaborate on the book and I dug deeper and deeper into Hart's life, I thought, 'My Lord, this man must have driven Dick out of his mind!' "

"In the beginning, Marx says, "they were turning out songs as fast as you could count them. But even Larry's best friends made no secret of his drinking and the wild parties; the people who went to them also made no secret of the homosexuality. It all very much affected the relationship with Rodgers, and as Larry became more unreliable and harder to work with, Dick just began to blow his top."

All three authors agree that Rodgers & Hart brought the level of entre-deux-guerres songs and lyrics for the stage to a peak of brilliance. They were in a pantheon with the Gershwins, Porter and a handful of others. Among the dozens of songs that survived their theater or movie origins to become imperishable standards are "Mountain Greenery" (1925), "Spring Is Here" (1929), "Lover" (1932), "Where or When" (1937), "Have You Met Miss Jones?" (1937), "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered" (1940) and "Nobody's Heart" (1942). These and countless others are flawless interweavings of melodic design and lyrical concept.

Rodgers was capable of complex melodic and harmonic structures (the release of "Miss Jones" defies even the improvising ability of a 1976 jazzman), yet like Hart, he had a simpler, more basic side. This aspect of both men was well illustrated in "I Wish I Were in Love Again," which, for all its quadruple rhymes, is a lively trifle with a melody that stays, throughout 75% of its main strain, on three repeated notes, and with witty, sardonic, yet far from complex lyrics. It is, in fact, an unpretentious example of the classic 32-bar chorus formula. It seems reasonable to assume that had the team survived, an escape might have been found from this perennial pattern into complex, more demanding forms.

There are many might-have-beens in the Rodgers & Hart story. As Dorothy Hart says, "If Larry had been even just six inches taller, he might not have written all those beautiful lyrics based on unrequited love, despair and not being loved."

Whether and by whom Hart was loved is one of the central points of disagreement. Dorothy Hart plays up his close friendships with singers Vivienne Segal, Nanette Guilford and a couple of other women as near-marriages; Marx and Clayton, quoting Vivienne Segal ("I knew he wasn't particularly interested in women. I never even kissed Larry! We never could have been married!"), imply that none of these relationships was sexual.

Certainly one of his closest friends was a show business-struck dentist, Doc Bender, about whom even Dorothy Hart agrees that he was a pernicious influence. "I never once saw Hart without Bender," Marx says. His book claims that debauchery was a way of life with the dentist-turned-actor's-manager, who died in 1962, and that he was surrounded by a coterie of homosexuals.

Dorothy Hart bridles at this suggestion: "The man who was with Larry all the time was George Balanchine. Bender introduced them, and Larry arranged for Balanchine to choreograph 'On Your Toes.' In my book Balanchine quotes Bender as telling him Larry was despondent because a woman he loved had turned him down.

"People may say I'm just a sister-in-law and I don't have objectivity, so I would want to show Larry at his best; but Balanchine writes only about Larry's love for women and his feeling that no woman could love him in return."

Whatever his sexual proclivities, Hart's tendency to live life to the fullest was not crimped when he and Rodgers worked off and on in Hollywood for years. Their West Coast fortunes were erratic. Larry Adler, the harmonica virtuoso, told Marx: "It was one of the saddest things I ever saw, the way MGM was treating them. They had them stuck in a little room. You felt they were the hired help . . ." Rodgers & Hart wrote one great movie score for a notable film, "Love Me Tonight" with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; but others such as "The Hot Heiress" and "Hollywood Party" produced songs as quickly forgotten as the movies themselves.

The staid, stolid Rodgers, as the Hart book assures us, did not take to Hollywood at all, while Larry continued to live it up, becoming closely involved (according to Marx/Clayton) with "two incredib-

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A Round of Jazz Nightlife

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Southland nightlife scene currently is being enlivened by a variety of new or projected ventures, all of which at least partially involve jazz.

Rudy Onderwyzer, since 1972 operator of the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach (the world's oldest continuously operating jazz club, open since 1949), will unveil a new music room in early November. Located on Lincoln Blvd. in Marina del Rey, it will be called Hop Singh's.

"We'll present all kinds of music, but about half of it will be jazz," says Onderwyzer. "The capacity is 400, with room for 50 more in a dining room. I'll continue to run the Lighthouse, but acts I think are capable of drawing 800 people a night will work Hop Singh's."

Already open is the Jazz Gallery, on Ventura Blvd. near Colfax in Studio City. The midweek house group has been led by Pat Senatore, who for five years was bassist with Tijuana Brass. Senatore's sidemen, when available, have been Roy McCurdy, who was Cannonball Adderley's drummer, and pianist George Cables, previously with Freddie Hubbard. Many well-known jazzmen have been sitting in.

Weekends, the Jazz Gallery features Seawind or other locally based jazz combos. Run by drummer Bob Garcia and his cousin, Bill Garcia, the room has a liquor license but serves no food. Dark Mondays.

Almost next door is Jules Abhari's Sound Room, a jazz discotheque. Here a young choreographer, Kathleen Knapp, is the lead dancer in a group that offers terpsichorean interpretations to the recorded music of Chuck Mangione every Friday and Saturday.

On the Sunset Strip, a couple of doors west of the Whisky, Sneeky Pete's restaurant has been offering the trio of David Mackay, which opened recently for an indefinite run.

Mackay is a pianist of dependable taste both in material and interpretation, mixing standard and pop tunes with an occasional blues, and singing one or two songs in an intimate style. He is fortunate to have as a regular adjutant the eminent bassist Andy Simpkins, who has settled in this job after eight years on the road with George Shearing.

With Joey Baron on drums completing the group, Mackay has everything going for him except an attentive audience. The chatter and clatter necessitate a seat either at the piano bar or close to one of the speakers.

The Magic Apple Inn in Toluca Lake has stepped up a Wednesday through Saturday schedule of pop, folk and jazz acts to accompany its health food regimen. Frankie Nemko presents jazz every Wednesday.

The Beverly Cavern on Beverly Blvd. between Normandie and Western was a haven of Dixieland jazz in the 1960s. Currently a policy of modern jazz is being tried out every Monday and Tuesday, with the Blue Mitchell-Harold Land quintet and Warne Marsh and Conte Candoli the most recent offerings.

AT FORD THEATER

Don Ellis Back With New Band

WED OCT 13 1976

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

An overflow crowd in 90-plus weather greeted the long-awaited return Sunday afternoon of Don Ellis to the scene of some of his greatest successes, the Pilgrimage. (Note for newcomers: That is the name still given to the Ford Theater on street and freeway signs leading to the theater.)

Back after a long illness that kept him semi-active, Ellis has a jaunty new band: eight brass, four saxophones, a string quartet, three drummers, bass and piano.

Ellis now plays a variety of brass instruments, among them a "superbone" (combination valve and slide trombone) and various trumpets, besides writing most of the music. He is still obsessed with odd time signatures. Sometimes the results sound logical and natural, as in "Sporting Dance," a 15/8 piece that seemed to give a quality of content a higher priority than oddity of meter. But there were others in which the band had all the grace of a limping centipede. In a blues in which the string section was surprisingly funky, Milcho Leviev's piano and Ellis contributed good solos, and nothing was missing except an extra beat that would have enabled the whole thing to swing comfortably in 12/8.

Art Pepper's swirling alto sax was splendidly featured in the leader's "Go, No Go," aptly designed in halting phrases and blending bop with electronics. Ellis played loosely on a slide trumpet for his best solo of the day.

There were other novelties—hyperkinetic movie music, jazz solos on tuba and violin and viola—to which one could respond admiringly for the ingenuity of the playing, writing and precision of performance, without being reached more than superficially on an emotional level. Yet Ellis now has an orchestra with versatile, challenging personnel.

Controversial, talented if not inspired, fielding some ideas that are genuinely progressive and others that are at least novel, Ellis is an infallible crowd pleaser. Sunday he wound up with the band members disgorged into the aisles, a wild standing ovation and an encore. It is good to have this man back in a field too heavily dominated by the sounds of yesteryear.

Ellis and his band will be at the Roxy Monday and Oct. 25.

AT BEVERLY CAVERN

Flores Fivesome Restoring Jazz

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Beverly Cavern, a popular rendezvous for Dixieland fans during the 1950s, has returned to jazz on a tentative, part-time basis. Located on Beverly Blvd. west of Normandie, the room now presents, on Mondays and Tuesdays, music of a less traditional nature.

Tuesday evening, a quintet led by Chuck Flores played an assortment of original compositions and several pieces by such writers as McCoy Tyner, Bill Evans and Kenny Dorham.

Trumpet and tenor sax, played by Bobby Shew and Bob Hardaway, outlined the themes, backed by a conventional rhythm section composed of upright bass, piano and the leader on drums. There are two pianos, a small upright and an electric; it would be wise to trade them both in for one decent instrument. Dick Johnston did the best he could with this dilapidated equipment.

On Tyner's "Effendi," a reasonably cohesive group sound was achieved. Other tunes suffered from a slightly logy, quasi-Art Blakey quality in which Hardaway's tenor lacked the robustness called for by this brand of music.

By far the most valuable member is Bobby Shew. Playing trumpet during the Charles Mingus number "Boogie Stop Shuffle," he linked consistent fluency to a gentle, cornetish timbre, almost suggesting a bebop Bobby Hackett. His flugelhorn feature, "Polka Dots and Moon Beams," made lyrical use of the fuller-sounding horn.

The group has another virtuosic member in Bob Magnusson, whose upright bass solos were richly inventive, making startling use of double stops.

Like so many local combos assembled for occasional gigs, the Flores fivesome is a competent middle of the road unit, guaranteed neither to offend nor to set the world ablaze. The leader, whose credits go back to the Woody Herman band of the mid-'50s, played the mandatory closing number drum solo.

LEONARD FEATHER

I must admit that my initial reaction to the Quintet Of The Hot Club Of France in general, and to Django Reinhardt in particular, was one of mixed emotions. The group simply didn't swing; its chunky rhythm with the guitar-heavy, insistent beat had none of the subtlety I had observed in the work of Joe Venuti and Eddie Lang. Django's work never had the importance for me that it seemed to have for so many admirers over the years, though later the individuality of his style and sound compensated, in my personal reaction, for the still somewhat unsatisfying rhythmic sense. Perhaps my early emotions were colored by the impact of another guitarist I encountered in Paris around the same time. Hardly anyone today remembers or knows the name of Oscar Aleman—yet for me he was a revelation. This Argentinean genius played a metal-bodied guitar that brought him closer than anything I'd yet heard to the full brilliance of an electric

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DJANGO'S IMPACT

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instrument. In my view at that time he outswung Django by a city mile, and in the spring of 1939 I recorded him with an American pickup group. Oscar's contributions to that date—for English Decca and long since deleted—might bear out my contention that Aleman deserves as much respect and publicity as Django has garnered. Aleman faded into obscurity, though a few years ago I heard that he was still active in his native Argentina. Does anyone know if he is still around?

The New York Time

OCTOBER 24, 19

by Helen B. Lamb
author of the
highly acclaimed
Vietnam's Will to Live

Studies on
INDIA AND
VIETNAM

as a singer and succeeded as a band leader; and a turned-on Romano, piano-playing son of Benito Mussolini. There is a revelation of the terrifying struggle waged by Red Norvo with deafness. And a moving interview, in a three-dollar-a-night motel on Ventura Boulevard, with that fine and neglected singer, Anita O'Day.

"The Pleasures of Jazz" is routinely produced by Horizon Press and contains a gratuitous catch of photographs. The ma-

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

Walton Feeds Bebopper Roots

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Exactly a year has passed since Cedar Walton last brought his quartet to the Lighthouse. In the interim, he has been experimenting on records with various electric keyboards and synthesizers; however, back at the Hermosa Beach club he is concentrating on the instrument he has played longest and best, a concert grand piano.

Walton's roots clearly lie in the music pioneered by Bud Powell and the other early beboppers, but his style is a logical extension, illustrating how much it is possible to grow within a tradition.

His bright, crisp articulation and fiery, driving solos are consistently interesting, whether he applies himself to a relaxed, swinging work such as "Shoulders" or a funky, blues-derived piece, "I'm Not So Sure." The contrast between these two works attests also to Walton's versatility as a composer.

Occasionally, he will play a standard, investing it with harmonic touches that give it a brand-new face. Eddie Haywood's "Canadian Sunset" and the Rodgers and Hart "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" were colorful cases in point.

The group Walton has brought to the Lighthouse this time around does not measure up to last year's standard. In place of the admirable George Coleman there is a tenor saxophonist named George Johnson who seems unsure of his role. Playing with a hollow, colorless tone and often projecting minimally, he seemed nervous and perhaps unfamiliar with the compositions.

Bill Higgins, the only holdover from 1975, is a vigorous and intelligent drummer, who even managed to distill something interesting out of his long solo on Walton's lively "Midnight Waltz." A drum solo in waltz time is a comparative rarity, but Higgins made it work.

Reggie Johnson filled in on bass over the weekend, but will be replaced tonight through Sunday by John Heard. Coming Tuesday, David Liebman and Richard Beirach.

AT ROYCE HALL

Burton Captures ECM Honors

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It was a foregone conclusion that Gary Burton would walk off with the honors Wednesday at Royce Hall, UCLA, climaxing the first of two evenings billed as the ECM Festival of Music.

Burton's advantages are his essential musicality and the accessibility of the group's instrumentation. His vibraphone is backed by the inventive guitar of Pat Metheny, the Fender bass of Steve Swallow, drummer Danny Gottlieb and guest soloist Eberhard Weber, the German phenomenon who plays a five-string upright electric bass and whose composition, "Yellow Fields," launched the set with a dazzling flourish.

Burton's performance followed closely along the lines of his previous Royce Hall concert, reviewed here last spring. The music that led up to it made his victory somewhat hollow, since the competition was minimal.

It would be a charitable assessment to conclude that we are witnessing a new, emergent fusion that uses (and too often abuses) the disciplines of jazz, rock and contemporary classical music. But birth pangs can be painful to the onlooker, too, and there was much in the work of the evening's first three combos that was uncomfortable and disquieting with few compensating artistic values.

Most of the ECM musicians are European, but the opening group, Art Lande's Rubisa Patrol, is an American quartet that makes a mockery of orthodox jazz: The men began the set all wearing identical masks, as they played "Jada" in a reasonably authentic traditional style; but soon the masks were discarded as they moved into a long passage of freedom music, with Mark Isham tripling on trumpet, flugelhorn and flute. It was as if order had been equated with fraud and chaos with reality.

A set by Norwegian guitarist Terje Rypdal was marked by the leader's cavernous echo effects, which soon became overwhelming and ultimately grew tedious, relieved only by the admirable bass of Palle Danielsson.

Another sideman upstaged his boss when American guitarist John Abercrombie lent most of whatever validity there was to a frequently painful performance by Italian trumpeter Enrico Rava.

The second ECM concert, presented Thursday, will be reviewed Saturday. ECM is a West German record company.

The New York Times Book Review
OCTOBER 24, 1976

Photograph by Bob Parent from "Jazz Is."
Ornette Coleman.

The Pleasures of Jazz

Leading Performers on Their Lives, Their Music, Their Contemporaries.
By Leonard Feather. With an introduction by Benny Carter.
Illustrated. 200 pp. New York: Horizon Press. $7.95.

This Is Ragtime

Illustrated. 244 pages. New York: Hawthorn Books. $10.95.
By Terry Waldo. With a foreword by Eubie Blake.

Jazz Is

By Nat Hentoff.
Illustrated. 288 pp. New York:
A Ridge Press Book/Random House. $10.

By ROSS RUSSELL

Now that classic jazz is a waning ghost most frequently seen on the boards of the festival circuit, and heard occasionally in its original innocence at the odd night club, a great rush of writing about the indigenous art confirms its contract with history. Where jazz is going none of these books tells us. Two furnish fresh insights into the past and give us some indication of its present state of health.

Leonard Feather, an English transplant, once the Deems Taylor of publicists, has been writing about the subject since the pre-bop era. In 1975 Feather moved West and became the critic for The Los Angeles Times. Daily exposure to the jazz life and columns in a paper notable for its style has greatly extended his scope, and polished his prose. "The Pleasures of Jazz" is worth anyone's $7.95. The austere cameos familiar to readers of his "Encyclopedia of Jazz," now awaiting a new edition, are here expanded, burnished, fleshed out by means of recent interviews, and assembled into a gallery of 40-odd notable musicians.

The mini-biographies of this book are arranged in sections on singers, combo leaders, big bandsmen, old masters and contemporaries. Game plans of the contemporaries for producing best selling LP's are spelled out in a series of interviews remarkable for their candor by musicians who, having paid their dues as jazzmen without growing rich, now aspire to the top-20 ratings in the pop music charts. Their statements range from confused (Ron Hubbard) to meticulously precise (Herbie Hancock), and are uniformly self-serving. They tell us a lot about the crosscurrents of the day and the cultural collision between jazz and rock.

Profiles of the old masters, and mistresses, glow with inner life, reflecting a time when jazz was a more parochial, modest, robust and less self-conscious art. The capsule biography of Joe Venuti commemorates a career begun in 1926, and a lifetime divided more or less equally between jazz fiddling and delightful practical jokery. Reb Spikes takes us back to Los Angeles in 1921 and the recording of the first jazz records by black musicians on Sunshine label. There are such unexpected treats as a conversation with Hoagy Carmichael, who abandoned law to write "Stardust"; with Bob Crosby, who bombed

over

Ross Russell is the author of "The Sound," and "Bird Lives!," a biography of Charlie Parker.

Ray Charles and Cleo Laine as they record the album, "Porgy and Bess."

JAZZ

Ray, Cleo as Porgy, Bess

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Hidden away among my most distant, clouded memories is the recollection of an evening spent, during a brief visit to the United States from my native London, at New York's Alvin Theater. Friends had advised me that "Porgy and Bess," an opera that had recently premiered there with Todd Duncan and Anne Brown, was the definitive, emancipatory work of black music. My youthful reaction was mixed; I found the tone uncomfortably patronizing. Even though one black composer had praised George Gershwin as "the Abraham Lincoln of Negro music," I was rebellious enough to believe that the liberator of black music would prove to be (or indeed already had been) Duke Ellington.

The opera had opened to mixed reviews (Virgil Thomson called it "a fake") and the Broadway run closed after 124 performances at a $70,000 loss; yet Gershwin's faith in his work was unimpaired. History seems to have borne him out: a second LP version of the entire opera was released not long ago on London (numerous excerpted albums have, of course, appeared through the years), and the songs individually have remained among us for the full four decades.

Norman Granz, a Gershwin admirer whose album with Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald seemed 20 years ago to constitute the definitive "Porgy and Bess" songbook, has now produced a more ambitious comprehensive set with Ray Charles and Cleo Laine, arranged and conducted by Frank DeVol (RCA CPL2-1831).

The pairing is unlikely but felicitous. Charles has lived the kind of life and developed the vocal characteristics that qualify him as a now impassioned, now jubilant Porgy. Cleo Laine, though her Cockney background seems minimally suited to the Carolina context, has had enough operatic experience to enable her to invest her performances with the dramatic vocal qualities Gershwin had in mind. After all, despite some critics' hostile contradictions, this was not a musical comedy, not an operetta, but the first opera written for and played by an all-black cast. Between them, Charles and Laine offer a perspective that is both revereilial and secular, at once a set of opera excerpts and a series of popular songs.

Despite my early reservations (and although I remained as fully convinced now as then that Ellington is this century's true master of black music), a rehearing of the melodies themselves, considered individually without regard to the development of the story line, reaffirms the compositional triumph of George Gershwin while leaving room for reservations concerning some of the lyrics of Ira Gershwin and/or DuBose Heyward. (Among other errors of omission, the album never makes clear which of the lyrics were whose.)

Ira Gershwin wrote "There's a Boat Dat's Leavin' Soon for New York." Ray Charles transcends the inconsistency by changing "dat" to "that"; more significantly, he invests the tune with a jaunty, latter-day hipness unmistakably closer to the Apollo than to Catfish Row.

Of the 17 songs in the album, seven are done twice, an instrumental treatment by Charles preceding the vocal version. The singers appear together on five tracks, of which "Honey Man," surprisingly, is the most fully realized, perhaps because of a sense of intimacy and rapport is achieved that is lacking in "Summertime" with its awkward key modulations, and even in "I Got Plenty O' Nuttin'."

Charles' individual triumphs are the cantering piano version of "It Ain't Necessarily So," his electric keyboard in "There's a Boat," and vocally the concluding "Oh Lord, I'm on My Way," sung as a gospel waltz with the Rev. James Cleveland Singers and providing a hint that some of the other themes could have been similarly updated.

Cleo Laine's smoky sound brings a haunting beauty to "They Pass By Singing," one of the opera's shorter and lesser known arias; but her spectacular range is in full flight on the glorious "My Man's Gone Now." Both she and Charles were guilty of coming to the studio apparently unaware of the exact melody of "I Loves You, Porgy." There is one interval that is quite unpredictable and part of the song's essence (musicians will know: it's the last note in the fifth bar); neither Charles nor Laine hits it even once. (Oscar Peterson played it correctly in his recent "Porgy & Bess" album (Pablo 2310-779.)

"Bess You Is My Woman" finds the singers in inspired juxtaposition. Laine displays both her popular and classical aspects, with a cushion of strings elegantly furnished by DeVol; Charles, though shaky at a couple spots, achieves an earthy poignancy in the introductory passage, thanks largely to the help of an uncredited guitar obbligato by Joe Pass.

This brings up a point not normally worth dealing with: the notes. Seldom has there been a more egregious abuse of the annotator's role than in this booklet by the British writer Benny Green. Wandering off into dozens of irrelevancies, he tells us, for instance, who were the musicians on a Billie Holiday record of "Summertime" in 1936, but never credits a single one of the many soloists in the present album.

Among them, I have discovered, are Larry Bunker, vibes on "It Ain't Necessarily So"; Oscar Brashear, trumpet, J. J. Johnson, trombone, Sweets Edison, trumpet, and Joe Sample, piano, on "Boat"; and Britt Woodman on trombone in "A Woman Is a Sometime Thing." Green fails even to make any mention of DeVol, for whom this was a great challenge. The veteran arranger-conductor avoided the twin pitfalls of excessive jazz inclination and overdramatization. (DeVol's orchestra is not heard on the instrumentals, which find Charles alone or with his own rhythm section.)

Overall, the impression remains that while much love, effort and sincerity went into the making of an important album, had Charles and Laine recorded it after returning from a six-week joint tour of "Porgy and Bess" instead of just learning their parts for a series of studio sessions, the results would have been even more assured and the goose bumps a few millimeters higher. On a scale of five stars, four.

AT DONTE'S

Guitarist Diorio: Electric Plectrist

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Joe Diorio for several years was a name that appeared on the labels of numerous jazz records out of Chicago. After settling here last August, the guitarist formed his quartet for a series of gigs at Donte's. He worked there Monday and will be back there next Monday.

Diorio plays electric guitar but uses no pedal or other special effects. Relying for his impact on an innate gift for spontaneous melodic creativity, he has exceptional mind-to-fingers communication, cramming as many ideas into long strings of eighth notes as most musicians could instill into quarters.

A typical set consisted of "The Girl From Ipanema," played at a provocatively bright tempo; the moody Miles Davis' "All Blues," an adventurous and unconventional "My Funny Valentine," and an extraordinary rideout on "Someday My Prince Will Come" that was preceded by a long, almost telepathic contrapuntal exchange with the pianist, Teddy Saunders.

Diorio's generally discreet, low frequency sound calls for a low profile accompaniment. Unfortunately, the rhythm section too often comports itself in a manner antithetical to his needs. The chief offender is an obnoxiously boisterous drummer, Michael Stephans. Bob Magnusson's bass, though overamplified, gives the team its only dependable foundation. His technically impeccable solos, when Stephans is not busy interrupting them, are consistently interesting.

It is to be hoped that Donte's, where so many other guitarists on their way to fame have made Monday a special night, will retain Diorio as a regular. He is the most mature and uncompromising new plectrist to work the room since Joe Pass. All he needs is a group sound that washes gently around him instead of almost washing him away.

AT THE MONEY TREE 11/18

In Hernandez's Jazzy Hideaway

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

To hear, at dinner time, live music that justifies more than passing attention is in itself a rarity. To find these conditions at a first-rate restaurant is even less common. At the Money Tree, on Riverside Drive in Toluca Lake, the Karen Hernandez Duo, singer Michelle Wiley and the cuisine are making it all come together.

Karen Hernandez has been taken too much for granted over the past decade as a part of the local music scene. Her gently persuasive jazz piano style is the more commendable for its application to unusual material reflecting her ethnic heritage.

Such songs as "Volvere" (I Will Return) and "Voy Apagar la Luz" (I'll Turn Out the Light) are vehicles just as suitable for the funky Hernandez interpretations as are the more conventional standard tunes with which her set is rounded out. Her time feeling is excellent, the left hand is used for evocative tremolo effects and she is capable of an appealing romanticism.

The Charlie Rich hit "Behind Closed Doors," John Lewis' "Django" and the jazz instrumental "Broadway" all were aided by the stalwart presence on upright bass of Eugene Wright, world famous through his decade of travels (1958-68) with the Dave Brubeck Quartet. Wright supplies a firm pulse that complements the sounds in Hernandez' hideaway.

The duo also plays for Michelle Wiley, a very attractive vocalist whose ballads ("But Beautiful") find her pleasantly at ease. On "Songs for My Father" and "Love Is Here to Stay" she could have projected better and seemed so preoccupied experimenting with her jazz ideas that there were slight lapses of intonation, but she shows unquestionable promise.

Guest artists, principally Sam Most on sax and flute, enjoy sitting in at the Money Tree, where the music begins 8:30 p.m. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 9 p.m. Fridays Saturdays. Hernandez, who opened here in the fall of 1 will remain indefinitely.

JAZZ

German Label Sticks Toe in U.S. Waters

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The ECM Festival, currently touring the United States and due at UCLA Nov. 10 and 11, is like nothing that has preceded it in jazz history, musically or socially. For the first time a foreign born-jazz record label has extended itself into the U.S. so successfully that a group of artists has been assembled to promote its very special brand of jazz neoclassicism in concert halls.

Credit for this achievement belongs to Manfred Eicher, a bass player who founded ECM (the acronym stands for Editions of Contemporary Music) in Munich in 1969. His concept is that of an alternative company for musicians and audiences frustrated by the commercialized trends on many so-called jazz labels. Among the results: Last year ECM won five German Grammys.

One of the best-known artists on the roster, which includes numerous Americans as well as several European superstars, is the award-winning vibraphonist Gary Burton. In order to play the tour, Burton took a four-week leave of absence from his place on the faculty at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, where he has taught music for six years.

"The ECM phenomenon," Burton says, "can be attributed to the deep concern of listeners for music played in less enormous halls, at less tremendous volume. Suddenly things like acoustic piano solos are popular. A whole new market is opening up.

"The typical ECM customer is your more serious listener, who likes his music to have a certain intimacy, who possibly prefers a medium-sized hall to a huge, cavernous auditorium, who is not attracted by high volume per se.

"I was afraid this approach to music was on its way out, which would hurt me, since the vibes are not exactly a high-powered instrument and my concept leans to solo ballad pieces. Through ECM I have found the audiences, on records and now in person, that are just right for my music."

Burton sums up the ECM audience as from college age up to 30, predominantly white, and eclectic—"they'll own the new Stevie Wonder album, the best of the latest classical records, the more refined rock or pop artists, and some good representation of jazz. There's a strong movement toward that kind of diverse expertise among young people who consider themselves more educated, more informed culturally.

"Some jazz players drift into R & B; others have become more electronic or flashy, like Chick Corea (Corea was an ECM artist during his purist days, but left in search of a rock 'n' roll audience), but with the exception of Terje Rypdal, the Norwegian guitarist who plays a brand of space/rock, the groups on tour steer clear of high intensity. These are not famous people, but they have a following that seems to be growing steadily."

Among these new cult heroes are Steve Kuhn, a Brooklyn-based composer whose face and piano style are more familiar to German and Scandinavian audiences than they are on home territory; Eberhard Weber, the German virtuoso of the six-stringed bass; Charlie Mariano, the expatriate ex-Kenton saxophonist in Weber's combo; Jack de Johnette, the former Miles Davis drummer; and John Abercrombie, who, in addition to working with De Johnette's group, plays guitar duets with Ralph Towner.

Many of Eicher's sessions lately have been taped in a studio in Oslo; originally he recorded often in New York, a procedure now less necessary because of the frequency which with Americans and Europeans mingle on Continental soil.

Distributed in the United States by Polydor, ECM has built up the kind of loyal following among today's young, dedicated music lovers that was attracted in the '50s and '70s to Blue Note, Prestige and Riverside. As was the case with those labels during that period, Eicher has succeeded in business without really trying to do anything but record the performers he believes in. He is optimistic enough to be convinced that music of genuine, lasting value will ultimately find its rightful level in the marketplace.

Upcoming dates for ECM include the University of Colorado at Boulder Tuesday, Paramount Theatres in Seattle and Portland Friday and next Sunday, Vancouver Nov. 8, Royce Hall at UCLA Nov. 10 and 11, the Arlington Theater in Santa Barbara Nov. 12, and the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco Nov. 13 and 14.

"This is a healthy period for jazz in terms of the quality as well as quantity of exposure," Burton said. "Of course, it has taken its toll in the form of some pretty outrageous things done in the name of jazz. People who think it's hip to be associated with jazz will hire a jazz soloist and use him for a few bars in the middle of a rock record because it's a trendy thing to do at the moment. But that's not what it's all about. There are still plenty of players who have remained serious about their music as an art, and are not getting into the business part of the world, to make those adjustments that you have to make when you play large stadiums.

"Each ECM artist has something unique to offer. Through the records and now the concerts, we're hoping a lot of people will discover this aspect of music. That's why ECM Records, and ECM concerts, represent a promising sign of hope for the future."

★

ALBUMS OF THE WEEK: Jack de Johnette's Directions—"Untitled" (ECM 1074). John Abercrombie & Ralph Towner—"Sargasso Sea" (ECM 1080). Steve Kuhn—"Ecstasy" (ECM 1058). All products of the Eicher philosophy of music to think by.

11/13

MUSIC REVIEW

Second Session of ECM Festival

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The second evening of the ECM Music Festival, held Thursday at Royce Hall, drew a far more substantial crowd than the first and rewarded it with a generally more interesting evening of contemporary sounds.

John Abercrombie, heard the previous night as a sideman with Enrico Rava, was a key figure, playing a dazzling series of guitar duets with Ralph Towner.

Both men are products of what might be called the John McLaughlin generation. Abercrombie alternated between six-string, 12-string and classical acoustic guitars; Towner doubled on electric guitar and electric mandolin. Their collaborations are light years removed from the jazz guitar duets of the past: In fact, the jazz content is slight, reliance being placed mainly on a category-defying blend of intellect and emotion, composition and improvisation.

The six works, beginning with "Mandolin Madness" and highlighted by such originals as Towner's "Staircase," found Abercrombie playing solos that varied greatly in intensity, built on long, lean lines, with Towner often supplying such skillful auxiliary melodic and rhythmic comments that the two men dovetailed perfectly. Frequent changes of tempo, meter, mood and dynamics contributed to a set that brought a standing ovation.

The evening had begun with pianist Steve Kuhn's quartet in a brace of his originals, among them "Oceans in the Sky," "A Change of Face," the humor-tinged "Deep Tango," Kuhn's unaccompanied "Silver," and "The Rain Forest." He was well supported by Steve Slagle on saxes and flute a highly energetic drummer named Michael Smith, and a virtuosic bassist, Harvie Swartz. Though the solo piece became a little cloying in its romanticism, Kuhn at many other points displayed an intriguing mixture of the cerebral and the celebratory.

Eberhard Weber's Colours, a somewhat directionless quartet, was notable for the presence of Charlie Mariano. Now 53, he was known in the 1950s as a Parker-inspired bebop alto player but has evolved into a volatile and outspoken avant-gardist, doubling on soprano sax and a long, oboe-like horn from northern India. Weber's bass solos offered surcease in the group's prolix performance and Rainer Bruninghaus provided a few provocative electric keyboard interludes.

The concert ended with Jack DeJohnette's Directions, a rock oriented quintet unworthy of this admirable drummer. Ron McClure was overloud on both upright and electric bass, Alex Foster went through some uninspired motions on tenor and soprano saxes. DeJohnette's work with two bass drums, and an ingenious solo devoted mainly to rimshots, provided this set with its principal points of interest.

JAZZ

World Jazz Assn: A Good Idea Dies

12/5/76

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● You don't have to be a believer in proverbs to agree with the old saw that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. You might add that the road to success is lined with greenback currency. Within these two observations lies the pathetic story of the World Jazz Assn., which expired quietly a few weeks ago.

Formed in April, 1975, the WJA was a nonprofit organization aimed at "bringing together the artistic and commercial aspects of jazz to promote the present, the future and to recognize the past contributions to the world of jazz."

The men who started WJA were altruistically motivated. Hal Cook, retired ex-publisher of Billboard, felt he could achieve for jazz what he had accomplished as chairman of the Country Music Assn.

Splendid aims were stated in the WJA's membership brochure pitch: a three-record history-of-jazz album, using masters leased from every major company; radio and TV projects like those of the CMA; an international wing, and liaison with the State Department to secure more international goodwill tours.

There was some vague thought that dozens of record companies, music publishers and radio stations would leap in with $100 and $500 memberships, some with much larger donations. What everyone forgot was that businessmen who had recognized the commercial potential of country music could not see beyond their corporate noses when it came to aiding jazz.

With a bankroll of, say, $100,000, which such organizations could never have missed in these days of enormous pop sales, a viable organization might have been launched. Relying on income from general memberships, which peaked at slightly over 1,000, the association heads decided to gamble its all on a concert, at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium, to be taped and released as a two-LP album. A deal was made with Warner Brothers Records and a $20,000 advance promised.

"The concert itself didn't lose money," said Paul Tanner, the UCLA jazz history teacher who was WJA's tireless executive director. "What went wrong was that we didn't have clearances from all the artists and their record companies to use their names and music. Soon we knew we had only enough permissions for a single LP, and finally we couldn't even get that far."

Tanner, executive vice president Bob Summers and John Levy, who was chairman of the board of directors, all point out that far from contributing their services for union scale in a cause that would redound to their own benefit, the stars of the Shrine show demanded and received substantial fees. It is the consensus, too, that getting Stan Getz's permission (denied) was a principal stumbling block and that similar problems were encountered with composer/conductor Bob James. Some blame James' record company, CTI, which may have been smarting from having just its star attraction, George Benson, to Warners. ("Bob cost the association a lot of money with rehearsal fees, then gave us a bad time about the clearance," Summers alleged.)

"Warner Brothers acted in good faith and spent a lot of money taping the concert," said Levy, "but when we couldn't come up with the clearances, obviously they couldn't give us the $20,000 advance that would have enabled us to get going on a TV awards program and other projects. That was the beginning of the end."

In the final analysis, the blame lies not with any one or two artists but with the original concept that starting on a shoestring would lead to the magical appearance of supportive shoes. There were other problems reflecting the inherently cliquish nature of the beast: New York jazz activists were annoyed that this was a Los Angeles-based venture; some blacks were concerned that it was too white-dominated, and such powerful men as Norman Granz and George Wein just couldn't see the need to be involved.

In a year that has seen a jazz artist, for the first time ever, sell close to 2 million records in seven months (ironically, it was Benson's first album for Warner Brothers), it is incredible that the multimillion-dollar record firms, the radio and TV networks and the many others who, directly or indirectly, have made fortunes out of a unique American art form, could stand by and let WJA wither on the vine. ●

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JAZZ

Sea-Notes on Fifth Floating Festival

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Notes from a movable feast:

Sunday—Showboat V, the official name for the fifth floating jazz festival, sailed from New York last night. Like its predecessors, it is being held aboard the SS Rotterdam. Unlike them, it is carrying a full house—1,150 participants, of whom some 100 are musicians, musicians' families and managers, or travel agents. The rest are paying passengers, among them a large proportion of repeaters. The jazz cruise is now big business: will this week produce a $1 million gross?

That the concept has caught on is no surprise, as it offers a week of shared pleasure among fellow-enthusiasts, a chance to mingle with the performers and the customary cruise benefits. An Indonesian crew, 580 strong, ministers to the appetites and whims of the fans. The main musical events, staged in a spacious theater, are limited to a matinee by one group and an after-dinner show by another. This modest regimen is far more digestible than the marathon sessions and crosstown theater-hopping that have characterized so much of Newport/New York.

One this day, organist Wild Bill Davis monopolized the afternoon, Buddy Rich's orchestra the evening. Davis, the pied piper of the Hammond organ trio trend 25 years ago, surprised us by presenting guitarist Floyd (Wonderful) Smith. A huge, spherical man who dwarfs his instrument, Smith has been ignored by most critics although it was he, not Charlie Christian, who recorded the first electric guitar solo specialty—"Floyd's Guitar Blues," in March of 1939. Because he was under contract to Andy Kirk's band, Smith had to turn down an offer from Benny Goodman. A few months later, Goodman hired Christian: the rest soon became history.

Buddy Rich and the Killer Force is a vigorous, spit-and-polish ensemble that can let down from roaring up-tempo romps to such pace-changers as "God Bless the Child," a showcase for the bold-toned baritone sax of Turk Mauro. But the show-stopper was a pair of solos—Chick Corea's "Windows" and Jerome Kern's "Folks Who Live on the Hill"—by pianist Barry Kiner, whose lyrical exploration of the ballad showed an incredible maturity. Kiner, 20, has been a pro since he graduated from high school.

Monday—Prior to our stopover in Nassau, several passengers volunteered their curricula vitae. Gerard Pochonet, Paris born, has been living in New York for the past decade, working as a drummer, photographer, and United Nations interpreter. His wife, a petite black beautician and travel agent, organized a contingent of 38 jazz fans from New York and Baltimore. Several such groups are aboard: veteran disc jockey Phil McKellar lined up 50 from Toronto; travel agents in Washington and Chicago accounted for another 75. There is a delegation from the Negro Actors' Guild (about half the passengers are black).

Tuesday—Earl (Fatha) Hines and the audience took to each other promptly; there being no place special to go, he extended his show from the planned 45 minutes to an hour and a half, much of it given over to singer Marva Josie, drum solos, and other people-pleasing devices with which, in addition to his nonpareil piano, he has long been associated.

Wednesday—A tip-off: the audience accorded the applause of recognition to Helen Humes' "My Old Flame," a 1930s ballad. Though every bracket is present, the median age is well above that of the typical jazz festival. Soul sisters related to Helen's imperishable blues lines: "I'm a big fat mama, the meat shakin' on my bones/Every time I shake it, some skinny woman loses her home."

Thursday—Stormy weather forced the ship to abandon a planned stop in Bermuda. Few complaints; everyone seems preoccupied with bingo, movies, the slot machines in the mini-casio, Ping-Pong or some other diversion.

Stephane Grappelli, backed by British guitarist Diz Disley's trio, played a set that seemed conventional until, at the end of Django Reinhardt's "Nuages," he went into a solo cadenza that miraculously took flight, soared effortlessly through one melodic discovery after another, and took several minutes to glide into a gentle, legato landing. Every jazz artist aspiring to greatness is capable of such moments. Grappelli, whose traveling companion is his grandson, accepted compliments with his usual modesty. A delightful man whose humility is the equal of his talent.

Friday—Buddy Rich, switching to the Ritz Carlton for a midnight set last night, was joined by three part-time members: his nephew Josh Rich, 20, who plays guitar on the rock tunes; his daughter Cathy, who made her debut with the band in 1967 at the age of 12, and her singing partner Beverly Getz, daughter of Stan Getz.

This afternoon, in the theater, Cavril Payne sang attractively, but it became clear that her vocal resemblance to Ella Fitzgerald is a handicap, one that she aggravates by singing "A Tisket a Tasket" and other Fitzgerald-associated songs.

The final concert this evening found Rich in a skittish mood, first standing up to conduct while his band boy played drums, later inviting Helen Humes to sing a couple of blues while the band (using a method that dates back to Humes' alma mater, the Basie orchestra) concocted head arrangements to back her up. The loose, every-day's-a-holiday spirit of the week was never more happily captured.

Saturday—Breakfast with Hines, Humes and families; hasty goodbys, mutual assurances that all 1,150 of us will meet again. It's not impossible, for plans are already on the drawing board for another jazz voyage on the Rotterdam next June. Even the normally tart tongued Buddy Rich amiably confessed his readiness to sail at the drop of a contract. "With a captive audience like this one," he said, "how can you miss?"

JAZZ REVIEW

New Hereafter Cut Short by Rain

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A light drizzle did not prevent 200 valorous souls from visiting the Ford/Pilgrimage Theater Sunday afternoon for the 10th and final free concert of the fall season.

Kim Richmond and the New Hereafter, advertising itself as "the ultimate combination of contrasting musical styles and blending of instrumental and vocal sounds," is in fact something less than that. The leader (he was musical coordinator and arranger for the Tony Orlando and Dawn show) and another saxophonist, four brass, five rhythm and four singers, channel their music in a pop and jazz/rock direction of no great distinction.

There is some skillful writing here and there, though at times the thinness of the ensemble suggests a 1950s mambo band. The singers are intelligently integrated into the charts and one member, Bob Gunter, displayed a strong, confident sound in "Say My Name."

The instrumental solos were few and forgettable, except for Richmond's alto in "Takin' It to the Streets," in which a relaxed jazz feeling almost broke loose from the strictures of the hard rock rhythm section.

By the end of this number the drizzle had grown to a downpour and rain was leaking through holes in the canopy over the stage.

Richmond, deciding that electrocution was too heavy a price to pay, dismissed the band, and the audience took to the streets. Richmond had plowed just 35 minutes into the new hereafter.

According to J. Foster, administrator County Music and Performing Arts Commission, the concert will resume April 17.

AT DONTE'S

Daugherty Stops Short of Rock

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Jack Daugherty orchestra recently was presented in a series of dates at Donte's, presumably as a promotional followup to an album he composed, arranged and produced for the Monterey label.

The path Daugherty has chosen for himself began, it would seem, with a jazz background and stops short a few feet this side of the rock precipice. With the leader playing keyboards and with a big band instrumentation (six brass, four saxes, five rhythm), most of Daugherty's charts start out using an interesting melodic premise and even a couple of attractive rhythmic patterns which the bassist, Dan Dean, sets down with a clean, invigorating sound.

Along the way, though, the rhythms too often become monotonous while the melodic interest disappears like cotton candy. Adequate soloists, most of them familiar from other local bands—Chuck Findley on trumpet, David Dahlsten and Garnett Brown on trombone—elevate the creative level here and there. A cuica and other percussive exotics are heard in the more Latin-oriented numbers.

Although he wastes his ability on such predictable statements as "King Pong," Daugherty's more lyrical side was apparent in "Carmello," based on a sequence of downward-drifting phrases stated mainly by unison trumpets with his own electric piano accentuating the gentle quasi-Brazilian flavor.

Saxophonist Ron Starr, doubling as vocalist in Stevie Wonder's "You and I," is a cut above your old-time band singer. The flute work of Gary Herbig is another palliative element in an ensemble that frequently seems to be covering up rather than displaying its members' talents.

In fairness to Daugherty, it should be mentioned that the "Lush Life" track on his album, not played during the Donte's set heard, reflects a sensitive approach to more sophisticated material. But the record has the advantage of an orchestra augmented by strings. Possibly Daugherty's future as a writer lies not in clubs but rather in the studios where funds and personnel are unlimited.

JAZZ

Under Legrand's 'Umbrella'

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Michel Legrand, which translates as Michael the Great, is a name that commands automatic respect on several levels. During his first visit to this country in 1958, the Paris-born composer-arranger-conductor-pianist wrote and recorded a unique album of jazz standards with a cast that would seem, in retrospect, to have assured it of immortality: Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Bill Evans, Herbie Mann, Ben Webster, Phil Woods, Art Farmer and Donald Byrd were just a few of the assembled multitude. Yet "Legrand Jazz" was deleted from Columbia's catalogue years ago and its creator is too busy with other agenda to be concerned.

Recently, "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," a pop-jazz opera movie, the score for which established Legrand's name in the United States, was revived in Los Angeles as part of a French film festival. There is nothing else like it and Legrand assures me there will never be a sequel.

"Every producer asked us to do it again; but it's not fun for me any more. To do this once as a novel idea was beautiful, but when you just redo it, there is no pleasure.

"Right now I am in Hollywood working on a different kind of movie. You know, I'm deeply interested in the fusion of music and cinema. Nobody does musicals any more and I want to explore this avenue in a way that will be as new for 1977 as 'Umbrellas' was in 1964."

The time between these two films has found Legrand on an endless round of career-jumping and continent-hopping. As a partner in Gryphon Productions, he has been involved with the creation of albums, all released through RCA, by his own orchestras; by Lena Horne, and saxophonist Phil Woods among others.

He is particularly proud of Gryphon's latest acquisition, the vocal group Quire: "I had this idea of transposing for voices some famous jazz piano records, and I suggested to my sister Christiane that she try it. Right away, with the help of three other singers, lots of overdubbing and her own incredible range, she made the fantastic album called 'Quire.'" The Legrand siblings worked together in his own Paris 1950s orchestra; she later was a key figure in the Double Six of Paris and the Swingle Singers, and sang the role of the mother in "Umbrellas."

Legrand has been in constant demand, to which he occasionally accedes, for personal appearances as conductor, jazz and pop pianist, even as a singer. (His wild wordless version of "My Funny Valentine," recorded live a few years ago at Shelley's Manne-Hole, showed the underside of Legrand's talent as it has not been seen or heard since; but it was on Verve, which means try to find it.

Essentially Legrand remains a writer for movies. Asked for the latest box score, He shrugged: "I guess I have done a little over 100. I made in France something like 70 films and maybe 30 here. I work all the time because when I'm not creating I am dead; so I am always doing, doing, doing."

Pressed for details about his new project, he said, "It's such a different approach to using songs in a musical film that I don't want to give it away now. I'm working with marvelous people like Bob Merrill for the script, and Alan and Marilyn Bergman for lyrics. The tentative title, which I don't like, is 'Blind Love,' the name of a French book on which it is based."

Legrand will wear yet another new hat for "Blind Love": he is set as co-director for MGM: "This is because I really want to—well, not control, but let's say be involved with every aspect in creating this film. Of course, I need some help, so I think I will have with me some great, beautiful co-director, but it will be my baby from beginning to end."

If "Blind Love" turns out as well as Legrand hopes, it could add to an already long list of honors. "Windmills of Your Mind" and the score for "Summer of '42" were Oscar winners; his songs or scores earned him nominations for seven other Oscars. He has won five Grammies, and "Brian's Song" won him both a Grammy and an Emmy.

There is in Legrand a restless urge that compels him, on occasion, to seek out the company of jazz musicians, to be a part of their world. Such gigs as Shelley's Manne-Hole, played for a token salary, enabled him to work off his improvisational inhibitions in the company of Manne and bassist Ray Brown.

"It's fun to be in front of an audience, at least for a little while. I love to be in a jazz club, playing a strange piano that I don't know, and try to make love with it. But the real deep joys, for me, are in having a pencil and the time to invent something that didn't exist before.

"Of course, in a different way, this is also true of playing. Oscar Peterson, with whom I did a television interview in London a few months ago, made a profound remark: I asked him what is improvisation, and he said, 'Improvisation for me is instant composition.' Well, that's very true, and this is also why Oscar Peterson is one of the greatest of all composers."

Michel Legrand

Though Peterson, Miles Davis and their contemporaries have a fascination for him, Legrand would not care further to enlarge the incorporation of jazz into his scores. There have been frequent uses in the past, one instance having been his first American film, "The Thomas Crown Affair." But he summed up his philosophy:

"Jazz is one of the most important events of our century, so I have to use it, make love with it—but I have many other loves too. I need to write sonatas, to do many different things. And right now I really feel like concentrating on original musicals for the movies. If you want to look for me, that's where you'll find me for the next few years."

★

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Lena Horne —"A New Album" (RCA BGL 1-1769). Gryphon strikes again, with Robert Farnon's arrangements, Phil Woods' alto solos, and a voice that has refused, through the decades, to lapse into stridency or break the boundaries of good taste. The program embraces Gershwin, Arlen, Rodgers, Strayhorn and Kristofferson. ●

AT THE ROXY

'Mayall Leads the Multitudes

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

John Mayall is Britain's chameleon of the blues. You never can tell what group he will come up with next; over the years he has used English and American performers, black and white, male and female, and combos of varying sizes.

It was hard to believe that the Mayall who recorded a live album Tuesday and Wednesday at the Roxy was the same man who not too many years ago led a predominantly acoustic quartet, without drums, and boasted of working "within the framework of low-volume music." A 180-degree turn now finds him leading the largest band of his career and, by all odds, the loudest.

Among the assembled multitude are two female backup singers; Red Holloway, whose amplified tenor sax emerges now and then for a robust solo; Larry Taylor on bass guitar, and a far-from-drumless rhythm team that includes two percussionists. Completing the 14-piece ensemble is a three-sax, two-brass horn section. Mayall did not use his guitar and only occasionally played flashes of piano.

A central attraction, as always, is Mayall's rhythmically hypnotic harmonica and his sometimes interesting lyrics, though at present these are barely audible. There were a couple of strong arrangements for the horn, harmonically simple but well meshed. Most appealing was "A Helping Hand," in which saxophonist Ann Patterson broke out her oboe; however, she was all but drowned in the surrounding sound.

It is depressing to find that a man of Mayall's once vaunted subtlety and discretion has gone down the decibel drain. One can only hope that, like his previous bands, this one will be short-lived and the next will bring a return to some of his vanished values.

Opening the show was Stuff, a six-piece instrumental group, playing simplistic riff music. To find talented men like guitarists Eric Gale and Cornell Dupree involved in such mindless trash was like watching Jack Nicklaus playing marbles. A bad day at Black Rock.

Hollywood Reporter 11/22

Herman marks anniversary at Carnegie Hall concert

NEW YORK — Woody Herman will mark his 40th anniversary as a band leader Saturday night with a concert at Carnegie Hall featuring his current band, the Young Thundering Herd, and a long list of Herman alumni, including Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Red Norvo, Chubby Jackson and Mary Ann McCall.

Critic Leonard Feather will provide a spoken narrative for the concert and the program will be taped by RCA for a forthcoming album. New Audiences and WRVR-FM are sponsoring.

Gold Carpet for Bailey, Bellson

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

How does Disneyland go about arranging a gold-carpet welcome when a special adviser to the United States delegation to the United Nations consents to sing "Hello, Dolly," and a brace of other popular songs?

Obviously not in any conventional manner, as was evident Friday. A new floating stage had been constructed, across the river and into the trees, while on the opposite bank 6,000 admirers sat or stood in the Frontierland and New Orleans Square areas.

After Louis Bellson's band played its overture, "Carnaby Street," with the perennial speed-of-light work by the drummer-maestro, the star appeared. Suddenly, on rafts at either side of the stage, the name "Pearl" blazoned forth in bright lights, its letters taller than the subject of this celebration.

This pyrotechnical display led into a typical set as Ms. Bailey opened with "Smile," ended with the inevitable "Dolly" and in between sang enough subdued, caressing ballads ("A Time for Love," "Somewhere") to remind us that she has a strong and splendid voice and is more than just a hard-belting show business legend.

True, there is much in what she does that recalls the vaudeville days and the Ethel Waters tradition, with even a touch of Al Jolson. Certainly, too, the up-tempos could have been cut back (why not sing "For Once in My Life" and "Once in a Lifetime" as a medley, instead of doing both, 10 minutes apart?); yet this was one of the most musicianly performances she has given in years, and there was just the right pitch of wry self-analysis ("You see, darlin', I'm singin' one thing and selling another," she said in explaining her body English). She danced a bit, but briefly.

Bailey, who noted that she and Bellson had celebrated their 24th wedding anniversary Nov. 19, picked a short jam session to turn a couple of his men loose—or as loose as you can get when Cat Anderson reaches for trumpet altissimos in the Mickey Mouse march.

At set's end, as Bailey steps onto a raft (alongside a people-size Mickey Mouse) that took her to the other side of the river for a closer glimpse of her band, fireworks exploded all around. After such a spectacular treatment, you wonder what will they dream up to greet her when she returns to her desk at the U.N.?

LATIMES 11-28-76

Just plain English sequel to 'Speaking'

by LEONARD FEATHER

A Civil Tongue by Edwin Newman (Bobbs-Merrill: $8.95)

Two years have passed since the publication of "Strictly Speaking" (which, Edwin Newman assures us, was referred to in a number of newspapers and libraries as "Strickly Speaking"). Since then his hopes, and ours, that some good might come of his rescue mission in behalf of the English language have been thwarted by a barrage of composities, cliches, doubletalk, mixed metaphors, mispronunciations and misspellings even more horrendous than those that preceded it. With or without the hoped-for signs of improvement, the sales of his first book made the appearance of a sequel inevitable.

In "A Civil Tongue" the principal objects of Newman's disaffection remain what they were: windy political and scientific rhetoric, redundancies, the use of fad words or phrases such as paradigm, eyeball-to-eyeball or capability (when ability would suffice), and the coining of atrocious neologisms through the use of prefixes (non, de) and suffixes (ize, ee). Our use of English must be reconceptualized, and we cannot wait until, having been briefed on this, we become the debriefees.

Newman is not above acknowledging his fallibility. A page is devoted to his own solecisms, pointed out by readers or television viewers. (My own review of "Strictly Speaking" produced a complaint from a reader that I was guilty of two language lapses.) He is most effective when he singles out a remark such as Nelson Rockefeller's "There are things that have been done in contradiction to the statutes," the Vice President's way of saying that the CIA broke the law. Why use five words when a dozen will do? Newman also specializes in interpreting Washington jargon literally: "President Ford called for a deepening dialogue with the nations of Latin America. Until then, I had thought that a deepening dialogue took place between two men who talked to each other while digging a hole."

The shortcoming of "A Civil Tongue" is that too much of it duplicates points made in the first book. Newman is witty, sometimes explosively funny, but he is given to feeble word plays and there is no real form to the book. He devotes proportionately too much time to semantics and too little to grammar, spelling and punctuation, all areas in which the educational decline has been particularly sharp during the past 10 years. His argument against sportscasters' use of good instead of well is all well and good, but what is needed is a full chapter on the decline of the adverb and its takeover by the adjective, along with similar chapters investigating other specific topics. Dangling modifiers, which leap out of every issue of every newspaper nowadays, are dismissed in a couple of paragraphs. They deserve better—or worse.

The book ends weakly with a few pages of puns and trivial malapropisms; but Newman's lost weak end must not be held against him. "Strictly Speaking" was published in the aftermath of Watergate with its hangout roads and at-this-point-in-times. Since then, California has elected a governor who, offered a lift to a fund-raising dinner in a chauffeur-driven Mercedes, replied: "I cannot relate to that material possessory consciousness." America needs Newman and all the other watchdogs she can find.

Feather is an author and critic for The Times.

AT SANTA MONICA CIVIC

Les McCann Casts Spell

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It would be hard to imagine two halves of a concert more antithetical in concept and audience appeal than were presented by Les McCann Saturday at Santa Monica Civic.

First came the regular McCann combo, heavily electronic but well integrated, with a contagious beat that connected at gut level with the rather small crowd. McCann showed the electric keyboard's potential for beauty in his Debussy-like introduction to "Every Time I See a Butterfly," but he also reemphasized the grandeur of the grand piano in "River High, River Low."

Les McCann

Both numbers were primarily vocal vehicles. McCann has developed into one of the most charismatic personalities in or out of music. His rusty voice, rippling vibrato and jazz-informed phrasing cast such an automatic spell on his listeners that the use of singalongs seemed like an expendable device. By now on such songs as "Compared to What?" the initiated join in without being asked.

Guitarists Stuart Liebig and Miroslaw Kudykowski, both closer to Clapton than to Kessel, engaged in some effective simultaneous ad-libbing on "I'm Back Home." Jimmy Rowser's electric bass lacked clarity at times, but the overall beat was steadily supportive. The drummer is a promising second-generation jazzman, Kevin Johnson, 24, son of the composer/trombonist J. J. Johnson. His solo on "Hustle to Survive" showed admirable technical command.

After intermission McCann underwent an all but total transformation. Along with a different combo (flute and rhythm) a female narrator and a 17-voice choir of nonprofessionals who call themselves the Late Bloomers, he presented a shortened concert version of a three-act, oratorio-like musical show he has written. Entitled "Brother Francis," it is based on the story of St. Francis of Assisi.

A couple of McCann's songs are attractively melodic. Others hark back to early Broadway musical traditions. The well-meaning but simplistic message (by his regular collaborator, Rev. B.) that greed, profiteering and militarism are bad, peace and love are good, need scarcely be argued, but by now the point has been made so often that some more original way must be found to express it.

The best moments of "Brother Francis" were provided when McCann rose above the lyrical cliches to put his soulful voice into the proceedings. A couple of the choir members, notably Mrs. Charlotte McCann in "Why Not Know?," also transcended the conventionality of the material.

JAZZ

Herd Returns to Honor Woody Herman

BY LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Forty years ago, on election night, the news flashed around the world that Franklin D. Roosevelt had carried every state except Maine and Vermont and would serve a second term. On that same night, playing his first gig as leader of his own orchestra, a 23-year-old clarinetist named Woody Herman carried a constituency of jitterbugs and jazz fans at the Roseland Ballroom in Brooklyn.

The other night at Carnegie Hall, Herman celebrated his 40th anniversary as a bandleader in a concert for which many of his alumni took part along with the youthful 1976 band. The event would have been an economic impossibility were it not for the loyalty and affection he has engendered among the men who have worked for him. The question was not "What's in it for me?" but "What can I do to help?"

From Florida came saxophonists Sam Marowitz and Flip Phillips, bassist Chubby Jackson and drummer Don Lamond. In from Los Angeles were trumpeters Pete and Conte Condoli, pianist Nat Pierce, drummer Jake Hanna. Ralph Burns, the Herman pianist and composer who went on to become an Oscar-winning writer in Hollywood ("Cabaret"), interrupted a tour to rejoin the band and fellow-alumnus Stan Getz in a Burns tune that helped propel both men to fame, "Early Autumn."

From Houston University, to whose archives the old Herman library had been donated, came dog-eared, coffee-stained manuscripts of compositions that established the so-called Herman Herd of the mid-1940s as the country's most popular jazz band.

At the first rehearsal, less of the first hour was devoted to playing than to renewing old friendships. The graying, the toupeed or bald and the perennially young all assured one another how little they had changed, while the members of the current band sat bemused before trading riffs with old masters, who had played in the orchestra long before these fledglings were born.

The original Herman slogan was "The Band That Plays the Blues." On this occasion, to provide a common ground easy for all hands to work on, Woody found several numbers based either on the blues or some other compatible format. "I don't want everybody sweatin' and wheezin'," he said. "This should be fun, not work."

Fun it was; an exhilarating and rejuvenating experience. As Chubby Jackson said, "if this were an old-timers' ball game, people would be amazed to see a cat get to first base; but we mean business. We're here for home runs!" He was right. Jazz in its finest hours is a music of survival, an indestructible force that finds men in the autumns and winters of their lives still communicating vigorously with others who may be newly graduated from a college music program. A couple of Woody's newest sidemen gaped as the Candoli brothers, Pete (class of '46) and Conte (class of '51), went through their paces on a duet feature.

The first half of the program was a game of musical chairs that found past and present sidemen trading places in mid-tune. "Four Brothers" brought together saxophonists Jimmy Giuffre, who composed it, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, all of whom had been part of the 1948-49 Herman band.

Mary Ann McCall, introduced by Herman as "the grooviest of all our band chirps," was the earliest sideperson present: She had sung in the band from 1939-41 and again in the late '40s. Flip Phillips, the beneficiary of a renaissance of interest in his jazz genre, recently gave up his job managing a condominium in Florida and took his tenor sax on the road. His reading of Burns' arrangement of "Sweet and Lovely" brought back a warm, affecting sound that evoked the era of Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster.

The task of re-creating the unique sound and style of the late trombonist Bill Harris was divided between Phil Wilson (class of '65) who played "Bijou," and Herman's current trombone eminence, Jim Pugh, featured in the Harris composition "Everywhere."

Many in the capacity house had come to bathe in nostalgia; but there was much more at work here than sentimentality.

The hard proof came with the second half of the concert. Devoted mainly to the 1976 band, it started with a work featuring electric piano, Fender bass, and the gathering of young hornmen who are carrying on and extending the Herman tradition. Their facility is prodigious, their repertoire broad, ranging from Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" to Freddie Hubbard's "Crisis" to an overlong and somewhat unwieldy version of "Blues in the Night."

Stan Getz reappeared to join with them on an exquisite updating of the old Mercer Ellington composition "Blue Serge." Then, conscious that time was growing short, Herman discarded three scheduled tunes and moved directly to his finale, the inevitable "Caldonia." The workout on this imperishable thunderbolt blues was allowed to stretch to at least 15 minutes, enabling young soloists to say their piece in alternation with the Candolis, Flip, Stan and a lineup of other veterans, deployed across the stage in delirious communion.

The concert left a few gaps that justified criticism. Obviously it was impossible for every notable graduate to appear, yet it seemed strange that none of the great ex-Herman vibraphonists had taken part (Red Norvo, Terry Gibbs, Milt Jackson) and, inexplicably, none of the great black musicians who were part of the Herman story, the best known being Jackson, Nat Adderley and Ernie Royal. Ideally, there should have been two different concerts, each spanning half of the Herman saga.

At a cocktail party staged late that night by RCA (the company that taped the concert for an album), someone poked a microphone into the maestro's face and congratulated him, adding: "May there be a 50th anniversary and a 60th . . ."

Woody Herman's slight, stooped figure straightened out momentarily as he offered his wry smile and replied quietly: "I'll be happy to settle for making the gig tomorrow night." ●

MELODY MAKER, November 27, 1976

Towner, Abercrombie ECM fest heroes

by Leonard Feather in Los Angeles

FOR two nights in Royce Hall at the University of California, Los Angeles, the package of artists assembled by ECM Records became the first such presentation ever organised in the U.S. by a foreign-based record company.

The first evening drew a disappointing attendance of about half a house, though the reaction to Gary Burton's quintet was enthusiastic enough to suggest a far bigger crowd. Burton's main advantage over the other groups was the accessibility of his sound and the sense of form pervading each composition.

Pat Metheny is one of the most sensitive guitarists ever to have worked with Burton. The group was rounded out by Steve Swallow's perennially potent Fender bass, Danny Gottlieb on drums and guest soloist Eberhard Weber, the German phenomenon, who plays a five-string upright electric bass, and whose composition "Yellow Fields" launched the set with dazzling eclat.

As for Burton, he remains all but unbelievable. His four mallet work almost defies the ear with the speed of its harmonic and melodic invention, yet there is never a sense of aggressiveness; his work has the musicality of a set of chimes. The groups preceding Burton were far less impressive. Art Lande's Rubisa Patrol, an American quintet, opened with the musicians all wearing identical masks as they played the old Dixieland tune "Jada." One by one they threw away the masks and segued into a startling exercise of freedom music, with Mark Isham on trumpet, flugelhorn and flute, Bill Douglass on bass and Glenn Cronkhite on drums.

Lande is a chameleonic pianist who touched all bases during the set, but his musicianship was not matched by that of Isham, whose sense of time on trumpet was unreliable.

A set by the Norwegian guitarist, Terje Rypdal, was notable mainly for the admirable bass of Palle Danielsson. Rypdal's guitar work was marked by cavernous echo effects which soon became overwhelming and ultimately grew tedious as they moved more and more into a rock accommodation. Jon Christensen's drums seemed to be at odds with Danielsson.

On the second evening, played for a very substantial crowd, the music was generally more interesting. Pianist/composer Steve Kuhn's quintet played a half-dozen originals, among them the lyrical "Oceans in the Sky", the brooding "A Change of Face", a humour-tinged "Deep Tango" and Kuhn's somewhat cloyingly over-romanticised "Silver," an unaccompanied solo.

On the other numbers he was well served by Steve Slagle on saxophones and flute, an energetic drummer named Michael Smith, and still another virtuosic bassist, Harvie Swartz (ECM seems to be a veritable beehive of top notch bass activity). Kuhn displayed an intriguing blend of the cerebral and the celebratory.

John Abercrombie and Ralph Towner became the heroes of the entire festival with their coruscating guitar duets. They are light years away from the limited plectrum spectrum of yesteryear. Abercrombie used three guitars—a six-string, 12-string and classical, all acoustic; Towner doubled on electric guitar and electric mandolin, opening the set with "Mandolin Madness."

At times the men seemed to be improvising simultaneously; at other points they meshed together in parallel lines or harmonies in various ingenious ways.

Eberhard Weber, leading Colours, again exhibited his big resonant sound and wealth of ideas, but the group was a less effective showcase for him than his appearance with Burton the previous night. A few interesting keyboard interludes, electric and acoustic, were supplied by Rainer Bruninghaus.

Christensen again played drums. A curiosity was the presence of Charlie Mariano. The former Parker-inspired bebop alto player, who played with Stan Kenton in the 1950s, is now a voluble and volatile messenger of the avant garde, doubling on soprano sax, which he played in a rather shrill fashion and the shawm, a long, odd-sounding oboe-like horn from Northern India.

Jack deJohnette's Directions proved unworthy of this estimable percussionist. Ron McClure, who worked with deJohnette a decade ago when both were members of the Charles Lloyd quintet, dominated the set with his loud work on acoustic and electric bass.

The highlight was deJohnette's workout on two bass drums and a clever solo that started out with a fusillade of rim shots. The group just didn't seem to conform to ECM's purported objective of an alternative route for contemporary music.

Nevertheless, despite such disappointments, the ECM Festival did succeed in showing that there is much more to a successful contemporary performance than the present trend toward r & b crossover hits would appear to indicate.

The cross-country tour organised by the company has been doing reasonably well, considering that most of the names involved are virtually unknown to all but a small audience consisting mostly of college students.

Undoubtedly, in the years to come, this nucleus can be built up and the ECM sense of purpose will become firmer and still more productive of first rate music.—LEONARD FEATHER.

JACK deJOHNETTE: *group was unworthy of him*

Leonard Feather

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Art Tatum, Part II

Since it would be possible to devote an entire book to an analysis of Art Tatum's genius, all I can do here is touch on a few basic aspects that leap out from the grooves of some of his most memorable records.

Tatum took pride in saying, "Fats Waller, man—that's where I come from." It is clear that he made frequent use of Waller's stride style, and of certain familiar right-hand figures, when the tune and interpretation seemed to call for it; but Tatum's prodigious technique transcended Waller to become, in effect, a virtual encyclopedia of jazz.

Those interested in studying Art's development during his early years would be well advised to inspect his two best known versions of "Tea For Two." The first, recorded March 21, 1933, is available on *Piano Starts Here* [Columbia, CS 9655]. The second, recorded in Hollywood on April 12, 1939, was reissued in *Art Tatum Masterpieces* [MCA, 2-4019]. In the earlier version, his style is substantially formed, but in the later session he swings more implacably and consistently than ever.

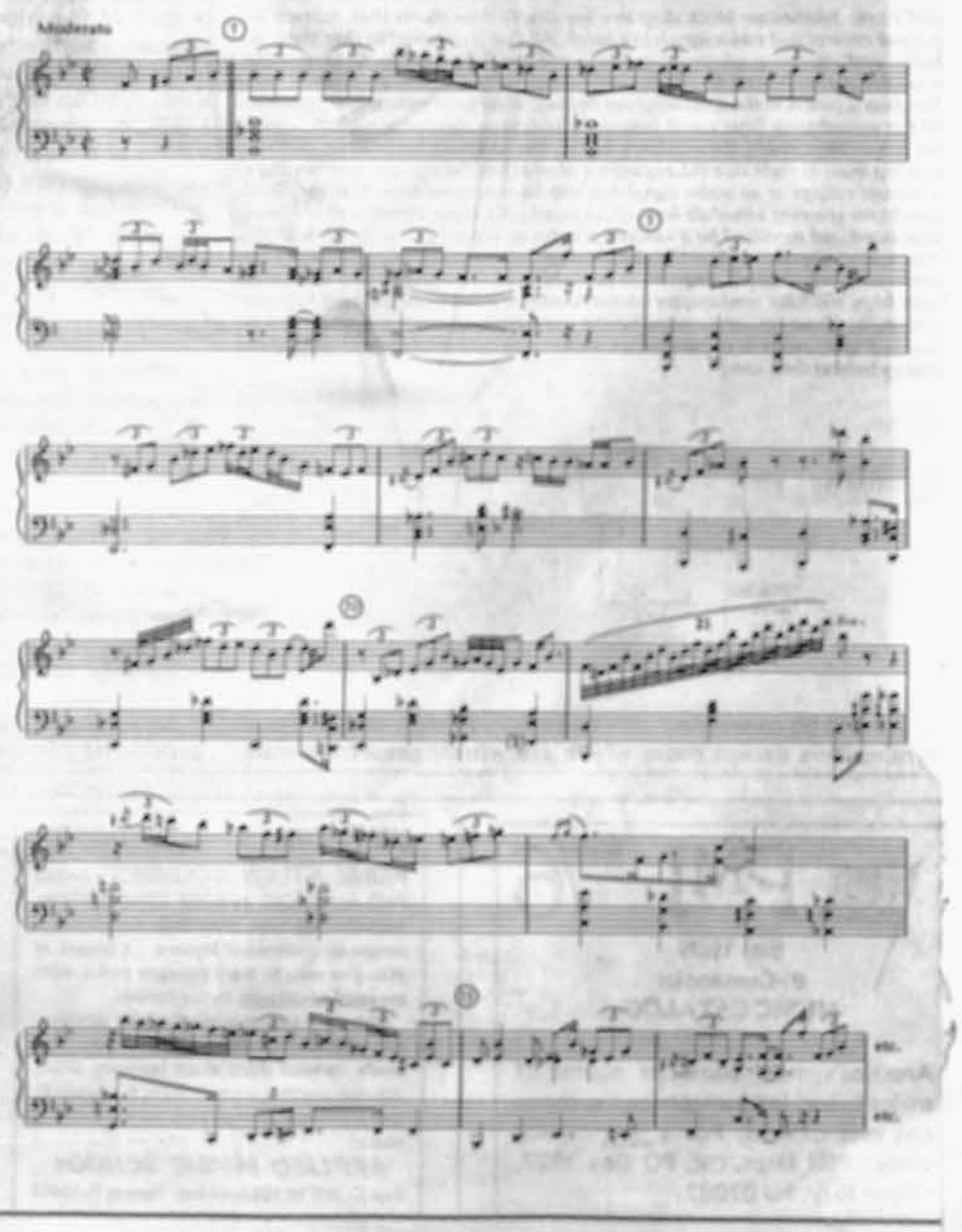
In a chapter called "The Analysis Of Improvisation" from my book *The Book Of Jazz From Then Till Now* [Dell Publishing, 1 Dag Hammarskjold Plaza, New York, NY 10017], I analyzed a transcription by Frank Metis of the four-bar introduction and opening twelve-bar chorus of Tatum's "Blues In *Bb*." Recorded in a trio session with saxophonist Benny Carter and drummer Louis Bellson, this was reissued in the Pablo Records *Group Masterpieces* package, and thus can be studied both from the transcription on this page and from the recording itself.

It is worth observing that a large proportion of the notes played by Tatum often were virtually, if not technically, grace notes. The triplets in the third beat of bar 1 and the second beat of bar 2 serve this purpose. Similarly, in bar 9 it might be said that the only essential notes are the *Fb, Eb, Db,* and *Bb* in the second and third beats, while everything else is ornamentation.

The difference between Tatum playing the blues and a more conventional jazz pianist dealing with the same genre is comparable to the difference between poetry and prose. But not all of Tatum's poetic finesse is confined to the gentle rhythmic impact of these grace notes. His harmonic feeling is incomparably oblique and unpredictable, as in bar 3, when the first right-hand chords are struck against a *Gb* chord in the bass, moving no less unexpectedly to an augmented chord in bar 4 rather than to the *F9* that might have been predicted. Tatum's feeling for the blues involves the use, always in exquisite taste, of octave tremolos (as in bars 5 and 9); involves adherence to the basic chords of the blues despite the added subtleties of such passing chords as the chromatic descent in bars 12 and 13; and involves the incredibly swift use of straight arpeggios—notice that in bar 11, after playing twenty-two notes in less than two seconds, he promptly gets back on the rhythmic rails to contrast this technical flourish with a left-hand syncopation followed by an earthy blues phrase in bar 12.

There is a curious paradox in the fact that Tatum, perhaps history's greatest master of jazz improvisation, thought of himself primarily as a melodist. He wrote very few compositions and lived essentially in the worlds of the great popular songwriters. There were only two exceptions: one was his occasional foray into classical music, and the other was his affinity for the blues. Here again there is a paradox, for the blues is a very basic form, yet with all his technical equipment, sometimes called flowery and excessive by his more captious critics, Tatum was able to imbue every performance with the most primary essence of the blues.

Perhaps this tells us something not only about Art Tatum but about the whole history of jazz piano: the blues is the bottom line for everyone. Show me a pianist who plays the blues ineptly, and I'll show you a failed jazzman. It was characteristic of Tatum that no matter how dizzy the heights to which he could soar in outlining a Gershwin or Cole Porter standard, he never forgot his roots throughout his all too brief but never to be forgotten career.



JAZZ REVIEW

Orange County's Rhythm Machine

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Hungry Joe's, a funkily cheerful room on Pacific Coast Highway in Huntington Beach, has worked its way over the years from a rock policy to country and western to jazz. Currently it is an Orange County equivalent of both Concerts by the Sea and Donte's in that it uses nationally known groups on weekends (Eddie Harris this weekend, Milt Jackson the next) and local groups earlier in the week. Of special interest in the latter category is the Orange County Rhythm Machine.

Heard in the club almost every Monday since April, 1975, this 16-piece band (eight brass, five saxes, three rhythm, with leader Bob Cassens on Fender bass) is as remarkable for its repertoire as for the power and team spirit with which the material, much of it originating within the band, is interpreted.

Thad Jones and Quincy Jones are in the books, but at the set I caught most of the music was the creation of Tom Kubus, the tenor saxophonist, and Tom Ranier, who plays alto and soprano. Kubus began one long solo in short, cautious fits and starts, like a panther waiting to leap, then let the excitement mount as he worked his way into long, intricate phrases.

Ranier seemed to show the influence of Sonny Criss, especially in "The Way We Were," but the soprano solo on his own "Relaxing at the Loop," colorfully draped with fluegelhorns, muted trombones and clarinets, had a sound all its own. If you don't think Ranier's facility as a reedman is remarkable, consider the fact that his regular job is with Helen Reddy, as a pianist.

Crowded conditions on the bandstand eliminate the possibility of doubling on acoustic piano and bass, which would be more appropriate to such works as Alf Coausen's old-time "The Soul Collector."

Another exceptional soloist is the trumpeter Ken Kaplan, whose harsh sound is counterbalanced by the ability to spin tricky, convoluted ideas. His solo on a medium-tempo blues kept bobbing and weaving through the familiar changes in endless cascades of creativity.

The set ended with a Kubus samba decorated by piccolos and flutes, with a muscular baritone sax outburst by Bob Shibo. John Pucella and co-owner Eric Zink deserve credit for showing there is more to Orange County jazz than the ramble of an antiquated market.

AT SANTA MONICA CIVIC

Stanley Clarke: From the Ranks

11/19

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It is an encouraging indication of the state of our pop music scene that a bass player can emerge from the ranks to become a virtual folk hero, selling out the Santa Monica Civic in his first solo recital as a leader. The reception accorded Stanley Clarke and his group Tuesday evening was of the kind normally reserved for rock singers.

The happiest aspect of this adulation was that he deserved every moment of it. Clarke's main instrument is the electric bass, but in his hands it is a classical bass guitar, and Clarke becomes the Segovia of jazz/rock. He has liberated the instrument from the repetitious monotony of its past decade, has written a series of compositions that variously employ energy, lyricism and humor—and has surrounded himself with a combo that reinforces the impact of his talent.

Perhaps to reassure us that even geniuses are human and fallible, Clarke tried out briefly as a singer in "Journey to Love." Compensation came a little later when, after a heavy electronic piece called "Vulcan Princess," he played upright bass, arco and pizzicato, engaging in a series of astonishing exchanges with pianist David Sancious. The latter, a Bruce Springsteen alumnus who plays all keyboards and doubles on guitar, is a breathtaking performer; his duet with Clarke suggested two streaks of lightning colliding in midair.

That this was the high point of the evening is no reflection on the others, who played their supporting parts well enough. They are Ray Gomez, guitar; Jerry Brown, drums, and trumpeters Al Harrison and James Tinsley. The latter pair, used discreetly for fanfares and dramatic effects, doubled on piccolo-trumpet and fluegelhorn. Harrison made intelligent use of squeeze-toned half valve notes.

Clarke's unaffectedly amiable personality is another factor in his success. After his roaring fans refused to let him go, he played an encore; he could have touched bass with them all night long without ever losing their attention.

The Clarke set followed a long intermission. This was preceded by 40 minutes of Tony Williams' "Lifetime," against which the walls of Jericho would have been helpless. There have been many exceptions to the rule that drummers should not be leaders, but Williams is the living, ear-splitting proof of the rule's validity. His brand of funk-jink has taken him into an abyss from which he may never be rescued.

Los Angeles Times
VIEW
PART IV
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1976

CRITIC AT LARGE

Jazz Parade—New and True

BY CHARLES CHAMPLIN
Times Arts Editor

A man who lived around the corner from me in the days of my youth had heard, possibly through an open window on a summer day, that I was trying to get the hang of the cornet (and not getting it too well, either).

He invited me in one day to hear how it ought to be done, which is to say he put some Louis Armstrong 78s on his phonograph, handling them like the great and fragile rarities they were even then in the late '30s. (They must be priceless now.)

It was a life-changing experience in a couple of ways. Having heard what I could never hope to do, I switched my main attentions to the typewriter soon after. But listening to Louis play "St. James Infirmary" and "West End Blues," with its ravishing cadenza, also launched a love affair with jazz that has never ended.

Never ended, although I realized the other day that I'd been thinking about jazz just as many people have come to think about the movies: Something got lost along the way. I'd had a musical version of. Why don't they make movies the way they used to?

*

Whatever you thought of as defining jazz—the gleeful energy, the inspired improvisations, the high-voltage emotion of a slow blues, the propulsion and the wild excitements, the lyricism—all seemed to me, on the basis of limited hearings, to have surrendered to joyless experimentings with free-form dissonances, to pretentious overarrangings and to endlessly honking choruses as pleasurable as impacted wisdom teeth.

There were the diminishing links with the jazz that was—Ellington, Basie, Kenton, Brubeck, Buddy Rich, Armstrong himself—who accommodated new rhythms, voicings and songs but always with a sense of extending rather than diverting the mainstream jazz idea.

Yet if those who write off the movies miss much that is undeniably different but also moving and admirable, so, I realize, do those who imagine that jazz paused somewhere east of Dizzy Gillespie.

I spent the other evening listening, with a mixture of excitement and reassurance, to the two-record "Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '70s" (RCA, APL2-1984), produced by my colleague Leonard Feather as a kind of aural illustration of his book of the same title, the third volume of his reference histories of the art.

*

I have no idea what additional artists he might have wished to borrow from other labels. I miss Chuck Mangione, the innovative and lyrical instrumentalist-composer out of Rochester, and Don Ellis, whose experiments with odd time signatures, crazy scales and electric trumpets generate wild and swinging sounds.

But what is here demonstrates blissfully well that what is new carries on from what was. The boxes may be full of wires, tubes and transistors, but the sounds they produce for the proper hands have the passionate individuality of any day's good jazz.

Anybody who imagines that electronic instruments have no place outside aerospace or rock have not heard organist Groove Holmes rip through Bronislau Kaper's "Green Dolphin Street" with a single-line, staccato and trumpet-like improvisation that is breathtakingly fast and agile.

What I suppose surprised me the most, and may well reflect Feather's own taste, is the number of tracks which are unquestionably jazz but also marvelously lyrical. Despite its title, "I Saw Pinetop Spit Blood," a quintet number featuring Bobby Bryant on flugelhorn and Bob Brookmeyer on trombone, is a lovely piece of easy listening, graceful and melodic embellishments on an Oliver Nelson composition.

David Amram's Waltz from "After the Fall" is somewhat more avant-garde in its harmonies, but the impulse is still lyrical and reflective.

*

Electronics have all but put the big bands out of business, but not quite, and the album provides some stimulating evidence of how the large orchestrated sound has moved ahead. Gil Evans' "King Porter Stomp" is a moving wall of sound, part synthesized, part not, and Jelly Roll Morton would recognize the beat if not his melody. Buddy Rich's "Space Shuttle," set off at a fast tick by the master himself, is a dazzling piece of uptempo precision. The late Oliver Nelson's "Dumpy Mama" takes the big band into what somebody called "electronic funk" and very engaging, too.

There are well-chosen vocals. Cleo Laine doing her astonishingly wide-ranging thing on Carole King's "Music," and Nina Simone updating the blues feeling with two songs from "Hair."

The last track, appropriately, belongs to Duke Ellington, a performance of "Don't You Know I Care," recorded live at one of his final concert dates, in England in 1973. It's his old standard (from 1944) done now with a swinging samba beat.

The last voice you hear is Ellington's too, identifying his fine new alto man, Harold Minerve. It's the voice that could have identified every decade of jazz since the '20s. Some things didn't change, but only moved on.

Sun. Dec. 12

JAZZ

The Big Bands Flourishing in LP Cornucopia

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The status of the big band in jazz has been the subject of windy journalistic rhetoric ever since the demise of the Swing Era. While domestic touring conditions remain an economic near-impossibility, there is a continual increase in the number of musicians trained in college bands; these youngsters are thus equipped for a career in which the openings grow steadily fewer.

Despite this impasse, the idiom remains ubiquitously alive. Among the recent releases are eight band LPs, five of them two-pocket albums. They include new recordings as well as reissues and old-but-never-previously-released material. Alphabetically, they are "Hello Rev" by Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band (Concord CJ 27), "Carmel by the Sea" by Jack Daugherty's Orchestra (Monterey MS 100), "Mr. B. and the Band" by Billy Eckstine (Savoy 2214), "The World of Duke Ellington Vol. 3" (Columbia 33961), "Stratospheric" by Maynard Ferguson (EmArcy EMS-2-406), "The King James Version" by Harry James (Sheffield Lab 3), "Thad Jones/Mel Lewis & Manuel de Sica and the Jazz Orchestra" (Pausa PR

album. Most of these tracks were made in 1951-52, when the personnel included Clark Terry, Britt Woodman, Jaun Tizol, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney and Louie Bellson. Betty Roche, one of the jazz world's unsung singers, delivers some funny, first-rate blues verses; Rosemary Clooney is on one track and there are several unneeded vocals by the marble-mouthed Jimmy Grissom; but the instrumental tracks alone elevate this to a four-and-a-half-star plateau.

The Maynard Ferguson and Buddy Rich albums are part of a reissue program recently undertaken by Mercury Records in a revival of its 1950s EmArcy jazz label. All the twofers in this series have been admirably researched and produced. Ferguson reminds us that there was much more to the so-called West Coast jazz scene of that time than the watered-down Miles Davisisms of the Shorty Ro-

12/17/76

AT RUDI'S

Edison and Davis in Jazz Quintet

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

There is a certain brand of small group jazz that has been in short supply in recent years. Most of its practitioners paid early dues with the big bands, evolving sounds and styles that came straight from the soul with no electronic bypass.

Harry (Sweets) Edison and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, both representatives of this genre, joined forces to head a quintet this week at Rudi's Italian Inn, a club and restaurant on Crenshaw at Coliseum.

Edison, who left the Count Basie orchestra in 1950, and Davis, who joined the Count in 1952, have more in common than this link. Their styles are totally individual, yet splendidly attuned. Their repertoire includes standards, early bop themes such as Miles Davis' "Walkin' " and Dizzy Gillespie's "Ow" and an occasional touch of bossa nova, though in "Quiet Nights" they soon left the road to Rio and headed for home via a swinging 4/4 pulse.

Edison's trumpet, muted most of the time, and Davis' tenor sax both have a tendency to insert sly, rib-jabbing phrases into their solos. Even in a generally wistful "Georgia on My Mind," Sweets was unable to resist the temptation to quote from "Ol' Man River" and other sources.

Supporting the horns are Gildo Mahoneys, whose bop-pish piano was given no support by the sound system; the ubiquitous and sensitive Earl Palmer on drums, and Fred Atwood, another of those dexterous bassists who seem to be proliferating lately.

The rhythm section met its principal challenge in "Believable Words," a tune so ancient that Bing Crosby crooned it in an early sound film when he was still one of the Rhythm Boys. However, the combo dismissed its melody in less than a minute and improvised lithely on its chords at a completely uncroonable tempo. When jazzmen of this caliber are at work, there is no such thing as old age; the watchword is maturity.

The quintet closes Sunday, after which anything may or may not happen. Given a chance to establish its policy, this large, well-situated room could build an audience in an area where jazz has long been sadly conspicuous for its absense.

AT THE BAKED POTATO

Jam Session With Sax Appeal

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The tradition of the jam session, lately honored more in the breach than in the observance, continues to be upheld Sunday nights at the Baked Potato. A particular form of it, the tenor saxophone battle, was revived when Pete Christlieb took the stand last Sunday at the helm of a combo featuring fellow reedman Don Menza.

Christlieb, though committed to a career in the studios (he is a regular on the Tonight Show), has successfully maintained contact with jazz. His solos are marked by a warm timbre, an infallible sense of construction and a keen ear for the harmonic essence of each tune.

Unfortunately, he does not demonstrate any qualities of leadership. The lack of planning was excessive; in fact, one song, "These Foolish Things," evidently was so unfamiliar to Bill Rogers that Menza spent the first chorus apparently calling out the chord changes to this admirable guitarist.

Rogers provided much of the quintet's excitement. Though his sound is brittle, he compensates with ad lib lines that sprint through long eighth notes a la George Benson to broken-octave effects and unpredictable outbursts of chords. He seemed constantly to be searching for new and challenging avenues of expression.

The sax exchanges found Menza emphasizing his tendency never to use two or three meaningful notes when he could cram in a dozen. His sound, harder and more aggressive than Christlieb's, provides an interesting contrast, one that would be twice as valuable if he could relax more often.

The rhythm section is weaker than the sum of its parts. Ted Hawke is a competent drummer and Kevin Brandon a facile bassist, but they were often lost in their own worlds, Brandon providing too few chord roots for the solid undercurrent needed to build a unified, swinging group sound. His solos, aided by a strong-toned electrified upright bass, were more successful than his rhythm work.

Christlieb would be well advised to break out of the obvious jam session repertoire. In an hour and a half only four numbers were played, among them a blues, the inevitable "Green Dolphin Street" and an old movie song, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." He has the talent and the personnel to build this into something more cohesive. Even a jam session doesn't have to be casual to the point of sloppiness. But the gig is worth a visit (they'll be back next Sunday) if only for an examination of the remarkable Rogers.

Sun. Dec. 12

JAZZ

The Big Bands Flourishing in LP Cornucopia

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The status of the big band in jazz has been the subject of windy journalistic rhetoric ever since the demise of the Swing Era. While domestic touring conditions remain an economic near-impossibility, there is a continual increase in the number of musicians trained in college bands; these youngsters are thus equipped for a career in which the openings grow steadily fewer.

Despite this impasse, the idiom remains ubiquitously alive. Among the recent releases are eight band LPs, five of them two-pocket albums. They include new recordings as well as reissues and old-but-never-previously-released material. Alphabetically, they are "Hello Rev" by Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band (Concord CJ 27), "Carmel by the Sea" by Jack Daugherty's Orchestra (Monterey MS 100), "Mr. B. and the Band" by Billy Eckstine (Savoy 2214), "The World of Duke Ellington Vol. 3" (Columbia 33961), "Stratospheric" by Maynard Ferguson (EmArcy EMS-2-406), "The King James Version" by Harry James (Sheffield Lab 3), "Thad Jones/Mel Lewis & Manuel de Sica and the Jazz Orchestra" (Pausa PR 7012) and "Both Sides" by Buddy Rich (EmArcy EMS 2-402).

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Berry, the Los Angeles-based trumpeter-composer, is an Ellington alumnus most of whose music, whether drawn directly from the source or composed by Berry, leaves no doubt about his allegiance. His own "The Blink/And How", an excerpt from a suite, displays a crisp ensemble and a style rich in changes of texture, mood and dynamics. Cat Anderson's rivival of Rex Stewart's "Boy Meets Horn" is almost letter-perfect. Marshal Royal's Hodges-inspired alto sax and some very Ducal flourishes from pianist Dave Frishberg bring warmth and authenticity to the Ellington-Strayhorn "Star Crossed Lovers," from Ellington's Shakespeare suite.

Berry's band taped the album live at the Concord Summer Festival. Though a couple of spots could have been improved in the studio, where correctional takes are permitted, the cohesion, content and spirit justify a four-star rating.

The Daugherty band, a new group, sets its sights lower than Berry, interpreting the leader's works correctly and featuring such soloists as Tom Scott playing lyricon, Chuck Findley's sensitive trumpet and Daugherty on electric keyboard. Will big band jazz and rock enjoy a genuine marriage? The Daugherty venture indicates that at least they are trying their best to live together. Three stars.

The Eckstine set suffers from two problems. First, it was impossible for anyone (even Eckstine) to decide whether this historically important group was a backdrop for his singing or a showcase for pioneer bebop hornmen; second, the band had the misfortune of working for a long-defunct company that didn't have a clue how to balance the band or capture its brassy brilliance. Despite a few solos by Gene Ammons, Fats Navarro and others, and even some valve trombone by Eckstine, what some of us remember as a five-star band is barely heard in this two-and-a-half star recording.

Columbia continues to explore its vaults diligently and productively for Ellingtonia. Some of the material in Vol. 3 was never before released, or enjoyed a brief life on some long-deleted single or album. Most of these tracks were made in 1951-52, when the personnel included Clark Terry, Britt Woodman, Jaun Tizol, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney and Louie Bellson. Betty Roche, one of the jazz world's unsung singers, delivers some funny, first-rate blues verses; Rosemary Clooney is on one track and there are several unneeded vocals by the marble-mouthed Jimmy Grissom; but the instrumental tracks alone elevate this to a four-and-a-half-star plateau.

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Buddy Rich's band personnel reads like a pickup unit, but the writing by Ernie Wilkins combines with Rich's powerhouse drive to lend excitement to these tracks, mostly 1959-60. Three and a half stars.

Wilkins appears again as a contributor to the first new Harry James album in many years. Though totally unadventurous by 1976 standards, this single LP, which also includes a couple of Thad Jones charts, offers evidence that the trumpeter at 60 remains an eloquent jazz soloist. Given a more consistently challenging repertoire, he could again become a real force in the big band scene. Three stars.

The Thad Jones/Mel Lewis album is mainly devoted to a jazz suite by Manuel de Sica, son of Vittorio de Sica. While using this powerful orchestra as his medium, de Sica left enough room for several of the soloists to stretch their chops. Among them are Jones, who offers a mellow statement of the opening theme on fluegelhorn; Jon Faddis on trumpet, founder-member Pepper Adams on baritone sax, and the scatsinging Dee Dee Bridgewater. Four stars.

What does this tell us about the future of big bands? Obsolescent? Obsolete? Absolutely not. They will simply get together for record dates, concerts, festivals and such occasional tours as are available to them; the rest of the time, their members will free-lance in New York or Los Angeles or wherever they are based. Half a life is better than nonexistence.

●

In last week's column about World Jazz Assn., a typographical error indicated that Stan Getz refused permission for his performances to be used on a projected WJA album. Getz in fact gave his permission. ●

Contemporary Keyboard
January 1977

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Teddy Wilson

Teddy Wilson's place in music history has long been secure. He is best known to the public for his tenure with the Benny Goodman trio, which he joined in April, 1936 [*Ed. Note: For an interview with Wilson, see* CK, *Mar./Apr. '76*]. As a young man, he had developed a style that grew directly out of the Earl Hines "trumpet-style" piano he had originally emulated; yet his approach was demonstrably more understated and smoothly articulated, with a more evenly swinging left hand and an inclination to use long single-note lines in the right hand where Hines employed trickily convoluted octave effects mixed with jabbing left-hand accents.

Wilson's style represented both a retrenchment and an advancement, in that he said something new and different by seeming to state less. In effect, his was the definitive new piano approach of the swing era. During the late Thirties he became as strong an influence on his contemporaries, and on younger musicians coming up, as Hines had been in the late Twenties or as Bud Powell would become in the Forties.

As has been the case with most of the influential pianists, Teddy's ideas are never more typically represented than in the blues. The example here, recorded under the title "Blues For The Oldest Profession" (perhaps Verve will reissue this 1955 track some day), comprises a four-bar intro and an opening ad lib chorus.

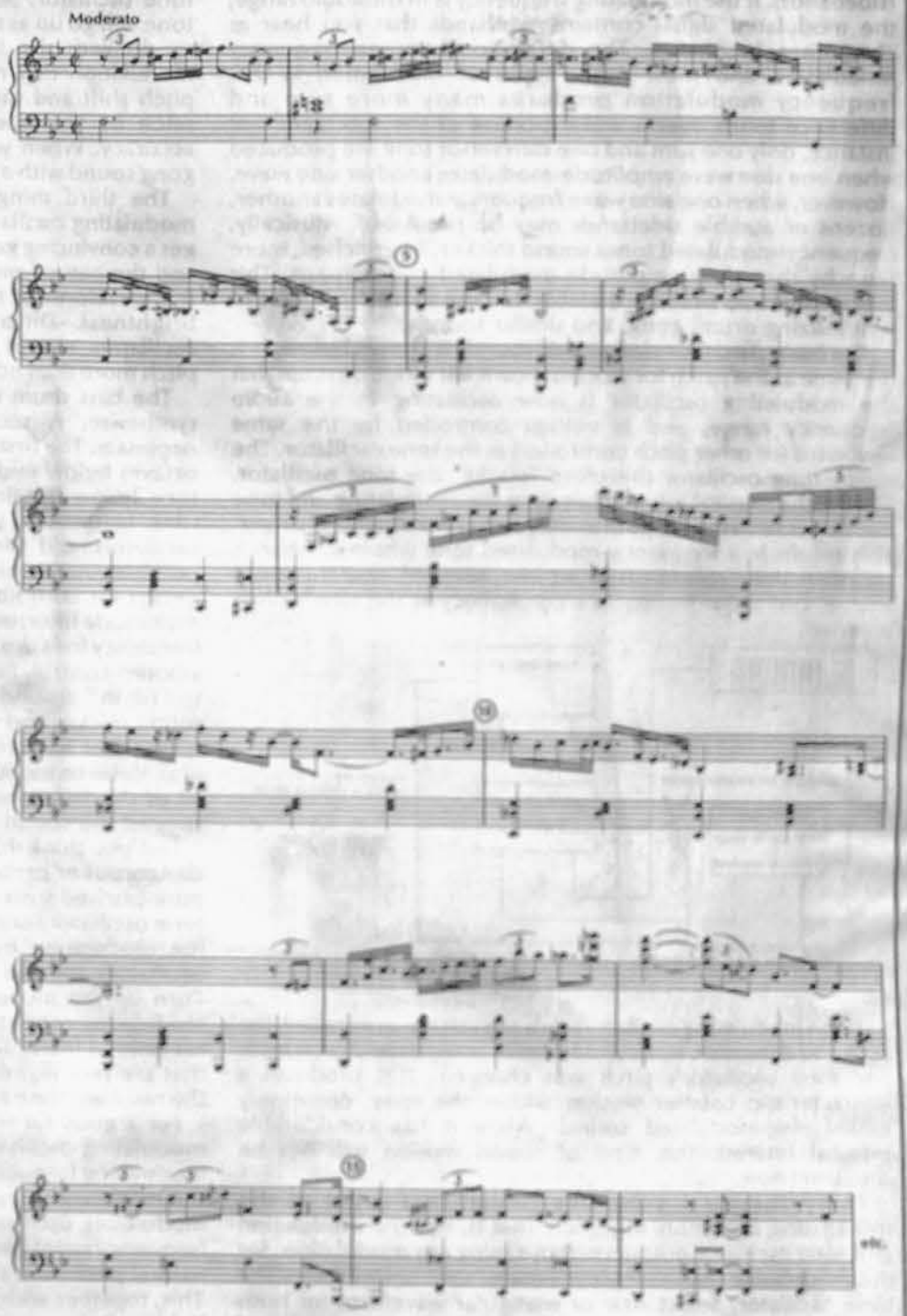
Teddy gives less an impression of embellishment than of factual statement: this is the blues. There are fewer passing chords than one would find in, say, a Tatum blues, and during some measures the underlying harmony remains unchanged throughout. (It is interesting to note that Wilson to this day plays the blues, and just about everything else, in a manner essentially unaltered by the passage of the decades.)

Aside from the rather lavishly embellished lead-in during bar 8 to the second phrase of the chorus, which begins with the *Eb9* chord in bar 9, there is more here than in Tatum that can be pinned down as a definite melodic line; indeed, there are none of Art's grace-note-like triplets at all. Despite the inspiration Teddy unquestionably derived from Hines, Tatum, and Waller, nothing in this chorus could lead the reader, let alone the listener, to mistake the passage for the work of anyone but Wilson.

Wilson means every note he plays as part of a statement rather than as an aside. A charming and personal placidity rather than an elaborately built intensity seems to be his keynote, although with the arrival of the two chords that link bars 12 and 13, a peak of warmth is reached, and with the simple and generalized melodic phrase in bar 14 Wilson seems to be saying, with finality, "Yes, this is really the blues." Critics who once accused him of a lack of emotion eventually realized that the passion was just stated more subtly and less superficially than they had been led to expect from the stride generation.

The simplicity of the left hand, mostly in tenths and three-note chords directly on the beat, is fairly typical, but it should be borne in mind that on this session he had the assistance of a strong bassist, Milt Hinton, as well as Jo Jones on drums. When he plays unaccompanied, Teddy's left hand is capable of far more complexity.

It should go without saying that no illustration, explanation, or recording can ever be a substitute for the real thing. A visit to Teddy Wilson's next local engagement, if you are close to a city he is due to visit, cannot fail to provide an unforgettable experience and a virtual lesson in the evolution of jazz piano.



LOS ANGELES TIMES SUN. DEC. 26 1976 (SYNDICATED)

JAZZ

The Golden Feather Awards for 1976

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● It has been a year like most that have preceded it, at least in the sense that you could make a convincing argument on either side of the issue as to whether or not it was a progressive and hopeful time for jazz.

For example, when musicians long respected for the purity of their output cross over into the tempting, financially fertile soil of rock, is it signaling the end for jazz?

For evidence to the contrary, you need only look at the success of local bands of loyalists such as Monk Montgomery and the Las Vegas Jazz Society, Joe and Rigmor Newman with their Jazz Interactions in New York, and the rapidly expanding International Jazz Federation with headquarters in Vienna and Warsaw. Despite all the news about failing night clubs and ailing swing band leaders, and regardless of how many musicians sell out it seems that the music somehow continues to flourish.

The Golden Feather Awards, inaugurated 12 years ago, are intended to salute those who not only have successfully resisted the trend toward crass commercialism, but have contributed something conspicuous to the welfare and advancement of jazz. The prizes are decided by a committee of one.

Man of the Year: George Benson. Who else? True, his gigantic success with "Breezin'" stemmed more from his singing than from his guitar; but the album is several cuts above the attempts of other jazz musicians to gain a foothold in mass market; moreover, as a result, several earlier, more jazz-oriented Benson LPs have been reissued and enjoyed substantial sales, thus gaining new converts. The whole phenomenon reflects credit on all concerned: Benson himself, his producer Tommy Li Puma, Warner Brothers Records, and the 1,921,614 customers who had bought the LP as of Dec. 15. (This means that by the time you read this it will almost certainly have passed the 2 million mark, making it a double-platinum disc.) "This Masquerade" and another single from the album have reached a combined sale of more than a million.

Woman of the Year: Toshiko Akiyoshi. The only holdover from last year's awards, when she and her immensely gifted husband, the tenor saxophonist and flutist Lew Tabackin, were saluted for coleading the band of the year. Since then, two of the albums by their orchestra, recorded for Japanese RCA, have been released in the United States. (On American RCA). And Toshiko has been gaining acceptance among her peers as a composer-arranger of extraordinary skill, the first of her sex in jazz history ever to build an orchestra and an entire library of music with her own baton and pen.

Singer of the Year: Al Jarreau. An overnight success at 36. Until a couple of years ago he was working for an almost invisible North Hollywood club called the Bla Bla Cafe. A true musician-singer, he has succeeded, among other accomplishments, in restructuring the art of wordless singing. This year, Al Schmitt and Tommy Li Puma produced his album "Glow" for Reprise, and Jarreau made a resoundingly successful European tour.

Combo of the Year: Matrix. This nine-man monolith of former students from Lawrence University in Appleton, Wis., was the surprise show-stealer at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Matrix has no record on the market yet, but it's just a matter of time before the group becomes to the jazz/rock of the late '70s what Blood, Sweat & Tears purported to be the '60s.

Comeback of the Year: Buck Clayton. There can be no more anguishing ordeal for a trumpeter than trouble with his teeth or gums. The veteran ex-Basie trumpeter, suffering these and other ailments, was told by doctors in 1970 that he would never play again; but he beat the odds and made a heartwarming return to the New York scene, playing at what may well be Manhattan's most agreeable jazz club-cum-restaurant, Michael's Pub.

Television Station of the Year: Chicago's WTTW. Initiated by Ken Ehrlich, a series called "Soundstage" has presented several of the kinds of programs we had just about given up hope of ever seeing on the tube: two annual shows featuring Down Beat award winners, a vocal roundup called "Sing Me a Jazz Song," another known as "Dizzy Gillespie Bebop Reunion." These and others have been seen on PBS stations around the country. (A moulting feather to Los Angeles' KCET for not having scheduled any of this series this season.)

Record Company of the Year: ECM. It took a Munich-based record company, and a visionary producer named Manfred Eicher, to generate some of the most stimulating sounds in the form of a new, nonrock fusion music, and to arrange not only for the American release of its recordings (mostly recorded in Oslo), but also to send out a package of the ECM musicians on a modestly successful U.S. tour. Laurels also to guitarists Ralph Towner and John Abercrombie of the ECM family.

Vocal group of the Year: Quire. Again an impetus comes from across the Atlantic in the form of a unique venture that re-creates, in vocal form via multiple overdubs, famous jazz piano solos. Christiane Legrand, Michel's indomitable sister, carried out this wild idea, aided by three other former members of the Swingle Singers. To date there is just one LP, entitled simply "Quire," on RCA, but the concept seems too exciting not to continue. If Quire is an example of the quality of music we can look forward to in 1977, the year ahead will be as cornucopian as anyone could wish. ●

8 Pt IV—Tues., Jan. 4, 1977 Los Angeles Times

AT THE SMOKEHOUSE 1/4/77

More Than Mere Dinner Music

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Lounge acts too often lean on versatility and entertainment value as compensation for indifferent musicianship. The group known as Don Cunningham & Co., presently at the Smokehouse restaurant in Toluca Lake, has nothing to cover up and, despite a lack of original material, almost everything to offer.

Cunningham and his vocal partner, Alicia Rodriguez, opened the set with an ebullient workout on Jon Hendricks' "Cloudburst" and ended with a scat version of "Take the 'A' Train." Between these two bebop bookends was a program that clutched just about every base: pop songs by Stevie Wonder and Gilbert O'Sullivan; Latin and light rock rhythms; even the Villa Lobos "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 2," with Alicia's brother Gilbert Rodriguez playing acoustic, folkloristic guitar.

Cunningham, a persuasive and personable singer, played harmonica, congas, vibes and, in a blues tribute to Charlie Parker, alto sax. Though he admitted to rustiness (he plays saxophone only occasionally), his intensity and soulful phrasing on "Parker's Mood" made up for the slight imperfections. His impression of Gene Ammons was less successful.

The vivacious Alicia, an olive-skinned charmer, looks the part of a Vegas lounge singer but is an elegant match for the leader. Singing the love theme from "Mahogany," she displayed a pleasant vibrato and a clarity of diction that has, alas, almost gone out of style.

Two other members of the original 1972 Cunningham combo, Rick Bolden on electric keyboard and drummer Bobby White, are still pulling their weight. Bryan Asher plays Fender bass and cello.

Cunningham & Co. are able representatives of their genre, offering something more consequential than mere dinner music. A seat near the bandstand is advisable, however, if you wish to avoid the sounds of supper emanating from some of the noisier tables. The show will continue Tuesdays through Saturdays, until Feb. 23.

16 Pt IV—Thurs., Jan. 6, 1977 Los Angeles Times ★

POP AND JAZZ REVIEWS

Roach—Still the Model Drummer

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Introducing himself Tuesday at Concerts by the Sea, Max Roach informed the audience that he has been playing the drums since 1930. After a graceful tribute to Howard Rumsey (in whose Lighthouse All Stars he worked 23 years ago), he introduced the members of his current quartet—Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet; Billy Harper, tenor sax (both formerly with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra), and Reggie Workman, bass.

Roach has been involved in many illustrious partnerships, particularly with Dizzy Gillespie and later as coleader with the late Clifford Brown of a historic quintet. He became to the drums what Gillespie was to the trumpet, a harbinger of the bop revolution, and his masterful control remains a model for all the lesser figures who have followed him. If there had been no Max Roach there would be no Billy Cobham. Roach remains the master, the idol of his peers and his juniors.

Playing three long pieces—Bridgewater's "Scot Free," Stanley Cowell's waltz "Effie" and an unaccompanied solo that he called "South Africa 1976"—Roach used a comparatively simple drum set, mercifully free of percussion toys, to weave a maze of rhythmic cross-currents mainly with snare, top cymbal and bass drum pedal accents.

Workman, whose upright instrument is amplified with splendid cleanliness, is a master musican who has earned his place in Roach's distinguished company. His solos were melodic mosaics, entailing passages in parallel octaves, as if he were the Wes Montgomery of the bass.

The front line suffered by comparison with earlier Roach groups. Possibly because of the absence of a piano, both men took solos so long that they were unable to sustain a high creative level. Harper's commendable technique, used for long, insistent and convoluted runs, split tones and excesses of volume, was better contained in the Jones/Lewis context. Bridgewater's notes were perfectly in place, but the effect was that of a lead trumpeter called upon to take a jazz solo. One felt a need for more emotional communication.

Despite its shortcomings, the quartet justifies a visit if only for this rare glimpse of an incomparable percussion master—this is his first time in town since 1969—and for the excitement generated by Workman, who lives up to his name in no uncertain tones. The group closes Sunday. Next week: Ahmad Jamal.

AT PLAYBOY CLUB

12/25

The Wrong Recipe for Witherspoon

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Ambience has become one of the most overused cliches in the lexicon of show business, yet at times its application is inevitable and logical. A case in point was the appearance Wednesday of Jimmy Witherspoon at Lainie's Room in the Playboy Club.

The veteran blues singer, a master of timing and artful articulation, has rarely failed to stir up some measure of excitement in an audience, yet on this occasion the spark just wasn't there. Was it the fault of the accompanying trio? Certainly he has had many backup groups that offered more inspiration. Roy Alexander at the organ, Gene Edwards on guitar and Maurice Simon Jr. on drums played a couple of warm-up numbers that never got out of first gear, and during Witherspoon's set they barely shifted into second.

Was the crowd to blame? True, the typically apathetic, inattentive Playboy patrons were not attuned to the messages of "See See Rider," "Goin' to Chicago" and all the other chestnuts in a too-familiar repertoire. Or possibly the lack of a blend between voice and organ had something to do with it; at times the rugged Witherspoon sound seemed strangely muted.

One of Witherspoon's best-known blues lines is, "One day we got beans and bacon, next day ain't nothin' shakin' . . ." This was definitely one of those beanless, baconless days. You could ascribe this to the absence of the aforementioned ambience, or you might simply conclude that the celebrated Witherspoon mojo wasn't working.

Perhaps in the course of his two-week gig things will loosen up, but it was hard to suppress the wish that this respected artist were at the Parisian Room instead, with Red Holloway blowing some fine, soulful tenor sax and the house rhythm section cooking away. Well, maybe next year.

Memorial Concert Slated for the Late Erroll Garner

1/19

A memorial tribute concert for Erroll Garner will be held Sunday at 3 p.m. in the main hall at Musicians' Union, Local 47, 817 Vine St.

Among those scheduled to take part are many of Garner's pianist contemporaries, including Johnny Guarnieri, Jack Wilson, Nat Pierce, Gildo Mahones and Pete Jolly. Garner died Jan. 2.

12/30/76

AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

Gloria Lynne: Jazz in Pristine Form

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Gloria Lynne is one of those relatively few singers who can be relied upon to deliver a strong, jazz-oriented performance while accommodating her material and accompaniment now and then to present day demands.

At the Parisian Room, Ms. Lynne offers reassuring evidence that 20 years of dues-paying have not resulted in any capitulation to commercialism. Rather they have led to greater maturity without any help from big hits (she made her first album in 1958, and is still recording). In the course of a 45-minute show, all the facets of her background came into focus: the church singing, the concert training, the years in early rock 'n' roll nightclubs, the dual influences of Ella Fitzgerald and Mahalia Jackson.

Her sound is full and deep, with an attractively throaty edge that lends itself as aptly to Stevie Wonder's "Visions" and the country and western hit "Shelter of Your Love" as it works for her on "Let's Fall in Love" and "Out of This World." Both the latter are handled in a manner that might be called contempo-rarefied, with a hint of rock that never propels her into loud or coarse excesses. Other standards—"Don't Blame Me," "I Wish You Love"—are left almost unaltered in their pristine ballad form.

That diversity is the successful keynote can be attributed in part to the adaptable support provided by her musical director, pianist Dave Benoit. With him are a complimentary guitarist, Mark Silverman; Frank Wilson on drums and Bill Upchurch on bass.

Prior to Lynne's set, Red Holloway borrowed this group for a couple of numbers. It was a relief to hear his bold yet controlled tenor saxophone back in its element after his unfortunate recent experience with the John Mayall rock colossus.

Ms. Lynne closes Sunday but will open Jan. 7 for a weekend teamed with guitarist Kenny Burrell at the Lighthouse.

JAZZ PIANIST GARNER

Continued from Third Page

with Charlie Parker that was unique in the recorded annals of both men. In the late 1940s Garner was a ubiquitous figure on records, appearing in sessions for dozens of labels.

With the [illegible] of LPs, he became a big seller, his most famous album being "Concerts by the Sea." During this period he wrote his best known composition, "Misty," first recorded by Garner himself in 1956 with Mitch Miller and his orchestra. It was later matched with words by Johnny Burke and became a hit for Johnny Mathis, Sarah Vaughan and many other singers. The tune played a prominent part in the motion picture "Play Misty for Me."

Enjoying tremendous popularity overseas, Garner made his first European tour in 1957. The next year he appeared on the Today, Tonight, Ed Sullivan, Jackie Gleason, Merv Griffin and innumerable other shows.

In 1962, Garner completed his first assignment as a film music writer, composing four themes for "A New Kind of Love."

During the next decade he stepped up his concert schedule around the world. He continued touring and recording regularly until 1975, when he was sidetracked by a severe case of pneumonia.

The unusually melodic character of Garner's work enabled him to be seen more often on television than almost any other jazz performer. He appeared on the Today, Tonight, Ed Sullivan, Jackie Gleason, Merv Griffin and innumerable other shows.

Garner was an innovator equaled only by a handful of pianists such as Earl Hines, Fats Waller and Art Tatum. His accomplishments earned him dozens of honors, among them the Esquire New Star Award in 1946 and first place in many annual polls conducted by Down Beat, Playboy and several foreign publications.

He leaves a twin brother, Ernest, another brother, pianist Linton Garner, who was reported flying to Los Angeles from Vancouver, B.C., to make funeral arrangements in Pittsburgh, and three sisters, Martha, Ruth and Bernice.

Jazz Pianist Erroll Garner Dies at 53

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Erroll Louis Garner, 53, one of the greats of jazz piano history, died Sunday afternoon in an ambulance en route to Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles.

Garner had been released from the hospital Wednesday after almost two years of intermittent illness. Death was attributed to emphysema.

Garner, unlike the vast majority of jazz musicians, never learned to read music.

Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., the son of a pianist, he began playing with local groups in 1937. He went to New York City in 1944, where he began a series of engagements at small clubs along the legendary 52nd St., working with Slam Stewart, before forming a trio of his own.

Garner was an immediate sensation, achieving recognition through a style that owed little or nothing to anyone who had preceded him. He concentrated mainly on standard popular melodies, to which he applied variations that were rich in harmonic invention, coupled with a guitar-like strumming of chords in the left hand.

During a visit to Los Angeles in 1947, he played in a record session

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DIES—Jazz pianist Erroll Garner sits at a piano in 1962 photo.

JAZZ

Stanley Clarke: Solid Bass for Stardom

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● At 25 Stanley Clarke would seem to have the whole world in his incredibly mercurial hands. Already the winner of several polls as the country's foremost bassist, he has led groups of his own on records and recently on a wildly successful concert tour. A multifaceted composer, he has to his credit a four-part Concerto for Jazz/Rock Orchestra and a "Life Suite."

Stanley Clarke

Amiable and personable, towering over his peers physically at 6 foot 3, Clarke the other day tried to analyze his role as the first musician in his field ever to verge on superstardom through such an improbable medium. (Even Charles Mingus never broke out of the relatively limited jazz world.) "All of us," he said, "like to see and hear something new. Now when a guy plays an instrument that has been relegated for so many years to the background, this is different and exciting for an audience." Clarke should have added that it was his ability to turn the bass into as much of a melody instrument as the guitar that enabled him to achieve this goal.

Clarke's mother, an opera singer, church singer and painter, encouraged his studies. "The first instrument I played was the violin, then the cello; but my hands and feet grew quite large and because of that, and my height, the upright bass seemed perfect."

Virtuosity is rarely if ever the product of instinct or genius alone. The infinite capacity for taking pains took the form, in Clarke's case, of a period during which this was his daily regimen: "I'd wake up in the morning, practice, eat lunch, practice, eat dinner, practice, go to sleep. I kept this up heavily, intensely, for three or four years."

His formal studies at the Philadelphia Music Academy ran the gamut. Stravinsky, Bach and Beethoven became principal objects of study, supplemented in due course by Mingus, Paul Chambers, Scott La Faro and Ron Carter. "I learned to appreciate the best rock bassists too. I like Jack Bruce; Verdine White, who plays with Earth, Wind & Fire; and Chris Squire, who's with Yes. There are so many good ones nowadays."

For the young bassist coming up today, a sine qua non is the ability to double on upright and electric. Clarke says: "Because I had to make some money, I began playing these clubs and they'd never let me come in with my upright bass; so I got an electric. At first I didn't enjoy it—I was one of those classical musicians and nothing much had any meaning for me except classical music and a handful of jazz people like Miles, Coltrane and Bird. But then I started listening to the radio and began to grow up with the Beatles and all the soul music; so my music gradually became a conglomeration."

During college, he broke into the big jazz leagues, taking time off to hit the road with the Horace Silver Quintet. Later came stints with Stan Getz, Art Blakey and Dexter Gordon; but it was his association with Chick Corea that accelerated the crossover into the jazz/rock/pop world. With Corea's Return to Forever, in 1970, he began on a steady curve upward.

Such reputations as Clarke's rapidly encircle the globe in this McLuhan era. He has been to Europe many times with Corea, Getz, Blakey and Pharoah Sanders; he consolidated his reputation in Japan during a tour there, and has won Tokyo's Swing Journal poll.

A few months ago Clarke, who had lived in New York since 1970, moved West to a house in Beverly Hills with his wife, a former teen-age sweetheart he met when both played bass in a high school orchestra.

"I got tired of all the rushing around, the pace of New York. When I first went there, I was into the recording scene, making commercials for Campbell Soup and that sort of thing; but after getting together with Chick and then putting my own group together, I found I didn't need that sort of stuff any more."

On his recently completed tour, the first as leader of his own combo, he was surrounded by men of comparable stature, among them the brilliantly eclectic classical/pop/jazz/rock pianist and guitarist Dave Sanclous. Two trumpeters, both former college colleagues, were featured in the Clarke group. Both had classical experience, one with the Boston Symphony and the other with a Philadelphia opera company.

"The tour was incredible. We were completely sold out on all but one concert. In Philadelphia we played two days opposite George Benson at the Academy of Music. The whole thing was very surprising to me, and a great encouragement."

Now that most of his playing is devoted to the electric bass, he reserves the upright instrument for a special segment of each show, which he performs either alone or with one other musician—most recently Sanclous. He still has enough humility to be slightly bewildered by the reaction to these interludes.

"I remember one night I was in this huge place in Washington, with Return to Forever, playing all this electric music. Then it came to my turn to play the acoustic solo and I tried to be objective about it, as if I were looking at myself from outside; and here's this guy onstage with just a piece of wood and these four metal strings, and there are maybe 18,000 people sitting and really digging it. It's really kind of hard to believe."

●

ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Stanley Clarke—"School Days" (Nemperor NE 439). Six original compositions, with a combo, string and brass augmentations, and such guests as John McLaughlin, George Duke and Billy Cobham.●

special of the week

1/11/77

BY LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ YOUR PREFERENCE? L.A. GIVES YOU ALL KINDS

Los Angeles is not now, never has been and is not likely ever to claim to be the jazz center of the world. Nevertheless, anyone in possession of the essential equipment—an automobile and a reasonable supply of cash—will find that over a relatively brief period of time it is possible, in and around the Southland area, to indulge one's appetite for jazz in just about every type of music that goes by this chameleonic name.

Like this city itself, jazz has sprawled out immeasurably with the passing of the decades. In the years during and after World War II many of the best rendezvous could be found around the Sunset Strip, in Hollywood or on Central Ave. Nowadays the black clubs have moved primarily to the Crenshaw area and most of them feature R & B and soul music rather than jazz. And, with the exception of an occasional suspension of the rock policy at the Roxy and the recently established Sneeky Pete's, there has been minimal jazz action on the Strip or in Hollywood.

The most rewarding area in recent years has been the Valley. Possibly as a result of the success of Donte's, numerous other clubs and restaurants have come into existence, some leaning to big band sounds, others operating on a more modest level with piano bars, trios or other small groups.

Nightclubs come and go, or change policy, with such frequency that the following list can claim to be representative only of the time this article is published. It should be borne in mind, too, that some of the best jazz is presented in occasional concerts at UCLA's Royce Hall, at El Camino and Cerritos colleges, the Wilshire Ebell Theater and the Pasadena and Santa Monica civic auditoriums.

AIRPORT MARINA HOTEL—8601 Lincoln Blvd., Playa del Rey, 670-8111. Sunday night Shipwreck Kelly's restaurant and lounge features Del Simmons' "Dixieland to Swing" quartet 9 p.m.-1:30 a.m. No cover, no minimum.

AZZ IZZ—1031 W. Washington Blvd., Venice, 399-9567. Closed Tuesday, but presents the six-piece "Azz Izz Jazz Ensemble" other nights 9:30-11 p.m. with open jam sessions after 11. A coffee house/cultural center serving tea, coffee and sometimes sandwiches. No cover or minimum but donations are accepted.

BAKED POTATO—3787 Cahuenga Blvd. West, North Hollywood, 980-1615. Pianist Don Randi, who opened this intimate room in the late '60s, still plays with his Baked Potato Band, a jazz/rock combo, Wednesday-Saturday. Most of the jazz action occurs Sunday night, when veteran trumpeter Harry "Sweets" Edison usually heads up a quintet; Monday, when such progressive groups as Seawind may be on hand, and Tuesday, when the prodigious young guitarist, Lee Ritenour, is often in charge. There's a $1.50-$2 cover plus a two-drink minimum after 9 p.m.

CASEY'S—613 S. Grand Ave., Downtown. Dixieland sounds by the Dave Bourne group are heard Monday-Friday. Jam sessions Tuesday and Wednesday. No cover, no minimum.

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Los Angeles Times
SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 1977

special

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

COME BACK INN—1633 W. Washington Blvd., Venice, 396-7255. A weekend jazz policy now prevails here with a variety of groups from contemporary to experimental. Beer, wine and light food fare offered. There's a $1 cover and no minimum. Closed Monday.

CONCERTS BY THE SEA—100 Fisherman's Wharf, Redondo Beach, 379-4998. There is no better-operated room, and none more attractive, than this club opened in 1972 by former bassist Howard Rumsey. There are no tables; upholstered chairs are arranged in an arc around the bandstand, with slots for drinks. Sound and lighting do justice to the artists, who are usually nationally known groups, playing Tuesday-Sunday. About once a month Rumsey stays open Monday, usually to present a big band. There is a one-drink minimum per set; cover $4-$6 (two for the price of one Wednesday) and $7.50 for attractions such as Woody Herman and Stan Kenton. No food, no minors.

DONTE'S—4269 Lankershim Blvd., North Hollywood, 769-1566. Now in its 11th year, this unique room, just a stein's throw away from MCA, still presents the most diversified and dependable jazz menu in town, with as many as 15 different groups playing one-, two- or three-night stands in a typical month. Mainstream-modern is the usual bag, with rare side trips into rock or avant-garde. Cover ranges from zero to $2.50 for combos and $4.50 if it's a big band (usually Akiyoshi-Tabackin nowadays), and a two-drink minimum per set. American and Iranian cuisine.

HUNGRY JOE'S—1505 Coast Highway, Huntington Beach, (714) 536-9006. Name acts Wednesday-Sunday with a $3-$4 cover. On Monday the cover drops to $1.50 while Bob Cassens' 17-piece Orange County Rhythm Machine plays modern big-band charts. Tuesday the cover remains at $1.50 as small combos take over. Italian food.

JIMMY SMITH'S SUPPER CLUB—12910 Victory Blvd., North Hollywood, 760-1444. Features jazz and down-home soul food. Beer and wine, no hard liquor. Jam sessions every Monday; organist Jimmy Smith's trio and guests Thursday-Saturday. Cover charge is $2 Monday, Thursday and Sunday, $3 Friday and Saturday.

KING ARTHUR'S RESTAURANT—5610 Platt Ave., Canoga Park, 347-3338. This suburbanite gathering place has done a noble job of bringing back the big bands (usually local but occasionally national traveling groups) every Friday and Saturday night. Cover charge $2.50, except for special attractions such as Stan Kenton, for whom it's upped to around $7.

LIGHTHOUSE—30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, 372-6911. Calling itself "the world's oldest jazz club and waterfront dive," this small room has weathered endless stylistic storms since 1949, currently offering everything from avant-garde jazz to rock and folk. Token food to make minors admissible. Cover ranges from $3-$5, with no drink minimum; "twofer" prices on Wednesday. Tuesday is student discount night.

MEMORY LANE—2323 Santa Barbara Ave., Los Angeles, 294-8430. Less a jazz room nowadays than a pied-a-terre for good singers playing extended runs. Current attraction is Sam Fletcher and the Jack Wilson Trio Wednesday-Sunday (currently dark Monday-Tuesday). Excellent food available in the adjacent restaurant. Two-drink minimum, no cover.

THE MONEY TREE—10149 Riverside Drive, Toluca Lake, 766-8348. This attractive restaurant and lounge features the jazz piano stylings of Karen Hernandez, with singer Michelle Wiley and bassist Eugene Wright, Tuesday-Saturday. No cover or minimum.

PARISIAN ROOM—4960 W. Washington Blvd, Los Angeles, 936-0678. Saxophonist Red Holloway leads the resident quartet in addition to backing up the guest singers or instrumentalists. Though not exclusively a jazz club until recent years, the Parisian Room may be the oldest survivor in town, having been operating since the 1930s. Cover $2-$4 and a one-drink minimum.

PHOTOGRAPH: AARON HOWARD

REDONDO LOUNGE—411 N. Francisco, Redondo Beach, 372-1420. This newest addition to the beach-area music scene is presenting jazz and cocktails seven nights a week. On Mondays and Tuesdays the Lamont Johnson Duo can be heard; Wednesday-Sunday the house trio backs such guest artists as Art Pepper, Don Rader, Jay Migliori, Frank Rosolino and Warne Marsh. No cover and no minimum.

ROXY—9009 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood, 878-2222. Intermittent jazz acts, but mainly rock. Cover is $6-$6.50. Cocktails and food (mostly hamburgers); no minors are admitted.

SNEEKY PETE'S—8907 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood, 657-5070. Superior food, inferior acoustics and a piano bar featuring Dave MacKay with his trio Tuesday-Saturday. The Joanne Grauer Trio fills in from time to time and the Harry Fields Trio may be heard Sunday and Monday. No cover, no minimum.

SOUND ROOM—11616 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, 761-3555. A "jazzcotheque" with dancing every night (nondancers may play backgammon). Serves wine, beer, cheese and fruit plates.

SANDANCE—5300 E. 2nd St., Belmont Shores, 438-2026. Another recent addition to the local jazz scene, this room presents groups such as the Al Williams Quintet and the Dave Pike conibo Thursday-Saturday. On Sunday night special guests (such as Hampton Hawes and Bobby Hutcherson) appear. Cover is $1-$3. No minimum.

STUDIO CAFE—Balboa Pier, (714) 675-7760. Jazz nightly in an informal cafe atmosphere. On Monday "open mike" (showcase); Tuesday, the Paul Kribic Trio; Wednesday and Thursday, Iliad; Friday and Saturday, the Storyville Quartet. Sunday is reserved for a jam session 1-6 p.m. with the Mark Proctor Trio, after which Anna Banana is featured. No cover or minimum.

TWO DOLLAR BILL'S—4931 Franklin Ave., Hollywood, 462-9391. Informal restaurant/bar serving beer and wine but no hard liquor. Jazz on Sundays, featuring groups such as Moonpool, Larry Wolfe and Les De Merle. Cover $1-$2.

TAIL O' THE COCK—12950 Ventura Blvd., North Hollywood, 784-6241. Johnny Guarnieri is at this restaurant's piano bar every night except Sunday, when Ed Dudley appears at 5 p.m. No cover or minimum.

Leonard Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Basie Back at the Helm After 1976 Heart Attack

Count Basie, who suffered a heart attack after playing an engagement last Labor Day at Disneyland, is officially back at the helm of his orchestra.

"It was just like starting over again, all those years ago," said Basie of his first booking, a concert last Thursday at Redlands University, "but the audience reaction was heartwarming."

The veteran maestro, whose band attained national prominence in 1936, spent his months of recuperation at his home in Freeport in the Bahamas. For the first time, at the age of 72, he learned to swim. "My wife had me in that pool every day," he said, "and a couple of times a day I would also walk a mile or two. I feel better than I have in years."

The band, heard in San Francisco over the weekend, will work at a controlled pace, playing no more than four or five nights a week. Its first local booking will take place Jan. 22 at the Hollywood Palladium.

During his visit to town, Basie also will return to the recording studios, taping one album with the full orchestra and another with a small combo for Norman Granz's Pablo Records.

—LEONARD FEATHER

CALENDAR

LOS ANGELES TIMES DECEMBER 19, 1976

King Oliver, third from left, leads his band in 1922, as pictured in "Jazz People," a handsome book by photographer Ole Brask with text by Dan Morgenstern.

Jazz, Blues in Black and White

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● What color is music? Can you observe its tint on a sheet of manuscript paper? In a racially integrated recording, determine which players are black and which are white?

Irrelevant as such questions may seem in a society that supposedly has emerged from the dark ages of segregation, those hobgoblins have risen again to haunt the reader in two new books, both important and eminently readable, yet wildly contradictory in the way they examine the American contemporary music scene.

"Stomping the Blues," by Albert Murray (McGraw Hill: $17.50) and "Jazz People," by photographer Ole Brask with text by Dan Morgenstern (Harry N. Abrams: $25) are perfect coffee table books, handsome and lavishly illustrated. There the resemblance ends.

Murray, the black social scientist whose "Trainwhistle Guitar" won the Lillian Smith Award as the best Southern novel of 1973, has developed a prose so brilliant and persuasive that if content were the equal of style this would be the most valuable work in its field. Some of his analysis of the blues—its origins, forms, relationship to Afro-American society—achieves new insights. As if that were not enough, there are the illustrations showing dancers at the Savoy Ballroom, street

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But Murray's basic contention, that the blues can be and often is a good-time music and a medium for dancing rather than a music of despair, is expressed in a vigorous and vivid portrayal of Afro-American life. It is only when the issue of jazz and race surfaces that his attitude reflects a still unresolved problem, one that continues to divide musicologists into opposite camps. It is here that "Stomping the Blues" and "Jazz People" arrive at the crossroads and take startlingly different routes.

"Jazz People" is as much a textbook by Morgenstern, with fascinating photographs, as it is a picture book by Ole Brask with accompanying text. Unlike Murray, the author attempts no deep insights; preferring to retell in his own unpretentious and amiable style the story of where jazz came from, of Louis and Duke and all the other giants. In Morgenstern you see the critic as diplomat, seeking out the best in everyone from Jelly Roll Morton to Archie Shepp; however, he is not above taking a controversial stand here and there. There is an implicit challenge in the use, as cover art subjects, of two white musicians, Benny Goodman and Red Norvo.

Was Benny Goodman in fact the King of Swing? In order to deal with this argument, neither originated nor endorsed by white critics, it is necessary to delve back into the history of jazz criticism.

John Hammond, but for whom men like Albert Murray might never have heard of Billie Holiday or Count Basie, "fought tirelessly for recognition and dignity for black performers . . . and for racial equality," says

SEPARATE BOOK REVIEW

Book Review, usually a pull-out section in Calendar, will be found in another part of today's Times.

STITT IN FORM

1/25

Jazz Gallery Is Revived by Gasca

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Jazz Gallery in Studio City, which expired after a brief and chaotic life last October, has reopened as Luis Gasca's Jazz Gallery.

Situated on Ventura Blvd. near Colfax, the room is fairly spacious, with a main table area and a large adjacent bar. According to Gasca, the musical policy will be closer to that of the Parisian Room than to Donte's. There is a $3 door charge and a two-drink minimum.

The new regime began operating Jan. 13 as Sonny Stitt took to the bandstand, armed with his tenor and alto saxes and backed by Dolo Coker, piano; Allan Jackson, bass, and Bill Bradley, drums.

Stitt was in typically exuberant, boppish form as he sailed through several standards ("The More I See You," "They Can't Take That Away From Me") as well as a blues in two flats, a blues in five flats and a blues in no flat, while the piano stayed flat. Top priority should be given to trading in the club's two keyboards (one electric, the other an acoustic upright) for one good piano.

During the second set, Luis Gasca sat in on trumpet, flashing his powerful chops. A musician of varied credentials in Latin and jazz circles, he has worked with Perez Prado, Kenton, Ferguson, Hampton, Herman and Basie. He is also an alumnus of the Cal Tjader combo.

According to Gasca, his own group will work there regularly Wednesdays through Saturdays and the club will be dark Sundays through Tuesdays. A telephone call is advised (761-1101) for the exact schedule.

Jazz and Blues in Black and White

Continued from First Page

bands, black railroad workers, Prez and Bird and Bessie and all the royal families clear back to Buddy Bolden.

The photographic and verbal imagery of "Stomping the Blues" are so stunning that the reader may be tempted to disregard the author's tendency to confuse his terms. Duke Ellington is called "the preeminent example of the blues musician as artist." There is a reference to "the blues musician, also known as the jazz musician . . . ," which is not unlike referring to "the olive branch, also known as the olive tree."

But Murray's basic contention, that the blues can be and often is a good-time music and a medium for dancing rather than a music of despair, is expressed in a vigorous and vivid portrayal of Afro-American life. It is only when the issue of jazz and race surfaces that his attitude reflects a still unresolved problem, one that continues to divide musicologists into opposite camps. It is here that "Stomping the Blues" and "Jazz People" arrive at the crossroads and take startlingly different routes.

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Photo of Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Jo Jones on drums by Ole Brask is included in "Jazz People."

Jazz and Blues in Black and White

Continued from Page 73

mere tokenism. (Albert Murray dismisses Goodman in a single contemptuous footnote.)

Jones' arguments led to a defensive posture among many white American critics. How could they possibly justify the incredible inequities that had found Jo Stafford, Helen O'Connell and Helen Forrest winning Down Beat polls during the most incandescent years of Billie Holiday? And so they proceeded to overcompensate by exorcising from their minds, their articles and books everyone from Bix Beiderbecke and Benny Goodman to Bill Evans and Stan Getz.

Dan Morgenstern, born in Vienna, raised in Denmark, an American resident since 1947, finds this attitude fallacious. He shares the common belief that jazz could not have existed or progressed without the genius of Armstrong, Ellington, Tatum, Gillespie, Parker and scores of other Afro-Americans; yet he leaves the impression that the music would be inestimably poorer without Beiderbecke, Jack Teagarden, Joe Venuti, Goodman, Lennie Tristano (who recorded the first atonal "free jazz" a decade before Ornette Coleman), Bill Evans and Gil Evans.

Goodman, he says, "was an extraordinarily gifted jazz clarinetist long before he formed a band. He has been accused of exploiting black talent because he hired black instrumentalists and arrangers—a peculiar kind of logic when one recalls the risks he took . . ." (Goodman's business advisers had warned him not to take his black sidemen South, fearing that race riots would result; ignoring them, Goodman helped elevate Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton to global renown.) "There can be no question," Morgenstern continues, "that it was the Goodman phenomenon that launched the Swing Era, and that it was Goodman's perseverance and dedication to high musical standards and, yet, jazz principles, that made his launching possible."

To make this claim is not to imply that Duke Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb and Benny Carter, among others, had not preceded Goodman as leaders of great swing bands. What Morgenstern is saying, and what Albert Murray must surely know though his book never reveals it, is that Goodman's unique talent, combined with the obscene restrictions operative against black bands (they had no access to the lucrative hotel-room jobs or sponsored radio programs), made it inevitable that he rather than a black contemporary would gain a disproportionate share of the glory and the cash.

How sad it is, after decades of seeming rapprochement, to read Murray inveighing against "self-styled liberal critics" (who, I wonder, ever stood up and stated "I hereby style myself a liberal critic?"). How absurd that he accuses these writers of daring to mention the name of Bix Beiderbecke in the same breath as that of Buddy Bolden (what does he know of Bolden, who stopped playing many years before phonograph records were made?).

Murray is farthest off base when he accuses the critics of promoting Goodman's hegemony and of "making no outcry whatsoever" about the polls that "rated Woody Herman and Stan Kenton over Duke Ellington and Count Basie."

Since the Down Beat poll was inaugurated in 1936, Herman won only once, Kenton only 6 times; Basie had a total of 11 victories and Ellington 12. Murray's general assumption that great inequities nevertheless did exist is correct; his pretense that critics did nothing about it is best refuted by the history of Hammond's contributions, or by the story of the Esquire jazz poll.

In 1943 the late Arnold Gingrich, editor of Esquire, Robert Goffin, a Belgian lawyer and jazz expert, and I decided that the time was ripe for serious treatment of jazz in a national magazine, and for a prestigious concert by the winners of a poll. We agreed that the poll should be conducted not among readers but by a board of experts, carefully selected to include blacks. On Jan. 8, 1944, the Harlem Amsterdam News exultantly ran a five-column streamer headline: "20 of 26 Winning Musicians in Esquire Band Poll Are Negroes: Winners at Met Opera House Jan. 18." A few weeks earlier the 1943 Down Beat readers' poll had produced 12 whites out of 16 winners.

E. Simms Campbell, the Esquire cartoonist and occasional jazz writer, in voting for Goodman, praised his "tone and vibrato—lyric quality of New Orleans and those solid and magnificent crescendos . . . a supreme stylist and a perfectionist." No, he had not been brainwashed; he was as convinced of Goodman's artistry as he was of the importance of Art Tatum, Coleman Hawkins and the others, mostly black, for whom he voted.

Rex Stewart, the great cornetist who became a writer toward the end of his life (many of his reviews appeared in The Times) was the most recent black writer since Campbell to assess music by aural evidence rather than on the basis of a priori racial assumptions. His essays on Norvo and the Jean Goldkette orchestra were written with as much conviction and power as his tributes to Armstrong, Ellington and Big Sid Catlett.

Is self-segregation any more desirable than segregation imposed by whites? Are Dan Morgenstern's views invalidated by his race? Is Albert Murray's position on the blues incontestable because of his race? If "Jazz People" and "Stomping the Blues" raise as many questions as they answer, at least they will stimulate some lively and perhaps productive argument about aesthetic dilemmas that still seem, after all these polemical decades, incapable of final resolution

DAN MORGENSTERN
. . . "Jazz People"

ALBERT MURRAY
. . . "Stomping the Blues"

AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

Joe Williams Breaks the Music Rules

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

"You don't love me baby, and I don't even care; I'll find a good woman in this old world somewhere." With these age-old blues lines, Joe Williams plunged into what was unquestionably the finest vocal performance heard in Los Angeles since—well, since the last time Joe Williams was in town.

The scene was the Parisian Room, where he was reviewed just a year ago. His first words to the audience were, "How nice it is to be back home," and it was clear that the pleasure was a two-way street.

Williams breaks a cardinal rule of the musicologists: Great blues singing and great ballad singing are supposed to be mutually exclusive, yet he can bring his powerful, resonant baritone to work as convincingly on Ray Noble's "The Very Thought of You" as he does on "Cherry Red" and Benny Carter's "Blues in My Heart."

His raps with the fans are as warm and funny and spontaneous as his scatting on "Green Dolphin Street." His is the kind of talent that can flourish in the smallest space (the Parisian Room is not as large as the Forum) and will last for the longest time, simply because it is grounded in peerless musicianship. No other singer can improve on his capacity for reaching out to establish a rapport.

Red Holloway's tenor sax reinforced the good vibrations, with soulful assistance from Dwight Dickerson at the electric keyboard, Larry Gales on upright bass and Bruno Carr on drums. It is ironic that several schlocky R&B saxophonists are presently on the charts, while a master musician like Holloway is not even recording. But this is true also of Joe Williams.

Williams' closing song, with a title I can't reveal because it would spoil your enjoyment of the surprise punch line, is a natural for a hit single. The failure of any producer to put it on tape is one of those mysteries that could only happen in the record business. Find out for yourself before he closes Sunday.

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MELODY MAKER 1/1/77

Jazzscene

Benson: man of the year

IF THERE is any one fact that transcended every other development during the past year of frenetic jazz activity, it would have to be the achievement of **George Benson.**

The guitarist's "Breezin'" album has sold close to two million copies and, in the course of its astonishing run, reached the number one spot on all three trade charts — pop, jazz and soul. The single from the album, Benson's vocal on "This Masquerade," enjoyed comparable success.

It might be argued that Benson's was a crossover performance and should therefore not represent an accomplishment for jazz; yet a close inspection of the album's musical content reveals that its artistic validity, and the quality of real jazz, compares favourably with the vast majority of recordings by other artists who have achieved high spots on the best-seller lists through more devious means.

In any case, the triumph of Benson and "Breezin'" had spin-off aspects. Several earlier Benson albums, whose jazz qualifications were incontestable, enjoyed a substantial sale. In this respect, what happened with Benson has occurred similarly in the cases of **Herbie Hancock, Donald Byrd** and other artists whose earlier, pure jazz recordings have been successfully reissued.

As is so often the case, it is possible to draw a predominantly positive or a substantially negative picture of the year in jazz, according to what point you are trying to make. A more objective evaluation will reveal that this was, as usual, a period in which the upbeat events tended to outweigh the downbeat.

The collapse of the World Jazz Association, regrettable as it was, stemmed from factors that had nothing to do with the general condition of jazz. Had the organization been started on a sounder financial footing, it could well have developed into a viable entity.

Proof of this is the fact that more localised endeavours such as Monk Montgomery's Las Vegas Jazz Society, or New York's jazz Interactions, enjoyed a healthy year and staged concerts and sessions that were well-received.

George Benson was merely the tip of the iceberg in a record scene that found jazz albums gushing forth at the rate of somewhere between 50 to 100 a month (depending on your definition of jazz).

The surprise of the year was the extraordinary spreading of ECM's wings. **Manfred Eicher,** the brain behind that company, was voted producer of the year in the Downbeat critics' poll — deservedly, in view of the critical acclaim accorded the American release of his LPs by **Eberhard Weber, Keith Jarrett, Terje Rypdal** and others.

By November, the success of ECM, particularly among college audiences, enabled the company to mount a modest cross-country tour featuring several of its performers.

The 1975 decision of A&M Records to enter the contemporary music field produced some admirable results, with releases by **David Liebman & Richard Beirach, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis, Jim Hall, Paul Desmond** and others. The Horizon product, however, did not seem to catch on with a specialised audience to the extent that ECM had, and at year's end it was reported that Desmond and Hall were being dropped, and the label itself might be in jeopardy.

Counterbalanced against this were the commendable efforts of Strata-East Records, with releases by **Charles Tolliver, George Russell, the Heath Brothers** and **Stanley Cowell.** Strata-East is a remarkable example of the modern musician in control of his own music, on a label owned by musicians, with Tolliver as a main figurehead.

Clive Davis' Arista label expanded its activities with new recordings or reissues by **Anthony Braxton, Larry Coryell, Ben Sidran, Michal Urbaniak, Cecil Taylor** and **Marion Brown.** Arista was also responsible for the purchase and reactivation of the immense Savoy catalogue, with its memorable Forties and Fifties bebop product.

Collectors' jazz shelves bulged with the "twofers" on the Verve label, revived during the year by its present owners, Polydor; on EmArcy brought back by Mercury; on Prestige, and its sister label, Fantasy; and on the long established labels such as Columbia and RCA. A negative note was struck when the latter's Flying Dutchman affiliate folded up and its owner, Bob Thiele, went into independent production.

All in all, it was an extremely prosperous year for jazz on records, no matter whether your definition of jazz is **Quincy Jones, Flora Purim, Ray Charles, Cleo Laine, John Dankworth, John Klemmer, Bob James, Jean-Luc Ponty, Billy Cobham/George Duke, Oscar Peterson** or **Joe Pass,** all of whom were on the jazz best-seller list in early December.

Though most of the sales and chart attention seems to focus on jazz tinged with rock, soul, r&b, salsa and/or avant garde overtones, it is worth noting that the mainstream modern sounds were by no means extinguished.

By year's end Norman Granz, with his Pablo label, boasted of having recorded no less than 100 albums during the three years since the company became fully active.

Granz's output remains predominantly dedicated to jam session dates, or to instrumental virtuoso sounds of the Oscar Peterson vintage. His policy later in the year indicated a broadening of scope, with albums by more contemporary-orientated artists such as **Mike Longo** and **Al Gafa,** and even a nod to the current Brazilian sounds of **Dom Um Romao.**

Granz also enjoyed a successful year of concerts both at home and abroad, selling out every show during the Pablo Jazz Festival at the Shubert Theatre in Century City, Calif. with his familiar **Basie - Fitzgerald - Peterson - Pass** lineup.

In the area of jazz education, the number of colleges with their own student bands, and with jazz history classes for credit, continue to increase.

True, some of the great jazzmen who have been teaching as college faculty members, such as **Yusef Lateef** and **Max Roach,** lost their posts as a result of cutbacks in college fund allocations and went back to their careers in the world of clubs and concerts; but it was a happy picture as well, with Berklee College in Boston opening its own performing arts centre, **John Lewis** and **Andre Hodeir** teaching at New York City College and Harvard, respectively, **Ira Gitler** and many other established jazz critics broadening their careers as college teachers, and former Downbeat editor **Dan Morgenstern** taking over as administrative director for the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University in Newark, New Jersey, after the institute had been inactive for a year or so.

College ensembles aside, it was a yes-and-no year for the big bands. As their RCA records illustrated, **Toshiko Akiyoshi** and **Lew Tabackin** led the finest new band since **Thad Jones/Mel Lewis,** and enjoyed a triumphant tour of Japan in early 1976 — but they have yet to tour the United States and are at present limited to a few gigs a month, mostly in Southern California.

Don Ellis returned in the autumn with a roaring new band after a year on the sidelines due to illness. **Woody Herman's** 40th anniversary as bandleader was celebrated by his present group and 16 distinguished alumni in a commemorative Carnegie Hall concert.

The **Count Basie** band kept plugging away despite the leader's absence after his heart attack in September. The **Duke Ellington Orchestra,** under the direction of **Mercer Ellington,** seemed to be having both economic and artistic difficulties, in spite of one excellent concert earlier in the year at a cathedral in New York, later seen as a 90-minute television special.

Stan Kenton, his orchestra and his jazz label, Creative World, seemed to be holding on to a combination of old followers and a dependable youth audience.

On the combo scene, **Weather Report,** in spite of more changes in the rhythm section, maintained its reputation as the pre-eminent fusion group, while **McCoy Tyner** consolidated his hold as pianist, leader and composer.

There were several notable defections. **Chick Corea** announced that the members of **Return To Forever** would go their "separate ways." The **Mahavishnu Orchestra** disbanded and the leader, resuming his old name, **John McLaughlin,** formed a new group **Shakti** with three Indian musicians. **Miles Davis** and **Erroll Garner** were the mystery men of the year. As far as could be determined, neither man made any official appearances during 1976.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, after

continued on p28

GEORGE BENSON: his 'Breezin'' album sold nearly two million copies and reached number one in pop, jazz and soul

PHAROAH SANDERS: Collective Black Artists concert unlikely for television

KEITH JARRETT: critical acclaim / PIE: star-studded tribute / ANTHONY BRAXTON: expanding activities / DIZZY GILLES-

From Matrix to ragtime

U.S. jazz year — from page 24

a crippling stroke suffered late 1975, was praised for his brave return, which found him making admirable music despite an almost totally useless right arm.

Nat Adderley, who had been sporadically active after the death of his brother, became a leader in his own right at last, heading a spirited quintet that made its debut in clubs and on records late in the year.

The festival scene provided fans with a rich variety of idioms during the 11 days of Newport, which this year expanded beyond New York to stage a couple of events at an outdoor location at Waterloo Village, New Jersey.

Monterey owed its success for the most part to the old reliables such as **Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry** who are seen there almost every year. Some critics complained that Monterey's Jimmy Lyons is ignoring the contemporary scene in his choice of talent; however, Lyons did present several interesting European avant-gardists, such as the Polish violinist **Zbigniew Siefert**; and he deserves credit for introducing the public to **John Harmon's Matrix**, an extraordinary band of young jazz/rock musicians that turned out to be the surprise hit of the festival.

At the opposite end of the spectrum from Matrix, America dug deep into the past as ragtime continued benefiting from its umpteenth revival. The beginning of the year saw Scott Joplin's opera "Treemonisha" on Broadway; the end of 1976 found the perennial, all-purpose music man **Dick Hyman** visiting Hollywood to record the soundtrack for a 90-minute special on Scott Joplin, to be presented on the NBC network early in 1977.

Ironically, ragtime performances of the works of Joplin and others had a firm hold in Billboard's list of classical best sellers, although the reason why Scott Joplin has now attained classical stature while Duke Ellington remains among the hoi polloi of pop/jazz has never been explained.

Aside from the previously mentioned Ellington special and the Joplin program, the television networks, with the exception of the non-commercial Public Broadcasting System stations, remained all but oblivious of pure jazz. Occasional crossover groups appeared on the very late night rock shows, mostly at one o'clock in the morning.

However, an educational station in Chicago, WTTW, continued its admirable Soundstage service, taping the second annual Downbeat award winners show, a star-studded **Dizzy Gillespie** tribute for which he was surrounded by **Sarah Vaughan, Milt Jackson** and many other old friends (among them **Kenny Clarke**, who was brought in from France), and a unique show called Sing Me A Jazz Song with **Jon Hendricks, Eddie Jefferson, Leon Thomas** and, imported from London for the occasion, **Annie Ross**.

Television, however, is unlikely in the foreseeable future to give exposure to such events as a concert presented in New York by Collective Black Artists, featuring **Charles Sullivan, Philly Joe Jones, Pharoah Sanders, Jimmy Owens** and **Woody Shaw**. The CBA had to be content with a small local in-person audience.

The annual toll of jazz immortals, though the list was perhaps not quite as long as usual, still was heavy enough to remind us of the passing of a generation. In the course of 1976 we mourned for **Bobby Hackett, Jimmy Garrison, Ray Nance, Vince Guaraldi, Johnny Mercer, Quentin Jackson**, arranger **Jerry Gray, Connee Boswell, Bernard Peiffer, Big Jim Robinson** and folk/blues artists **Howlin' Wolf (Chester Burnett), Mance Lipscomb**, and **Jimmy Reed**; also London-born **Eric Siday**, former jazz violinist who became a distinguished composer of electronic music.

Perhaps the most encouraging indication of the durability of jazz was the arrival on the scene of more than enough new, promising artists to compensate for the year's losses. Perhaps it would not be too fanciful a thought to suggest that ultimately, following the lead of America herself, jazz will be able to celebrate its own bicentennial.

1/23

JAZZ

● The schedule of jazz activities in the Southland offers plenty of familiar faces at the usual places but very little in the way of unfamiliar sights or sounds.

Roger Kellaway will assemble a new group to be heard at Donte's in February. Another new combo, born at a recent record date, will make a Donte's debut soon. It features Shelly Manne with saxophonist-flutist Lew Tabackin.

The big-band scene continues to flourish weekends at King Arthur's in Canoga Park. On hand Friday will be Milt Raskin and on Saturday Tommy Vig. Stan Kenton's bravura sounds will dominate the bandstand March 6.

Woody Herman will be at Royce Hall Friday and at Concerts by the Sea Jan. 31. The latter location will present Stan Kenton March 7. Don Ellis and his Electric Orchestra is set for a gig at Hungry Joe's in Huntington Beach Thursday through Saturday.

An emerging trend is the interest in mainstream jazz at the college level. The most intriguing event is a benefit for the Cardiac League Feb. 26 at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena with the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars. The combo will comprise musicians rarely seen in the Southland: veteran violinist Joe Venuti, trumpeter Joe Newman, trombonist Vic Dickenson, saxophonist Bob Wilber and a rhythm team composed of Teddy Wilson, Panama Francis and George Duvivier.

Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass, Louie Bellson and John Heard appear Monday at Cerritos College, and the imperishable George Shearing Quintet at El Camino College May 2.

Among vocal attractions are Esther Phillips Tuesday through next Sunday at Concerts by the Sea; Carmen McRae in the same club April 5-10, plus a concert at Cerritos College April 15; Arthur Prysock, opening at Memory Lane Tuesday for four weeks, followed by singer-instrumentalist Eddie Harris; and Jimmy Witherspoon, Feb. 17-19 at Hungry Joe's. Mose Allison will be back in town Tuesday for a week at the Lighthouse and will return to Hungry Joe's March 3-6.

The club schedules are loaded with guitarists, most notably Kenny Burrell Feb. 3-5 at Hungry Joe's; Larry Carleton & Robben Ford during February at Donte's; Barney Kessel & Herb Ellis March 24-27 at the Lighthouse; Charlie Byrd March 8-13 at Concerts by the Sea.

An unusual venture is the packaging of three artists —Nat Adderley with his quintet, singer Dee Dee Bridgewater and comedian Franklyn Ajaye—for a week at Concerts by the Sea starting Feb. 15. Perhaps this kind of diversification can provide a stimulus to the jazz scene.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AT THE IMPROV

Supersax Opens Monday Series

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Improv, a Hollywood club built on the ashes of the old Ash Grove, has launched a series of Monday jazz nights, with Supersax as the opening attraction.

Four years have elapsed since this group made its public bow. The novelty of listening to what were originally ad-lib solos by Charlie Parker, transcribed from the records and harmonized for five saxophones, has long since worn off, yet the nine-piece group remains as valid as it seemed on that long-ago Donte's debut. The reason is clear: Novelty is not what Supersax is all about. The premise is rooted in pure musicality, in the timeless beauty of Parker's genius.

Five of the nine original members are still on hand. The new rhythm section provides an updating that seems a trifle anachronistic. Fred Atwood's splendid work is of post-bop caliber; in Bird's day they just didn't play that much bass. Similarly, on "Bebop," pianist Lou Levy stepped out of character for a solo that was more McCoy Tyner than Bud Powell.

The saxophone section is unaltered except that Warne Marsh has been replaced by Don Menza, for whom this is an ideal setting. His contribution to "Salt Peanuts" was limber, swinging and perfectly controlled.

There are spirited solos by everyone in a typical set, yet it remains true that the reed team as a unit—by virtue of the material and the skill with which arrangers Med Flory and Buddy Clark have orchestrated it—is the real heartbeat of Supersax. The teamwork at speedboat tempos is as astonishing as the mood on such pieces as "Embraceable You" is lyrical and evocative.

The repertoire has changed a little. Among the re-created numbers newly added, "Big Foot" stood out as a typically angular Parker blues to which the group addressed itself with its perennial respect for the source.

Leader Flory's announcements, as always, leaven the proceedings with a touch of wry humor, though the audience is still made aware that much of the music itself is serious business.

The Improv is bringing back Supersax Monday. Among others to watch for are the L.A. Four and Phineas Newborn Jr. With jazz in such short supply in the mid-Hollywood area, these Monday dates could establish an oasis in a cultural desert. Supersax will be at Donte's Friday and Saturday.

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

The Mose Allison Split Personality

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

There is no instance of musical schizophrenia more curious than the case of Mose Allison. Visiting the Lighthouse blindfolded you would be ready to swear that two different artists were playing the first and second half of the set.

For close to a half hour the music was strictly instrumental, with Allison at the piano probing the boundaries of tonality, playing dense, exploratory chords and building tension with a hyperactive left hand. It was possible to respect what was being accomplished technically without being touched emotionally.

There was one welcome interlude when Fred Atwood, a master of the upright bass, played a solo that was clean, clear and creative. Then came more out-of-focus introspection by Allison, followed by a long, fast drum solo by John Dentz that seemed quite irrelevant.

While Dentz wound up his affairs, Mose sat at the piano bench twiddling with the vocal mike. Finally, after Dentz came to an abrupt halt, the other side of Allison's split personality emerged as he burst into song.

From that point on it was mostly Southern fried blues of the type associated with him ever since his Mississippi upbringing. His style is touched with a wry wit that borders on irony, and his piano on these vocal numbers is infinitely warmer and more accessible.

There were one or two newer numbers, but essentially he still relies on his old original compositions, "I Feel So Good," "Your Mind Is on Vacation," "Your Molecular Structure" and the rest, with an occasional standard such as Ellington's "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me."

His diction normally is splendid, but on faster tempos the words were partly swallowed up by the sound of percussion.

Allison is a songwriter of great distinction and, at his best, he remains one of the most engaging singer/story tellers in jazz, but he would be well-advised to divide his sets more evenly between the two aspects of his performances. He closes Sunday.

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What makes Sammy run from pop?

MELODY MAKER 1/1/77

LOS ANGELES: Sammy Davis wrapped himself around a rare Courvoisier and ginger ale (he has been almost completely on the wagon for the past eight months) and rapped on his favourite topic: the musical state of the union.

"There're things happening today that are frightening, man. I say this at the risk of sounding archaic and dull and prudish, but there're a lot of sounds around — singers, groups, musicians — that not only don't swing; they also have no identity, no recognisable personality. Too often it seems like everything is in the hands of the cats who turn the knobs.

"Sure, I love the Captain and Tennille and I love Chicago and I'm crazy about Blood, Sweat and Tears, who are working with me at the Greek Theatre; but I also feel that somewhere along the way music is becoming a ripoff. Any time a cat says, 'Well, I'll keep re-recording until I have 17 flutes,' you know something's wrong. There were no 17 Dizzys or 17 Mileses or 17 Thelonious Monks; one strong individual was enough."

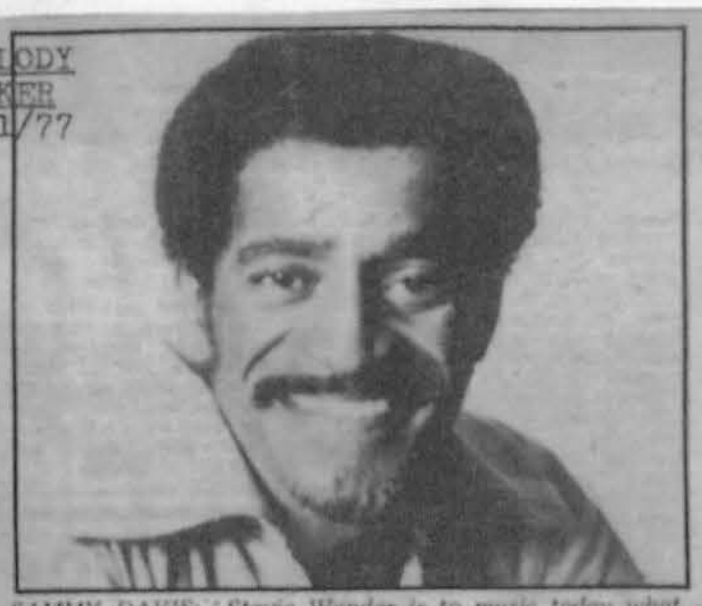
The conditions under which records are made are a source of irritation that affects him personally. "There used to be a sense of urgency when we walked into a studio; a commitment that you felt when you looked around and saw some of the great heavyweight musicians in the band; their presence inspired you, and it was healthy. But today you go in, and the studio is almost empty, and some guy will say, 'We're just doing the piano and the rhythm track today. We'll add the strings later; and if we don't like 'em, we'll have some other cat write some more strings.'

"So you wind up just singing to a tape. It's like artificial insemination! Jesus, if I'm going to have a baby, I don't want a guy shooting a needle in my wife's arm, or wherever . . . How can I do my best in a recording situation when I don't have cats like Buddy Collette or the Candoli brothers or George Rhodes' orchestra sitting around and digging what I'm doing and encouraging me with a smile. This takes all the joy out of it!

"It's the same thing when I do (America's) Tonight show; I can really cook when I'm on that show, when I hear cats in the band saying 'Yeah, Sam!' That's still the name of the game. You take away that personal element and it all becomes sterile. You're into Orwell's 1984."

Among his vocal peers, Davis makes a categorical distinction: there are, quite simply, the pure and the impure.

"The cats that wind up with the longevity in this business, like Sinatra, Mathis, Andy Williams, Tony Bennett — and, I'd like to think, myself too — have a purity that eliminates the need for artificial aids. But then you have the whole other side of the coin; the singers who obviously need all the synthetic help they can get, and suddenly this sounds to me like a bunch of gibberish.



SAMMY DAVIS: "Stevie Wonder is to music today what Orson Welles was to the movies in his Citizen Kane days"

"I'm not knocking it; I'm just talking about me at the age of 50, what I'm used to and what grooves me."

Sammy proceeds to make a statement that will get him off the old-is-good-new-is-bad hook: "The Beatles were pure, the Isley Brothers are pure. Stevie Wonder is to music today what Orson Welles was to the movies in his Citizen Kane days. A genius. I revere the purity of Ray Charles. I think Marvin Gaye is tomorrow. But the other cats, all those jive turkeys who capitalise on what they think is a fashionable beat and spend months putting together one record — forget it!

"We'll always be able to listen to Frank and Tony, and I can still dig records like Woody Herman's 'Wildroot' or Dizzy playing 'Round Midnight.' These are not overnight, flash in the pan creators.

"Nowadays, after a group has been working for a year, they'll break up with some excuse like 'We gotta separate so we can get our heads together.' What is that? They ain't been together but a year; where are they separating to? What happened to maturity?"

The question of maturity, and of how one's image changes with the times, bothers Sammy with respect to another Davis he has long admired, Miles.

"I think that being the great artist he is, Miles is going through a transitional period. I appreciate the fact that from an artistic point of view he's looking for something. He's going for the mountain.

"People who only followed him in his 'Sketches Of Spain' days, then didn't buy another album for a while, will be shocked when they hear what he's into now.

"But I would rather see somebody experiment and fall on his ass than simply stagnate."

Yes, but what do you get out of it personally?

"I get out of it what I get out of my own recent things. If I had my way, I wouldn't listen to 'Candy Man,' as big as that record was for me. I'd listen to a couple of albums I made many years ago with nothing but guitar accompaniment — one with Mundell Lowe and one with Laurindo Almeida — that probably didn't sell ten copies.

"But somewhere along the line you find yourself saying, 'Hey, do I go with the trend?' Well, trend or no trend, I know which of my records I like to hear."

Sammy finds it easier abroad than at home to live up to an "I gotta be me" philosophy.

"I just came back from a tour of Europe and Japan, and it was like a shot of adrenalin. You don't have to get into any clowning; you don't tell ethnic jokes. You just do an hour and a half of singing.

"It was the most exciting, exhilarating experience I've ever had, because these people are not buying images; they're strictly buying performance, and the reviewers wrote about how I sang, my diction, my choice of songs."

Davis' insistence on what may seem to be a one-dimensional performance contrasts sharply with the image I recall from a visit to Windsor, Ontario, where he was appearing in a club just across the river from Detroit, back in the Fifties. On that occasion he sang, danced, did a devastating series of vocal impressions, played the drums, piano, vibraphone, trumpet and bass.

Asked what had happened to his sidelines, he banged his rings on the table and replied: "What you saw at the Elmwood was many years ago and comes under the heading of (here he broke into song) 'Young and foolish . . .' I'm 50 now, and I'm not going to take any chances.

"Why should I go into the Greek Theatre and try to play the drums and act like an ass? No way, Jose. The feet and the fingers don't work any more. Maybe I can get away with that in a night club; I can do it at Vegas or Tahoe or Reno. But in any case, when you get older you have to practice.

"I need two weeks at least by myself just to get my legs in shape to dance. I'm not just going to do a tap routine to 'Me And My Shadow.' I'll do it right or not at all."

He said it not defensively, but with a confidence that brought to mind his autobiography, Yes I Can. When the chips are down, Sammy will meet any challenge; but at present they are piled so high that this is simply not the time to shake the table. — LEONARD FEATHER.

1/23/77

JAZZ

New Books Look at Music Biz

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Bill Cole, a member of the music faculty at Dartmouth College and whose biography of Miles Davis was published in 1974, is the author of "John Coltrane" (Schrimer Books: $12.95). The third book dealing with this seminal saxophonist, it is neither the equal of Cole's study of Davis nor a definitive work on Coltrane.

The opening chapter advises us that Coltrane was born "on the day of the autumn equinox, on the cusp of Virgo and Libra, one of the two days during the year in which night and day are in perfect balance. Not to take this into actual account would be to ignore something that in fact Trane knew. He was perfectly aware of the meaning of astrology . . . when he experienced his spiritual rebirth in 1957 it was rebirth from a materialistic high person to a spiritually high one." (This is a reference to Coltrane's self-liberation from heroin and alcohol.)

Although as a Virgo I should perhaps be sympathetic to these astrological vibrations, I'm afraid Cole lost me right there, high on the cusp of skepticism. But the main problem is the book's incongruous mixture of biography, spirituality and technicality. If you cannot read music, the long passages of analysis and more than 50 illustrations will be meaningless. Reading the transcriptions of solos in the early chapters (derived from a period when Coltrane's music was strictly chordal) became doubly tiresome when Cole's failure to include the necessary chord symbols aggravated the inaccessibility. (The Davis book was similarly but less extensively flawed.)

Cole's scholarly credentials must be respected, and there are some brilliantly perceptive examinations of the forces that shaped his subject's brief life (Coltrane died at 40 in 1967), yet I must admit shamelessly that much of his work reaches a level of abstractions that is beyond my comprehension.

"Playback" by Dave Dexter Jr. (Billboard Publications: $9.95) is a thoroughly readable, name-dropping autobiography that takes the reader backstage in the various scenes he has been a part of since the early 1930s. Though he was a cub reporter in Kansas City, a Down Beat editor for several years and presently is on the

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New Jazz Books

Continued from Page 50

staff at Billboard, "Playback" is principally devoted to the 31 years Dexter spent at Capitol Records. This experience took him through several departments as house magazine editor, producer, international liaison man, and confidant of the now deceased founders (Glenn Wallichs, Johnny Mercer) who established Capitol as an enterprising, idealistic newcomer in 1942, the first new outfit to challenge a recording industry that consisted in those days of only three companies: Columbia, Victor and Decca.

Dexter has retained an early-Front Page journalistic approach to writing: A female band singer is an "orchestra orchole" and Fats Waller was "the "rotund sepia bullfrog." Style, however, is less important than content, and "Playback" is rich with anecdotal reminiscences of the role Dexter played in the careers of Peggy Lee, Stan Kenton, Nat Cole, Duke Ellington and even the Beatles (he rejected their first records out of hand, later grudingly accepted them).

The machinations of big business, the unpredictability of hitmaking, the Frigidaire attitude in executive suites, come chillingly alive in Dexter's chronicle of the power plays in the Capitol Tower building. He sarcastically notes that "as a sentimental observance of the start of my 32nd year with the company . . . I was summoned into the office of an Ivy League vice president and, sans ceremony, bluntly told that I was no longer a Capitol employe." He concludes with understandable bitterness "some of the inmates were, at long last, running the Tower asylum."

"Playback" is as engaging on the basis of what it tells about the business end of music as it is for Dexter's evaluations of the artists. Always strongly opinionated, he has harsh words for Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr. (ingrates), Ella Fitzgerald (after all he did for her, she never sent him a Christmas card—but he wishes her luck), the Beatles (arrogant slobs), and kind recollections of Nat Cole, Johnny Mercer, John Wayne (a "good and generous human being," who, unlike the "aloof" Billy Eckstine, helped Dexter with his Little League team) and Stan Kenton.

"The Face of Black Music" by Valerie Wilmer (Da Capo Press, New York; inch pages devoted to black-and-white photographs taken by the London-based critic either at home or, more often, during her travels in the United States. There are brief, generally cogent text passages and an introduction by Archie Shepp, but this is primarily a collection of vibrant pictorial studies covering every phase of music from the rural bluesmen of backwoods Mississippi to the urban sophistication of Duke Ellington and the avant-garde of Ornette Coleman. Wilmer does not limit herself to jazz: among her subjects are Patti Labelle, James Brown and a Georgia street singer. The scenes taken outdoors, at the artists' homes or in the band buses, capture their spirit and essence even more effectively than those taken in performance.

Highly esoteric, written with the dedication of a Sherlock Holmes inspecting his subjects with a magnifying glass, "Jazz Retrospect" by the British critic Max Harrison (Crescendo Publication Co., Boston: $11) is a collection of pieces written over the past 20 years for the English Jazz Monthly.

Though there is an excess of pieces about men already dealt with endlessly in dozens of other books (Monk, Bunk, Parker, Ornette Coleman, Gil Evans), Harrison does turn his attention to such generally neglected men as Serge Chaloff, the influential baritone saxophonist who died in 1957 at 33, and the unjustly forgotten Miff Mole, who liberated the trombone from its crude tailgate traditions and was the first to establish its melodic potential in jazz.

Harrison's technicalities may be as much of a problem as Bill Cole's, the more so because he deals in such English terms as "quaver" and "crotchet" (meaning eighth and quarter notes), but more often than not he offers a new and stimulating

Erroll Garner, 1921-1977—Symbol of Innocence

1/9/77

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● "All I want to do," Erroll Garner once told me, "is keep on developing whatever it was the good Lord gave me."

His divine gift, one that he passed along to an eager world during most of his 53 years, was something we hear too rarely in the music of today—a blithe insouciance on the brighter tempos and sheer romantic impressionism for the ballads.

He was a paradox: an artist whose maturity and self-assurance were palpable, though he could never have passed a musical literacy test. His brother Linton, also a pianist, who read music well enough to work in name bands and write complex arrangements, has remained relatively unknown; it was Erroll, the unlettered one, who developed a style and persona that earned him acceptance almost from the moment his first records, cut during the febrile years on 52nd St., made their way around the world.

I remember how devastating was that initial impact. At a time when bebop was just taking shape, altering the nature and direction of jazz, Garner found a new avenue that was totally unrelated to it: a left hand that chugged away like a happy-go-lucky local train, while the right hand soared into those flurries of single-notes with their delayed-action beat, or cascades of jubilant chords that seemed to tell you: "Am I having a ball!"

"He was a tremendous influence on me," George Shearing says. "A lot of the numbers I use in clubs reflect this; sometimes I'd play them when I heard he was in the room. But if I didn't know, after the set, wandering over to the bar, I'd feel this tap on the shoulder and a voice would say, 'Oochie coo!'—that was his password with me. Nobody with that kind of joie de vivre can ever really have left us."

Earl Hines recalls, "The first time I heard him on 52nd St. I was utterly amazed. I began asking around, and learned to my surprise that he was from my hometown, Pittsburgh. I arranged to meet him, and later on, when he was at the Embers on the East Side for long runs, we'd hang out."

To Nat Pierce, one of Garner's closest pianist friends, he was "the only true genius I ever met. He wasn't a piano player in the strict sense, but he mastered a totally unorthodox technique. He would beat the keyboard to death, using all the wrong fingering, but out would come all those gorgeous melodies that kept flowing into his head. He felt like an orchestra. Some of his introductions alone could have been made into symphonies."

Pierce attributes much of Garner's unique qualities to his left-handedness. "Lefties have some special gift. Originally, when Linton was taking piano lessons and their sister was preparing to become a classical pianist, Erroll's father had him studying violin. But he would sneak away to the piano and play verbatim the lessons that the other kids had been taught.

"When Errol was 14, Art Blakey was playing piano in a show in Pittsburgh when an act came into town, using some difficult charts. When he heard Blakey struggling with them, Erroll said, 'I can play that!' and he jumped up and zoomed through the whole thing, letter perfect. Supposedly that was when Blakey stopped playing piano and took up the drums."

The story of Garner's last days is best reflected in the words of Martha Glaser, his manager since 1950.

"He played his final date, at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, in February of 1975, before collapsing with his second case of pneumonia. After two months in the hospital he went home; ever since then he had been taking it easy.

"He had emphysema and suffered badly, but recently he was put on some new drugs. He went into the hospital for two weeks of rehabilitation and he was feeling good, putting on weight. He left the hospital Wednesday; Friday, New Year's Eve, I called and he was very relaxed, watching a football game. But Saturday he was very groggy and told me he couldn't wake up.

"On Sunday I called and heard a rumbling, gasping sound. I called for his doctor and said to rush an ambulance, but Erroll never made it to the hospital.

"He had a new album that still isn't out. It was delayed because at the end of the session he suddenly let go and scatted a chorus. I wanted to keep it in, but he objected: 'I don't want the people to dig me for my singing!' Finally he relented and we remastered the record."

One of the more questionable developments in certain areas of jazz over the decades has been a loss of innocence. Erroll Garner was the purest living symbol of that innocence, the gaiety and exuberance that has been the hallmark of so much durable music. Garner the man is gone, but the spirit he represented will surely remain among us as long as there is music. ●

JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

Vintage Herman Aged in Woody

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It is doubtful whether any musical group relies more successfully on eclecticism than the Woody Herman orchestra, heard Saturday at Royce Hall.

This diversity is threefold. The tunes derive from classical sources (Gabriel Faure's "Pavanne"), standard pop repertory ("Blues in the Night"), contemporary (Joe Farrell's "Penny Arcade") and modern jazz (Charles Mingus' "Duke Ellington's Sound of Love"). The arrangements, however, endow them with new colors, fresh textures and a diversity that reminds us of how many Herman alumni are responsible for this wide-ranging library: Alan Broadbent, Lyle Mays, Gary Anderson and particularly Tony Klatka, responsible for the restructuring of John Coltrane's "Naima" and Chick Corea's "La Fiesta." (Klatka, an ex-Herman trumpeter, is now with Blood, Sweat & Tears.)

Woody Herman

The various Herman dynasties were represented: In the course of two sets, the youthful orchestra hopscotched across decades, taking an almost equally young audience from the antiquity of "Woodchoppers' Ball" and "Early Autumn" to the jazz/rock sounds of the '70s.

Even the older and more trivial pieces have taken on helpful new embellishments. In "I've Got News for You," not one of the band's more memorable blues, there was a refreshing chorus voiced for fluegelhorn, three tenor saxes and baritone. "Caldonia" relaxed its frantic pace long enough for Pat Coil to insert a surprisingly pensive interlude of unaccompanied piano.

Coil, a recent graduate of North Texas State University's jazz department, is one of a frequently changing but always interesting lineup of soloists. Seven-year Herman veteran Frank Tiberi on tenor sax and bassoon remains the strong man of the reed section, but Bruce Johnstone, new to the baritone sax chair, brought a bold, earthy touch to the closing theme, "Blue Flame." Another new addition, trombonist Burch Johnson, showed spirit and technique; however, the filling of Jim Pugh's chair is a very tough assignment.

Tim Hagen is a splendid new trumpet soloist, showcased on several pieces.

On all but a few rockish numbers the rhythm section played acoustic instruments, with Rusty Holloway's upright bass providing a firm foundation. As for Herman's own performances, they were brief but welcome: The Mingus tune found him in his Johnny Hodges alto bag, and on "Greasy Sack Blues" his New Orleans-style lower-register clarinet had an engaging warmth.

The Herman band keeps moving with the times, while retaining the essence of all the other times Herman has seen and the evolutionary processes through which he has taken his musicians. In this always entertaining, often in-

LEONARD FEATHER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ IN THE 70s (RCA) — As jazz shoulders further and further into the pop sales, there are some real class products coming out such as this one by jazz expert Feather. The two-record LP includes such modern jazz greats as Gato Barbieri, Gil Evans, John Dankworth, Cleo Laine, Buddy Rich, Jazz Piano Quartet and Oliver Nelson.

Trombonist Bennie Green Dies

Bennie, Green, 53, long one of the most respected of modern jazz trombonists, died Wednesday in Veterans' Hospital in San Diego. He had been admitted there Jan. 6 suffering from osteomyelitis.

Born in Chicago of a musical family, Green came to prominence with Earl Hines, whose band he joined at the age of 19. He remained, with time out for two years in an Army band, until 1948. During the next two years he toured with Charlie Ventura's "Bop for the People," band.

Later he free lanced in New York, and in 1969 joined Duke Ellington. After leaving the Ellington orchestra while in Las Vegas, he settled there and worked in various bands along the Strip.

Green leaves his wife Jane; sister and brother Hattie Ward and Elbert, both of Chicago; and daughter Lois Lee. Services will be held Sunday at 2 p.m. at Palm Mortuary in Las Vegas.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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Los Angeles Times CALENDAR PAGE 68
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Chick Corea

JAZZ

Chick Corea Still Seeking Middle Ground

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● A prodigious and restlessly creative artist who continues to win polls annually as our foremost composer and pianist has reached a new turning point in his life on two levels, musical and personal.

Last May Chick Corea played his final date with the most recent incarnation of his combo, Return to Forever. Then, as he puts it, "I decided to give the West a try, and in August we made this gigantic move to Los Angeles. Now I'm putting together a new group to go on a national tour in March. It will be the Return to Forever Little Big Band."

Corea's image during most of his years as a leader, and even before that as a sideman with Miles Davis, Elvin Jones, Stan Getz and Hubert Laws, was that of a participant in primarily improvisational groups, even though along the way he picked up durable composer credits for "Spain," "Litha," "La Fiesta" and "Windows," all of which are now common coinage in the jazz world. His plans for the new RTF will be ambitious in size and scope.

"We'll be adding a four-piece brass section—John Thomas, a great lead trumpeter who worked with Woody Herman and Count Basie, and James Tinsley, who played trumpet on Stanley Clarke's recent tour, plus two trombonists who still have to be selected. Joe Farrell will be back with me on saxes and flute; Stanley Clarke, who just finished his own tour as a leader, will rejoin me on bass. Stanley's going to be writing a lot for us.

"There were certain elements in the earlier bands that were missing in later versions of Return to Forever, which I'll be restoring. One is the in-line playing with soprano sax and flute, which I've missed a lot; another is vocal music. Gayle Moran will be our singer. Another artistic and aesthetic characteristic that I hope to achieve is—well, call it a softness, not so much in impact but in sound quality and general roundness of sound.

"I like recording, but I get my biggest kicks out of being in front of people performing. However, in recording you have unlimited time to set things up for a perfect sound quality, whereas on the job things may be set up more hastily and the result can be a sound that is high-pitched and tinny, or lacking in clarity, which detracts from communication.

"My new group will have to be presented with great care, so that the whole thing will sound like a gigantic hi-fi system."

Along with RTF's activities, documented for posterity on Columbia Records, Corea will continue to lead the other half of his double life by assembling special recording groups under his own name for Polydor. His newly released double-LP set, "My Spanish Heart," reflects his rekindled interest in the music of Spain, Latin America and Africa, inspired by a trip to the Iberian Peninsula.

He is careful to separate the two aspects of his recorded work: "I considered all my RTF groups as a co-creation; when I write for that group I think in terms of making everyone's creativity flow together. But as a composer for my Polydor albums I conceive of music that's very exact, that doesn't necessarily involve other personalities. Along these lines I hope to go to work during 1977 on a venture I've been planning in my mind for a couple of years, a concerto for piano and orchestra."

Despite the expanded scope of his various projects, Corea has not lost touch with the basic idioms out of which he grew to his present eminence. Some months ago, guesting on a Dinah Shore show, he played bebop piano with Dizzy Gillespie, even picked up a trumpet and tried to play some standard Dizzy licks.

"That kind of music will always be a part of me. No really good music ever dies. It only dies to the extent that artists stop rendering it. Just for the fun of it, I'd like some time to put together a quartet or quintet and do a real bebop album.

"My musicians have that flexibility. A lot of the younger players nowadays are into many styles and formats. There's a danger that when a player creates some very positive form of music he may want to cling to it, which can become a sort of confinement. The advantage a lot of young musicians gain with their broader outlook is that they're willing and able to explore so many avenues. I want to retain that openness in my own attitude.

Always deeply concerned with the problem of communication, Corea has a theory that should give pause to those of his contemporaries who have sold out in the interest of financial gain.

"You can't create in a vacuum and just fail to relate to people; at the same time, you cannot compromise your integrity. There has to be a middle road, where some sensible balance is made between, on the one hand, pure creation, and, on the other hand, the realities that we live with, eating and survival and money and business.

"Every now and then I come across an artist who shows me that middle way. Stevie Wonder did it. On another level, I saw a TV program of Andre Watts at Philharmonic Hall, and he sold the place out. Wiped the people out, playing Mozart!

"I've seen some Fred Astaire movies where that middle ground is achieved in a very light, communicative context. And once I caught a Marx Brothers movie where they were going through all this slapstick, then suddenly you saw Harpo alone, up in an attic, and for five minutes in this very commercial movie the whole plot was suspended while he just played the harp. It was beautiful!

"Charlie Chaplin was able to do it too. I saw 'City Lights' and 'Modern Times' recently and they made me laugh, made me cry, and were great creations. Art like that is just timeless. That's the paradox and problem, the challenge that confronts every artist, and I hope I can always find that magic center ground in my own particular way."

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ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Chick Corea—"My Spanish Heart" (Polydor PD 2-9003). Personnel in this two-LP set includes Gayle Moran, a string quartet, a brass section, Stanley Clarke and (one track only) violinist Jean-Luc Ponty.

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FOR THE RECORD: To those who may have been confused by the headline on last Sunday's column ("Erroll Garner, 1921-1977"): I did not write the headline. My statement in the body of the piece that Garner died at the age of 53 was correct and is confirmed by his manager as well as the ASCAP "Biographical Dictionary." (The 1921 date given in other reference works, including my own Encyclopedia of Jazz, was incorrect.)

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VARIETY 1/28

Feather To Host Jazz Program

Jazz critic, composer and musician Leonard Feather will host and produce his own Sunday evening show on KUSC-FM, beginning Feb. 6. Program will feature jazz artists and their music and highlight interviews with musicians, composers and jazz authorities.

AT DONTE'S

Jazz/Rock Sextet Fresh Off Campus

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Another reminder that some of the best new music is being developed in colleges and conservatories is a jazz/rock sextet called Auracle, heard in several recent dates at Donte's.

Auracle's members are all between 21 and 23, all double as composers, and all studied at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., but are now Los Angeles based. The first impression is that they are thoroughly homogenized and must have been rehearsing 25 hours a day.

Of the eight original works presented at one hearing, four were by the keyboardist, John Serry: "Tom Thumb," introduced with a delicate blend of muted trumpet and flute; "Kid Stuff" with its bustling changes of meter; "Glider," an impressionistic piece with trumpeter Rick Braun switching to fluegel and Serry to acoustic piano; and the closer, "Sleazy Listening," a jaunty theme established by Braun, tenor saxophonist Steven Kujala and a xylophone played by Steve Rehbein.

Bassist Bill Staebell was provided with a good showcase work, "Morning of the World" written by the drummer, Ron Wagner. Throughout the set, the use of unusual meters such as 11/4 (in Kujala's "Quilisma") never sounded gimmicky or obtrusive.

Auracle is capable of generating excitement without the vehement volume so often linked to this genre, along with more contemplative, even ethereal moments. The writing, and the variety of couplings with which it is interpreted (trumpet or fluegel with flute or tenor sax or piccolo with vibes or xylophone, etc.) assures a consistent level of interest during the ensemble passages.

What the group lacks, or should display more often, is a willingness to take chances. The solos, mostly brief, were seldom inspired; the piano on "Sartori" sounded like computerized funk. If Auracle could loosen up, if a soloist here and there could throw caution to the winds and say, "To hell with the chart, I feel like blowing an extra chorus," this sense of spontaneity might eliminate some of the stiffness, elevate the combo and establish this as one of the most intriguing jazz/rock groups of 1977.

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Fats Waller, Part I

The name of Thomas "Fats" Waller (1904-1043) is at least vaguely familiar to the young jazz fan of the 1970s, but generally for the wrong reasons. Waller's immortality was due in great measure to his talents as a satirical singer and as a happy, insouciant personality who toward the end of his life began what could have become a successful career in motion pictures.

DUNCAN SCHIEDT COLLECTION

Such aspects of Fats were in sharp contrast with his stature as a major creator, as a pioneer jazz organist, and primarily as the legatee of the stride piano tradition that had been established by his idol, James P. Johnson. Gunther Schuller, in his invaluable book *Early Jazz: Its Roots and Musical Development* [Oxford University Press], described Waller's role as that of "a transitional figure linking James P. to the 'modern' pianists of the late Thirties, like Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum. His real service lay in taking the still somewhat disjointed elements of Johnson's style and unifying them into a single, cohesive jazz conception in which ragtime was still discernible underneath the surface as a source, but no longer overtly active as a separate formative element."

Waller was born to a family of early black settlers in Harlem at a time when it was a sedate, almost all white neighborhood. The Wallers, conservative and religious, were horrified when their son took an interest in jazz ("the devil's music!"), playing the pipe organ with an unorthodox swinging beat instead of following in his father's footsteps and entering the ministry.

Fats' lengthy formal piano studies were followed by less orthodox tuition with James P. Johnson, already a lionized hero in Harlem of the early 1920s. Fats, a fast study, soon found work at cabarets and parlor socials. Johnson arranged for him to cut some piano rolls. Soon after, Fats made his first records, a couple of blues solos, and made his radio debut from a theater in Newark.

During the next few years the name he made for himself as a songwriter became a logical offshoot of his innately melodic sense of improvisation. His most famous song, "Ain't Misbehavin'," became the title of a Waller biography, written in 1966 by Ed Kirkeby [Da Capo Press]. Teamed with the master lyricist Andy Razaf, Fats turned out endless hits—some for the scores of Harlem or Broadway shows, others for a music publisher, for whom he would grind out a set of melodies in exchange for a small lump sum, sometimes as little as $2.50 each. Out of this era came "Black & Blue," "Blue Turning Gray Over You," "Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now," "I've Got A Feeling I'm Falling," and dozens more.

Waller was an excellent sight reader and could interpret Debussy and Chopin well enough to have qualified him for a classical career, but such avenues were virtually closed to black musicians. Instead of brooding, he developed the lilting beat, striding left hand, and symmetrically conceived improvisational style that earned him the respect of fellow musicians long before his laugh-provoking verbal outbursts won him a following among the general public.

During a recording career that spanned two decades, Fats was heard in a broad range of settings. One reissue album, entitled *Fats Waller Plays, Sings, Alone And With Various Groups*, found him in such company as white Dixielanders Eddie Condon and Pee-Wee Russell; a corny 1931 big band led by clarinetist Ted Lewis; Jack Teagarden's Orchestra; and a combo billed as the Little Chocolate Dandies alongside Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins. Released in France by CBS, it is all but impossible to find in this country.

The best way to bone up on Waller's contribution would be to keep track of a splendid project launched by producer Frank Driggs at RCA. Entitled *The Complete Fats Waller*, it will ultimately include everything he recorded for RCA and its affiliate Bluebird label when he began recording regularly with small groups in 1934. At this writing only one two-record set has been issued [RCA Bluebird, AXM2-5511], but it contains 33 tracks and offers a fine cross-section of the type of material he was able to tackle successfully: the best and worst pop songs of the day, all of which he sublimated with his pianistic grace and vocal wit.

In this album also are two early examples of his ability to transcend the problems of making the bulky pipe organ swing; he does so in "Night Wind" and "I Believe In Miracles." The frustration he suffered by being branded as a comedian/vocalist must have been mollified somewhat when RCA allowed him, on occasion, to record two different versions of the same song, one with a vocal and the other with a piano chorus to replace it. Four such tunes are heard in both versions here.

It was during these RCA years, when he was a big man on the Harlem jukeboxes, that Fats, whose fame had long since become international, made his first tour of Great Britain, working as a single. I was then a young jazz fan in London, had begun writing for *Melody Maker* and producing some record sessions with Benny Carter. I suggested to HMV (RCA's English affiliate) that an all-star British combo be rounded up for a record date. The products of this 1938 event were reissued on Rod McKuen's Stanyan label as *The Undiscovered Fats Waller* [SR 10057]. In the same album Fats plays six piano solos which he called *The London Suite*, a series of impressions of Piccadilly, Chelsea, Soho, Bond Street, Limehouse, and Whitechapel. These works display another side of his personality; the stride style and phenomenal technique are subservient to a desire to create spontaneous, sometimes programmatic melodies that could well have been established as concert works. Unfortunately they were poorly recorded, and Fats never got around to making full-scale orchestral versions.

In 1939 Fats began making occasional use of the Hammond organ. With the exception of a rather limited performer named Milt Herth, no jazz artist had recorded on this instrument before. A harbinger of the electric era, Fats became to the console what Charlie Christian was to the electric guitar at just about the same time.

The year 1943 was an eventful and seemingly auspicious one for Waller. In January he arrived in Hollywood for an acting and playing role in *Stormy Weather*, a musical with an all-black cast that included Lena Horne and Bill Bojangles Robinson. Before the filming was completed, he received word that a Broadway producer wanted him to write the score for a show, *Early To Bed*. There was also an acting part for Fats, but this was later dropped by mutual consent after some tantrums caused by his overindulgence in Old Grandad. In May Fats and his wife traveled to Boston for an out-of-town tryout of the show.

He could not record his score, for at that time there was a recording ban in effect. (Fats did record the songs on some V-Discs for the Armed Forces.) After a few nightclub bookings in the East and some service camp appearances, he returned to Hollywood to work at the Club Zanzibar, where he drew capacity crowds. He decided to go home for Christmas aboard the Santa Fe Chief.

The train was roaring through Kansas when Ed Kirkeby, Fats' manager, heard a choking sound from Fats' bed. Kirkeby found he could not awaken him. A doctor was summoned. He turned to Kirkeby and quietly said: "This man is dead."

The official cause of death was influenzal bronchial pneumonia. Fats was only 39; he was robbed of what could have been his most triumphant days, with the expansion of jazz into the concert field (Fats had given only one American concert, at Carnegie Hall in 1942).

I was at the services conducted by Rev. Adam Clayton Powell at Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem. It was a day of incredulous grief for us all. Hazel Scott played "Abide With Me" on the organ, and men like Don Redman, Claude Hopkins, and James P. Johnson served as pallbearers.

A few months later Johnson recorded a memorial series of Waller's compositions. It is ironic that the younger man, who was his disciple, had predeceased him. But the style he represented, and the records he had left for posterity, are more and more in the public mind today. For any student concerned with the historical evolution of jazz piano I can only suggest that any and every Fats Waller record you can find will be a priceless part of your education.

JAZZ

Happy Haunts of George Benson's Past

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The inevitable aftermath of any success story in the record business is the sudden discovery by various record companies that they own earlier masters by an artist who has just become a star on another label. Never has this been more obvious than in the case of guitarist George Benson, whose "Breezin'" for Warner Brothers last year became a platinum monster and earned seven Grammy nominations, including album of the year.

George Benson

Benson, whose new album, "In Flight" (BSK 2983), has just been released, has been recording regularly as a leader since 1964. It was inevitable not only that his past would now come up to haunt him, but also that he would, in a sense, compete with himself, since at the time of his signing with Warner Bros. he still owed CTI some records. Thus "Benson and Farrell" (CTI 6069), costarring him with flutist Joe Farrell, was recorded in March and September of 1976—after "Breezin'"—and has been on jazz charts 14 weeks.

Slightly earlier (January, 1975), but representative of the guitarist at his best, is the newly released "George Benson in Concert at Carnegie Hall" (CTI 6072 S 1) with another flute virtuoso, Hubert Laws, prominently featured.

Among the four long tracks, "Gone" stands out with its strong but never overpowering rhythm section. Benson's other original piece, "Octane," is a strong second. "Take Five" suffers from the fact that Paul Desmond's tune, a novelty with its 5/4 meter 16 years ago, today is something of a bore. The set closes with "Summertime," to which Benson contributes vocal effects in unison with his guitar along the lines of "This Masquerade." Four stars.

An ambitious attempt to reconstruct Benson's past is "Benson Burner" (Columbia CG 33569), a two-pocket set dating from the days (1966-67) when John Hammond was producing him for the pure-jazz audience. Most of the tracks have a rather dead sound quality; many are so short (two or three minutes) that they barely have a chance to get off the ground; in fact, the last side contains no less than eight tunes. No vocals.

Benson in those days was touring with an organized combo featuring organ (Lonnie Smith), baritone sax (Ronnie Cuber) and drums (Jimmy Lovelace). On some numbers a horn section is added; one tune even ropes in a second guitarist, Al Michelle, for a brief solo. Blue Mitchell's trumpet pops in helpfully.

The album provides a reminder of the tremendous changes that have taken place in jazz over the past decade. This collection of bebop, rock/blues, pseudo-gospel and even cha-cha-cha items often has an old-fashioned aura. A few, such as the all-too-brief "Toledo," really managed to get it on with a fine, funky beat. Admirers of Benson's present direction will find some of this historically interesting but occasionally frustrating. Despite its faults, the LP contains enough hard-driving Benson blowing to justify a three-and-a-half star rating.

Even earlier Benson, but less dated in its approach, is "Blue Benson" (Polydor PD-1-6084). By 1968 Benson was using such sidemen as Herbie Hancock, Billy Cobham and Ron Carter, and was stretching out more (the tracks run from three-and-one-half to eight-and-one-half minutes). Benson sings on "That Lucky Old Sun," recalls Wes Montgomery in his beguiling "I Remember Wes," and digs back into bebop for Charlie Parker's "Billie's Bounce." The highlight is his fervent blues work in "Low Down and Dirty." A surprisingly valuable item for collectors.

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Guitar records have been proliferating in the wake of Benson's success. Larry Coryell, one of the most respected of the younger guitarists to emerge in the late 1960s, has been going from strength to strength. In "The Lion and the Ram" (Arista AL 4108), he proves self-sufficient, thanks to the help of extensive overdubbing, on several of the 10 works (predominantly Coryell originals).

For some time now this protean artist has been campaigning in effect for reacceptance of the acoustic guitar and for the evaluation of music without respect to category. By no stretch of semantics could this be classified as either a jazz or a pop album. Basically it is Coryell's many-faceted view of music translated into his own uniquely expressive terms. The multitracking reminds one how far we have progressed since Les Paul, who pioneered in this kind of wire-pulling in the late 1940s.

On three compositions, Coryell sings, in a tentative but pleasant fashion, lyrics written by his wife Julie. One of these, the title tune, brings in Joe Beck, also on acoustic guitar, and Michal Urbaniak on violin. Their contribution actually lowers the performance to a more conventional level. This could have been, and virtually is, a one-man album, and the one man is a near genius. Four and a half stars.●

Milt Jackson at Donte's: Good Vibes

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Milt Jackson's all too brief visit to Donte's (he opened Tuesday and closes tonight) was not too short to provide a reminder of the values he has always represented.

In essence, the various groups he has led since leaving the Modern Jazz Quartet have been a paradigm of what great combo jazz is all about. His vibraphone has undergone no electronic enhancement; most of his selections are played in a basic 4/4 meter, the songs structured in the timeproof 32 and 12 bar blocks that have served this music so well for so long.

Most important is Jackson's ability to express the harmonic essence of a ballad such as "I Got It Bad" or "Watch What Happens" while using it to outline his own personality, in all its rhythmic, improvisational splendor.

Pianist Lou Levy, too, has kept the faith. He is not only a keen foil and support for Jackson but also a constantly probing soloist. His dense left-hand chords in "You Stepped Out of a Dream" were more than mere punctuation. His ears never fail him; and his chops just won't quit.

A case could be made against this group as a hastily conceived, unrehearsed collection of men without any new material; but with performers of the caliber of Jackson, Levy, bassist Allan Jackson and drummer Jimmie Smith, even a 30-year-old Charlie Parker blues takes on the luster of newly polished silver.

It is entirely possible that some sharp producer could take Jackson, surround him with fancy arrangements, a vocal group and synthesizers, to get him on the charts. But the results simply wouldn't be Milt Jackson.

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2/11

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

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LOS ANGELES TIMES

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 6, 1977

JAZZ: WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

Times critic Leonard Feather made the scene in Japan—to discover that it is the world's second most active center in jazz. Kimiko Kasai, above, the native glamor girl of jazz, is one reason. Feather's report begins on Page 84.

Alexander Hamilton is among 24 characters depicted in Museum of Science and Industry miniatures display.

CALEN

Continued from

WEDNESDA

"MONEY MANAGEMENT AND INVEST

MIDWEEK DANCE PARTY

"SEXUAL HONESTY: TO THINE OWN

THURSDAY

"MAKING CONTACT WITH THE OPPO

FRIDAY

MEDITATION

DANCE

SATURDAY

"MEET YOUR NEW VALENTINE A

through a typical issue with its teaming English headlines is a frustrating ordeal. Asked why he doesn't print a bilingual edition, Koyama laughs and shrugs. He is too busy and too successful not to let well enough alone.)

An aspect of the scene with no parallel in the U.S. is the coffee shop. A pocket-sized classified directory in Kyoto (entitled, with aptness, The Yellow Pages) lists such emporia variously dedicated to jazz, rock, blues, soul, classical, folk, western and live music. (Tokyo has 50 jazz coffee shops, nine live-jazz clubs.)

In Kyoto, hours after strolling among bamboo trees tall enough to make a hundred flutes, I dropped in at the Big Boy, where Miles Davis' "Nardis" was piping through a pair of elaborate speakers. The small room was packed with young fans, some in jeans, drably dressed, all clearly wrapped up in the music. Introduced to Lew Tabackin and me, the owner proudly whipped out, from his collection of 3,000 records that lined the walls, two Tabackin albums and one bebop LP that I produced more than 20 years ago.

These rooms can be central to the success of an album. Japan's 400 jazz coffee shops not only buy great quantities of records but generate further sales, much as air play stimulates pop sales in the States.

On Japanese radio you hear not only records but live music. Sadao Watanabe, the flutist-saxophonist who

8-9 p.m., KCSN-FM; Nation.
11:30 a.m., KNX: Face the
sacred music.
10 a.m.-Noon, KUSC-FM:
Divine Spirit of Music, a
program of English
music to "Midsummer
Nights' Dream"; Brahms'
Symphony in C Minor,
No. 1.
8-10 p.m., KCRW-FM: Sonia
Rand is featured on
Recorded Concert.
Monica Symphony Or-
chestra, Mendelssohn,
Overture and Incidental

Japan Soars on Musical Winds

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Kazumi Watanabe

TOKYO—On a recent evening, after studying the jazz sounds at Birdland, I dropped by the Pit Inn to hear a young guitarist playing a dozen phenomenal choruses of Sonny Rollins' standard tune, "Oleo." Later there was time to hear, at the Django Coffee Shop, a few new tracks on the East Wind, Why Not and Three Blind Mice labels. For a nightcap I caught a guest vocalist singing Joe Williams' "Alright, Okay, You Win" at the Club Misty.

A night much like any other for a jazz observer, you might say—until you learn that the guitarist was 23-year-old Kazumi Watanabe, the blues singer Teruhisa Togo (with Tsuyoshi Yamamoto at the piano), the record companies to whose products I listened all Japanese and the clubs, with their English-language signs, were in various Tokyo locations from the Ginza to Roppongi.

During a week spent alternately visiting shrines and temples, coffee houses named Dig and Dug and Lady Day and Basie, observing statues of Buddha and listening to disciples of John Coltrane, it was hard to arrive at an understanding of the cultural crosswinds that have established Japan as the world's second most active center of jazz (and, on a mass pop/rock/jazz level, the world's second largest music market).

For years, American musicians have returned from Japan with glowing reports on the quantity and quality of the music available there, domestic as well as imported. There is a constant influx of U.S. talent, involving not only those names that are most familiar on home grounds but others whose name power in Tokyo, Osaka, and Kyoto far exceeds their value in New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. Hardly a night goes by that doesn't find some of these visitors on a concert stage in one Japanese metropolis or another.

At the time of my visit, drummer Max Roach and singer Esther Phillips were the incumbents. Soon Art Farmer will bring over a specially assembled group; J. J. Johnson and Nat Adderley will co-lead a quintet; Benny Carter is organizing a nine-piece band just for a Japanese tour. Even Miles Davis, invisible on U.S. stages the past couple of years, is being lured out of retirement for a May visit promoted by the cultural affairs department of Yomiuri Shinbun, a national newspaper.

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The attention paid to jazz both culturally and commercially was symbolized by the first event I attended in Tokyo, the 10th annual Swing Journal magazine Jazz Poll Awards Presentation. Held in a hotel banquet room and attended by some 300 record company, TV, radio and press representatives, this was the most pomp-and-circumstantial occasion of its kind since the golden days of the 1940s when Esquire used to hand out its "Esky" trophies. Swing Journal, in the Esquire tradition, presents statuettes to winners chosen by a board of experts—in this case 22 Japanese jazz critics.

This year the Gold Award went to a big band album, "Insights," by the Hollywood-based Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin orchestra. The Tabackins, who next May will take their band on its second Japanese tour (a U.S. tour has yet to be arranged), flew to Tokyo for the ceremonies.

"I am deeply honored," said Miss Akiyoshi, adding less formally, "Wow! Just think, they chose ours out of 1,300 jazz albums released in Japan last year!" She could have added that this is more than twice the U.S. figure and includes many LPs made by U.S. musicians in New York or Tokyo but never released in the States, as well as reissues by the dozen (last month's output alone included eight newly listed items by John Coltrane) and about 170 by Japanese artists.

The smell of success was further sweetened for her in that she is the first woman and the first Oriental to make serious worldwide impact as a composer-bandleader. She and Tabackin, whose tenor sax and flute work are the principal solo voices, are under contract to Japanese RCA but most of their albums, recorded in Hollywood, are securing a release on the American affiliate label.

Also Illustrated on Page 1.

That the Japanese are as broad-minded as they are enthusiastic became evident when it was announced, for example, that the Silver Award this year would go to the bassist Charlie Haden, a prophet more honored in Japan and Europe than at home, for an album of duet performances with Ornette Coleman, Alice Coltrane and others; and that reissue award statuettes were voted for "Sandman," an LP of early 1930s music by the Dorsey Brothers orchestra, as well as for Lennie Tristano's "Descent Into the Maelstrom," a series of private tapings made in the 1950s and '60s by the pioneer experimental pianist. The latter has never been released in the United States.

In determining their vocal award, the voters bypassed such heavyweight names as Ella, Sarah and Carmen and even resisted the temptation to honor their native glamour girl, Kimiko Kasai, who has recorded with the likes of Gil Evans, Oliver Nelson and Shelly Manne. Instead, the prize was given to Irene Kral, for "Where Is Love?," a low-key set of standards by an artist who has never visited Japan and is all but unknown even on home ground. (More about Ms. Kral next week.)

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How can the love affair between Japan and jazz be accounted for? Why are their standards both of appreciation and performance so far ahead of those achieved

JAZZ

Happy Haunts of George Benson's Past

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The inevitable aftermath of any success story in the record business is the sudden discovery by various record companies that they own earlier masters by an artist who has just become a star on another label. Never has this been more obvious than in the case of guitarist George Benson, whose "Breezin'" for Warner Brothers last year became a platinum monster and earned seven Grammy nominations, including album of the year.

George Benson

Benson, whose new album, "In Flight" (BSK 2983), has just been released, has been recording regularly as a leader since 1964. It was inevitable not only that his past would now come up to haunt him, but also that he would, in a sense, compete with himself, since at the time of his signing with Warner Bros. he still owed CTI some records. Thus "Benson and Farrell" (CTI 6069), costarring him with flutist Joe Farrell, was recorded in March and September of 1976 —after "Breezin'"—and has been on jazz charts 14 weeks.

Slightly earlier (January, 1975), but representative of the guitarist at his best, is the newly released "George Benson in Concert at Carnegie Hall" (CTI 6072 S 1) with another flute virtuoso, Hubert Laws, prominently featured.

Among the four long tracks, "Gone" stands out with its strong but never overpowering rhythm section. Benson's other original piece, "Octane," is a strong second. "Take Five" suffers from the fact that Paul Desmond's tune, a novelty with its 5/4 meter 16 years ago, today is something of a bore. The set closes with "Summertime," to which Benson contributes vocal effects in unison with his guitar along the lines of "This Masquerade." Four stars.

An ambitious attempt to reconstruct Benson's past is "Benson Burner" (Columbia CG 33569), a two-pocket set dating from the days (1966-67) when John Hammond was producing him for the pure-jazz audience. Most of the tracks have a rather dead sound quality; many are so short (two or three minutes) that they barely have a chance to get off the ground; in fact, the last side contains no less than eight tunes. No vocals.

Benson in those days was touring with an organized combo featuring organ (Lonnie Smith), baritone sax (Ronnie Cuber) and drums (Jimmy Lovelace). On some numbers a horn section is added; one tune even ropes in a second guitarist, Al Michelle, for a brief solo. Blue Mitchell's trumpet pops in helpfully.

The album provides a reminder of the tremendous changes that have taken place in jazz over the past decade. This collection of bebop, rock/blues, pseudo-gospel and even cha-cha-cha items often has an old-fashioned aura. A few, such as the all-too-brief "Toledo," really managed to get it on with a fine, funky beat. Admirers of Benson's present direction will find some of this historically interesting but occasionally frustrating. Despite its faults, the LP contains enough hard-driving Benson blowing to justify a three-and-a-half star rating.

Even earlier Benson, but less dated in its approach, is "Blue Benson" (Polydor PD-1-6084). By 1968 Benson was using such sidemen as Herbie Hancock, Billy Cobham and Ron Carter, and was stretching out more (the tracks run from three-and-one-half to eight-and-one-half minutes). Benson sings on "That Lucky Old Sun," recalls Wes Montgomery in his beguiling "I Remember Wes," and digs back into bebop for Charlie Parker's "Billie's Bounce." The highlight is his fervent blues work in "Low Down and Dirty." A surprisingly valuable item for collectors.

●

Guitar records have been proliferating in the wake of Benson's success. Larry Coryell, one of the most respected of the younger guitarists to emerge in the late 1960s, has been going from strength to strength. In "The Lion and the Ram" (Arista AL 4108), he proves self-sufficient, thanks to the help of extensive overdubbing, on several of the 10 works (predominantly Coryell originals).

For some time now this protean artist has been campaigning in effect for reacceptance of the acoustic guitar and for the evaluation of music without respect to category. By no stretch of semantics could this be classified as either a jazz or a pop album. Basically it is Coryell's many-faceted view of music translated into his own uniquely expressive terms. The multitracking reminds one how far we have progressed since Les Paul, who pioneered in this kind of wire-pulling in the late 1940s.

On three compositions, Coryell sings, in a tentative but pleasant fashion, lyrics written by his wife Julie. One of these, the title tune, brings in Joe Beck, also on acoustic guitar, and Michal Urbaniak on violin. Their contribution actually lowers the performance to a more conventional level. This could have been, and virtually is, a one-man album, and the one man is a near genius. Four and a half stars.●

Milt Jackson at Donte's: Good Vibes

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Milt Jackson's all too brief visit to Donte's (he opened Tuesday and closes tonight) was not too short to provide a reminder of the values he has always represented.

In essence, the various groups he has led since leaving the Modern Jazz Quartet have been a paradigm of what great combo jazz is all about. His vibraphone has undergone no electronic enhancement; most of his selections are played in a basic 4/4 meter, the songs structured in the timeproof 32 and 12 bar blocks that have served this music so well for so long.

Most important is Jackson's ability to express the harmonic essence of a ballad such as "I Got It Bad" or "Watch What Happens" while using it to outline his own personality, in all its rhythmic, improvisational splendor.

Pianist Lou Levy, too, has kept the faith. He is not only a keen foil and support for Jackson but also a constantly probing soloist. His dense left-hand chords in "You Stepped Out of a Dream" were more than mere punctuation. His ears never fail him; and his chops just won't quit.

A case could be made against this group as a hastily conceived, unrehearsed collection of men without any new material; but with performers of the caliber of Jackson, Levy, bassist Allan Jackson and drummer Jimmie Smith, even a 30-year-old Charlie Parker blues takes on the luster of newly polished silver.

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JAZZ

2/18/77

Roy Kral's Kid Sister Sings, Too

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Irene Kral can hardly believe it is happening. After all, your typical ambitious vocal album nowadays involves a five or even a six-figure budget. "Where Is Love" was made for a grand total, including studio costs, of $900. Most singers on records are supported by masses of strings, elaborate arrangements, backup voices; Irene's gentle little session was a two-person show. Her sole partner was Alan Broadbent, a pianist and composer best known for his association with Woody Herman's orchestra.

Nevertheless, "Where Is Love," which you probably cannot find in any record shop (better to send $6 to Choice Records, 245 Tilley Place, Sea Cliff, N.Y. 11579), has been nominated for a Grammy as best vocal album of the year and was chosen by a board of musicologists in Japan as Swing Journal's vocal album of the year—a victory of which she was only dimly aware.

Ironically, the awards presentation in Tokyo, to which she was not invited (presumbably because the small record company involved couldn't afford the fare), took place, unbeknownst to her, on her birthday while she sat in her San Fernando Valley home entertaining her favorite singer, Carmen McRae, who had dropped over for dinner.

To those for whom the name of Irene Kral was not a cipher, for years she was simply Roy Kral's kid sister, who "sings pretty well, too." Roy is half of the married team of Jackie (Cain) & Roy, for whom life has been a duet clear back to the bebop days.

The Kral career has been marked by more valleys than peaks. Her training grounds were the ballroom bands and combos around Chicago, a couple of productive years with a superior vocal-and-instrumental unit called the Tattle Tales, then a couple of years on the road as vocalist with Maynard Ferguson's orchestra.

"Joe Burnett was a trumpeter in the band. One day in 1958 Maynard fired us both, and we promptly got married. Joe got a job with Stan Kenton and I went along as an orchestra wife and occasional vocalist with Stan."

Settling in California, where Burnett became a busy studio musician, Ms. Kral went into semiretirement, dividing her time between the raising of two daughters, now 15 and 10, a couple of years of weekends with Shelly Manne at his Manne Hole, an occasional album and whatever odd jobs came her way unsought. All through this time it was evident that the role of band or combo vocalist was not her destiny. As her award-winning LP demonstrates, she belongs in that exclusive club of latter-day lieder singers, along with Mabel Mercer, Blossom Dearie, Bobby Short and, of course, Jackie & Roy. The delicacy and tenderness of her true style came to light in a series of appearances with Broadbent at Donte's in North Hollywood beginning a couple of years ago.

The 1970s did not start auspiciously. What she euphemistically refers to as "the illness" began in 1972, much as it began later for Betty Ford and Minnie Riperton; and her marriage fell apart, ending in divorce last year.

"I don't mind talking about the illness as long as it doesn't make me sound unemployable." (Far from it; she returns to Donte's Tuesday and Feb. 22, and is trying to find an agent to book her in Japan, as a logical followup to the award.) "The medical profession, and people in general, should revise their thought processes about cancer. A lot of illnesses can be terminal, or have crippling side effects, yet there are many people who have them but live normal lives. When you say cancer, people are frightened and everyone has you labeled for a goner. It doesn't always happen that way; but if you have it in your mind that you're going to die, then you surely will. There's a certain mind-over-matter factor here that you have to be aware of. Anyhow, I'm feeling better now than I have in a long time, and I'm ready to make another album if somebody is ready to finance it."

Singer Irene Kral's career has no place to go but up.

"Where Is Love" came about almost by chance. "I had never been too enthusiastic about the various accompaniments I'd had, but when Alan Broadbent and I began to work together, it felt just so right. We began putting material together, recorded the album, and Dennis Smith, who's the man in my life now, began taking it around to various record companies.

"The reaction was predictable. They'd say, 'What's the point? It's all ballads. It needs sweetening: you have to add strings and horns.' But to make sure they could not do that we had recorded the whole thing on just two-track tape!

"Finally we decided to send the tapes to Gerry Macdonald of Choice Records, because Dennis thought the product he had put out was based on merit, not just sales potential. Sure enough, Macdonald was thrilled—said it was just what he was looking for."

The album has sold modestly well, certainly enough to repay its minimal cost. Irene Kral feels vindicated: "For the first time, I have an album out that I really felt like making. This was just something I had to set down on tape, for myself if not for anybody else. In the final analysis, I know best what's right for me musically, and I believe this is the most important factor for anybody in making a record."

The songs are very special: Bob Dorough's "Love Came on Stealthy Fingers," Blossom Dearie's "I Like You, You're Nice," Johnny Mandel's "Don't Look Back," the title song by Lionel Bart, the Jay Livingston-Ray Evans "Never Let Me Go," and five others. The album, in fact, belongs to that beautifully-simple-and-simply-beautiful genre that is destined to be ignored by every top-40 radio station but cherished by anyone in search of good taste, thoughtful lyrics and attractive melodies, delicately performed and sensitively accompanied.

Does it have any hope of a shot at the Grammy? Irene Kral, a trim, quietly composed woman, laughs gently and offers her evaluation: "The other nominees are Sarah, Ella, Cleo Laine and Ray Charles, and the vocal group Quire. That's tough competition. But why worry? To me, being nominated was the cake itself—anything else would be just frosting." ●

2/19

AT DONTE'S

Kellaway Back on Home Keys

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Perhaps to relieve the tension of waiting to find out whether his "A Star Is Born" adaptation has won him an Oscar, composer/arranger Roger Kellaway has returned to his first love, the piano, for a three-night run at Donte's (closing tonight).

Playing a superb full grand piano which he brought into the club, Kellaway uses such a diversity of approaches that it would be inadequate to classify him as a latter-day Art Tatum. The original pieces can be as cheerfully down home as his "All in the Family" theme, to which he adds the bridge, never heard on the TV show. On the other hand, he may shock you with an eerie bitonal blues, the left hand playing in F while the right hand wanders in and out of G and other keys.

Kellaway's Total Artistry

The open, yawning intervals and Monkish dissonances of "Bangor," the idyllic impressionism of "Estero Beach Landscape," the cascading runs that spanned octaves in milliseconds during "Tricky Touchdowns" all attested to the totality of Kellaway's artistry.

The standard tunes—"If I Were a Bell" with its sudden spurts of fiery chords in the midst of a single-note line run, or "All Blues" with its uptempo waltz beat, reaffirmed that he can outswing anyone this side of Oscar Peterson.

Some of his most stunning numbers were played during an unaccompanied interlude. John Guerin's drumming never really loosened up and the sound of Chuck Domanico's bass failed to project.

Broadbent's Writing

Kellaway was not the only pianist/composer to make an impression at Donte's this week. On Wednesday Alan Broadbent directed a nine-piece band—four woodwinds, trumpet and rhythm—that provided a showcase for his rare sensitivity in scoring for saxes, flutes and clarinets of various denominations.

Though the soloists were admirable, notably Dick Spencer on alto, Ernie Watts and Pete Christlieb on tenors, the focus of interest remained on Broadbent's writing—particularly in a tune called "Soprassimo" with an exciting climax scored for four soprano saxes. Saluted here in 1970 as pianist/arranger with Woody Herman, Broadbent has fulfilled the promise shown in those formative years.

CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD, March 1977

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Fats Waller, Part II: "Ain't Misbehavin'"

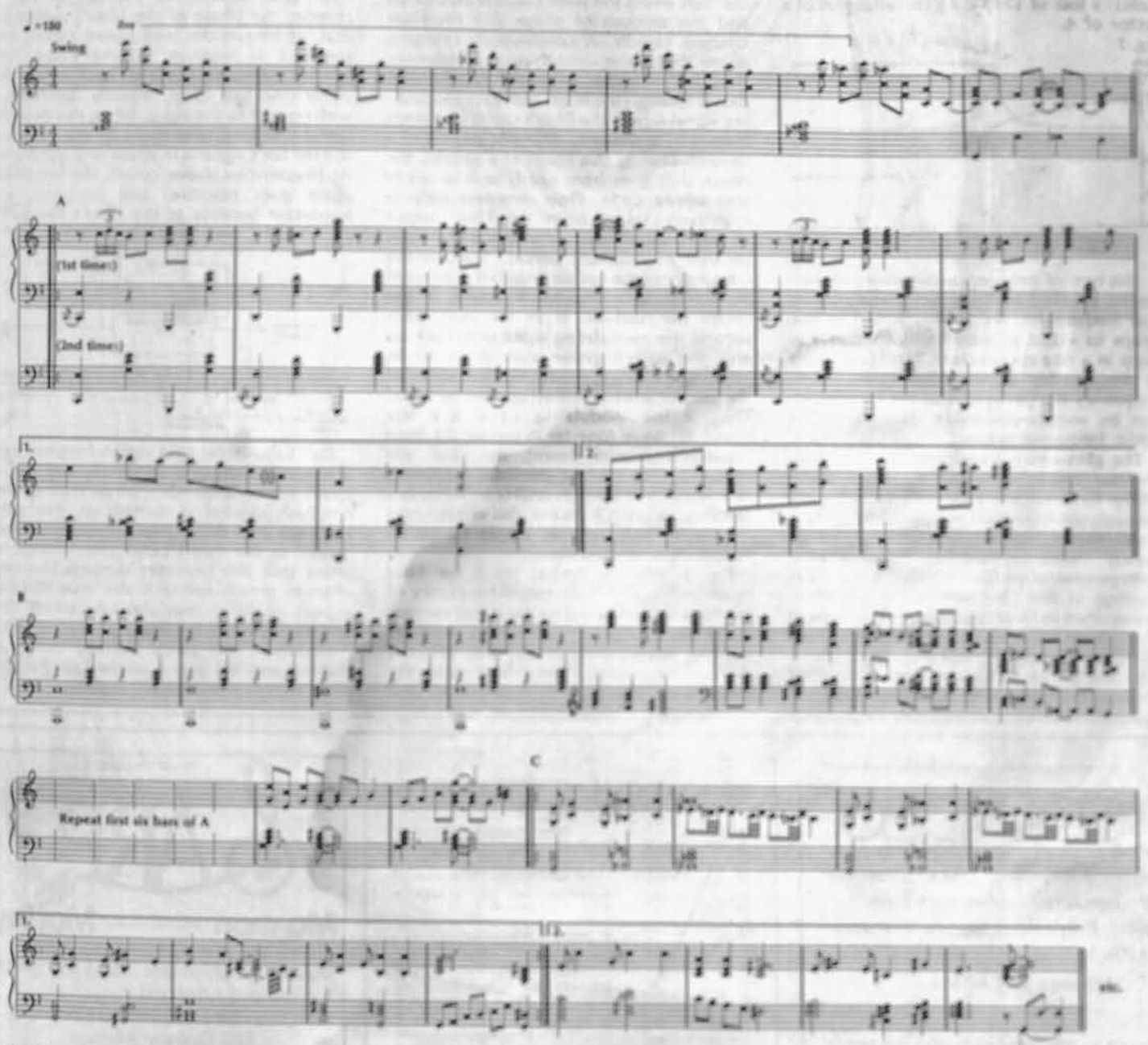
Transcribed below is the opening chorus of Fats Waller's unaccompanied solo version of "Ain't Misbehavin'," which he recorded on August 2, 1929. (The entire solo can be heard on the album of the same name [RCA, LPM-1246].)

Sweet are the virtues of simplicity. Waller, though a consummate technician as well as a great creative artist, demonstrates this fact conclusively in the introduction of this solo. The right hand is allowed to swing by itself as the left supplies whole-note points of departure for a figure that remains rhythmically unchanged for five bars. The chord progression includes the somewhat surprising (for its day) *G9aug5* in the second bar, which leads to a *Gm6*, *A7*, and *Fm6* before the predictable *G7* propels him into the chorus.

Typically, Fats is respectful of the melody, and not just because it is his own. Notice the upward mobility of the right-hand line in bars 7-10, and of the heavily accented internal line from 17 to the high point in 21, after which the piece sails down with characteristic Waller elegance in bars 21-24.

After the repeat of the chorus, he moves (at letter C) into the little-known verse, a delightful example of his unpredictability in that the first pair of two-bar statements end on *Db*. Note the graceful ornamentation in bars 34 and 36, echoed in bar 38.

The left hand is restrained throughout, employing a sort of modified stride pattern during most of the chorus but moving up to parallel the right hand in bars 21-24 and letting the right hand carry the motion (as it did in the intro) in bars 33-39. Fats was capable of some extroverted, almost aggressive playing, but I tend to think of this example of his legato style as more typical of his unique keyboard personality.



TRANSCRIPTION BY CATHYE LYNNE SMITHWICK AND TAYLOR YOUNG

(To improvisation on A material.)

AT SANTA MONICA CIVIC

Two Jazzmen Off the Record

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Despite the presence of two crossover musicians, Stanley Turrentine and John Handy, both of whom have had recent hit records, last week's concert at Santa Monica Civic drew considerably less than a full house. More important, the performance of both men failed to live up to their optimum potential.

Turrentine's set was presented against a background that forced him to compete with his recorded alter ego. He has employed arrangers and big horn and string sections, usually in a tasteful manner and with excellent recording. Onstage, he has nothing going for him but a very aggressive rhythm quintet; the sound balance was less than perfect, and on several numbers the soul-on-sleeve, organ-like effects by John Miller on electric keyboard were a distraction during Turrentine's big tone, boldly stated tenor sax solos.

There were nevertheless moments Thursday when it all came together. The leader's personal timbre and phrasing were best exemplified in "The Man With The Sad Face," the title tune of his recent album. This attractive, loping melody found the whole group achieving a contagious beat. "I Want You" also had some powerful moments, except when Miller was doubling the melody in octave unison above Turrentine, an effect that didn't jell.

"Pieces Of Dreams," the Michel Legrand song, suffered by comparison with the elegantly arranged LP version.

Lloyd Davis on guitar was the best soloist in this generally ineffectual group, but typically, during one of his best solos, the conga player offered a series of silly, irrelevant glissandos on a tin whistle. The point at which conviction ends and contrivance begins was reached too often during this long (85-minute) set.

John Handy, the alto saxophonist who opened the program, now leads a quintet that sets its sights far lower than the unit that was a surprise hit at the Monterey Jazz Festival some years back. He is saddled with the freak success of "Hard Work," a monotonous and insignificant ear of corn which, of course, was the closer for his set. "Watch Your Money Go," with its simplistic unison vocal, was an obvious attempt at a sequel in the same creative pothole as "Hard Work."

Handy is a brilliant musician, as he demonstrated in an emotional performance of "Blues for Louis Jordan." This was preceded by a long, very free unaccompanied introduction in which he reached an octave or more above the alto's normal register.

The quintet was uneven, with Handy's son, John Handy IV, on drums; a former Boz Scaggs pianist, Joaquin Young, protesting too much in his pseudo-funkiness, and guitarist Mike Hoffmann playing intermittently well about suffering from a lack of dynamic variety.

Wein Plans Jazz Gala in Hawaii

George Wein, the Newport Jazz Festival impresario, has announced plans for a week-long jazz gala at Waikiki, the first full-scale jazz festival ever staged in Hawaii. Billed as the first annual Pacific Kool Jazz Fair, it will be held May 2-8 on two stages within the Waikiki Shell, allowing different groups to perform simultaneously.

The virtual musical marathon, will run from 5 to 10:30 p.m. Monday through Friday and from 2 to 10:30 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. The format will be similar to that used by Wein at his annual Nice festivals, with handpicked performers playing musical chairs in a series of jam sessions, in addition to five organized groups: the Woody Herman orchestra, the Chuck Mangione Sextet, Wallace Davenport's Sextet from New Orleans, the Muddy Waters Blues Band and Al Green's soul ensemble.

Set for the jam sessions are trumpeters Clark Terry and Pee-Wee Erwin, trombonists Vic Dickenson and Trummy Young (the latter, a Hawaii resident, will also serve as official host for the festival), clarinetists Barney Bigard and Johnny Mince, saxophonists Benny Carter and Zoot Sims, violinist Joe Venuti, pianists Earl Hines, Dick Hyman, Ellis Larkins and Teddy Wilson, bassists Milt Hinton and George Duvivier, drummer Bobby Rosengarden and singer Joe Williams.

Information: Pacific Kool Jazz Fair, 525 Cummins St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Newport All Stars: 'It Was a Gas'

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Jazz is a hardy art form. True, a few of its elders have lapsed into senescence in their twilight years an embarrassing parody of earlier, more creative days—but most often they settle into a groove that reflects the confidence born of maturity. Seldom has this been more evident than in a concert Saturday at El Camino College by the Newport All Stars.

Now on its first American tour, and due to return Saturday for a date at Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena, the septet's program is part concert, part seminar. Bob Wilbur, at 48, the baby of the group, was the principal spokesman, reminiscing authoritatively about the swing era in which his colleagues were active participants.

It was ironic that the All Stars arrived in town a few days after "Bubbling Brown Sugar." On the basis of personal experience, rather than the ersatz nostalgia of that flawed show, the jazzmen illustrated how the music of those days actually sounded. This sugar—five parts brown, two parts white—bubbles with truth and honesty.

Eloquent Nuances

Panama Francis demonstrated the nuances of jazz drumming, talked about the Savoy Ballroom where he was a resident musician, even brought out a partner for a touch of jitterbugging. George Duvivier contributed a succinctly eloquent illustrated talk on the evolution of bass playing. Teddy Wilson praised and played Fats Waller and George Gershwin in his immaculate timeproof style.

The hero of the evening was Joe Venuti. That he is now 78 and remains the preeminent jazz violinist is less amazing than the slightness of the difference between his sound on stage today and on the records he made a half century ago. His duet with Duvivier on Dvorak's "Humoresque" was a masterpiece of both classical and jazz virtuosity. In "Undecided," wrapping the violin between horsehair and bow, he played two choruses entirely in four-note chords.

Only a Trumpet

Joe Newman's trumpet led the ensemble's without any spark of conviction. When Gillespie plays, you hear passion; Clark Terry offers humor, Sweets Edison has soul. All Newman had was a trumpet. Not until his vocal, an Armstrong imitation, did he come to life.

Vic Dickenson, playing his trombone with a felt-hat mute, sounded like a sarcastic bumble bee. Bob Wilber, as always, brewed a warm bouillon of Sidney Bechet and Johnny Hodges with his curved soprano sax. The concert, which has been playing with great success at colleges, is as admirable for the presentation as for the quality of the play. As one young fan commented, "It was a gas to hear all that fine music, and to learn so much about where it all came from."

2/24

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE

Prof. Corey at the Head of His Class

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Prof. Irwin Corey, his 3-foot-long string tie waving against his raggedy swallow-tailed coat, stood at the side of the stage in the Lighthouse and surveyed his unlikely surroundings.

"What a dump!" he observed. "And Rudy, the owner, assured me he had put more than $18 into this joint."

Prof. Irwin Corey

Unfazed by the small crowd that had assembled in a room advertising itself as "the world's oldest jazz club and waterfront dive," Corey proceeded for almost an hour to remind his audience that he remains the World's Foremost Authority, a veritable zinc mine of arcane information.

"Did you realize," he asked us, "that there are more Albanians in Hermosa Beach than there are in all of Ireland?" Later, "Abortion has been part of the American system since its conception" and "There are more citizens per capita in this city than in any other city of the same size."

His streams of non sequiturs are only half the joy of a Corey seminar. For minutes on end he will simply stand there silently, a series of emotions—torture, secret pleasure, discovery, disappointment—all registering on his marvelously malleable face. For the last half of his show he takes questions. Asked his opinion of the Indianapolis 500, he snapped, "They're all innocent."

Preceding Corey in the show is Iliad, a jazz trio with Sandy Owen, piano; Ted Owen, drums, and Larry Andrews, bass. At times a bit too reminiscent of early Les McCann, to the point of sounding McCannical, the group got itself together agreeably in the moody 7/4 "Aegean Wanderer," with the leader doubling on electric and acoustic keyboards. The show closes tonight.

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1977 Los Angeles Times CALENDAR PAGE 90

Eubie Blake is still touching all the bases.

JAZZ

Eubie Blake: Life of His Party at 94

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Eubie Blake, the ragtime pianist and senior member of ASCAP, is leaving none of the media untouched these days. On the musical stage he is represented in "Bubbling Brown Sugar" by some of his early songs: "Love Will Find a Way," and "Emaline." On the screen, he is seen playing a nightclub proprietor in Sedalia, Mo., in "Scott Joplin." On television he does guest shots when the mood takes him (like a guest shot on the Tonight show March 1). Last Monday he played a concert at the Mayfair Music Hall in Santa Monica.

The phenomenon of Eubie Blake, however, is best dealt with at close quarters, as it was on a recent evening in Los Angeles when a birthday party was thrown for him by Milt Larsen. Since Larsen is a ragtime fan who collects 78-r.p.m. records and everything connected with old music and early vaudeville, it was logical that his home be the gathering place for admirers of a living antique. Moreover, he is a solvent man who could afford the candles necessary to light up Blake's birthday cake in the manner to which he was entitled—all 94 of them.

Eubie Blake is as spry and alert this year as he was four years ago when, by way of celebrating his 90th birthday, he made his first plane trip. Before that, he had left his Brooklyn home annually to come to California by train, and at 89 had taken an ocean liner and two trains in order to get to Berlin for a jazz festival.

As he shook hands endlessly in a room packed with well-wishers, many of them fellow-pianists, Eubie rambled from topic to topic. "All you piano players," he joshed, "you're a pain in the neck. "You're a hard act to follow. "I was at an affair once where they had 12 pianos, and two fellers at each piano. It was an ASCAP meeting at the old Metropolitan Opera House. Now the guy that wrote 'My Fair Lady,'—what's his name? Loewe?—he used to be a concert pianist, but he was all nervous that night—came up to me and said, 'You think I'll make it?'

"I've never had stage fright in my life—I kid a lot, but I don't really give a damn what anybody else plays. This Fourth of July it will be 75 years that I've been on the stage—if you can call the back of a wagon a stage. I was working in a —what's the polite word for it?—a hookshop in Baltimore, when some guy came up to me and said, 'How much you get a week here?' I tell him a dollar a night. He says, 'You don't get room and board, do you? You find me four boys that sing and dance, and I'll give you all room and board and $3 a week.' This was for a medicine show.

"Well, I walked right on the back of that wagon just like I had been there all my life. Most medicine shows were run by phony doctors, but this man was a horse doctor—what do you call it?—a veterinarian. Is that the right word? Three days later we're in Fairfield, Pa., and there's only one Negro in the town, and he's deaf and dumb. And the guy that ran the show took his family to church and left us alone all day with no money and nothing to eat but a sandwich.

"One of my partners in the show, Preston Jackson, this smart aleck, he says, 'Hey, Mouse'—that was my nickname then, Mouse, but don't you call me that now—he says, 'Hey, Mouse, you gonna eat that stuff? You're crazy. We don't eat no sandwiches. Let's go home.'

"Knotty Bateman—we called him Knotty because his hair was knotty—said, 'Look, it's 60 miles to Baltimore. If we have to walk back home, I know a shortcut, a way to get there fast.' So he took the shortcut—went over the mountain—and I have never seen or heard from him since. And he was one of the best buck dancers I ever saw. But Preston and I walked the 60 miles back home."

The medicine shows, said Eubie, had spielers, the turn-of-the-century equivalent of emcees, who would tell their audiences whatever they wanted to hear about black artists, preferably crediting them with Deep South backgrounds. "This spieler said, 'Now we introduce the boys from Alabama.' None of us had even visited Alabama. He said to me, 'Where you from, son?' and I told him I was from Georgia. You gotta tell 'em something. For $3 a week we'd tell 'em anything.

"I don't worry about money nowadays. You know when I find out how much I'm getting? When I have to endorse the check. I trust my wife Marian. I've been with her 32 years."

The reminiscences were interrupted as Blake was called to the stage of Larsen's huge living room. After the cake had been brought on and the 94 candles duly blown out, Blake obliged with a recital that included "Rhapsody in Blue" and his own "Charleston Rag," about which he casually noted, "I wrote this in 1899."

After the ceremony, someone asked Eubie a tongue-in-cheek question about his plans for the future.

"If I just live another year," said Eubie, "I'll be satisfied." ●

AT KING ARTHUR'S

3/11/77

Kenton Orchestra—the Wagner of Jazz

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Stan Kenton Orchestra, arriving in town from Sacramento, played Sunday at King Arthur's in Canoga Park. By the time this is read it will have fulfilled obligations at Concerts by the Sea, Phoenix and two other cities. For the Wagner of jazz, who turned 65 two weeks ago, the band bus is still home.

Despite the rigors of the road, he has been deserted neither by most of his sidemen nor his sense of humor. Though he looked and sounded understandably weary, Kenton's raps were so funny that the music at times seemed anticlimactic.

Stan Kenton

"This piano," he announced solemnly, "is sick!" But he did his best with the out-of-tune keyboard, playing some of his typically ponderous mood-setting introductions. The opening piece, as is Kenton's wont, was a ballad, a skillfully voiced "Send in the Clowns."

Throughout the two long sets, equivalent to a full concert, the orchestra was disciplined and brassily brilliant. The musicians, most of them young and enthusiastic, applied themselves with dedication to Hank Levy's challenging "Time for a Change," in 9/4, and to simpler works such as Willie Maiden's "A Little Minor Blues."

Alan Yankee's "Fire And Ice," opening with unison trombones backed by martial-style drums, was engaging if a trifle self-conscious. The band has a 10-piece brass section, one of the trombonists doubling on tuba, and some of the arrangers seem constrained to employ it in its entirety, perhaps on a because-it-is-there basis, when at certain points a smaller contingent would state the case better.

One number displayed all five trumpeters in some hectic ad libbing, but the most impressive soloists were Roy Reynolds, a hard-swinging tenor saxophonist from England, and Brad Stroud, an exciting and original 19-year-old trombonist.

"Body and Soul," with Stan's Brubeck-ish introduction, suffered from inertia through the slow passage—all body, little soul—but recovered nicely after the tempo doubled up. "Terry Talk," a supposed tribute to Clark Terry, found Kenton joining one of the trumpeters in a silly scat vocal.

Ironically, the band once hailed for its progressive jazz sounds, is relatively conservative by today's standards, and some of the liveliest moments were supplied by the oldest arrangement, the inevitable "Peanut Vendor."

For all its intermittent turgidity, this is one of the best and most enterprising outfits on the waning big band scene. The audience response was Kentonian in its enthusiasm, so much so that the men couldn't get off the bandstand without answering a request for "Artistry in Rhythm."

AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

Inventive Eddie Harris Quartet

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Eddie Harris is back in town, and the stage at the Parisian Room is a veritable minefield of cables, amplifiers, electronic keyboards and other paraphernalia at the service of Harris' insatiable passion for invention.

His latest brainchild is a device that enables him to play two or three, even four or five notes at once on his tenor sax. Applied to a fast-moving passage in eighth notes, this converts him into a one-man Supersax, making more music with one horn than Roland Kirk can with three.

Everyone else in this close-knit quartet does more than his instrument calls for. Norman Farrington changes the pitch on his snare drum by blowing through a rubber hose. Bradley Bobo, in addition to twanging out phenomenally fast ideas on his six-stringed bass guitar, offered a synthesizer solo, backed by an acoustic piano. This was strange, since there is no acoustic piano in the Parisian Room; the sounds were all on tape, prerecorded by Eddie Harris.

Much of the leader's time was spent playing an electric keyboard—live, not on tape—and singing the blues. His long litany of woes known as "Bad Luck Is All I Have" is delivered in a laconic style that is very funny and convincing until he tries to outfoxx Redd with too many four-letter words. A second vocal, "How Can You Live Like That," is a potent story of the perils of life in a big city.

Ronald Muldrow interrupts a Harris monologue to blow through a funnel attached to a tube to which his guitar is connected. The result is the first wahwah harmonica solo I have ever heard created on a guitar. Weird.

Space precludes the listing of everything that happens in a Harris set. In "Tune Up," he adjusts some knobs and suddenly his horn sounds like a soprano—not a soprano sax but a soprano voice. Falsetto, yodeling, scatting—name the vocal poison of your choice, Eddie has it.

The set's only weak moments were heard in Bobo's attempt to sing. His frail voice was marred by ear-splitting feedback.

Generally, the Harris foursome avoids excessive volume or novelty for its own sake. All those gimmicks and gadgets are a means to a very musical end. Moreover, this is not crossover music. The group plays jazz, is exceptionally well unified and capable of interpreting the most complex and ingenious lines written by Harris, a very gifted composer.

A mad scientist of sound, Harris has created a unique melodic monster, emphatically a don't-miss. You have until March 13 to marvel at it. Off Mondays.

JAZZ

3/6/77

'From Stride Piano to Stockhausen'

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Roger Kellaway, who catapulted to center stage in the mid-1960s as an exemplary jazz pianist but who later established himself as a Hollywood composer, recently earned an academy nomination for his adaptation of the music for "A Star Is Born." By way of celebration, he reorganized a trio he had led five years ago and was promptly reborn as a jazz pianist, playing at Donte's and planning other dates.

Roger Kellaway

Kellaway, who talks and plays like a man in total command of himself and his environment, is casual about his involvement with jazz. "I have tapes of Messiaen and Varese and Stockhausen, and that's who I listen to in the car. I'm always studying and jazz is not something I need to study.

"After all, I spent a great deal of time, from the age of 12, listening to it; then during high school I devoted four years to playing Dixieland—on bass. I got to know a lot of the traditional guys—people like Bobby Hackett, who called me 'Keb Kellaway,' became my idols, and I absorbed a different kind of life-style in relation to music. Meanwhile, I had discovered Oscar Peterson and the values he represented—the will to drive, to be exciting. But since 1960 I've devoted the majority of my time to 20th-century classical music; I've even done very little piano listening."

●

He spent 10 hours a day writing music, never practicing the piano, until his recent return to the public eye. The Donte's experience encouraged him to accept other playing assignments. Soon he will conduct, arrange for and play with the empyrean vocal group known as Singers Unlimited on its next album.

"It's very difficult to divide one's time between playing and writing. I love both, but of course writing is much more lucrative until you have an album that's hot, with somebody who's really going to get behind you and promote you. I've made seven albums and that has never happened for me."

Kellaway's revived public image is the result of his association with the Streisand film. "I had a meeting with Dominic Frontiere, who had just taken over as head of music at Paramount, and throughout the whole lunch he was lecturing me that I was in a position every composer might envy—you know, I had 'A Star Is Born,' and why not hire a PR firm and take advantage of it? It's the first time in my life that I really made an agreement with myself to be public. The trio at Donte's was another manifestation of that."

The inevitable question: How was Streisand?

"We had a lot of fun, because I felt that she wasn't trying to attack me personally. Sure, she changes her mind all the time—she loves options—and if you're going to get involved in the game-playing and take it personally, you're not going to like her. I got along with her because I never reacted to her on that level.

"I love her taste, musically. All that she's doing is trying to find that certain sound, whatever it is she's hearing in her head. She can't tell you what it is, but she knows when she hears it. That's a really complicated way to work, and we were doing this with a 53-piece orchestra and no budget limitation. I could have had even more than 53, but I didn't want to indulge myself. The fact that it was Streisand and (producer) Jon Peters didn't tempt me to approach this project any differently. But I realized when I got to the scoring dates that if it was Barbra's toy, then it was also my toy. I could change my mind too. And I did."

●

Kellaway achieved his "Star" Oscar nomination in a category about which, he says, "the Academy is becoming more specific. Actually it's for best song score and/or its adaptation, which means using thematic material that already existed in the picture. If I didn't do that, it would be just general scoring or underscoring, which would be a whole lot more competitive."

His credits as a screenwriter have been crucially se-

has everything else in his multifaceted life. "It seems there hasn't been a direct followup to anything I've ever done. Even my writing of the 'All in the Family' theme didn't lead to anything in particular.

"I got to Hollywood by sheer chance. I was working with the comedian Jack E. Leonard and we happened to be in Las Vegas, so I came to L.A. and called a friend, Geordie Hormel, who was producing an independent film project. He agreed to support me for two months while I did some work for that. I used electronic music and musique concrete. The film was never finished but I have the sound track, and it was pretty interesting. After that I worked with Bobby Darin, got to meet some more film industry people, and from there went on to the paper life.

"I haven't done that many features. I guess 'Star Is Born' is my fourth, and 'The Mouse and His Child,' due out later this year, is my fifth, for which I worked on some songs with Gene Lees, who knows all about writing lyrics and books and structure and all that stuff. The film has 71 minutes of music, with five vocal pieces, and my 12-year-old son Colin sings the title."

He finds the jagged pattern of his life in music inspiring and stimulating rather than disruptive. "It's a constant challenge not knowing where I'm going to be next—a movie, a TV score, a date with my cello quartet or the trio. My career is as unpredictable as my playing. It's a dream, really a luxury, to be able to go from stride piano to Stockhausen, and to be equally diversified in what and where you write. I wouldn't want it any other way." ●

Pt IV-

LAS VEGAS

Jaz

for-

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EVENING

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

LAS VEGAS—The Tender Trap, just a seven's throw from the Strip, opened last year as a jazz room. Business was strong before the novelty wore off, but things have become a little desperate lately. According to co-owner Michael Capo, "The big name musicians charged too much for a small room, and the local names don't draw. It's hard to say how much longer we can keep a jazz policy going."

Janis Carter

On one recent evening, the room was full, for a change. Many of its customers were not regulars but had been attracted by an urgent cause: Bennie Green, the veteran trombonist who has been a resident here since he left the Duke Ellington band in 1960, is gravely ill and a benefit was staged for him at the Trap.

Monk Montgomery, who has staged a lonely and only sporadically successful battle to keep jazz in the Las Vegas air (he now has a program Sunday evenings on KLAV) brought along his Fender bass and jammed with other local musicians, as well as several visiting stars from the Merv Griffin Show band—Benny Powell, Bill Berry, Plas Johnson.

Jazz people in this town are a depressed minority who relieve their frustrations by playing at benefits and other freebee events. Among this small clique are such neglected semi-unknowns as the pianist Adelaide Robbins, trumpeter Tony Rodrigues, and many others, some of whom make a substantial but dreary living in commercial show bands along the Strip.

A surprise was the short, happy set by Janis Carter, who has a blend of attributes rarely found in synthesis nowadays. She sings relaxed, unadulterated jazz; she's young and strikingly good looking, and she stays in tune. More should be heard of her soon. Dee Dee Warwick, who turns up her emotion meter too high, had trouble following her.

Redd Foxx not only performed but also gave $500 at the door, raising the evening's net to over $1,100. Friends who

IN LAS VEGAS

3/8/77

Cosby as Comic: Mr. Universality

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

LAS VEGAS—Most stand-up comics presently tend to rely heavily on ethnic barbs and/or scatology. Bill Cosby is an exception to all the rules. A humorist rather than a comic, in a tradition not far removed from Will Rogers, he is not even a stand-up. During his dinner-side chat the other evening at the Hilton, he sat in a chair at center stage through most of his hour.

Bill Cosby

The universality of Cosby is the key to his unique ability to communicate. When he reminisces about himself as a son, or as a father, one can only empathize and identify. The humor of a line such as, "Don't look at me in that tone of voice!" is multiplied by its context, the story of a child berated for leaving his room in a mess.

Much of his work is spontaneous. Typically, there was a rap with an 8-year-old summoned from the audience, who proved a hilarious foil. Even prepared passages on overfamiliar topics such as a visit to the dentist or the long dissertation on Las Vegas gambling take on fresh dimensions. He marvels at the thought of "grown men, vice presidents, talking aloud to two pieces of plastic" at the craps table. Cosby also has perhaps the most successful drunk routine this side of Foster Brooks.

The wise men at the networks who have succeeded in botching up this brilliant artist's TV career during the past few seasons have missed the most obvious and inexpensive of ploys: All he needs is a microphone, a camera and an audience, and the perfect hour-long show will emerge without cast, script or production numbers. The laughs-per-minute quota could well exceed anything he has achieved in a situation comedy or musical revue.

Opening for Cosby are the seven attractive siblings (two female, five male) known as Sylvers. Foster, the littlest Sylver, lends the act a slight Jackson Five image. Angela has the spot on "Get to Have You for My Own" and Edmund on "Boogie Fever."

The best number was an a capella "Yesterday," well harmonized and not disturbed by the extensive choreography that permeated most of the show. It's all pleasant, innocuous Vegas-style half-soul, as assimilable as a Chinese dinner. An hour later you're hungry—for real soul food.

The show closes March 15.

77

LAS VEGAS BENEFIT

Jazzman Jam for Trombonist

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

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Redd Fuxx not only performed but also gave $500 at the door, raising the evening's net to over $1,100. Friends who wish to help Bennie Green may send letters and donations to him at Room 3 North A, Veterans Hospital, La Jolla Village Drive, San Diego 92037.

The session kept going until the small hours, but the future for the Tender Trap looks bleak. If Las Vegas is indeed the entertainment capital of the world, the exponents of America's one indigenous music form still are having a tough time establishing a profitable room in which to prove it.

CALENDAR

LOS ANGELES TIMES — FEBRUARY 27, 1977

LP SERIES REVUE

BILLBOARD 3/26

Basie Oldies Outstanding Entry In MCA's Twofers

MARCH 26, 1977, BILLBOARD

LOS ANGELES—MCA Records' issuance of six new twofer albums covers a comprehensive spectrum of jazz from traditional dixieland through early Count Basie to vintage Art Tatum in the label's budget-priced Leonard Feather series of reissues.

The Basie package is the strongest and most welcome. Thirty-two tracks comprise "Good Morning Blues" and 19 of these offer vocals by Helen Humes, Earle Warren (lead altoist) and the late Jimmy Rushing. Most of the songs assigned the Basie group by Decca a&r nabobs of the late '30s are absurdly inane lyrically and melodically but the wizardry of Basie and his associates converts them into minor classics.

This was the Basie band which featured Lester Young and the underrated Herschel Evans on tenors and what still is acclaimed 40 years later as the finest rhythm section of all time, Jones-Green-Page, a cohesive, enthusiastic unit sparked by the leader's sterling keyboard contributions.

Feather has included nine classic Basie piano solos (with rhythm section) to enhance the album's musical value.

Tatum's genius is presented in 13 tracks which producer Feather has combined with 13 less distinguished but historically applaudable piano performances by James P. Johnson, a giant in his time whose skills rubbed off and influenced the young Basie, Tatum and Fats Waller.

"Shades Of Bix" is jazz of a vastly different genre with Jimmy McPartland and the late Bobby Hackett contributing 28 samples of their ouvres. Both are identified as disciples of the late Iowa-born cornetist Leon Beiderbecke and in their

(Continued on page 73)

Basie In MCA's Twofers

• Continued from page 32

respective small combos are proven talents like Bill Stegmeyer, Carl Kress, Lou McGarity, George Wettling and numerous others including, oddly, Ray Conniff on slide trombone on three tunes with Hackett going back to 1943.

"Jazztime U.S.A." is a fourth collection of oldies, made up of 20 small band performances originally produced by Bob Thiele in the early 1950s. It's a hodgepodge of various and unrelated masters in which Terry Gibbs, Georgie Auld, Oran "Lips" Page, Mary Lou Williams, Oscar Pettiford, Coleman Hawkins and numerous other imposing names are represented. Four long instrumentals by Auld serve to reinforce the belief of many that he, with his booting and inventive tenor pipe, was for a time the most exciting of all white saxophonists.

Of less interest, musically and historically, are two additional MCA entries, "The Greatest Of Carmen McRae" and "Sammy Davis Jr. At His Dynamite Greatest," the latter surely the poorest title of the year. Both were competent singers a quarter-century ago as they are in 1977; these dated masters will be of interest only to fanatical McRae and Davis buffs. And one wonders why Davis is featured on a jazz release.

MCA has improved its twofer graphics and annotation markedly since last fall. Feather's notes are thorough, accurate and generally untainted by his sometimes overly arbitrary appraisals of musicians and/or their music. He fails, for example, to credit George Avakian for producing a number of the McPartland cuts here although they were regarded as classics when Avakian chose the tunes and the musicians for a well-remembered "Chicago Style Jazz" album back in 1939.

In this batch, the Basie is the true gem.

DAVE DEXTER JR.

BILLBOARD Mar. 12

JAZZ ENCYCLOPEDIA

Informative, Topical Text Of The '70s

"The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The '70s" by Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler, 393 pages. Horizon Press, New York, $20.

Some 1,400 biographies and 200 halftones are served up by two longtime industry writers in this well organized reference work with a foreword by Quincy Jones.

There have, of course, been two previous volumes starting with a 1960 tome and followed, six years later, by a follow-up entry titled "The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The '60s." This new version contains considerable new material. It also covers numerous old-timers who have died since the 1960s.

There is a need for a work as thorough and exhaustive as this, not only for radio deejays and writers, but for

Jazz Encyclopedia

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industry "outsiders" interested in contemporary music. Others have attempted it and missed the mark.

Both Feather and Gitler are experienced jazz journalists and critics with enviable credits through the decades. Together, they have succeeded in producing a readable, highly informative book which is essential to all of us who are concerned with those who create jazz as well as the sounds they produce.

DAVE DEXTER JR.

Sour Notes Linger After Airing of 'Roots'

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Stop a dozen people on the street and ask them who wrote the music for the TV version of "Roots." Chances are that several will confess ignorance while the rest may name Quincy Jones. It is possible, perhaps even probable, that none will mention the name of Gerald Fried.

Along with the TV parallel to Alex Haley's investigation of his bloodlines, there has been bad blood, involving on the one hand, Fried, the multicredited Hollywood composer who took over from Quincy Jones after the first segment and (according to both men) was responsible for the music from the second episode through the eighth and last, as well as the main and end titles; and, on the other hand, Jones, who conceived, produced and conducted the record (A&M Records SP 4626).

Everything connected with "Roots" has turned to gold: first the book, then the TV series and now the album, which has made reality of the metaphor by becoming a gold disc within a week of its release. With the exception of Fried's "Roots Mural Theme" the music heard in the album was indeed composed by Jones.

Who is Gerald Fried, and why is he saying these unhappy things about Quincy Jones?

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Born in New York, he earned his BS at Juilliard in 1948, played tenor sax with various combos for a few years, then worked over a 12-year span as first oboist

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3/10

AT DONTE'S

George Cables, Car Forge Sound

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Times Staff Writer

Cable Car is the misleading name of a new group heard Tuesday at Donte's (closing tonight). The quartet has no San Francisco connections; its name is a pun derived from the name of the leader, George Cables, who put in five years (1971-76) as pianist, composer and arranger with Freddie Hubbard.

Since Cables' teammates in the rhythm section, Tony Dumas on bass and Carl Burnett on drums, also are Hubbard alumni, the rhythm section has a sense of empathy that gives it an advantage over most newly assembled combos. In such pieces as "Ebony Moonbeams," which Cables wrote for Hubbard, they are at ease both with the meter (alternating 5/4 and 4/4) and with the attractive thematic structure.

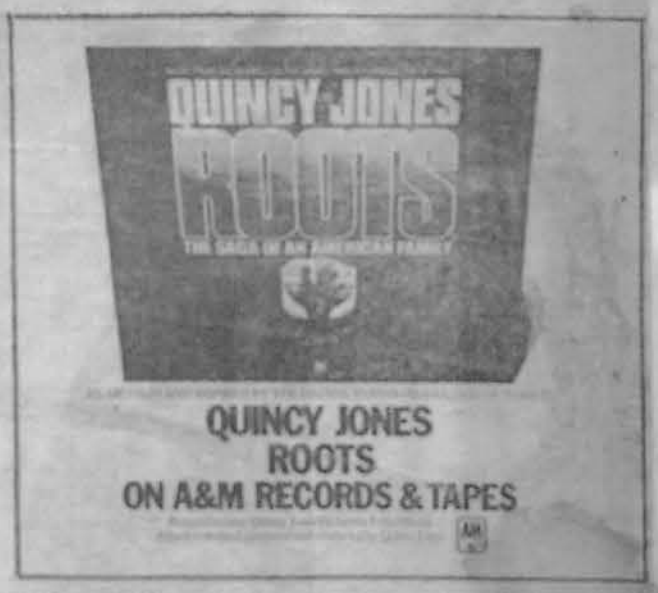
Rudolph Johnson's presence at times suggests a fourth wheel on a tricycle. His flow of ideas is kinetic and dependable on tenor sax, but for some reason he only seems an essential constituent in the works on which he plays flute.

Cables, heard mainly on electric keyboard, is one of the more sensitive performers in a style influenced by Herbie Hancock and McCoy Tyner. Their impact is also noticeable in his composing, though on both levels he is drawing away to forge a sound of his own.

A welcome change of pace was his unaccompanied "Come Rain or Come Shine" on acoustic piano. Flashes of Tatum and Bud Powell indicated that Cables' roots go farther back than might have been suspected. Only on this solo piece was his formidable technique displayed in all its grandeur. He ought to play at least two such numbers in every set.

"Why Not?" was notable for the tricky, rapid unison lines by Cables and Dumas, with Burnett playing an intelligently supportive role. The set concluded with the group's theme, "Thank You, Thank You," a funky tune with glancing references to the blues.

Cables' music, part cerebral, part soulful, is more contemporary than the traditional postbop regimen so often heard at Donte's. Its popularity deserves a chance to build. A return date is set for March 22.



The TV airing of "Roots" sowed feelings of discontent between composers Gerald Fried, left, and Quincy Jones, center, over the sound track album, advertised at right.

'Roots' — Music Tree Has Split Branches

Continued from First Page

with symphony orchestras in New York, Dallas and Pittsburgh. A California resident since 1967, he played oboe with the L.A. Philharmonic for two years before racking up a long series of motion picture and television credits.

His music for "Birds Do It, Bees Do It" (a Wolper production, like "Roots") was nominated for an Academy Award in 1975. Among his other films have been "The Killing of Sister George," "One Potato Two Potato," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Survivel," "Paths of Glory," "Cast a Long Shadow" (and dozens more. His TV track record includes multiple assignments for Mannix, Mission: Impossible, Gunsmoke, The Man from UNCLE and several entire series (Mr. Terrific, It's About Time, Riverboat, The Man Who Never Was). He earned an Emmy for the CBS documentary "Gauguin in Tahiti."

As for "Roots," the fact that he wrote some 80% of the music for the 12-hour series is uncontested. But while the show was on the air, spot commercials announced the imminent arrival of the "Roots" album, which bears a logo similar to that of the book, with Quincy Jones' name in large letters over the title.

"The implication," Fried claims, "is that Quincy did the whole thing. Even the Billboard review bought that idea; their writer stated that Quincy wrote 'much of the music' for 'Roots.' The reality is that Quincy was hired a year or so ago, but kept missing deadlines until the Wolper people brought me in, and I even did part of the first episode. Although I contributed 149½ minutes of music, Quincy is represented by 35 minutes, 33⅓ seconds, of which all but about 4½ minutes were in that first segment."

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To Quincy Jones, the matter is one of quality rather than quantity. "Fried may say I missed deadlines; he can put it that way if he wants to. But actually the whole production schedule was away off before that; and it also may have been just a question of what they wanted out of the score.

"This really makes me mad, makes me boil. I sure wish Fried would put out an album, calling it 'The Original Sound Track of Roots,' because as far as his musical contribution is concerned, I don't want my name associated with it. The only thing of his that we kept in our LP was the 'Roots Mural Theme,' and we even had to rearrange that, because I didn't think it was in shape.

"Our album states quite clearly: 'Music From and Inspired by the David L. Wolper Production of 'Roots.' Three or four tracks come under the 'inspired by' heading; for instance, the theme 'Oluwa,' 'Many Rains Ago,' was expanded so that Letta Mbulu could sing the English lyrics as well as the African version. We developed and embellished some of the themes, because there's a special technique required in translating and adapting screen music to a record album. Does Fried have that kind of expertise?"

(Asked about this point, Fried said he was responsible for the sound track albums of a film called "Dino," starring Sal Mineo, a TV music album for "Shotgun Slade," and most of the music for the "Man from U.N.C.L.E." LP. He added: "I don't pretend to be as much of a record man as Quincy.")

Jones continues: "My charts show how I felt the music should be handled so as best to represent Alex Haley's 12 years of efforts. We went to a great deal of trouble to make our music authentic. We got Rev. James Cleveland and the Wattsline Choir to make sure that we would have the right kind of music for the right period historically. I put my whole heart into this project, and I refuse to be condemned or punished. I did the first two hours and the source music, and the other part of my agreement was to deliver an album that reflected what this whole production was about.

"This whole thing is just sour grapes. You know what the bottom line is? If our album had fallen on its ass, the discussion would never have arisen. But because it's such a great success, it's a whole different matter."

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"Roots" came on the Billboard pop chart last week at No. 75, and at press time had sold a staggering 750,000 in 10 days. A single, coupling Fried's main theme with the English version of "Many Rains Ago," already has topped 250,000.

Producer David Wolper, who according to Fried was upset about the album, says, "Actually I think Gerald Fried and Quincy Jones are both half right. It's true that the LP cover could have been more accurate. However, they are both fine composers; I respect them equally and I'm sorry about the uneasiness this situation has caused.

There will be an album of Gerald Fried's music, which Warner's will put out. I'll be happy to see this resolve the problem so that the fans will be satisfied to have both albums available and everyone's feelings will be assuaged."

A&M Records' Herb Alpert points out that the Jones recording will be quite profitable to Fried, since his theme is used three times in the album as well as on the single. Moreover, Alpert points out, "We have a half-minute of Quincy's 'Motherland' preceding Fried's theme on the single, but we even waived Quincy's rights to any of the royalties or publishing income on that sequence.

"Everything we put on the cover of the LP was carefully cleared through Fried's representatives. I'm a little shocked, therefore, that his reaction is coming this late. We tried to be very, very cautious, to avoid doing anything that would be distasteful to Gerald."

The effort clearly was unsuccessful in terms of Fried's reaction and that of his associates. "My agent is so angry he can hardly be tied down. There's going to be enormous repercussions from this. I hardly know what to say, because I've been a fan of Quincy's for 15 years, and I don't know what got into him; he's not like this."

What got into Quincy, according to Quincy, was a burning desire, since he did not exercise control over the entire TV series, to make the record as completely authentic as possible. Since many critics felt that the first two-hour sequence was the most successful of the eight, and since the album consists in large measure of music from that segment, the result is an effective translation of the series' ambiance into musical terms, with snatches of dialogue by Lou Gossett, who played Fiddler, adaptions of such traditional themes as "Hush, Hush, Somebody's Calling My Name" and "Oh Lord Come by Here," as well as two powerful vocal presences in Letta Mbulu and Caiphus Semenya.

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In the final analysis, Alex Haley's "Roots" as an educational reading experience will still be as relevant decades from now as it is today. Who wrote what music for which TV score or album will be ancient history. And that, to borrow a phrase from Quincy Jones, is the bottom line. •

AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

Dizzy Gillespie: Takeoff in High C

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Dizzy Gillespie took off on the bandstand at the Parisian Room with the power and control of a Concorde leaving the runway at Washington. He was airborne for the next 70 minutes, cruising at an altitude of high C, and for himself, his quartet and a hundred or so fellow travelers the experience was one of supreme exhilaration.

The quartet has changed. The only remaining sideman since the last visit is Mickey Roker, Gillespie's drummer since 1971, who knows his leader's mind so well that he is ready to punctuate an improvised accent before Dizzy has played it.

The new guitarist, Rodney Jones, and the new bassist, Ben Brown, are more aggressive than their predecessors. Almost every tune was played in some variation of an eight-beat rock meter, but the concept and quality of Gillespie's flights of fancy remain unchanged. He could be plated on stage with the combined forces of Pink Floyd, Sly Stone and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, and he would still sound immutably like Dizzy Gillespie.

After 30 years as a pacesetter, revered and imitated worldwide, Gillespie is more than the greatest living trumpet player. The notes and phrases he summons up represent an attitude, a philosophy, a courage of convictions once held to be heretical but now part of the central verities of American music.

Some of the lines he wove on his exquisitely lyrical composition "Brother King," and in his venerable "Night in Tunisia" could have been documented and used in textbooks for college study. The only trouble would be that looking at them on paper, no one would believe them playable.

Jones, at 20, one of the nimblest and most persuasive guitarists in jazz, provided the haunting contrapuntal melody on "Land of the Living Dead" (written by his predecessor, Al Gafa) and was featured extensively in a series of dazzling solos. Ben Brown's sound on Fender bass is a trifle too metallic, but he is a performer of rare promise.

Sunday is his last night. Next week, Freddie Hubbard will have the onerous task of following in the trail of dust left by a giant.

MARCH/APRIL 1977

WESTERN'S WORLD

The Magazine of Western Airlines

OFF AND RUNNING!
LETTERS FROM A HORSEPLAYER

FORT LAUDERDALE
ON FLORIDA'S GOLD COAST

JAZZ GOES WEST
JAPAN REALLY DIGS ALL THAT JAZZ

2 AMUSEMENT PARKS
CALIFORNIA'S OLDEST & NEWEST

BONUS DESTINATIONS
TRY A TRIANGLE ROUTE

PUZZLES & GAMES
COMPETITION Nº 30

YOU ARE INVITED TO TAKE THIS MAGAZINE WITH YOU

The focus of jazz activity seems to have moved westward.

LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ-ORIENTED JAPAN

Saxophonist Sadao Watanabe as soloist at a jazz festival in Tokyo.

SOME of the young men were in jeans; a few, despite the warmth of the small, intimate room, wore raincoats. A superb sound system turned us on to the sound of Miles Davis playing Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight." One of the youths turned to me, his expression emotionless but his voice impassioned. "Miles is a gas," he said, "I dig this so much more than the electronic bag he's into right now."

Normal small talk, you might say, for a jazz club in New York or Los Angeles, except that the young fan who addressed me was one Terry Suzuki, whose accented English is idiomatically flawless, and the scene was a jazz coffee shop named Dig — one of 50 such rooms catering to jazz fans all over Tokyo.

All are thriving, as are the rest of the rooms around town (and in Kyoto, Osaka and most other major Japanese cities) with varying policies. Some serve liquor; a few have live music. The Santa Claus room even presents big bands. Since most coffee houses have thousands of albums in stock, they are a key factor in the sales figures that keep jazz LPs in the black.

It's all part of a scene I had first observed in 1964 on my only previous visit to the land of the rising sounds. Not long after the end of World War II, the long-burning fuse of jazz enthusiasm had ignited into a virtual explosion. Tokyo promoters were engaged in a competitive struggle, outbidding one another for American names. My first visit coincided with a World Jazz Festival staged by George Wein, the man who put Newport on the map. Miles Davis, the chief attraction, received $15,000 for six concerts in four cities. Today, after two years of virtual retirement in the U.S., he has been set to return to public view via another concert tour of Japan. His fee has doubled, perhaps tripled.

Bucking headwinds, the focus of jazz activity seems to have been moving inexorably westward over the past 15 years. During the 1960s and early '70s, Quincy Jones, Herbie Hancock, Horace Silver, the late Cannonball Adderley and dozens of other jazz eminences took up residence in Southern California. Today it would seem that this move was simply a ploy to bring them so far west that they were ready to cross the international dateline into the Far East.

Hardly a night goes by without a concert in one of Nippon's metropolitan centers by a Nat Adderley, a Benny Carter, or a Sarah Vaughan.

Today your typical New York-based jazzman, on the rare occasions when you find him in Los Angeles, will explain that he is here "simply because it's a handy week's work on my way to Tokyo," as drummer Max Roach explained recently before his triumphant Japanese tour.

The flow between the U.S. and Japan has steadily gained momentum, to the point where hardly a night goes by without a concert in one of Nippon's metropolitan centers by a Nat Adderley, a Benny Carter, or a Sarah Vaughan.

In addition to the 400-odd jazz coffee shops nationwide, there are presently nine clubs in Tokyo alone that feature live jazz nightly. One night I wandered down a narrow alley in the Ginza area where the profusion of bright, tacky signs protruding from windows seemed to indicate that every floor of every building contained a club or coffee house of one sort or another — jazz, rock, soul, blues, folk, western, even classical.

On a fourth floor somewhere along this street I was greeted, in a long, crowded room called Club Junk, by the Benny Goodmanesque sounds of Shoji Suzuki and his Rhythm Aces. Shoji-san is a fiftyish clarinetist rooted firmly in the swing era, complete with a vibraphonist a la Lionel Hampton and a repertoire reaching back to "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." But the attractive pianist, 26-year-old Sakurako Ogu, seemed so out of context in this period-music setting that when I asked who her favorite pianist was, it came as no surprise when she named Herbie Hancock.

The fans at Junk were much younger than those you would find patronizing music of the same era in

Lew Tabackin and wife, Toshiko Akiyoshi.

the States. The Japanese are extraordinarily eclectic, accepting anything from 1930s nostalgia to the most far-out of atonal explorations.

The best live music I heard in Tokyo was a set by a quartet at the Pit Inn, a small, dark room scarcely less gloomy in ambiance than some of its Stateside counterparts. There I found a youth in a brown wool cap and heavy beige sweater, holding an electric guitar, playing the blue blazes out of Sonny Rollins's tune "Oleo" at a mind-boggling tempo. It is safe to say that Kazumi Watanabe, 23, could and probably will make a killing in the U.S. at a time of his choosing. If he does, he will be the latest in a long line. During the past couple of years a two-way street has opened up, providing the combos of Stan Getz and Art Blakey with Japanese bass players (both named Suzuki); the roller-coaster jazz/rock guitarist Ryo Kawasaki has played with Elvin Jones in New York; and the music of Sonny Rollins, embellished by guitarist Yoshiaka Masuo, has reminded us that if black is beautiful, yellow is mellow.

Among the growing number of jazzwise Asians to make an international name for themselves, Toshiko Akiyoshi reigns supreme. Never before in the history of jazz has a woman of any race composed and arranged an entire library of orchestral jazz and assembled a big band to interpret it. Toshiko, who came to the U.S. in 1956 after being discovered by pianist Oscar Peterson at a Tokyo jam session, studied piano and composition at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. After moving to California five years ago, she formed a big band with her husband, the Philadelphia saxophonist-flutist Lew Tabackin, as coleader.

Ironically, the couple could not secure an American recording contract but were able to persuade Japanese RCA to pay for their Hollywood recording sessions. Of the five albums released in Japan, three have been issued in this country, one of which, *The Long Yellow Road,* was nominated for a Grammy Award. Toshiko and Tabackin last year won the *Down Beat* critics' poll as new band of the year.

In January the Tabackins flew to Tokyo to accept a statuette that symbolized their victory in the annual *Swing Journal* awards presentation. A board of 22 jazz experts (Tabackin told me: "Sometimes I think Japan has more critics than musicians") gave their latest product, *Insights,* the Gold Award as album of 1976. This was a singular honor when you consider that the competition included such fashionable heavyweights as Herbie Hancock, Weather Report and George Benson, and that the Japanese disc market last year spewed forth an incredible total of 1,300 jazz albums — more than double the American figure.

The 30-year-old *Swing Journal,* the biggest of Japan's four major jazz magazines, has a circulation exceeding that of our own *Down Beat,* though the latter reaches the entire English-speaking world.

The power of *Swing Journal,* fortified by the coffee-house phenomenon, enables most jazz albums to sell at least twice as many in Japan, in proportion to the population, as they do at home. In fact, dozens of albums by Miles Davis, Lennie Tristano and others, never released at all in the U.S., have mysteriously shown up on Japanese labels. One company, East Wind Records, has spent millions of yen sending Japanese producers to New York and Hollywood to build a jazz catalog. "They have taped 40 albums in America, most with American musicians along with some of the Japanese jazzmen in New York," Koyama said, "and not one of them has been released in the country where they were made." But most of them have done well enough in our domestic market to justify the "investment."

Wherever they play or write, Japanese jazzmen and composers now and then show an inclination to illustrate the possibility of cultural crossfertilization. Along with her straight-ahead jazz and blues pieces, Toshiko has composed such works as "Kogun," "Since Perry" and "Children in the Temple Ground," sometimes using the classic measured chants of Japanese noh players, or featuring Tabackin in exotic flute solos.

Among most of the Japanese I met, there was an exotic ambivalence in their social and artistic attitudes. There is a constant emulation of American values and attitudes, expressed in the names of their clubs and coffee houses, many of which are duplicates of U.S. establishments past and present — in Tokyo or Kyoto you will find a Birdland, a Hickory House, a Half Note, a Five Spot and even a Cotton Club that advertises "Jazz and Booze." Others are dedicated to musicians: Lady Day, Basie and Mulligan are all coffee-house names.

And yet, there is a deeper sense in which the Japanese remain basically unchanged. During a performance, there is often a curiously unAmerican silence, and the applause seems timid compared with the ready-whip standing ovations that greet most jazzmen at American colleges. Talking to a Suzuki or a Watanabe, you will find his conversation peppered with "hip," "cool," "jive" and other such colloquialisms; yet he will greet you, or take leave of a fellow-countryman, with a bow as low and sustained as can be found in any late-night movie about prewar Japan.

Continued on page 34

Talking to a Suzuki or a Watanabe, you will find his conversation peppered with "hip," "cool," "jive" and other such colloquialisms.

JAZZ-ORIENTED

Continued from page 25

This mixture of musical progressivism and personal conservatism is nowhere better exemplified than in the person of Toshiyuki Miyama, the founding father of Japan's big-band scene.

A stocky, bespectacled man of 57, who bowed stiffly as he presented the inevitable calling card, Miyama told me (or so his interpreter said) that he had begun his career with the Lucky Puppy Band, moved onward and upward to form his own Jive Aces and eventually changed the name of the band to the New Herd.

"Jazz in Japan is in good shape," he said, "in spite of the fact that there is no official way to study it. We have nothing like your Berklee College of Music or the many other colleges at which you offer jazz degrees. We simply listen to records, or to visiting American groups."

To sustain itself, the New Herd works in areas that are all but inaccessible to U.S. jazzmen: radio (Miyama happily reports that live music has not yet been displaced by records) and television (the Herd has made the rounds on several Tokyo stations, has had its own show and often backs up pop singers).

Given these outlets and several months of concerts, Miyama might have been considered to have reached the pinnacle; but typically, he aspired to one more plateau, acceptance on the native soil of jazz. In 1974 he reached the rainbow's end with a show-stopping appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

I shook hands with Toshiyuki Miyama, bowed as deeply as I could learn to in one brief week and expressed the hope that he and his Herd soon would be bracing the U.S. scene again, perhaps even making their New York debut.

"I hope so, too," he replied. "I am sorry I cannot communicate in English, but all of us in Japanese jazz are pleased to be able to communicate through music."

That was one conclusion I could have arrived at without any help from the interpreter. ◯

Leonard Feather is widely recognized as a jazz authority. His latest book Encyclopedia of Jazz in the 70's *is published by Horizon Press.*

JAZZ

Jarreau: Right Mix at the Right Time

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● He has been called a human orchestra, a vocal musician, a one-man band, even a jazz singer. Having learned to psych out his critics as well as his audiences (he graduated from Ripon College in Wisconsin with a degree in psychology and took his master's at the University of Iowa), Al Jarreau is perceptive enough not to be disturbed by categories or pigeonholes.

Al Jarreau

He was a late bloomer; like Bill Withers, he had to wait until he was in his 30s before his luck caught up with his talent. By then he had studied the techniques of the masters whose recorded sounds had been part of his environment from infancy.

Born in Milwaukee, the son of a minister and a mother who played the piano and organ in church, he was the fifth of six children.

"My brothers brought a lot of music to my attention; through records and radio I learned about Sarah, Ella, Nat Cole, Eckstine, as well as Ellington, Kenton, Basie and Shearing.

"During my high school years there was a little jazz scene happening in Milwaukee—thanks largely to the Jewish Community Center. They had a couple of festivals each year, and whenever they had an affair or dance they'd bring in a real jazz-oriented band.

"The same thing happened in college when we had a vocal quartet, the Indigos—three guys and a girl. I was the only black member, and we were into Lambert, Hendricks & Ross and the Double Six of Paris. A little later the bossa nova became another big influence. I got into all those things while a healthy jazz influence was still flourishing everywhere; in fact, I wouldn't sing anything but standards and jazz until the mid-1960s."

After college came six months in the Army Reserve and a move to San Francisco, where he was a counselor at the California Division of Rehabilitation. He moonlighted as a singer with George Duke's trio, then quit counseling and, with guitarist Julio Martinez, left for Los Angeles.

"When we couldn't make anything happen here in L.A., we tried New York and landed some good TV—Carson, Mike Douglas, Frost—but still no record. We decided to take a little rest in Minneapolis, where my manager lived. Minneapolis was heavily into rock at that time. We did a couple of concerts and people advised us to form a group so we could open for Canned Heat and Steppenwolf and whoever else was happening in the Midwest. So we put together a sextet.

"Things went well until we went back to Los Angeles. More demonstration records, unanswered phone calls, rehearsals; the group broke up, and because nothing was happening I went into this small room called the Bla Bla in Studio City."

After almost two years at the Bla Bla, where he just got by financially, the big break came in the form of a chance to open as a supporting act for Les McCann at the Troubadour in Hollywood.

"Mo Ostin of Warner Bros., who was in the audience that night, signed me soon afterward to the Warner/Reprise label. My first album, 'We Got By,' came out in August of 1975."

Soon it was bye-bye Bla Bla, hello Berlin. Jarreau encountered the heady aroma of European acclaim on his first tour the following spring. "He is the best new jazz singer Ronnie Scott has imported for some time," said the London Daily Mail. He taped his own TV special in Hamburg (when will he get his own TV special here?), won a German Grammy for "Bester Newcomer des Jahres," and returned home to consolidate his LP stature with this second album, "Glow."

He wrote the lyrics and music for every song in the first album and four in the second; assisted in the writing of background voice arrangements and tossed in vocal flute and percussion effects (among other things he is a human click-track, making Africanesque throat noises in a manner that recalls Miriam Makeba). His songs have some of the same warmth, tenderness and perceptivity that characterized Withers' first hits.

The interesting aspect of his impact is that he has retained all the influences along the way—the church, the jazz, the soul, the Brazilian, the instrumental effects—to achieve a synthesis uncommon nowadays among new singers coming up, even black singers. Will his success start a trend toward a revived musicality?

"I don't know if it's possible," says Jarreau. "I'm a rarity in that I spanned all those phases and am finding a receptive audience at every level. I'm getting the jazz-oriented people, and the very young kids who've never been into jazz. I really don't know whether I can pin them down, but I'm flattered by their interest."

Diversified and entertaining though his records are, they barely scratch the surface. On the "Glow" album you hear him take on Jobim's "Agua de Beber" (English to Portuguese to scat to guitar imitation to vocal overdub), sing an original work named for his hometown and top off everything with "Hold On Me," an amazing track that dispenses with musicians as he does all the voices and becomes a church choir, a revival meeting, a jazz festival all at once. But unless you have watched him creating these sounds, miming the instruments, leaping into a falsetto, adding his special body English to the vocal eccentricities, you have never really met Al Jarreau.

His third album, due next month, was recorded live during the recent European tour. It will include "Take Five," his impression of the Dave Brubeck-Paul Desmond record, and the unique jazz waltz "Better Than Anything." Jarreau seems to be bucking for a chance to prove that he can live up to that title. ●

3/17/77

AT THE PAVILION

Benson Earns the Accolades

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Monday evening, between his two sold-out shows at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, George Benson showed up at a party attended by several hundred handshakers. As he posed for photographs, holding his gold and platinum records, the thought was inescapable that rarely in the history of pop music has an unspoiled talent been so fittingly rewarded for musical as well as commercial success.

George Benson

During the first show, Benson unleashed almost the entire contents of his Grammy-winning album as well as most of the recent "In Flight," along with a couple of earlier pieces. From the opener, Jose Feliciano's "Affirmation" to the encore, Bobby Womack's "Breezin'," it was a flawless performance, divided about equally between instrumentals and vocals. Even the singing, of course, entailed the simultaneous use of his guitar in several of those finger-boggling unison passages while he improvised in his favorite language, vocalese.

Benson's jazz origins enabled him to develop the clean, clear sound and exceptional facility that bring together elements of Charlie Christian (the single note runs), Wes Montgomery (parallel octave lines) and his own innovations. His voice seems to be growing in range and emotional impact. "This Masquerade" offered the most salient evidence, but the brisk, happy "Gonna Love You More" and the soaring scat-with-guitar on "Everything Must Change" provided ingratiating new proof.

The inclusion of "Nature Boy" was a reminder, in effect, that not since Nat (King) Cole has a great jazz instrumentalist developed so strikingly into a sensitive, sensual vocalist.

Among the instrumental numbers, "Take Five" was actually more free-swinging and imaginative than the original Dave Brubeck record, played as if Paul Desmond had written the song especially for Benson. "The Wind and I" and "Lady," both composed by Ronnie Foster, had their moments, Benson at some points trading phrases with Foster's clavinet; but whenever the focus was removed from the star, there was a sense of letdown.

Jorge Dalto's acoustic piano solos, devoid of any rhythmic sensitivity, were a poor match for Benson's total creative drive, and the rhythm section as a whole, with some lead-footed work on a dull, thudding bass drum, was erratic at best.

As for the orchestra, it is axiomatic that a dozen string players cannot be made to do the work of 30 or 40. Particularly during the unison passages, they sounded thin and anemic compared with the larger contingents on records.

It would have been a joy to hear Benson let loose, if only for midshow contrast, and to demonstrate his true roots, backed by an all-star rhythm team of such giants as Hampton Hawes, Ray Brown and Louie Bellson. His hold on the public is now so firm that Benson could afford a few minutes of this kind of freedom.

For openers the unadvertised Seawind made an appearance that was too short to provide more than a hint of its considerable potential. The jazz/rock combo, with singer Pauline Wilson as centerpiece, has a library of interesting original material, a couple of good horn soloists and an appealing lack of pretension. Too many of Wilson's words, though, were covered up by the band.

Seawind's set began promptly at 7:30, was over before some latecomers had even taken their seats, and was followed by an intermission as long as the set.

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LEONARD FEATHER

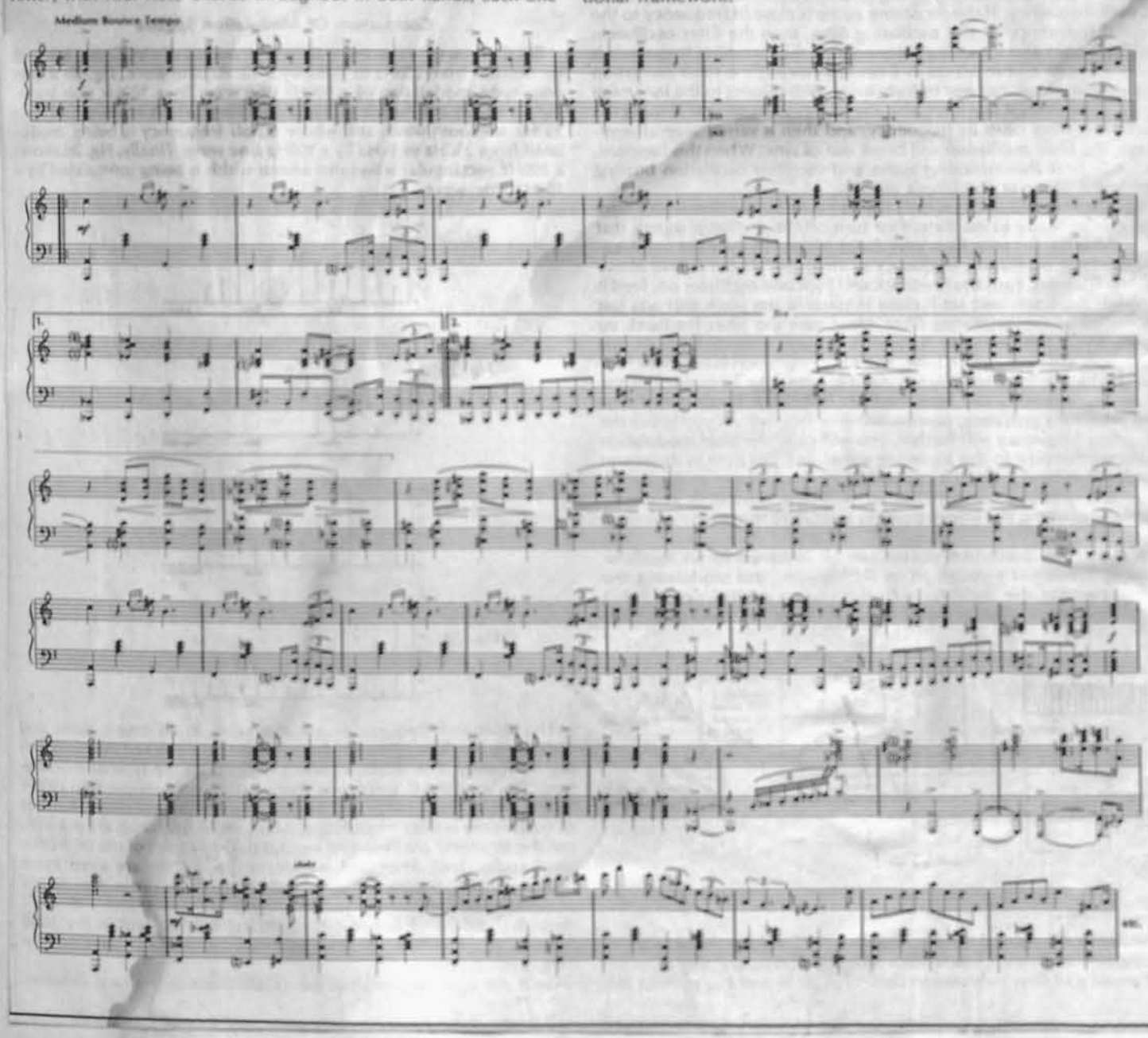
PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Erroll Garner: "Erroll's Bounce"

Erroll Garner, who died in January at the age of 53, was one of the great mavericks of jazz piano. Unlike the vast majority of jazz musicians, he remained totally unable to read music; his compositions, of which "Misty" was by far the most famous, had to be transcribed for him by others. As Nat Pierce, one of Garner's closest pianist friends, told me, "He wasn't a piano player in the strict sense, but he mastered a totally unorthodox technique. He would beat the keyboard to death, using all the wrong fingering—where you were supposed to put the thumb under, he might just keep using the index finger—but out would come all those gorgeous melodies. Some of his introductions alone could have been made into symphonies."

During the 1940s, when Garner was recording extensively on a free-lance basis, I was fortunate enough to be able to secure his services for a session I produced at RCA. The highlight of the session for me was an original called "Erroll's Bounce," which seemed typical of his elfin personality. The introduction was a characteristic mood setter, with four-note chords throughout in both hands, each one crisply articulated. The triplets in contrary motion leading into the chorus launch him on a melody that, despite its minor key, somehow has a major feeling. Observe the grace notes before the F♯ in the repeated phrase, followed by a downward jump into a sharply executed B. This deceptively simple series of notes constitutes a definitive Garner statement. Observe, too, the contrast between the downward-moving right-hand chords in bars 13, 14, and 15 and the rising octaves in the left hand.

The release is melodic in the truest Garner sense, with its five-note phrase that descends chromatically, accompanied by a firm series of left-hand chords. In the seventh bar of the release, the five-note phrase is telescoped so that it takes up only two beats, in triplets, instead of the three or four occupied previously. Rhythmically, Garner was the complete master of the art of syncopation. Melodically, particularly on his ballads, he was an unabashed romantic. And harmonically, he was subtle and surprising within a relatively traditional framework.



JAZZ REVIEW

3/18

Different Strokes for Two Saxophonists

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Two new groups, both led by saxophonists, made their local debuts Tuesday. The differences between them illustrate the options open to a musician on the way up.

Azar Lawrence, whose engagement at Concerts by the Sea ended Thursday, is 23, plays tenor and soprano and was widely praised for the complexities of a style that had been formed out of the John Coltrane mold.

'Caveat emptor. A 180-degree turn in his direction now finds Lawrence heading something called the Unified Funk Orchestra. Two years ago he released an album called "Bridge Into the New Age"; now he is burning his bridges ahead of him, with eight men and Maisha, a cowbell player who also lifts her voice in throaty-toned song.

The simplistic riff tunes and bottom-heavy format (aside from Lawrence and an uninspired trumpeter, all the members play rhythm instruments, among them two bassists) suggest that some producer is now masterminding Lawrence with an eye to selling records. Goodby subtlety and sensuality; hello money. If you are into the Blackbyrds you will love Lawrence.

At the Lighthouse, Gerry Niewood (rhymes with plywood), the former Chuck Mangione sideman, has his own quartet, Timepiece (through Sunday). With Mike Richmond on upright bass, Dave Samuels on vibes and Ron Davis on drums, Niewood has space to think and time to create. His compositional-improvisational genre offers a valid alternative both to the energy sounds of the avant-garde and the rhythm and blues cliches of the chart chasers.

His set found him first on soprano, playing freedom music before leading into a fast, ebullient waltz with a beguiling diatonic melody. He switched to tenor on his own composition "Homage" blended his flute attractively with Samuels' brilliant four-mallet vibes in the John Abercrombie tune "Timeless" and wound up on alto playing a tunneling, damn-the-torpedoes, Charlie Parker-ish blues called "Ah Sour Mystery of Bird."

Both Niewood and Samuels are sensitive musicians, using material that challenges, incites and excites. Aside from occasional excesses in the drum department, this group is unified in a sense that Lawrence now chooses to ignore. The contrast is both qualitative and quantitative; half as many men, twice as much music.

Los Angeles Times CALENDAR PAGE 82
SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 1977

JAZZ

Getting a Good Lead Off the Bass

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Ron Carter

● More and more frequently, record producers are dealing from the bottom of the deck. With the impetus in so much pop music deriving from the lower reaches of the sonic spectrum, bass players are enjoying an era of prosperity and prominence and can be found leading specially assembled recording units on several new releases. Charles Mingus was ahead of his time.

Bassist Ron Carter, that towering matchstick of a man whose five years with Miles Davis led to a lucrative life as free-lance musician and frequent head of various groups, has moved from CTI to Milestone, a Fantasy subsidiary. His first album for this label, "Pastels" (M-9073), finds him in a hornless setting, sharing the melodic burden with pianist Kenny Barron (also, on the opening track, with the surprising sound of guitarist Hugh McCracken doubling on jaw harmonica).

Why bother with an album by a bass player? Carter provides the answer by playing not only his regular full-length bass but also the piccolo bass, a three-quarter-sized bass tuned like a cello back to front. The music he writes (all today's leader-bassists compose much of their own material) may be an azure sonata like "Woolaphant," with its organic unity and the enveloping sound of strings; or a tongue-in-cheek 1920s tune like "One Bass Rag," with drummer Harvey Mason in a straight-ahead jazz bag. But Carter dispenses with the entire rhythm section for "Ballad," an exquisite symphonic encounter with the 15-piece string section in which his deep sound, rich in harmonics, achieves an indescribable beauty.

In a program so varied that classification is impossible, the title number stands out, starting as a beguiling waltz, the composer's statement of a minor melody cushioned in a string section that sounds full and warmly supportive without lapsing into lushness. Toward the end Carter plays a long passage in tremolos, no doubt by lightning alternation of the fingers on one note, with a guitar-like dexterity.

Finally there is "12 ' 12," the swingingest track, topped off with some ebullient work by Barron, who was Dizzy Gillespie's and then Freddie Hubbard's pianist during the 1960s but who in recent years has been a teacher at Rutgers.

Carter shares credit with Don Sebesky, the arranger/conductor who put the available elements together with a maximum of sensitivity and a minimum of crossover fever. A full five stars for an album that would win over the most stubborn opponents of the concept that bassists should lead orchestras.

●

Carter appears again, but this time in print, as writer of an endorsement for Buster Williams' "Crystal Reflections" (Muse MR 5101). A Miles Davis graduate like Carter, but better known for his tenure with Herbie Hancock, Williams plays less of a central solo bass role, yet he is a vital contributor to the luminescence and grace of another admirable set. The surprise here is the vibes work by Roy Ayers. Mercifully removed from the commercialized environs of his own Ubiquity group, he clearly enjoys being himself once again, particularly on the Williams-Ayers workout on Cole Porter's "I Love You."

"The Enchanted Flower" is a two-man, nine-and-a-half-minute improvisation by Williams and the ubiquitous Barron, this time on electric keyboard. He is replaced on one track by Jimmy Rowles, the veteran West Coaster whose talent is wasted on "I Dream Too Much," an awkward Jerome Kern melody of 1935, the reason for the revival of which escapes me. Williams is well represented as a composer on "Prism," with its brief, ethereal use of a wordless voice. But I'm beginning to fear "ethereal use of a wordless voice" may soon become as much of a musical cliche as the phrase itself. Four stars.

Eberhard Weber, from Stuttgart, Germany, is the newest virtuoso bassist. Seen here on a tour last year, he is presented in elaborate surroundings on "The Following Morning" (ECM 1-1084; distributed by Polydor). He is supported by pianist Rainer Brueninghaus and cellos, oboe and French horns borrowed from the Philharmonic in Oslo, where this was recorded.

Weber's music, profound and spiritual, has less of a clear sense of form and direction than Carter's. His attempts to weld semiclassical works to his improvisations are to be admired for the work put into them, if not always for the end result. Three stars.

●

Teruo Nakamura, the central figure in "Rising Sun" (Polydor 1-6097), is yet another addition to the fast-growing roster of musicians who, fresh from the Tokyo jazz scene, have recorded in New York. Playing bass, Yamaha bass guitar, synthesizer and various exotic bells, he goes into a pop bag, the title tune being a slightly more jazz-oriented version of L.A. Express. Except for guitarist Shiro Mori, his companions are Americans, among them Steve Grossman, whose tenor sax adds guts to a couple of tracks.

Nakamura is an accomplished musician, yet I cannot see the need for yet another album containing simplistic funk rock on the order of "Sweet Pea and Collard Greens," the closing track here. Two stars.

●

"Boss of the Bass" (Columbia CG 33557) is a two-pocket set of reissues. The first side is a grab-bag of early 1930s band and combo tracks that have nothing in common except the presence on bass of John Kirby (1908-1953). The second side finds Kirby backing singers Midge Williams, Maxine Sullivan, Mildred Bailey (a cheerful "St. Louis Blues") and, on one tune only, Billie Holiday.

Kirby played four beats to the bar with an understated, supple sound and almost never took a solo. His raison d'etre for the history books was the six piece band he led and the unique, airy mini-ensemble sound it achieved during its brief life (mainly 1938-42).

The Kirby sextet occupies side three and four; the album's value can be found almost entirely in these 14 tunes. The group had an unusually light texture; Kirby was only subliminally heard and there was nothing else present lower than an alto saxophone. With trumpeter Charlie Shavers as frequent composer/arranger, and the blithely spirited alto of Russell Procope (the sextet's only surviving member), the piano of Billy Kyle and the clarinet of Buster Bailey, this combo shows that whereas today's sounds are guided from the bottom, in those days there was room at the top. Three and a half stars. ●

Fem fullträffar för George Benson

Amerikanska nyheter av Leonard Feather

Varje år utdelar NARAS, "skivinspelningsakademin", en utmärkelse kallad Grammy Award för olika prestationer inom grammofonindustrin. I år fick gitarristen George Benson inte mindre än fem sådana hederstecken. "Breezin" blev "Årets album" och "This Masquerade" blev "Årets single". Vidare nominerades han för bästa popsångarframförande, bästa Rhythm & Blues-instrumental och bästa popinstrumental.

Andra skivor som uppmärksammades var för bästa småbandsframförande "Basie & Zoot" av Count Basie - Zoot Sims, "Live" av Paul Desmond Quartet, "The Leprechaun" av Chick Corea, "Jaco Pastorius" av Pastorius och "Since We Met" av Bill Evans trio.

För bästa storbandsinspelning nominerades "Long Yellow Road" av Toshiko Akiyoshi - Lew Tabackin, "Afro-Cuban Jazz Moods" av Dizzy Gillespie - Machito, "The Ellington Suites" av Duke Ellington, "New Life" av Thad Jones-Mel Lewis och "The New Phil Woods Album" av Phil Woods.

För bästa solistutförande gick priset til "Basie & Zoot", "Commitment" av Jim Hall, "Donna Lee" av Jaco Pastorius, "Clark Terry and his Jolly Giants", "The New Phil Woods Album" och "Works of Art" av Art Tatum.

En ny kategori hade tillkommit i år, "Bästa jazzvokalistframförande", och där nominerades den franska sängensemblen Quire för sitt album med samma namn, "Fitzgerald & Pass. . . Again" av Ella Fitzgerald - Joe Pass, "More Live In Japan" av Sarah Vaughan, "Porgy And Bess" av Ray Charles - Cleo Laine samt "Where Is Love?" av Irene Kral med Alan Broadbent.

Som bästa instrumentalarrangemang belönades "The Disaster Movie Suite" av Henry Mancini, "Leprechaun's Dream" av Chick Corea, "Life Is Just A Game" av Stanley Clarke, "Sauade Do Brazil" av Claus Ogerman och "Westchester Lady" av Bob James.

För bästa kvinnliga R & B-framförande belönades "Lean On Me" av Melba Moore, "Love Hangover" av Diana Ross, "Misty Blue" av Dorothy Moore, "Something He Can Feel" av Aretha Franklin och "Sophisticated Lady" av Natalie Cole.

Dessutom delades priset ut till en del pop-skivor av olika slag. Utdelningen av Grammy Awards sker den 19 februari i Hollywood Palladium.

Artikelförfattarens dotter Lorraine har debuterat som sångerska.

Dexter Gordon har skrivit exklusivkontrakt med Columbia Records och det blev klart när han nyligen spelade på Village Vanguard, där han drog fullt hus varje kväll. Hans första album för märket skall produceras av Michael Cuscuna.

Woody Hermans konsert i Carnegie Hall i november, då han firade 40-årsjubileum som kapellmästare, spelades in av RCA och skall ges ut i ett dubbelalbum. När Woody gästspelar i London i september är det redan klart att han skall spela in två album — det ena med stråkar och som solist Flip Phillips, tenorstjärnan som spelade med honom på 40-talet.

Count Basie har tillfrisknat efter sin hjärtattack i september och förenade sig med orkestern vid en konsert på Redland University. Under konvalescensen i sitt hem på Bahamas lärde hans fru honom att simma, vilket tydligen gjorde sitt till att tillfrisknandet gick så fort. Enligt egen utsago känner han sig bättre än på många år.

Benny Carter har samlat ihop ett band av öst- och västkustmusiker, som skall göra inspelningar för Norman Granz nya märke Pablo Live under en turné i Japan. Med sig har han Cat Anderson, Joe Newman tp, Britt Woodman tb, Budd Johnson ts, Cecil Payne bars, George Duvivier b och Harold Jones dr. Turnén börjar den 16 april och varar i elva dagar.

Även J. J. Johnson med kvintett och Nat Adderley som lanserad solist kommer också att besöka Japan med början den 8 april. Dessa bägge spelade tillsammans i Johnsons grupp 1957—58. Det blir Johnsons första turné sedan han för ett par år sedan praktiskt taget slutade spela för att helt ägna sig åt arrangering. Även denna grupp skall göra inspelningar för Pablo Live.

Basisten Buddy Clark, som startade Supersax tillsammans med saxofonisten Med Flory men slutade 1975 efter en dispyt med Flory, har åter knutit kontakt med gruppen men endast som arrangör. Flory har meddelat att gruppen skall bredda sin repertoar och inte endast syssla med Charlie Parkers inspelningar utan tänker även tolka andras alster, bl a John Coltrane.

Producenten Bob Thiel har bildat ett nytt oberoende produktionsbolag, Doctor Jazz Music Ltd. Thiele lämnade RCA för några månader sedan men har återvänt och redan gjort ett album med Lonnie Liston Smith, som skall komma ut på märket RCA och ej på Flying Dutchman, som har lagts ner. Han har även startat ett nytt märke, Frankenstein Records, som är avsett för nya artister, vilka enligt hans åsikt är värda att spelas in men som ännu ej fått någon chans hos de större bolagen. Han skall även göra ett nytt album med sin fru, sångerskan Teresa Brewer, för vilken han dessutom planerar en turné i Europa inom kort.

Larry Corell har skrivit kontrakt med Guitar Players Records för att göra en undervisnings-LP kallad "Improvisation from Rock to Jazz". Med skivan följer ett häfte med transkriptioner av de inspelade låtarna.

Min dotter Lorriane Feather debuterade under julveckan på Ye Little Club i Beverly Hills ackompanjerad av Peter Daniels p, Barry Cooper g, Doug Lenier b och Bob Neel dr. Hon sjöng bl a ett potpurri av Bessie Smith-sånger, Lambert-Hendricks-Ross version "Four", en låt av Stevie Wonder och några av sina egna kompositioner.

Pickles

■ **Stockholms Konserthus** tänker utvidga sin verksamhet att även omfatta jazz och startar i höst en abonnemangsserie med sex jazzkonserter i Grönsvadssalen. Första konserten blir i samband med Stockholms jazzdagar tisdagen den 30 augusti och fortsättning kommer även på tisdagar: 25 oktober, 29 november, 31 januari, 28 mars och 25 april. Programmet skall utformas i samarbete med Föreningen Sveriges Jazzmusiker (FSJ). Man tjuvstartar dock redan onsdagen den 24 januari med Christer Boustedts sextett bestående av Bengt Ernryd trumpet, Göran Östling tenor, Lasse Werner piano, Ivar Lindell bas och Ivan Oscarsson trummor.

■ **Nizza** har redan klart med sin festival, som i år blir mellan 7 och 17 juli och kontrakterade är följande grupper: Muddy Waters Blues Band, Wallace Davenport's New Orleans Stars, Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Count Basie, Charles Mingus, Earl Hines, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck. Dessutom kommer en mängd solister, som skall plockas ihop till olika jamband plus vokalisterna Carrie Smith, Joe Williams och Joe Turner.

■ **Park Studio** heter en ny välutrustad inspelningsstudio belägen under f. d. Parkbiografen, Lisebergs Alvsjö. Förutom kontrollrum har studion en yta av cirka 100 m², som är delad i en akustisk och en dämpad avdelning med grekkörmat trumbås. Dessutom finns separat isolerat rum. I utrustningen ingår bl. a. 24-kanalers bandspelare, pianoka, dubbla ekokammare och konsertflygel. Adressen är Park Studio, Axel och Ulla Gärdbäck, Turebergsvägen 10—12, 123 35 Alvsjö, tel. 08/99 46 35.

■ **Anthony Braxton** har fått en fransk utmärkelse i och med att hans album "Creative Orchestra Music 1976" på Braxtons egett skivmärke Arista erhållit Prix de L'Academie de Jazz.

■ **New Yorks Jazzmuseum** har just nu en jazztrumpet-utställning och bland de utställda föremålen fanns en av Dizzy Gillespies speciella trumpeter med uppåtböjt klockstycke. Den hängde i en stark nylonlina från taket, men häromdagen blev den stulen och tjuven har tydligen brutit igenom finan.

■ **John Lewis** och Hank Jones framträder som dubbelpianister på Hopper's i Greenwich Village, New York, tillsammans med basisten Bob Cranshaw. Det är ett av John Lewis mycket sällsynta framträdanden sedan Modern Jazz Quartet upphörde.

■ **Jazz Interactions** har nu kommit ut med sin årliga jazzkalender. Den har liksom tidigare formatet 26 x 43 cm och har 24 färgbilder: Ron Carter, Hank Jones, Jim Hall, Miles Davis, McCoy Tyner, Anthony Braxton, Stan Getz, Lenny White, Joe Zawinul, Milt Jackson, Bill Evans, Ray Brown, Max Roach, Jon Faddis, Cecil Bridgewater, Marion McKinley, Steve Turre, Marvin Peterson, Sonny Rollins, Count Basie, Clark Terry, Keith Jarrett, Elvin Jones, George Benson, Lonnie Liston Smith, Art Farmer, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Anita O'Day, Tal Farlow. Priset är 10 dollar inkl porto och kan beställas från Jazz Interactions, Inc., 527 Madison Avenue, Suite 1615, New York, N.Y. 10022.

■ **Japan** kommer att ha sin första internationella jazzfestival mellan den 15 februari och 1 mars och den skall hållas i ett flertal städer, bl a Tokio och Osaka. Bland de artister som bokats nämns Lionel Hampton, Hank Jones, Marvin Peterson, Frank Wess, Roy Haynes, Jackie Paris, Ben Riley, Andy Bey och åtskilliga japanska jazzmusiker.

■ **Al Porcino**, en av världens bästa förstetrumpetare, har engagerats till Erwin Lehns orkester i Süddeutsche Rundfunk, Stuttgart, där han skall ersätta trumpetaren Lee Katzman, som återvände till USA i december. Porcino började den 10 januari och bland kollegorna i orkestern finns Bertil Strandberg. Dessa bägge skall dessutom ingå i en ny stråkorkester sammansatt av pianisten Jon Haider. Premiär blir i april och de övriga i handel blir Benny Bailey, Lin Harper, Johannes Faber tp, Bobby Burgess, Eric van Lier tb, Ferdinand Povel, Thomas Faist, Andy Scherrer, Sal Nistico sax, Isla Eckinger b, och Billy Brooks dr.

■ **Buck Clayton** hade inte kunnat spela trumpet på sex år, när han startade så smått igen på jazzfestivalen i Nizza i juli. Sedan har det gått framåt för honom och under hela november spelade han på Michael's Pub i New York med Earl Warren altsax, Harold Ashby tenor, Red Richards piano, Milt Hinton bas och Panama Francis trummor.

■ **Don Ellis** har efter en längre tids sjukdom åter satt upp en stor orkester med 40-talet, trähäxare och ett flertal trummisar.

■ **Herb Flemming**, som avled i oktober, får nu sin autobiografi. Den är skriven på engelska av Egmo BVagtoni (Niederlechate 30, 5 000 Köln, V-Tyskland) och kommer att innehålla en mängd bilder, som inte tidigare har publicerats.

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POP MUSIC REVIEW

Don Ellis Band at Concerts by Sea

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

There are no half measures with Don Ellis. Back in action with a band after a short-lived return last fall, as usual he is doing everything in a manner designed to arouse and astonish his audience.

At Concerts by the Sea, where he worked Tuesday and Wednesday, we could forgive him his trespasses—for pompous buildup by an offstage voice that named the products for which he scored commercials; his melodramatic entrance wearing a flowing monk's robe; his time-wasting explanations of those odd meters. What matters is that the Ellis brand of music is individual, capable of generating enormous excitement and well-contrasted lyricism. The ensemble, 21 strong, has as firm an identity as any on the big band scene.

The presence of French horn, tuba and a string quartet ensures a broad range of sectional and orchestral textures. Electronics are never used just for the sake of volume. During two hour-long sets, only one number reverted to the pretentiousness with which Ellis was long associated, and significantly it was "Final Analysis," from the library of an earlier Ellis band. Its hard-rock tendencies sounded out of place amid so much original writing, most of it by Ellis and his superlative pianist, Milcho Leviev.

Gifted soloists abound. Ellis himself still tends to stridency on trumpet, but his fluegelhorn and superbone (combination slide and valve trombone) were mellow and warm. "Future Feature" showcased Don Palmer's violin, Jimbo Ross on viola, Sam Falzone on tenor, Jack Cohen on trumpet and Alan Kaplan on trombone, all admirable. Art Pepper's alto sax was heard briefly but inspiringly.

As for Leviev, when he takes over at the acoustic or electric keyboard, he doesn't just play a solo; he makes a definitive statement.

More than ever, Ellis and the band transmit a sense of enjoying themselves on stage and a capacity for self-parody. "Sweet Shirley MacLaine," direct from a recent television appearance, was an outrageous put-on of "Sweet Georgia Brown." No band that can segue from this piece to the appealing neoclassicism of Don's "Loneliness" is ever likely to lapse into boredom.

Given the impact of the MacLaine TV credit and a new recording deal with Warner Bros., Ellis finally should achieve the stability and work opportunities he deserves. Many years ago I predicted he would be the Stan Kenton of the 1970s. I was wrong; he is much more than that—a new, maturer Don Ellis for the 1980s.

3/27

JAZZ REVIEW

Shaughnessy Leads Energy Force

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

After 13 years with the Tonight Show band and two years leading his own 16-piece band on the side, Ed Shaughnessy has established a reputation as a schooled, efficient drummer and a favorite at colleges, where he doubles as performer and instructor.

Monday night, playing one of Bob Widener's weekly jazz presentations at the Improvisation, he displayed his orchestra, billed as Energy Force. Commendably crisp, especially in the brass section, the band leans essentially toward contemporary jazz, avoiding rock excesses.

Most local bands tend to overlap in personnel and to lack an identifiable style. Shaughnessy has avoided the first problem, but the other difficulty has not been circumvented. The works of at least eight different arrangers were represented; at times, walking in blindfolded, you could have mistaken this for the band of Louis Bellson, Buddy Rich or Bill Holman. At its best, though, Shaughnessy's band achieved enough original colors and voicings to indicate a sense of direction.

"Solace" found the reed section switching to flutes, clarinets and bass clarinet while the composer, Ron King, outlined an engaging melody on the fluegelhorn. (Later, when the saxophonists were not playing, three of them casually puffed on pipes during King's solo—hardly an impressive display of concern.) But "Five Play" found the saxes on their mettle, working well as a team and soloing expertly, Lanny Morgan on alto making the strongest impression.

Another superior writer is Glen Garrett, whose "Samba da Alma" had a drive powerful enough to suggest a Brazilian jetliner. Garrett's soprano sax and the conga solo by Ruth Ritchie were highlights. Also Garrett's was a harmonically ingenious rearrangement of Ellington's "Sophisticated Lady." The soloist, John Mitchell, apparently is too young to recapture the timbre and spirit of Harry Carney, to whom this chart was dedicated.

Despite moments when Energy force showed more energy than emotion and more force than feeling, this is a generally spirited band with a talented, personable leader, deserving an A for adaptability as well as an E for effort.

Next Monday at the Improv: the L.A. Four.

Jazz

One Strong Voice Cries for Delicacy

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Gerry Niewood

● Gerry Niewood owes whatever name value he has acquired to an association with Chuck Mangione. The relationship began at the School of Music in their native Rochester, N.Y., continuing through several years of concertizing triggered by the Mangione PBS television special, "Friends and Love," which became a hit album.

Niewood's was a central role in the Mangione phenomenon. As a fluent exponent of various saxophones and flutes, he was well showcased; but as a composer he was in the shadow of Mangione, who wielded the pen almost exclusively.

Last year Niewood, aware that the moment had arrived to navigate his own vehicle (he had won two Down Beat awards as "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition") formed his own combo, Timepiece. By the standards of 1977 it is an unpretentious group: no batteries of drummers and guitars, just a vibraphonist named David Samuels, a drummer, Ron Davis, and the latest addition, Mike Richmond, who plays mainly upright bass.

"I like delicacy," Niewood says. "It's one of the qualities that gives music longevity. And I like variety. Our music comes from many and diverse sources.

"A single writer is capable of expressing himself in only so many different ways. After a while I became limited by Chuck's technique—it's just that as a vehicle for my expression I had burned it out, and I needed some compositional and performance input from different people."

During an interim period between his quitting Mangione and the launching of his own group, Niewood endured the typical uncertainties entailed in the sacrifice of security for individuality. "It took a while for people to realize I was around New York and available for freelance work. Then I got to do things I'd dreamed about and never had the opportunity to do—for example, I played the Waldorf with Peggy Lee, which was a great experience, and subbed in the band on the Saturday Night show. Even worked two nights with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band. Just great. Experiences you can't get when you're busy full-time working with one band on the road constantly."

Niewood, who received a degree in industrial relations from the University of Buffalo in 1965 but switched careers the next year, holds a bachelor of arts in music education from Eastman and has found a valuable outlet in the rapidly growing jazz education field.

"All of us in the group have worked clinics at colleges. I'm a woodwind clinician; Mike Richmond is a conservatory trained acoustic bassist as well as a Fender bassist and composer, and so forth. We feel we have a lot to offer in that area."

These college appearances have fleshed out the work schedule for Niewood and his associates at a time when nightclub work opportunities are about as plentiful as rainstorms in Southern California. Still, the gigs have been improving, and recently Niewood's men made their West Coast debut at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach. They have an album on the West Coast based A&M-Horizon label, one that represents the group without any commercial concessions.

"Chuck Mangione was our executive producer, and I was the producer. Believe it or not, we've been under no pressure to do this or that in order to sell records. I happen to believe that the public is not necessarily attracted by bad music. In order to appeal to a broad cross section of the listening audience, you need strong rhythm and a memorable melody.

"We don't have a big rhythm section—not that I feel there would be anything inherently unmusical about it. I like the idea of a large rhythm contingent listening to each other, grooving together. That's one of the things I enjoy about African music—so many drummers doing their separate things, but fitting it together and raising it to a very high level, making it so exciting that you just can't resist listening."

Nevertheless, that is not what the Niewood quartet essentially is all about. His comment concerning delicacy is the key to whatever accomplishments may lie ahead for the quartet.

"I believe music with subtlety will last, and the pure expression of human emotion will be understood for many years to come. That's what I strive for—to express myself and my human qualities. I'm not going to be concerned about whether my music will be enormously salable right now. I'm interested in trying to make it last."

"That's an admirable objective," I said, "but with so much attention to subtlety, aren't you trying to buck today's heavyhanded trend? Isn't finesse a synonym for swimming against the tide?"

"You're forgetting," said Niewood, "that the tide changes constantly."

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ALBUM OF THE WEEK: "Gerry Niewood & Timepiece" (Horizon A & M SP-719). Among the 10 finely crafted compositions are two that respectively indicate the combo's attitude and its possible future: "Joy" and "Timeless." Certainly the most engaging new group debut of the year to date. ●

JAZZ

What Price Liberty?

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● How free is freedom in music?

Considering the unprecedented liberties taken by performers who have been involved with contemporary improvisation in recent years, one would think that the millennium of liberty had been achieved.

A case in point is that of David Liebman, the saxophonist/flutist/composer on whom fame was instantly conferred during his 1973-74 tenure with Miles Davis. His own group, usually known as Lookout Farm and heard in a couple of singularly unshackled albums, provided a rare range of colors and concepts.

"With Lookout Farm," says Liebman, "I tried to create a balance between all kinds of contrasting elements: brief cameo statements and extended compositions, light and dark textures, acoustic music and electronics, rock rhythms, jazz, Latin music, the Indian influence—thanks to the presence of Badal Roy playing the tabla—and sheer freedom sounds."

Freer you could hardly get. Yet during an interview he left the impression that the avant-garde Lookout Farm, which impressed some as capable of establishing the jazz style of the late '70s, had ceased to bring him the satisfaction he had in organizing it.

"To tell the truth," says Liebman, a balding man of 30 whose body English during his performances matches the sinuous lines of his multi-timbred horn, "I don't like too much of what has happened since 1970. I suppose it's natural that whatever you grow up with remains your main source of inspiration. One thing I don't hear enough of nowadays is the sense of daring, of really stretching out. There's a certain rapport that has to be sensed among the soloists, or between the soloists and the rhythm section, that makes for a true five-star combo. I'm thinking of Coltrane's groups, Freddie Hubbard's, Miles Davis'.

Please Turn to Page 90

David Liebman

More Jazz

Continued from Page 89

"Even after he went over to rock, even in the band that I played in, Miles had that sense of immediacy. He would get onstage, and here was this night and this moment, and nothing was preconditioned or predetermined in anybody's mind. So in the midst of that whole rock thing there was still this sense of adventure."

What he established with Lookout Farm, says Liebman, was a music embodying a spectrum of all the forces that had governed his career, through the years of study with Charles Lloyd and Lennie Tristano, the stints with Ten Wheel Drive (one of the first jazz-tinted rock bands) and Elvin Jones, followed by the Davis incumbency. Yet throughout the life of his now disbanded Lookout Farm, something else remained throbbing in the back of his mind.

"After I was with Ten Wheel Drive, I tried to get an idea going that involved a rock-based rhythm capable of a truly funky feeling. The band never got off the ground. But now I've decided to get back to it."

●

Unlike so many idealistic musicians who have tried to rationalize their switch to a more commercial direction, Liebman admits unashamedly, "This is certainly going to be a more commercial band, playing a crossover music. I'm putting it together in San Francisco with the help of Pee Wee Ellis, the composer, arranger and saxophonist who was musical director for James Brown and later for Esther Phillips. I feel like I want to get away, at least for a while, from the guys who play jazz rhythm. There's a big difference; in fact, it's all but impossible to find someone who does both things well."

Critics hailed Liebman as the most brilliant of the many Children of Miles (Herbie Hancock, Mahavishnu, Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, to name just a few) and Lookout Farm as possibly the most enlightened non-fusion jazz group. Nevertheless, though he did not say it in so many words, Liebman conceivably found that the pan-directional absence of any restraints in the free music of Lookout Farm was a space trip without a specific terminal point. The group vacillated between the jazz-rock fusion movement to which he had contributed during the two years with Miles, and the more linear traditions that had evolved in the earlier Coltrane jazz era. Eclecticism can be a tender trap; at times it may become a synonym for lack of direction.

While in the process of lining up his new combo, due to explode soon, Liebman was able to set to rest the rumors about his alma mater. "There'll be a new Miles Davis band very soon. Miles called me from New York. His health has improved and he sounded very good. People have been wondering about him because he stays inside so much—he hasn't left the house too often this past year or two."

Asked whether he felt Davis' playing in the mid-'70s had been worthy of him, Liebmen said, "No, no. What he was doing was failing to use his capacity as a creative musician. He still played great trumpet solos, but he wasn't organizing the music; there was no structure. But as they say, what goes around comes around. A year or so after I was with him he began to play things that were a little more structured, that had chord changes and form. I believe he was all set to put together something new and exciting along those lines when he became sick and had to drop out.

"Miles' ego wouldn't permit him to do any less than lead the field. He's changed the whole direction of modern music many times, and he's liable to do it again."

Los Angeles Times CALENDAR SUNDAY, APRIL 3, 1977

AT PLAZA FOUR 4/23

Kenny Colman in an Elite Class

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Something is stirring in Century City. The Playboy Club inches back toward an occasional jazz policy; the Hong Kong Bar is busy booking name groups and now comes news that the Plaza Four, directly in back of the Shubert Theater, has given up its Top 40 stance in favor of MOR jazz attractions.

One room at the Plaza Four is a handsomely appointed restaurant where men in suits and ties dine and discuss their golf game and the stock market. A large adjoining area finds a younger crowd at a long bar or in a lounge, where their vocal tastes are catered to by Kenny Colman.

Colman, who has been endorsed by Frank Sinatra and employed by Redd Foxx, is in a class for which there are few counterparts. While he liberates the melody of "Sunshine of My Life" with free-swinging twists and turns, you are put in mind less of Stevie Wonder than of Sarah, Ella or Carmen.

At times he tends to oversell. This was noticeable in a disco arrangement of "There Will Never Be Another You" that seemed out of character. But he is at his best cruising through a romantic yet jazz-inspired "Feelings," with pianist Frank Collett as a sympathetic mood underliner, or introducing "Year After Year," a spendid song by Bart Howard, who wrote "Fly Me to the Moon."

Colman's other assistants are Nick Martin on drums (fine beat, but a shade too loud once or twice) and Frank Della Rosa on bass. The overall impression of singer and accompaniment is that this is the right sound in the right environment. When he introduces one of his most attractive numbers by telling us, "I had the privilege of recording this one for Columbia and they had the privilege of never releasing it," you may find yourself, in the words of the old blues, laughing just to keep from crying.

Colman's personable sight and sound will continue at the Plaza Four through May 1.

JAZZ REVIEW

Bill Smith and His Electric Clarinet

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

If there were more men of Bill Smith's caliber on the scene, the clarinet, that half-forgotten harbinger of the swing era, might at last enjoy a renaissance in jazz.

Smith, a man of rare erudition and prodigious talent, is on sabbatical from the University of Washington, where he has spent the past 10 years teaching classical music and jazz. The quartet he is fronting for a brief gig at Donte's (opened Tuesday, closes tonight) is a sometime thing, a short-lived reminder of the flame he ignited in the Southland 20 years ago, when he recorded his "Concerto for Clarinet and Combo" with Shelly Manne.

The group was put together for him by his former student, the vibraphonist and composer Tom Collier. A clarinet-vibes blend might be expected to evoke memories of the Benny Goodman quartet, but there are vast differences. Deeply involved with electronic music, Smith today is an artist of startling originality who, with the help of an echo-chord attachment, can set up a one-man canon effect, as he did in a dazzling unaccompanied solo on "All the Things You Are."

Another song, "Lover Man," found him diving into a phrase and setting off eerie ripples of reverb all around it. These new slants on an old sound are not used as ends in themselves, however. Smith revealed his bebop chops in "Scrapple From the Apple." His intonation was occasionally imperfect, but his ability to swing and project emotionally is unimpaired. He is a warmer Buddy De Franco, and Collier is a busier Red Norvo.

Trying to round out this group, but not quite making it, were the rather stiff drums of Bob Zimmitti and the electric bass of Dave Parlato. But nothing can diminish the pleasure of hearing Smith up to his electronic tricks, or soaring buoyantly in the upper register of a horn that was for many years a symbol of jazz.

File for future reference the name of Ted Nash, whose alto sax also was heard recently at Donte's. Negotiating the tricky changes of a Horace Silver tune with all the ease of a drag racer barreling down the curves of Laurel Canyon at 55 m.p.h., Nash defied you to believe that he is now attending Reseda High School and is all of 17 years old. They're building the new models very sturdy these days.

AT HONG KONG BAR

The Mary Kaye Trio—Las Vegas-Style

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

"Jazz at the Hong Kong Bar" read the signs and the ads. But reality fell far short of promise. All that was missing Tuesday evening was the clacking of slot machines. It wasn't a welcome back to the room's 1960s jazz policy as much as a transplantation to a Las Vegas lounge while the Mary Kaye Trio went through its elaborate motions.

Mary Kaye was a big name in the 1950s at showrooms on the Vegas Strip. The group then was more comedy-oriented. The present combo, actually a quartet, is geared more to instrumentals and straight vocals on standards, but if this can be called jazz, it is jazz of a half-baked, entertainment-directed variety.

The set opened with a flowery solo on "Stella by Starlight" by Nadine Jensen, a versatile performer in the Nevada tradition. See Nadine play the piano with the left hand while she fingers the flugelhorn with her right. Hear Nadine sing backup for Mary. Marvel at her quotes from "Rhapsody in Blue" during "The Man I Love" in a Gershwin medley. Watch her switch from acoustic to electric keyboards. Dig the big finale as drummer Dave Wilson and bassist Jim Simmons pick up trombones to blend with her horn. (The flugel is her most eloquent outlet; she would be well advised to concentrate on it exclusively.)

During Jensen's opener she called repeatedly for the mike to be turned up. But Mary Kaye's mike was so loud, feedback began to ruin the act and she called a 5-minute break in midset while it was fixed.

A powerful if not very original singer, Mary Kaye would have been better off dispensing with the balky amplification. She is an accomplished guitarist, but the area of her accomplishment is circumscribed by her creative ability, which is scarcely that of a George Benson. She did, however, try to imitate Benson's vocal-and-guitar unison strategy.

At her best, singing Gladys Knight's "You're the Best Thing That Ever Happened to Me," Kaye is a capable MOR pop artist. But the group is a cocktail music prototype. As such it may do well, though certainly not with the jazz audience, and probably not for the whole six-week run.

The Hong Kong Bar's policy in general is fine, with an early show at 5:30 Wednesday (normally there are two shows, at 9:30 and 11, three on weekends, dark Sunday and Monday). Jazz really returns May 17 with the Monty Alexander Trio, followed June 7 by Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel.

AT SANTA MONICA

4/11/77

Corea Leads Return to Forever

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The latest edition of Chick Corea's Return to Forever romped home with flying tone colors Friday evening at Santa Monica Civic. The largest (nine pieces) and most panoramic of all his groups, it amalgamates most of the worlds he had inhabited for the past 10 years.

The addition of a brass section affords Corea and Stanley Clarke, who by now is a virtual coleader, a broader palette on which to depict a spectrum that extends from Iberia to Liberia. The four brass players, armed with every double imaginable—tuba, euphonium, piccolo-trumpets and trombones—are employed less for orchestral effect than for mood enhancing, often in tandem with the lithe soprano sax of Joe Farrell.

Tricky Intervals

They also serve as backdrops for Corea, Clarke and the versatile Gayle Moran. The latter, who distinguished herself with her pure, wide-ranging soprano, as a composer and as multikeyboard partner to the leader, unflinchingly negotiated some tricky intervals in "The Musician," to which Corea set his own lyrics. Moran moved to the acoustic piano to sing and play her own wistful tone poem, "Do You Ever."

The return of Farrell to the Corea fold is a logical step. His soprano is the perfect complement for some of Corea's electric keyboard sounds, though it was on tenor sax, playing Chick's "Serenade," that he whipped the audience into a frenzy.

Stanley Clarke, moving with gazelle-like grace from upright to electric bass, at times using an octave-shifting mechanism that enabled him to resemble a slightly fuzzy guitar, today is a human family tree representing all the stringed instrument dynasties. Aside from his inept vocal duets with Moran, everything he did had the mark of a perfectionist.

Disney Slides

Among the dozens of highlights, Corea's "Music Magic" stood out, as did Clarke's two numbers dedicated to Mickey Mouse, complete with Disney slides on the screen. If Clarke's aim is to change the image of the term Mickey Mouse music for a whole new generation, he has succeeded.

RTF could wrack up greater returns if ample time were allotted to all the newly arrived talent. Must the brilliant trombonist Jim Pugh be confined to one fly-by-night solo in a three-hour concert?

Pandemonium in the audience made it difficult for Corea to quit. After accepting a scroll declaring Good Friday as Chick Corea Day in Los Angeles, he and Clarke played a beautifully laid-back duo for acoustic piano and upright bass on "Green Dolphin Street." Nobody in this band has forgotten his roots.

LIBRI NUOVI

MUSICA JAZZ Jun 77

Press, che penso proprio sia il saggio più acuto scritto sull'argomento fino ad oggi).

Leonard Feather, « The pleasures of jazz », Horizon Press, New York 1976. Pagg. 200, con ill., $ 7,95.

Si tratta anche in questo caso di una raccolta di interviste che Leonard Feather ha pubblicato in anni recenti su diversi periodici, e soprattutto sul *Melody Maker* e sul *Los Angeles Times*. Questa volta, però, Feather non si è proposto — come aveva fatto invece quando aveva riunito e rielaborato per il volume *From Satchmo to Miles* alcuni suoi scritti già editi — di presentare una galleria di ritratti di grandi personaggi; questo è piuttosto un album di bozzetti, di schizzi dal vero, un taccuino di appunti. Per la maggior parte, infatti, le interviste qui raccolte sono molto brevi (in tutto sono più di quaranta) e riguardano personaggi più o meno importanti: ce ne sono di celebri, come Dizzy Gillespie, Earl Hines, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman, Gerry Mulligan, Sarah Vaughan, Mahalia Jackson, e ce n'è di secondari, come Dave Holland, David Amram, Terry Gibbs, e Phil Moore. Quasi tutti sono colti in un particolare, e significativo, momento: con un piede alzato, si può dire. In questo risiede, soprattutto, l'interesse del libro, che ci permette anche di reincontrare personaggi praticamente scomparsi dalla circolazione: tipi come Hoagy Carmichael, Bob Crosby, Jess Stacy, Lena Horne.

Feather non ha toccato una virgola nei suoi scritti originali, che sono volutamente "datati", anche nel senso letterale della parola, e tuttavia aggiornati, quando è il caso, con una breve nota in calce. C'è, per esempio, l'incontro con Charles Lloyd, allora (nel 1967) in ascesa e pieno di speranze, c'è un colloquio con Romano Mussolini, arrivato per dei concerti negli Stati Uniti, c'è l'intervista con Mercer Ellington (pubblicata anche su *Musica Jazz*), in cui il figlio di Duke illustra il suo progetto, poi miseramente abortito, di far rivivere nel modo più degno i più gloriosi pezzi del repertorio ellingtoniano nell'esecuzione dei grandi solisti d'un tempo. Qualche incontro non manca di note amare. Quello con Carmichael, per esempio, che dichiara che se oggi andasse da un editore a presentare una composizione come *Stardust* o *Rockin' Chair* verrebbe messo alla porta... quello (del 1973) con Anita O'Day, ridotta a vivere nella povera stanza (niente telefono; tre dollari al giorno) di un motel di Hesperia, in California... quello con Bob Crosby, che non nasconde il suo dispiacere per la freddezza di suo fratello Bing ("L'unico vero amico che egli abbia mai avuto è stato Eddie Lang", dice Bob)

Non mancano delle interviste-ritratto di particolare impegno: quella che riguarda Freddie Hubbard mi sembra la migliore.

E superfluo dire che la lettura del libro è molto piacevole. Feather è un giornalista di grande esperienza ed è quello che conosce più da vicino e in maggior numero i musicisti di jazz. I suoi ritrattini sono sempre disegnati dal vero e sono sempre somiglianti, anche quando sono appena schizzati.

Concludo: leggendo questo libro non approfondirete la vostra conoscenza della storia del jazz nè imparerete a individuare le migliori incisioni di questo o di quello; imparerete però a conoscere meglio i musicisti di jazz (ciò che pure è importante, perchè permette di evitare dei grossolani equivoci sul significato della musica che fanno) e forse anche ad amarli di più.

AT THE IMPROV

Irene Kral in an Exclusive Genre

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

An album by Irene Kral, accompanied solely by pianist Alan Broadbent, was nominated for a Grammy this year. This honor and half a dollar, experience has shown, will buy you a cup of coffee. They continue to work only sporadically as a team; one such occasion was their appearance at the Improv Monday night.

Kral belongs to that exclusive genre of singers, many of whose followers can be found east of Fifth Avenue in New York. In Los Angeles they will come out of hiding once a year for a Bobby Short concert, but they were in short supply at the Improv, where she delivered a faultlessly tailored set to which Broadbent supplied a delicate, Bill Evans-like complement.

A handsome, poised woman, Kral combines dignity, humor and a rare faculty for discovering witty lyrics and arcane melodies which she delivers with a jazz-inflected sensitivity. Some of these songs have a social or moral message. Dave Frishberg's "Wheelers and Dealers" is a mordant dissection of money grubbers who know the price of everything and the value of nothing. Then there was a Fran Landesman-Tommy Wolf collaboration that seemed to bear the title "It Isn't So Great It Couldn't Get Better, It Isn't So Bad It Couldn't Be Worse."

Even the less significant tunes are among Tin Pan Alley's more literate products: "It's a Wonderful World," "Oh You Crazy Moon" and "The Song Is You." All are sung with perfect intonation and perhaps more sophistication than they deserve.

Along with Broadbent (except for the last two numbers, for which they relived the album as a duo) Kral had virtuoso bassist Fred Atwood, who brings value to every note, every obbligato phrase. Completing the trio was Nick Ceroli, a drummer who can swing hard but, when the occasion calls for it, knows how to speak softly and carry a

Los Angeles Times

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Kral will open at the Lighthouse May 3. A few weeks later she leaves for her first trip to Japan, where the record won not just a nomination but also the award as vocal LP of the year. Instead of the dozens who came to the Improv, crowds of thousands are expected. It's a wonderful world all right, but at times just a little bit weird.

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JAZZ 4/10/77

Davis in the Flow in 'Water Babies'

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The radical social changes of the past 10 years, vividly reflected in a multifaceted musical revolution, have taken place with such unnerving speed that it becomes almost impossible to gain a true perspective. Which of the new values are destined to endure? To what extent can they coexist with the precepts of yesteryear?

The reactionary, hostile generalizations about today's electronic sounds are clearly as emotional, and often as irrational, as the countervailing tendency to dismiss as a mere antique any work created in the prerevolutionary days. Moreover, electronics is only one facet of the rebellion. The amplified keyboards, guitars, basses and horns that seem—by virtue of their volume, their intensity and their sales figures—to dominate today's music are now being challenged by alternative avant-garde, the kind represented by Keith Jarrett's acoustic piano, Ralph Towner's 12-string and classical guitars, and other manifestations of a new intellectual idiom, classifiable neither as jazz nor rock and sometimes closer to European classical music.

Miles Davis

These reflections spring to mind with the arrival last week of a remarkable album, Miles Davis' "Water Babies" (Columbia PC 34206) was recorded in 1968 but had been previously released only in Japan.

The Davis of those days was not plugged into anything but beauty. Every one of the musicians on these two sides has since moved into a leadership role. Wayne Shorter, heard here on tenor saxophone, now plays soprano as colorador of Weather Report. Tony Williams, the drummer, vacillates between leading a rock group and playing straight-ahead jazz. The bassists Ron Carter and Dave Holland (both playing upright bass in those days), have been identified with various brands of group sounds: Carter presently celebrating the release of his best album ("Pastels") and Holland maintaining the more cerebral image. The owners of the pianists, Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea, are too well known to demand any retelling.

What is more important about "Water Babies" is its reminder of some observations made by Miles' biographer, Bill Cole. An ethnomusicologist whose book is largely adulatory and skillfully analytical in its dissection of Davis' zigzag course from bop to electronics, Cole pointed out that by 1969 Davis and his record company were concerned about the drastic falloff in his sales—from 100,000 for "Porgy and Bess," a decade earlier, down to 50,000 or as little as 25,000 for some recent LPs.

Clive Davis then advised him to change his music in order to accommodate a larger audience. Having always enjoyed total artistic autonomy and having derived reasonably good financial results, Miles Davis at first was incensed at the suggestion that he ought to alter his direction to satisfy anyone but himself. After asking for a release from his contract, he reconsidered, relented and produced, in the summer of 1969, the controversial "Bitches' Brew" with a collective personnel that included 13 men: trumpeter, three electric keyboardists, John McLaughlin on electric guitar, two bassists and a four-man percussion team, along with Shorter and Benny Maupin on reeds.

Released early in 1970, the album within a year or so had sold 400,000 in the United States alone—more than the combined sales of all Miles' previous recordings for the company. In Cole's words, "Miles Davis became a household word at the expense of his own creativity and the intrinsic value of his whole band." What happened after that was strictly a matter of economics, as Miles continued "putting his music into computers along with echo chambers, wah-wah pedals, electric pianos, and every other conceivable trick to expand and give credibility to a music that was artistically far beneath his potential."

Whether Davis' music during the '70s has been as completely devoid of aesthetic values as Cole implies is debatable, but beyond cavil is the lasting, unquestionable brilliance and vibrance of the period represented by "Water Babies."

Miles and Shorter were still writing tunes in the more formal sense. Four of the five tracks are by Shorter; the other is credited to one "W. Process" but published as it is by Em-Dee Music, presumably this is another of the leader's pseudonyms. This track, "Dual Mr. Tillman Anthony," with its touches of funky piano, hovers on the periphery of the blues and is clearly in B flat, unlike so many tonally indecipherable works of recent years.

Tony Williams' shimmering cymbal work—his beat more implied than stated, yet unmistakably a rhythmic catalyst for the quintet—is one of the title track's countless virtues. Shorter at certain points suggests a more reserved Coltrane, nonhysterical yet boldly assertive. Davis conveys an ethereal quality that no other trumpet player has quite succeeded in re-creating.

The two masters of the upright bass, and the keyboard work (singly and collectively) of Hancock and Corea, all are components in a brew concocted not by a coven of bitches but by a small and noble gathering of the most creative minds in the music of that or any other day.

The difference is not one of characters but of quality and, most significantly, of intent. The objectives at the sessions that produced "Water Babies" were manifestly musical; the aim of everything produced under Davis' name a year or more afterward was to emphasize the rhythmic underbelly of the music in a manner calculated to put him on the charts.

Cole in his book made it clear that he sympathized with Davis and understood the difficulties that must be endured by an artist, particularly a black musician, in trying to avoid compromising his music.

I dispute, however, Cole's assertion that Miles had devoted enough time to carrying the burden of creativity in Afro-American music, and that the moment had arrived for someone else to assume the responsibility. No matter what one's feelings may be about the Davis albums of the past few years, there is no reason to assume that he cannot or will not gain our attention with another turnabout as seminal as "Milestones" and "Birth of the Cool" in the 1940s, the Gil Evans orchestral albums and the Coltrane collaboration in the '50s, the Shorter-Hancock partnership in the '60s.

Let no man write Miles Davis' epitaph. Play "Water Babies" and be forewarned that something just as priceless could happen again. ●

Looking Forward

Getting Into the Spring of Things

JAZZ

● Whether your taste leans to Third World music (**Gato Barbieri**, Friday, Santa Monica Civic), mainstream (**Modern Jazz Quartet**, Royce Hall, April 29) or blues (**Otis Rush & the Chicago Blues Band**, Lighthouse, May 13-15), it looks like a long, hip spring-into-summer for the jazz seeker.

UCLA's ongoing romance with the good sounds takes on a bolder dimension with a **Jazz Festival**, May 27-29. Scheduled are a **Cannonball Adderley memorial** presentation, with **Bobby Bryant** directing the late Oliver Nelson's orchestra; the **Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band, Dexter Gordon** and **Woody Shaw, Herbie Hancock**, et al.

The Pilgrimage Jazz Series at the Ford Theater runs from today (**Willie Bobo**) through June 19 (**Shelly Manne-Lew Tabackin Quartet**); in between are, among others, **Kim Richmond, Caldera, Alan Broadbent** with string quartet, and **Gerald Wilson's band** in a matinee of jazz and gospel with the **Interdenominational Choir.** Free admission and free parking for the entire series.

Concerts by the Sea retains its contemporary stance with **Freddie Hubbard** (Tuesday), a double bill featuring **Bill Evans' trio** and the **Art Farmer-Cedar Walton Quintet** May 3-8, **Eddie Harris** for three weeks in June, **Patrice Rushen** June 28-July 2, and such less ubiquitous names as **Earl Klugh and Woody Shaw.**

Rudy Onderwyzer, still struggling to launch **Hop Singh's** in Marina del Rey (it'll be open any year now), has his hands full with the Lighthouse offering such delights as **Gap Mangione,** Tuesday through Sunday; **Milt Jackson,** May 31-June 12; ex-Gillespie guitarist **Al Gafa** in his first solo hop, June 14-19, and the imperishable blues of **Mose Allison,** June 28-July 10.

Jazz continues to flourish Mondays at the **Improvisation (Supersax,** April 25, etc.), five nights a week at the **Hong Kong Bar (Herb Ellis/Barney Kessel,** June 7-25).

Donte's promises, along with the return of such popular regulars as **Larry Carlton & Robben Ford,** a visit by an all-star group, June 12-14 with **Zoot Sims, Dave McKenna, Bucky Pizzarelli** and others. Due back Thursday is the prodigious 17-year-old saxophonist, **Ted Nash.**

Occasionals: El Camino College (**George Shearing,** May 2); Playboy Club (**Irene Kral-Terry Gibbs,** May 16-21); weekends at King Arthur's (**Bill Berry,** April 30); the Cellar (**Les DeMerle**); Hungry Joe's, the Ice House, etc.; and who knows what Hop Singh's may have in store?

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times CALENDAR PAGE 83
SUNDAY, APRIL 17, 1977

Another Dizzy Spell for Lalo Schifrin

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● "I am a very happy man," says Boris (Lalo) Schifrin. "Besides being a musician, I have always been a movie buff. I was a member of cinema clubs in Argentina and France. I've been fortunate to combine my two loves in my work."

Schifrin was only 25 when he began writing for films in his native Buenos Aires and promptly won the Argentine equivalent of an Oscar with his score for a picture called "El Jefe." His California credits have won him four Grammys (two for Mission: Impossible, one each for "The Cat" with organist Jimmy Smith and "Jazz Mass" with Paul Horn) and three Oscar nominations ("Cool Hand Luke," "The Fox" and "Voyage of the Damned").

His eclecticism has enabled him to hopscotch between chamber music, cantatas, ballet and other classical works, commissioned by everyone from Zubin Mehta to the University of Judaism, and a more continuous role as a screenwriter. Among his 60 movies have been "The Hellstrom Chronicle," "The Cincinnati Kid," "Bullit" and "Dirty Harry." The TV shows have ranged from Mannix and Medical Center to prestigious documentaries: "The Making of the President, 1964," "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich."

Sitting in the music room of his home in Beverly Hills, surrounded by synthesizers, various keyboards and ubiquitous manuscript evidence of works in progress, Schifrin has the manner of an affable, slightly absent-minded professor. He talks quickly, volubly, sometimes so eager to express himself that the words trip over one another in an English that, though fluent, seems not much more Americanized than during his early years in this country (1960-62) when he toured the United States as a pianist with the Dizzy Gillespie Quintet.

"Is a great thing," he says, "to be able to diversify. For so long I wrote mostly for films and TV; but always there have been outside ventures. I was commissioned by the American Harp Society to do a piece for solo harp. It's a big success in all the music schools where they are teaching for harp. And I did one for percussion alone. One percussionist plays an infinite number of instruments, with choreography. It will be premiered Monday at USC by Ken Watson, the avant-garde percussionist who toured the world with Stravinsky."

●

Schifrin's love affair with music may be attributable to his genes. Son of a violinist who for 30 years was concertmaster of the Buenos Aires Philharmonic, he studied piano (also sociology and law) before going to Paris on a scholarship. His composition teacher there was a disciple of Maurice Ravel. Moonlighting with local combos, Schifrin represented Argentina at the International Jazz Festival in 1955.

"I lived in the worlds of classical music, jazz and films. One night I might see Billie Holiday during her first Paris visit; the next evening I would go to the Cine Club to see a movie by one of the masters—Jean Renoir, Henri Clouzot, Fritz Lang.

"I was greatly influenced to take up film writing as a result of a film I must have seen 20 times—"Alexander Nevsky" with music by Prokofiev. From it I learned so much about the audio-visual counterpoint which is a new form of art. So in fact I've been involved with the two arts that are a part of our century."

He has not made a special point of incorporating jazz into his scores. "Jazz is a very pure form of music. Asking why I don't use jazz is like saying, 'Why don't you do a fugue?' A fugue is a form in itself. So is jazz.

"Anyhow, 'Bullit' was jazz-oriented, you know; and there is a feeling of Latin jazz in the Mission: Impossible theme. But in general, I am proud of not having used jazz in the wrong context, associating it with prostitution and all the gangsters which is a stereotype idea of what people think jazz should represent. I only use it in special situations, when it works, it works.

"Ironically, I have been accused, by people who don't necessarily understand the term, of using too much jazz. Once when I was new in town, Elmer Bernstein recommended me for a documentary film and Mel Stuart, who was the vice president of Wolper Productions, who always listened to jazz stations and had heard my records and my way of playing —he thought I was black. His reaction was: 'No, he cannot do it. He is a jazz musician.' A form of snobbism, you know. But I finally did it, and since then I have worked a lot with Stuart.

Lalo Schifrin

"With Ray Charles, I had an exactly opposite experience. I did a demo of the song for 'The Cincinnati Kid,' and when I went to see him, hearing my accent, he thought I was some Middle-European composer, like Franz Waxman or Bronislaw Kaper. Ray thought of me as one of them, and sat there acting very formal. He said to me, 'Did you write that song?' and I said yes. 'And who did the arrangement?' 'I did.' He didn't believe me! Finally I reminded him that I used to be Dizzy's pianist, and he relaxed."

●

Despite the pressures of back-to-back movie assignments, Schifrin in the past couple of years has made a gradual return to an area he had all but abandoned, that of writing for record albums.

"It's funny how this started. A couple of years ago there was a tribute to Dizzy at Lincoln Center. I was invited to play there, and it was like a flashback of my life. I thought of my teen years when I was buying his records, or the first time I heard his magnificent band when it visited Buenos Aires; and then I found myself playing some of the old things I used to do with him in the quintet. I was a little afraid of the critics—I felt sure they would say: 'Well, Schifrin has gone Hollywood, he doesn't have it any more.' But a marvelous thing happened. The house was sold out, the audience went crazy, and John S. Wilson of the New York Times gave me the kindest words of the whole concert review."

Less than 24 hours later, Schifrin received a call from Creed Taylor to make an album for CTI. The resultant product, "Black Widow," did only moderately well here but made the pop charts in England, France and Japan.

Not long after the release of "Black Widow," Schifrin received a call from Gillespie and Norman Granz, who records Gillespie for his Pablo label. "Dizzy told me, 'I'm tired of making collectors' items. I want to do an album that has the possibility of selling.' Norman went along with the idea and encouraged him."

It is what he would call a crossover album. "But this does not mean any compromise. Things have changed. I mean, how many times can you play 'How High the Moon'? There are some themes in my album for Dizzy, with traditional harmony; but there are others that have a continuum, where we are not involved with constantly changing chords.

"John Coltrane changed our way of listening when he played 50 minutes on the same chord in 'My Favorite Things.' It has to do with a more Oriental, more African attitude. African music seems to be primitive but it's very far from it. We're used to the parameters of Western music, of harmony, melody and rhythm; but what happens if you use the parameters of duration, pitch, silence, contours, density? Then you start hearing music with a whole new kind of perception.

"We have also electronics in the album, and Dizzy loved this, too. He was absolutely enchanted with the album. Listen."

As the tape rolled I heard a few of the tracks from "Free Ride," on which Schifrin plays various keyboards, sometimes overdubbing two or more parts.

"I like to mix electronics with other instruments, hidden with the acoustic instruments so you cannot tell. But as soon as possible I want to expand my knowledge and understanding of electronic sounds. I want to spend at least six months at the new Pompidou Center for the Arts in Paris because Pierre Boulez is directing the music department, and they have the best laboratories for electronic music in the world."

●

Schifrin has many other plans, divorced from celluloid and devoted to new, multidirectional ventures. "I have a plan to write a piece for symphony orchestra called 'Incantations,' which will be a symbolic imitation of primitive music of the world. Tibetan gongs, African music, Indian, Middle Eastern, Far Eastern, South American, Afro-Latin American, Aztec and Inca. It will be a fantasy, with all these rhythms superimposed on each other—and there's not going to be any melody. There will be enough different rhythms and meters so that the effect is supposed to be mesmerizing.

Asked if electronics will supersede and render obsolete all our conventional musical instruments, Schifrin shrugged: "Depends if there is going to be an energy crisis. If we have to ration electricity, many people are going to go out of business—the Fender Rhodes will be out, the guitars will be acoustic. But if there is not an energy crisis, then I foresee more and more expansion in the use of electronic music because the possibilities are unlimited.

"However, the possibilities within the regular instruments are also limitless. Why not make the most mileage out of everything at our disposal? Then we will have the best of both worlds." ●

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AT CAFE CONCERT

4/18

Ernie Andrews and Holman Band

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Cafe Concert, on Ventura Blvd. at Corbin in Tarzana, opened Friday with a jazz policy that will be retained, according to owner Lee Magid, seven days a week, with name groups appearing Friday and Saturday.

The opening show, with singer Ernie Andrews and the Bill Holman Orchestra, drew capacity crowds to the spacious room, which offers beer, wine and organic foods.

The case of Andrews is curious. The former Harry James vocalist has so much going for him—a personality that lights up the room, an attractive sound, an unswaying allegiance to pure musical values—that he might be expected by now to have achieved national prominence.

Comparisons Invited

The problems are not hard to discern. For starters, his vibrato and burnished timbre invite comparison with Billy Eckstine; but as the set progressed through two or three blues associated with Joe Williams—at times even using the same arrangements—and outright imitations of other singers such as Jimmy Rushing, it became obvious that Andrews' urgent need is to avoid any such reminders and to find material of his own in both the blues and pop-song areas.

The Duke Ellington medley, though it consisted of long-familiar material, came off best. The concept of slowing down the "A Train" to a ballad pace was resourceful and effective.

Holman's 18-piece band, in addition to backing Andrews, offered a brisk orchestral mixture of sounds of the '50s, '60s and '70s.

Middle-Eastern Rock

The contemporary beat was best represented by "Flower of the OPEC," which Holman described as "Middle-Eastern rock 'n' roll." But his arranging style, which makes ingenious use of fast-moving mass unison passages, was better represented in a fascinatingly unorthodox version of "Just Friends." The musicians, who only work together occasionally under Holman's leadership, read all his charts spiritedly.

Bob Cooper, a veteran tenor sax player who has kept up with the times, was the most impressive soloist. Bob Brookmeyer, the valve trombonist, was a welcome sight and sound in a finely textured Bill Stapleton arrangement of Bobby Troup's song, "The Meaning of the Blues." Stapleton's trumpet, familiar through his work in the Woody Herman band, was an eloquent element in "Alregin."

Showcase nights with college talent will round out the week before Ernie Andrews returns Friday, this time co-featured with the sextet known as Auracle. With its friendly ambience and intelligent music policy, Cafe Concert should have a good chance of success.

AT ROYCE HALL

4/16

Sarah Vaughan—Critic's Nemesis

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Sarah Vaughan gave a miserable performance at Royce Hall Thursday. She sang out of tune, her range has shrunk to less than an octave, the choice of material was in appalling taste and her accompaniment offered her no assistance whatsoever.

The above paragraph was written only in the hope of securing your attention. When all the truths about Miss Vaughan have been told a thousand times, when the search for adulatory adjectives has run dry, one is tempted to lie if only for a change of pace. Sarah is the reviewer's nemesis; she leaves us with nothing to criticize.

Sarah Vaughan

The actual happenings at Royce Hall were, of course, what everyone expected: Two flawless sets that illustrated, on the one hand, the lady's ability to bring freshness and radiance to songs she has been singing for her entire 34 professional years, and on the other, her gracious way with more recent material such as "Feelings," "Send in the Clowns" and a remarkable "Wave," taken very slow before the tempo doubled into the more conventional bossa nova beat.

The operatic purity of her sound and the jazz-informed spontaneity of her phrasing have always made for a stimulating paradox. Though the coloratura endings were as spectacular as ever, her lower register control was even more exquisite, particularly when she descended, by half steps, to the final low D flat in "I've Got It Bad."

Several of the songs from her forthcoming album of Beatle tunes were previewed. "Golden Slumber" fitted her beautifully; "Eleanor Rigby" sounded a little contrived, perhaps because she is not yet at ease with it. (Announcing "Black Bird," she said: "After all these years I still get nervous breaking in a song.")

Her perennial pianist and drummer, Carl Schroeder and Jimmy Cobb, lent their usual expertise, along with the admirable bassist Walter Booker. Sarah hit a couple of tempos that almost defied them to keep pace. "I'll Remember April" was a blockbuster; a whole chorus of "I Cried for You" was demolished in 26 seconds flat. In a Gershwin medley, however, the tempos were more moderate and the lyrical meanings clearer.

She forgot (or pretended to forget?) the lyrics to "Rest of Your Life," but Miss Vaughan doesn't need to do this to prove she is human. No synthesizer has yet been invented to replace this incomparable marriage of singer and material, a marriage that turns every Vaughan concert into a prelude to a standing ovation.

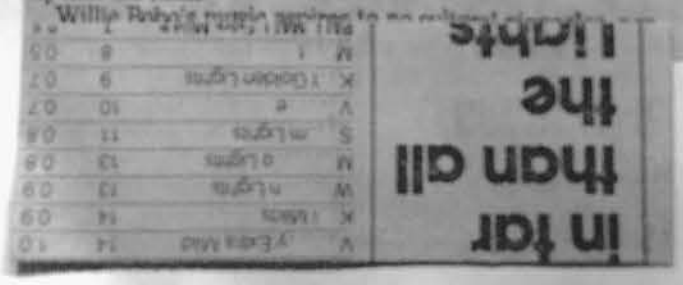
AT THE FORD THEATER

Willie Bobo Opens Pilgrimage Series

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The weather was perfect, the price (zero) was right, and the music ideally geared to a cross section of the Angeleno population. Small wonder that Sunday afternoon, at the first spring concert of the 11th season in what is now billed as the Pilgrimage Jazz Series at the Ford Theater, an overflow crowd jammed the back of the stage and billowed up into the hills.

Willie Bobo's music seems to be [illegible]



"2001," singing "Dindi" in his amiable parchment tones, breathing heavily in rhythm, breaking in a few numbers from his new album which he plugged incessantly, Bobo is a master communicator.

The happy vibes that emanated from the bandstand provided the perfect pace-setter for what promises to be an attractive 10-week series.

Next Sunday: Kim Richmond and the New Hereafter.

4/26

IMAGE AWARDS

Sammy, Stevie Steal the Show

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The 10th annual Image Awards presentation Sunday at the Century Plaza ended in a burst of glory on the strength of a spontaneous duo performance by the two unquestioned heroes of the evening.

One was Sammy Davis, who deserved an award himself for salvaging, through his taste and timing as master of ceremonies, a program that could have been renamed the Absentee Awards, or the Surrogate Soiree. The other was Stevie Wonder. There were eight categories in the recording division; Wonder was the only winner present. He compensated for this by scoring three times ("I Wish," song of the year; male artist and producer) and by coaxing Davis into a medley in which they sang their own and each other's hits.

The awards, organized by the Beverly Hills-Hollywood branch of the NAACP, with the members doing the voting, are presented to figures in the media who have made strides to enhance the image of minorities. What minority was represented by Chris Evert, winner for Best Female Sports in TV (underprivileged tennis players?), or why "All the President's Men" won over such films as "Sounder Part II" and "Leadbelly" went unexplained. What hath Frank Wills wrought? (He was the black guard at the Watergate.) Another oddity was Faye Dunaway's nomination for "Network."

The shadow of "Roots" hung heavily over the affair by its very omission, since only TV programs presented during calendar 1976 were eligible. As Sammy Davis remarked, the results of next year's event are not hard to predict. Still, there was an honorary award for Alex Haley, who was absent (Lou Gossett accepted for him). Other special awards went to Dinah Shore and Hugh Hefner, who accepted them gracefully.

There were five absentee winners among the seven motion picture categories; the TV division fared even worse. Something of a sweep was achieved by "Louis Armstrong: Chicago Style," which won in four categories, among them Ben Vereen for best actor, yet none of the performers was on hand. Another no-show was Cicely Tyson, a double winner for TV ("Just an Old Sweet Song") and motion pictures ("River Niger").

Despite this lack of star presence on the accepting side, the evening was fairly well paced and not without its share of heavy names among the presenters. Brief words of goodwill were uttered by, among others, Gov. Jerry Brown, Raymond St. Jacques and Jim Brown. Benjamin Hooks, who in August will succeed Roy Wilkins as executive director of the NAACP, announced an award for Andrew Young. Stephanie Mills sang; Liza Minnelli didn't. David Frost spoke briefly.

Maggie Hathaway, founder/president of the Beverly Hills-Hollywood NAACP branch, and Bill Lane, chairman of the awards, had the onerous task of putting together an evening that seemed to involve almost as many nominees as the Emmys.

TV winners included The Jeffersons comedy series; Marques Johnson, male sports; Cal Burton, public affairs, and O. J. Simpson for his Hertz commercials. Rona Barrett accepted for ABC, which scored resoundingly as Network of the Year as well as for Eyewitness News, A.M. Los Angeles and the Louis Armstrong drama. (Sammy to Rona: "Standing next to you, I feel like John Wayne.")

Recording awards went to James Cleveland, gospel; George Benson, jazz; B. B. King and Bobby Bland, blues; the Commodores, vocal group, and Natalie Cole, female artist.

In the motion picture division, Gordon Parks was named best director for "Leadbelly," a film that has received scant public exposure; Norman Whitfield won with his heavy-beat musical score for "Car Wash."

"Bingo Long" took two prizes, for Billy Dee Williams as best actor and DeWayne Jessie (who showed up) as best supporting actor. Hilda Haynes of "River Niger" won best supporting actress honors.

Steve Lawrence displayed his customary brand of pertinent humor. At one point he remarked, "Those of you who would like printed copies of the acceptance speeches . . ."

The George Rhodes Orchestra played with its usual efficiency. Surprisingly, the evening was completed without a single hitch in the sound system—possibly a first in award-ceremony history.

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Bud Powell

PHOTOS COURTESY COLLECTION

Earl "Bud" Powell, like Charlie Parker a seminal figure in the development of bebop (and, also like Bird, a great artist who died tragically young), was by far the most influential jazz pianist of the 1940s. His treatment in many of the history books has suffered because of the concentration on Thelonious Monk, whose importance as a composer and overall influence is indisputeble, but whose pianistic abilities are debatable.

Born September 27, 1924, in New York City, Bud left school at fifteen, played gigs around Coney Island, and worked at the Harlem club known as Canada Lee's Chicken Coop. At sixteen he worked with Valaida Snow and her Sunset Royals. Between 1940 and 1942 he was a frequent visitor to The Playhouse (better known as Minton's) during its years as an incubator of such revolutionary talents as Charlie Christian, Parker, Gillespie, and Monk. It was soon afterward that his style began to evolve into the horn-like conception of jazz piano, marked by sharply articulated single-note right-hand lines and jagged, syncopated punctuations in the left, that was eventually identified as bebop or bop. Some evidence of this was revealed in his first recordings, made when he was a member of trumpeter Cootie Williams' orchestra in 1943-44. These tracks were reissued a couple of years ago on Phoenix Records [1006 17th Ave. S., Nashville, TN 37212], LP-1.

After leaving Williams, Bud worked with a variety of small groups, mostly along 52nd Street. Among them were those of John Kirby, Dizzy Gillespie, Allen Eager, Sid Catlett, and Don Byas. By this time, though, Powell's emotional health was clearly unstable. A troubled man, seemingly unable to adjust to life, he was in and out of hospitals for much of the next decade.

One famous incident involved Art Tatum, who met Bud at Birdland and dismissed him as a "one-handed piano player." The following night Bud entered the club, looked meaningfully at Tatum, and played "Sometimes I'm Happy" at a racehorse tempo entirely with his left hand. Tatum granted that he had been wrong; Powell, having won the respect of the man he had always admired, went home that night in ecstasy.

In 1959 friends persuaded him to stay in Paris, where he was removed from the debilitating influences that had surrounded him in New York. He formed a trio and I heard him in the summer of that year at a club called Le Chat Qui Peche, playing a piano that was horribly out of tune, yet making it sound magnificent.

In 1962 he was stricken with tuberculosis. It was almost two years before he returned to work in Paris. In August of 1964 he came home to New York for what was supposed to be a brief visit. After working for a short time at Birdland he vanished from view. Friends eventually found him and tried to take care of him during the next few months, but he remained almost entirely inactive, mentally and physically a broken man. He died July 31, 1966, in a Brooklyn hospital.

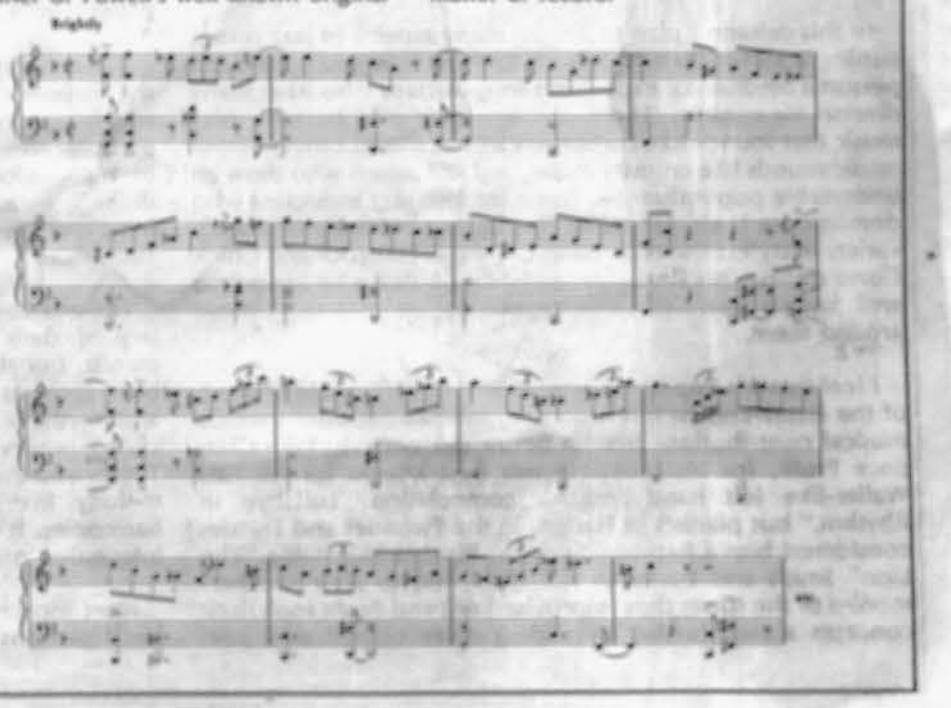
It is essential to be very selective in listening to Powell's records, since his later work was flawed by technical insecurity. By far the best albums, still available, are to be found in the series on Blue Note called *The Amazing Bud Powell* (Blue Note, 81503, 81504, 81571, 81598 and 84009). Although most of his work was thematically blues or simple 32-bar melodies, there were some important exceptions. "Un Poco Loco," with its sadly apt title, is an original work, three different takes of which are presented on 81503. "Glass Enclosure," on 81504, ranks among Powell's greatest works both as a composer and as a performer, combining the concepts he had picked up in the bebop days with a harmonic imagination and a personal articulation worthy of a Tatum.

Another of Powell's well-known original works is "Hallucinations" (the tune is also known as "Budo"), available on *The Genius Of Bud Powell* [Verve, 2-2506], a passage from which is shown here. Although the tempo is bright, there are two chord changes per measure (i.e., two per second) almost continually. And although Powell was capable of improvisations far more complex in character, these sixteen measures typify the revolution he brought about in jazz piano, since the concept is entirely linear in the right hand, while the left is employed simply for punctuations, most often directly on (or half a beat before) the first and third beats. It is interesting to note also that although this song was played without bass and drums, Powell's left hand throughout seems to be doing exactly what it would have done had a rhythm section been present.

Despite the fact that many promising pianists came up around the same time and evolved into boppers, there is no question of Bud Powell's status as the first and foremost pianist to demonstrate this genre in its finest hours.

As I wrote in *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz*: "Charged with a fantastic dynamic energy allied with an incredibly fast flow of original ideas, he produced a series of solo albums that made him the idol of almost every young pianist. Technically, he showed a control and mastery of the keyboard, and a tonal individuality in his attack, that no other pianist quite succeeded in duplicating. Powell counted Duke Ellington, Art Tatum, Count Basie, and other jazz veterans among his most ecstatic admirers."

He also counted this writer, and I find it remarkable that so little is written or said today about this artist, whose contribution to the history of jazz piano is, fortunately, a matter of record.



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4/24

JAZZ

Duke: The Music Underneath

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Many years ago, when Mercer Ellington and I were running a small record company, at the end of a telephone conversation I said, "OK, then, I'll see you later at Duke's rehearsal."

"What rehearsal?" said Mercer, puzzled. In my embarrassment I realized that only through this casual remark did Mercer learn that he had been summarily dropped from his father's orchestra.

Duke Ellington

This incident, reflecting a disturbing character trait of someone I had idolized since my teens, is one I would never have revealed during Duke Ellington's lifetime. There were many others, over the 40-year span of my relationship with Edward Kennedy Ellington (five years of which I spent working for him in various capacities) that could be printed only at the risk of being called an iconoclast and of adding my name to his mental list of nonpersons.

For several of us who were close to Ellington the temptation to write a biography was hard to resist. Barry Ulanov's "Duke Ellington," published in 1946, was written with the grudging cooperation of its subject, who had told him, "Biographies, like statues, are for dead men, aren't they?" Long since unavailable, the Ulanov work made effective use of fictionalized dialogue, but it was too little too soon. Stanley Dance's "The World of Duke Ellington," severely hampered by the author's close professional ties with Ellington and consequent inability to speak frankly, was predominantly a series of interviews with his musicians, originally printed as magazine articles.

Ellington's cryptobiography, "Music Is My Mistress," published months before his death, was just what we expected: a highly selective, Pollyannaish view of his world, as significant for what it failed to reveal as for that which he cared to recall.

These flawed efforts lend a special importance to the first posthumous book: "Duke: A Portrait of Duke Ellington" (W. W. Norton & Co. Inc.; $9.95), by Derek Jewell, popular music critic of the London Sunday Times. It is completely up-to-date, even chronicling the appearance of Mercer and the Ellington band at the Carter inaugural. Inevitably, inordinate space is devoted to the band's visits to Europe, and to interviews with Ellington's English friends, at the expense of a fuller detailing of such significant events as the writing and presentation of his extended works at Carnegie Hall. Yet, to a surprising extent, Jewell transcends these obstacles, setting in more correct perspective than any of the previous books (including Ellington's own) the aspects most relevant to any biography of a man who belongs to history: an objective appraisal of his artistic contribution, an analysis of its development and an honest evaluation of his personality.

Acknowledging that Ellington the man was an enigma, Jewell lifts at least one more veil, dealing lucidly with his intense need to concentrate on his work at the expense of discipline in the orchestra, of rapport among the members of his family and entourage, who fought none too subtly for his attention. He draws a poignant picture of the lonely, embittered Evie Ellington, who was known for 35 years as Ellington's wife but whom in fact he never married, sitting alone in her apartment while hundreds of eminences from government and music joined to honor him at the White House on the crowning night of his life, the presentation of the Presidential Medal of Freedom on his 70th birthday. She simply was not invited. It was Ruth Ellington who stood in the receiving line with her brother and the Nixons.

Without ever descending to the level of gossip or scandalmongering, Jewell examines in unprecedented depth Ellington's extremely close relationship with his sister, on whom he lavished gifts endlessly; with Fernanda de Castro Monte, whose career as a cafe society singer (Fernanda Montell) yielded to her intercontinental travels as Duke's companion; and with impresario Norman Granz, whose stormy off-and-on relationship with Ellington had a demonstrable effect on the band's activities during the 1960s.

Ellington once said that he considered himself a choreographer of people. This was as close as he ever came to an honest, accurate self-appraisal. He was a master at the game of playing off women, male friends, musicians against one another. His philosophy, his entire modus vivendi, reflected his determination to retain

(OVER)

Please Turn to Page 70

A GOOD encyclopedia is a comforting companion. It may not be thrilling, its treatment of some subjects may be shabby, but it's always there to consult when one needs it. Sort of like a silent mother.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ IN THE SEVENTIES (393 pages. Horizon. $20)—son of "EOJ in the Sixties," grandson of "EOJ of 1960" and great-grandson of the original "1955 EOJ," is just such a crony. It is a volume that jazz (and jazz-rock fusion) fans should find an indispensable reference because of its thoroughness and because, on another level, it fulfills for the most part the buff's desire to know as much about his favorites as possible.

The meat of the current edition, compiled as in the past by Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler, is the 1,400 biographies (plus 200 fine photographs) of jazzmen, some short and to the point, others extended with some critical evaluation.

This EOJ includes also two features of earlier editions: selections from Feather's "Blindfold Test" columns, which he has written for Down Beat Magazine for decades, and tabulations giving the winners of various fan and critics polls over the years.

The latter is a complete waste of paper that could have been utilized far more profitably by the inclusion of a discriminating critical appraisal of some aspect of the music—say, the jazz-rock fusion, which is alluded to in Quincy Jones' excellent introduction. The "Blindfold Test" selections supply some interest because they show that,

1. Professional jazzmen are not as adept at identifying their colleagues from a "blind" record hearing as one might expect.

2. Musicians can't always understand why other musicians play what they play, and,

3. Miles Davis is still the most brutally honest and acute jazz critic alive.

The most valuable sections of the encyclopedia are Jones' perceptive introduction and Charles Suber's plodding (but extremely informative) essay on jazz education from the '20s to date.

Jones' comments on the illusive nature of innovation, the role of electric guitar and fender bass in bringing about the electronic revolution and on jazz as "a stepchild of many matriarchal types of music" are illuminating even to the most seasoned listener.

Suber's essay is important if only because more and more jazzmen, particularly big-band leaders, are making more and more of their money playing high school and college dates and holding student clinics.

A serious drawback—but understandable given space limitations—is the absence of biographies of some of the dead masters. For a full treatment of Charlie Parker, for example, a neophyte fan must refer to the "EOJ of 1960," which can entail a tiresome trip to a library or considerable expense. Horizon has made "EOJ 1960" and "EOJ of the Sixties" available at $17.50 per copy.

Otherwise, this book is the standard shelf reference of jazz, and it belongs in any serious listener's bookcase.

—Don Nelsen

DAILY NEWS 4/24/77

The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Seventies by Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler (Horizon; $20)

The jazz critic for The Times has provided a new addition to his series of books on America's art form—a series begun in the prewar days of be-bop and promising to extend beyond this present work.

This book is faithful to the format of an encyclopedia, incorporating almost 1,500 biographies of luminaries in every aspect of jazz, along with an extensive collection of performance and candid photographs. Feather uses the encyclopedic-biographical form to centralize vital statistics about an artist but he also matches to the factual information his own chosen observations about the individual. The technique works to embellish vital data with professional associations in such a way that the reader is placed, with each entry, in a musical milieu. From mention of inspirational debts, individual accent, notes on dues-paying days and present musical expression, the single entry becomes in itself encyclopedic.

If George Benson is a contemporary idol, Feather has not forgotten the heritage chile: A few pages after Benson comes "Blake, James Hubert (Eubie)," with that astonishing birthdate of 1883. Later on the reader encounters "Hines, Earl Kenneth (Fatha)," as well as names like Oliver, Armstrong, Ellington, Kenton. Later still, one encounters offbeat exponents like Frank Zappa and psychiatrist-turned-pianist Denny Zeitlin.

Feather's book continues factors which made him a musical authority, like his invention of the Blindfold Test, in which well-known musicians guess the identity of works by their fellows based upon hearing only a few bars of a recording. And the jazz critic places his usual emphasis upon information for the lay readership about those special professionals, the "musician's musician," which affords biographical inlight into such figures as Joe Pass, Herbie Hancock and others.

A purview of jazz education, a guide to jazz films and a list of recommended readings complete the volume.

L.A. TIMES, April 24, 1977

JAZZ

Rebel From Spanish Harlem

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Willie Bobo wears a diamond in his ear and a Santa Barbara medal on a heavy gold chain, sports a gray mustache and has the air of a man unlikely to be deterred in anything he cares to undertake.

"I was always a rebel, always a persistent kid," he says. "Nobody could ever figure out where I was coming from."

The statement could be taken both literally, in terms of Bobo's heritage, or figuratively, because of the difficulty in classifying him musically. William Correa (the nickname was given him by Mary Lou Williams, whose piano he complemented on a record date when he was 16) grew up in Spanish Harlem, his father an immigrant from Puerto Rico who worked a day job and played guitar on weekends.

"I hung around musicians from a very early age, running their errands, bringing them coffee. Being New York-born, I was around the non-Spanish-speaking people, the brother, so I ventured into the brother's area of jazz. Then came the Cuban influence; for a while I was the bandboy for Machito's orchestra. When Perez Prado came to this country I played in his first show. The principal of my junior high school used to cover for me."

For a while he worked as a messenger in a Spanish theater. "It was fascinating to me to run into all these big-name performers. Working there I met them all. Of course, later on I found they were only big from 110th St. to 116th St."

The cross-pollination of cultures was strengthened when, at 14, he made his first record session with Armando Castro, a Mexican pianist.

Willie Bobo

Gradually he became aware that just as black and white jazz were largely separated, Latin musicians were similarly stratified. "The black Puerto Ricans would be uptown and the white would be downtown at the Palladium and the China Doll. I couldn't understand it. I didn't like the Spanish and the brothers putting each other down either. I tried for years to break down these kinds of attitudes.

"I was accepted in Harlem among the brothers—when they found out I spoke Spanish they'd say, 'Hey, where'd you learn that?' I'd tell them I was a Spookorican."

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The color line in Latin music disintegrated in the late 1940s. Not long after Tito Rodriquez had put the dark-skinned Cuban percussionist Mongo Santamaria on his payroll, Tito Puente followed suit and, on Santamaria's recommendation, hired Willie Bobo. Over the next few years he graduated from the bongos to congas, timbales, singing and dancing. Hanging out and sitting in at Minton's, the Harlem club where bebop crystallized, he enlarged his circle of friends. "Sarah, Dizzy, Carmen, Duke—they all knew me. Through them I became more interested in every aspect of music rather than a particular idiom."

After a decade split between Puente (four years), Cal Tjader (three) and Herbie Mann, Willie stayed in New York, leading his own group at times (one of his first sidemen was a 21-year-old pianist named Chick Corea) and finding himself in constant demand for record dates despite his complete lack of musical literacy.

"I was on Miles Davis' 'Quiet Nights' album; I made dates with everyone from Cannonball Adderley and Hugo Montenegro to Pee Wee Russell and Stan Getz. I reached the point where I was recording constantly, six or seven days a week, but I was losing *me*, losing that good feeling of doing something creative and enjoying it. The money couldn't compensate. That's when I decided to leave New York."

Before going West he had recorded his first hit, "Spanish Grease," and headlined for a long spell at Count Basie's Club in Harlem. He had bought a home in New York, which he still owns, but in 1969 he and his wife headed for California with their two sons (the younger, Eric, now 8, has been stealing the show at Bobo's concerts for the past couple of years, borrowing his father's timbales).

His Los Angeles activities have not differed greatly in character from those of the New York days, but the sense of accomplishment is greater because he finds that musicians of every ethnic background work together with a better mutual understanding.

"The cats out here are more concerned about the learning process, the feeling and dynamics, the beauty of what they're into. I find it's not that hard to get what I want out of any musician, provided he's either at my age bracket or has gone through something comparable to what I've gone through.

"Years ago the Latin players couldn't explain to the jazz musicians just what it was you had to do on the claves, and by the same token the jazzman would tell the Latin, 'You don't understand how to play straight 4/4 time.' I never did believe that to play Latin you had to be Latin, or any other kind of separatist idea."

Bobo's humor-leavened, vibrantly communicative personality has enabled him to bring out the best in all his sidemen—black, white, Mexican, Cuban—in an exuberant blend of sounds: ballads, jazz, Afro-Cuban, Brazilian and a hint of rock. He sees to it that the band's arrangements are kept simple: "I don't like too much meat in there—I'd rather add a dash of oregano and marinate it rhythmically."

His vocal numbers (a song from Rio, "Dindi," helped establish him as a ballad singer) have become a physical strain. "I found out I was getting hoarse because I didn't know how to use my voice. So now I have a vocal coach who's helping me exercise the muscles correctly."

It seems ironic that he is taking lessons after so many years of success without education. Bob feels that his sharply sensitive ears compensate for his minimal musical knowledge. As he puts it: "I can't read notes, but I can hear paint dry."

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ALBUM OF THE WEEK: Toshiko/Tabackin Big Band—"Road Time" (RCA CPL 2-2242). A superlative two-record set, taped during the couple's Japanese tour last year. The greatest jazz orchestra in America has yet to make an American tour. ●

JAZZ REVIEWS

Gentility With a Beat From MJQ

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Officially, the Modern Jazz Quartet disbanded in July, 1974. But recently John Lewis advised his old teammates that they'd better get their old tuxedos pressed. A tour was set up and Friday evening this most formal representative of what had begun as an informal genre played at Royce Hall to a house sold out 10 days ahead.

The evening went by without a word spoken on stage, without dramatic peaks, but not without constant and heartening reminders of the special values Lewis and his partners have brought to jazz since 1952. Playing a contemplative reexamination of a Gershwin piece from "Porgy and Bess" or from one of Lewis' film scores, the quartet sounds as genteel as ever, yet is capable of generating a pulse that outswings all those later combos that boast 10 times the decibels and one-tenth the good taste.

For all their decorum, the four are still masters of the blues. "Pyramid," "Bluesology" and several other tunes were rooted in the 12-bar form. Nor is their debt to bebop overlooked. Gillespie's "Night in Tunisia" and Monk's "Round Midnight" remain staples of their repertoire.

Lewis as a pianist is now slyly elliptical (a boppish Count Basie), now sweepingly romantic, as in "I Loves You, Porgy." There is another side to him that finds its outlet in surprisingly percussive Earl Hines octaves.

Milt Jackson seems more assertive than Lewis, yet his vibraphone is the perfect complement. He, too, knows the art of telling much by saying little, as when he simply added a few grace notes to the melody on "Porgy."

Percy Heath, playing an instrument he says is a couple of hundred years old, reminded us that basses are like wines. His solo on "Blues in A Minor," mixing melodic ingenuity with humorous quotes, brought one of the evening's numerous midtune ovations.

As for Connie Kay, he of the discreet wire brushes, cymbal trees and other minuscule gadgets and miniature sounds, he is the drummer best equipped to remind us that emotion is a matter of sensitivity, not merely volume.

The audience, composed of older fans who perhaps heard the first MJQ concert in 1954 and other who were then unborn, was one of the most receptive I have ever seen at Royce Hall, welcoming these elders like four sons who had strayed from each other and their family of fans but had earned a happy homecoming party.

The tour ended Saturday in San Diego. Lewis will return to his teaching assignments at New York's City College. Kay will resume his job at Eddie Condon's. Percy will rejoin his brothers Tootie and Jimmy Heath in their family combo and Jackson will head locally organized quartets. But the tuxedos will not be discarded, you can count on that.

Image Out of Focus for Caldera Septet

Sunday's concert at the Ford (Pilgrimage) Theater proved, as if proof were needed, that fusion can lead to confusion. On stage mixing its images was the international septet known as Caldera. Though nominally led by the guitarist Jorge Struna, the group is dominated by its rhythm section and by the sole horn player Steve Cavagliore.

Caldera's constituents play music that would be splendid for dancing. For this audience at least, it was also well enough geared to keeping a capacity listening audience reacting at fever pitch through two uneven sets.

The percussion section—regular drums (Carlos Vega), conga and timbales—works well together, but combined with the other rhythm elements it leaves Caldera bottom-heavy. Even Struna, producing a cavernous sound from his guitar, was ultimately drowned out in one number during a stimulating solo.

The material varied between attractive original pieces, some of them written by Mike Azevedo, and others that were hampered by repeated R&B bass figures in the Herbie Hancock vein. Repetition is a two-edged sword: It can induce a state of literal entrancement, or it may lead to almost narcoleptic monotony.

Azevedo at the electric keyboards suffered from sound problems, though at times it was hard to tell whether the distortions were deliberate or accidental. At other moments, however, he provided good support for Tavaglione, who alternated between soprano and alto saxophones and flute.

Some of the pieces supposedly were based on Latin rhythms from Argentina or Brazil, though in the latter department Caldera with its crashing overstatement is as close to bossa nova as the Rolling Stones are to the Modern Jazz Quartet.

This is a versatile and, in its more thoughtful moments, ambitious combo, but it needs a horn section to provide melodic contrast, harmonic substance and a counterbalance for this rhythmic excesses. In fairness, it should be added that the band sounds better on records: the Ford Theater does not offer spectators the luxury of a volume control.

Coming Sunday: The Glen Garrett/Rich Aronson Jazz Orchestra. —LEONARD FEATHER

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PROFILE

BENNY CARTER

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Benny Carter's position as a Vice President of WJA is one more addition to the seemingly endless list of activities in which he is involved. Though it is as a nonpareil alto saxophonist that he has sustained the longest lasting world renown, he has actually devoted far more time to composing and arranging in a multitude of settings — for big bands and singers, movies and television.

New York born, he has spent most of his adult life on the West Coast. While in Hollywood with his band, he was invited to score some music for *Stormy Weather* (he also played trumpet and alto on the sound track). Benny continued to tour intermittently with the orchestra he had led off and on since 1933, but by 1945 he had bought a home in the Hollywood hills and during the next decade became an accomplished craftsman in the art of screen writing. He orchestrated everything from a Laurel and Hardy picture to a variety of dramas, and was seen as well as heard in *The View from Pompey's Head* and *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*.

For the legion of jazz fans he has accumulated over the decades, such prestigious assignments are less well remembered than his incumbencies in the bands of Charlie Johnson, Chick Webb, Fletcher Henderson and McKinney's Cotton Pickers, or the mid-1930s Benny Carter

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DAVE PELL

by Paul Tanner

My first awareness of the talents of Dave Pell was when he played beautifully carved tenor sax solos with Les Brown's band. Those who knew him well were sure that Davey was going to be deeply involved, and most successful, in the business side of recording as well as playing. We also used to see Dave with cameras hanging all over him, taking the most interesting pictures of the industry's most interesting people.

Dave was Vice-President of Tops Records for five years and produced over 500 LP's. During that time he was also very active with the Dave Pell Octet and recorded 18 albums for various labels. Dave carried on a musical tradition that was often described as "West Coast" sounds.

In the early '60s, Dave produced independently for Reprise Records, including the first Basie/Sinatra LP with additional production including LP's for the Hi-Lo's and Sammy Davis.

From 1961 to 1970, Dave was the head of the A&R for Liberty/-United Artists Records, producing an unbelievable variety of hit albums. Then when Motown moved to California, Dave was in charge of their Creative Department — now that is a successful man on the move. For the past few years, he has been producing independently, namely for such artists as Carmen McRae.

With all this activity, Dave still finds time to travel the Colleges around the country, and do clinics as a player. He works for the American Song Festival, and is the Treasurer of the World Jazz Association. These projects are very time and energy-consuming, so one wonders how he was able to produce the

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GNUS

The Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone News Bulletin · Truth, Honesty, and Integrity Monthly

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Leonard and Jane Feather sent out the most unusual change-of-address notice we've seen or, for that matter, heard. The nicely printed folder with a funky old-time moving photograph on the front opens to reveal a sheet of music, a tune called "Move Inwego." Leonard composed, while Jane handled the lyrics which, of course, revealed the new address, phone, etc.

We were so impressed that we went directly to the F/P/M Yamaha grand and picked out "Move Inwego," which was, of course, stunning!

AT PARISIAN ROOM 5/6/77

History Lesson by Hendrickses

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Jon Hendricks' booking this week at the Parisian Room is his first nightclub gig in five years. He is on a sabbatical from his unique "Evolution of the Blues" presentation, which will soon round out its third year at the On Broadway Theater in San Francisco.

The male jazz singer being an almost extinct species, Hendricks' continued loyalty to the cause is doubly welcome. Doing his own songs, such as the earnest "Tell Me the Truth," or the perennial "Gimme That Wine," he brought a reminder that intelligent phrasing, a husky jazz timbre and a ready wit constitute a potent brew.

"Motherless Child" was in a more serious vein, sung fervently and with an altered tone, as if he had placed a veil over his voice. After segueing into the familiar blue tonalities of "Moanin'," he concluded his solo portion of the set with an affectingly personal "Here's That Rainy Day."

Soon it was time for the family hour. The tall and lovely Michelle Hendricks, 22, brought her deep, interestingly hollow sound to "Shiny Stockings." Eric Hendricks, 21, showed a sense of roots rare in one his age on the Big Bill Broonzy blues "It Was a Dream."

Judith Hendricks then joined her husband and the children for a zesty re-creation of the Lambert, Hendricks & Ross years. Ms. Hendricks, occupying the very demanding Annie Ross role in these transformations of jazz instrumentals, has improved remarkably since her nervous, uncertain early days with the group.

The quartet sang a couple of Count Basie hits, accompanied by three youngsters brought with them from San Francisco: Bill Purnese, piano; Chuck Sher, bass, and 18-year-old Kevin Hayes on drums. The resident guru Red Holloway added his formidable presence on tenor sax.

The Hendricks family offered a jazz education with Jon's high-spirited arrangement of an early Duke Ellington chart based on the ancient "Royal Garden Blues." Everything off the recording, including the original solos by Cootie Williams and Lawrence Brown, was set to lyrics by Jon. The Parisian Room audience, to whom this brand of vocal jazz is too esoteric for comprehension, nevertheless got the drift of the message because of the irresistible joie de vivre with which it was delivered. Unwittingly, they were enjoying a history lesson.

The family that sings together swings together. The Hendrickses will be proving this through Sunday with their one-of-a-kind display of good vibrations.

AT DONTE'S

Carlton Displays Split Personality

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Monday guitar nights at Donte's have produced some memorable music over the years. Many of the groups have offered guitar duos: Joe Pass and Herb Ellis, George Barnes and Barney Kessel, most recently Larry Carlton and Robben Ford.

Carlton, he of the L.A. Express and Crusaders renown, has broken with Ford and is working the club this month with a different rhythm section every Monday. If this week's performance was typical, the two-guitar format really has not been dropped, for musically Carlton's is a personality as deeply split as Dr. Jekyll's.

The Jekyll side was audible when he played a thoughtful, harmonically intelligent solo chorus in "Here's That Rainy Day," a tune that later found organist William Smith and drummer John Guerin in a few minutes of rare relaxation. There were touches of Jekyll in "All Blues," a time to which Carlton's tremulous long notes were well fitted. But his solo here built too far and too forte, until the skyscraper of sound collapsed of its own weight.

Too often Carlton's musicianship went into hiding behind the Mr. Hyde side. Typical was a piece that worked its way from a lead-heavy bass vamp by Jerry Scheff to a frenzy, raunchy Carlton excursion that started at top volume and ended at the bottom of his creative potential.

"Misty," its lines transformed from 32 slow into 64 fast measures, found him floundering in long, unimaginative strands of notes played as if the only aim was to keep playing, to avoid even a millisecond of silence or a momentary pause to recharge the inventive batteries. The rhythm section was loud, ugly, gross. It was hard to believe this was the same John Guerin I have known and respected for 15 years.

It seems unlikely that either Carlton or his colleagues would work at this level if they were not well aware that it is very commercial. Donte's was packed, and there were lines outside waiting to get in.

Next Monday Carlton will be backed by his former Crusader confreres, Joe Sample and Robert Popwell, and by drummer Harvey Mason. One can only hope they will take a little time to play up to their own track record, rather than down to the audience's tastes.

AT TROUBADOUR 5/12

Joe Henderson: Show of Promises

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

This week's show at the Troubadour sounds promising on paper but falls lamentably short in the delivery.

Joe Henderson, a tenor saxophonist long respected as a sideman with Horace Silver, Freddie Hubbard and Herbie Hancock, and as leader of many recording groups, heads the program with a quartet. It has been said that his lengthy improvisations offer a capsule history of ad libbing in the past few decades of American jazz. This has been the case in the past, but something went awry Tuesday night.

Henderson's first few minutes were electrifying, full of serpentine phrases that promised to build in intensity despite the absence of a discernible theme. As time went by, originality lapsed into prolixity, and the accompanying group did nothing to add variety while the leader continued to act as if bucking for the Guinness Book of Records for world's longest saxophone solo. He finally yielded to the guitarist, Steve Erquiaga, the bassist, Ratso Harris, and the 17-year-old drummer, Mike Hyman, who was commendable more for his brushwork behind the bass choruses than for his own solo. By the time the leader took it out, this opening number had run close to 45 minutes.

Henderson's discretion and harmonic finesse were better evidenced in the ensuing "Good Morning Heartache," but by then it was nearly midnight and the show grinding slowly along since 9:30 was too far downhill to rescue.

Gap Mangione opened the evening, alternating between acoustic and electric keyboards. In the context of his brother Chuck's records and concerts he is quite a capable sideman, but as leader of his own trio he must be classified high among the not-ready-for-prime-time players.

Robert Altman, an ex-musician turned standup comic, separated the two jazz groups with a 25-minute routine in the style of a straight-clothed, clean-shaven George Carlin. Delivered to the sparse audience, his rambling monologue was alternately good for mild laughs and tastelessly boring. Are there no remaining targets for one-liners more challenging than Anita Bryant? The show closes Saturday.

5/13

Tony Bennett Joins Headliners for Richie Kamuca Benefit

Tony Bennett and a long list of headliners have been lined up to take part in a tribute to ailing saxophonist Richie Kamuca June 6 at 8 p.m. at the Hollywood Palladium. The concert is being organized to help defray medical expenses for Kamuca, who is undergoing chemotherapy treatments at an L.A. hospital.

Merv Griffin, in whose TV show orchestra Kamuca had been playing since the late 1960s, also will appear. Griffin's former drummer, Jake Hanna, is talent coordinator. Others scheduled to perform include: Doc Severinsen, Steve Allen, Terry Gibbs, Rosemary Clooney, Herb Ellis, Ray Brown, Zoot Sims, Bill Berry's Big Band, the Nat Pierce-Frank Capp Juggernaut orchestra, Charlie Barnet and Woody Herman, who is recuperating from an auto accident.

Tickets are obtainable for $15 in advance from Wallichs Liberty Ticket Agency, or $20 at the door.

Kamuca, who came to prominence in the 1950s with the bands of Herman, Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson, later established credentials with Shelly Manne, Roy Eldridge, Gerry Mulligan and many other jazz veterans.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

20 Fingers on 12 Strings: First Rate

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Guitar duos by their very constitution are most likely to be successful. Two first-rate musicians who are contemporary exponents of the same instrument would not be inclined to team up unless their collaboration were based on mutual respect. Such is the case with Barney Kessel and Herb Ellis, now playing a three-week engagement (through June 25) at the Hong Kong Bar.

So similar are their backgrounds—Ellis is from Texas, Kessel from Oklahoma, both were inspired by Charlie Christian, both had name-band experience before working with the Oscar Peterson Trio and other combos—that their styles interlock with an effortless logic. They play electric instruments, but only for the purpose of sound enhancement, using no pedals or other sound-distorting devices.

If there is a difference between their solo personalities it is often hard to analyze. Ellis, at times, is, to use his own word, a little greasier, while Kessel's display of technical wizardry is a hair more overt; yet in another number the reverse may seem true. In any event, each provides stimulating support for the other's ad-lib choruses, whether on an original blues or a hoary standard such as the 1922 "On the Alamo." Their harmonization on the opening and closing statements is brilliantly conceived and executed.

For the sake of variety, each set is neatly divided between solo, duo, trio and quartet numbers. Monty Budwig continues to grow in stature as both solo and rhythm bassist (upright, of course), while drummer Jake Hanna maintains the solid beat that has always been his hallmark.

The musicians' bandstand demeanor is one of continual stimulation and lack of pretention, incurred by the sheer joy of cooking. It is doubtful that there's anything more contagiously pleasing on 20 fingers and 12 strings than the Kessel-Ellis partnership.

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Mary Lou Williams' Spiritual Odyssey

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• SAN FRANCISCO—Keystone Korner in the afternoon is much like any other nightclub by day: dark, dreary and depressing until rehearsal begins. Mary Lou Williams, in a dark blue skirt and black sweater, puffs on a cigarillo as she greets her two musicians, sits at the piano and runs through her arrangement of "Surrey With the Fringe on Top." The tempo is bright; her rhythm section seems eager to elevate it further: "Don't push so hard," she says. "Lay back."

They try "Caravan." At an open part in the melody, Miss Williams tells bassist Larry Gales, "Just walk through it—you know, straight jazz." Next, "Dat Dere," a song that Cannonball Adderley used to play. "After the solos are over," Gales asks "do we go back to letter B?"

"Don't go anywhere," says Miss Williams quietly. "Just play."

Father Peter O'Brien, the Jesuit Priest who has been her manager since 1970, looks at his watch. She suggests a stop while someone fixes up the piano, which is out of tune.

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Back in the dressing room, its walls covered with a great montage of jazz photographs, Mary Lou Williams sees herself. "My goodness, was I ever that thin?" If she has put on weight since her last date in California 15 years ago, it's not the consequence of a sedentary life.

Since she was received into the Catholic Church in 1957, her activities have been as diversified as she has wanted. Her deep religious fervor led her away from music into a spiritual odyssey in the mid-'50s and again in the late '60s until Father O'Brien took charge.

Her sacred writing (she broke new ground in 1962 with her "Hymn in Honor of St. Martin de Porres") has the basic beat and thrust of pure jazz. "Mary Lou's Mass" has been performed at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in universities and parish churches, was even converted into a ballet by Alvin Ailey and seen on television.

Liturgical compositions aside, she has a year-rolled schedule of clubs, recordings for the Mary label that she founded in 1964 as an extramusical work with her Bel Canto Foundation, which she operates to help needy and troubled musicians. Then, too, there are college workshops, lectures, occasional TV and radio.

The engagement here ends today, her 67th birthday; this is the golden anniversary year of her debut as a leader of a jazz group, though she worked several prior years between high school terms.

What is incredible about her is not that she was the first female jazz instrumentalist to achieve worldwide acceptance but the fact that she is an ongoing history lesson. Other veterans—Eubie Blake, Hines, Basie—are living monuments to a personal style honed and retained. Miss Williams, scrutinizing herself to the innovations of each era, has incorporated new elements into her evolving compendium of styles.

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"I'm coming to Los Angeles soon," she says, "to do some tape editing on the Carnegie Hall concert I played last month with Cecil Taylor. We recorded it for Norman Granz's Pablo label."

Her collaboration with Taylor, the avant-garde pianist, came as a surprise in the light of her statement a few years ago that she had come out of retirement in an attempt to counteract the "disturbed, crazy, neurotic sounds in modern jazz."

Asked how the partnership worked, she pauses: "He plays a lot of things I don't hear. Something happens when he's on—he goes into his own thing, like a trance or something. But he's creative, and he spurred me into doing my own thing. The second half of the concert was good." Enthusiasm slips into her normally soft, legato speech. "It was one of the greatest of all concerts, because it was so different. At least you'll say, 'Well, I never heard that before!'" She laughs and adds, "I did this because I don't believe in any kind of separation. I hated to see the cliques that formed during the bop era. I was exposed to bop right along—cats like Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk used to come over to my house; they wrote a lot of their music there. And now in the same way I'm exposed to the avant-garde."

Mary Lou Williams

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Though her ears are selectively attuned to the best of today's values, she is proud, strong willed and resentful of what she hears as bastardizations of a music she helped bring to maturity. Her analysis of its roots differes in several respects from those of the historians with their Africa-to-New Orleans-and-up-the-river theories.

"It's a music that was created through the suffering of the early black American slaves, the most ill-treated race on earth. But it has nothing to do with Africa. Nothing! I played on the Carnegie stage years ago with 18 African drummers, and I had to change everything around—I couldn't play jazz on top of it.

"Dixieland is not a part of it either—that's a style of music that was created in New Orleans. As for ragtime—well, I was invited to teach a class at Duke University, and one of the faculty members told me the kids were playing it, but it was an odd ragtime, more formal than the kind I heard when I was a kid. At the class I played Scott Joplin's music, which was what they were used to, but then I went into a real stride style, loosening it up and filling it out like Fats Waller; and the people smiled and laughed and enjoyed it.

"This is our American music: the spiritual, ragtime, Kansas City swing and bop—but not long after bop, the kind of music that you hear on TV and radio today came along, and this has destroyed the spiritual content. If a young musician is influenced in this direction it will eat into his natural talent. I saw George Benson, one of the greatest guitarists around, and have you heard what he's doing now? It's pitiful! A great musician is giving in because there's a lot of money in it."

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Her life today, with its easy intermix of the sacred, the secular and the pedagogic, leaves no time for nostalgia. Although her 10 years on the road as pianist-composer-arranger with the Andy Kirk orchestra, clear through the 1930s, brought her the first measurable taste of fame, she looks back without sentiment.

"I had enough of that band—starvation for 10 years. I was always boxed in, writing for a big band. Besides, I had a tendency to experiment a lot, so when they gave me a dumb song like 'Twelfth Street Rag' I'd load it up with all kinds of complex harmonies. The result would be that it didn't swing at all, and that was a swinging era. So they'd take out a lot of the stuff I'd put in.

"I have a ball just playing with bass and drums. I need to be free. The last big band arranging I did was almost 10 years ago, for a radio band in Copenhagen, when Ben Webster, who was an old friend of mine from Kansas City, appeared as the guest soloist."

Nevertheless, her work for the big bands—Kirk, Goodman, Ellington, Jimmie Lunceford, the Dorseys and Glen Gray—played a role in her success as a composer with the likes of "Roll 'Em," "Little Joe From Chicago," and "What's Your Story Morning Glory." Those early successes enabled her to build the reputation that produced a series of honors in later years.

In Kansas City, her home base during the decade with Kirk, there is a street named Mary Lou Williams Lane. Pittsburgh, her hometown, gave her the keys to the city. Boston, where her seminars-cum-concerts have been particularly well received, is one of a half dozen cities in which a college or university has offered her an honorary degree.

Opening night at Keystone Korner finds Mary Lou Williams in prime form. The piano has been tuned. Larry Gales and the drummer, Eddie Marshall, a local musician hired for this gig, are now tuned in to each other. They don't push hard. They lay back.

Miss Williams sets down a rich carpet of chords for "Green Dolphin Street." The tempo no longer rushes during "Surrey With the Fringe on Top."

She announces that she has received a request for "My Funny Valentine." As she embraces Richard Rodgers' song with the affection in which she has held every worthwhile melody during a career not much younger than jazz itself, suddenly the 40-year-old "Funny Valentine" is a contemporary masterpeice and Keystone Korner becomes the Taj Mahal. •

Jazz 5/15

The Klugh Crusade for Acoustic Rights

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Hearing Earl Klugh's music, knowing he was raised in Detroit where the guitarists he was most likely to hear on the air would be Jimi Hendricks or Wes Montgomery, it comes as a shock when he names Chet Atkins as his foremost influence. It's like learning your favorite soul singer was inspired by Al Jolson.

"Sure," says the 23-year-old Klugh (pronounced Clue), "I grew up listening to Chet. He was the first musician I heard approaching the guitar who really got into chords as much as melody lines. It was something like what I'd been into when I started out as a pianist and listened to Erroll Garner, who had the same sort of feeling for a chordal style."

His unconventional source of inspiration clearly is working for him. On Aug. 12 and 13 at the Hollywood Bowl, Klugh will take part along with Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae and vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson in the only L.A. Philharmonic concert of the season that will involve jazz guests.

Klugh recalls picking out the notes to Eddie Heywood's "Canadian Sunset" when he was 3 or 4 years old. The switch to guitar took place when he was 10. His rebellion against the conventions assumed another form when, in the age of electronics and heavily picked amplified guitar, he chose an acoustic instrument.

"I had been playing for six or seven years before I even picked up an electric guitar. It just didn't agree with me. It's like the difference between acoustic and electric piano. I couldn't really hear the nuances, the differences in sound that I was used to getting out of the acoustic guitar. It simply doesn't register on the electric, so I put it down."

Klugh's attitude was not one of snobbery but a question of what seemed right for him. He was nevertheless susceptible to the styles created by the amplified soloists, most notably George Benson.

Earl Klugh

"I had listened to Chet Atkins for three or four years, and got it down to the point where I could play pretty much everything I'd hear him do. Then the linear thing hit me, and I started grabbing all the George Benson records I could find."

Another influence was the legendary George van Eps, a master of the chord-style guitar and a leading studio musician in the 1940s and '50s, who is all but unknown to Earl Klugh's generation. He was resourceful enough to dig up examples of this veteran's work. "I was really into bass lines and harmony and counterpoint. I also appreciated some of the pop things Laurindo Almeida had done; so up to the time I was 17, it was a combination of these four people more than anything else."

At that age, fresh out of high school, Benson entered his life as an employer as well as an idol. "I graduated in June and did the 'White Rabbit' album with him in September. He kept saying, 'As soon as I get things together, I'm going to call you to go on tour with me,' and sure enough, six months later, he called."

●

Klugh was stimulated by the reciprocal action between his fingerwork and Benson's picking style. He remained with the traveling combo for more than a year, but, to his lasting regret, never put their interplay on records. "I made two albums with him, but they were with larger studio groups, and we didn't get a chance to show what we had done together in the quartet."

After the Benson experience, Klugh found himself in for a touch of shock therapy in the form of several months on tour with Chick Corea's Return to Forever. "I had to get into electronics, playing a Les Paul model guitar. It was valuable experience, but that high voltage kind of thing was a little bit beyond my realm.

"Not that I object to the concept. I don't want to be limited to playing 'Quiet Nights and Quiet Stars' just because my guitar is acoustic. I want to shoot for that Corea and Keith Jarrett kind of thing, which is the guts of what's happening now, but I have to do it within the acoustic area that's my natural playground."

Klugh later did a couple of two-month stints with the George Shearing Quintet—"There wasn't much room for me to stretch out, but I learned a lot, because I've always been fascinated by the pianistic approach."

His years of sideman apprenticeship ended when Klugh went home to Detroit, woodshedded a while and formed his own trio. On the basis of demo tapes, he landed a record contract. Two Blue Note albums have been released and a third, in which his role as a composer is more heavily stressed, is due out soon.

●

Earl Klugh is a rare standard bearer for certain values the restoration of which is urgently needed, not only in the realm of guitar but in popular music at large. His work on the recently released "Living Inside Your Love" (Blue Note 667), sensitively arranged (and on some tracks composed) by keyboarder Dave Grusin, leaves little doubt as to Klugh's possibilities as a crusader for Acoustic Rights. The upcoming "real pretty record" seems likely to dispel whatever doubts remain. ●

JAZZ PODIUM — MAY 1977

Buchbesprechungen

The Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Seventies

Leonard Feather & Ira Gitler, Introduction by Quincy Jones
Horizon Press, New York

Nach der „Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Sixties" (von 1966) ist der vorliegende Band die zweite Ergänzung des erstmals 1955 erschienenen Standardwerkes, der „Encyclopedia Of Jazz". Dazu holte sich der Lexikograph Leonard Feather (Jahrgang 1914, früher selbst aktiver Musiker und seit langem einer der bekanntesten und renommiertesten Publizisten und Kritiker des Jazz) mit Ira Gitler einen Ko-Autor zur Bewältigung dieses umfangreichen Unternehmens. Das Hauptgewicht des neuen Bandes liegt auf dem aktuellen Jazzgeschehen, dem Jazz der siebziger Jahre. Die „Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Seventies" kommt — ihrer Bedeutung gemäß — im großkalibrigen Lexikonformat heraus, umfaßt knapp 400 Seiten und ist mit 200 Schwarzweißfotos mehr als ausreichend illustriert. In ihrem Hauptteil stehen die Biographien von 1400 Musikern, die mit ihrem Informationswert und der präzisen Sachlichkeit als vorbildlich gelten können. Komplett im umfassenden Sinn kann so ein Lexikon nie sein, dazu müßte es fast monatlich ergänzt werden. Nachdem Feather und Gitler ihre Arbeit vor einem knappen Jahr abschlossen, fehlen natürlich einige Newcomer: beispielsweise der Sänger Al Jarreau, der ja erst bei den letzten „Berliner Jazztagen" seinen internationalen Durchbruch schaffte. Abgesehen von solchen, auf Grund von zeittechnischen Problemen nicht registrierten Musikern, kann man der neuen Enzyklopädie, zumindest was die amerikanische und die international dominierende Jazzszene betrifft, Vollständigkeit bescheinigen. Was den europäischen Jazz anbelangt müssen hier einige Abstriche gemacht werden: Feather/Gitler nennen zwar die bekanntesten Jazzer wie Mangelsdorff, Garbarek, Dauner, Weber, Stanko, Rypdal und Koller, vergaßen aber so wichtige Europäer wie Alexander von Schlippenbach, Keith Tippett, John Stevens, Han Bennink, Adelhard Roidinger und Herbert Joos. Ein Manko, welches zwar bedauerlich ist, der „Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Seventies" in ihrer Gesamtheit jedoch nichts an Wert nimmt. Sie kann nach wie vor als Standardwerk gelten und ist immer noch einzig. Zusätzlich liefert sie noch eine Fülle von Informationsmaterial mit der Auflistung der in den letzten zehn Jahren entstandenen Jazzbücher und -filme, den Ergebnissen diverser „down beat" Polls und einer ausgewählten Diskographie. Erwähnenswert noch: die locker geschriebene Einführung von Quincy Jones und als besonderer Leckerbissen das Beste aus den ebenfalls im Lauf der Jahre im „down beat" erschienenen „blindfold tests".

Es gibt Platten, die sollten in keiner Sammlung fehlen und es gibt Bücher, die in jedem Regal stehen sollten. Die „Encyclopedia Of Jazz In The Seventies" ist ein solches.

PS: Daß dieses Buch nur in der amerikanischen Originalausgabe erhältlich ist und wohl nie ins Deutsche übersetzt werden wird, muß wohl kaum erwähnt werden. Es ist bei Horizon Press, New York erschienen und kann über den Versand Berklee publications, Reismühlenstraße 61, 8000 München 71, bezogen werden.

Manfred Schmidt

6/9

Rock 'n' Rhythm by Selden Quintet

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Fred Selden, a Los Angeles-born saxophonist formerly with the Don Ellis band, and Milcho Leviev, who has manned the keyboards for Ellis since 1971, have been gigging recently with their own quintet at Donte's.

Both leaders are heavily into rock, but not necessarily at the expense of melody or rhymthic intelligence. Leviev's "Lydian Riff," with Selden in a lyrical mood on soprano sax, found a mode employed for linear creativity rather than monotony. Selden's "Sergeant Bilcho" was introduced by a bold, stern unison line for alto and guitar, the latter played by Tom Rotella.

An overmiked acoustic piano distrubed the gentle intentions of "Isaac's Touchstone," dedicated by Leviev to his father in Bulgaria (Leviev emigrated to the United States in 1971). Later passages were indigestably overemotional and volume-soaked.

After Selden's "The Spirit Lady," a trite rock exercise, the group reached its most valid level with "Musical Offering." Composed by Shorty Rogers, who was Selden's teacher, this very basic and hauntingly emotional theme was written last week in memory of Hampton Hawes.

The set ended with "Two Hymies Ride Again," a boppish affair in straight 4/4, with some highly effective contrapuntal moments by the leaders, spirited Rotella guitar and Leviev on acoustic piano. Completing the rhythm contingent were Ken Park on drums and Dave McDaniel on Fender bass.

If the group can maintain a sensible balance between jazz and heavy-handed commercial music, and if Leviev's exceptional mastery of the electric keyboard and ARP synthesizer can be further accentuated, the quintet may have a meaningful future. It will be back at Donte's in late June.

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"Guitar Player"

The Making Of A Jazz Guitar Album

By Leonard Feather

LEONARD FEATHER is one of today's foremost jazz critics, as well as an accomplished pianist and songwriter, and author of The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Seventies *[Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010]. Below, Mr. Feather offers a personal recounting of the challenges and rewards of producing an all-guitar album.*
—GP

By the time these words are read, *Guitar Player*, which for ten years has been the name of a magazine, will also be the name of an album. As the producer of this package I went through what I suppose are some very typical experiences for any venture as wide-ranging as this one.

Although I have been producing records almost as long as I have been writing about music, in recent years most of my activities had been confined to the assembling of reissues, such as the Leonard Feather Series on MCA, *The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Seventies* [RCA, APL2-1981], etc. Last summer, however, along with an arrangement to assemble six more "twofer" jazz reissue sets for MCA, an offer was extended to me by that company to produce an album of newly recorded material and to organize the sessions personally.

Nothing was specified concerning the artists who would be involved. There wasn't even any overall concept beyond the fact that the album would be the product of whatever idea I might come up with that would seem to have sales possibilities. From my personal standpoint, of course, it was essential that anything I became involved with must be musically valid. The idea of courting today's market by putting together some kind of fashionable crossover session, simply for the sake of making a potential hot seller, did not appeal to me. I had to find some concept that I could live with musically; artists and material I could point to with pride regardless of how well the end result turned out commercially.

Somewhere along the way the idea came to mind that instead of hiring one particular artist it might be possible to record several musicians or groups who had something in common. I had read frequently that the guitar is now the most played instrument on the contemporary scene; I was aware of the eagerness of most guitarists in various idioms, and their adherents, to explore one another's interests rather than live in their own ivory castles. Why not, then, take advantage of this situation by presenting a cross section of today's stylists?

It was not long after the birth of this notion that a second idea logically stemmed from it—that of coordinating the project with *Guitar Player Magazine*. Publisher Jim Crockett and I met in late July, 1976, at the Concord Music Festival, exchanged thoughts, and the plan began to take shape. As the weeks and months went by I became more and more conscious of the active role taken by Crockett, who made suggestions and helped me recruit the talent in a couple of instances. When the sessions were underway he flew down to Los Angeles to shoot pictures of several dates.

It was evident from the start that no one album could give a total, comprehensive picture of the enormous variety of current guitar styles or even of the many different instruments connoted by the word. This problem was aggravated by the fact that my contract called for a single LP; however, as time went by, it became clear that we could manage, within the prescribed budget, to record enough music for a double-pocket set.

It has always been my conviction that the producer should only try to involve his own tastes, and direct the performers to the extent that they seem to need it. Decisions concerning instrumentation, choice of material, length of tracks, should be subject to mutual agreement among musicians and producer.

This policy worked very well for our first session, recorded in Hollywood, with what turned out to be the largest group with the most contemporary sound and playing the longest tracks. The use of electronic instruments (jazz keyboardist Patrice Rushen played Clavinet and electric piano as well as acoustic piano), the inclusion of a horn (Ernie Watts on tenor saxophone) and the composition of the rhythm section all were determined by Lee Ritenour, a guitar player whose extraordinary musicianship had come to my attention some four years ago when he was a twenty-year-old prodigy working the studios and playing occasional gigs at Donte's. The broad scope of his experience, as a teacher of classical guitar, as well as a pop, jazz, and jazz/rock performer, reassured me that this session, the most contemporary-oriented of all those planned, would maintain a high level of taste and total compatibility within the specially organized combo. Epic Records, to whom Lee is contracted, permitted the guitarist's participation in the session.

There had been some thought of doing three numbers with this group, but when the musicians begn to stretch out on "Bertha Baptist," and when the second complete take, an excellent one, seemed to require no editing, we proceeded to make several tracks on Donny Hathaway's "Valdez in the Country." We ran into a problem when one generally good track ran nine minutes, which would bring us over the fifteen-minute maximum total I had decided to allocate to each guitarist or group.

The teaming of Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel began a couple of years ago and was the logical outgrowth of their backgrounds, which have much in common: Ellis is from Texas, Kessel from Oklahoma, which means that they came up with a deeply ingrained feeling for the blues. Herb and Barney selected their own rhythm section for their date, and we agreed that they would do two originals and a standard—the latter, for variety, unaccompanied.

A casual ambience and lack of time pressure are essential to good results for a straight-ahead jazz session of this kind, and with the aid of Barney's quick wit and anecdotal interludes, this mood was easily established. Compared with the elaborate mixdown and editing procedures so common to most sessions nowadays, this date was a breeze—aside from a little splicing on "Tea for Two," virtually no editing was needed.

After Kessel, Ellis, and pianist Pete Jolly had left, bassist Monty Budwig and drummer Jake Hanna stayed over to accompany Laurindo Almeida on two of his three numbers. I had picked Laurin

Continued on p

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JAZZ

Herbie Hancock in Retrospect

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● With the 24th annual Newport Jazz Festival only weeks away, Columbia's release of a Herbie Hancock album, "V.S.O.P." (PG 34688), has a twofold relevance.

It is timely because this is a live recording taped at last year's festival at New York's City Center. Its topicality is heightened by the fact that an all-star group, identical in personnel to that heard on the first two of this album's four sides, will be undertaking a concert tour in late June.

Jazz has altered so radically during the past 10 years, and the rate of change has accelerated with such frightening rapidity, that we are seldom afforded an opportunity to look over our shoulders. Hancock, happily, not only is concerned with where he is but evidently has some concern for where he has been. The concert at which the taping took place was billed as a Hancock Retrospective. Sides 1 and 2 find him in the company of four former associates, all of whom in the interim have achieved individual acceptance as leaders: Freddie Hubbard, the trumpeter, saxophonist Wayne Shorter, bassist Ron Carter and drummer Tony Williams.

As anyone will know who followed the course of '60s jazz, this is nothing more or less than the Miles Davis Quintet of the mid-1960s with Hubbard replacing Davis. Since Davis has not played publicly in two years, and has not played since 1970 in the unhyphenated jazz manner to which Hubbard diligently applies himself here, the results suggest what might have happened had he retained this group of illustrious artists and not jumped the wired fence into the land of electrified R & B.

Herbie Hancock

"The idea," Hancock says, "was to bring the past up to date. I had no intention of trying to play as I used to, but (rather to) take music we had played in the early and middle '60s and let the music happen from our contemporary frames of mind."

As it turns out, the frames of mind magically reverted to the underlying four-four pulse that was the heartbeat of almost all jazz during its first 60 years. Nowhere in the three tunes (Hancock's "Maiden Voyage" and "Eye of the Hurricane," Shorter's "Nefertiti") do the musicians lose sight of this orientation. Moreover, Hancock plays a Yamaha electric grand piano that sounds like a piano. No space music, no R & B mannerisms, no commercial pitches for the charts. Here are five musicians finding a brand of mutual inspiration and stimulation that had almost been buried in an avalanche of pseudo-innovation.

The second segment of his retrospective finds Hancock in another reunion, with the sextet he led for about four years. The essential beauty of that group derived from its singular front-line blend of fluegelhorn, alto flute and bass trombone, played by Eddie Henderson, Bennie Maupin and Julian Priester, respectively.

This comes off less effectively, because hardly any time is given to the ensemble colorations; echoplex effects strip Henderson's horn of its once personal sound, and the 14-minute "Toys" compares poorly with a succinct and eloquent version cut for Blue Note with a similar instrumentation in 1968.

The fourth side finds Hancock with an extension of the group he formed after breaking up the sextet, one that has managed, he says, to "incorporate jazz and funk into a very happy marriage." He is credited with playing everything from a Countryman Phase Shifter to a Cry Baby Wah Wah.

Rarely, if ever, has there been a more graphic illustration on records of what has happened in the transition from jazz to crossover music. The implication that Hancock officiated at the wedding of jazz and funk is a traduction of history, since the Rev. Horace Silver performed just such a ceremony 20 years ago without any electronic assistance.

Hancock's work on the various keyboards is generally admirable, mostly on the quintet sides. On balance, since the three groups are worth five-, four-and three-star ratings, this becomes a four-star album and a valuable addition to the recorded documentation of jazz.

If Hancock's concert represented in some small measure a rediscovery of his mislaid past, the same may be said of "Dave Grusin—Discovered Again!" (Sheffield Lab 5). Grusin's schedule as a writer of film and TV scores, and as a studio keyboarder/conductor on pop dates, has obscured his jazz origins. Though he is supported by four frequent associates (Lee Ritenour, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Harvey Mason, drums, and Larry Bunker, vibes), this is largely his own show.

Thad Jones' waltz, "A Child Is Born," is a song of almost performance-proof beauty. Grusin's is the best piano version to date. "Keep Your Eye on the Sparrow," a.k.a. Barreta's Theme, is a commercialized track, but the trilogy listed as "Three Cowboy Songs" must be the hippest western music ever committed to disc. Direct to disc, by the way; this company uses a recording system that suggests we are back where the record industry started near the turn of the century, but with the benefits of modern stereo technology. The clarity of sound is splendid. Four-and-a-half. Everything is right but the price ($12 for a single LP). Sheffield Lab hides out at P.O. Box 5332, Santa Barbara 93108.

●

ALBUMS: **Homecoming.** Dexter Gordon. Columbia PG 34650. A bristling two-LP set reminding us that the veteran expatriate tenor saxophonist, teamed here with trumpeter Woody Shaw and a caloric rhythm section, has the same pressure cooker intensity he exerted during his pre-Copenhagen days. Recorded live, during his trip home last December, at the Village Vanguard.

●

Phantazia. Noel Pointer. Blue Note 736H. Pointer is introduced as an "incredible" new violinist. While there is nothing here that is literally hard to believe, there is enough to indicate that if he were not cluttered by the string section, horns, synthesizer and other encumbrances, he might have found room to display his personality and style. The best track is the only simple one, "Wayfaring Stranger," a duo by Pointer with Dave Grusin on electric piano. Otherwise it's formulaized jazz-rock crossover, helped here and there by the presence of guitarist Earl Klugh.

●

Tomorrow's Promises. Don Pullen. Atlantic SD 1699. Pullen, an American pianist and composer better known in Europe than in the United States, makes a promising Atlantic debut in a set that doesn't bend too far in the direction of the pop/soul market. Despite guest appearances by Michal Urbaniak on violin, Randy Brecker on trumpet and a weak singer named Rita Da Costa, it's Pullen's pianos (acoustic and electric) that dominate. "Big Alice" is an infectious tune, a cross between Ornette Coleman and Bo Diddley.

THE POPLIGHT

"Hotel California," the Eagles. Asylum 7E 1084. Rather than soothe or gently stir as in the past, the Eagles' objective this time is to jar. It's a bold, adventurous work that deals with greed, ambition and desire in the promised land of California.

"Peter Gabriel," Peter Gabriel. Atco Records SD 36-147. Free from the stuffy pretense of Genesis, Gabriel has become more adventurous and appealing. One of the most promising solo LPs since David Bowie's "Honky Dory."

"Rumors," Fleetwood Mac. Warner Bros. BSK 3010. Like its predecessor, this LP pales alongside the dynamism the band exhibits live these days. Still, "Go Your Own Way" is one of the season's best singles and there are other tasty treats included.

"The Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl," the Beatles. Capitol SMAS 11638. Taken from the band's 1964 and 1965 Bowl shows, this live LP documents much of the joyfulness of that innocent, optimistic period in pop. The 13 tunes range from "Twist and Shout" to "Can't Buy Me Love."

"Works," Emerson, Lake & Palmer. Atlantic SD 2-7000. This classical-rock trio is still technically proficient, but it rarely shows in this ambitious double-album the zest or power that made it one of the first hugely successful progressive bands of the 1970s.

CONTEMPORARY
KEYBOARD
The Magazine For All Keyboard Players
June 1977
Volume 3
Number 6

LEONARD FEATHER
PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ
Dave Brubeck

For those of us who followed with a mixture of qualms, curiosity, and excitement the career of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, it is hard to accept the fact that almost a decade has passed since its dissolution (in December of 1967).

Not long after Brubeck, saxophonist Paul Desmond, drummer Joe Morello and bassist Eugene Wright had gone their separate ways, Dave embarked on a series of ventures in the realm of extended composition. There was a substantial measure of acceptance for his cantatas, for his oratorio *The Light In The Wilderness*, and for his other pieces for symphony orchestra, all of them remote from jazz and seemingly outside the scope of a primarily improvising combo.

Nevertheless, Brubeck's image as far as the general public is concerned has remained essentially that of a pianist. Some movements of the longer works for orchestra have been adapted to the new quartet which he launched in 1968, usually with Gerry Mulligan as guest saxophonist. Other new pieces have been created for the small unit he has employed in collaboration with his three sons for the "Two Generations of Brubeck" presentation. But no matter what he has done in the past ten years, all of it seems to pale in comparison with the original impact of the Quartet, thanks to which Brubeck became a virtual symbol of the intellectual approach to jazz.

His piano style was developed as a product of extensive orthodox training. Born in Concord, California, in 1920, he started playing at the age of four, worked with local dixieland groups from the time he was thirteen, and led a twelve-piece band in 1941 while he was majoring in music at the College (now University) of Pacific. Most observers have attributed his scholarly pianistic manner to the studies he undertook at Mills College with Darius Milhaud and several other teachers.

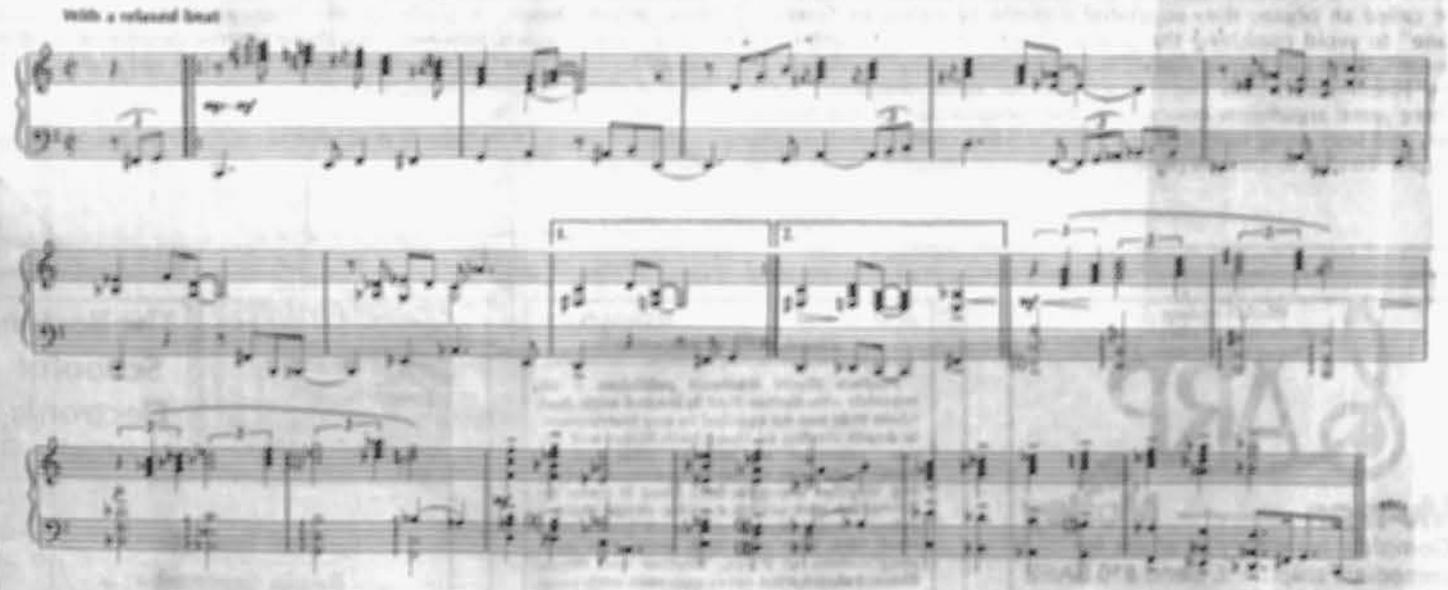
Brubeck began his recording activities in 1949. He led an experimental octet for a while, but it was in 1951, when the Quartet took firm shape, that he began to attract more than local attention. Soon after signing with Columbia Records, with the wave of national concern for jazz at an unprecedented high, Brubeck made the cover of *Time* magazine.

The Quartet made extensive inroads into colleges, where jazz concerts had before been a rarity. At the time I resented Brubeck's success, mainly because of its contrast with the relatively scant attention paid to the Modern Jazz Quartet, a group I considered more valid and closer to the roots. John Lewis, leader of the MJQ, was just as firmly grounded in classics as Brubeck, yet his style swung with a grace and ease that Dave could never achieve; or so it seemed to me at the time.

In retrospect it becomes clear that the two men had equally valid, if contrasting, statements to make. Brubeck's touch was heavy and his music often became complex harmonically; his Quartet took to playing jazz works in odd time signatures, culminating in the now historic "Take Five." Written by Paul Desmond and recorded in July 1959, this became one of the most acclaimed hits of the following year.

Seemingly daring ventures in unconventional meters notwithstanding, Brubeck made one of his most appealing contributions both as composer and as pianist in "The Duke," a portion of which is shown here. It was first recorded in 1955, and later appeared in many other versions, among them a vocal performed by Carmen McRae with Brubeck's group. Although dedicated to Duke Ellington, it has none of the Ducal flavor. What has always fascinated me about this piece is the fact that it often verges on atonality; the harmonic structure occasionally suggests a C tonic, but the main eight-bar strain wanders all over the place with a charming unpredictability, making delicate use of triads, most often with a grace note attached to the root.

The rhythmic pattern in the right hand is very simple, as is the bass clef line, which has the qualities of a countermelody. In sum, *The Duke* offers a needed reminder that for all the intricacies of Brubeck's more ambitious works, he was never more effective as a pianist than in the creation of this unique and durable 4/4 tune.



Los Angeles Times
VIEW
PART IV
FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1977

Jazz Concert Scales the Cuban Curtain

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

HAVANA—Jazz has shown its powers once again. The concert held here Wednesday evening at the Mella Theater brought instant mental replays of such events as Dizzy Gillespie's 1956 tour of the Middle East, the first goodwill jazz junket ever undertaken with State Department sponsorship, and Benny Goodman's triumph when he broke the Sound Curtain with his U.S.S.R. concert tour in 1962.

In Havana, the State Department was not involved. The sponsors were the Carras Line on whose ship, MTS Daphne, the musicians arrived in Cuba, and Exprinter Tours, the company that had set up a five-day jazz cruise from New Orleans to Nassau with Havana as a 36-hour stopover.

Once again Gillespie was the key figure. The veteran trumpeter augmented his quintet with several Cuban percussionists whom he had met and jammed with during a meeting convoked by the Ministry of Culture that afternoon at the Havana Libre, formerly the Havana Hilton.

He played exotic, Latin-flavored songs with which the audience of 1,500 had no trouble in identifying, such as "A Night in Tunisia" and "Manteca."

Triumphant Climax

Dizzy sang and clowned. He had the audience singing along with him in the mournful "Olinga," which he said was named for a fellow Baha'i member in East Africa.

Gillespie's triumph climaxed an evening that was reserved for the most part with heavy applause. A couple of times demonstrative fans in the balcony were moved to a standing ovation.

Earl (Fatha) Hines, whose combo toured the Soviet Union more than a decade ago on behalf of the U.S. government, was the evening's other strong communicator. The 72-year-old piano virtuoso relied less on his own style and personality than on the sounds of Marva Josie, an effective blues and ballad singer who scored with the Brazilian song, "Feelings," and Eddie Graham, Hines' ebullient drummer, whose solo on "Caravan" has always been a popular stock in trade with the show biz-oriented Hines presentation.

David Amram, a sort of musical renaissance man who is as much at home conducting symphony orchestras in his own compositions as he is sitting in a jam session, dedicated a long, mainly improvised performance to the memory of Chano Pozo, the Cuban drummer who played in the Gillespie band in 1948.

Please Turn to Page 15, Col. 1

Cuban Curtain Is Scaled by Jazzmen

Continued from First Page

Amram's appeal was fortified by a fail-safe device, the playing of two small flutes simultaneously.

The most ungimmicked set, totally free of comedy and showmanship, was played by Stan Getz, his quartet enlarged to five with the addition of percussionist Ray Mantilla. He played an exquisite version of "Lush Life" but generally depended on the samba beat that helped him establish the Brazilian bosso nova in the United States in 1962.

His "Desafinado" brought immediate applause of recognition. There was strong reaction to the work of his pianist, Joanne Brackeen. The Getz performance, cut short because the jazz men were due back aboard the ship at 2 a.m., was the artistic triumph of the evening.

Getz, Amram and the battery of Cuban guest musicians were brought back by Dizzy for a wildly informal finale, heavily laded with conga drummers.

The musicians, particularly Gillespie, were treated like conquering heroes everywhere they went during their brief visit. They were made deeply conscious that America's unique art child was bringing good vibes to yet another country where relations had been strained.

The backstage embraces left little doubt that the floodgate had been opened. As one observer pointed out, just as 16 years elapsed between the Russian revolution and U.S. recognition of the Soviet Union, 16 years have passed since relations were broken off between the United States and Cuba. The implied parallel and enthusiasm shown here was an event. The results will be watched with fascination by musicians and politicians alike.

Fri. May 27

AT YE LITTLE CLUB

Ad Hoc Routines of Sandy Baron

Sandy Baron's nightclub act includes no scenes from "Lenny," a fact Baron makes a point of stressing. Nevertheless, the spirit of Lenny Bruce, the comedian whom Baron portrayed on Broadway and in Los Angeles, seemed to prevail nicely Tuesday night at Ye Little Club as Baron went about his ad hoc routines.

The evening was to be an unstructured one, he explained at the outset in characteristically colorful Brucian-cum-Baron language. Gauging his audience quickly and shrewdly, he set about improvising—for openers, a '50s music situation with a lady spectator filling in for Annette Funicello. He was Frankie Avalon and the rest of the men and women watchers respectively were asked for suitable *boom-boom, ditty-ditties* and *ouuuuu-ahs*.

He provided some hilarious moments exploring ideas like pot-smoking in drive-in movies, Everyman's high school graduation and the now de rigueur talk show interview with a rock star sworn off dope. Baron has some raucously cogent observations about various ethnic groups—Jews, blacks and Mexicans; he doesn't bother with the cliched ideas about Poles or Italians.

The actor in him contributes most persuasive impressions, particularly of teen-agers in the '50s, and he is skillful, too, at evoking humor in members of the audience whose business decidedly is not that art.

Not all of Baron's approach works perfectly. A fresh, often touching skit about a licentious Adam asking his Creator for companionship is reduced to Eve's emerging with a headache. And Baron consumes considerable time protesting his need for free-form entertainment, more in explaining in detail his aims in particular routines. Yet the total experience is fun, elicits some self-examination on the part of the listener and exudes spontaneity. Baron suggests that each show is different.

Twenty minutes of the set are shared with Lorraine Feather who is developing into a fine jazz singer, as David Blume observed previously in these pages. The show continues through June 4, nightly at 9:15 and 10:45 with an extra performance at 12:15 a.m. weekends. But call (275-3077) first to make certain. Ye Little Club tends to be a bit unstructured, too.

—RICHARD HOUDEK

Funeral Rites Today for Pianist Hampton Hawes

Hampton Hawes, 48, the Los Angeles-born pianist who became one of the foremost style-setting artists of his generation, died Sunday at the Veterans Administration Hospital. Funeral services will be held at 1 p.m. today at Angelus Funeral Home, 3875 Crenshaw Blvd. He had suffered a massive cerebral hemorrhage May 9.

The son of a clergyman, Hawes as a child listened to spirituals and tried to reproduce the sounds on the piano. He made his professional debut while still attending Los Angeles Polytechnic High School. He worked with Dexter Gordon, Howard McGhee, Howard Rumsey and Shorty Rogers and served in the Army from 1952-54, after which he was heard principally leading various trios. In 1956 he won the "new star" award in the Down Beat critics' poll.

After coleading groups with Red Mitchell and Jimmy Garrison in the early 1960s, Hawes took a sabbatical in 1967 and spent almost two years traveling the world. He found his work even better known and more respected abroad than at home, picking up nightclub, concert and recording work in many countries.

Jazz expert John A. Tynan called him "one of the foremost jazz piano talents of our generation." Lester Koenig, for whose Contemporary Records Hawes made many albums, described him as "young enough to be responsive to the winds of change, yet old enough to be fully a part of the jazz tradition."

He was the first pianist to inaugurate the jazz policy at Donte's a decade ago. He had been scheduled to open there May 10, for two nights, but was stricken the night before.

His autobiography, "Raise Up Off Me," was published in 1975.

Hawes is survived by his wife, Josie Black Hawes; sisters Mabel Bishop, Edith Howard and Margy Forney, and a brother, Wesley.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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AT HONG KONG BAR

'Joie de Jouer' of Monty Alexander

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

There is more to music from the West Indies than just reggae and calypso. Monty Alexander, whose trio is now at the Hong Kong Bar, offers nightly evidence that jazz of exceptional quality can be distilled in the Caribbean.

The Jamaica-born pianist, who began his career as a member of a small jazz clique in Kingston before taking off for the United States at 17, is making his first local appearance in two years with the group he leads regularly. What strikes the listener immediately is his obvious desire to communicate, coupled with his concern for a swinging, 4/4 brand of music that spurns funk/jazz, modal effects and R&B in favor of a style reflecting such influences as Nat Cole, Oscar Peterson and Fats Waller.

There is, too, a hint of Erroll Garner in his penchant for occasionally delaying the beat very slightly. A colorful Richard Evans composition, "Montevideo," found him with hands crossed, using the right had to pick out a melody in the bass register while the left strummed Garner-like chords an octave higher.

The trio shows a firm sense of organization when the arrangements call for it. Some passages played in unison by Alexander and his excellent bassist John Clayton are the product of exceptional empathy. Clayton, a protege of Ray Brown, displayed Brown's bowing technique in a beguilingly melodic solo on "Emily."

"Work Song" was the most vigorous piece, with Alexander plucking the piano strings and drummer Jeff Hamilton all but playing the melody in a keenly integrated, constantly pulsating performance.

Alexander ended the set by turning back to his island orgins, "for all the Jamaicans in the house," with a rhythmically engaging workout on "Yellow Bird."

Alexander is one of a breed rare among today's jazz pianists, confining technical and rhythmic skill within a relatively orthodox framework and projecting a rare sense of his *joie de jouer*. He will be at the Hong Kong Bar through June 4 (off Sunday and Monday).

POP MUSIC REVIEW

UCLA Salute to Oliver Nelson

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

All the objectives were commendable and all the credits impeccable for Friday's concert at Royce Hall. The UCLA Center for Afro-American Studies presented a tribute to Oliver Nelson, with Bobby Bryant leading a big band composed primarily of Nelson alumni in a program of the late composer's music. Net proceeds of the concert were to be used in the establishment of a Julian Cannonball Adderley scholarship fund.

The event promised, and delivered, excitement and exceptional musicianship, but the disappointing attendance indicated that apathy or sheer ignorance militates against the success of an uncompromising venture in the realm of pure nonelectronic jazz.

Nelson's music ranged from light jaunty pieces such as "Miss Fine" to emotional blues ("Yearning") and even touches of country and western in the tongue-in-cheek "Hoedown." There also were backgrounds for poetry—four Langston Hughes poems, narrated by Etan McElroy.

An unexpected bonus was the inclusion of lyrics for a movement from one of Nelson's suites. As a result of a competition to find appropriate words for "Self Help Is Needed," the evening's interlocutor, Greg Morris, read a mature and moving set of verses written by Rita Clarke, an 11th grader at Locke High School.

The orchestra, with Bryant in total control as conductor, offered a cross section of the colorful textures that established Nelson as one of the preeminent jazz-oriented writers of the past 15 years. From "Sound Piece for Jazz Orchestra" to the haunting "Stolen Moments," this was a reminder of a talent taken from us tragically at the age of 43. (Adderley also was in his 40s when he died.)

Music such as the body of work left us by Oliver Nelson should be presented and performed regularly—perhaps in tandem with some fashionable crossover electronic group as bait to lure a larger audience. The irony is that once exposed to it, most listeners will react with the same fervent enthusiasm that was displayed at Royce Hall.

Saxophonist Paul Des

BY LEONARD F
Times Staff

Paul Desmond, the alto saxophonist who gained worldwide fame as a member of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, died in his sleep early Monday in his New York apartment. He had been suffering from lung cancer for a year.

Desmond, 52, was born in San Francisco, where he studied clarinet at Polytechnic High School and San Francisco State College. He worked with the bands of Jack Fina and Alvino Rey before joining Brubeck in 1951. His light sound, clear tone and relaxed melodic lines soon established him as the first true original on his instrument since Charlie Parker. He won innumerable popularity polls in the '50s and '60s.

Paul Desmond

Desmond's other claim to fame was his composition "Take Five." Recorded with Brubeck in 1959, it became the first successful jazz song ever written in 5/4 time. Desmond said he got the idea for the piece while standing in front of a slot machine in Reno, Nev. "The rhythm of the machine suggested it to me," he said, "and I really only wrote it to get back some of the money I'd lost in the machine. That has now been accomplished." The record was a best-seller, selling more than a million copies. Royalties from it enabled Desmond to go into semiretirement after the Brubeck Quartet broke up in December, 1967.

Last Appearance With Brubeck

He worked off and on after that, leading a group of his own for records and a few clubs and frequently reuniting with Brubeck. "He wanted to keep on playing as long as possible in spite of his illness," Brubeck said Tuesday. "The last time he went out with us, in January, he had trouble standing on stage because of the medication.

"After a few dates, he had to take 10 days off. Then we

Dreams

trand) and her cab drive
(played by Marcotte). Marco
going, hard-drinking type, a
resigned Miss Chartrand, w
fish market, resents being pr
evenings for her father. Grad
er moves to the fore, as he's
cept a job from a callous
(Gelinas Fortin) at a raw-
house outside of town and
played."

Working on Book

Desmond's friends remember him as a brilliant man, completely without ego problems, an intellectual who played Scrabble with the same dedication and skill that he applied to the saxophone, and who now and then revealed his literary talent as a mordantly witty writer.

JAZZ REVIEW

Berkeley Festival Draws 18,000

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

BERKELEY—Last weekend, two major jazz festivals were scheduled, at UCLA and UC Berkeley. With the exception of Friday's Oliver Nelson tribute concert, the entire UCLA event was called off because of abysmal advance sales. Yet concerts featuring most of the same artists who were to have appeared at Pauley Pavilion drew more than 18,000 paid admissions in three nights at Berkeley's Greek Theater.

A visit to the second and third nights of the student-organized event at Berkeley provided a reminder that the size of the jazz community here is matched by its ongoing loyalty; this was the 11th annual festival.

The surprise hit of the weekend was Saturday night's showstopper, Al Jarreau. Loose of limb and of phrasing, he offered an intoxicating mixture of jazz-inflected singing, percussive vocal noises, his own brand of double-talk and nasal whines. His strongest cards were "Loving You," an original from his new LP, with lyrics partially in French, and "Susan's Song," dedicated to his bride of a week.

There is a rare energy flow between Jarreau and his musicians, a unique group that includes the vibraphonist Lynn Blessing, Tom Canning on keyboards and the formidable West Indian bassist Abraham Laboriel. This was Jarreau's biggest night ever in the U.S. (He is already a near-superstar in Europe.)

The other hit was scored by Dexter Gordon, whose triumphant homecoming tour (he lives in Copenhagen) reminded us that no tenor saxophonist on the present-day scene better embodies the true spirit of jazz. In his admirable quintet were the trumpeter Woody Shaw (an extension of early Freddie Hubbard) and Ronnie Matthews, a pianist whose articulation lent a potent impetus to the whole combo.

June 1

Saxophonist Paul Desmond Dies at 52

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Paul Desmond, the alto saxophonist who gained world-wide fame as a member of the Dave Brubeck Quartet, died in his sleep early Monday in his New York apartment. He had been suffering from lung cancer for a year.

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Last Appearance With Brubeck

He worked off and on after that, leading a group of his own for records and a few clubs and frequently reuniting with Brubeck. "He wanted to keep on playing as long as possible in spite of his illness," Brubeck said Tuesday. "The last time he went out with us, in January, he had trouble standing on stage because of the medication.

"After a few dates, he had to take 10 days off. Then we played at Avery Fisher Hall in New York in February. Our duet numbers sounded better than ever. We did 'Take Five' for the finale, and the applause was so great that I told him we could do an encore, but he said, 'I just can't walk out there any more.' That was the last time he played."

Working on Book

Desmond's friends remember him as a brilliant man, completely without ego problems, an intellectual who played Scrabble with the same dedication and skill that he applied to the saxophone, and who now and then revealed his literary talent as a mordantly witty writer.

Desmond was working on a book about his life in the music world which was to be entitled, "How Many of You Are There in the Quartet?" A friend said the title was inspired by a question often asked of the touring musicians by airline stewardesses.

Divorced many years ago, he leaves no relatives except a cousin in Baltimore. At his request there will be no services and his ashes will be dropped from a plane over Big Sur in California.

AT THE PALLADIUM

Special Efforts in 'Night for Richie'

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The remarks most often heard Monday at the Palladium were, "I've met people here tonight I haven't seen in 20 years" and, "Why can't they do this kind of thing regularly, without an emergency to necessitate it?"

"They" in the second comment was Musicians' Wives Inc., a tax-exempt group that raises funds for distressed musicians and their families. "A Night for Richie," prompted by the serious illness of saxophonist Richie Kamuca, drew some 1,500 friends and admirers to a four-hour show notable for the smoothness of its presentation and tight scheduling. Nobody stayed on too long. All put out special efforts to work at their enthusiastic best.

Tony Bennett's short set found him in rare form, backed by an all-star jazz sextet including Milt Jackson and Shelly Manne. Rosemary Clooney surprised some of the younger singers with her charm and individuality of timbre.

Many of Kamuca's longtime associates were here, among them Merv Griffin, who sang, Bill Berry and many other alumni of the Griffin show band. It was a rare night for jazz fans whose predilections lean to the swinging orchestral sound, as Terry Gibbs headed one group, playing his crowd-pleasing vibes duet with Steve Allen. Tom Scott introduced a new piece in conjunction with the Doc Severinsen crew (Severinsen, no doubt aware of the heavy proportion of musician-customers, was in splendid shape), and the hard driving band known as Juggernaut, with vocalist Ernie Andrews, lived up to its name.

Aside from an interlude when Edie Adams and Ray Brown drew the door prizes, it was an evening of continuous music in the easy-listening, pop and jazz MOR bag. A night, in fact, that would have delighted Kamuca, and which was videotaped for his private enjoyment.

More donations are needed and should be sent to Musicians' Wives Inc., Box 2097, Toluca Lake 91601.

JAZZ REVIEW

Shaw and Hayes: The Real Thing

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The most notable characteristic of the Woody Shaw-Louis Hayes Quintet, this week at Concerts by the Sea, is that it plays jazz. This should not be remarkable at all in a jazz club, but the recent prevalence of crossover music in many forms has reduced the incidence of groups wholeheartedly committed to swinging, free-blowing music.

Shaw is a trumpet and fluegelhorn master, and a composer of serviceable themes, most of them in a neo-bop vein; the gutty "In Case You Haven't Heard," the dark, brooding "Sun Dance," and occasional standards such as "Round Midnight." Shaw was once compared with Freddie Hubbard but has now surpassed him, avoiding fusion gimmicks and developing sinewy lines that are rhythmically intricate and harmonically oblique.

Coleader Louis Hayes, the drummer formerly with Hubbard and Oscar Peterson, has assembled one of the fieriest and most cohesive rhythm sections now operative, with his own adaptability and sensitivity as a key factor. Stafford James' upright bass provides a clean, solid sound and a relentless beat at the most demanding of tempos.

Pianist Ronnie Matthews, who seems to have been touched by the impact of McCoy Tyner's modes, is more effective reflecting this facet than when he resorts to relatively conventional bebop lines. There is a neat sense of logic in Shaw's use of saxophonist/flutist Rene McLean to round out the combo, for it was in a group led by his father, Jackie McLean, that Shaw gained some valuable experience a decade ago. On the set heard, the junior McLean played enough hard-driving alto and tenor sax to leave the impression that he is building on the talent he inherited.

The quintet leaves room for improvement only in one area. Instead of the familiar theme-variations-theme pattern, more use could be made of interludes, midway ensemble touches, whatever else Shaw's bright mind can devise to convert a simple tune into a more complete arrangement. But even in its present form one can understand why this has become one of the popular new genuine jazz units on the New York scene. Shaw & Co. close Sunday.

CONTEMPORARY
KEYBOARD

July 1977
Volume 3
Number 7

The

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF JAZZ IN THE SEVENTIES, compiled by Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler, marks the latest supplement to this ambitious and comprehensive work. Musicians and laymen with a curiosity about their favorite players will delight at the 1,400 thumbnail biographies and over 200 photographs in this 393-page edition. As in the earlier versions of the *Encyclopedia*, a collection of highlights from the *Downbeat* magazine "Blindfold Tests" is included; a glance at the Piano section reveals that keyboard players pull no punches in critiquing each others' work (e.g., Oscar Peterson on Ramsey Lewis: "Pitiful"). Extra features include the complete *Downbeat* poll results from 1960 to 1975, a ten-year jazz discography and bibliography, and an essay on the history of jazz education, written by Charles Suber and capped with a directory of jazz programs in colleges from coast to coast. An invaluable reference tool for amateurs and aficionados alike. $20.00 hardback, Horizon Press, 156 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10010.

"ART TATUM, MASTERPIECES VOLUME II, & JAMES P. JOHNSON PLAYS FATS WALLER." A two-record reissue package containing some of the best classic jazz piano playing ever. The cuts recorded by stride-piano giant Johnson, which date from the mid-Forties, were for the most part developed by Johnson as a tribute to (and in the style of) Waller, the disciple who had predeceased him. Tatum's renditions of popular favorites, although recorded ten years earlier, are somewhat more modern-sounding, with a melodic and harmonic complexity and an unabashedly playful virtuosity that were Tatum's trademark and his greatness. Two-thirds of the material is solo piano, and the rest is small-combo work in which the piano figures prominently. Part of the Leonard Feather Series of jazz reissues, this package will be a valuable acquisition for the collector. MCA, 2-4112.

AT DONTE'S 6/14

Zoot Sims Swings Through Town

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It seems the Southland gets to hear Zoot Sims only when he is *en route* to Japan. Presently, his emotion-charged tenor sax is filling the air at Donte's with the help of an all-star quintet, prior to a tour of the Orient.

Sims' excellence is not easily analyzed. Take his sound: soft around the edges yet hard at the core. His sense of melody is impeccable even when no melody exists, as in a traditional blues. His ability to lift an entire group into a condition of unremitting buoyancy has established him as the epitome of swing.

He has chosen wisely in bringing with him the pianist Dave McKenna, a two-fisted musician whose articulation, whether in solo pieces or as part of a rhythm section, launches each note perfectly selected, timed and placed. McKenna has two empathetic associates in Jake Hanna on drums and Major Holley on bass.

Halfway through the set, Sims adds a fifth man, guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, a master of the seven-stringed guitar. His slightly stiff solo interlude could have used more legato eighth notes, fewer dotted eighths and sixteenths, but when the rhythm section joined him for "Cherokee" Pizzarelli's ad-lib flow ran a little more free and loose.

After Holley's perennial specialty, "Angel Eyes" (sung and bowed in unison), Sims returned, this time on soprano sax, to bring to that horn and to "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise" an individuality almost equaling that of his tenor.

Will Japan like this group? The question, rather, is will they let us have it back?

This is quite a week for saxophiles at Donte's. Sims closes Wednesday, the Lanny Morgan-Dick Spencer Quintet will appear on Thursday and then Supersax takes over for two nights.

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LOS ANGELES TIMES CALENDAR MAY 29, 1977

Jazz, Si! Show Builds a Bridge to Cuba

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● NASSAU—It is all slightly unreal. I have visited Havana, along with 320 visitors who were the first in 16 years to sail as tourists from a U.S. to a Cuban port. After a 36-hour stopover in Havana I am, of course, an instant expert on all matters social, political and musical concerning the entire acreage of Cuba. Actually, by the time the five-day cruise ended here in the Bahamas, the constant exchange of impressions among passengers, and the presence on board of Prof. Margaret Crahan, a social scientist from Lehman College in the Bronx who has visited Cuba many times in recent years, enabled us to assemble a wider and wiser set of conclusions than the brevity of the visit might lead you to expect.

Though some of the recent TV and press reports barely mentioned it, this was not only a precedent-setting visit by a group of typical tourists, but rather a elaborate jazz festival for which the Cuban government had arranged an exchanges of ideas among local musicians and the visiting luminaries, and a concert that brought both groups together.

To quote Gene Norman, a passenger who used to visit the old Cuba to record albums for his GNP Records, "This is the first time jazz has ever gone down the river from New Orleans." As the MTS Daphne made her way into the Gulf of Mexico to complete the 511-mile journey to Havana, the paradox was confirmed at a series of shipboard concerts.

Aside from the 17 performing artists, our load included dozens of fare-paying media representatives, numerous travel agents and perhaps 250 laymen/women, most of whom had signed up after the April 22 announcement that Montego Bay had been replaced by Havana as the ship's first port of call.

"I feel like Christopher Columbus," said Dizzy Gillespie. "Damned if I know what we're going to discover."

His curiosity and innocence were shared by all. Had the Cuban people been apprised of our visit? Would local musicians learn about it soon enough to make themselves known to us? Would Fidel Castro come to the concert in Havana? Or Barbara Walters, who had just flown there to interview him? (The answers, it turned out, were yes, yes, no, no.)

●

After we docked and swiftly cleared customs (most of us armed with our "Not

Please Turn to Page 44

Jazz musician and goodwill ambassador Dizzy Gillespie enjoys a Havana cigar and adoring crowd during stroll.
Times photo by Leonard Feather

Goin' Down the River—to Cuba

Continued from first page

valid for travel to Cuba" passports), we went through a door that opened onto a big square, clearly a part of Old Habana. Across the street stood a solid phalanx of fans, mostly young, crowded three deep and stretching 100 yards down the block.

Gillespie, one of the first to emerge, was the most wildly acclaimed. Within moments he was caught up in an orgy of cheering, greeting, handshaking and T-shirt autographing. "Dizzy!" called a group of subteeners. "Mucho gusto!" replied Gillespie.

A half hour elapsed before he could extricate himself and whisk off in the company of a local trumpeter with whom he had struck up an immediate rapport. Dizzy was one of the first to learn that the rumors of our being restricted to government-sponsored bus tours were unfounded. Some wandered off on foot, some bought pesos at $1.25 apiece and sped away in a taxi to wherever.

David Amram, who soon joined us in meeting the welcome squad, showed himself second only to Dizzy as a communicator. Organizing some of the youths into a clap-along-in-rhythm group, he pulled a small fife out of a bag and played a jaunty solo, then produced a second fife and played them both at once as the crowd responded with roars of approval.

A classical and jazz musician who has written and composed for the Philadelphia Orchestra, Amram is a tall, lanky coil of a man who unwinds by playing any of a dozen instruments. His insatiable love of jam sessions and his 1960s beatnik manner made friends for him throughout the cruise and especially in Havana. Before we headed into town he reported cheerfully, "Hey, I found some cats we can get to play with us tomorrow night!"

●

On the first evening, not having any work scheduled, some of the musicians found their way to the National Hotel, where a big band played for patrons seated around an Olympian-sized, kidney-shaped swimming pool with a huge arrangement of fruits placed in the center. For a brief, deja vu moment it was as if Batista had never left. The sounds of "El Manisero," the tune that introduced Americans to the rumba when we heard it as "The Peanut Vendor" in 1931, took on the same bland mambo colorations I had heard at this hotel during a 1955 visit.

Pianist Earl (Fatha) Hines rests the rail against the Havana skyline on the precedent-setting voyage.

Dizzy Gillespie & Co. strike up the band—in Cuba

By Leonard Feather

IT is all slightly unreal. I visited Havana, along with 320 shipboard visitors who were the first in 16 years to sail as tourists from a U.S. to a Cuban port.

It was, among other things, a seaborne jazz festival for which the Cuban government had arranged an exchange of ideas among musicians. And in the words of Gene Norman, a passenger who used to visit the old Cuba to record albums for his GNP Records, "This is the first time jazz has ever gone down the river from New Orleans."

In addition to the 17 performing artists, probably everyone on board the Daphne shared the curiosity and innocence of trumpet star Dizzy Gillespie, who announced: "I feel like Christopher Columbus. Damned if I know what we're going to discover."

We wondered if the Cuban people knew about our visit. Would local musicians learn about it soon enough? Would Fidel come to the concert in Havana? (The answers, it turned out, were yes, yes, no.)

We swiftly cleared customs (most of us armed with our "Not valid for travel to Cuba" passports), and went through a door that opened onto a big square in Old Habana. Across the street stood a phalanx of fans, mostly young, three deep and stretching 100 yards down the block!

GILLESPIE WAS the most wildly acclaimed, caught up in an orgy of cheering, greeting, handshaking and T-shirt autographing. "Dee-zeel" called a group of subteeners. "Mucho gusto!" replied Gillespie.

Eventually, he was whisked off by a local trumpeter. Others in our group wandered off on foot, or bought pesos at $1.25 apiece and sped away in taxis.

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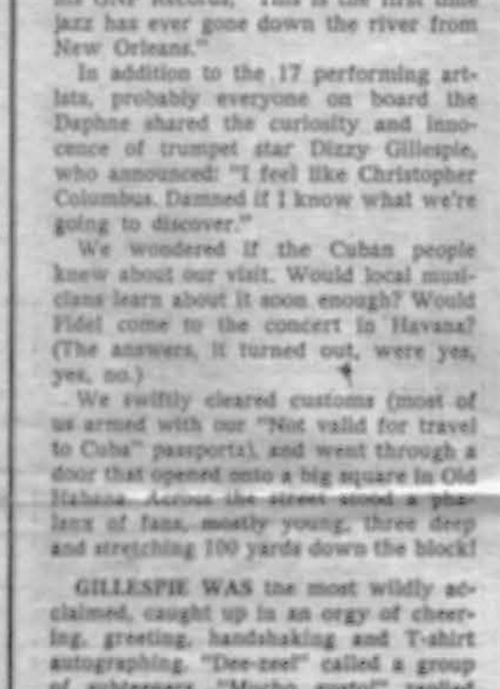

David Amram

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"El Manisero," the tune that introduced Americans to the rumba when we heard it as "The Peanut Vendor" in 1931, took on the same bland mambo colorations I had heard at this hotel in 1955.

Soon, though, the orchestra gave way to a rhythmically mind-blowing conjunto—three percussionists and a guitar. The evidence was irrefutable that Cuba's rhythmic nuances are like nothing else in the Western Hemisphere. Gillespie said it best: "I've been in Afro-Cuban rhythms for more than 30 years, but when I hear the real masters, I'm just a country boy."

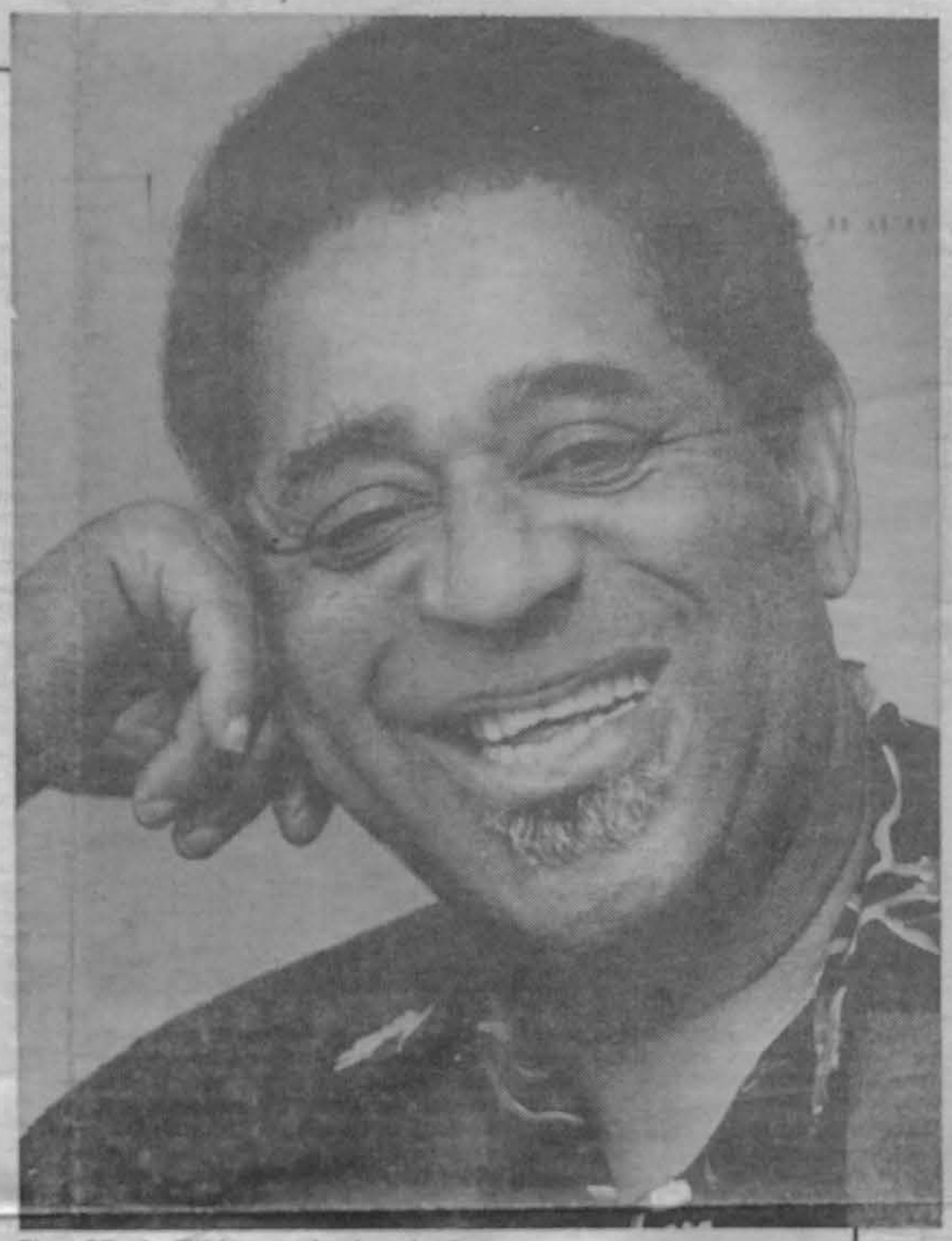
Most of the next morning was spent sight-seeing, including a visit to the villa where Ernest Hemingway lived until 1961. It is now a museum, every detail left uncannily true. We could touch books he had read, observe his Fletcher Henderson and Lee Wiley records.

Then came an elaborate lunch and floor show at the Rio Cristal cabaret. A band offered Cuban sounds, and dancers formed a conga line. Four young women sang in a quasi-Supremes blend, but the scene was too suggestive of a contrived Dolce Vita atmosphere to carry much conviction.

AFTERWARD, at the Havana Libre Hotel (until 1959 the Havana Hilton), we heard Las Irakeres, an orchestra that showed us the present-day achievements of Cuban music. The leader, 21-year-old Chucho Valdez, played electric keyboard while his hornmen (trumpet, trombone, two saxes) ran down a boppish melody, leading to a wah-wah guitar solo and some wild alto playing by Paquito de Rivera.

With conga drums infusing a native essence, it was a successful blend. Cubans have been less isolated than you might expect. They can pick up Miami TV stations that expose them to jeans and slacks, rock and jazz, the hustle and the bump.

Las Irakeres' pride and joy was Arturo Sandoval, a trumpeter who welded 1940s Harry James, '50s Maynard Ferguson and a hint of Rafael Mendez into his own persona. He ended spectacularly with a skyscraping quote from Gillespie's "Groovin' High." Dizzy ripped off a tablecloth in a tossing-in-the-towel gesture.



Dizzy Gillespie: "We're natural ambassadors."

Valdez then invited the Americans to sit in. Gillespie, Amram, Stan Getz, Ray Mantilla (Amram's Latin-American percussionist) and various sidemen joined the Cubans for a long, happy workout on "Billie's Bounce," an old Charlie Parker blues.

By mutual consent, many members of Las Irakeres joined Gillespie and Amram during their sets that night at the Mella Theater. It was an invitational affair and there was no sign on the marquee, but word had gotten around, and a large group waited in the street.

In the 1,500-seat theater, if anyone wore a tie, suit or orthodox shirt, you knew he had to be an American. A mistress of ceremonies, Teresa Segarra, introduced each artist, but the only hint of social significance came with "Earl Fatha Jeans," as she called Earl Hines. She said he had wanted to be a classical pianist but that U.S. social conditions at that time had made this impossible.

BACKSTAGE, I MET Horacio Hernandez, who said he had written the script for Ms. Segarra. Hernandez is host of a nightly radio jazz program. How does he find an adequate supply of American records, since they are not issued in Cuba? Said Hernandez: "Friends bring them to me—mostly from Canada."

The Mella audience responded to beauty in the music (Getz playing "O Grande Amor") and to virtuosity (Hines' timeless piano, the prodigious fluency of Dizzy's 20-year-old guitarist Rodney Jones). And the audience responded particularly to showmanship: Hines' drummer, Ed Graham, removing his scarlet-lined jacket in mid-solo without missing a beat; Marva Josie, Hines' singer, walking down the aisle to make her long entrance, mike in hand; the ageless, incandescent horn, voice, smile and rear-wiggling of John Birks Gillespie.

Most of all, though, they reacted to the interchange of ideas, the love that flowed between American and Cuban musicians when Dizzy's group swelled from its normal 5 to about 15 as Las Irakeres, Getz, Amram and others joined in the closing "Manteca." All the world loves a love-in, and this was one of the most powerful illustrations I had ever seen of international language.

WOULD CASTRO have dug it? According to one passenger, a Chilean airline pilot, Capt. Peter I. Neilson, he did. Neilson told me he heard Fidel on the radio, saying he had seen the concert televised live, and had approved.

I prefer to assume that what I saw and heard at the Havana Libre Hotel and at the Mella was more representative of Havana's cultural stance than most of what happened at the Nacional and the Rio Cristal (or at the Tropicana, where the show was Busby Berkeley revisited).

Back at the ship, Amram told Gillespie about the Central American visit he will make in October for the State Department, adding: "I hope we get the same spirit as in Havana."

Dizzy looked over the top of his horn rims with his all-knowing glance. "It had to be warm and full of love," he said. "We're natural ambassadors."

Los Angeles Times Special

Havana Today:

Cuba Si, Lansky No

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● "While the music was playing, I had no thought of whether this was a Communist country, socialist, democratic or what. It was just great musicians doing their thing. Some people say that art cannot flourish in a rigidly controlled society—well, I don't really believe that applies to music."

Dr. Floyd A. Coard, a radiologist from Los Angeles visiting Havana with the jazz festival cruise group, probably spoke for the majority of his fellow passengers with this reaction to a jam session by Cuban musicians playing alongside Americans. The cultural condition of any country may be, in varying degrees, a reflection of its social and political system; yet unless there is some sort of blanket suppression, music in general, particularly jazz, tends to vault barriers.

To a lesser extent, a society may even offer reminders of a relic of some previous regime. The lavish show at the Tropicana was not unlike those presented in another era. What subtle differences there may have been were not apparent to Dr. Coard, though another passenger noted that one of the songs, offered by these young products of the revolution, dealt with such romantic topics as "Cuba, the symbol of liberty throughout the world."

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There was an implicit parallel between what I found in Havana and the Soviet music and performers I encountered in 1962, during the time of the Khrushchev thaw and Benny Goodman's U.S.S.R. tour. In the Leningrad apartment of a young saxophonist who told me he listened nightly to the Voice of America's jazz series, I saw side by side on the living-room wall photographs of his two idols: Nikolai Lenin and Cannonball Adderley. I'm sure that I could have found, in some Cuban home, similarly odd juxtapositions—maybe Castro and Coltrane.

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The trumpeter in the Cuban band told us he had been out of a regular job for three weeks but expected to resume soon; meanwhile, his employer—like everyone's, the government—was keeping him on full salary. None of these musicians will ever enjoy the vast material rewards of a million-selling record; on the other hand, neither apparently will they be tempted to make the kinds of commercial concessions that have aborted the artistic development of artists in competitive societies.

Shortages were evident in the rusty, ancient horns played by a couple of the musicians, but they were doing their remarkable best with what they had. The melodies and rhythms emerged lively and creative, brimming with ensemble and solo spirit. The cordiality of their greetings to Dizzy Gillespie and his confreres mirrored the natural bond that links musicians everywhere; yet some of the same genuine friendliness was detected, by the nonmusical visitors I talked to, among the Cuban people in general.

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Marva Josie, Earl Hines' singer, attends Havana luau.
Times photo by Leonard Feather

ness with the present regime. Their attitudes toward Cuba's present social and cultural aspirations and apparent accomplishments were understandable. Enforced expatriations and separation from one's family are not conducive to an open mind.

Even the most tenacious of those adversaries might admit that the flourishing of culture in any society must depend on its educational achievements. Education (according to most experts who have examined the new Cuba) now takes a top priority, the illiteracy rate having dropped from some 25% to 4%, one of the lowest.

For those who live with creature comforts, who can earn money ceilingiessly, who can buy merchandise, whether a saxophone or a Cadillac, without standing in line or wait-listing for years, Cuba today would be an impossible country to call home. However, the real comparison is not Cuba vis-a-vis the U.S., rather Cuba today as opposed to Cuba yesterday.

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Having been there, I don't have to be told secondhand how conditions were under Fulgencio Batista. I can even recall that a major U.S. television series emanated, for one week in the mid-'50s, from Havana. The emcee, whose name I omit, to spare him embarrassment, opened the show beside a swimming pool with this greeting: "Welcome to the land of Meyer Lansky!" It struck me then as singularly unfunny.

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If you are checking today on narcotics, sidewalk beggars or teen-aged prostitution, Havana is no longer the place to go. Better try Times Square. If you are looking for ties between show business and organized crime, try some resort in a well-known Western state where gambling remains legal.

Of course, the rich and some of the middle class may yearn for a return of the old Havana; but to many Cubans the knowledge that housing, free hospitals and schools are now within geographical and economic reach of everyone apparently is compensation enough for the shortage of neon signs and high-life glamor. However, the news that Castro's regime plans to build enough hotels to accommodate 300,000 U.S. tourists during the next year seems excessively optimistic. Americans are not going to flock in those numbers to visit the Alamar Workers' housing project, or to gaze at the graves of Ernest Hemingway's four dogs. Still, you can't be surprised at the announcement of these plans; the American dollar remains an elusive harvest for a country eager to build up new trade.

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Anyone interested in buying a small supply of pesos at a very modest price? ●

Soon, though, the orchestra gave way to a rhythmically mind-blowing *conjunto* composed of three percussionists and a guitar. The evidence was irrefutable that Cuba's rhythmic nuances are like nothing else in the Western Hemisphere. Gillespie said it best: "I've been involved in Afro-Cuban rhythms for more than 30 years, but when I hear the real masters, I feel I'm just a country boy from South Carolina."

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Most of the following morning was spent sightseeing. Our guide on the air-conditioned bus was pure black color and fluent in English. We were driven through parts of the old and new Habana before arriving at the villa in the suburb of San Francisco de Paula where Ernest Hemingway made his home until 1961. After his death it was converted into a museum of memorabilia, every detail left uncannily true to his life and time. Without being allowed to enter, we could reach in, touch books he read, observe the Fletcher Henderson and Lee Wiley records in his record library, touch the shoes he wore. The rooms were in such perfect order (and disorder—magazines strewn around the bed) that it was as though Papa's sun had never set and he might stride in again at any moment.

The morning tour was followed by an elaborate lunch, complete with floor show, staged (evidently for the visitors' benefit) at the Rio Cristal, an open-air daytime cabaret. While a band offered tipico Cuban sounds and dancers formed a conga line, we queued up for a huge meal, with suckling pig and a clearly atypical variety of meats, fruits and puddings. Four black girls sang lively native songs in a quasi-Supremes blend. The whole scene was too suggestive of a contrived Dolce Vita atmosphere to carry much conviction.

During lunch, word leaked around that our musicians and press were invited to a meeting with the Minister of Culture at the Havana Libre Hotel (known until 1959 as the Havana Hilton). This turned out to be a cultural exchange rather than a formal meeting. The stage of a banquet room was set for a concert to introduce us to Las Irakeres, an orchestra that finally showed us the present-day achievements of Cuban music.

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SUN JUN 5 1977

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CAL 101

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Alavo Jade, Earl Hines' singer, entrench Havana hotel.

Times photo by Leonard Feather

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By mutual consent, many of Las Irakeres joined forces with Gillespie and Amram during their sets that night at the Mella Theater. Outside the theater, though there was no sign of any kind on the marquee, word had somehow gotten around and a large group stood in the street awaiting the jammers's arrival. Some wanted access, but this was an invitational affair, the tickets given out free to dignitaries and workers as a bonus or incentive.

In the 1,500-seat theater, if anyone wore a tie, suit or orthodox shirt, you knew he had to be an American. The show began with a mistress of ceremonies, who introduced each artist with a couple of paragraphs of accurate biographical background. The only hint of social significance was a mention, during the introduction of Earl Hines, that he had wanted to be a classical pianist but that at that time social conditions in the United States made this an impossibility. (She repeatedly referred to him as "Earl Fatha Jeans.") (Backstage after the show I met Horacio Hernandez, who told me that he had written the script for the announcer, Teresa Segarra. Hernandez hosts a jazz deejay program, Radio Musical National, Mondays through Saturdays from 11 to 11:30 p.m. How does he find an adequate supply of American records, since they are not issued in Cuba? Hernandez said: "Friends bring them to me—mostly from Canada.")

The Mella audience responded to beauty in the music (Stan Getz playing Antonio Carlos Jobim's "O Grande Amor") to virtuosity among the soloists (Hines' timeless piano, the prodigious fluency of Gillespie's 20-year-old guitarist Rodney Jones) and, particularly to the various displays of showmanship: Hines' drummer, Ed Graham, removing his scarlet-lined jacket in midsolo without missing a beat; Marva Josie, Hines' excellent singer, walking down the aisle to make her long entrance, mike in hand, and the ageless, incandescent horn, voice, smile and rear-wiggling of John Birks Gillespie, the self-described living legend.

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6/12/77 (SYNDICATED)
L.A. TIMES

JAZZ

Bubbling Brown Fats: a Remembrance

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Thomas (Fats) Waller was one of the earliest victims of a show business axiom: the artist who becomes an entertainer will surely achieve riches and recognition far beyond what he could have attained simply as an artist.

Fats Waller

To the extent that he is presently known at all, Waller is primarily remembered as a 280-pound clown whose vocal sendups of popular songs, among them many of his own, brought him out of the relative obscurity of black clubs and theaters into white vaudeville and roles in several Hollywood movies. His consummate brilliance as a satirical singer inevitably overshadowed two important facts: he was one of the first jazzmen to become a master of the organ, and one of the first pianists to become a worldwide influence as a disseminator of the stride style he had learned from his mentor, James P. Johnson.

My first Christmas Day in New York, as an awed young fan from London inspecting the American scene, was spent at Waller's comfortable apartment on the outskirts of Harlem. He was exultant about a new piano he had just bought, and for hours our time was spent between playing records, trying out the piano and dipping into a liberal supply of what he always referred to as libations.

A man of great appetites, a genial host and friend, Fats seemed content as long as he was surrounded by good friends, beautiful women and libations. His record sessions, always deceptively casual, usually found him surrounded by a stack of sheet music that gave him a choice of songs sent to the A & R man by publishers. He usually sang and played them in the company of an improvising six-piece band. (He was so firmly locked into the format that when he toured England, not allowed by the Musicians' Union to bring a band with him, I assembled a similar combo of British musicians for him and produced the only English "Fats Waller & His Rhythm" session.)

Occasionally he was accorded the privilege of working on his own. This month RCA's admirable Bluebird Record series offers a comprehensive set entitled "Fats Waller Piano Solos, 1929-1941" (AXM 2-5518). In this unique compendium no less than 33 tracks are spread over the four sides. Of these, 19 are original Waller compositions, several of which have become classics. Since there are no interruptions for vocals or horn solos, and since the recording quality is excellent even on those tracks cut almost a half century ago, the album will bring today's listener closer to the essence of Waller than any previous collection.

●

Waller's principal virtues were an exquisite symmetry; a rare sense of form in the more carefully prepared works such as "Handful of Keys," "Valentine Stomp," "Viper's Drag;" a consistent accuracy that rendered him even more clinker-proof than Art Tatum; and the ability to swing with a power that made a rhythm section quite expendable.

Most of his greatest hits are here, from "Ain't Misbehavin'" to "Honeysuckle," but the most entrancing works are those that were designed strictly as instrumentals: the fastidious "Clothes Line Ballet," the gentle "African Ripples" (delicate enough to confound the listener who may be misled by the title into expecting something more profound), "Numb Fumblin'" and the various other blues numbers, and James P. Johnson's "Carolina Shout," which Fats converted into a shimmering, graceful chandelier of sound.

With helpful notes by Mike Lipskin, a pianist who was himself the protege of a noted stride artist, Willie (the Lion) Smith, this collection is a rediscovered treasure, one that belongs in the collection of any thankful

or jazz musician seriously involved in the study of the keyboard art. Five stars.

Fats Waller went to Hollywood in 1943 to play in the movie "Stormy Weather." He headed back for New York by train; en route, he was stricken with bronchial pneumonia and died as the train pulled into Kansas City. My last memory of him goes back to the Abyssinian Baptist Church, where Waller's father had once been minister, where he himself had taken his first faltering moves at the organ, and where Adam Clayton Powell now spoke the eulogy. It was the most heavily attended funeral I had seen, and with good reason. This congenial, convivial man, who had died at 39 without quite realizing his full musical potential, had not left an enemy anywhere in the world.

●

Norman Granz's Pablo Records now boasts a spin-off subsidiary with the self-explanatory name Pablo Live. Of the three initial releases, "Afro Blue Impressions" by John Coltrane (Pablo Live 2620-101) is the most intriguing and valuable. Recorded at concerts in Berlin and Stockholm, it finds Coltrane in the company of his definitive quartet, with McCoy Tyner, Elvin Jones and Jimmy Garrison. Among the nine numbers, spanning four sides (all heard in various previous versions), are another masterfully demonic attack on "My Favorite Things" and one of the most lyrical versions of "Naima." Five stars. ●

10 Pt IV—Tues., June 21, 1977 Los Angeles Times

MUSIC REVIEWS

Manne's Quartet at Ford Theater

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Shelly Manne's multifaceted life as studio musician/jazzman and composer was recently expanded by the formation of what he calls simply the Quartet.

Looser in conception and execution than the L. A. Four, the Quartet was presented Sunday at the Ford Theater to a jubilantly responsive capacity crowd. Mike Wofford, a pianist who can delve into modality and abstractions without losing sight of the need to swing, submitted a few minutes of gentle speculation before Lew Tabackin, on tenor sax, introduced the Ellington melody "What Am I Here For?"

At times gentle, at times demonically rough, the inspired and inspiring Tabackin can take a five-note phrase, remold it melodically, then change its rhythm, shift it to conform with a chord change, drop it when it has served its purpose, then charge off into some larger-than-life improvisational plan.

He was a bird of a different tone color, more orthodox technically but no less inspired when, as in "All Blues," he played the flute. At one point he was paired off simply with the sound of Manne's fingertips on vellum. Manne, in tunes like "My Ideal," projected more emotion and kept a more sensitive pulse alive with wire brushes than most drummers can with sticks.

Tabackin, Wofford, Manne and the less inventive but technically expert bassist Chuck Domanico have a rare empathy. The group is unusual in its nonelectronic makeup, its straight jazz orientation and its concentration on standards. (One 20ish woman, hearing "Body and Soul," wondered aloud, "What is this number? Are these jazz tunes they're playing?")

The tunes, all unannounced, made their point on the strength of an unrelenting group spirit and endless moments of superb spontaneity.

When the final tumult necessitated an encore, Tabackin zoomed into "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You." I'm sure nobody knew that one either, but again the manner was the message.

This was to have been the final spring concert, but J. Foster, under whose guidance this has been the best attended and best received series in the theater's 11-year jazz history, announced that Glen Garrett and Rich Aronson, who were rained out May 8, will be on hand Sunday to call it a season.

AT FORD THEATER 6/15

Brass of Youth Fans Turbulence

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

When a band elects to call itself Turbulence, there is a sense that trouble may be in the air. The 12-piece jazz/rock orchestra presented Sunday afternoon at the Ford/Pilgrimage, though at times living up to its off-putting name, generally accredited itself well for a young group in search of an identity.

The coleaders are trumpeter Craig Pallett, 22, just graduated from Cal State Fullerton, and David Crigger, 23, best known as Don Ellis' drummer. Pallett writes most of the compositions, some are by Crigger, and a couple came from other sources, most curiously a version of "Round Midnight" that converted Thelonious Monk's tune into a rock mambo.

The band is unconventionally constituted, with two guitars, electric bass, lead trumpet, two trombones, French horn, three saxes and the leaders. Brass predominates, sometimes generating a compact-model Don Ellis sound.

More use should be made of the reed players as a section. On one number by Tom Scott, a passage played on soprano saxes illustrated the point handily. The three-flute background for Pallett's fluegel solo on "Fluegelwarm" was another such moment.

Several occasionally fed their solos through a synthesizer, sometimes with wild results, as when trombonist Brien Matson played a fierce duet with himself in two lines an octave or more apart. Leon Gaer, a highly mobile soloist, knows how to carry not only a tune but also the whole band on his broad electric-bass back. Michael Morera, playing tenor or soprano sax, drew the heaviest applause and, although he tends at times to confuse energy with passion, the reaction for the most part was deserved.

The concert concluded with "Space Race," a minisuite with tricky electronic effects, smartly executed horn voicings, and Crigger working very hard.

AT YAMASHIRO

Blossom Dearie in Full Flower

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The singer was unique, the songs were superb, the setting was ideal. Rarely are these three elements drawn together; when it happens, the result can be an incomparable evening.

It would be impossible to imagine a more ideal ambience for Blossom Dearie than the handsome garden court of Yamashiro, a name that means mountain palace. Monday evening its beautiful open atrium, floating above Hollywood, was converted from restaurant into concert salon as Dearie, she of the Tinker Bell tones, the mock-innocent manner, the deceptively simple piano, sat alone at the north end of the garden and reminded us of her habit of acquiring the wittiest lyrics, often adding her own ingenious melodies and delivering the results in a manner that brings as much joy to the writers as to her dedicated, sophisticated audience.

Blossom Deorie

After a few warm-up pop songs, the real Blossom Dearie emerged. "Winchester in Apple-Blossom Time," with lyrics by her brother, melody and scoobie-doobie by Blossom, is a sublime update of the ancient place-and-time song system, the "April in Paris" genre in a 1977 model.

"A Paris," sung in French, "Hey John" (for Lennon) and "Sweet Georgie Fame," dedicated to the British singer, added a cosmopolitan touch. The sybaritic serenade "Feel Me a Grape" and the hilarious "I'm Hip" both reminded us that Dave Frishberg may be the most underestimated lyricist of our time.

Dearie reached her peak with two numbers written exclusively for her by an admirer named Johnny Mercer. One, "I'm Shadowing You," with a stunning Dearie melody, is the private-eye love song: "Picketing for every cause/Fighting all unjust laws/Happy as can be, Just you, the Secret Service and me."

The other Mercer song, the title tune of Dearie's current album, is "My New Celebrity Is You." It's as packed with names and esoteric references as one of those old Frank Sullivan Christmas poems in the New Yorker, and if you can get the point even half the time your ribs will never be the same. It was one of Mercer's finest; also the saddest, for it was his last.

Dearie will be back at the garden court Monday at 8 and 10. June 27. In a world awash with million-selling vocal mediocrities, she's a blessed intellectual and musical relief. All this and Yamashiro, too.

JAZZ REVIEW

Eddie Jefferson Seasons Bebop With Humor

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The art of setting lyrics to improvised jazz solos is a peculiar and demanding process. The singer must match an unending flow of words to the hundreds of notes transcribed from the recordings.

Eddie Jefferson, a legendary figure who took up this practice as a hobby 35 years ago, is at the Lighthouse this week, demonstrating his technique in a style that is pure bebop heavily seasoned with humor. Most of his material is based on famous sax solos, of which the best known, James Moody's "Moot for Love," was borrowed and recorded by King Pleasure. Others are adapted from the works of Charlie Parker, John Coltrane and Coleman Hawkins.

The stories Jefferson has fitted to these pieces are complex, some phrases rushing by too fast for comprehension, yet the overall effect is engagingly infectious. Each number is a tour de force, a unique tribute to the instrumentalists whose creations Jefferson celebrates.

The Hawkins "Body and Soul" works less successfully than the faster numbers; Jefferson's gruff tone is out of keeping with the sheer lyricism of the original, nor is there much of value in a rapbop tune such as the trivial one-pun song "Penny's From Heaven."

Jefferson is strongly supported by the alto sax of Richie Cole, a Buddy Rich band alumnus. They are an odd couple—Jefferson, 58, was singing his hip anthems before Cole, 29, was born—but Cole is that rarity, a young jazzman to whom bop is second nature.

Cole opened the set with a couple of fine, stomping instrumentals which he composed, then played a couple of furiously swinging unaccompanied choruses on "Cherokee" before Jefferson joined him on stage to sing a Cole line based on the same chords.

The two, who have worked together for a couple of years, are backed by a local rhythm section consisting of Gildo Mahones, piano; Bruno Carr, drums; Larry Gales, bass.

What is happening at the Lighthouse may not be deathless art but it is guaranteed to lift the spirit. Eddie Jefferson deserves more recognition than a capricious fate has accorded him. He closes Sunday.

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JAZZ

JUN 19

Dearie's Dearest Hits

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The Dearie family can trace its roots back to 16th-century Scotland. On the day of the birth of a girl, a neighbor brought over some peach blossoms, inspiring the newborn's father to name her after them. Blossom Dearie still finds it hard to persuade anyone that this was her name at birth; but then, nothing about her seems believable.

Her voice is diminutive and hairpin-thin; incapable, it has been said, of reaching the second floor of a doll's house, her range, it was once observed, goes from the meticulous to the sublime. She has few of the orthodox qualifications for a singer, a pianist or a composer, yet for 25 years she has been respected among her peers—first in Paris, where she teamed with Annie Ross and formed her own vocal group, the Blue Stars; then, after six years abroad, as an elegant East Side nightclub singer with a following that is limited but loyal and intense.

Johnny Mercer, a doting Dearie fan, wrote his last song for her. It is the title number of her latest album, "My New Celebrity Is You" (Daffodil BMD 103). Of the 13 other songs, eight have music by Dearie. Most are hip, witty and occasionally poignant. Only two—"Killing Me Softly" and "A Song for You"—are familiar to the 1970s public.

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And what is Daffodil Records? As you might suspect, it is Blossom Dearie's, and if your local record shop says "Blossom What?" you simply send $10 to Daffodil at Box 312, Winchester, Va. 22601.

"It's a pity, isn't it," said Dearie, "that the music business has turned into one gigantic cash register. That's why it was logical for me to follow the trend, among people who have a specialized following, to start an independent company. It's working beautifully, thanks to my brother and his wife in Winchester. The record business is on their dining room table and their living room looks like a warehouse."

Dearie confines her career to a few special watering holes. In New York she plays Reno Sweeney's, working early evening sets. In London, she says, "I used to love Ronnie Scott's, but it's become too late, too knocked down, dragged out; I just can't work late-night clubs anymore." In Los Angeles she is presently playing a series of Monday night recitals at the 60-year-old Yamashiro ("mountain palace") restaurant.

Over the years she has accumulated a mailing list. "I have 5,000 names and they're like 5,000 intimate friends—really! Mail comes every day from Europe, Japan, Australia. It's very expensive to send records to distant parts of the world, so sometimes I have to lease the masters, which is what I've done for Australia."

Dearie's business venture is not unlike those of Tony Bennett, Marian McPartland and others who, disillusioned with the methods of the mass-market-fixated major companies, have catered to a small but profitable clientele. Dearie's people are the in crowd to whom the endless personal references in "My New Celebrity Is You" are not too obscure: "*I've sung with Ethel Merman/Swung with Woody Herman/Played a gig in Germany/with Oprnion too/I nodded at a sermon Billy Graham barely got through/But anyone can see my new celebrity is you.*"

Songs like this, or Tony Proteau's "A Paris" (in French), Dave Frishberg's laconic "Peel Me a Grape" or the penetrating "Long Daddy Green (The Almighty Dollar)," with lyrics by Frishberg and music by Dearie, are the medium-well-done meat of her rare repertoire. She sings songs by relative unknowns because in recent years writers of the Mercer caliber have found no market for their brand of music and lyrics, even though words and music of considerable sophistication could once find a place among the Top 40.

"Yes, I think about that often. I hope there is space for some words of high quality. I think some of the writers who are showing a certain talent now will probably become more skilled. At present they lack humor.

"Stevie Wonder is just great as a music writer. I think his lyrics are mediocre—my goodness, I could write those kind of lyrics! Neil Sedaka is a fine writer, too, and I like Paul Williams—I sing two of his songs. But take someone like Dave Frishberg, who writes funny, truly exceptional lyrics—like 'I'm Hip,' which I recorded in an earlier album. People like that are probably discouraged from keeping on, because they feel there's no market for their work.

"Still, I feel optimistic at the moment. Clubs are opening up. Look in the New Yorker magazine and you'll find 20 places where you can hear people play the piano and sing good songs. And I don't think it's all a matter of New York and Los Angeles—there are places in between, all over the country, where people are hungry to hear good things. It's just a problem of organization. That's why I started my record company."

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Dearie's most elaborate venture is her new single, just released. The song is "Winchester in Apple Blossom Time," with hokum lyrics by Blossom's brother Walter Birchett, president of Daffodil, and an exquisite melody by Blossom, which she interprets in her own reed-like tones; on the flip side, Jack Sheldon, the Merv Griffin show band trumpeter, sings it to the carefully background of a string orchestra arranged by Dick Hazard, with tiny obbligatos by Dearie. Sheldon's voice is to gravel what Dearie's is to frost; the contrast works an unexpected magic. ●

Blossom Dearie

Jazz 6/06

Branching Abroad

There will be Shakey's Pizza Down Under, according to a recent announcement that a subsidiary of Collins Foods International, Inc., has agreed to introduce Shakey's, a subsidiary of Great Western United Corp., into Australia. ●

dual solos and more on colors, textures, splashes of sound. On our current tour, though, all of us are staying pretty much with the straightforward soloing form. Wayne's fans can expect to hear him playing more notes per second than they have been used to, but that doesn't mean he won't be expressing himself naturally.

"What some people don't realize is that no mature musician has to be tied down to one specific direction or environment. Wayne plays compositions in albums under his own name that differ in style and mood from what he plays with Weather Report, and what he'll be doing with VSOP may differ from both."

Hancock and his Very Special Performers unquestionably will receive the support they deserve for taking this unprecedented initiative. It may be too early to perceive in this venture a trend toward more orthodox jazz, a comeback, so to speak, after the hectic rush to cross over. Still, the very least that can be predicted is that young fans, having been exposed to a vibrant and aesthetically superior brand of music, of which they knew little or nothing, may be more receptive to similar endeavors by other groups, composed of artists for whom a change from fusion sounds, even if temporary, may result in their bringing out the best in one another.

After the tour is over, Shorter will rejoin Joe Zawinul and Weather Report will go on its way; Williams and Carter presumably will continue their double lives in jazz, jazz/rock and studio work; Hubbard, it is to be hoped, will find the direction as a leader that he has been seeking with qualified success, and Hancock is still weighing his options.

"I'll probably go back to something like my regular group. I haven't decided what the personnel will be, but I can tell you one thing: I'm seriously thinking of adding a second keyboard player. You know why? Because here I have all these pianos and electric keyboards and synthesizers around me and I've only got two hands. It's too frustrating! So the best solution is another hired hand—or rather, two of them."

That's the way Hancock is thinking for a perhaps imminent future. Meanwhile, VSOP, for which his only main requirement is a Yamaha Electric Grand Piano, will keep his mind on a very lively present. ●

MUSIC REVIEW

Student Bands Battle at Bowl

6/27

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Through the years, the standards of the county-sponsored teen-age Battle of the Bands have shown an almost continuous improvement. Friday at the Hollywood Bowl, the 18th annual competition indicated that the continual fight for progress may need to pause for breath.

True, the William S. Hart High School Orchestra, winner for the fourth straight year in the school stage band division and second-year winner of the sweepstakes award, played with enthusiasm and accuracy, producing a promising trumpeter in Scott Scheuerman, 17, voted one of the four outstanding instrumentalists of the evening.

For the most part, though, there was less than usual of the sense that we might be watching future stars. The finest teamwork and best entertainment were furnished by the noncompeting production band (average age 15½), guided by director Larry Farrow through the demanding chores of accompanying singers, dancers and choral groups.

The adolescent joy reflected in these specialty numbers, from the perennial opener, "Strike Up the Band," to a medley of show tunes, was a heartening demonstration of esprit de corps. The band, dancers and singers also paid tribute to Stan Kenton as former Kenton composer Pete Rugolo, in the role of guest conductor, took them briskly through a series of charts written many years before they were born.

The competing bands tried for too much, too soon; their choice of materials and tempos needs rethinking. Both William S. Hart and Venice High used Don Menza's "Time Check" (played too fast) as their first number and a tricky Chick Corea tune as their second. Bonita High's "Green Dolphin Street" was similarly frantic.

Vibes, winner in the stage band category, seemed reasonably at ease and cohesive, sounding tighter with 12 members than Bonita had with 20, thanks partly to a driving drummer, John Baumgart, 18, and to saxist/flutist Matt Christensen, 17, both of whom won awards.

The winning instrumental combo, an Inglewood sextet known as Spirit, played some of the evening's best music, in an early Jazz Crusaders bag, and fielded a winning soloist in drummer Ronnie Kaufman, 18, of Fremont High.

The evening's vocal competitors were conservative and unpretentious. Greg Wilburn, a pop singer, took the vocal soloist trophy and a group from the Valley called Perception landed the vocal combo prize.

It was the consensus of the judges—Ernie Freeman, Shelly Manne, Tom Scott (a 1965 Battle winner) and John Andrew Tartaglia (an alumnus of the production band) that the orchestras would do better on easier ground. A simple, relaxed piece from the Count Basie repertoire would have been less tiring and more likely to bring out the best in these youths who, talented and ambitious though they are, have so much more to learn.

JAZZ MUSIC REVIEW

Ups, Downs at Newport Fest

6/28

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

NEW YORK—The 24th annual Newport Jazz Festival (the sixth to be held in New York City), is going the way of all such events, with an upper to match every downer. George Wein, as producer, has reason to be satisfied with most of the results to date. Three of the four concerts held through Sunday evening registered well both at the box office and in the eardrums.

Friday's opener presented Sarah Vaughan with guest stars Dizzy Gillespie and Clark Terry. Since I was at the Hollywood Bowl at the time, I have depended on reliable sources, who assure me that Ms. Vaughan was in superb control and that her bop singing and three-part harmony with the trumpeter was a felicitous concept that came off with brilliance and good humor.

The first show I attended, Saturday evening, happened to be the weakest so far. Malombo, a South African trio, was scarcely a valid entry for a jazz festival with its monotonous mixture of pop, novelty music and instrumental gimmickry. It consisted of Philip Tabane on guitar, flute and pennywhistle; a drummer (equipped with a huge set of congas) and a pianist. The hybrid product, with its a African chants and peripheral blues touches, involved such ideas as hitting the guitar strings with a mallet and drawing a sharp instrument across them (or something that sounded like a knife scraped across a plate).

As the group tried its best to squeeze every effect out of its novelty shop of instruments, three other musicians tried to help out—a bassist, a second drummer, and, of all people, flutist Herbie Mann, whose expression and performance clearly indicated that he wasn't quite sure what he was doing there. The only possible reason seemed to be that he is a record producer for the company with which Malombo has signed. I wish them all luck.

The Pointer Sisters, who followed as headliners of this show, have changed their act very little since they were first seen in Hollywood a few years ago. Bonnie has quit.

Please Turn to Page 11, Col. 1.

24th Newport Jazz Festival in N.Y.

Continued from First Page

Ruth Pointer introduced the Ellington medley, the best item in a generally mannered and poorly amplified set. June sang some old-timey blues. Anita shouted her announcements, adding to the impression that the three women, tall, attractive and hard working, are less a musical presentation than a vaudeville act. They have not matured with the passing of time. Their inclusion of such swing era corn as "Kalamazoo," and even a country and western number, was inexcusable at a jazz event.

The Pointers are so enthusiastic and technically competent that you can only regret their failure to live up to the great expectations of their earlier days. Perhaps they need better advice. Surely someone could have told them that "Save the Bones for Henry Jones" and "Opus One" were hardly the material best designed to please a Carnegie Hall festival audience. The attendance at this show, by the way, was disappointing.

Things improved conspicuously at the Saturday midnight show. Betty Carter, a singer who has been trying for 25 years to prove that obscurity is not the right place for her, revealed that she is finally getting it all together. Her intonation is better, her body English is a strong visual plus and she conveys an authority she always seems to be on the verge of attaining.

Her choice of material is curious. She leans to trivial songs of the 1930s such as "Swing Brother Swing" and "Music Maestro Please." Compensating for this she virtually ignores the melodies and even the lyrics, fashioning new entities out of these ancient mediocrities. Her sound is strangely hollow and unlike that of any other jazz singer.

Aesthetically, her work cannot be compared with the virtuoso sounds of Vaughan or Fitzgerald, but she is an original, employs a legitimate jazz trio accompaniment well-led by pianist John Hicks, and her confidence communicated admirably.

Only when she tries to improve on what is already a perfect song does her sensitivity leave her. "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," which does not need to be tampered with, was a meaningless mishmash in the Carter version.

She was followed by the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, still one of the two or three big bands that have something of unique value to say. Its set was too short, offering only one number that fully displayed its handsome textures: "Thank You," composed and played by alto saxophonist Jerry Dodgion. The piece was also enlivened by Pepper Adams' baritone sax (he and Dodgion are the only remaining original sidemen).

A set by the Jones brothers—Thad on trumpet, Elvin on drums and Hank on piano, backed by bassist Rufus Reed—inevitably had its creative moments, but the jam-session atmosphere was casual to the point of sloppiness, and the choice of stale material such as "Sweet Georgia Brown" lessened the impact of what should have been an inspired family reunion.

Dizzy Gillespie, in a guest appearance with the Jones/Lewis band, played as if he had not rehearsed the arrangements (he hadn't). This teaming resulted in one worthwhile collaboration, a sensitive horn duet by Dizzy and Thad on the latter's sublimely beautiful ballad, "A Child Is Born."

Sunday evening, again at Carnegie Hall, a program was offered that could hardly be classified as music for the ages, yet on its own unpretentious level it was an almost perfect show. Gerry Mulligan introduced his current sextet, among whose members are Dave Samuels, a vibraphonist whose style spans everyone from Red Norvo to Cal Tjader; Tom Fay, a respectable pianist, and Mike Santiago on guitar.

Mulligan, whose music is the rebirth of the cool, continues to mellow with age. Even when a key broke on his baritone sax, he was unfazed. He left the stage momentarily while the band worked without him, then finished the set playing piano (a beautiful solo on "Darn That Dream") and soprano saxophone.

Herbi Pomeroy, leading a big band from Boston, showed bad manners and poor judgment by walking off in a huff on being told he had used up his allotted time. He was lucky to be at the festival at all. But the band did a fine job of accompanying Mel Torme.

It was difficult to fault anything in Torme's set. He paid tribute to Erroll Garner with "Misty" and to Johnny Mercer with "When the World Was Young." Every song he chose was perfectly sequenced and performed. Mulligan joined him on several numbers for some delightfully dovetailed teamwork.

Torme wrote many of the arrangements himself; others, from his old Marty Paich book, have worn well. Whether he is a jazz artist in the strictest sense is unimportant; everything he sings is in flawless taste and the jazz influence is obvious.

The temperamental and unpredictable Nina Simone, who was to have performed at a midnight Carnegie concert, rehearsed in the afternoon but failed to appear at night. The show was canceled (so, presumably, will be the one she had scheduled for next Sunday). Not too many customers seemed either surprised or disappointed by her no-show.

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JAZZ

Festivals Galore— A Sign of Health?

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● NEW YORK—How seriously polarized is the jazz community?

If the timetable for the 24th annual Newport Jazz Festival (due to close Monday) is an accurate indication, the schism is deeper than ever. Producer George Wein has abandoned his system of scheduling one series of concerts in the late afternoon and another in midevening, enabling everyone theoretically to attend all the events. Instead, on seven of the 11 days, he set two or even three concerts to run simultaneously in different locations.

True, most fans, in jazz as in rock, lean to one favored idiom. Yet isn't it likely that patrons of last Tuesday's Carnegie Hall recital by four pianists paying homage to Erroll Garner also would have liked to hear Charles Mingus and the Toshiko/Tabackin orchestra at the identical hour at Avery Fisher Hall?

Wein disagrees: "These overlaps upset the critics, not the public. I scheduled everything so that the concerts would appeal to entirely different age groups and tastes."

For Wein, there have been other serious concerns, involving the suitability and availability of talent. "We had a great show planned with the Woody Herman Band and the L.A. Four, before Woody's accident; there was to have been a Stan Kenton evening, then Stan was sidelined by illness; and we had arranged for a concert with the late Paul Desmond. The casualties this year have been the worst since 1974, when we lost Duke Ellington and so many others."

A decision for which Wein must be commended is his almost total avoidance of the crossover combos that have little to do with the art of jazz. He feels that these groups—the Donald Byrds, Stanley Turrentines, Bobbie Humphreys and Grover Washingtons—are incompatible with an authentic festival; moreover, they have production companies that promote their own concerts throughout the year.

"At one point I was concerned about not putting on these hot attractions. But they don't need us and we don't need them, apparently. Our audiences are becoming more sophisticated and receptive to music that was considered quite uncommercial not too long ago. If we want to put on a popular show, we'd rather do it with something that's light and entertaining as we did with the Pointer Sisters."

Wein was particularly relieved by the reaction to a Carnegie Hall program last weekend, with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, guest soloist Dizzy Gillespie and singer Betty Carter, who was around for 25 years without attracting a strong following. The show not only sold out but was rapturously received. "There were no concessions; this was a truly genuine jazz concert. It was gratifying to someone like Betty Carter, who has been on the verge of the big time so long, to see that she has finally broken through. These manifestations of purity are becoming more typical of the festival."

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One of the most paradoxical problems entailed in the masterminding of Newport is the increased availability of jazz, in every size and style, all over New York City, as a direct result, it would seem, of the interest generated by the first New York/Newport festival in 1972.

"Until that time," Wein says, "jazz had the reputation around town of being uncommercial. But as soon as we blanketed the city with jazz and drew a substantial tourist business during that trial run, the club owners around town began to realize that jazz wasn't so uncommercial after all. New clubs sprang up, and things have reached the point where today you can find dozens of rooms offering good music all over Manhattan, Queens, the Bronx—which, in turn, has the potential of hurting our own business. We could be hoist with our own petard; but luckily, so far, the effect has simply been that more jazz is being played in more places, and the out-of-towners who come in for the festival spill out into the clubs after the concerts are over."

Aside from the commercial jazz clubs, there are now many rooms where the so-called "loft jazz" phenomenon is growing, mainly in the Village and the Lower East Side, as a potent avant-garde alternative to Newport's predominantly middle-of-the-road bill of fare. Before and during the festival, such resorts as the Studio Rivbea, founded by the tenor saxophonist Sam Rivers, have been concocting festivals of their own running concurrently with Newport. Many musicians scorn the word jazz, even though their concerts supposedly are mounted as another aspect of a closely related Afro-American music.

Wein says he welcomes such developments as a healthy display of competition. Certainly the patrons of Rivers' presentations, which one critic characterized the other day as offering music that "teeters on the edge of anarchy and sometimes takes the plunge," could hardly be expected to draw any business away from Maynard Ferguson at Carnegie Hall, Art Blakey at Avery Fisher Hall or the New York Jazz Repertory Company's concert of the 1930s music of Fletcher and Horace Henderson at NYU Loeb Center. Here the polarization is close to 100%.

The strangest twist of all is the news that during this frenetic week, another area of competition has arisen in no less unlikely a site than Newport, R.I. Under the logo "Jazz Returns to Newport '77" this weekend at Newport Adams State Park, local promoters have attempted to restore Newport's reputation as a jazz mecca by booking Count Basie, Ella Fitzgerald, Herbie Mann, Dizzy Gillespie, George Shearing and others—all of whom, by this time, will have made their appearances at Newport, New York.

Wein, who has no connection with this venture, shrugs it off. "I can't recall the name of the woman who's putting it on; I know she has several of the same people we've booked. But the public has been accustomed to Newport in New York for six years now, and it's become so much of an institution that I don't have to concern myself with anything else that's happening."

This would seem to be the ultimate irony. Newport is so well established in New York that we can now turn our backs on the very locale where it all began to happen in 1954. ●

Dizzy Gillespie and the Newport Jazz Festival come to Carnegie Hall with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra.
Photo by Don Schlitz

JAZZ Tues July 5

● The perennial impact of jazz is a big as all outdoors—which, this summer, will encompass at least four major locations under the stars.

The Greek Theater, not too hospitable to the swinging sounds in past years, will resound July 19-20 to the pulse of the VSOP quintet (Herbie Hancock, Freddie Hubbard et. al). The John Klemmer group will share the bill Aug. 10-11. Jazz/rock violinist Jean-Luc Ponty will

combos (Art Pepper, (Jimmy Witherand even Dixieland July 17). Other neida, Al Hibbler, Damita Jo, Bill d Anita O'Day.

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Kong Bar followed by two- Kenny Burrell, Ernestine and the L.A. Four.

The Lighthouse will be illuminated by such visitors as Mose Allison, Tuesday-Sunday; Al Gafa, July 12-17; Buddy Guy & Junior Wells, July 19-24, then a week each with Sonny Criss, Cecil Taylor, Horace Silver and Zbigniew Seifert (the *other* Polish jazz violinist).

The Roxy limits itself to an occasional fusion artist like Roy Ayers. The Improv's Monday jazz nights continue with the likes of Ira Schulman's Baroque Jazz Ensemble, July 11, and Don Ellis' Electric Orchestra, Aug. 1.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Shark'

be presented. Britain's Cleo Laine and John Dankworth are set for Aug. 24-27, with Bobby Short for openers.

The Universal Amphitheater is bringing in Chuck Mangione Tuesday and Wednesday; from there it's a long jazz lacuna until Sept. 2 and 4, when George Benson hops in and out for a split two-nighter.

The most elaborately planned indoor lineup is that of the recently opened Cafe Concert in Tarzana. Its seven-night continuum involves big bands (Gerald Wilson, July 22-23, Curt Berg Monday and July 11, et al); name combos (Art Pepper, July 29-30), singers (Jimmy Witherspoon, July 15-16) and even Dixieland (Angel City Jazz Band, July 17). Other probables: Laurindo Almeida, Al Hibbler, the Juggernaut big band, Damita Jo, Bill Henderson, Ruth Price and Anita O'Day.

Donte's will present the Victor Feldman trio Friday and Saturday; return visits are expected by Larry Carlton, the Lanny Morgan-Dick Spencer Quintet, Milt Jackson, the Fred Selden-Milcho Leviev Quintet and the Ron Eschete Quartet.

Royce Hall has the Preservation Hall senior citizens coming up Friday and Saturday, the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin band July 15.

Concerts by the Sea divides this month between Cal Tjader and Hank Crawford, with Ahmad Jamal opening Aug. 2.

Keith Jarrett offers a solo piano recital next Sunday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, where Benny Goodman promises a big band and "Rhapsody in Blue" July 17. Maynard Ferguson will play his crossover hits Aug. 14 at Santa Monica Civic.

Kellie Green is at the Hong Kong Bar through Saturday, to be followed by two-week gigs for Kenny Burrell, Ernestine Anderson, and the L.A. Four.

The Lighthouse will be illuminated by such visitors as Mose Allison, Tuesday-Sunday; Al Gafa, July 12-17; Buddy Guy & Junior Wells, July 19-24, then a week each with Sonny Criss, Cecil Taylor, Horace Silver and Zbigniew Seifert (the *other* Polish jazz violinist).

The Roxy limits itself to an occasional fusion artist like Roy Ayers. The Improv's Monday jazz nights continue with the likes of Ira Schulman's Baroque Jazz Ensemble, July 11, and Don Ellis' Electric Orchestra, Aug. 1.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEWS

Going Beyond the ABC's for Children

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

NEW YORK—There have been many attempts to make jazz understandable and enjoyable for children, by everyone from Langston Hughes (in a book) to Cannonball Adderley (on a record). Thursday afternoon at New York University's Loeb Student Center, David Amram presented "A Jazz Concert for Children of All Ages," with a group of compatible friends who played everything from trumpet (Thad Jones), saxophones (Jerry Dodgion, Pepper Adams, George Barrow) and trombone (Jimmy Knepper) to conga drums, washboards and an amplified oud.

Amram was an ideal choice to stage an event of this kind. A child of all ages himself, he has written and played music of every kind and is driven by a contagious enthusiasm and love for sharing and passing on his knowledge.

After marching into the hall from the rear leading a small fife-and-drum corps, he began his narration, which he devoted mainly to the ethnic origins of jazz and related forms of music. Instead of a conventional "up the river from New Orleans" story, he took his band through "Royal Garden Blues," played his own lovely melody dedicated to the late Red Allen, and devoted most of the remaining time to discussions and illustrations involving traditional Middle Eastern, North African, Latin American, Portuguese and Cuban music.

It is doubtful whether some of the younger listeners knew what he meant by quarter tones and some other technical explanations that were clearly over their heads, but his personality and music were so charming that the tots seemed as fascinated as the grownups. Amram, who speaks as lucidly and logically as he composes, played tin whistles (sometimes two at once), piano, guitar, French horn, and sang.

A readily assimilable jazz beat was supplied by a splendid rhythm section, among whose members were Eddie Gomez on bass, Beaver Harris on drums and Ray Mantilla on congas. The concert was liberally sprinkled with first-rate solos.

Amram, who has directed the Youth and Family series at Brooklyn Academy of Music for the past six years, has composed over 100 orchestral, chamber and operatic works, but he knows that jazz is as great and vital an idiom as any other form and he delights in saying so in eloquent words and music. This Newport Festival undertaking was as admirably carried out as it was ingeniously conceived.

Tribute to Erroll Garner

"Solo Piano," the Newport Festival's Carnegie Hall presentation Wednesday, found four pianists playing a tribute to Erroll Garner, without rhythm sections or microphones. Teddy Wilson, in an overlong set, let down those of us who have idolized him since our childhood by playing what was, with a sole exception (Garner's "Passing Through"), the same routine he has played every night in every club for years, song for song, medley for medley, almost note for note, with the same irksomely identical codas.

Earl Hines (out of whose style Wilson forged his own in the 1930s) also was predictable, but in a totally different way: You knew that under these ideal conditions he would cast aside all thoughts of show business, draw intelligently on his vast repertoire and reach his creative peak. Dynamically, rhythmically, melodically, every tune shimmered and virtually danced, from "I Feel Pretty" to "Jitterbug Waltz" and a long, elaborate "Close to You." Logically, he closed the show; nobody could have followed him.

Adam Makowicz, a Polish import and victim of excessive media hype, is a brilliant technician and a composer of ingeniously intricate works, but as he went through his ear-defying pseudo-Art Tatum runs you couldn't help wondering: What would he do if they took the tightrope away?

George Shearing then illustrated what had been missing in Makowicz: discretion, delicacy, a knowledge of what to leave out, and, of course, a sense of humor. Shearing's "Misty" was the one Garner impression of the evening that captured both the spirit and the letter of the original.

Happily, there were no slam-bang two-piano or eight-hand finales of the kind that have brought so many of these keyboard conclaves to an anticlimax of crosscurrents. That the festival can rely on ungimmicked musicality, presenting performers as artists and concerts as recitals, is a healthy sign indeed.

—L.F.

Recorded Live at Jimmy Smith's

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

North Hollywood became soulville Wednesday and Thursday evenings, when Jimmy Smith's Supper Club on Victory at Coldwater was the scene of a live recording session under the guidance of its organist owner.

Smith's room has acquired a liquor license since he was last reviewed here; this may have been a reason for the crowded conditions, though the main inducement was the well-publicized presence of an impressive conglomeration of guest soloists.

Despite the jam session ambience, careful preparation was evident. The musicians had rehearsed skeletal arrangements. Members of the press were even handed a list showing what men would play which tunes in what order. Moreover, they never deviated from the game plan.

The size of the band varied from four to nine. The loose, ad-lib atmosphere in which Smith always thrives best remained in evidence, and the blues was a frequent visitor.

Smith's rhythm section was expanded to include the mellow-toned, underrated Ray Crawford on guitar, and the commanding conga master, Buck Clarke, as well as bassist Kevin Brandon and Kenny Dixon on drums. Two young proteges of Smith, flutists John Phillips and Stanley Behrens, were added on "For Your Love" along with Blue Mitchell on fluegelhorn and Harold Land on tenor. "Sometimes I'm Happy" found Smith in his effervescent quasi-Garner bag.

"It's Necessary," the title number of the projected album, was a fast blues in which Smith's drive and passion demonstrated why he remains the undisputed boss of the organ. Phillips showed promise on alto sax. "C. C. Rider," a tune that is older than dirt, took on a warmly funky glow through the participation on tenor sax of Teddy Edwards, back on the scene after a long illness.

Smith & Co. fed on the encouragement of a cheerful, responsive crowd. Because its sound would have leaked onto the tape, the air-conditioning unit was turned off, leading us to recall the true meaning of the term "hot jazz." This problem aside, it was encouraging to hear Smith getting back into the familiar territory that suits him best. He's one artist who really doesn't need to cross over.

JAZZ REVIEW

Leila Sings With Taste, Technique

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The musical regimen at the Sound Room, on Ventura Blvd. near Colfax in Studio City, now includes, for at least one night a week, a singer from San Francisco known simply as Leila.

Today more than ever before, singers may be evaluated, and can succeed or fail, on the basis of the instrumental company they keep. Leila starts out with the advantageous presence of Tom Garvin, who is much more sensitive than the electric piano he plays; John Heard, the former Count Basie bassist, and a spirited drummer named John Perez.

Their support, and Leila's evident knowledge of her craft (she uses a music stand, reads from her parts when necessary and even played a few bars of flute during her last number), brought to her work a sense of phrasing, a degree of jazz-informed sensitivity, rare among singers in their 20s. Her clear, cool sound, excellent diction, confident range and (except for a couple of slight lapses) good intonation all contributed to an agreeable set.

There is no clear focus yet in terms of selection of songs. She writes some of her own material, but this set (cut short when something in the accursed keyboard broke down) was a miscellany, albeit a well-selected one, of material from standard, contemporary and Brazilian sources.

Leila is a tall blonde who could use some suggestions on visual values (hairstyle and gown), but what matters most is that she shows unquestionable vocal promise, blending admirable taste with technical accomplishment. She will be at the Sound Room every Tuesday until further notice.

The club is upgrading its talent policy: Mondays, for an indefinite run, no less a name than Eddie Harris will grace the marquee. Wednesdays, the Mike Barone-Dick Spencer Quintet appears; Thursdays, Jack Sheldon, the trumpeter-comedian from the Merv Griffin Show; weekends, various groups. Food is available; there is usually a $2.50 door charge.

JAZZ REVIEW

Closing the Gap With Mangione

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Little did we suspect, when he came to town in the 1960s as an obscure sideman with Art Blakey, that one day they would be selling Chuck Mangione T-shirts at the Universal Amphitheater, where, as the sole attraction, he played to a packed house Tuesday in the first half of a two-night stand.

Chuck Mangione

Success has not blunted Mangione's musical integrity. If his compositions are not adventurous or avant-garde, at least they are consistently melodic. If many of the songs sound alike (he has a tendency to lean on the fourth note of the scale, whether against a tonic or a dominant chord), this very characteristic is part of what constitutes a style.

The orchestra he now leads is 22 strong, with a large brass section, four woodwinds, no strings and the combo—now a sextet—as centerpiece. Among the new faces the most impressive were Grant Geissman, whose acoustic guitar was so highly miked it sounded electric, and Charles Meeks, whose solo in "Listen to the Wind" unleashed some of the most powerful electric bass sounds since Stanley Clarke. Drummer James Bradley Jr. was rock steady in every sense, bringing splashes of dazzling rhythmic color to "Legend of the One-Eyed Sailor."

Chris Vadala, replacing Gerry Niewood, lent a supple touch to "Soft" on alto flute, but lacks Niewood's personal spark as a saxophonist. Gap Mangione was well showcased on electric keyboards in the intense, blues-funk oriented "Showbiz." As for his younger brother, Chuck, he functioned dependably on several levels, alternating between flugelhorn and keyboard, lending a dry wit to his announcements, and reminding us that he writes with a singular sense of form and beauty.

Mangione, while retaining a certain purity in his work as soloist and composer, has narrowed the gap between the worlds of pop, rock and jazz. Though hardly profound, his music is valid enough to justify his presence on the jazz charts. May his T-shirt sales continue to flourish.

July '77

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

John Lewis

Just thirty years have passed since John Lewis' first major work, *Toccata For Trumpet And Orchestra*, was introduced by Dizzy Gillespie in a concert I presented at Carnegie Hall.

Lewis, 27, already had begun to establish himself as something more than just another bebop pianist, though that was the role in which we first saw him with Dizzy. A quiet and studious intellectual, raised in Albuquerque, he had studied anthropology and music at the University of New Mexico.

His search for knowledge continued, mainly at the Manhattan School of Music, for several years after his arrival in New York in 1945. The bop movement enabled him to display only a small corner of his talent. His writing gifts began to emerge more fully in the catalytic Miles Davis "Birth Of The Cool" recordings; but still he was unable to establish a firm image for himself. [*Ed. Note: For more on Lewis, see CK, Apr. '77.*]

After his stint with Gillespie, he toured with Illinois Jacquet, made records with Lester Young and Charlie Parker, and even worked for a while as Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist. But the concept for a new small group had crystallized in his mind, and he experimented with it, originally using three colleagues from the Gillespie band, Ray Brown (later replaced by Percy Heath) on bass, Kenny Clarke (replaced after a couple of years by Connie Kay) on drums, and Milt Jackson on vibes. This was the basis for the Modern Jazz Quartet, born as a recording unit in 1952 and permanently organized two years later. The group's delicate, subtle blend was to remain a part of the jazz scene for more than two decades.

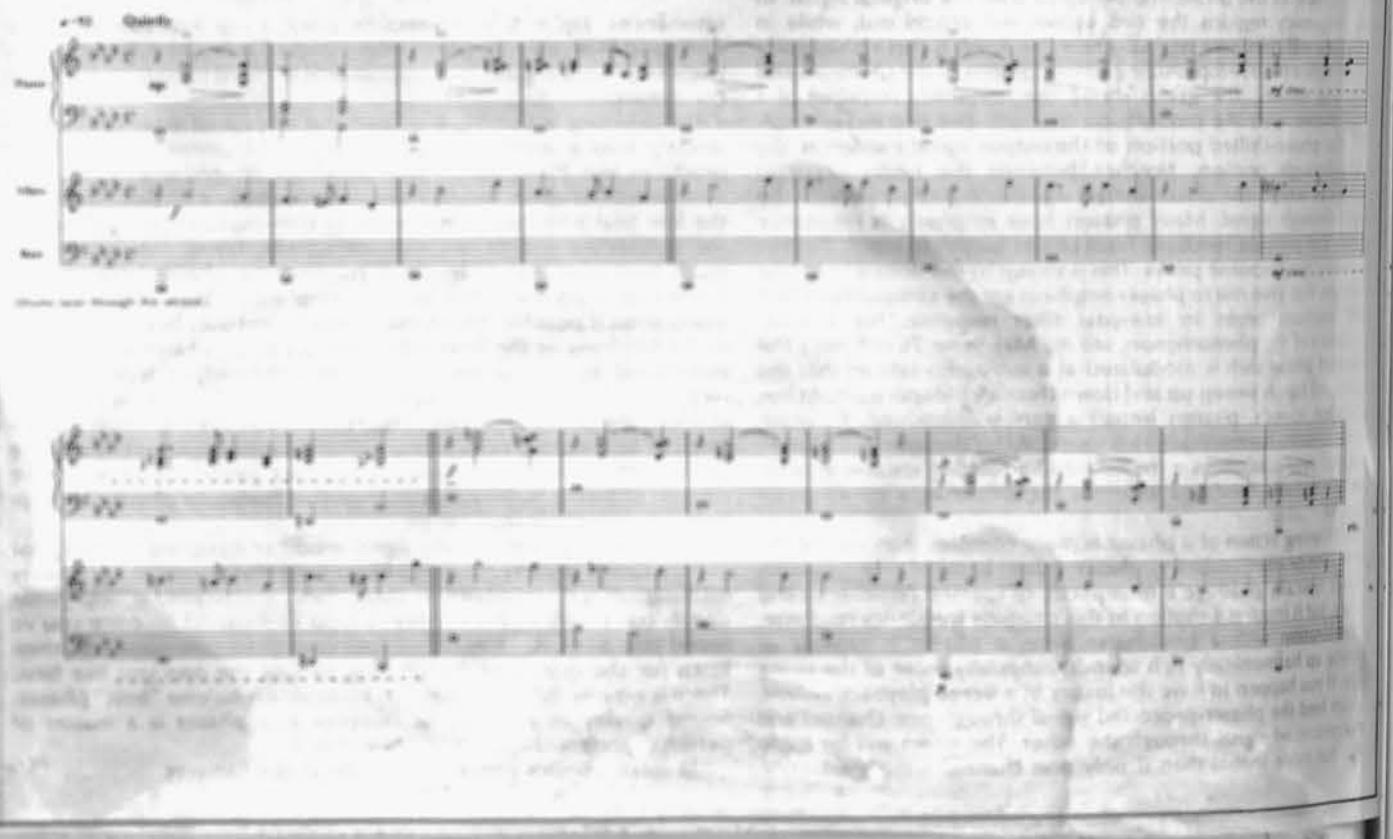
A curious aspect of the Quartet's reputation, and that of its musical director, is that whereas bebop in general was attacked violently by many critics of the day as a betrayal of the true values of jazz, as a noisy and unmusical collection of harmonic and melodic heresies, it was quite obvious that Lewis and the MJQ were associated with precisely the opposite values. Yet there is no question that Lewis, for the most part, retained a style clearly influenced by Bud Powell and other early beboppers, particularly in his single-note lines.

He became to bop, in a sense, what Count Basie has been to swing, making spare, elliptical statements, never indulging in pyrotechnical displays. Sometimes he would express himself more fully in richly textured blocks of chords, especially when he was working in tandem with Milt Jackson. Theirs was a partnership that seemed illogical at first—Lewis the introvert and Jackson the hard-driving swinger—yet the coupling was responsible for some of the most innovative sounds that emerged from the post-bop era of the early 1950s.

Fortunately, since its breakup a couple of years ago, the Quartet has made periodic reunion appearances, most recently on a brief tour in late April.

No composition represents John Lewis' melodic genius more elegantly than "Django," written as a memorial tribute not long after the guitarist's death. Through the cooperation of MJQ Music and Paul Schwartz I am able to show here exactly how Lewis and his colleagues are able to distill their unique group sound.

Note the melodic and dynamic curve of "Django," which builds slowly to a dramatic peak and then gradually, gently descends to the lower level at which it began. Like George Shearing, Lewis has made a contribution memorable no less for his role as part of a combo sound than for his individual characteristics as a pianist.



JAZZ MUSIC REVIEW

Jiving Better Eclectically at Newport

BY LEONARD FEATHER and IRA GITLER

NEW YORK—A seemingly incongruous consortium of six musicians about as diverse as they could possibly be in terms of age and style, happily destroyed the myth that jazzmen of varied backgrounds cannot successfully produce timeless music. The proof of this hasty pudding was the climax of a Newport Jazz Festival concert Tuesday entitled "Solo Flight." Six stars—violinist Joe Venuti, vibraphonist Gary Burton, guitarist Joe Pass, pianist John Lewis, bassist Charles Mingus and drummer Art Blakey—who earlier in the evening had each appeared solo, banded together for a rousing "C Jam Blues" that brought the audience to its feet, demanding an encore.

This was answered with another blues, Charlie Parker's "Billie's Bounce." Essentially the soloists' lines were bop, but maestro Venuti, although he didn't know the theme, dovetailed beautifully.

The two "jams" were the topping for a layer cake that began with Lewis (his own "Django" and Monk's "Round Midnight"). Burton then played Chick Corea's "Desert Air" and, accompanied by electric bassist Steve Swallow, some finely crafted originals. Mingus explored the entire range of the acoustic bass on "I Can't Get Started," accompanied by Robert Nelons on piano. Blakey offered two excursions highlighted by volatile cross-rhythms, rolls, cymbal punctuations and question-and-answer between snare and tom-toms.

After intermission Joe Pass was particularly rewarding on Django Reinhardt's celebrated "Nuages" and Venuti went from "Almost Like Being in Love" to "Sophisticated Lady," ending with his special technique of playing four strings simultaneously on "Mighty Lak a Rose."

In concept and reality "Solo Flight" was the kind of performance that justifies the word "festival."

In a worthy initiative, the New York Jazz Repertory Co. presented a concert Monday at Loeb Center, purportedly of the music of Fletcher and Horace Henderson. The junior Henderson brother came in from Colorado to preserve Fletcher's memory, but he could not meet the challenges of insufficient rehearsal, failure to produce the original music parts (why didn't someone transcribe them from the records!) and a tendency to garrulousness on the part of one saxophonist who was in no condition either to play or talk.

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JAZZ REVIEW

L.A. Band Big News at Newport

BY IRA GITLER

NEW YORK—A Los Angeles band stood the New York audience at Avery Fisher Hall in Lincoln Center on its collective ear Wednesday evening in one of the surprise highlights of the Newport Jazz Festival. Those who had heard the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band only on records were unaware of the full impact this outfit can generate in performance.

As we walked down the aisle during the opening number we were tromboned into our seats, which already seemed to be rocking. Throughout the next hour and a half —recorded for an album to be released on RCA—we were treated to a dazzling display of versatile musicianship (the reed section utilizes piccolos, flute, all manner of clarinets and soprano saxophones as well as the usual saxophones), and exceptional spirit in the playing of the compositions of coleader Toshiko Akiyoshi.

Akiyoshi played only one piano solo —on a blues—and displayed a healthy swing within her Bud Powell roots, but her writing now seems to be her main means of expression. Those with far greater reputations will have to check their laurels. She extracts new combinations of sound from the brass —her trombone writing is particularly fresh—and she uses the reed arsenal with lapidarian skill.

The high point of the evening was "Minamata," a 22-minute work inspired by the disaster of a Japanese fishing village stricken by mercury poisoning when industrial waste polluted their primarily seafood diet. "Prosperity and Its Consequences"—the second of three movements (the others are "Peaceful Village" and "Epilogue") was opened up for extended soloing by alto saxophonist Dick Spencer, bass trombonist Bill Reichenbach and Akiyoshi's husband and coleader tenor saxophonist Lew Tabackin on the chords of "Get Happy." Tabackin, still close to his main model, Sonny Rollins, is a forceful, resourceful soloist. On flute he is as persuasive and even more individual.

Other outstanding soloists during the set were trumpeters Bobby Shew and Mike Price and alto saxophonist Gary Foster. Peter Donald's drumming moved the big machine cohesively. The Akiyoshi/Tabackin band is one of the most exciting organizations to emerge in a long time.

Anyone besides Charles Mingus following Akiyoshi/Tabackin would have been an anticlimax. While on this night he did not surpass the opening half, the intrepid bassist/composer headed a large ensemble, conducted by Paul Jeffrey. The group, which included Mingus' regular sidemen, tenor saxophonist Ricky Ford and trumpeter Jack Walrath, scored with "Three or Four Shades of Blues" and a long number combining Latin and jazz rhythms.

In the second beat Mingus stepped away from his bass to conduct a series of eight- and four-bar exchanges with his drummer, Dannie Richmond, congeros Candido and Ray Mantilla, and several Colombian percussionists.

In all, both segments added up to one of the most rewarding evenings of the festival.

Gitler is a New York jazz writer.

VELVET SHOW—Mel Torme performs at Newport Jazz Festival.
Photo by Dan Ballotti

Jiving at Newport

Continued from First Page

Only five of the sidemen were actual ex-Hendersonians. A couple of the original band's early Swing Era hits such as "Christopher Columbus" and "King Porter Stomp" were apparently played from the authentic manuscripts, but with limited fidelity. The show was so inexcusably padded with irrelevant small group items that even "Sometimes I'm Happy," one of Fletcher Henderson's most illustrious big band arrangements, was played by a five-piece combo.

Horace Henderson, looking amazingly trim and youthful at 74, contributed some bounding, Hines-like piano. The best of the other soloists were Jimmy Heath, whose tenor sax was anachronistically modern, and Francis Williams, an Ellington trumpet alumnus. The others ranged from adequate to dated. Much time was wasted on rambling talk and on the introduction of old-timers, a couple of whom had difficulty struggling to the stage to take a bow.

There is sometimes a very thin line between nostalgia and pathos. What should have been a joyous evening of rejuvenation was a sadly flawed visit to the distant past.

Simultaneously with the Henderson retrospective, "An Insight Into the New York Jazz Scene" was presented at Alice Tully Hall. Ironically, the strongest playing was done by a man who the previous week had made his first New York appearance as a leader, Los Angeles' Art Pepper.

Pepper's was the last of three groups to appear and easily won the laurels because of the leader's searing, gut-wrenching blues-saying. Highlighting the set were Pepper's compositions "My Laurie," an impassioned statement dedicated to his wife, and "Samba Mom Mom," insinuatingly swung in front of a Caribbean beat; and a final "Caravan" in which he took the Ellington chestnut and roasted it thoroughly in the flame of his alto saxophone.

Pepper's was the only horn on the program unless you want to consider the pointless, amateurish trombone solo by bassist Sirone of the Revolutionary Ensemble. On bass he was far more effective, especially in the group's final number, which he began with a walking line and then interwove his bowing with that of Leroy Jenkins, a rich-toned violinist. There was meshing forward movement and some lovely valleys in their contrapuntal themes. Percussionist Jerome Cooper, meanwhile, set a counterbarrage that irritated the ear in a positive way as an alternate motion and sound to the strings.

On another number, Jenkins displayed a Bartokian kind of lyricism. He also did some agreeable noodling on a mini-xylophone, but when he tootled a recorder against Sirone's fife in a long second selection it sounded like the Hartz Mountain Hour. Their opener was both didactic and discursive, a neat trick in any idiom but very unrewarding. However, in their last two pieces they did show how serious they are about music and why they are taken seriously as a unique representative of the avant-garde.

Double Image, the quartet that opened the concert, consists of David Friedman and Davis Samuels on vibraphones, Harvie Swartz on bass and Mike DiPasqua on drums. The vibists interacted keenly in an expression that leaned toward the area generally associated with ECM Records, but the group has its own sound and outlook. Besides their duets, each vibist took turns backing the other with a variety of percussion: tiny triangle, hollow wood

Jazz Fest

block, shaker and tambourine. On Swartz's "Katherine" there were many textures including one that sounded like some pleasantly amok chiming clocks.

DiPasqua played one long solo that paid homage to Art Blakey and Buddy Rich but, too often, his accompaniment was overloud. That is the hazard of many a young drummer, even one so obviously talented.

Double Image does not bowl one over but manages an unforced sound.

Tuesday evening at Avery Fisher Hall, McCoy Tyner was presented in a recital that offered renewed hope for those who would care to see the concert grand piano rescued from jazz oblivion. Tyner, whose technique and articulation would be wasted on an electronic keyboard, was presented in various contexts, but nothing he played could surpass his opening number, an unaccompanied version of Duke Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss."

This is a harmonically intricate tune in the first place, yet Tyner managed to enrich it almost beyond belief, as though there were more notes to his chords than exist in the chromatic scale. The long out-of-tempo runs that linked his phrases were as absorbing as what he did with the melody itself.

Tyner was then joined by two reed players, Ron Bridgewater and Joe Ford, and by a rhythm section composed of Charles Fambrough on bass, Eric Gravatt on drums and Guilherme Franco on percussion. The music then took on a Mideastern quality, alive with great tension and energy. The two reed players doubled periodically on flutes and Tyner played a small, possibly Indian stringed instrument (a baby sitar?).

Later in the concert a string section was added, contributing yet another perspective to the scope of a phenomenally dynamic artist. Tyner's only shortcoming is a reluctance to bring more frequent relief to his moods of unrelenting intensity.

A midnight program at Carnegie Hall Tuesday found alto saxophonist Phil Woods in devastatingly virtuosic form. Leading a quintet with which he now tours regularly, Woods showed how long the leash is that ties some of today's most innovative artists to the bebop beginnings of what is now called mainstream modern jazz. Woods soared with grace and symmetry through a set composed mostly of work by his somewhat sedate guitarist, Harry Leahey, and his pianist, Mike Melillo. The latter's "A Little Peace" (it could as well have been titled "A Little Masterpiece") was introduced by Steve Gilmore playing an upright bass before proceeding to an excursion into disciplined freedom by Woods. "Rain Dance" found Woods in a floatingly lyrical mood on soprano sax.

Sharing the bill was the orchestra of Maynard Ferguson, who in the past year has learned how to grow rich gracefully. Plagued by mike trouble and an air conditioning system that went on strike, he took his men through a typical set of his big chart hits. The brass section could have been cleaner, but the bravura performances, not unlike what Ferguson was offering in the Stan Kenton band some 27 years ago, pleased many in the audience who were not bothered by Ferguson's incurable tendency to overstate his case.

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

George Shearing

Jazz today is so internationalized that nobody gives a second thought to the presence in our midst of Marian McPartland, Joe Zawinul, Jan Hammer, and a dozen others from as many countries. At the time of George Shearing's rise from obscurity it was a very different story.

George and I had some background in common: we both came up in London, getting all our jazz knowledge second-hand from American records. But George, who had studied music at Linden Lodge School for the Blind, put his knowledge to better use than I did mine. He listened to Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Teddy Wilson, the boogie woogie pianists. One day, when I was running a Rhythm Club meeting at which we played records and occasionally added live music, George came in and astounded us with his considerable, if immature and eclectic, knowledge and feeling for the beat.

My secondary career as a record producer having recently gotten under way, I persuaded English Decca to give him a date. On that first session, the 19-year-old prodigy played a few piano solos, but on one track (happily now unavailable) I accompanied on piano while George played accordion!

After a time-lapse of six years, George wrote to me from London (I was now in New York) announcing his intention of coming to America as a tourist. During his three-month visit we recorded one date for Savoy Records. By the end of that year, 1947, he was back again, this time to stay. Most of 1948 was spent looking for jobs; though a celebrity in England (he had often teamed up with violinist Stephane Grapelli), he was an unknown quantity in the U.S. One nightclub owner told me audiences did not want to watch a blind performer. But another generously agreed to take him on as relief pianist, at Union scale—$66 a week. He took the job, and remained for several months.

By the end of the year, despite a Union ban that kad kept him from recording, George was happily ensconced at a place called the Clique Club (later known as Birdland), heading a quartet with Buddy De Franco on clarinet. Soon after the record ban was lifted I engineered a date with a new company, Discovery Records. But De Franco was under contract to Capitol.

In a hasty phone call I suggested to George that he try an instrumentation I had used on a couple of sessions with Mary Lou Williams: piano, vibes, guitar, bass, and drums. My suggestions were Chuck Wayne on guitar and Margie Hyams on vibes. Along with bassist John Levy and drummer Denzil Best, they became part of what was soon known around the world as the George Shearing Quintet.

The date was Jan. 31, 1949. On Feb. 17 I produced the first of a long series of sessions George was to make under a contract with MGM Records; that initial MGM date produced his style-establishing hit, *September In The Rain*, in which the octave unison sound and the special blend between piano, guitar, and vibes helped to provide one of the most commercially accessible sounds in the contemporary jazz of the day.

Shearing at that point became the first British musician ever to exert a major influence on American jazzmen. Though others had tried it before (notably Phil Moore and Milt Buckner), his locked-hands technique or block-chord style, in which the left hand duplicated the right-hand melody line (see music below), or even the entire chord, took on a very personal character as George employed it.

Of course, he was never limited to that one device; George had become an ardent disciple of Bud Powell (who returned the compliment by recording one of Shearing's compositions), and was capable of creating long, superbly articulated, single-note bop lines.

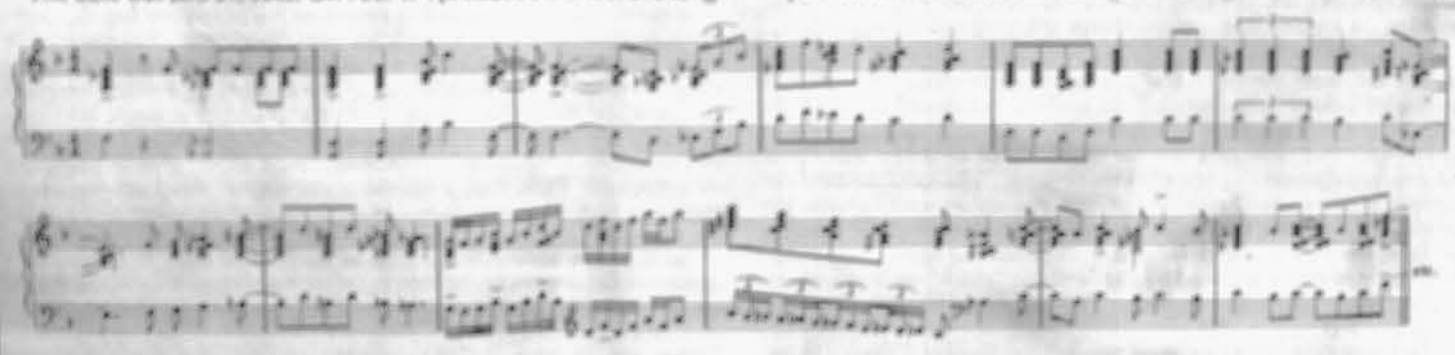
New facets were added to the Shearing reputation when he wrote his best-known composition, *Lullaby Of Birdland*, in 1952 (it has become one of the most recorded standards in jazz history); when he added an Afro-Cuban touch by including percussionist Armando Peraza, who toured with the Quintet for a decade; and when he took out a short-lived big band for a concert tour with Cannonball Adderley in 1959.

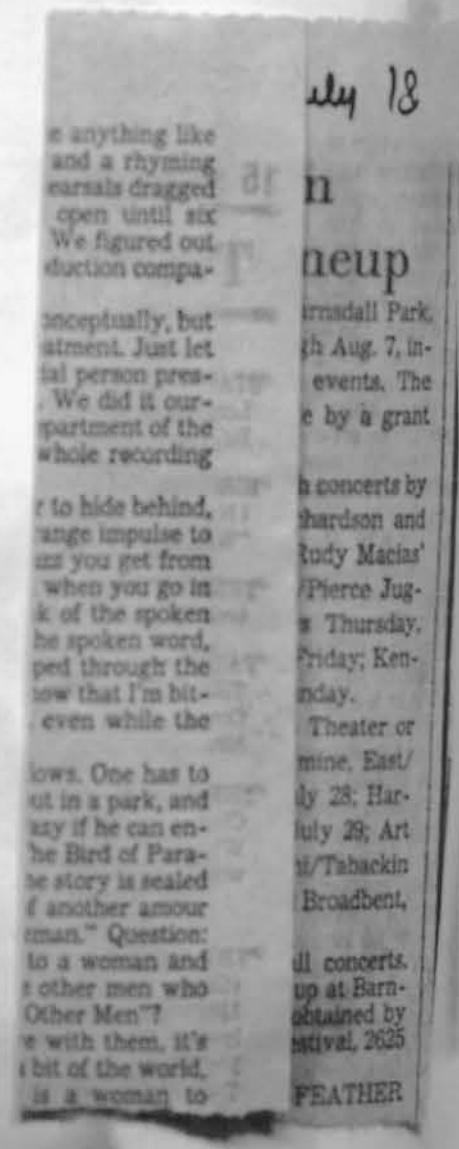
Shearing's group was as popular in its early years as, say, Weather Report is today, and his piano style had as much impact at that time as those of McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett have had on our present scene. Several alumni of the Quintet went on to achieve considerable reputations of their own: vibraphonists Cal Tjader and Gary Burton; guitarist and harmonica soloist Jean "Toots" Thielemans; John Levy, who gave up playing and became a successful manager; and eminent guitar virtuoso Joe Pass, who spent two years with Shearing in the 1960s. By that time George and I had both continued on our inexorable westward trail by moving to California. A few years ago he moved from Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, to San Francisco.

The Quintet still exists, the only jazz combo to have remained alive over such an extended period. But George often plays dates with a duo (piano and bass) or trio (drums added), and has earned the respect of the classical world through numerous appearances with leading symphony orchestras. Usually he combined a classical concerto with a set by the Quintet with orchestral backing.

It is notable that many of the Shearing dates nowadays are concerts, sometimes at colleges, played for audiences many of whose members were not born when that first quintet session took place. Yet his improvisational style in 1977 is only a subtler and more adroit extension of what he was doing in 1949. By attracting large audiences to this smooth, subtle branch of melodic and purely tonal music, he is conducting, in effect, a successful propaganda campaign for values that have tended to become lost in the electronic shuffle of contemporary sounds.

[Ed. Note: For more on George Shearing, see CK, Aug. 26.]





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More Jazz Events in Garden Festival Lineup

This year's Garden Theater Festival in Barnsdall Park, which began Friday and will continue through Aug. 7, includes a greatly increased number of jazz events. The stepped-up schedule has been made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

The series, launched over the weekend with concerts by the Aldeberts, Roger Kellaway, Jerome Richardson and Benny Powell, will continue Tuesday with Rudy Macias' Latin Jazz Orchestra, followed by the Capp/Pierce Juggernaut Big Band featuring Ernie Andrews Thursday, Caldera in African and South American jazz, Friday; Kenny Burrell, Saturday and Ray Pizzi's combo Sunday.

Also booked either for the outdoor Garden Theater or the indoor theater are Moontool, Sunday; Jasmine, East/West Fusion, July 27; Sandman Big Band, July 28; Harmonia, with Frankie Nemko and Ray Pizzi, July 29; Art Pepper, July 29; Jack Wilson, Aug. 3; Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band, Aug. 4; Frank Rosolino, Aug. 5; Alan Broadbent, Aug. 7 and others.

Admission and refreshments are free at all concerts. Starting times vary; schedules may be picked up at Barnsdall Park, 4800 Hollywood Blvd., or can be obtained by sending 28 cents postage to Garden Theater Festival, 2625 Portland St., L.A. 90007.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

Newport Fest's Change of Venue

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Everything must change, we were told by the latter-day bard Bernard Ighner; nothing stays the same. Not even an event described here only last week as an institution, the Newport Jazz Festival. At a press conference during the New York festivities that ended Monday, we were informed that this would be the last such gathering and that the site of the NJF henceforth will be the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs, a short drive north from Albany, N.Y., where its silver jubilee will be celebrated during the first week of August, 1978.

Since Newport was the first major American jazz festival (the first minor one, collectors of trivia may care to note, was held in 1951 in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), any change of venue is bound to raise worldwide positive and negative emotions. There are those who felt that the 1971 riots in Newport, R.I., triggered by the hiring of acts that attracted bad elements marked the end of Newport as a true festival. Others felt that its transfer to New York City would have a salutary effect on the state of jazz. In a sense they were right; but along the way the festival became bloated, and conspicuously less festive. At 11 days, it put a strain on the average listener.

"To tell the truth," said George Wein, announcing his "difficult decision" in a long speech, "I've become a little bored with New York." This attitude was not generated by any falling off of momentum; on the contrary, the response this year was overwhelming, in terms of box office, press and public reaction. But the organizing of such a concentrated mass of music has presented problems that could best be summed up, said Wein, as "the three c's—costs, curfew and acoustics." Talent comes high for a gig in the Apple, and worse, if an artist steps one minute beyond, say, the midnight deadline at Carnegie Hall, there is an immediate surcharge of $850.

It has been impossible, apparently, to make Newport/New York reasonably profitable. When, after near-maximum grosses, augmented by subsidies from a beer company, program sales and the like, the festival still does little more than break even, some serious rethinking is clearly in order.

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The sound situation is of even more concern. In halls that were built to deal with the natural acoustics of unamplified music, trouble is inevitable when the performers try to force-feed their decibels through the gaping mouths of amplifiers and other electronic equipment. Of a dozen events I attended this year, the only one at which no balance or sound difficulties were encountered was an evening devoted to four pianists who played unaccompanied sets without a single mic.

There are many other reasons for transferring the Newport name and reputation to Saratoga Springs. As originally conceived in Newport, the festival had an ancillary value in the opportunity it gave us to meet and socialize with other, like-minded acquaintances or old friends, some of whom we might not have seen in years. In New York, instead of the green grass all around and the casual strolls between sets, the best one could do was shout across a crowded bar during intermission, or wave a greeting to someone on his way to concert A while we were dashing to catch concert B.

I will not enter into the endless debate concerning the questionable status of New York as a summer festival, beyond the conclusion that standing on a street corner in the rain, or in 90-degree weather with humidity to match, trying to flag down a taxi, or dealing with surly delicatessen waiters in an effort to ward off starvation between the 8 p.m. and midnight shows, does nothing to encourage the festive feeling.

Weighed against the handicaps of Manhattan are the palpable advantages of the beautiful Saratoga Center. Opened in 1966 and located in the 1500-acre Saratoga pa State Park, it has a 5,100-seat semiopen amphiheater in a natural bowled area. Surrounding it is a ped expanse of lawn providing room for many thouds more, all of whom have a good view of the stage. ach of the major festivals organized by Wein has its peculiar characteristics. Newport had its special an charm; New York its vastness of scope and dur; New Orleans its cuisine and historical music asations; Nice (where a festival is under way this k) the ancient architectural attractions and the simultaneous employment of three stages, with dozens of musicians playing musical chairs from bandstand to bandstand over a seven-hour span.

The Saratoga event, Wein claims, will combine most of the advantages of all these events. The use of multiple stages will facilitate the presentation of more music in four days than has been offered in New York during 11. The music will start at noon, formal concerts beginning at twilight, with the official coda at midnight.

The announcement of the transfer is not quite as earthshaking as it initially appeared for two reasons: first, Saratoga Center already has its Upstate Jazz Festival, in its fourth edition this year (such heavy names as Corea, Peterson, Tyner, Pass and Ayers are booked for Aug. 5 to 8). Second, New York will not be abandoned. There will be something known as the Big Apple Jazz Festival, which may be just as sprawling and wearying as Newport/New York has been if commercial subsidies can be arranged.

The use of a big apple as the logo for the festival led to its adoption as an emblem by the city itself, a fact of which Wein is inordinately proud. (John Hammond, the natural repository of such arcane information, informed press conference visitors that the Big Apple began as the name of a Harlem club where Jelly Roll Morton played in 1935, and that Lester Young picked it up from there to give it the broader meaning.)

Thus the news boils down to this: Saratoga Springs will continue to bring jazz every August, but on a much larger scale; New York will carry on in late June, but deprived of the glamor of the Newport name.

One jazz critic raised a prickly question: How will the press, or the public, decide which one to attend? ●

July 12

JAZZ REVIEW

Personal Ethos of Keith Jarrett

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Keith Jarrett gave his first solo concert at the age of 7 and a recital of his own compositions at 17. Sunday evening—at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion—the 32-year-old pianist offered a riveting demonstration of a talent he has honed to perfection since those prophetic years.

The difference that brings the mark of genius to his present-day work is that he now composes spontaneously. Though there were hints of a prepared, repeated theme at the start of the second half, both sets consisted of 35 to 40 minutes of uninterrupted, all but totally improvised music on a grand piano.

The Need to Choose

Unlike Art Tatum, who reached a pinnacle that has yet to be surpassed in the area of improvising on rigidly structured themes, Jarrett at the outset is provided with nothing but a keyboard. His work is comparable with that of a merchant in words who has nothing in front of him but a blank sheet of paper and who proceeds to fill it with exquisite poetry.

Jarrett once said that he felt the need to choose between being secure and rigid or insecure and able to flow. He has long since resolved that problem by combining security with fluency. His limitless discipline and technical control enabled him, in the course of the evening, to switch without warning from utter tonal simplicity to abstraction and atonality, from out-of-tempo impressionism to a jazz waltz passage that found him using one foot as a percussive support.

KEITH JARRETT
. . . unmarked by tautology.

The life force that surged through these evolving moods sustained the interest so well that even certain repetitious passages, which could have led to monotony, had a trance-like effect.

Although there were a few moments oddly reminiscent of the late Vince Guaraldi, who wrote the music for the Peanuts TV series, the only individual you have in mind during most of a Keith Jarrett recital is Keith Jarrett. Whatever influences shaped him have coalesced into an ethos that is genuinely personal.

A Man Possessed

Jarrett performs like a man possessed; one wonders whether his habit of playing variously from sitting, crouching and standing positions is conscious or unconscious, but in the final analysis it doesn't matter. Nor does the thorny question of whether or not he is a jazz pianist.

Certain chords and grace notes, syncopation and left-hand accents, remind the listener that Jarrett has been a central part of the family of jazz, yet he has transcended the label. On this occasion he seems to have an audience to match—one composed, I suspect, as substantially of classical-music devotees as of jazz fans.

When they demanded more, Jarrett made a lucid, logical speech about not needing to do an encore ("The music tells me when to end . . ."). We went home feeling that this amazing evening of artistry had been just right, unmarked by tautology, and that Jarrett was just as right in saying so.

JAZZ REVIEW

Burrell Trio Is Low-Key, Laid Back

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The policy of the Hong Kong Bar, since it returned to its jazz regimen three months ago, has settled into a comfortable groove, with guitarists or pianists as leaders and a penchant for low-key music.

Nobody could be better suited to this policy than Kenny Burrell, who opened Tuesday for a two-week run. His trio, with Reggie Johnson on upright bass and Clarence Johnston on drums, began contemplatively as Burrell, one of the most subtle of guitarists, introduced a Latin theme called "Tin Tin Deo" which he had played on his very first record date with Dizzy Gillespie in the 1950s.

Capable of long, engaging single-note runs, Burrell also weaves chordal passages that can embellish the most familiar of themes with a contemporary flavor. His tone is unusually mellow, accentuating the lower frequencies.

Burrell's talent is best served when the material is worthy of his attention, as in Thad Jones' "A Child Is Born" and his own "Common Ground," a minor 12-bar blues. In the latter, Johnson and Johnston offered their most calorific accompaniment. Though there were a couple of drum solos, the rhythm for the most part was laid back and discreetly supportive.

Johnson soloed on a bright-tempoed "I Remember You" in a style that evoked memories of the late Oscar Pettiford. Why he has not gained more acceptance as an outstanding bassist is inexplicable.

The intimate format provides the audience with a clear aural picture of Burrell—clear in every sense, for his sound is consistently attractive and his amplifier so well adjusted that there was not a distorted note in the whole set.

On a couple of tunes, "Nuages" and a pretty bossa nova called "Moon and Sand," Burrell worked with a steel-stringed acoustic guitar. Its sound, lightly enhanced by the microphone, was a reminder of his ability to encompass the developments of several decades, spanning the whole plectrum spectrum.

The hour ended on its only weak note, a perfunctory treatment of "Take the A Train." But the good groove was promptly restored as the trio played a snippet of happy, cooking blues for a closing theme. That common ground runs broad and deep.

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JAZZ REVIEW

Guitarist Al Gafa at the Lighthouse

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Al Gafa, the eminent guitarist who toured the world with Dizzy Gillespie from 1971 until last year, is at the Lighthouse this week, making his first local appearance as a leader.

Like Gillespie, Gafa has shown a special affinity for Latin rhythms and has composed a number of colorful themes, several of which he recorded in his own attractive album with a group of New York musicians.

The economics of the music business having precluded his bringing the combo with him, Gafa arrived in town [illegible] local trio [illegible] Ross, bass [illegible] he mater- [illegible] killing out [illegible] familiar [illegible] and Mid- [illegible] ouble of [illegible] violent on [illegible] trouble [illegible] accom- [illegible] dow him [illegible] flavored [illegible] metimes [illegible] e finesse [illegible] f Gafa is [illegible] regant- [illegible] presence [illegible] would [illegible] least one

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JAZZ

Klemmer in the Groove and Blowin' Hot

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● John Klemmer, who just turned 31, has had a singularly mobile career, marked by sudden successes and equally abrupt switches of artistic direction.

An accomplished tenor saxophonist when he began recording at 19 in his native Chicago, he moved to Los Angeles in 1968 and the following year had an album, "Blowin' Gold," on the charts. There are those who say it was the first jazz/rock fusion, before Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew." He was certainly among the first to make meaningful use of echoplex and other electronic horn effects.

His latest LP, "Lifestyle (Living & Loving)" on ABC Records, not only is No. 3 on the jazz charts but has also risen swiftly in the pop listings (at last glance, No. 76 with a bullet).

His present direction is musically pure, melodically simple, as the titles of his compositions make quite clear: "Purity," "Caress," "Lovin' Feelings," "Pure Love," a far whisper from the loud cry he was making a few years ago when he was enveloped in a very different bag.

(Klemmer's present group has been on a national tour, opening for Herbie Hancock's VSOP quintet (it plays the Greek Theater in Hollywood Tuesday and Wednesday). Looking back at the circuitous road that had brought him to his present eminence, Klemmer said, "I was fortunate that I began recording so early, but the fact is, I've gone through so many phases, exploring so many different facets, that not all of them were preserved on records.

"There was a period, for example, when I was playing what people called far-out or abstract music. This was on the Impulse label, which was strongly associated

John Klemmer: "As much as I like melodicism, I simply love hollering and screaming through the horn too."

with that kind of thing. But during that same time, I was composing and playing some stuff that was quite 'inside.' With the success I've been enjoying lately, I think from now on I'll be able to present all the styles I'm interested in at any given time.

"It's true that right now there's nothing more important in my life than writing and playing beautiful music. But as much as I love melodism, I love strength too, and I love hollering and screaming through the horn."

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Asked what specific influences had brought him into

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7/15/77

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The economics of the music business having precluded his bringing the combo with him, Gafa arrived in town with nothing but the manuscripts. Picking up a local trio composed of Frank Collett, piano; Frank De La Rosa, bass and Nick Martinis, drums, he rehearsed some of the material and is including it in his performances here, filling out the sets with conventional treatments of such familiar standards as "All the Things You Are" and "Round Midnight."

Gafa is a sensitive, technically adroit musician capable of a smoldering, controlled passion. This was more evident on the album than at the Lighthouse, where he had trouble achieving the correct balance of volume with the accompanying trio. The group often tended to overshadow him and its rhythms, particularly on the Brazilian-flavored pieces such as Gafa's own "Barcelona" and "Sometimes You Win, Sometimes You Lose," which lacked the finesse and gentleness these tunes require.

There were pleasant moments, to be sure, but if Gafa is to succeed on his own, a little more preparation and organization will be needed, along with some stage presence (most of his compositions were unannounced). It would add a touch of needed variety, too, if he played at least one number in each set without accompaniment.

Gafa closes Sunday.

...ed far-out zone, Kleinmer said. "There was a strong sense of growing up in the John Coltrane era and the tremendous vitality he represented. At first I didn't feel an affinity for John—I related more to Sonny Rollins—but I definitely grew up in his climate. It's hard to say how much of it is conscious and how much is unconscious, as far as being caught up in something. I played it because I felt it, but I was also capable of playing and feeling a lot of other things.

"The turnabout began in 1973, while I was recording a live album in Montreux. There I was onstage, with a great, driving rhythm section, Alphonse Mouzon on drums, and we were just sheer energy and screaming. I was lost in it; my body and mind had totally surrendered to the whole thing. And yet—at a certain moment, a sort of bell went off in my head and said, 'OK, that's that. You've had it. What's next?'"

The attempt to forge a new direction did not come easily. There was one moderately successful album, "Fresh Feathers," but Kleinmer felt the need for a period of meditation. "For six months I didn't play live or record or anything; I went through a complete reevaluation of everything I was doing and music in particular. Then I made 'Touch.'"

This was the album that firmly established Kleinmer as a major chart performer. "I just told myself," he recalls, "this was what I basically wanted to say, and to hell with everybody. And the fantastic part of it was that the audience and the industry said, in effect, 'Yeah, we can use that!' It was a gigantic affirmation or validation of myself as an artist. Ironically, I was accused at the time of a cop-out, of just changing in order to sell records, when in fact it was just the reverse—I was taking a calculated risk."

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There is an intriguing parallel between Kleinmer's own metamorphosis and a change that had taken place, some years earlier, in his attitude toward the music of John Coltrane.

"Trane developed something that was more than a new style; it was a whole approach, beyond notes and rhythm, a conceptual presentation that was really relevant to the rebelliousness in the society of the 1960s. But in his later years I had begun to get somewhat turned off. I couldn't stay with all that tension he created for such long stretches of time without any release.

"John was capable of being very lyrical, very melodic; but he spawned a whole flock of imitators who just mimicked the outward superficialities of what he was into."

Kleinmer today avoids this trap; though there is more than a hint of the Coltrane discernible here and there, his stance at present is lyrical in the most traditional sense.

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He is happy not only with the public reaction to his album, but to the vibes disseminated by the new group he since organized. He has two keyboard players, Ted Saunders and Bill King, the latter playing acoustic piano and clavinet as well as string synthesizer; Dave McDaniels on electric bass, the former Freddy Hubbard drummer Carl Burnett, and Hal Gardon on congas.

"There's a great camaraderie within the group; we laugh a lot together and we really groove. I've had people complimenting us when they see us smiling at one another on the bandstand. That's important not just for the outward gesture involved, but because there's such a sense of mutual involvement now, between the musicians and between them and the audience, instead of the alienation that I sensed for so long." •

7/19

TIME STANDS STILL AT PAVILION

Benny Goodman—A Legend Revisited

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

"It's a pleasure to be back at the Palomar," Benny Goodman said Sunday evening at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. The joke got a laugh; evidently there were some fans in the packed house who danced to his band before that ballroom burned down in 1939.

A couple of years have elapsed since Benny last appeared in the Southland leading a full orchestra. For this occasion he assembled a company of 18, about equally divided between East and West Coast performers. An uproarious standing ovation greeted him as he walked on, before he played a note, partly in tribute to his artistry and perhaps also in part as self-congratulation for our having survived to see the 68-year-old legend revisit distant memories.

It is never easy, on such occasions, to separate critical evaluation from an emotional smoke screen of nostalgia. This was a curiously assorted evening, cluttered with soloists and material representing a broad age span.

First, the good news: Benny Goodman is still the master clarinetist, doing what he does today better than anyone else, just as he did more than a half century ago when he made his first record. His ballads are warm and mellifluous, the up-tempos retain their swinging freedom and excitement.

Nor has he lost his knack for unearthing new talent. Young Scott Hamilton, with his slicked-back hair and bow tie, looked like something right off the screen from "New York, New York," and his tenor solo on "Time After Time"

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GOODMAN

Continued from First Page

was Ben Webster reincarnated: tender, breathy, beautiful.

A singer named Susan Melikian, an anachronism like Hamilton, belted a couple of songs with a 1940s jazz feeling. Cal Collins surprised us with several compelling, swinging solos on acoustic guitar.

Benny Goodman

As for the material, it was a pleasure as always to hear Gordon Jenkins' "Goodbye," an exquisite and time-proof melody that still serves as Benny's closing theme. "That's A Plenty," which Goodman first recorded in 1928, was a good-humored, authentic touch of Dixieland played by a seven-man contingent. Songs such as Edgar Sampson's "Don't Be That Way" and "Stompin' at the Savoy" remain valid vehicles for ad-libbing.

Now for the rest of the news.

The big band that played most of the first half read the music very accurately, but some of those manuscripts had simply worn thin. "King Porter Stomp" and "Big John Special" no longer convey the sense of brilliant innovation that established them 40-odd years ago. "For Once in My Life," the newest arrangement played, was one of the dullest. To some extent this was an evening of creation vs. recreation, and they mostly overlapped during the second half, devoted primarily to spontaneous small-group numbers. Even then the results were inconsistent because of a rhythm section that was quite stodgy at times, despite the presence on drums of Connie Kay, the Modern Jazz Quartet alumnus.

The devotion of almost 20 minutes to the original Ferde Grofe arrangement of "Rhapsody in Blue" was an inexplicable redundancy. This is primarily a piano concerto (Patricia Jennings played the part expertly), and the brief clarinet passages are the antithesis of what Goodman has always stood for: spontaneity, spur-of-the-moment composition. To offer Gershwin's conception of jazz and the blues in a program by a genius of swing music was not unlike having Miles Davis play "Flight of the Bumblebee."

Miss Jennings returned later to sing one of her own songs in a tremulous, quasi-operatic voice while Goodman sat down to listen. Irrelevant, inconsequential, expendable.

In lengthy retrospect, it becomes clear that Goodman's principal talent was—and remains—a gift for playing superlative clarinet with a small, intimate improvising group. The big band was historically important, but time is a merciless music critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

V.S.O.P. Serves It Straight, True

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The V.S.O.P. quintet (ironically, the "very special one-time performance" for which it was named in 1976 has expanded into a cross-country tour) landed at the Greek Theater Tuesday for a triumphant two-night stand.

This supergroup is composed of five leaders who temporarily gave up their own combos and altered their musical direction in order to show that they are still master craftsmen of the pure, unhyphenated jazz idiom that spawned them.

This is, in fact, the Miles Davis group of the middle 1960s, with Freddie Hubbard replacing Davis. In the interim Wayne Shorter had soared into the space music stratosphere with Weather Report; Herbie Hancock drew huge, innocent crowds with his funk band; Tony Williams played high energy rock with Lifetime, Ron Carter's bass was the centerpiece of various combos and orchestras, and Hubbard had been searching with limited success for the electronic crossover formula he had once sworn he would never embrace.

What is most remarkable about V.S.O.P. is that all five members have proved you can go home again. The sound alternated between the Davis Quintet and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, the hard bop band in which Hubbard and Shorter were colleagues during the early '60s. The Blakey touch was most conspicuous in the pieces that found Shorter playing tenor sax and Hubbard on trumpet, such as the latter's "One of a Kind."

The blend was less aggressive but the groove just as fully assured in Carter's "Little Waltz," with the composer's upright bass in towering form, Hubbard on fluegelhorn and Shorter outlining the tune's graceful harmonic shape on soprano sax.

Hancock, playing grand piano throughout, provided proof positive that those years surrounded by clavinets and synthesizers have left his original gift unaffected. His solo on "Maiden Voyage" was marked by brilliant passages of discovery.

The V.S.O.P. was guilty of occasional excesses, such as Hubbard's flamboyant introduction on "Red Clay," but once the tempo settled ostentation gave way to creation, with Tony Williams recapturing the rhythmic poetry of the days when, at the age of 17, he amazed the jazz world as an innovative newcomer to the Davis ranks.

Opening for V.S.O.P. was John Klemmer, who displayed his ability to conduct dramatically with the right hand while playing his saxophone with the left. If there was anything at all memorable about his hour of commercialized Latin rock and funk, it was the fact that after his octet had played "Midnight at the Oasis" or something that sounded strikingly similar, Klemmer announced it as "Quiet Afternoon."

The entire evening could as well have been given over to V.S.O.P. The record-breaking series of concerts by this extraordinary unit could foreshadow a trend toward non-fusion jazz combos. They wind up the present tour Saturday in Tokyo but will later reorganize and head for Europe.

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Mayuto Blows the Whistle on Big Bucks

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Mayuto Correa is not a name that rings a bell for most ears; yet he has been a vital figure in hundreds of major and minor albums taped in Los Angeles during the past seven years.

Mayuto, who does not use his last name, said he plans to return home soon to Brazil after a lucrative sojourn here. He also said he felt a need, before departing, to unload some observations on the American scene as he had found it.

Mayuto talks in fast, voluble, eloquent English, conveying a sense of urgent intensity. Though best known as a percussionist, he doubled as a newspaper and magazine writer back home. "I came here originally," he said, "without my conga drums, with nothing but my hands and my mind. I came not to play, but to observe the people. In school I originally planned to be a doctor of psychology. When I get back to Rio I want to publish my commentary in a book.

"Before arriving here I spent a year in Mexico, where I learned Spanish; this enabled me to work with Mexican and Cuban groups during my first few months in Los Angeles. Meanwhile, I learned English. After playing with combos led by Bola Sete and Gabor Szabo, the guitarists, I got into free-lance work and found all I could handle, playing with Donald Byrd, Freddie Hubbard, Hugh Masekela, Cannonball Adderley, innumerable pop and rock groups—everyone. Too often the money was much better than the music; I began to insist on double scale for recording dates. Rather than play music that I didn't believe in, that made me nervous, I preferred to stay home.

"The longer I remained in America, the more aware I became of how greatly people, and music, can be affected by the profit motive. Americans are in a position to influence many other countries through power, money, technology and distribution—I mean the distribution of art.

Mayuto Correa

"Even in Rio nowadays the young people, who should be studying and developing Brazilian music, listen to rock 'n' roll. I made a test once. I said to a young fan, 'Do you understand what this guy is singing on the record?' 'No, I don't speak English.' 'Then why are you listening?' He doesn't know. Only his parents are paying attention to my country's great native sounds. The kids in Rio aren't even aware of the impact of Brazilian music in the United States."

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What bothers Mayuto as much as the international spread of a trend in which he hears little aesthetic value is his own role in disseminating it. He finds it distasteful to go to a studio, work on two or three albums in the course of a day, and not even be aware of whose recordings he has taken part in. The custom of laying down rhythm tracks, with brass and/or string taping at another time in another city and the singer adding the vocal track at yet another date, has become such an accepted modus vivendi in the recording industry that the lack of humanity, of a personal touch, too often goes unnoticed.

If this slick operation of a multibillion-dollar business has had a disturbing effect on Latin idioms, Mayuto is no less worried about the damage it has done to jazz. "Today the jazz musician seems to be living and playing simply to influence the rock musician. Jazz is the strongest music of the United States, but after a great jazz musician has struggled for 20, 30 years, what happens? His style, his originality, finally his music, are absorbed by others who will take the superficial aspects, twist them into something that makes big money, and win all the most important Grammy awards."

The blame, Mayuto believes, lies in the power of the producers and the extent to which they have become the dominant force in the shaping of America's popular music.

"When the jazzman wants to do something creative, the producer will say, 'Hey, how about if you record so and so music here?' Usually it turns out that so and so music is some tunes he has written himself, and it is always connected with rock. No producer comes with a great jazz composer to a jazz musician.

"Look what happened to Donald Byrd. I was shocked that he lent his name to the kinds of things he has done in the last couple of years. But the industry doesn't mind making compromises; the gross sales are all that counts.

"It has gotten to the point where if you turn on what's supposed to be a jazz radio station, you have to check the number on the dial to be sure you tuned it in right, because often you can't recognize any more what is supposed to be jazz.

"As for Brazilian music in America, the whole bossa nova movement gave a false impression, one that was strong enough to hold back the advance of the authentic Brazilian samba.

"I made some demo tapes of my own music, my sambas, and took them to some record companies. I was told it was 'too ethnic.' Too Brazilian? Too Brazilian? How can that be?

"I would like to believe that we are living in a natural, realistic society in which the function of the artist would be to reflect that society as it actually is; a world in which distortion would not exist, because there would be no commercialization of creativity, no concessions due to the virus called money. Justice would replace law; human rights would not be an issue, because there would be no human wrongs.

"But we are not living in such a society. The artist condescends to the listener, putting him in a position of inferiority. This relationship is the result of a long historical process. Instead of elevating those who are called artists, we downgrade the masses known as the public."

Mayuto still believes in the power of words to overcome and right these wrongs. Among his projects, along with the book, are a couple of screenplays he has written, one of which he hopes to have produced in Brazil, another in Europe. "The films I'll do will all be concerned with my realistic view of life.

"Sure, I'll come back to America some day; this is still a second home for me. But I go back to Rio feeling fulfilled, because my main objective—the study of the American condition,—has been realized." ●

Richie Kamuca, Tenor Saxophonist, Dies at 46

Richie Kamuca, a respected tenor saxophonist who came up through the name-band ranks to achieve a degree of stature as a studio and jazz musician, died of cancer Friday morning, one day short of his 47th birthday.

Born in Philadelphia, Kamuca played with Stan Kenton and Woody Herman in the early 1950s. Settling in the Southland, he worked with Maynard Ferguson, Shelly Manne and Howard Rumsey.

He spent the 1960s in New York, playing with various groups. After five years with the Roy Eldridge quartet, he returned to Los Angeles in 1972 as a member of the band on the Merv Griffin television show. He also played with Bill Berry's big band and recorded albums under his own name. Tony Bennett and dozens of other musician-friends staged an all-star benefit last month to help defray Kamuca's medical expenses.

He is survived by his wife, Doris, and two children. Funeral arrangements are pending.

—LEONARD FEATHER

A Portrait of Jarrett

Leonard Feather's review (View, July 12) of Keith Jarrett's concert was a delight. It was thoughtful, concise, enlightening and contrasted greatly to the surprisingly poor quality music reviews The Times generally offers. Robert Hilburn suffers from an inarticulatable commitment to any sound which is flashy, loud and new. Martin Bernheimer's disdain for the common causes him to confuse preference and criticism. Feather's review managed to express Jarrett's unique musicality in a way that both accurately reflected the concert and added to the reader's understanding of Jarrett's music.

C. RICHARD LEMON
Santa Ana

western union **Telegram**

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AMERICAN SPECIAL: Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler report on the last Newport Festival to be held in New

Tyner shines but the singers dazzle

NEWPORT sometimes assembles some strange combinations on the same bill in the interest of diversity, writes **LEONARD FEATHER.** One of the more curious was a concert featuring the **Pointer Sisters** and the South African group **Malombo,** heard at Carnegie Hall on the first Saturday of the festival.

It would be good to be able to report something new or progressive about the Pointer Sisters' act, but the fact is that they were somewhat out of place in a jazz festival. True, they sang "Salt Peanuts" and their cleverly interwoven medley of Ellington songs, as well as their attractive original, "Jada", but the depth of their feeling for jazz seems questionable, and the use of such material as "Save The Bones For Henry Jones" and "Kalamazoo" at an event of this kind was inexcusable.

Malombo, who opened the show, consisted of **Phillip Tabane,** guitar, flutes, thumb piano, pennywhistle; **Gabriel Thobejane,** percussion; **Beki Mseleku,** piano, plus three additional musicians — a bassist, a second drummer and flautist **Herbie Mann,** who looked and played as if he was a little uncertain where he was.

The music was a hybrid product, with occasional touches of the blues, but basically a mixture of pop, novelty music and such instrumental gimmicks as scraping a sharp instrument across the strings of a guitar or hitting them with a mallet. What was touted as "an extraordinary musical experience" was really not much more than an exercise in monotony.

The same evening at midnight (also in Carnegie Hall) the **Thad Jones/Mel Lewis** orchestra was presented. This is still one of the best big bands around, but the set it played was somewhat too short to do it justice. The most notable item was "Thank You," written by and featuring alto saxophonist **Jerry Dodgion.** He and **Pepper Adams,** who was featured on baritone on this number, are the only original sidemen left, and the general solo level seems to have slipped a little in the last year or two.

Dizzy Gillespie made a guest appearance with the band, playing some arrangements he hadn't rehearsed. Only one worthwhile product came out of this collaboration, a beguiling duet by Dizzy and Thad on the latter's "A Child Is Born."

Thad also teamed up with his brothers **Elvin** and **Hank,** aided by **Rufus Reid,** for an overly casual jam session. It would have been preferable to hear some originals rather than standards like "Sweet Georgia Brown" in this disappointing family reunion.

Sharing the bill was **Betty Carter.** After some 25 years trying to get it together, she seems to have taken a giant step toward the big time. Her intonation has improved, she sings with authority, and even when the tunes are trivial (most of her repertoire seemed to consist of Thirties material such as "Music Maestro Please" and "Swing Brother Swing") she compensates with her unique manner of altering melodies and lyrics, and with a strangely hollow timbre.

Occasionally, on a ballad such as "Spring Can Really Hang You Up The Most," her tendency to rework a song detracts rather than adds to its value. Overall, though, she has become a first-rate jazz singer, and emphasized the point by using a straight-ahead jazz trio accompaniment, well led by pianist **John Hicks.**

Gerry Mulligan and **Mel Torme** shared the Sunday evening credits at Carnegie Hall in an unpretentious programme that scored resoundingly despite all manner of problems. Even when a key broke on Mulligan's baritone, after leaving the stage for a few minutes while the band played "Line For Lyons" without him, he returned and played most of the time on soprano sax and piano, using the latter for a sensitive reading of "Darn That Dream."

Mulligan's sidemen are unspectacularly competent: **Dave Samuels,** who played vibes in a style that spans **Red Norvo** and **Cal Tjader, Tom Fay** on piano, **Mike Santiago** on guitar and **George Duvivier** and **Bobby Rosengarden**

To set the stage for Mel Torme, **Herb Pomeroy** brought on a big band from Boston. The band was capable enough, but Pomeroy displayed poor judgement and manners when, on being told he only had five minutes left of his designated time, said he preferred not to continue at all.

Mel Torme then took over, directing the band himself when necessary and singing a totally flawless set of admirably selected songs. Some had **Marty Paich** arrangements from the old Mel Torme/Paich Dektette days; others were Mel's own charts.

He paid tribute to **Erroll Garner** (to whom the entire festival was dedicated this year), in "Misty", and saluted Johnny Mercer in the latter's exquisite "When The World Was Young." Gerry Mulligan returned to join Torme on a couple of numbers involving some delightfully spontaneous teamwork.

The Sunday midnight show at Carnegie was to have featured **Nina Simone,** who had rehearsed that afternoon, but when midnight came around, ticket holders were informed that she had not shown up. Backstage, a disconsolate **George Wein** informed the press that Nina was refusing to answer the telephone at her hotel, and that what was to be her first major American appearance in three years (she has been living in Switzerland) had to be cancelled.

He attributed her non-appearance to nervousness about being in America where, he said, she feels ill at ease.

Monday evening at New York University's Loeb Center, a small auditorium, a concert was given under the title The New York Jazz Repertory Company Plays the Music of Fletcher and Horace Henderson. The personnel comprised **Dick Vance, Francis Williams** and **Victor Paz,** trumpets; **George Mathews** and **Eddie Bert** on trombones; **Howard Johnson** and **Norris Turney** on altos; **Jimmy Heath** and **Budd Johnson** on tenors; **Cecil Payne** on baritone, **Horace Henderson** on piano, **Lawrence Lucie** on guitar, **Oliver Jackson** on drums and **Aaron Bell** on bass.

The most charitable comment that can be offered is that Horace Henderson, now 72, who had flown in from Colorado for this venture (he has worked there for the last ten years), looks remarkably trim and well, and still plays piano in the same swinging style he displayed in his own band during the Thirties. From most other aspects the concert was a disaster.

It was not simply that the band suffered from sloppiness and insufficient rehearsal, but rather that the original arrangements apparently couldn't be found, with a couple of exceptions such as "Christopher Columbus" (which was played twice) and "King Porter Stomp."

To pad out the programme Henderson gave small combo performances, mostly by one or two horns and the rhythm section, of tunes associated with his own era and with his late elder brother. Even "Sometimes I'm Happy," possibly the greatest of all Fletcher's big band arrangements for Benny Goodman, was played by a combo.

The best solos, ironically, were played not by the five Henderson alumni in the band but by such relatively modern figures as **Jimmy Heath,** whose muscular tenor was one of the concert's few highlights, and **Norris Turney,** whose alto was heard to advantage on "Georgia." The veteran **Howard Johnson** also played some agreeable alto on "Willow Weep For Me."

A great deal of time was devoted to introducing old-timers, some of whom came up on the stage to take a bow: **Russell Procope, Jonah Jones, Jimmy Crawford, Paul Quinichette. Budd Johnson** was in a particularly garrulous mood, talking about matters not relevant to the concert; his playing, too, was disappointingly below his admirable norm.

This entire show demonstrated that if the concept of the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra is to be maintained, it has to be substantially financed so that the original arrangements can be transcribed off the records and adequate time devoted to rehearsing them. As it turned out, the Henderson concert, which should have been a joyous combination of great music and nostalgia, was little more than pathetic.

On Tuesday evening **McCoy Tyner** was presented at Avery Fisher Hall. Tyner remains one of the most influential of the contemporary jazz pianists dedicated to the retention of the concert grand piano. Though he doubled at one point on a small, possibly Indian, stringed instrument held in his lap, he played straight-ahead acoustic keyboard for the most part, reminding us that his technique and articulation could not be properly presented electronically.

Although he was heard in various settings, his unaccompanied version of "Prelude To A Kiss" was one of surpassing beauty — the first number of

questions, then another great transformation took place. Head lowered and hands clutched, he hovered between barely contained impatience and ohnonotthisagain bore-

As I sat watching American Bandstand, which, miserably, was a Bay City Roller special ("Hey Eric — what's your favourite colour of hair?"), a

THE above episodes tell a lot about a relative newcomer to the superstar bracket. It was really only last

formance and best band song ("Lowdown" hits jackpot again).

Such a sudden change in fortune obviously must have

Mac, who attained Cadillac status with their "Fleetwood Mac" album after years of hard slog.

Like that album, "Silk De-

that suggest as much hard-core passion as a glass of water. More important, in a commercial sense, it gets max-

progression from his "Slow Dancer," when he to translate a fascination the progressive variety

They thought we were mad to

"HEY, did you hear about the hijacking we had here last week? This guy jumped on a bus downtown, pulled out a gun and ordered the driver to Kennedy Airport. On the way he shot three people, the sonofabitch.

"He held the passengers hostage all day, then eventually gave himself up after the airport had been closed down while the police talked to him. Three people he shot, and he killed two of them. One of them was the wife of a blind man on the bus.

"How low can you get? They said he had a mental problem, and no-one seemed to know what he wanted. And you know what? He was in the Marines, out on a pass. Incredible.

Mohammad Ali has sweated through defeat and glory, Led Zeppelin audiences have danced with fire-crackers damaging their ankles, and now ELP are going through the sound check to make sure everything is right for their Thursday night performance, the first of three in New York with the orchestra that has become financial suicide.

The band seems distant on stage, three very separate egos, a long way from the tight unit that record buyers are led to believe forces together in tranquil harmony to produce the studio music of ELP.

Bassist Greg Lake, long a producer, seems to take the lead, pointing to awkward transfers from instrument to instrument during Keith Emerson's difficult solo passages...

With the orchestra cancelled for all but the most lucrative dates, the band have had to hastily revise their trio show of three years ago — the last time they toured. But Keith is convinced it has all been worthwhile.

"We are having to play more three-piece dates to keep the tour going, and we are going to be playing for many months to make some money to cover the cost of this tour.

"From the start we have had to fight to get the tour as we wanted it. The record company thought we were made, a lot of promoters were very dubious about it because we had not been on the road for three years.

"But despite all that has happened, I am sure we were right in trying to do it the way we have. The appreciation of the music has been widespread, and we have not had one bad review.

"A lot of people said the orchestra was an unnecessary extravagance, saying that we did not need it, and to an extent it is comforting to know that people still get off on ELP when the band is on its own.

"But my view was, and still is, that after the time we have been away we had to hit people with something big, something they won't have seen before, and that is what we have done."

The main triumph in Keith's eyes has been the creation of an orchestra for a specific musical purpose. Adverts produced replies from 1,500 keen musicians, and careful audition and selection by conductor and arranger Geoffrey Salmon produced a cream of 60.

"They are the happiest orchestra I have ever seen," said Keith. "Normally in an orchestra you get a lot of back-biting and personal problems. But there is so much enthusiasm about these people that it has made the whole thing completely enjoyable, on a musical and personal level.

"For most of them it was their first real involvement with rock music, and I think the orchestra have been highly amused by it, especially the way American audiences come up with great cries of 'Yeah', 'Wow' and so on during the quiet bits.

"Although we had rehearsed solidly for more than a month with the orchestra, they had not seen the full show before the first night. When Carl was into his drum solo and the drum stage started revolving, the whole orchestra stood up in surprise to get a closer look — they just had no idea it was going to happen."

The current ELP programme is immensely varied, ranging from the battering of "Tank" and Greg Lake's disposable acoustic items to Keith's piano concerto.

"I was a bit afraid that my suite might get a bit lost, but the classical radio stations over here have been playing it a lot and it has been accepted critically as a serious classical work.

"I must admit that has pleased me. That is certainly an area in which I would like to get more recognition — the reason I wrote it is that I wanted to compose a serious work that would be accepted on that level.

"I don't try particularly to appeal to a rock audience or try to turn them onto anything — I just do what I want to and hope the audience will follow along.

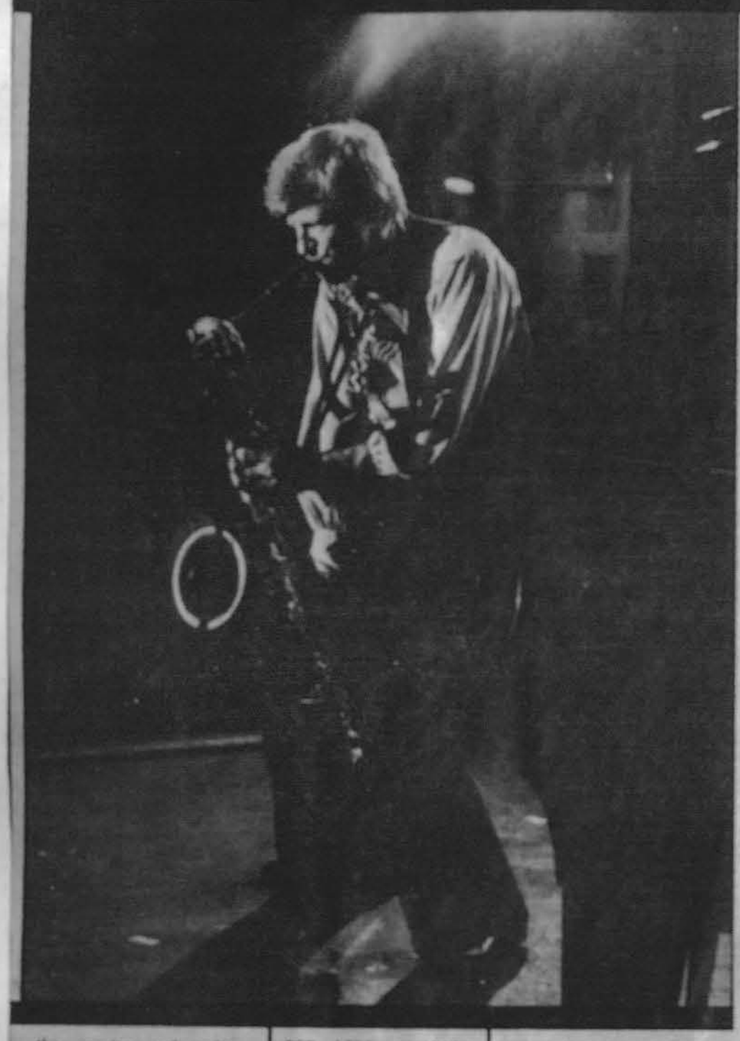
"I don't know whether our audiences find it easy or hard to latch onto the music of ELP — it is very difficult to listen to it through the ears of the audience.

"I certainly think our music has an aura about it, something that gives it a definite character. The band's music has always been very eclectic in its nature, so we programme the show to have its easier moments.

"On the tour we have been changing the order almost every night to find the best combination, always bearing in mind that we want to start and finish with a good impact."

York / OVERLEAF: Boz Scaggs, Emerson, Lake and Palmer

York / OVERLEAF: Boz Scaggs, Emerson, Lake and Palmer



the evening and quite possibly the best. Tyner packed the harmonically rich melody with long out-of-tempo runs, linking the phrases in a manner that was no less intriguing than his melodic alterations of the Ellington standard.

Ron Bridgewater and **Joe Ford** on reeds then joined Tyner, along with **Charles Fambrough**, bass, **Eric Kamau Gravatt**, drums and **Guilherme Franco** on percussion. The group's performance seemed to indicate that Tyner is moving more predominantly into a mid-Eastern bag. The music was exotic, alive with great tension and energy — hypnotic rather than monotonous.

Later the same evening a midnight concert was offered at Carnegie Hall, opening with **Phil Woods'** quintet and concluding with the **Maynard Ferguson** orchestra. Conditions were far from ideal, since the air conditioning had broken down and the sound system threatened to follow suit.

Nevertheless, Woods was in devastating form, leading the group with which he is now regularly touring. Though his sidemen are far from sensational, they did a competent job of steering him through a set composed mainly of works by his somewhat conventional guitarist, **Harry Leahey**, and by pianist **Mike Melillo**.

Completing the group were **Steve Gilmore** on upright bass and **Bill Goodwin** on drums. Woods today stands alongside a handful of other alto masters who have managed to develop a new and personal style while retaining a link to their **Charlie Parker** beginnings.

Maynard Ferguson's bravura performance was naturally very pleasing to those in the audience who have bought his highly successful records. He has a section of trumpeters, all of whom are soloists, a good altoist named **Mike Migliori** and the former **Kenton** drummer **Peter Erskine**. In general, I can't find much pleasure in Ferguson's tendency to overstate his case, but I'm glad that his recent commercial success may have helped the image of big band jazz. Besides, he drew a lot of people into Carnegie who were exposed to the sound of Phil Woods.

TOP LEFT: CHARLES MINGUS/ABOVE: GERRY MULLIGAN/BELOW: McCOY TYNER/SARAH VAUGHAN / HERBIE HANCOCK

The Wednesday show at Carnegie, entitled Solo Piano, found four men paying tribute to **Erroll Garner**. All of them worked without microphones or rhythm sections.

Teddy Wilson, who opened, proved a great disappointment. Though still a unique and elegant performer, he seemed to be putting little effort into his work, and none at all into his choice of material. With the exception of a Garner tune called "Passing Through," this was just about the same set he has played night after night, year after year, in clubs all over the country. There were absolutely no surprises, and even his codas are all alike. Teddy can, and should, do better.

Next came **Adam Makowicz**, the Polish import and **John Hammond** protege, about whom so much has been written. He played a couple of un-announced original works, notable for intricate cross-rhythms, followed by "I Got It Bad," "All The Things You Are," a brief Garner tribute, and "Cherokee." I found him technically quite astonishing, but otherwise strangely unmoving. He obviously grew up heavily under the influence of **Art Tatum's** records, but if this performance was typical, he has yet to develop his own personality.

George Shearing, next on the bill, has been in this country for 30 years as opposed to Makowicz's couple of months, and in that time has found his own direction, as he demonstrated brilliantly in a very slow version of "Happy Days Are Here Again" and a superb "Misty" that captured the spirit and letter of the original. For an encore, on this humid night, Shearing played, of all things, "Let It Snow." His set was notable for discretion, delicacy and an understanding of what not to play. I suggest Makowicz listen closely to him.

Earl Hines earned the evening's greatest applause, and justifiably. Always at his best when his rhythm section and other regulars take a night off, he invested every tune with a rhythmic energy that would be amazing in a man one-third his age. "I Cover The Waterfront," "I Feel Pretty," "Monday Date," "Jitterbug Waltz," a long and elaborate "Close To You," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and a fast but not boogie woogie "St. Louis Blues" made up this shimmering set.

One of the best attempts yet to gear jazz to young audiences was presented Thursday afternoon at Loeb Student Center. Entitled A Jazz Concert For Children Of All Ages, the programme featured **David Amram** as narrator. He was an ideal choice, since he has a contagious enthusiasm and love for sharing his redoubtable knowledge.

The show began with Amram playing a small fife, followed by a couple of drummers, marching in from the rear of the hall. His narration was devoted mainly to the ethnic origins of jazz and related forms of music — Middle Eastern, North African, Latin American, Portuguese and Cuban.

Whatever your age, it was impossible not to react to the consistently strong solos by **Thad Jones, Jerry Dodgion, Pepper Adams, George Barrow** on tenor, **Jimmy Knepper** on trombone, and a rhythm section that had Amram at the piano most of the time, with **Eddie Gomez** on bass, **Beaver Harris** on drums and **Ray Mantilla** on congas.

At one point or another everything was thrown in, from washboard to an amplified oud. Amram played tin whistles (sometimes two at once), piano, guitar, French horn and even sang. It was so obvious he was having a good time that nobody else could do less.

I took a taxi directly from this concert to the airport. I felt that I couldn't have left on a happier note than Amram and his friends had sounded.

COVERING the Newport Jazz Festival in New York is like running the marathon but without the loneliness of the long distance runner, writes **IRA GITLER**.

There was plenty of company on this odyssey, both on stage and in the audience. From the opening notes of **Sarah Vaughan's** accompanying trio at Carnegie Hall to the final plink of **Count Basie's** piano at the Farewell Dance at Roseland there was more music than you could shake your head to.

Vaughan was in usually fine voice and knocked me out by singing one I've been waiting for her to do for about three Newports — "If You Could See Me Now." She even reminisced about how **Tadd Dameron** had written it on a pump organ in a room above the bar at the Braddock Hotel in Harlem.

There were more bebop echoes as she and **Clark Terry** scatted on "Shaw 'Nuff" and then some blues. Later, **Dizzy Gillespie** presented her with roses as he and Terry joined her for a rousing "Oo."

Festivals always contain their share of surprises, and one such surprise was the big band co-led by **Toshiko Akiyoshi** and **Lew Tabackin**. Having heard it only on record I was unaware of the full impact generated in live performance.

During an hour and a half — recorded by RCA — we were treated to a dazzling display of verve and musicianship in the delivery of Akiyoshi's compositions. She played only one piano solo, swinging hard from her Bud Powell roots on a blues.

Writing seems to be her major tool of expression now and she is impressively individual and mature. She extracts new combinations of sound from the brass — her trombone writing is particularly fresh — and uses the reed arsenal (all manner of clarinets, flutes and piccolos as well as the more conventional saxes) with lapidarian skill.

"Minamata," a 22-minute work inspired by the tragedy of a Japanese fishing village stricken by mercury poisoning when industrial waste polluted its primarily seafood diet, was the high point of the evening.

The middle section, "Prosperity And Its Consequences," was opened up for extended blowing by alto saxist **Dick Spencer**, bass trombonist **Bill Reichenbach** and tenor saxist Tabackin on the chords of "Get Happy." Tabackin is still close to his main model, Sonny Rollins, but he is a forceful, resourceful soloist. On flute he is even more personal.

The band's other outstanding soloists were **Bobby Shew** and **Mike Price**, trumpets, and **Gary Foster**, alto sax. The Toshiko/Tabackin Band is one of the most exciting big band sounds to emerge in a long time.

Charles Mingus, who was originally supposed to appear with his quintet, came augmented by various double reeds and many percussionists. He scored with "Three Or Four Shades Of Blues," incorporating elements of Ellington and bop with solos by **Ricky Ford**, tenor sax, and **Jack Walrath**, trumpet.

In his second piece, a long number combining Latin and jazz rhythms, Mingus moved away from his bass to conduct a series of four and eight-bar exchanges with his regular drummer, **Dannie Richmond**, conga players **Ray Mantilla** and **Candido**, and several Colombian percussionists. The only predictable thing about Mingus is that he will come up with something different and provocative.

Count Basie's annual Newport-New York concert on the festival's second Friday was dampened by the absence of blues shouter **Joe Turner** and London's own **Ronnie Scott**. The legendary singer was too ill to appear, and the tenor saxophonist did not cross the Atlantic when, according to a spokesman for the Festival, other American bookings fell through.

However, in the face of these disappointments, the evening turned out to be a winner, with **Joe Williams** taking over the second half and really making the band come alive. He is one of the great "sounds" in jazz and a great blues presence.

He sang the favourites expected from him, but also did **Benny Carter's** "Blues In My Heart" and, in an excerpt from **Jon Hendricks'** "Evolution Of The Blues," chanted "In The Evening" and "Rocks In My Bed." He saluted Turner and also did a very sexy version of "Cleanhead" Vinson's "Person To Person."

Basie did not feature himself much but he looked well and it was good to have him back.

Another revered big band leader who now leads a combo was back at the head of an orchestra for one night when the New York Jazz Repertory Company celebrated the musical careers of **Roy Eldridge** and **Earl "Fatha" Hines**.

Eldridge did not put in an appearance but Hines, resplendent in a white suit, and looking far younger than a man who will be 72 in December, was at the piano for the entire second half of the programme. Under the direction of **Budd Johnson**, the NYJRC re-created Hines' Grand Terrace band of the Chicago Thirties, of which Johnson had been a key operative. From the old theme song "Deep Forest" to Joe Williams' surprise spot on Hines' "Rosetta," electricity was in the air. Hines' Twenties collaborations with **Louis Armstrong** were vividly recalled in "Weather Bird" and "West End Blues." Hines, in fine form throughout, shone perhaps most starkly on his own "Blues In Thirds" ("Caution Blues"), backed only by the rhythm section.

Three trumpets (**Jon Faddis, Joe Newman** and **Jimmy Maxwell**) delineated the old Eldridge solos as transcribed by **Dick Hyman**. In "Let Me Off Uptown" of Gene Krupa fame, **Anita O'Day** addressed the trio of brassmen as "Roys." Five saxophones were employed by Hyman to give Eldridge's "Rockin' Chair" solo a new perspective.

That final Saturday had begun on the Staten Island Ferry ride, and opposite the Repertory Company were three of the most prominent drummers in jazz and their groups — **Art Blakey, Roy Haynes** and **Max Roach** — at Avery Fisher Hall.

Meanwhile, at Waterloo Village in Stanhope, New Jersey (an hour or so from Manhattan), the **New Dave Brubeck** quartet (papa Dave and his three sons) and the **Jimmy Giuffre** trio were the main attractions. Newport — New York was a three-ring affair.

The outdoor concept of the original Rhode Island years (to be revived next year at Saratoga) was also represented at Waterloo by a jazz picnic on Sunday and a blues picnic on July 4. The accent was on mainstream at the jazz bash, with tenorist **Zoot Sims** and violinist **Joe Venuti** very nearly blowing the top off the main tent with a closing "C Jam Blues."

As they were doing this, a super-group of pianist **Herbie Hancock**, trumpeter **Freddie Hubbard**, saxist **Wayne Shorter**, bassist **Ron Carter** and drummer **Tony Williams** was playing the first of its two concerts which thrilled capacity crowds at Avery Fisher Hall that night.

The bands of Basie and **Sy Oliver**, which helped close the festivities, were aided by some guest stars. **Jo Jones** once again powered the Basie ensemble like a benevolent wind, and **Joe Williams** paid homage to **Jimmy Rushing** with "Goin' To Chicago."

Oliver's band was graced by clarinettist **Barney Bigard** (he did "Struttin' With Some Barbecue" for Louis Armstrong and his own "C Jam Blues") and Texas tenorman **Arnett Cobb**.

The former **Hampton** star, who finished his stint with "Flyin' Home," blew with so much fire and projection that further inspired some of Roseland's Lindy Hoppers, but he stepped many in their tracks and made them cluster around the bandstand. He was a true spirit of Newport—New York '77.

Next week: Peter Occhiogrosso on the avant garde events

Gerri Grainger at King Arthur's

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

7/26

Gerri Grainger has enjoyed frequent television exposure via Johnny Carson's Tonight Show and the other talk shows and she has toured as the opening act for Sammy Davis Jr., yet with all her credits and capability she has had difficulty finding in-person work as an attraction in her own right. An exception was her one-night stand Saturday at King Arthur's in Canoga Park.

Ms. Grainger has all the requisite qualities going for her: a handsome face, a petite figure, charm, vocal range, power and communication. On some tunes, particularly the blues "Stormy Monday," her timbre is evocative of the late Dinah Washington.

There are hints of Aretha Franklin, too, in her R&B version of "Ain't No Sunshine," but Grainger is nobody's carbon copy. Her ballad mood, on "Here's That Rainy Day," was well-supported by the Bobby Crocker orchestra. On other numbers the band tended to get in her way.

A Michel Legrand medley was well paced and written, but the act was cheapened and rendered self-consciously cute by a series of corny 1950s songs, complete with inplets. There is no place for "Sh-Boom" in an act by someone of Ms. Grainger's caliber.

She recovered with a Duke Ellington medley and finished strong with a gospel-accented treatment of "My Way." Given a little luck and some judicious editing, she has the visual attributes to make it to Las Vegas on her own and the vocal individuality to land a belated recording contract.

The Crocker orchestra, a typical Valley ad hoc assemblage, ran through an instrumental set of second-hand Basie and Ellington, somewhat as if the humidity had gotten to them. Good college bands nowadays can do this kind of thing with as much enthusiasm or more. There were, however, a couple of competent solos, mainly by Don Raffell on flute and tenor saxophone, to relieve the tedium. Crocker played trombone but did not solo.

JAZZ REVIEW

Guarnieri Stops 'Em in Mid-Steak

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Pg VI, 2

Because it is continuous, we tend to take too much for granted the presence in Los Angeles of Johnny Guarnieri. It is, therefore, high time for another report on this singular pianist.

He has been at the Tail O' the Cock, Ventura and Coldwater, for six years, with annual leaves of absence to tour Europe or Canada. He continues to play unaccompanied, at a piano bar, and because he starts work at 7 p.m. (off Mondays), what he provides is the best dinner music in town.

Though principally associated with the swing era (his formative years were spent in the Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw bands), Guarnieri is a one-man history of jazz piano. Just as he covers broad intervals with his small hands, he spans a comparably wide gap in his selection of material. One set, in fact, took in nine decades, from "Maple Leaf Rag" of the 1890s (played defiantly in 5/4 time) to "Feelings" of the 1970s.

His obsession with the 5/4 meter is fascinating. The average listener may not understand what is going on when he hears "Lover" or a blues played with that extra beat to the bar, but he certainly will sense that something different and provocative is happening.

On a more conventional level, Guarnieri takes full advantage of the harmonic beauty inherent in such ballads as "Darn That Dream" and "You've Changed." But it is as a master of the art of stride keyboard that he silences silverware and stops diners in mid-steak.

His idols clearly are James P. Johnson and Fats Waller, whose pioneer work he has extended and brought to new technical peaks. Watching him race through "Carolina Shout," you wonder whether the camera has yet been invented that can take an unblurred action shot of Guarnieri's left hand at this tempo.

In the final analysis, of course, it is not a matter of how fast or in what time signature he does it, but rather of how well and how honestly. Guarnieri at his best—i.e., when he knows that there are plenty of attentive listeners in the house—is a fascinating craftsman of a disappearing breed.

JAZZ REVIEW

A Renaissance at Stage One

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Last week's cover story in Newsweek on the great jazz renaissance is nowhere more graphically illustrated than at Stage One. This club, on Pico Blvd. west of Redondo Beach Blvd., recently abandoned a rock policy in favor of jazz seven nights a week, with the Frank Morgan Sextet as regular resident combo.

The personable Morgan, too long off the scene, is a brilliant alto saxophonist who encompasses the spectrum from Benny Carter sumptuousness (on "People") through Charlie Parkerisms (on a jaunty blues) to Ornette Coleman freedom sounds (in Chick Corea's "500 Miles High"). A tune called "Sipho" by his pianist, Bill Henderson, found Morgan in a haunting, near-Eastern bag on soprano sax.

The group is unique in its use of two basses, both upright, both played by men of distinction, Henry Franklin and Stan Gilbert. The latter arrived late after a concert with the Long Beach Symphony, of which he is a regular member.

On the Corea tune Gilbert variously bowed a solo, played in unison with Morgan and trumpeter Nolan Smith, or indulged in free pizzicato sounds in contrast to Franklin's full-toned time keeping. The performance built to a pitch of furious tension and excitement.

Smith, 22 and not long out of a Texas University, showed soul and authority—a rare and potent mix—on flugelhorn in "Green Dolphin Street." Given a little more legato and less staccato, he could soon become a major force in jazz.

Carl Burnett lends his intelligent drumming to a rhythm section that lacks only a good piano. Henderson's electric box does him less than justice.

The sextet takes such obvious pleasure in distilling new ideas that it deserves a solid niche on the local scene. Stage walls are due to be knocked down and the capacity tripled to 450. Stage One may become the big new jazz room we have long needed.

Morgan is replaced by jam sessions at 4:30 p.m. Sundays. With no cover weeknights and 31 weekends, access is easy to this most innovative of the new jazz groups in town.

JAZZ REVIEW

More Than Juice in Orange County

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Inspected from a distance, Orange County may appear to be a sonic Siberia for the jazz hunter. A close-up, however, reveals a couple of oases, most notably the White House Tavern on South Coast Highway in Laguna Beach.

Some months before the lamented Hungry Joe's burned to the ground, a songwriter and lyricist named Carroll Coates ("London by Night," "Sunday in New York") took over as entertainment director at the White House. Open since 1918, when it catered to vacationing silent-movie stars, the tavern consists of two rooms—one offering food 24 hours a day and the other (thanks to Coates' knowledge and taste) dishing up dinner and jazz seven nights a week.

The only regular is Dave Pike, the vibraphonist, who has been an Orange County resident since the turn of the decade. Pike has appeared in the vortex of so many jazz movements, (free jazz pioneer, odd meter experimenter, Latin infusions) that he now evidently feels secure and experienced enough to return to the mainstream.

That, in any event, is where he was Sunday evening. One entire set consisted simply of "The Man I Love" (brisk four-mallet work by Pike, solid bass support by Rick Lager), "Lover Man" (reflective piano by Kent Glenn), the old Miles Davis blues "Walkin'," and the seemingly inevitable "I'll Remember April."

Pete Hillman completes the group on drums. Lager occasionally doubles on flute. Though this is not the best quartet Pike has headed, and despite the excessively casual jam-session nature of the material, the group has an ineluctable *raison d'etre* in the maturity and conviction displayed by its leader. Pike remains one of the great unsung vibes men in the classic bop tradition.

The so-called "Summer of '77" series has seen an impressive list of names on the White House menu. In recent weeks there have been visits by Supersax and Kenny Burrell. Tonight Don Ellis opens with a quartet featuring his new discovery, the 18-year-old pianist randy Kerber. Next week, Joe Pass takes over (Tuesday through Saturday). Seawind follows. Meanwhile, Pike will continue to handle the Sunday and Monday gigs.

As if all this were not enough, the White House has an excellent sound system, which in itself is enough to distinguish it from most jazz rooms in the Los Angeles area.

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JAZZ

Taking a Trip on a New Track

BY LEONARD FEATHER

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Art Pepper

"These conversational trips . . . were like playing jazz. When you play, you go on a trip from the beginning of the chorus to the end . . .

Art Pepper has been on both kinds of trips alternately since his life and career were derailed by narcotics problems. One of the most promising young alto saxophonists of the Charlie Parker school, he put in close to a decade, off and on, with Stan Kenton. His story from the early 1950s was one of prisons, hospitals, rehabilitation, promising new starts and relapses.

Presently he is undergoing a rejuvenation process that has brought new hope and very belated recognition. Since spending three years in Synanon, the almost infallible center for life-style adjustment, he has conducted seminars at schools and colleges, has completed his autobiography, has drawn ecstatic audiences during a tour of Japan, and presently is enjoying his first sojourn as a leader of a combo in New York.

Critics in the Big Apple, most of whom are condescending toward jazz talent from the West Coast, have devoted unprecedented space to encomiums for Pepper, who at 51 is experiencing the most successful year of his life and a badly needed boost to his morale.

Pepper is signed with Lee Koenig's Contemporary Records. Koenig, who has run this independent company for 26 years, may be the record business' most totally honest man. He is a dedicated craftsman who handles the musical and technical details of every session with the application of a watchmaker.

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"The Trip," written by Pepper, is aptly characterized by its composer: "It has a kind of distant, sad, heart-rending feel to it . . . but yet it's swinging and it's joyful in a sad type of way." It is followed by a "A Song for Richard," written by the late trumpeter Joe Gordon and as moving a trip as the preceding track. "Sweet Love of Mine" demonstrates Pepper's sensitive approach to the bossa nova beat.

The blues, with an unusual but quite logical change of form that extends each chorus to 20 bars instead of the traditional 12, is the basis for Pepper's "Junior Cat." His capacity for expressing melancholy is again evident in "The Summer Knows." Finally, "Red Car" proves that even a touch of jazz/rock can be rendered meaningful in the hands of Pepper, Jones & Co.

The recording quality, as always on Contemporary, is splendid; the sequencing of tracks makes for a continuously intriguing experience. Pepper, who made his first session for Koenig in 1953 as a sideman with Shelly Manne, and his first as a leader in 1957, has never recorded an inferior album in all this time, but "The Trip" beyond question is one of his two or three best ever. Five stars.

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De Souza exudes total confidence and control on "Wild and Shy," "Banana Tree" and "Bottom Heat." As for his vocal effort on "New Love," as soon as he stops singing and picks up his horn, you know where his real talent lies. Four stars.

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Richie Kamuca, the tenor saxophonist who died July 22, left a memorial in the form of his final album, "Drop Me Off in Harlem" (Concord Jazz CJ-39). In this eloquently understated set he was accompanied simply by a pianist, Dave Frishberg, or by bass and guitar (Ray Brown and Herb Ellis). He had a fondness for out-of-the-way selections such as Johnny Mercer's "Harlem Butterfly," Irving Berlin's "All Alone" and an early Ellington piece that serves as the title tune. His tender, appealing sound was duplicated in his voice, which is heard on one track, "Dear Bix," composed by Frishberg. It is by the few representative records he made that Kamuca's contributions will be evoked, and, fortunately, this is one of the best. Four stars. ●

LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE AUG. 1977

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The *Times* jazz critic **Leonard Feather** looks more like a shoe salesman from Covina than the reigning eminence of jazz writers in America—but no one sniffs when they learn he has jammed with **Louis Armstrong**, arranged for **Count Basie**, toured with **Benny Goodman** and even won a Grammy—aside from penning countless books and magazine articles. And, at 58, he continues to add to his "Leonard Feather Series" of jazz albums on MCA, the latest highlighting the best of such diverse artists as **Sammy Davis Jr., Carmen McRae, Count Basie** and **Jimmy McPartland.**

Between teaching and his local radio show, Feather still finds time to create another tune or two at his North Hollywood home—occasionally accompanied by his wife **Jane**, a former singer, and his daughter **Lorraine**—or, rather hesitantly, make an observation on the state of jazz festivals: "They've deteriorated. At Monterey last year, I'd never heard of many of the artists, and there were just too many high-school bands, who didn't belong."

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MUSIC REVIEW

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4/15

BY LEONAI
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Presented Friday and Saturday by the Philharmonic in association with Blue Note Records, the only jazz show of the Bowl season attracted altogether more than 25,000, a very respectable total. Artistically, despite the presence of Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae as belles of the Bowl, the program was not all it was expected to be.

Two instrumental works that were to have been performed by the Philharmonic, with Calvin Simmons conducting, were not performed—because, we were told, the show would have run overtime. Noel Pointer, the interesting new jazz violinist who was to have made his Bowl debut, failed to show for reasons unexplained.

The appearance of McRae and Vaughan on the same bill was a splendid initiative. No comparative evaluations are needed: Ms. Chest Tones and Mme. Head Tones each have personalities as strongly contrasted as vodka and cognac.

Not One of Her Nights

There was a distinct difference, however, in the performance level. I bow to no one in my reverence for the nonpareil Sarah, but she is human and fallible, and despite some glorious moments this was not one of her more memorable nights.

All the songs for which she used the orchestra were downbeat, with expert arrangements by conductor Marty Paich. For the more jazz-oriented tunes only the rhythm section was employed—hardly a ratification of the show's "Jazz Meets the Philharmonic" premise. In a Beatles medley Vaughan missed her cue on one tune and blew the lyrics on another. Even her beautiful "Send In the Clowns" was marred by pseudo-operatic affectations. Why does "in my career" have to be "in mooooooy career"?

Bill Holman's charts for McRae (with Simmons conducting) were the only ones all evening that made colorful, comprehensive use of the whole Philharmonic. Too often, in the other sets, the orchestra sounded like an overblown studio string section. McRae progressed from a warm "Star Eyes" to a superb "Man I Love," the high point of the evening. Singing the line "and he'll be big and strong," she let us hear, in no uncertain tones, just how big and strong he'll be.

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"Sunday" was swung at an easy medium tempo that was lacking in most of the evening's selections. After a compelling "Star Is Born" medley, Carmen brought her costar back for a couple of good-humored vocal duets, with a few rounds of scat singing. These were Sarah's most relaxed moments.

The instrumental set by vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson and guitarist Earl Klugh, more hemmed in than helped by the excessive use of the orchestra, also suffered at times from balance problems. Dale Oehler's arrangement of "Now" for Hutcherson made pretty use of the cello. Both soloists have sounded incomparably better on records—and probably will again when the tapes of the concert

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McRae, Vaughan Sing at Bowl

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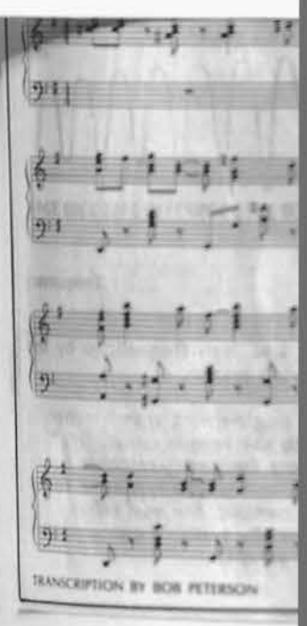
The tone of the evening was hardly elevated by announcements that repeatedly told us we were watching a historical event, and that the artists were fantastic and very magnificent. Can you imagine this kind of huckstering at a regular Philharmonic concert?



TRANSCRIPTION BY BOB PETERSON

CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD, September 1977

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

James P. Johnson

There is a sad irony in the near-oblivion that has enshrouded the name of James Price Johnson since his death in 1955. Fats Waller is far better known, though he owed an incalculable debt to James P., the effective founder of the stride style Fats emulated so successfully.

This injustice can be attributed mainly to the fact that Johnson was not a visual entertainer like Fats, and in some measure to the multi-level nature of his career. He was a jazz pianist, a composer of rags, a writer of popular songs the best known of which are still remembered ("Charleston," "If I Could Be With You," "Old Fashioned Love"), and, unlike Waller, seriously dedicated to the composition of symphonic and chamber works.

Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, on February 1, 1891 (Rudi Blesh and Harriet Janis, authors of the invaluable *They All Played Ragtime* [Grove Press], give the year as 1894), Johnson was about twelve when his family moved to Jersey City. There he heard honky-tonk piano played in the gambling houses, spirituals sung by his mother in the Methodist choir, and brass bands in the streets. In particular, he was inspired by hearing a friend playing Scott Joplin's "Gladiolus." By the time he was thirteen he was playing at local rent parties, later graduating to jobs in Coney Island, Atlantic City, and Southern black vaudeville theatres. Bridging the gap between the ragtime years and the stride piano that grew directly out of the earlier idiom, James P. was heard in several legendary clubs in Harlem and in the black section known as Hell's Kitchen, from 60th to 63rd Street west of 9th Avenue in Manhattan. In 1916 he became the first black composer to cut piano rolls. Five years later he began recording, and on October 18, 1921, the original version of his "Carolina Shout" was put on wax.

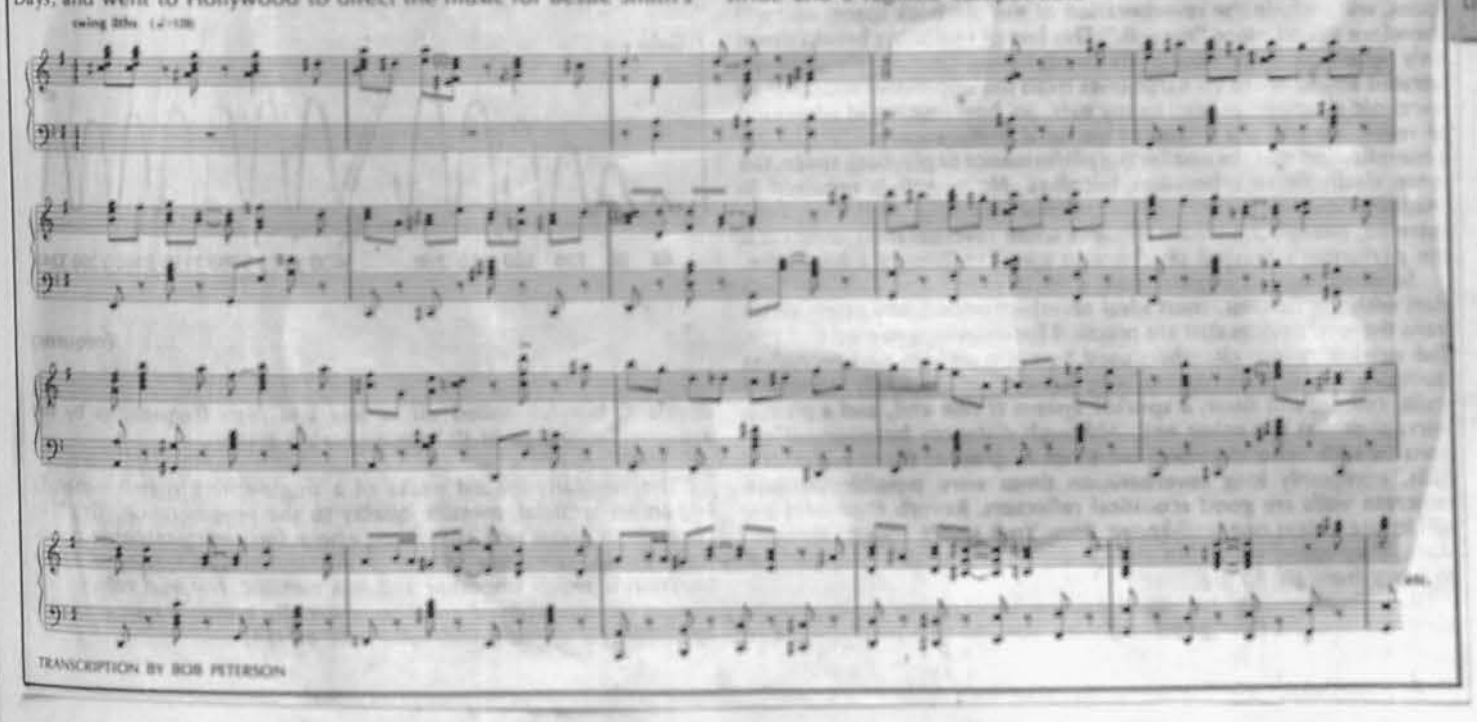
During the 1920s and '30s he accompanied such singers as Bessie Smith and Ethel Waters, worked as musical director for a show called *Dudley's Smart Set*, toured England with a show called *Plantation Days*, and went to Hollywood to direct the music for Bessie Smith's only film, *St. Louis Blues*. His first concert work was *Yamecraw*, scored for orchestra, chorus, and soloists, which he premiered at Carnegie Hall in 1928. His *Symphony Harlem* was presented as ballet music in Harlem's Lafayette Theatre in 1937.

After working off and on with his own and other bands, Johnson was sidelined by a stroke in 1940. He became active again a year later, subsequently working with Wild Bill Davison, Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, and other dixieland musicians. Illness felled him again in 1946-47. A couple of years later he worked on a California production of his revue *Sugar Hill*, but by 1951, in New York, a more severe stroke left him an invalid, unable to play for the remainder of his life.

Despite the modest success he enjoyed with his more ambitious extended works, James P. is still best remembered for his rags, shouts, and stride pieces, most of which were written between 1914 and 1930. Speaking of "Carolina Shout," he once said, "This was the type of ragtime arrangement of a set dance of this period. In fact, a lot of famous jazz compositions grew out of cotillion music . . . Jelly Roll Morton told me that his 'King Porter Stomp' and 'High Society' were taken from cotillion music."

In 1944, a few months after the death of his disciple and friend Fats Waller, Johnson recorded a set of the latter's compositions as well as several of his own. They were all reissued recently, along with another full LP of Art Tatum's work, in a double album entitled *Art Tatum's Masterpieces, Vol. II; And James P. Johnson Plays Fats Waller* [MCA, 4112]. The excerpt below was taken from the version of "Carolina Shout" heard in this album. This is a classic illustration of pre-swing piano; even the two opening bars played by the right hand only have a magical pulse typical of the style, just as the third and fourth bars of the introduction are characteristic of the vaudeville-type intros of the 1920s. The chorus, starting at bar 5, opens with four measures that imply a downward series of half notes: *B, A, G, F-natural, E, D, C* and *B*. The elaboration of these notes, extended mostly into a series of eighths, also shows the keenness of Johnson's harmonic sense.

Definitions of stride piano have often contradicted one another; however, James P. Johnson once offered his own statement: "The difference between stride and traditional piano ragtime was in the structure and the precise bass played in a rag style by the left hand, while the characteristic strides were performed by the right hand." Using this definition, and observing the downward "stride" of the right hand, it would be easy to describe "Carolina Shout" as both a stride and a ragtime composition.



TRANSCRIPTION BY BOB PETERSON

8/17

JAZZ REVIEW

Boss Men Bow at Sound Room

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Yet another nightspot has switched over to an all-jazz policy, seven nights a week. Now it's David Abhari's Sound Room, 11616 Ventura Blvd. in Studio City.

Though this is hardly the biggest stadium in town and the food does not pretend to be haute cuisine, the Sound Room can accommodate a big band and just enough customers to make it pay. That, at least, was the indication Sunday, when the Boss Men, a 16-piece orchestra, made its public bow.

Coleaders of the Boss Men are Harold Jones, an estimable, buoyant drummer who spent five years with the Count Basie Band, and bassist Frank De La Rosa, whose employers in recent years have been Don Ellis, Sweets Edison, Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan.

Jones is one of six Basie alumni in the band (the others are Marshal Royal, John Williams, Oscar Brashear, Gene Goe and Benny Powell). This is, however, much more than a Xerox Basie manuscript affair. Several arrangements are of the complex kind that would give pause to the Count. Don Menza's "Collage," with the saxophones switching to flutes, is a polychromatic pastiche that employs intricate inner voicings.

Frank Collett was represented by a fast original blues, "Shout," and thoughtful arrangements of "My Old Flame" and Miles Davis' "Four." Ray Reed's soprano sax took command in Alf Clausen's "Captain Perfect."

All these pieces were read with reasonable accuracy, taking into consideration the band's newness and paucity of rehearsal time.

Almost everyone is the solist. In addition to those listed above, individualistic contributions were tossed in the hopper by Garnett Brown, the Herbie Hancock trombonist; John Gross on tenor sax, Bill Barry and Bob Ojeda on trumpets and the dependable Frank Strazzeri on electric keyboard.

We have here, in short, not just another kicks band but one that deserves to work regularly. Jones, De La Rosa & Co. will be back at the Sound Room Sunday, and reservations are advised: telephone 761-3555.

The giants of jazz

NY NEWS 8/28/77

IN THE PLEASURES OF JAZZ, (300 pages, Delta, $3.95), veteran critic Leonard Feather lets jazzmen speak for themselves in a series of interviews. The results are as mellow as a cornet solo by Bobby Hackett and as touching as a soprano saxophone break by Sidney Bechet.

There's a moving section, for example, on Bob Crosby, who admitted to Feather that he had always felt overshadowed by his brother, Bing, even when his band, the Bobcats, was making jazz history.

Touching in a different way is his interview with Mahalia Jackson, who is widely regarded as the best gospel singer of all time. She was, until her death in 1972, often sent abroad by the State Department as an ambassadress of good will from this country. Said Jackson to Feather:

"Them agents want me to go over there for eight weeks. I don't want to go, but then again, there's something about this work that possesses you. All of us gotta die sooner or later, and as long as I love what I'm doing, that's the way I want it. I know I'm going to go some day on that stage, but I don't care . . ."

Mahalia, in fact died of heart failure not on stage but in a hospital.

Or consider this from Hoagy Carmichael, the pianist and song writer:

"If I were unknown and if I brought 'Stardust' or 'Lazy River' or 'Rockin' Chair' to a record company today, as unfamiliar material, I wouldn't get past the front door."

The book includes entertaining and revealing profiles, all too short for my taste, of such giants as Dizzy Gillespie, Chick Correa, Herbie Hancock, Eubie Blake, Sarah Vaughan, Earl Hines, Dave Brubeck, Woody Herman and many more.

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Los Angeles Times CALENDAR PAGE 72 AUGUST 21, 1977

Newport Festival in Words, Pictures

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● In addition to giving birth to an endless succession of nonpareil performers and composers, jazz has brought us fringe benefits in the form of men and women whose nonmusical talents have been instrumental to the music.

First there came a long line of journalists who began with jazz before branching out into other areas, most notably the late George Frazier, the late Ralph Gleason and Nat Hentoff. There are a few nonmusicians who made their contributions as creative record and concert producers: John Hammond, Milt Gabler, Norman Granz. There are the photographers who have trained their lenses on jazzmen ever since the 1930s.

With publication of "Newport Jazz Festival: The Illustrated History" (Dial Press: $14.95), it becomes clear that Burt Goldblatt deserves a dual place in this pantheon. His text is as eloquent as his camera work.

Goldblatt's introduction confirms what a glance through these 285 large pages implies: that this was a project at the back of his mind for many years. It emerges now as the product of 23 years of focusing, note-taking and thorough research.

Whether or not you have ever been to the festival, this accurate, critically honest work will provide an uncannily realistic and enlightening closeup.

Goldblatt begins his survey in movie documentary fashion, with a nostalgic visit to the battered, weed-covered ruins of the old festival field in Newport, where the 1971 riot put an end to festival promoter George Wein's romance with Rhode Island. Then we flash back to 1953 and the involvement of Elaine Lorillard, whose enthusiasm convinced Wein of the feasibility of such an event in this improbable locale.

Chronologically, beginning at the downbeat of "Muskrat Ramble" on the night of June 17, 1954, Goldblatt takes us to the sights and the sites, beginning at the Newport Pavilion's tennis grounds, proceeding to the larger areas in Newport and ultimately to the New York halls and New Jersey picnics. But the places, despite some magnificent long shots in and around the musical action, are of course secondary to the faces. They are all here: Eddie Condon and Jack Teagarden, Grover Washington and Keith Jarrett, and finally the harbingers of a new age, Stan Getz's and Buddy Rich's daughters singing at an open air concert on 52nd St. in 1976. Here too is Langston Hughes, who wrote a poem lamenting the first Newport riot in 1960; there is Lester Young with his immutable pork pie hat; Roland Kirk blows his three saxophones at once; Duke Ellington consoles Joan Crawford after a hostile reaction to her Pepsi Cola-sponsored speech.

The cliche "You don't look like a musician" (used by saxophonist Bud Freeman as the title of a book) is forever demolished as you observe that musicians look intellectual (Paul Desmond), congenial (Elvin Jones with Art Blakey), frantic (Horace Silver), stunningly beautiful (Billie Holiday), and that their tastes in clothes varied no less wildly in Miles Davis' bow-tie years than they do in the dashiki and jeans generation.

This photo of Billie Holiday appears in Burt Goldblatt's "Newport Jazz Festival: The Illustrated History."

We are reminded of the flagrant racism in the early years, of the ongoing battles with city officials and society matrons who had no love for the festival.

Alternately praising and attacking George Wein, the author provides a three-dimensional picture of this shrewd, likeable, talented yet sometimes abrasive man.

The book is broken down into year-by-year chapters, offering perceptive analyses of the highlights of each concert, anecdotes, reminiscences, backstage chatter, recollections of rehearsals, quotes from reviews. Though his criticism for the most part is laudatory and

humanhood. Goldblatt retained a sharp eye and ear for the less singular aspects of the musicians' performance or behavior. He recalls Louis Armstrong's Uncle Tomming, his hostile reaction to a surprise birthday tribute; Duke Ellington's cavalier treatment of some musicians and his graciousness toward others.

Perhaps to satisfy nit-pickers, the editing is imperfect: Goldblatt misspells some well-known names, identifies a photo of Cecil Payne as Cecil Taylor, and no doubt commits a few other minor errors. But his involved, affectionate memoir emerges as one of the most useful additions, visually and textually, to the library of anyone who cares about jazz.

●

Several steps farther back in the annals, "Selections from the Gutter" (University of California Press: $12.50) consists of articles excerpted from "The Jazz Record," a magazine that lasted only four years (1943-47) as a refuge for traditionalists by whose standards the only real jazz was played by New Orleans veterans, boogie-woogie pianists, and Chicago jazzmen of the Eddie Condon-Pee Wee Russell-Wild Bill Davison era.

Art Hodes, the pianist who co-edited the magazine, is also co-editor (with Chadwick Hansen) of this collection. Among the dozens of writers represented, there are rank amateurs whose sincerity sometimes transcends their literary difficulties, and a few pros who along justify the repackaging of this material. In the latter category are Ruth Bleeh, George Avakian and the late Allan Morrison, who in the 1940s was the only black writer offering more than token lip service to jazz. Morrison's interview with Lester Young is one of the few dedicated to a relatively modern musician.

Because of its rabid opposition to bop and to all who supported it in the mid-1940s, "The Jazz Record" in its day reeked of reaction; but Hodes, at 72 still active in Chicago, has chosen wisely, avoiding reminders of the antagonistic "moldy fig" stance taken by some of his writers. All the dust having long since settled, it is clear that Hodes was providing a valuable service at a time when documentation of any form of jazz was pitifully incomplete. ●

JAZZ VIEW

Walton Quartet on an Urgent Note

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Cedar Walton, the pianist who came up through the hard-bop ranks in the 1960s and who for the past few years has led his own quartet, landed safely at Donte's Tuesday in time to start a brief engagement that closes tonight. He called one of his compositions "Ojos de Rojo" after the red-eye special on which his group had arrived from New York.

This is a nonelectronic, nonrock group that lies stylistically between Art Blakey (Walton's training ground) and John Coltrane. The latter clearly is the inspiration for his saxophonist, Bob Berg. Heard previously with the Horace Silver quintet, Berg dovetails neatly with Walton when the latter gets into his more advanced, McCoy Tyner-ish moments.

There is an urgent, energetic tone to the group that works well for the most part, except when Berg occasionally gets into a rut with one lick and repeats it too often before extricating himself.

Walton continues to develop both as composer and soloist. His "Midnight Waltz" and "Bolivia," their attractive themes stated in unison by sax and piano, were points of departure for flights of fancy that showcased the leader's crisp articulation, high level of fluency in single-note lines and ability to move back and forth between tension and release.

Except for one standard ("For All We Know"), the set consisted of Walton originals. The long, concluding "Sunday Suite" was a striking mixture, switching from a quasi-classical piano interlude to a minor waltz to pressing 4/4 jazz with an unflaggingly swinging drum solo by Billy Higgins. David Williams on bass completes this well-integrated combo.

It should be noted that Donte's has upgraded its food. The Iranian cuisine that was so excellent years ago is long gone. Italian is in. The menu is large, and my veal Piemontese was the qualitative equal of the music.

Los Angeles Times
VIEW
* PART IV
TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1977

BASIE'S BIRTHDAY—Mickey Mouse surprised Count Basie with birthday cake at Disneyland where bandleader has returned to celebrate 73rd year following a heart attack in 1976.
Times photo by Larry Bessel

73RD BIRTHDAY OBSERVED

The Count Returns to Disneyland

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Count Basie found a somewhat more suitable opening device this year than last with which to kick off his annual week at Disneyland. In 1976, after his first night in the park, he suffered a heart attack. Sunday night, returning to Anaheim, he celebrated his 73rd birthday.

Since returning to the helm of his orchestra last January, Basie has slowed down a little. Looking trim and well, sharp in a salmon-colored suit and waistcoat, he puffed on a cigar (the doctor has him down to two a day) and tried to relax between sets but failed to escape the autograph hunters and the fans posing for pictures with him.

Nat Pierce, who last year filled in at the piano during Basie's four-month absence, was on hand. The holder of the world's record for sideman longevity, guitarist Freddie Green, was at Basie's side as he has been since March, 1937. There was a sense that everyone here was grateful to the Count for existing and for bringing back a brand of honest, swinging music that defies the march of time.

"I've been taking care," Basie said. "The band works six nights most weeks, but we've had some vacation." Last week he was back at his home in Freeport, in the Baha-

Please Turn to Page 6, Col. 1

COUNT BASIE

Continued from First Page

mas, but much of this year has been spent on the long road. "We're not making the jumps as long as we used to, though."

He talked about the Nice Jazz Festival ("the best one yet"), the concerts in England with Ella Fitzgerald, the fine hotel and beach he found in Barcelona, the enthusiasm in Scandinavia (the band has toured Europe twice this year). Asked how he had spent his birthday, he smiled: "We began celebrating two days ago, at a gig in Detroit. The mayor came out to see us. We've been having a ball."

A phalanx of Basie admirers, many of them of pre-school age, sat in a circle around the bandstand at the Plaza Gardens while others danced. The applause was generous for Al Grey's plunger trombone on "Cherry," for Lyn Biviano's macho high-note trumpet and for the more restrained tenor sax of Jimmy Forrest on a pretty "Bag of Dreams."

After a wild up-tempo "Summertime," focusing on Butch Miles' drums, Basie plinked his final plunk at the keyboard and began to walk off when he was approached by Mickey Mouse, or a reasonable facsimile, carrying a large cake as a Disneyland brass band marched in playing "Happy Birthday." Taken by surprise, Basie returned to the microphone to say how happy he was to be back in action here.

"No happier than me," said an elderly Basie fan who had danced energetically through the set. He was speaking for all who have observed with alarm this crucial year for big band jazz.

Woody Herman was sidelined for several months by an automobile accident (he's back with his band now, but not yet fully ambulatory). The Stan Kenton orchestra, touring without Kenton since his major surgery, played its final date Sunday night at the Improvisation and has disbanded, but will be reorganized after the first of the year with Kenton back at the keyboard.

Meanwhile, the sounds of the happiest blues on earth will continue to radiate from the Plaza Gardens through Saturday.

Laine and Short: Stage Chemistry

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

If you have been a Cleo Laine aficionado since the 1950s when she was the vocalist with John Dankworth's big band, it becomes an increasingly exacting task to assess her in any new or enlightening manner.

Cleo Laine

Everything has grown: her range, her repertoire, the audiences for her American tours. When she made her Southland debut at Santa Monica Civic in 1973, I observed: "If it cannot be sung, Cleo Laine will sing it . . . On a Cleo day I could listen forever." During the years that have elapsed she has moved onward and upward, to Royce Hall and the Bowl and her longest local stand, four nights at the Greek Theater (through Saturday).

Her technique remains the most startling facet, but balanced against the sharp waves of those stratospheric notes at the end of "Ridin' High" were the pieces that concentrated on pure, drama-informed delivery of material in which she is most at home: "Streets of London," for one, and others in which her alliance with Dankworth was marked by humor and a unique togetherness.

The retention of her accent adds a dash of panache to "Taking a Chance on Love." Nor has she lost her affinity for jazz. Dankworth was all over the place with his alto sax, in solos, unison, harmony and counterpoint with her on Blossom Dearie's and Johnny Mercer's "I'm Shadowing You" and his own "Bird Song"; also, during a long series of encores, in a fiendishly intricate arrangement of "It Don't Mean a Thing." If Cleo has the lift-off of a jet plane, Dankworth has the skill of a pilot. Their backup musicians, especially Paul Hart on piano and violin, are central to the success of the act.

Before the Dankworths appeared, Bobby Short's smile lit up the first several rows as he bounced with his eternally youthful effervescence through a song cycle that was first-class all the way. He took on Cole Porter (of course), Fats Waller, Gershwin and even Bessie Smith. Using an orchestra conducted by Richard Hazard, he worked his Dukish way through a buoyant piano solo, "Satin Doll."

Short has always had a special facility for making you part of an era in which you might not have arrived soon enough to live. His vocal timbre, his conviction, his taste in lyrics and melodies all remain unimpaired by some three decades of catering to sophisticates. His presence on the same bill with the Dankworths made for admirable chemistry.

LOS ANGELES TIMES CALENDAR AUG. 28, 1977

Donald Byrd Flies Into High Finance

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Brazilian musician Mayuto Correa, having observed the American musical condition, recently expressed certain views here that elicited strong responses. Many readers agreed with the central thrust of his argument, that big business now dominates our music world, that the profit motive is severely affecting the quality of the music, that the producers have become a powerful force in shaping our tastes, as opposed to the great composers whose works are being bypassed.

Citing a particular example, Mayuto (as he is known professionally) said, "Look what happened to Donald Byrd. I was shocked that he put his name to the kinds of things he has done in the past couple of years."

Predictably this brought a reaction from Donald Byrd. Once known as a lyrical, bop-derived trumpeter and composer with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and a recording combo leader for Blue Note records since 1956, he later became deeply involved with many aspects of learning and teaching. He studied the business end of music, earned a Ph.D. in music education, studied law, boned up on black history and was a professor at several colleges. (Currently he's working on a museum project at North Carolina Central University.)

Since 1972 Byrd has recorded a series of R&B, electronic funk records that have gained enormous popularity. His "Black Byrd," on Blue Note Records has sold 253,356 copies. He is now a wealthy man and president of Black Byrd Productions.

Some of the critics who remember Byrd's early works, such as the beautiful

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JAZZ

High Finance in World of Donald Byrd

Continued from First Page

classic "Cristo Redentor," recorded with voices, were no more sanguine than Mayuto concerning Byrd's recent direction. "Lush but essentially faceless, tepid quasi-funk," said one writer concerning the LP "Stepping Into Tomorrow." "How it must rankle Byrd to have achieved success with this slush!" Another reviewer, dealing with the album "Street Lady," spoke of its "depthless one-chord showcases, replete with rhythmic monotony . . . hackneyed harmonies and unoriginal melodies . . . looks like Byrd knows Mencken was right when he said that no one ever lost money underestimating the taste of the American public."

●

According to Byrd, these are misinterpretations of his emotions and intentions. Long ago he pronounced his chart successes "a major breakthrough for me both financially and intellectually." He has little time for his detractors. In a lengthy interview that provided an enlightening picture of the ex-artist turned capitalist, he addressed himself first to Mayuto's complaints:

"He came here with a certain concept. When you're living a long distance away you may have all kinds of illusions about what is really happening. It's like, 'When I was a child I thought as a child.' Well, when I was an artist I thought like an artist, and when I got to be a producer I thought like a producer, and now that I'm head of a company I think like the head of a company.

"Mayuto is naive. Here he comes into a technical industry and talks about money and power. Well, that's what we're dealing with today. This is 1977, not 1937. He's an anachronism, out of the Middle Ages. To me, everything he said is stupid. He talks like a dilettante, a spectator, not as a true artist."

"Wouldn't you grant his point," I asked, "that there are irreconcilable differences between music and big business?"

"It's not a question of that; it's just a lack of understanding and education on the part of the artist. When I went to law school, I learned the rules of the game. Similarly there are business rules. You don't talk music talk to a business person any more than you'd talk business talk—a legal jargon—to a musician. Mayuto should stay within the scope of his understanding, and that's music.

"He worked with me, but we never really sat down and talked the way I've talked with many like Freddie Hubbard. I spent one whole day talking strictly business with Hubbard. Mayuto only knew me as a musician. Similarly, during the last conversation I had with John Coltrane before he died, he never got into any of those mystical, ethereal things he was identified with; we dealt with whether he could get back certain copyrights.

"Mayuto has a typical European elitist attitude toward music. For him to say all these dumb things is childlike. To quote Alvin Toffler, this is the post-industrial society, right!"

●

Byrd demurred even more strongly when I mentioned Mayuto's dissatisfaction with the quality of music being disseminated on American radio. Surely, I suggested, the public is being force-fed what the music industry wants it to digest. How many black-oriented stations have ever played the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson? Why is music of this caliber rarely made more accessible to them?

"That's very academic. They ain't playing Beethoven's Fifth every minute, either. You see, I don't think that people are ignorant, or that anything is forced down their throats.

"I have been in situations where I've dealt with behavior modification as far as music is concerned, and I've tested the effects. To me, the idea of putting on the MJQ or a lot of other such people is just as absurd as for me to walk into the classroom and say, 'Good morning, boys and girls, we're going to listen to Beethoven and Bach.' Who the hell are Beethoven and Bach and why the hell should I listen to it and relate to it? My parents aren't European. What I'm saying is that it's absurd to try to propagandize, because basically people select what they want and buy what they want."

"But surely what they want may be determined by what they do or don't get to hear."

"What are you talking about—equal opportunity, or what!"

"I've talked to one musician after another in the field of what is known as pure jazz," I said, "and inevitably it comes back to the same thing: they cannot get air play."

"All right, then, let's deal with it from a pragmatic standpoint. What about the business? We are in business."

"That's the whole issue Mayuto raised. He feels the music business is in conflict with music as art."

"In conflict if you follow that line of thought, but to me that's not the prevailing thought; it's an archaic approach to music that reeks of like European, you know, indoctrination. That's the same stuff that I've been reading from an academic standpoint since day one, and again, it's absurd."

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For Byrd to go along with Mayuto's arguments, he asserted, would be tantamount to denying his heritage. "It would be like denying the existence or the validity of people like James Brown."

"That's not what we're talking about."

"Yes it is. I've never in my life been as impressed by a musician as I have been by James Brown. When he did 'Papa's Got a Brand New Bag,' he was making millions of dollars, and today he still has businesses and enterprises and he has a jet aircraft bigger than mine. People like James Brown and Berry Gordy are much more meaningful to me, in my life, than a lot of so-called very big historical jazz figures. They have done more for black people."

"This is not just a racial issue," I said. "The same thing is happening to white musicians who are being put in the position where they have to compromise."

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High Finance in World of Donald Byrd

Continued from Page 86

"If they are, it's because they've been emulating the black musicians."

After the argument had gone around in circles a little longer, I commented: "Everything you've said so far boils down to this one point: if it sells, then it's good, and if it doesn't sell, then it's not good."

"That," said Byrd, "is my philosophy."

To the comment that time has shown the musical importance of John Lewis (founder of the Modern Jazz Quartet), Dizzy Gillespie and other such giants of music whose record sales may not equal those of Byrd, he replied, "Where has history shown that? Are you kidding? The Modern Jazz Quartet broke up. What are John Lewis and Milt Jackson doing now? I hate to say this, because when I first went to New York, John was the man I tried to emulate from the academic standpoint. And do you think it doesn't break my heart to see Dizzy working in some small club? We're talking about respect and dignity."

"I'm talking about impact and influence," I said. "Records by Armstrong, Ellington, Gillespie will be heard when today's commercial hits are forgotten. These men are already a part of the history books, and not just music books."

Byrd was then shown a book published in 1971 by the London Times, "One Thousand Makers of the 20th Century." Among those represented by biographies alongside those of Churchill, Roosevelt, Debussy, and Ravel are Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Armstrong, Lester Young, Basie, Hines, Holiday and a dozen other jazz eminences.

"That," he said, "doesn't mean a thing to me."

"All right," I said, "let's forget about history and return to basics. Mayuto said in effect that we are living in a society in which the artist condescends to the listener; that this relationship is the result of a long historical process, and that instead of elevating those who are called artists, we downgrade the masses known as the public. Now do you really believe that commercial success is proof of artistic validity?"

"Yeah."

"In other words, the more copies it sells, the better it is musically?"

"I think that which sells the best is the best."

"In that case," I said, "you've got to agree that Lawrence Welk is a fantastic musician."

With a strange face, Donald Byrd, president of Black Byrd Productions, respected ethnomusicologist, owner of a jet plane that is not quite as big as James Brown's, looked at me and said, "You're damn right I do." ●

PAGE 86 CALENDAR Los Angeles Times

DONALD BYRD
". . . people buy what they want."

JAZZ REVIEW

Big Joe Turner at Cafe Concert

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Kansas City came to Tarzana Saturday night. When Big Joe Turner sang at Lee Magid's Cafe Concert on Ventura Blvd., you could almost see the ghost of Pete Johnson, his K.C. partner, as Dorothy Donegan backed him up with a furious boogie blues beat.

Turner must be more than 300 pounds now. Even though his legs don't carry him the way they used to and he has to work sitting down, his voice still carries clear across the room, big and knife-sharp and vigorous, the way it was when Turner was a bartender and vocalist at Prohibition's last gleaming.

Sure, Elvis Presley and Bill Haley and the Comets had hit records with "Shake, Rattle and Roll," but anyone who has studied the blues knows that it was Turner who introduced the song years earlier and Turner still sings the definitive version. He had the whole room rocking with a bagful of blues hits from the 1940s and '50s, when his records helped effect the transition from rhythm and blues to the rock 'n' roll era: "Flip, Flop and Fly," "Wee Baby Blues" and half a dozen more.

Amazingly, he sang the entire set in the key of C, within a range of a minor sixth from G up to E flat. What he does within those limitations is one of the seven wonders of the blues.

Dorothy Donegan played a set of her own in addition to backing Turner's. Despite a totally unprepared, disorganized rhythm section, she managed to make a strong impression. Avoiding the visual mannerisms that have detracted from her performances in the past, she played an eclectic selection of standards, mixing Garner-like delayed beats, Art Tatum runs and Fats Waller stride, this last in a whirlwind "Carolina Shout." She rounded out her part of the show with a long, raunchy tremolo-packed blues.

Turner and Donegan will be returning soon; meanwhile, Cafe Concert, which features health food and healthy music seven nights a week, will present Laurindo Almeida and the Chuck Flores Quintet Friday and Saturday.

JAZZ REVIEW

9/1

The Quintessential Horace Silver

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

For the past few years, Horace Silver has been living a musical double life. On records, he has augmented his combo with brass, or reeds, or voices; often, too, he has equipped his songs with lyrics.

In person, however, as he is demonstrating this week at the Lighthouse, Silver's piano is the centerpiece for a simple format that has served him well throughout his 20-year career as a leader: trumpet, tenor sax, rhythm section and no vocals.

Such is his power as a weaver of contagious melodies that even those works we have heard with the enlarged groups in his albums are no less compelling played by the quintet. His small ensemble statements invariably are demonstrative, authoritative, definitive.

As a pianist, he remains in total control, his articulation potent, the statements shorn of all affectation. Somehow he combines immense energy with an awareness of the value of simplicity.

"Incentive" was played in a cooking four-beat, with splendid, serpentine tenor sax lines by Larry Schneider. "Spirit of the Zulu," in 6/4, was part of a new, extended work, "African Ascension," distilling the flavor implied by these titles into a typical Silver solution. "The Sophisticated Hippie," dedicated to Duke Ellington, has overtones of Silver's "Song for My Father," with its minor blues structure.

Trumpeter Lee Soloff, though he blended well with Schneider on the harmony and unison statements, is outclassed here. In Blood, Sweat & Tears, the competition being less fierce, he seemed more at ease; with Silver, his solos lack the fire and form that has marked the work of his predecessors. He is with the group temporarily, filling in for the ailing Tom Harrell.

Bassist Chip Jackson (ex-Woody Herman) is a capable section mate, on upright and electric bass, for drummer Eddie Gladden. His electric instrument buzzed uncomfortably during a solo, however.

This is not the greatest Horace Silver quintet of all time, yet the quality of his composition—and the solos by Silver and Schneider—are enough to sustain an illustrious tradition. They'll be lighting up the Lighthouse through Sunday.

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by Leonard Feather in Los Angeles

DONALD BYRD: 'If it sells, it's good — that's my philosophy'

Byrd flies high

RECENTLY, a Brazilian musician named Mayuto, having observed the American musical condition, expressed certain views that elicited strong responses.

The central thrust of his argument was that big business now dominates our music world; that the profit motive is severely affecting the quality of the music that the producers have become a powerful force in shaping our tastes, as opposed to the great composers whose works are being bypassed.

Citing a particular example, Mayuto said: "Look what happened to Donald Byrd. I was shocked that he put his name to the kinds of things he has done in the past couple of years."

Predictably, this brought a reaction from Dr Donald Byrd. Once known as a lyrical, bop-derived trumpeter and composer with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and a recording combo leader for Blue Note records since 1958, he later became deeply involved with many aspects of learning and teaching.

Since 1972 Byrd has recorded a series of r & b, electronic funk records that have gained enormous popularity. His "Black Byrd," on Blue Note, has sold a quarter of a million. He is now a wealthy man and president of Black Byrd Productions.

Byrd has little time for his detractors: "Mayuto is naive. Here he comes into a technical industry and talks about money and power. Well, that's what we're dealing with today. This is 1977, not 1937. He's an anachronism, out of the Middle Ages. To me, everything he said is stupid. He talks like a dilettante, a spectator, not as a true artist.

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Surely, I suggested, the public is being force-fed what the music industry wants it to digest. How many black-orientated stations have ever played the Modern Jazz Quartet, Dizzy Gillespie, Oscar Peterson? Why is music of this calibre rarely made more accessible to them?

"That's very academic. They ain't playing Beethoven's Fifth every minute, either. You see, I don't think that people are ignorant, or that anything is forced down their throats.

"I have been in situations where I've dealt with behaviour modification as far as music is concerned, and I've tested the effects.

"To me, the idea of putting on the MJQ or a lot of other such people is just as absurd as for me to walk into the classroom and say, 'Good morning, boys and girls, we're going to listen to Beethoven and Bach.'

"Who the hell are Beethoven and Bach and why the hell should I listen to it and relate to it? My parents aren't European. What I'm saying is that it's absurd to try to propagandise, because basically people select what they want and buy what they want."

For Dr Byrd to go along with Mayuto's arguments, he asserted, would be tantamount to denying his heritage. "It would be like denying the existence or the validity of people like James Brown.

"I've never in my life been as impressed by a musician as I have been by James Brown. When he did 'Papa's Got A Brand New Bag,' he was making millions of dollars, and today he still has businesses and enterprises and he has a jet aircraft bigger than mine.

"People like James Brown and Berry Gordy are much more meaningful to me, in my life, than a lot of so-called very big historical jazz figures. They have done more for black people."

But this is not just a racial issue, I pointed out. The same thing is happening to white musicians who are being put in the position where they have to compromise.

"If they are, it's because they've been emulating the black musicians."

After the argument had gone around in circles a little longer, I commented that everything he had said so far boiled down to this one point: if it sells, then it's good, and if it doesn't sell, then it's not good.

"That," said Dr Byrd, "is my philosophy."

To the comment that time has shown the musical importance of John Lewis (founder of the Modern Jazz Quartet), Dizzy Gillespie and other such giants of music whose record sales may not equal those of Dr Byrd, he replied: "Where has history shown that? Are you kidding?

"The Modern Jazz Quartet broke up. What are John Lewis and Milt Jackson doing now? I hate to say this, because when I first went to New York, John was the man I tried to emulate from the academic standpoint.

"And do you think it doesn't break my heart to see Dizzy working in some small club? We're talking about respect and dignity."

But surely records by Armstrong, Ellington and Gillespie will be heard when today's commercial hits are forgotten? These men are already a part of the history books, and not just music books.

I then showed Dr Byrd a book published in 1971 by The Times, One Thousand Makers Of The Twentieth Century. Among those represented by biographies alongside those of Churchill, Roosevelt, Debussy and Ravel are Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Armstrong, Lester Young, Basie, Hines, Holliday and a dozen other jazz eminences.

"That," said Dr Byrd, "doesn't mean a thing to me."

Mayuto said in effect that we are living in a society in which the artist condescends to the listener, that this relationship is the result of a long historical process, and that instead of elevating those who are called artists, we downgrade the masses known as the public. Does Byrd really believe that commercial success is proof of artistic validity?

"Yeah."

In other words, the more copies it sells, the better it is musically?

"I think that which sells the best is the best."

In that case, I said, you've got to agree that Lawrence Welk is a fantastic musician.

With a straight face, Dr Donald Byrd, president of Black Byrd Productions, respected ethnomusicologist, owner of a jet plane that is not quite as big as James Brown's, looked at me and said: "You're damn right I do."

as he proved some years back at the Playboy Club.

Terry Gibbs, Mr. Hyperkinesis, launched the evening with a generous helping of that old-fashioned bebop—or that radical new jazz, depending on your generation. The usual arrangements were played and the usual faces seen—yesterday's leaders (Bill Berry, Frank Capp) temporarily turned sidemen.

Closing your eyes, you could have believed yourself back at the Summit on Sunset, circa 1960. It would be a wise investment if Gibbs were to update his library with some fresh material; however, since the soloists were Gibbs on vibes, Conte Candoli on trumpet, and others of like caliber, and since most of the charts were Bill Holman's, the music always swung.

Widener stated Monday that this was the final concert of its series at the Improvisation. He will make an announcement within a few weeks concerning a new, larger location.

CORRESPONDENCE

Byrds of Feather Flack

Donald Byrd

I had mixed emotions over Leonard Feather's column, "Donald Byrd Flies Into High Finance" (Calendar, Aug. 28), because I feel, too, that black music has been taken over by the music businessmen who only care about a profit. On the other hand, it seems that white folks enjoy seeing blacks poor and struggling and when they are forced or choose to go commercial for survival or the big money, condescending whites want to jam them for it. Nobody condemns whites for their commercial music, especially music with black roots. When whites take black music and make millions of dollars copying it or marketing it, no one condemns them. Elvis Presley copied black music and was called a genius. He made millions. But he was a very poor, second-rate imitation of black artists who didn't make a dime above survival, if that. So leave the originality to blacks and the money to whites is Feather's advice to black artists. What else is new?

BRUCE M. TYLER
Los Angeles

Leonard Feather and others who quibble endlessly over the success of funkajazz music should recall the heavy dues Charlie Parker and other jazz giants paid before dying broke and relatively unappreciated. Musicians like Donald Byrd have earned money and recognition not by compromising the art of jazz but by capitalizing on a relatively new art—funkajazz. But, unlike Parker, in 10 years Byrd will be forgotten.

ROYAL JOHNSON
Inglewood

Giving Byrd the Bird

The high degree of cynicism revealed in Leonard Feather's interview with Donald Byrd (Calendar, Aug. 28) indicates money and success do not heal old wounds but only allow an outlet for the long restrained frustration brought by lack of recognition for truly creative and interpretive works.

Those of us whose libraries contain Byrd's early albums recognize the value and art of this gifted musician. His "Electronic Byrd" album was one of the first, and remains one of the tastiest explorations of amplified music. The fact it was not a commercial success, as was Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew," was unfortunate. Byrd's is the better album. It is light years removed from the faddish electronic junk he is currently producing and selling.

Byrd is welcome to all the money he can make—he's proven his worth. But he will be remembered for his early works, not these present aberrations. His latest album is aptly titled—"Caricature" is what his music has become. It is only too bad that he has become dollar-hardened as well as rich.

DAVID BOSS
Palos Verdes Estates

Duke Ellington, in his autobiography, "Music Is My Mistress," had this to say: "When a good musician compromises on his aim in music and descends to what the brainwashed masses expect, then he is not being honest with himself. An artist must be true to himself. If money is more important to him than music, then he is indulging in prostitution . . . A real musician cannot be swayed from his natural groove by those who believe the listings of the Top 40 indicate what sounds good or best."

'Nuff said???

PATRICIA A. HOGAN
Marina del Rey

Donald Byrd makes me sick. His philosophy—that which sells best *is* best—just doesn't work in music or any of the arts. Byrd would put Rod McKuen above T.S. Eliot, Irving Wallace above Henry Fielding, himself above Mozart.

JOE MAILANDER
Hawthorne

As one who remembers Donald Byrd's music from the Golden Age of Jazz, I am moved to say of the "new" Donald Byrd, that great oafs from tiny icons grow.

J. SCHWARTZ
Santa Monica

According to Byrd's view—"The most popular is the best"—prejudice is the most valid philosophy in the world.

TOMMY VIG
Van Nuys

JAZZ REVIEW

No-Name Sextet Detonates Donte's

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A group that has played a couple of times at Donte's, most recently Tuesday through Thursday of this week, has everything going for it except a name. For the sake of convenience, let's just call it The Six.

The front line, consisting of Bill Watrous, a superefficient trombonist who moved here last year from New York; Chuck Findley on trumpet and Don Menza on tenor sax, is detonated by the explosive rhythm section of Victor Feldman, keyboards; John Guerin, drums, and Bob Magnusson, bass.

All these men make a handsome living in the studios; Feldman and Guerin also are members of the L.A. Express. The new sextet, free of commercial considerations here, shows all its members at their vital, energetic best.

Feldman, an assertive and thoughtful pianist, suggests a Bill Evans who has sat on a firecracker. His left-hand chords move in parallel lines with right-hand octaves on his own swinging, blues-tinged tune, "Takin' My Time." The lively, Brazilianesque "Skippin'," also Feldman's, presented a well-meshed front-line blend with Menza on flute and Findley on fluegelhorn. The latter was featured in the only ballad of the set, an intense yet lyrical "I'll Never Stop Loving You."

The group finished its zestful workout with Menza's attractive "Intrigue," a busy, modernized bebop line on the harmonic pattern of "Stella by Starlight." Though all three horsmen tend to use facility and velocity where space and economy sometimes would furnish a welcome contrast, their trip is so spectacular that you don't have time to think about such quibbles.

Magnusson, an unhonored master of the upright bass, had an eloquently melodic arco solo on "Takin' My Time." Guerin, too heavy on the opening tune, settled into a solid jazz groove for the rest of the hour.

The Six, who will be making their recording debut soon, plan to return to the club presumably as soon as they have decided on a name. Meanwhile, Donte's offers, among others, Craig Hundley (tonight and Saturday), Ron Eschete (Monday), Irene Kral and Alan Broadbent (next Friday and Saturday).

Donald Byrd in the Charts

Equating music sales with quality (Leonard Feather, Calendar, Aug. 28) shows that Donald is Byrd-brained.

PETER MARVIN
Los Angeles

MORE THAN BLUES

Sep. 3

Remembering Ethel Waters

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

There is a sad, strange irony in what must have been the general reaction to Ethel Waters' death Thursday, at least among a great majority of Americans too young to recall the whole story. For them she was a dimly known figure associated with television and concert appearances for Billy Graham; a very large, smiling woman with a very wide vibrato whose sole concern was to bring the message of the Lord; or an occasional participant in a late-night rerun of some old movie.

The Ethel Waters I knew, the Waters known to a generation even before mine, was antithetical to this image. Her early life and background marked by violence and cruelty (her birth was the result of a knife-point rape when her mother was 13), she drifted into show business by chance at 17. Tall and skinny, she gained the nickname "Sweet Mama Stringbeam." She made her record debut in 1921. Within the next decade, she became the first female, black superstar.

By the time our paths crossed, although this was 30 years ago, her career already was in a decline. It had been three years since she had last made a movie, and longer since she had recorded. Anxious to secure her for a series of sessions I was producing in New York for a small independent company, I located her and arranged to bring her out of this involuntary retirement. She was eager to be back in a studio, and we arranged to meet directly for a discussion of musicians and material.

I had heard many stories about Ethel Waters. Everyone agreed about the unique nature of her talents, but there were rumors that alarmed me. She was not known to take kindly to the slightest criticism; she was said to resent the success of certain other women singers; supposedly, she was given to tantrums.

Gracious, Cooperative

Our encounters never offered any evidence of this. Gracious and cooperative, looking a little heavier than I had expected but still attractively statuesque, she agreed on the tunes, which would include new versions of four of her old hits ("Dinah," "Taking a Chance on Love," "Cabin in the Sky," "Am I Blue") and four of my own songs, two of which were blues.

It is curious that the obituaries described Waters as a blues singer, which during almost all of her career she was not. In fact, she had been the first prominent black singer on records who was not primarily associated with the blues. While Bessie Smith and the other blues queens were at their peak, Waters was lending her gracious touch to pop songs of the day, "I'm Comin' Virginia," "Porgy," "Three Little Words."

However, I happen to know about her very early background on records, during a period when she waxed a series of songs for the black market, considered very risque by the standards of the day; some of these tunes had been strongly blues oriented.

Ethel Waters in 1948

Ethel Waters in 1969

Decades later, John Hammond was arranging for the reissue of such Waters' recordings as "Shake That Thing," "You Can't Do What My Last Man Did" and "Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night," he expressed misgivings about the reaction of a very religious old lady to this reminder of her past. The records are part of a splendid, still available two-volume collection, "Ethel Waters' Greatest Years" (Columbia KG 31571).

There was a strange aftermath to my record date with Ethel. Many years later, in the early 1960s, I received a phone call at home. "This is Barbra Streisand. Are you the same Leonard Feather who wrote some songs for Ethel Waters?" Streisand, in town for her first big date at the Cocoanut Grove, invited me to her hotel suite to demonstrate these and other efforts. We spent an hour or two together around the piano, and for the moment she seemed enthusiastic, for which I will remain eternally grateful to Ethel Waters, even though Streisand's interest waned so fast that the next time I ran into her, a few months later, she offered a dim "hello" of quasi-recognition. Obviously it was Waters' way with a lyric and a tune that had turned Streisand on, rather than the material itself.

Defied Pigeonholing

Ethel Waters was a link who broke down racial barriers and defied musical pigeonholing. On her early records she was backed by such black giants as James P. Johnson and Fletcher Henderson. Then, at a time when the recording industry was almost totally segregated, she became the first black singer to be supported by all-white bands, as early as 1929, when she numbered among her sidemen such aspiring stars as Jack Teagarden, the Dorsey Brothers, Joe Venuti, Gene Krupa and Benny Goodman.

Ethel was a favorite of these musicians, the white jazz men of the Prohibition years. She was particularly admired by Bix Beiderbecke, who went to hear her at every opportunity. Her clear, rich, vibrant sound with its touch of huskiness, and the vibrato that was so distinctive in the early days (later it would widen into a slow tremolo) gave her a character she shared with no other singer, blues or pop, black or white.

She was a survivor. As the blues singers' stars waned, her own career grew stronger. It was perhaps symbolic that on the same day in 1933 when Benny Goodman sat in on what was to be Bessie Smith's final record date, he also played a session in a studio across the hall with the fast-rising Ethel Waters.

That was around the time when a teen-aged singer named Billie Holiday was in the ascendancy. Billie claimed that Ethel Waters once cost her a week's work in Philadelphia. "I wanted to sing a song called 'Underneath the Harlem Moon,'" Billie once told me, "but Ethel was the big star on the same bill and there were arguments about whether I could do it. The theater owner's wife started cussing at me; one word led to another and I never did get to play the show."

It is impossible to limit our memories of Ethel Waters to any one facet of her roller-coaster life. Certainly she was more than the gospel singer of her final decade; much more than the interpreter of suggestive lyrics of the sometimes trivial, sometimes touching popular songs that earned her the greatest fame. As her stage and screen roles made unforgettably clear, she was a singer-actress in the best sense of the hyphenated term. She became an actress in the very delineation of a song.

She outlasted hundreds of her contemporaries and lived a long, if less than completely fulfilled, life. (Though all the reference books give her birthdate as 1900, she admitted in later interviews that she was born Oct. 31, 1896.)

She was beautiful in her youth, dignified in middle age, poignant in her final years. She will be long remembered by those of us for whom, at some point in our lives, happiness was just a woman called Ethel.

AT FORD THEATER

Pacific Ocean in Pilgrimage Jazz Series

9/28/77

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Pilgrimage Jazz Concert series, now in its 11th year, at the Ford Theater was to have presented Art Pepper Sunday, but when illness prevented Pepper from appearing he was replaced by Pacific Ocean, a group under the direction of Judd Miller.

Pacific Ocean describes itself as a jazz sextet but is in fact an electronic rock combo, with the leader as its sole horn player. Whether he plays piccolo-trumpet, fluegelhorn or trumpet, Miller hooks up to an amplifier, without accomplishing anything that could not be achieved by aiming his sounds directly at the audience.

As is so often the case with bands that straddle the jazz/rock fence, the rhythm section is of the thud-crash-thud-crash school, at least on the brisker numbers. The tunes with a Brazilian beat offered welcome relief, enabling such soloists as Miller (the best of the bunch), guitarist John Goux and Rocky Davis on keyboard to display whatever the group was able to provide in the way of solo creativity.

Miller, the principal composer, has fashioned some pleasing lines for horn and guitar unison. In fact, the most acceptable moments were those provided in the opening and closing ensemble statements.

Tom Drake's cymbal and side drum fell down in the middle of his solo, possibly the most interesting thing that happened to him all day. Steve Leshner concentrated mainly on congas, cowbells and percussion toys.

Miller ushered in the final tune with a warning: The number, featuring Dave Edelstein on electric bass, would be a loud one and, "If you're a jazz purist and came to see Art Pepper . . ." The audience, unfazed, remained anyway, and the noise was not as dire as Miller had implied.

Next Sunday the best jazz on the season's schedule will probably be heard when the incomparable Akiyoshi/Tabackin big band takes to the stage.

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JAZZ

A Newcomer on Fiddlers' Row

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Noel Pointer

● One of the most welcome fringe benefits of the instrumental expansion in jazz and pop music during the 1970s has been the belated acceptance on an unprecedented scale of the violin. Too long a stepchild, it is now a welcome member of the family.

Along with the renaissance of the careers of Joe Venuti, Stephane Grappelli and Papa John Creach, we have witnessed the arrival of France's Jean-Luc Ponty, now a force in jazz/rock; of Michal Urbaniak and Zbigniew Seifert, both from Poland; Leroy Jenkins of the avant-garde and several others.

The latest, youngest and by all odds most versatile is Noel Pointer. His name might already be more meaningful but for an unfortunate malfeasance of fate. Recently he was to have appeared as a soloist during a jazz night at the Hollywood Bowl. On short notice he was told that his two numbers were to be cut down to one, and that he'd better keep it short. Rather than appear under such conditions, Pointer withdrew. Next time around I suspect that it is he who will be calling the shots.

A poised, articulate young man whose good looks have already elicited some interest in screen tests, Pointer, 22, was born in Brooklyn, where he still lives. His mother, Lavinia White, named him after Noel Coward, with whom she was appearing on Broadway.

Taking up violin in the fourth grade, Pointer studied with several private teachers, appeared as a soloist with the Symphony of the New World at 13, guested with the Chicago Chamber Orchestra and the Detroit Symphony among others.

The list of artists with whom he has concertized or recorded gives a healthy indication of his scope: the Jackson Five, Thelonious Monk, John Denver, Sammy Davis Jr., Marvin Gaye, Aretha Franklin, Kool and the Gang, Randy Newman.

His first solo album, "Phantasia" (Blue Note 736-8), produced by David Grusin and Larry Rosen, meets a variety of challenges. Along with pieces by Stevie Wonder and guitarist Earl Klugh there is an unorthodox and engaging treatment of "Fiddler on the Roof." Pointer, raised in a partly Jewish neighborhood, says he relates well to the song's minor mode.

As a schooled, available artist entering a field that for decades was traditionally segregated, Pointer says: "I think there have always been more qualified black violinists than other musicians would care to admit.

"The segregation is still happening. Sure, there are several blacks accepted in New York studio circles, but when I go on a date I'm generally the only one. I assume the others are doing dates too, but we're so split up, we don't get together much."

To rectify this problem, Pointer became active in an organization he hopes will draw attention to the situation. "It's a nonprofit corporation called the String Reunion Co., and basically it's an all-black group, just strings and rhythm section, that specializes in the music of black composers."

The concept was born when Pointer was assistant concertmaster in the pit of "Guys and Dolls" on Broadway. "A group of us in the orchestra pooled our money, started buying stationery, file cabinets, desks and what not, and came up with some very valuable programs.

"One of our projects is the teaching of stringed instruments in elementary schools. We're trying to get some funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council, to enable us to teach children in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

"Another of our goals is to form a unique library of string music. We've had a number of new compositions written for us, by men like Frank Foster, who used to write for Count Basie's band, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who wrote a piece we performed at Town Hall this year.

"We produce concerts on our own and with other arts organizations such as Collective Black Artists and the Brooklyn Arts and Cultural Assn. We hold composers' workshops, improvisation workshops. It's an exciting venture, one we hope will lead to a new awareness."

Pointer clearly is averse to standing still. "My head is very much into writing for the theater. Before recording my album, I was involved in a project for a Broadway musical with Micki Grant, who wrote 'Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope.' Another thing I'd like to get into is singing. I expect to put vocals in my next album."

Acting may also reclaim him. Pointer at 17 was featured in the Joseph Papp production of "The Cherry Orchard" for the New York Shakespeare Theater.

The age of the specialist, when almost every artist concentrated on a single instrument or activity, has given way to an era of diversity. Pointer, who has arrived at the right moment with several timely ideas, would seem to be at the starting line of a long and multifarious career.

FOR THE RECORD: In Leonard Feather's interview with Donald Byrd (Calendar, Aug. 28) a typographical error changed Dr. Byrd's reaction to a question posed to him about Lawrence Welk. Byrd should have been quoted as replying "with a straight face." ●

54—Rocky Mountain News Tues., Sept. 6, 1977, Denver, Colo.

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Leonard Feather — jazz historian

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Variety of attractions offered at CSU

Leonard Feather — jazz historian

The public is invited to buy individual or season tickets to a variety of attractions in 1977-78 at Colorado State University in Fort Collins.

The CSU schedule includes a fine arts series, a jazz series, adventure film and lecture programs, and a film series.

The fine arts series will open Oct. 4 with Alwin Nikolais' Dance Theatre, which won wide acclaim during its last CSU visit in 1975.

Others on the roster are Austrian pianist Walter Klien; The Acting Company in "The Italian Straw Hat" and "Mother Courage"; the Stuttgart Trio; flamenco guitarist Mario Escudero; and Quadro Bottleterre, a baroque ensemble.

Also singer Jan DeGaetani, a specialist in contemporary music, who will be in residence three days; and Pilobolus Dance, which incorporates gymnastics and mime.

"And All That Jazz" this fall will bring four major figures to CSU: Ramsey Lewis, pianist Les McCann, jazz historian Leonard Feather and trombone virtuoso Bill Watrous.

The adventure film and lecture programs will open with Dick Barrymore's scenes of kayaking, hang gliding, surfing and free-style skiing.

He will be followed by Dr. Theodore Walker's Alaskan program, and Martin Litton's film of a dory ride through the Grand Canyon.

The CSU film series will feature movies by such directors as Hitchcock, Herzog, Wertmuller and Truffaut, as well as two Harold Lloyd comedies and a Saturday morning children's series.

Information on all series is available from the CSU Office of Cultural Programs, Student Center, Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colo., 80521, phone 491-5278.

JAZZ

Bullish on British Jazz

9/11/77

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Jazz is an art form that deserves a better fate than reliance on the vagaries of the music business for survival. That, the question of some form of subsidy and/or a nonprofit organization dedicated to its welfare has often been debated.

In the native habitat of the music, true to the prophet-without-honor tradition, nothing successful has yet been accomplished. In Hollywood, some people with laudable aims banded together in 1975 to form the World Jazz Assn. Its membership peaking at barely 1,000 (half of them in California), the WJA foundered and sank without a trace the following year. Death was attributed to financial anemia.

Our government has been subsidizing jazz since 1956, but solely in the interest of goodwill abroad, in the form of orchestras sent overseas under State Department sponsorship. Domestically, zilch.

It now appears that a project in England is on the way to showing us how to deal with these problems. The other day I was filled in on this venture by John Dankworth. Though better known in this country as arranger and conductor for his wife, Cleo Laine, Dankworth has had an ongoing career of distinction as leader of a big band (Cleo was his vocalist in the 1950s), composer of many superior motion picture scores ("Darling," "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Modesty Blaise" and some 30 others) and award-winning saxophonist-clarinetist.

Among his lesser-known roles is that of president of the Jazz Center Society.

"This is a nonprofit group," said Dankworth, "that began in 1968 with a couple of hundred members. Now it's over 2,000 and climbing rapidly. the JCS has promoted live jazz at concert halls and clubs, and organized showings of rare jazz films with free or reduced admission to members. The society has also brought out two books, one of which is a guide to the whole British scene, with hundreds of biographies."

What is vitally important to the survival of the society, and has helped to build it into a flourishing national jazz organization, is the fact that there have been several subsidies. Donors of substantial grants have included Britain's Arts Council, the Performing Rights Society (England's ASCAP), the Greater London Arts Association and the Musicians' Union.

"Actually," says Dankworth, "the union, seeing the importance of keeping live jazz going, has been quite directly involved. Brian Blain, who's chairman of the JCS, has worked since 1965 for the Musicians' Union, where he's been responsible for publicity and promotion of live music of all kinds. The union asked him to look after the Jazz Center Society."

Since Britain has been responsible for the creation of centers for other art forms, such as the Royal Opera House, the National Film Theater and some superb concert halls and galleries, all providing enthusiasts with bases for their concerns, it is logical that the JCS is now working on its most important undertaking: the creation of an actual National Jazz Center in London.

"Everyone's hoping that we will reach our goal of £100,000, which is the estimated figure for the building of a center," Dankworth says. "So far about $100,000 has been raised, in England, and anyone who is willing to donate £1,000 will be invited to a gala party at our home. This will take place in November, and we're hoping that 100 to 200 people will pay up."

John Dankworth

●

An invitation to the Dankworths' is the musical equivalent of a summons to Buckingham Palace. Their home since 1967 has been the Old Rectory in Wavendon, Buckinghamshire, 50 miles from London. They were attracted to the Rectory partly by its 2,000 feet of floor space in the stables, which they converted into an intimate concert hall. Out of this evolved the Wavendon All-Music Plan, a miniature arts center with hints of Boston's Berklee College of Music. Children's music camps, adult teaching, jazz sessions, classical recitals often turn the Old Rectory into a harmonious beehive.

Guests at the Rectory have included everyone from Andre Previn to Princess Margaret. There has been an annual festival which, in 1976, presented 23 concerts of all musical genres in 10 days.

The November gala ches Dankworth may well bring the Jazz Center Society near its financial goal and the construction of the London building close to realization. It is ironic that nothing comparable is even in the talking stages anywhere in the United States.

Nor do we have anything exactly analogous to Britain's National Youth Jazz Orchestra. "This is a smashing idea," says Dankworth. "It's run by a man named Bill Ashton who, until three years ago, was a language teacher in a London school. He gets dozens of English composers, including me, to write music for the NYJO. This is a live, very active ensemble. They have a 17-year-old alto player who plays incredibly well, by any standards; a 16-year-old trumpeter who's phenomenal. It's all really quite heartening."

These jazz-oriented students have toured extensively, as far east as the Soviet Union and as far west as California's Bay Area, where, sponsored by a British educational organization, they played at several schools in 1976. The orchestra is represented by an album, "Eleven Plus."

The music of this orchestra, published by Ashton, has found its way into the libraries of schools at home and abroad. Dankworth recalls with amusement: "Backstage at a concert in Detroit, a long line waited outside the dressing room for autographs. I was chatting with them, and here were three young girls who showed no interest in anybody but Cleo, until one of them said, 'Excuse me, but are you the John Dankworth who wrote "Off Duty"? This was a thing I had written for the NYJO, and apparently it had gotten into these girls' school band repertoire. Suddenly they had met a composer and I enjoyed their respect!"

Respect for both the Dankworths has grown in the United States to the point where they are talking about looking at houses in California with a view to planting additional roots. Dankworth, who at one point was so heavily in demand for film scores that he simply picked those he had time for, would like to try his pen at an American movie. Cleo, whose acting experience has been extensive, would be receptive to the idea of a film career. ●

S.F. Chronicle

A Poised, Versatile Pointer Arrived at the Right Moment

By Leonard Feather

ONE OF the most welcome fringe benefits of the instrumental expansion in jazz and pop music during the 1970s has been the belated acceptance on an unprecedented scale of the violin. Too long a stepchild, it is now a welcome member of the family.

Along with the renaissance of the careers of Joe Venuti, Stephane Grappelli and Papa John Creach, we have witnessed the arrival of France's Jean-Luc Ponty, now a force in jazz-rock; of Michal Urbaniak and Zbigniew Seifert, both from Poland; Leroy Jenkins of the avant-garde and several others.

The latest, youngest and by all odds most versatile is Noel Pointer. His name might already be more meaningful but for an unfortunate malfeasance of fate. Recently he was to have appeared as a soloist during a jazz night at the Hollywood Bowl. On short notice he was told that his two numbers were to be cut down to one, and that he'd better keep it short. Rather than appear under such conditions, Pointer withdrew. Next time around I suspect that it is he who will be calling the shots.

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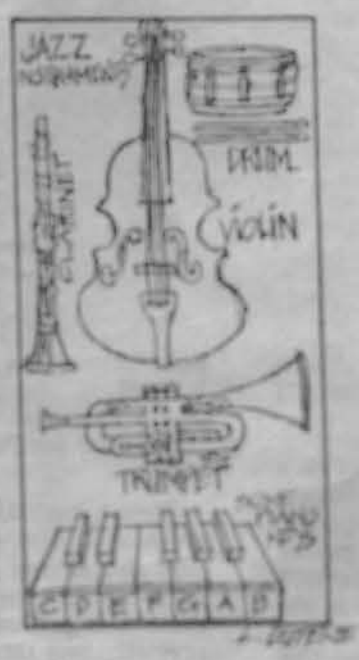
A POISED, articulate young man whose good looks have already elicited some interest in screen tests, Pointer,



22, was born in Brooklyn, where he still lives. His mother, Lavinia White, named him after Noel Coward, with whom she was appearing on Broadway.

Taking up violin in the fourth grade, Pointer studied with several private teachers, appeared as a soloist with the Symphony of the New World at 13, guested with the Chicago Chamber Orchestra and the Detroit Symphony among others.

The list of artists with whom he has concertized or recorded gives a healthy indication of his scope: the Jackson Five, Thelonious Monk, John Denver, Sammy Davis Jr., Marvin Gaye, Aretha Franklin, Kool and the Gang, Randy Newman.

His first solo album, "Phantazia" (Blue Note 736-8), produced by David Grusin and Larry Rosen, meets a variety of challenges. Along with pieces by Stevie Wonder and guitarist Earl Klugh there is an unorthodox and engaging treatment of "Fiddler on the Roof." Pointer, raised in a partly Jewish neighborhood, says he relates well to the song's minor mode.

* * *

AS A schooled available artist entering a field that for decades was traditionally segregated, Pointer says: "I think there have always been more qualified black violinists than other musicians would care to admit.

"The segregation is still happening. Sure, there are several blacks accepted in New York studio circles, but when I go on a date I'm generally the only one. I assume the others are doing dates, too, but we're so split up, we don't get together much."

To rectify this problem, Pointer became active in an organization he hopes will draw attention to the situation. "It's a non-profit corporation called the String Reunion Co., and basically it's an all-black group, just strings and rhythm section, that specializes in the music of black composers."

The concept was born when Pointer was assistant concertmaster in the pit of "Guys and Dolls" on Broadway. "A group of us in the orchestra pooled our money, started buying stationery, file cabinets, desks and whatnot, and came up with some very valuable programs.

"One of our projects is the teaching of stringed instruments in elementary schools. We're trying to get some funding from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council, to enable us to teach children in Bedford-Stuyvesant.

"Another of our goals is to form a unique library of string music. We've had a number of new compositions written for us, by men like Frank Foster, who used to write for Count Basie's band, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who wrote a piece we performed at Town Hall this year.

"We produce concerts on our own and with other arts organizations such as Collective Black Artists and the Brooklyn Arts and Cultural Assn. We hold composers' workshops, improvisation workshops. It's an exciting venture, one we hope will lead to a new awareness."

Pointer clearly is averse to standing still. "My head is very much into writing for the theater. Before recording my album, I was involved in a project for a Broadway musical with Micki Grant, who wrote 'Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope.' Another thing I'd like to get into is singing. I expect to put vocals in my next album."

Acting may also reclaim him. Pointer at 17 was featured in the Joseph Papp production of "The Cherry Orchard" for the New York Shakespeare Theater.

The age of the specialist, when almost every artist concentrated on a single instrument or activity, has given way to an era of diversity. Pointer, who has arrived at the right moment with several timely ideas, would seem to be at the starting line of a long and multifarious career.

Los Angeles Times

World, Sunday, Dec. 4, 1977

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Willie "The Lion" Smith

Willie "The Lion" Smith (1897-1973) was a maverick on every level. Nothing about him was conventional, not his name (in full, William Henry Joseph Bonaparte Bertholoff Smith), not his socio-ethnic background (he claimed to be part Indian, part Spanish, part black, and Jewish "partly by origin and partly by association"); he once served as cantor in a Harlem synagogue), and least of all his music.

"I've played it all: barrelhouse, ragtime, blues, dixieland, boogie woogie, swing, bebop—even the classics," he wrote in his 1964 autobiography *Music on My Mind* (Da Capo Press, 227 W. 17th St., New York, NY 10011). But the style one associated with him was stride, and indeed he was a close friend of James P. Johnson, whom he met in 1914, and of Eubie Blake, whom he replaced on a summer resort job in Atlantic City in 1915. Many of his records reveal a mastery of the stride technique. Yet he could as easily be classified as a bluesman, having played on the first such record ever made (Mamie Smith's "Crazy Blues" in 1920) as well as on dozens of blues classics accompanying singer Joe Turner, clarinetist Sidney Bechet, and others.

"The truth is that the Lion (who had several conflicting versions of how he acquired his nickname, but preferred to state that he won it for heroism at the front during World War I) was a complete original. More than any other pianist, he exercised a powerful influence on the young Duke Ellington (Duke dedicated his "Portrait of the Lion" to Smith in 1938). He established mutual admiration societies with hundreds of young musicians over the decades. One such admirer was aryouthful clarinetist named Artie Shaw, who at one point sat in nightly with the Lion at a pre-Repeal Harlem bar. Writing about the Lion's style in a book of his own, Shaw recalled that "...scattered throughout the ragtime were occasional incongruously modern modulatory passages. I have never heard anyone else play anything quite like them."

The late George Hoefer, co-author of the Lion's memoirs, summed it up more specifically: "During the 1930s a more delicate and fragile Lion emerged. He composed a series of Debussy- or Ravel-like melodies, tunes that have been considered unique in the literature of jazz."

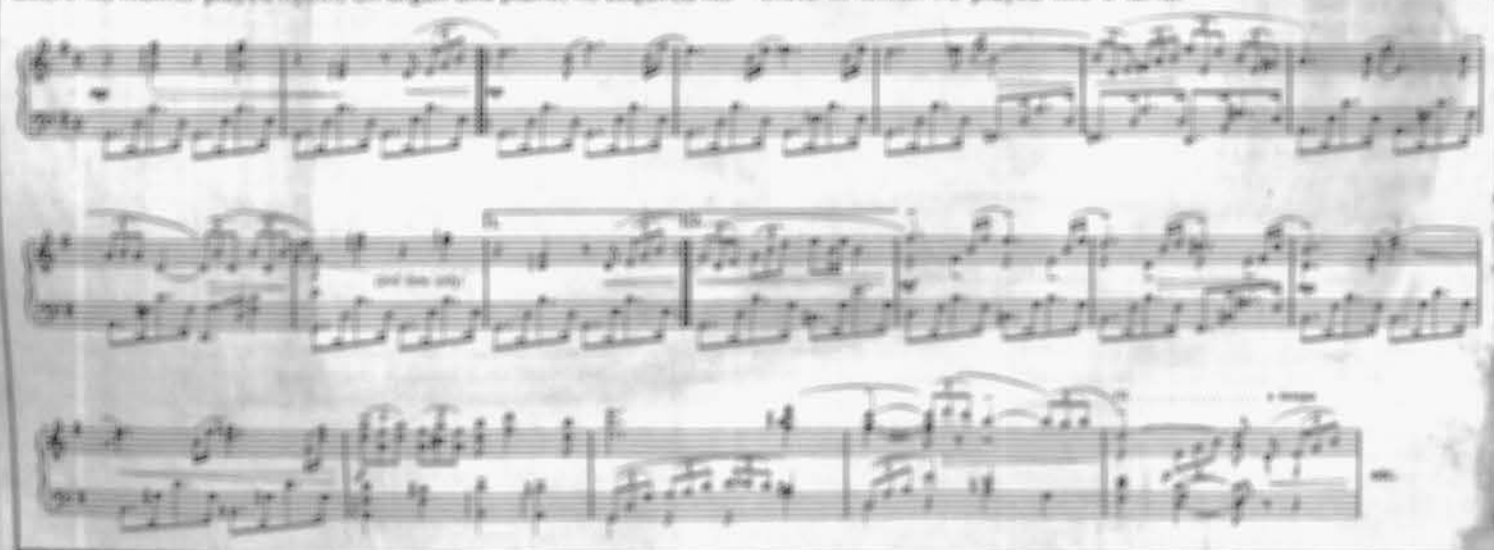
The Lion was born in Goshen, in upstate New York, but was raised in a tough section of Newark, New Jersey. Attending church services where his mother played hymns on organ and piano, he acquired his first knowledge of music. Formal tuition at school led to informal inquiry into the mystery and excitement of ragtime. Not too long after his bar mitzvah in a Newark synagogue, he began walking into local saloons, where he would go into a dance routine, pass the hat, and then take over the piano. "The church people used to complain to my mother about my going into these joints and playing ragtime," he recalled, "but she defended me, saying I was only doing what I felt."

By his late teens he was a full-fledged pro, working up and down the Eastern seaboard. After his wartime experiences he worked mainly in New York, where he became something of a legend among his contemporaries, even though his recorded output was negligible. It was not until 1938-39 that he finally recorded a series of piano solos, almost all of them his own compositions. During the 1940s he became associated off and on with the black and white dixieland musicians who played jam sessions in lower Manhattan; he recorded with trumpeter Max Kaminsky, cornetist Jimmy McPartland, and others. By 1949 his name was at last well enough known internationally that he was able to undertake a successful European tour, during which he gave several concerts (the American concert stage had ignored him).

The last two decades of his life found the Lion enjoying the respect and acceptance of a new generation. In 1957 I produced an album for Dot Records (long unavailable) on which he reminisced at length about the old days, illustrating his uninhibited talk with a ragtime medley and several originals, one of which, in *habanera obligo* fashion, he called "Portrait of the Duke." He also became more and more of a teacher; among the youngsters who studied at his apartment was Mike Lipskin, now a well-known record producer, who at one point recorded a duo album with him.

My last two glimpses of the Lion both reflected his eagerness to pass on his knowledge and encourage younger talents to carry forward the great tradition. At the annual Dick Gibson Jazz Party in Colorado Springs, he played a set accompanied by an aspiring drummer named Duffy Jackson. The Lion was then pushing 75; Jackson was about 19. A few months later, in January of 1973, Willie played a duo piano concert with Brooks Kerr, a ragtime student then in his early 20s. The Lion puffed on his perennial cigar and wore his derby at the usual jaunty angle, but he was a sick man. This turned out to be his last public appearance; he died on April 18, 1973, in a New York hospital.

My favorite Lion composition, "Echo of Spring," sounds as delicately charming today as it did 40 years ago. His use of triplets and grace notes is characteristic; the broken tenths in the left hand were played with a unique legato sweep. Most important is the innate beauty of the melody itself. The Lion could roar, both verbally and musically, but the moments for which he is best remembered are those in which he played like a lamb.



JAZZ REVIEW

20th Anniversary of Monterey Fete

BY LEONARD FEATHER 9/19
Times Staff Writer

MONTEREY—For its 20th anniversary celebration, the Monterey Jazz Festival might have been expected to come up with a blockbuster of a program. As of Saturday night, three of the five concerts had elapsed and no blockbusters had been busted.

For almost a decade there have been complaints that Monterey has been playing it safe, contravening in many ways the official statement of principles it enunciated during the early years. The late Ralph J. Gleason's complaints became increasingly harsh until for the last two years before his death he stopped even bothering to attend.

Last week another prominent critic accused the festival of suffering from middle-age spread. A serious cause for complaint was evident Friday, when the effects of cutting talent costs, increasingly noticeable in recent years, again became apparent. The evening began with a long set by the Airmen of Note, this disciplined Air Force band from Washington, D.C., well directed by Sgt. Ernest Hensley, suffered from material that never rose above the conventional until Gerald Wilson took over to conduct his "Happy Birthday Monterey Suite."

Economical Move

The band performed it capably, with a surprisingly funky contribution by guest soloist John Lewis at the piano, but Wilson's own hand-picked orchestra of Hollywood heavies could have given this intriguing work the personal touch it deserved. That, of course, would have cost money. Using a service band was a better move economically than musically.

Ted Curson, playing trumpet and piccolo-trumpet, provided the evening's only modern combo music, in a bristling set with Nick Brignola on baritone and soprano saxes and a spectacular bass player named David Friesen, whose unaccompanied number, "Children of the Kingdom," brought mid-solo applause.

The evening ended with a typical Count Basie performance that could claim only one unusual moment. Dennis Rowland, the band's new vocalist, began to sing "Every Day," then was joined halfway through by Joe Williams. Williams then shared some memories with Basie, delving back into their 1955 library.

The festival's long-forgotten statement of principles forswore "carnivalism and similar distractions," yet the very raison d'etre of the Saturday matinee, with its title, "Mardi Gras at Monterey—an Exploration of New Orleans Sounds and Movements," was the creation of a carnival atmosphere.

Dancing in the Aisles

The show seemed designed less to distill meaningful music than to get the crowd dancing in the aisles, an objective in which it succeeded. Beginning with a woman accordionist, Queen Ida, and something called her Bon Ton Zydeco Band, it ploughed through several hours of folk, country, bluegrass, a touch of bop (in Gatemouth Brown's set with its dreadful drummer), straight rock (by a rhythm juggernaut called the Neville Brothers) and even calypso—everything, in fact, except New Orleans jazz, and needless little of any other kind of jazz. Those unforgettable Saturday afternoons at 200-proof blues apparently are lost forever.

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Beatrice Arthur and Bill Macy star.

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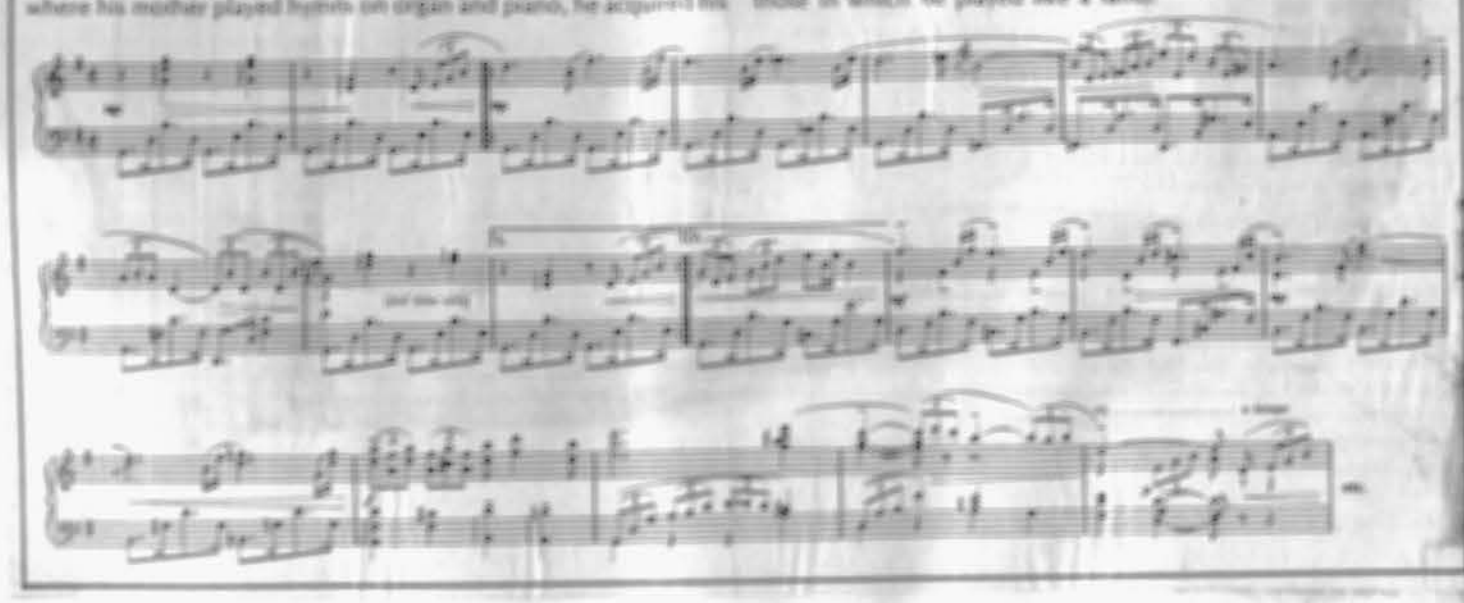

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The evening ended with a typical Count Basie performance that could claim only one unusual moment, when Joe Rowland, the band's new vocalist, began to sing "It's the Talk of the Town," then was joined halfway through by Joe Williams. Then they shared some memories with Basie, going back into their 1955 library.

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Things picked up considerably Saturday evening. The Airmen of Note, in a smart recovery from their Friday daubrums, loosened up with some virile, challenging arrangements, most of them written by and featuring the tenor saxophonist Roger Hogan. A two-guitar battle enlisted "Blues for Mundy" pitted the orchestra's high-spirited guitarist, Rick Whitehead, against Mundell Lowe with mutually beneficial results.

Third Stream

John Lewis conducted 11 members of the orchestra in his new work, "Swing Blues," not really a blues at all but a latter-day Third Stream work lacking in rhythmic impetus and certainly not one of his more inspired pieces.

Lewis redeemed himself in a delightful two-piano performance with Hank Jones. Unlike most pairings of this kind, the set included several numbers that were partially prepared, even written out, yet there was no shortage of spontaneity and ingenious interplay.

Carrie Smith, a big woman with an attractive Bessie Smith timbre to match, sang only three blues during her seven-song appearance. Her convincing 1920s sound called for a period arrangement, instead it got Hank Jones and a quasi-bebop-blues backing. Her attempts to deal with other songs and with trivial lyrics, as in "Take the A Train," seemed ill at ease. It was like watching a tiger dining on corn flakes.

Silver in Rare Form

The Horace Silver Quintet divided its time between the 1930s ("Senor Blues," "Nica's Dream"), the '60s ("Song for My Father") and the '70s (the infectiously dissonant "Cape Verdeana"). Silver's pianist was in rare form. This would have been an ideal time to present him in one of the augmented settings he has used on his last few albums, with brass or reeds (or voices) added. No such luck. No such budget.

The evening concluded with a 1940s Norman Granz-style jam session that produced the same familiar Monterey faces going to the same old places, chiefly Blues Alley and Ballad Blvd. It was good to hear Benny Golson on tenor sax in his own "I Remember Clifford," and Clark Terry talking himself seriously in "God Bless the Child." A couple of Japanese musicians sat in, Eiji Kitamura in a boppish "Body and Soul" on clarinet and pianist Tsuyoshi Yamamoto playing "Midnight Sun."

Betty Lewe (formerly Betty Bennett) was given the near-impossible task of tackling some awkward lyrics to the unsingable "Take Five," as a tribute to the late Paul Desmond, who played here last year. Gary Foster played the alto part and was still onstage, with Cal Tjader, Sweets Edison and numerous others, telling their oft-told tales, when I decided to call it a night around 1 a.m., almost five hours after the Airmen had hit their first note.

Sunday's concerts will be reviewed Tuesday.

JAZZ

Harmonious Vibes at Mountain Party

BY LEONARD FEATHER

9-18-77

• COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo.—Like everything else in jazz this year, Dick Gibson's Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party was outlined on a larger canvas. Forgotten is the luxurious crystal-chandeliered ballroom in the Broadmoor Hotel, where the jam sessions had been held since 1971; instead we repaired to the hotel's cavernous convention center. Forgotten, too, is Gibson's vow that he would never allow the list of customers to exceed 500. This time there were 600 paid admissions and perhaps another 100 assorted musicians' wives, press and others. The fee was up from $230 to $258 a couple to attend the five sessions. The number of players was raised from 52 to 66.

The principal charm of these events, of which this was the 15th, has been their genuine party ambience. The wealthy patrons and the liberated musicians, deriving mutual pleasure from the loose jam session format, socialize freely between sets. Some of that sense of togetherness was lost as the affair became slightly less a party and more a series of concerts. There were rumbles, too, about the acoustics of the new location, but musicians get their kicks complaining, and the gripes were more audible verbally than in the music.

In fact, this was one of those rare occasions when bigger was better. For the first time ever, Gibson presented not only half a hundred exemplary soloists but also an orchestra. "This is the finest new band to come along in 20 years," he told his customers in introducing the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band. Rich jazz fans tend to be elderly and conservative; I heard a few complaints about the "too modern" nature of the music composed by Ms. Akiyoshi, but the band received a thunderous standing ovation at both its appearances.

This initiative, in fact, was one of several that enabled Gibson to present what may well have been the best-rounded weekend in the party's history. Aside from the band, most of the performers were party regulars, with a scattering of new or long-absent faces to add spice. There were seven trumpeters, among them Clark Terry, Joe Newman, Joe Wilder and the 24-year-old Jon Faddis; six trombonists, including Carl Fontana, Vic Dickenson and Bill Watrous; a dozen reed players—Zoot Sims, Flip Phillips, Benny Carter, Frank Wess, et al; seven pianists, seven bassists, seven drummers. It was the stuff of which dream bands are made, and were.

Among the newcomers, nobody attracted more attention, more deservedly, than a slight, pallid man named Scott Hamilton. The tenor saxophone has never been quite the same since the John Coltrane upheaval of the 1960s revealed its potential for enormous energy and harmonics beyond the horn's normal range. You might expect that Scott Hamilton, not yet having reached his 23rd birthday, would be a product of the Coltrane generation. Instead, he has opted for the pristine sound of the tenor in its Ben Webster 1940s condition—warm, supple and understated. When you ask him how he got that way, he tells you that his father collected old 78 jazz records. As for Coltrane, "I listened but didn't hear anything there that was for me."

Affecting a visual image of an even earlier period, Hamilton looks as though he has stepped right out of the pages of F. Scott Fitzgerald: slicked-back hair, no sideburns, a silent-movie-star mustache, wide-lapeled suit, even a hip flask. His solo on "Time After Time" was as languidly appealing as the "Sweet and Lovely" played later by Flip Phillips, another of Hamilton's early idols and a party regular.

Saxophonist Scott Hamilton, sensation of the party.

New to the festivities, too, was Richie Pratt. An enormous, Buddha-like figure, he looks less like a drummer than a professional football player—which, it turns out, is precisely what he was. A defensive guard for the Giants until 1967, when knee trouble forced him to quit, he turned his musical hobby into a profession. Pratt sported a huge, irremovable smile as he found himself, over the weekend, in the company of such eminences as Hank Jones or Roger Kellaway at the piano, Milt Hinton or Bob Haggart on bass.

A fault endemic to all jam sessions is the singular lack of imagination shown in the choice of tunes. "Love for Sale" must have been played a half-dozen times; hoary standards like "Just You, Just Me," "C Jam Blues" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" cropped up repeatedly. It was a relief to hear Dick Hyman and Kellaway, that most gifted pair of pianistic eclectics, choose Miles Davis' "All Blues," and to listen to Buddy Tate's version of "Tickle Toe," a song written by Lester Young, his one-time teammate in the Count Basie band.

Finally, though, it is the manner rather than the matter that counts, and the spirit of performance was as strong as the imagination in picking vehicles was weak.

The final set, ending an eight-hour marathon that began at noon on Labor Day, started ritualistically with Gibson making his annual contribution: a lusty, uninhibited vocal on "I Ain't Got Nobody." After a stomp-down jam on "St. Louis Blues" by a dozen men picked from the all-star pool, Gibson announced a surprise ending. As he often has in the past, he finished on a low-key note, with a fillip of humor. Yank Lawson, accompanied only by Milt Hinton on bass, his trumpet muted so lightly that it was barely audible, played the Charlie Chaplin composition, "Smile," written in 1936 for "Modern Times" but long a jazz standard.

Gibson then brought on Joe Venuti, the magisterial violinist who can still outswing every man in the house. "He's 82 and he played nine rounds of golf this morning," Gibson said, "and he parred five of them." Venuti proceeded to play nine rounds of "I Want to Be Happy" and birdied every time. Next he eased into a slow, schmaltzy salon-style version of "Fascination," but just before the final bars Venuti separated the violin from his chin, stretched out his arms melodramatically and, in his Godfatherly Italian baritone, sang the Somnex commercial.

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The overriding elements that make the Great Rocky Mountain Party the jam band ball it will always be are musical empathy, good humor and sentiment. During an exquisite tenor solo by Eddie Miller, now 66, Gibson remarked to me, "Who's going to be around to play like that when guys like Eddie Miller are gone?" He may not need to worry, standing close by was Scott Hamilton, born at the ready. •

19 Pt IV—Fri., Sept. 23, 1977 Los Angeles Times

Fran Jeffries at the Playboy Club

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Fran Jeffries is making her first appearance at the Playboy Club in Century City and her first nightclub booking assisted by the very talented Jo Anne Grauer. It is interesting that the woman who is arguably the most physically attractive singer (one observer called her a visual music festival) should choose as her backup the best-looking pianist.

In her movies, on records, in guest shots with Count Basie and on tour with Sammy Davis Jr., Jeffries has displayed a voice of distinction with a keen sense of phrasing and an inclination toward jazz that is usually accented by her accompaniment.

Tuesday evening these aspects took quite a while to come into focus. The choice of material was partly to blame: I am still baffled by the pompous pseudo-message of "I Write the Songs" and find the English lyrics of "Feelings" totally inane. Aside from this, either first-night nervousness or excessive rehearsal found Jeffries clinging uncertainly to the longer-held notes and suffering from slight intonation problems, particularly during "This Masquerade."

Things improved somewhat during "The Way We Were," and by the time Jo Anne Grauer propelled her gently into "Baby You're the Best" Jeffries came closer to her regular level of self-confidence. She met the demands of lyrics and interesting melodic intervals capably in a medley of "Maybe September" and "A Time for Love."

When she is at her most relaxed, there are hints of Lena Horne in her sound quality and her delivery; this was particularly noticeable in the "Funny Lady" medley.

Jo Anne Grauer's acute harmonic ear and sensitive support were buttressed by the virtuoso bass work of John Giannelli and the discreet drumming of Rod Rosello. By the end of the set the gentle rhythmic balance between trio and singer found everyone interacting agreeably.

Fran Jeffries would benefit from some strong original material, the kind of songs written by Dave Frishberg or Blossom Dearie. "Green Dolphin Street" has started to become an avenue of no return. Material aside, however, in her more confident moments she remains as easy as ever on ears and eyes alike. The room is here through Oct. 1.

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LOWE BLOW—Gerald Wilson points to Mundell Lowe for solo as he guests with Air Men of Note.
Photo by Bunnie Riegel

JAZZ REVIEW

Good Spirits Prevail at Monterey

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

MONTEREY—A trace of rain began to fall as the 14-piece Latin jazz orchestra of Tito Puente launched the last set of the 20th annual jazz festival—light enough and late enough not to dampen the good spirits that had prevailed throughout a generally satisfying final session.

Despite all the critical comments lamenting the lack of young, contemporary and avant-garde groups, the evening was unquestionably captured by the paterfamilias of the drums, 58-year-old Art Blakey, leading the latest edition of his Jazz Messengers.

Blakey has been the catalyst for a succession of memorable combos since he organized the original Messengers in 310-0 The brand of hard bop that he helped establish has proved exceptionally durable. Nothing has changed except the saxophonists all nod to John Coltrane, and Blakey nowadays casts his net ever wider in search of young believers. His current trumpeter, for example, is Valeri Ponomarev from Moscow, a driving soloist and a splendid companion for Bobby Watson and David Schnitter on alto and tenor saxes.

Touch of Sadness

The newer composition in the Blakey book, such as "Jodie" by Walter Davis, are cut from the same cloth as those drawn from the band's earlier days. Benny Golson's "Along Came Betty" was as suitable a vehicle as ever for the Kansas-born bluesy. A recent returnee, pianist George Cables, joined with bassist Larry Klein and Blakey to make up a rhythm section that stripe down to the hard-swinging essentials.

Schnitter, in addition to blowing tenor sax in bold, commanding strokes, added a surprising and delightful touch of satire with his vocal in "Georgia on My Mind," a wild mixture of elements drawn from Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra and Louis (Yodel) Thomas.

The evening had opened with Matrix, the nine-man ensemble unit that made a smashing debut here last year, exploring its sources throughout a crisp and brassy set that ranged from John Harmon's "King Weasel Stomp" to Fred Stulce's almost pastoral mood in "Spring."

Louis and Monique Aikebert, once members of the Double Six of Paris, hinted at Jackie and Roy Kral in their two-way vocal/matrimonial blend, but their material is mostly original, with attractive melodies by Louis. However, they now have a second keyboard player and a high-energy drummer. At times the effect of these additions was a diminution of the gentleness of which they are capable.

The medley of tunes from "Umbrellas of Cherbourg," in English, French and vocalese, came off well, as did the charming "Life's a Mocking Bird," but many of their nuances were lost on an audience long notable for its indifference to anything delicate or subtle.

Betty Carter, on the other hand, drew a powerful reaction during a performance that began curiously, at the world's slowest tempo, on a forgettable song called "I Was Telling Him About You," and ended with what seemed ready to become the world's longest scat vocal. She was accompanied by the trio of pianist John Hicks.

The Sunday afternoon concert started, as it has annually since 1971, with the California High School All Star Band. This incredibly well trained 21-piece ensemble included one youth from Huntington Beach, three from Eagle Rock and three from Reseda High School. Reseda's Ted Nash, a completely professional saxophonist, already has a career in progress and has been working with Don Ellis' orchestra. Scott Klein, also from Reseda, is an admirable big band drummer.

The youngsters worked under Clark Terry and several other guest conductors before performing excerpts from George Duke's work in progress, "Contemporary Keyboard Suite," commissioned by Contemporary Keyboard Magazine.

Percussion Profiles

The contrast between traditional horns, electric keyboard and string synthesizer made for stimulating chemistry, reminding us that Duke is the preeminent master of the electronic-jazz-classical-"outside" fusion. There was only one brief passage of pretentious space music, after which a plane flew over the fairgrounds, as if on cue, its roar providing the perfect percussive obbligato to a dramatic keyboard flourish.

The matinee ended with the Swiss composer/pianist George Gruntz leading a half dozen musicians through his "percussion profiles." Stretched clear across the stage for this hour-long work was a shooting gallery of gongs, cymbals, trap drums, vibes, cowbells, percussion of every persuasion. Gruntz, in addition to playing keyboards and synthesizer, even kicked a few gongs around himself.

Tremendous effort went into the writing of this work, and boundless energy into its performance. Certainly it illustrated what a broad spectrum of sound can be conjured up by the percussion family. Nevertheless, as a composition for the delectation of anyone who was not a drum freak, or a drummer, it was hard going.

Tentative figures for the five-concert festival showed about 30,000 paid admissions, about the same as last year, for a gross of about $190,000. Both Saturday performances were sold out.

JAZZ

The 'Mystic Art' of Maynard Ferguson

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● "What I enjoyed most about this year," said Maynard Ferguson, "was the sight of two kids getting arrested in Minneapolis for scalping tickets outside my concert. I had never before had that experience of seeing people actually paying heavy-duty money to get in to see us."

Ferguson's scalpability can be attributed to the fact that for the first time in uncounted years, an album by a big jazz orchestra has attained full-fledged hit stature. "Conquistador" reached the No. 22 spot on the pop charts, is still listed after six months and is reportedly near gold. A single from it, the theme from "Rocky," has sold half a million. All these achievements represent the culmination of a slow, steady climb that began two years ago, reaching explosive proportions when the LP hit the stores last spring.

The Quebec-born trumpeter formed his first U.S. band, a 13-piece unit like the present group, in 1967; it lasted off and on for 10 years. In 1973 he brought to the States a new band he had organized while living in England. The personnel were gradually transformed, with more frequent visits here, into an Anglo-American group; for the past couple of years it has been an all-American organization, Ferguson having settled in 1974 in Ojai.

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Ferguson credits his chart-vaulting primarily to the upsurge in jazz education. "We have to be very thank-

9/17

Maxine Weldon at Parisian Room

Maxine Weldon has retreated only minimally from the country and western posture she adopted a couple of years ago. At the Parisian Room, where she opened Tuesday for a two-week engagement, the steel guitarist she had been employing was missing, for which relief, much thanks. Still, most of the songs during the first part of her long show seemed to be of folk/country origin.

From the audience came calls for "Ain't Nobody's Business" and "Chilly Winds," but Ms. Weldon did not oblige. Instead, she offered "Lovin' Arms," which sounded as though the arranger had been under strict instructions not to include more than three notes in any chord.

Later in the set a couple of standards such as "Try a Little Tenderness" or "If I Loved You" revealed that neither the singer nor the four earnest young white musicians who accompanied her were as limited as they had seemed to be.

Maxine Weldon remains a warm-winning personality with a strong, assured sound and a delightfully engaging stage presence. Basically this is a simple case of a fine artist using material that is too often unworthy of her. She also has a tendency, on a melodramatic message song like "My Way," to yell a little. The double-time rock beat and her failure to think about the message of the lyrics reduced this superior song to an anticlimactic closer. Pianist Jeff Franzel, drummer Jeff Hall, bassist Kenny Johnston and guitarist Jim Devlin did a competent job within the limitations generally imposed on them by the tunes and the charts. The show closes Sept. 25.

ful for the $0,000 stage bands at schools and colleges, and for the music directors who make sure that big bands are not conceived in terms of a nostalgia trip — after all, how can you impose nostalgia on a 14-year-old? These kids seem to have grabbed onto us as something they can identify with. And what's so great about it is that just as they respond to 'Star Wars' and 'Rocky,' they react the same way to our pure jazz arrangement of Sonny Rollins' 'Airegin.' To them, that straight ahead four-beat is just another enjoyable performance; they don't observe any difference, which to me is lovely.

"If they aren't superhip and don't make those distinctions, it's because, as my wife once pointed out to me, there are no hip audiences. As she said, hip audiences would be a bore. They'd be sitting around saying, 'Wasn't it ingenious when Dizzy Gillespie went into that G-minor 7th on the 17th measure, and did you notice his use of substitute chords in the reprise?' and so forth, you know? You never really hear that; instead, everybody heads for the bar at intermission and says, 'Hey, that really swung, didn't it!'

"Instrumental music is a mystic art, because no language is involved. We could sit and talk about it all day long, but in the final analysis it either turns you off or it turns you on. And I think that's beautiful."

What has happened for Ferguson will, he hopes, have spinoff values for Buddy Rich, Basie, Kenton, Herman and, perhaps even more significantly, in the appearance of new faces beginning to show up as bandleaders. During the past decade, while scores of jazz/rock and rock combos have risen to eminence, only three big bands have been prestigiously established: Don Ellis, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis, and Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin.

Strictly speaking, it was not the Ferguson band that had the hit, but a greatly expanded version, supplemented by additional horns, an enlarged rhythm section, strings, vocal groups and such guest soloists as George Benson and Bob James. This gives rise to the irritable question: how to create, in person with only 11 men, the effect that was produced by a cast of thousands and dependent also on much studio engineering expertise?

"People are not concerned about expecting to hear in person exactly what was on the record," Ferguson explains. "Jay Chattaway, who produced the LP and wrote most of the arrangements, also does what we call

Maynard Ferguson

read charts, for the regular-size band. It's funny, I get arguments from people who swear they like our in-person thing better than the album, and vice versa.

"Chattaway is one of our most valuable assets. He was writing for me while he was still in the U.S. Navy band in Washington, and he's done a lot toward channeling our library in the direction that has brought us this tremendously increased audience."

Asked by this devil's advocate why he has had so few blacks in the band during the past few years, Maynard responded frankly. "When I left the U.S. in 1967, I guess we were close to half and half, but then I left during the heavier part of the revolution, and I think at that time many blacks felt they wanted to be on their own. It became hard to get them in the band. For the past two years, I've had Ron Tooley, a great trumpet player, but I'd like to see more integration. However, I would hate to think I was hiring a black cat just because I thought it was hip." There has been a notable increase, meanwhile, in the proportion of blacks among Ferguson's audiences. "They really seem to have gotten into our thing."

Success has brought its inevitable physical ordeals. In constant demand, the band normally works 13 grueling weeks, traveling between one-night stands mainly by bus, then takes three or four weeks off. For Ferguson, who had to devote the time supposedly off to a series of 10-hour editing days in the recording studios, it has been a continuous five-month grind. One result has been less time for composing.

"I'm more creative when I'm floating in that chair on the swimming pool at Qui. And I do take good care of myself when I'm off. Each morning when I get up, I do 100 laps in the pool. Last week I worked up to 250 laps."

At 48, his hair tousled and gray-turning-white, the garrulous, coiled-spring Ferguson looks like a Jack LaLanne honor student. "Flo and I have a very happy home life, and I know that has been a great plus. We celebrated our silver anniversary April 6. Our very efficient band manager, who is now 23, is our daughter, Kim. Ruins my jazz image, doesn't it!"

Shortly after the interview, he was due to take off on a two-week tour of Japan. "We've also been approached about doing a tour of the Soviet Union for the State Department. We even have a date in Radio City Music Hall in late October. So, as we say in England, there's bigger venues suddenly happening, and it looks as though it can only keep getting better."

A great believer in destiny, Ferguson refuses to be boxed in when asked about musical commitments. "Somebody asked me the other day, 'Now that you've got the "Rocky" thing really happening and you have everything going for you, what is your game plan for the next two years?'

"'Game plan? I don't even know what I'm going to have for lunch tomorrow!'" ●

JAZZ REVIEW 9/30/77

Mark Murphy at the Cafe Concert

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Mark Murphy, currently making his first local appearance in 15 years at Cafe Concert in Tarzana, must be given credit for tenacity. Bucking all prevailing winds, he elects to remain a member of that obsolescent breed, the male jazz singer.

Working for him are a rich, well-controlled tone quality and a jazzman's sense of phrasing. When he sings a melody without too many adornments, as he did in "Sophisticated Lady," the result can be pleasant indeed.

Unfortunately, he is not satisfied to let things stop there. Every second number is filled with excessive unnecessary melodic embellishments, as if he is trying to protest too much that he has a jazz musician's feeling for harmony: outmoded scat singing, bop singing and other wordless effects, such as a flawed attempt to imitate a bass solo.

Typical of Murphy's failure to self-edit is a version of "Tenderly" that comes out less tender than overripe. "Stomping at the Savoy" started out well, using the seldom-heard lyrics by Andy Razaf, but ended up as another overlong excursion into irrelevancies, among them some nostalgic patter about the ballroom.

Perhaps he would be more at ease if it were not for the almost stark setting he has chosen for himself, consisting simply of a guitarist, Ron Eschete. Though he is a competent musician and played several excellent solos, Eschete cannot handle an entire set on his own as a vocal accompanist. The absence of bass, piano and drums was most conspicuous on the faster tunes.

Murphy, who earned the respect of jazz fans during his residency in London in the 1960s, is too capable a singer to indulge in the affectations that mar his work in this setting. Instead of constantly trying to prove how hip he is, he should assume this is taken for granted and get on with the business at hand, which presumably is that of interpreting songs, and not imitating horns. He closes Sunday.

JAZZ

● The recent surge of media publicity, reassuring us that jazz is back (as if it had ever been away), has served as a guarantee of a strong fall season. The schedule of important events in the Southland far outnumbers the days in each week.

If any shift in direction is noticeable, it is a trend toward concert-style presentations, not only in the concert halls but also in several nightclubs. Following is a partial list of locations and celebrations:

Royce Hall will play host to McCoy Tyner Oct. 8, the Don Ellis Orchestra Oct. 22, John Lee Hooker Nov. 4 and, in a rare local appearance, B.B. King Dec. 7. Big bands will be on tap at El Camino College, among them Louis Bellson Friday and Les Brown Oct. 22.

Santa Monica Civic will provide a more contemporary bill of fare, with the Larry Coryell/Alphonse Mouzon group Oct. 7; Shakti with John McLaughlin, rebilled with Gary Burton, Oct. 15; Al Jarreau, Oct. 30; Gato Barbieri, Nov. 6. Cerritos College promises Les McCann for Oct. 29; Paul Smith, with Ray Brown and Louis Bellson, Dec. 2.

The free Pilgrimage Concert series at the Ford Theater continues today with Art Pepper. October attractions are the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band, Roland Urban, L. Wolff band, Capp/Pierre Juggernaut, Ed Zajac/Pat Pinen Septet from Chicago. A battery of 14 percussionists will be introduced Nov. 6 as Supercussion, followed by the Tom Ranier/Doug Lenier Sextet and Joe Rocconaro's self-descriptive Bishop band.

Even the nightclubs are leaning more emphatically toward a concert rather than a cabaret-style presentation. Lee Majid's Cafe Concert in Tarzana is shaping up well after a few months of trial and error. Tommy Talbert moves in Tuesday; Mark Murphy will sing Wednesday through next Sunday; Laurindo Almeida comes in with strings attached Oct. 7-11.

Concerts by the Sea is booked clear through New Year's, with such as Seawind, Oct. 11-16; Esther Phillips, Oct. 25-30; Dexter Gordon, Nov. 22-27; Cal Tjader, Nov. 29-Dec. 4; Sweets Edison and Lockjaw Davis, Dec. 13-18; Hank Crawford, Dec. 20-31.

Stage One, the newly enlarged room on Pico near La Brea, reopens this week with Frank Morgan's sextet in permanent residence. The Hong Kong Bar's revived jazz policy brings back Herb Ellis and Barney Kessel Tuesday through Oct. 8. Donte's promises, among others, Larry Carlton every Tuesday and Wednesday through the end of the year.

The jazz/rock/pop department is represented by the Roxy with George Benson, Friday through next Sunday; Flora Purim Oct. 5-9; Chuck Mangione Nov. 29-Dec. 4, and others.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JOHN LEWIS
His Importance To Music
His Value To Monterey

By Leonard Feather

WERE I ASKED to name a single artist who embodies all the esthetic and personal values one looks for in the total musician, my first choice would be John Lewis. He has served many causes, as composer, instrumentalist, leader of a classic combo, teacher, catalyst, unifier of whom and last but certainly not least, as musical director of the Monterey Jazz Festival almost from the beginning.

Jimmy Lyons recalls that the association with Monterey could be traced back to the night when he and John first met. "Chico Gallegher and I went to a theatre in San Francisco to catch Illinois Jacquet's band. Backstage we met some of the musicians, among them was Jacquet's pianist, John Lewis. That was in 1948, the beginning of a long and splendid friendship."

The Modern Jazz Quartet played at the modest Monterey setup in 1958. Over breakfast the morning after the festival, the late Ralph J. Gleason suggested to Lyons that John Lewis be appointed to an official, ongoing relationship with the event.

"It was John," Lyons recalls, "who told me to hire a young saxophonist named Ornette Coleman and put him in with the heavies of that day, Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins. He was also responsible for our bringing out Gil Evans, and Gunther Schuller, and for focusing on the whole Third Stream movement."

Part of Lewis' broad perspective with the concept of commissioning new works to be performed at afternoon concerts by specially assembled orchestras. Typical of the products was the memorable extended work *Perceptions*, written by J.J. Johnson and introduced at the 1961 festival.

John Lewis, always an internationalist in his thinking, has been responsible for the degree to which Monterey has reflected the worldwide growth of jazz. In his foreword for *The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties*, published in 1966, John prophetically observed that the first significant impetus might come from overseas. "After traveling extensively between the United States and Europe, I have come to realize that European musicians may eventually well be superior to the American & we should learn to think internationally."

Lyons and Lewis between them have practiced what John preached. The list of distinguished imports has included violinist Jean-Luc Ponty from France, Zbigniew Seifert from Poland and Svend Asmussen from Denmark, trombonists Eje Thelin from Sweden and the amazing Albert Mangelsdorff from Germany, composer Miljenko Prohaska from Yugoslavia, the phenomenal young Danish bassist Niels-Henning Oersted Pedersen, the unique father-and-son team of Flavio Ambrosetti and his proud offspring Franco on trumpet, from Italy; pur

Continued on

JOHN LEWIS
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George Gruntz from Switzerland. Japanese talent has included Toshiyuki Miyama's New Herd, Sleepy Matsumoto, and of course Toshiko Akiyoshi.

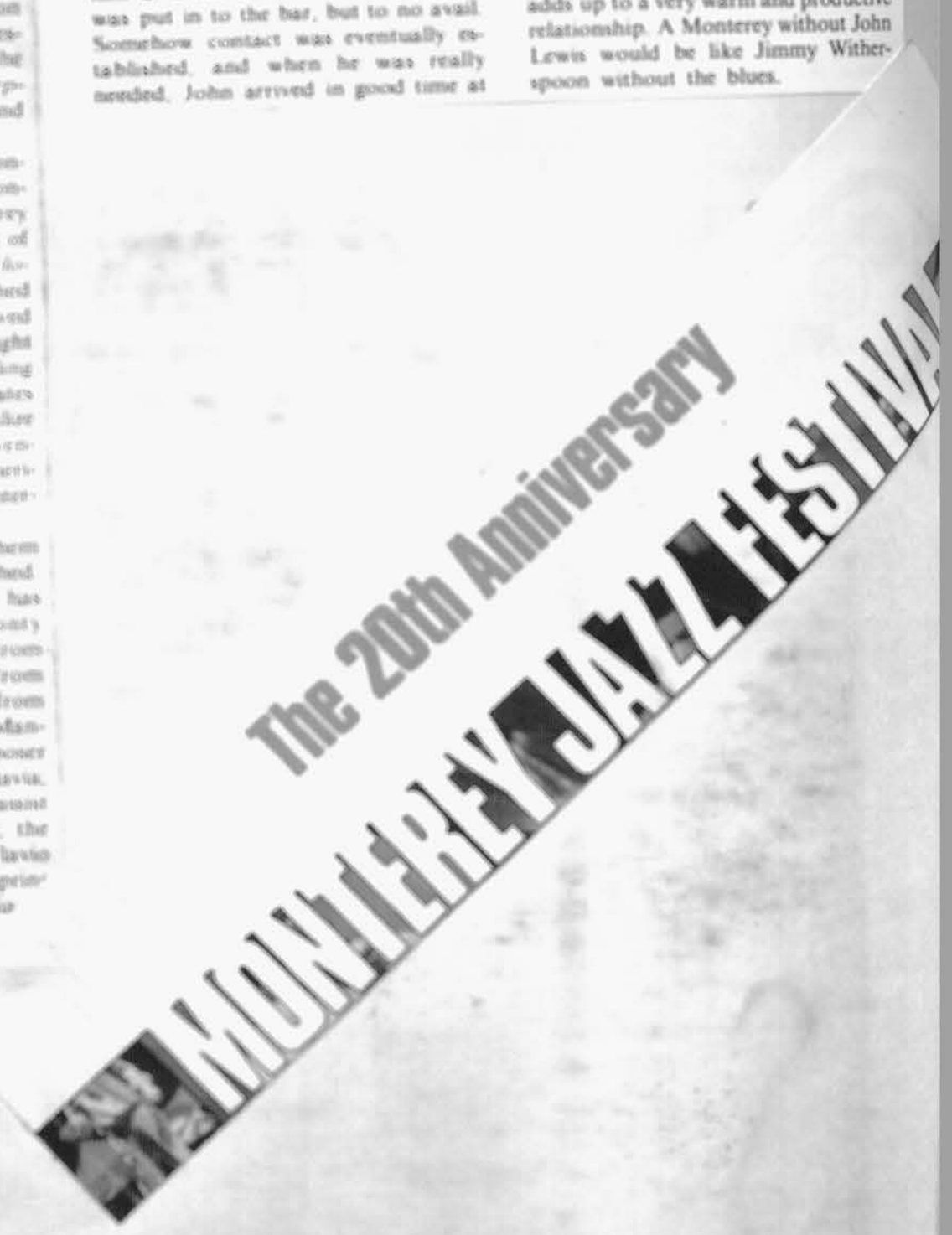
John is no less sensitively attuned to vocal talents: at his suggestion, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross made one of their earliest festival appearances here; Helen Merrill, who recorded with John last year, was brought to Monterey some years back; and this year his recommendations have included the delightful, long underrated Louis and Monique Aldebert.

Communications between Lewis and Lyons in recent years seems to have been accomplished less by telephone than by telepathy. John spends his summers at his home in Cagnes sur Mer on the Riviera, where he has no telephone. Once, in an emergency, Jimmy recalls that during a few days' visit to Cagnes he had hung out with him at a bar across the street. A call was put in to the bar, but to no avail. Somehow contact was eventually established, and when he was really needed, John arrived on good time at Monterey, his unflappable cool and almost irremovable smile a welcome part of an otherwise hectic scene.

John for many years urged that some of Monterey's revenue should be allocated to the educational processes in jazz; accordingly, the idea of the annual high school band competition was initiated, and none of us who have heard the results could have been less than amazed by the quality of these youngsters' performances.

As Monterey completes its twenty years of contributions, John reminds us that along with his administrative and consultative undertakings he has continued to give of himself as a performer and composer. This year, in addition to bringing in as a piano partner the magnificent Hank Jones, with whom he has toured internationally, Lewis has composed a special work to be performed by the Airmen of Note.

As Jimmy Lyons has said, it all adds up to a very warm and productive relationship. A Monterey without John Lewis would be like Jimmy Witherspoon without the blues.



EBONY MAG., SEPT. 77

THE PLEASURES OF JAZZ, by *Leonard Feather*. In the 40 chapters of this book the reader will find interviews with Mahalia Jackson and Clora Ward, and a personal study of Romare Mauellin, the immigrant son of Benin. While acquainting the reader with perspectives on the artistic and human qualities of the musicians themselves, the author includes an incisive chapter, containing his comments on the relationship between jazz and rock, and a portrait of the Newport Generation. Dell Publishing Co., Inc. $2.95

The New York Times Book Review/August 28, 1977

THE PLEASURES OF JAZZ, by Leonard Feather. (Dell/Delta, $3.95.) A writer who has been following jazz's vicissitudes for more than 30 years surveys American and English trends, then through interviews zeroes in on 42 performers who represent the outstanding styles and sounds of those times. Especially glowing are the accounts of the fabulous 30's.

Fade In: The Resilient Barbara McNair

BY LEONARD FEATHER

• Around the turn of the decade she had everything going for her. A burgeoning movie career: "They Call Me Mr. Tibbs," opposite Sidney Poitier; "If He Hollers Let Him Go," which led to the controversial Playboy photo coverage of her love scenes with Raymond St. Jacques; an Elvis Presley picture, "Change of Habit," in which she played a nun.

On television, after guest shots on all the other talk programs, she finally had one of her own, the syndicated Barbara McNair Show. In person, she made the prestigious nightclub circuit from the best Las Vegas showrooms to New York's Plaza.

The International Society of Cosmetologists had listed her among the world's 10 most beautiful women (the first black woman to make the roster). Even invisible, she was a name on records and had enjoyed one moderate hit, "Bobby."

Her home life seemed ideal: "San Francisco is the only place I ever want to live," she said in 1969. "Jack and I live in a wonderful 40-year-old house in Diamond Heights, the former home of a sea captain who equipped it with portholes and skylights." Jack was Jack Rafferty, the blond Irish owner of a San Francisco club.

Fade out . . .

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Fade in . . .

A couple of weeks ago Barbara McNair surfaced in a small theater in Beverly Hills, along with Rose Marie, Margaret Whiting and Rosemary Clooney, in a miniature song recital billed as "4 Girls 4." The youngest participant, she seemed oddly out of place in a show that seemed mainly dependent on nostalgia.

Onstage, she offered no evidence likely to cause the cosmetologists to change their verdict; vocally, she was more confident and less bland than in the days of Diamond Heights. Yet it had been years since she had made a movie, a record, a Las Vegas or Los Angeles appearance. What went wrong?

To Barbara McNair, a singularly well-adjusted lady, the mere asking of the question seems unfair, since the last thing she seems to want or need is consolation. Sitting in a trailer that served as a dressing room in back of the theater, she sipped tea and reflected with incredible cool on the events that have transformed her life. Though we had established certain ground rules about what would not be discussed, she talked with unhesitating candor concerning every topic I raised, and made it quite clear that she is far from down and out. Speaking without a trace of self-pity or rancor, she can even tell a joke on herself: "Last year I went to see a show in Vegas and a young boy, I guess in his 20s, came running up to me and said 'Aren't you Barbara McNair?' I said 'Yes,' and he said, 'Oh, God, are you still around?' I said 'I'm afraid I am.'

"I'm not worried. I still make a good living. There's a whole lot of show business going on out there, beyond the movies and the tube. If the right thing comes along, so be it. If it doesn't, it won't.

"I learned long ago that we are all too egomaniacal in this business, and that you can't be at the top of the ladder all the time; you take turns, then somebody comes along and pushes you off. It's a business, the same as if you're a plumber or a lawyer. A lawyer doesn't always have spectacular cases, right?"

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What has failed to happen for McNair is perhaps less relevant than what did occur. First she lost her mother; then last December Rick Mantle, who six years earlier had succeeded Jack Rafferty as her husband, was mysteriously murdered in their Las Vegas home; not long afterward her mother-in-law, who was living with her, died of a heart attack. All this within less than a year.

"The strange thing is that whereas my other marriage had fallen apart because my career was more important to me, when I met Rick he meant more to me than the career, and I sacrificed a lot of it because he didn't want me to travel. Also, he more or less managed me for the last three years before he was killed, and he really didn't know that much about the business."

The murder, now nine months in the past, remains unsolved. "They investigated it, but I guess they've stopped by now, with so many killings in Las Vegas, there's no possible way they can keep up with it."

There was a long silence; then she said: "Sometimes it just sweeps over me, the memory of it. You hear about things like that happening to someone else, but you never dream it can happen to you. It still seems unreal. His mother never got over it; I'm sure that was what killed her."

At the time of the murder, McNair was working in a Chicago nightclub. Back in Las Vegas, she was joined by a girlfriend who stayed with her for three weeks. "If she hadn't made me eat, I would have starved. I felt I was about to have a nervous breakdown, but somehow [illegible] when my mother-in-law died, I was

Barbara McNair

"I do. I do. I have the feeling because prior to that, I was getting a lot of offers. But how can I be sure? It's like the husband cheating on his wife—she's always the last to know. Of course, there aren't that many suitable movies being made now. A friend at Universal said he'll check out parts for me, but I sort of think I'm not the type right now, in terms of the black woman they're portraying on the screen, or on TV.

"When I was making a lot of movies they didn't want the women to look too black. But black people objected to that policy, so then the industry did a reversal—went all the way in the other direction.

"In our race we have all kinds of physical types, so for the industry to limit itself to one look or another is unrealistic. I also find it disturbing that all the black shows are portraying underachievers. There's so little to inspire the young black child. What he sees on TV has almost reverted to the stereotypes we used to protest. Can't the black people see what they're doing when they allow themselves to be portrayed in this way on television? Meanwhile a lot of whites are comfortable seeing these images. They can relate to My Dear Old Mammy Whom I Loved So Much.

"Television is a very powerful image maker, and if there's nothing on it to make the black child aspire to, then all the time is wasted. I grew up in a totally integrated society in Racine, Wis.—I was absolutely unprepared for racism when I left that town—yet I have always felt a responsibility for representing my race."

The last movie she made was "The Organization" with Sidney Poitier in 1971. Her last Los Angeles nightclub appearance was in 1972 at the long defunct Westside Room of the Century Plaza. Her last record? She had to pause and reflect. "I signed with an independent company out of Philadelphia, and I made one single, but it never got distributed. It's been three or four years now."

When it was suggested that the record business is hard to stay in during these times of artistic compromise, she replied: "I know, I know. Look at the ladies I'm working with, Rosemary and Margaret, both fine singers who had big hits in the '50s. When did they last have a record? For singers like us it's not our market. I made an accommodation with that one semi-hit I had, 'Bobby,' and I was embarrassed by it when I had to do all those hops and DJ interviews. I didn't want to be associated with that terrible record. I appreciate good music too much to compromise; I can only do the things I have some respect for."

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During the years spent seemingly in limbo, there were plenty of jobs, most of them the kind you do not hear about if you live in New York or any other big urban center. "Sure, I've been working clubs around the country. One-nighters in the Southwest, things like that. I played the Casino in Monte Carlo last year. Most recently I was in the Catskills, doing those hotels. The business has really gotten to that stage now; a lot of running around, jump, jump, jump from here to there; no more clubs where you can stay four weeks. I haven't played New York since the Christmas before last, at the Persian Room. Again, where are you going to work in New York? The clubs are just dead—television has ruined all live entertainment unless you're a super-super star."

Even without the hyphenated supers, Barbara McNair is pragmatic enough to know how to retain a measure of stardom and quite possibly restrain the ladder. "We may do a TV special with '4 Girls 4,' or take it to some clubs and theaters in the round. The reaction to it so far has been very exciting; people really love the show.

"All kinds of things are being tried today in terms of combinations. Look at Las Vegas—nowadays they're using two major stars all the time; there's no such thing as an 'opening act.' I think '4 Girls 4' would do very well in Vegas."

It was show time; Barbara McNair prepared to leave the trailer. A few minutes later the audience heard her open with a song that had curiously autobiographical overtones: "Before the Parade Passes By."

She is still young enough (and, of course, beautiful enough) to be Lena Horne's daughter; talented enough to rejoin a parade that has not really passed her by. Perhaps most important of all, she is resilient and courageous enough to take it in stride should things not work out the way her friends hope they will. •

ANGELES TIMES, SEPT. 29, 1977

Jazz Alive!' Series Set or 201 Radio Stations

Jazz Alive!, a series of taped jazz concerts, will be heard National Public Radio's 201 stations starting next week. The initial program, running to 90 minutes, is devoted to lla Fitzgerald's appearance at the New Orleans Jazz and eritage Festival, with a cameo appearance by Stevie onder singing "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" with lla Fitzgerald.

Produced by Steve Rathe and hosted principally by Billy ylor, the 52 programs will feature concerts at various ls and halls around the country. Among those set for series are Bobbie Blake, Benny Carter, Larry Coryell, n Ellis, Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock, John Lewis, hariee Mingus, Oscar Peterson, Don Pullen, Clark Terry, ph Towner and Joe Williams.

The shows will be heard locally Mondays at 10 p.m. on CSN-FM, Northridge; Tuesdays at 9 p.m. on KLON-FM, ng Beach; Fridays at 8 p.m. and Saturdays after football KPCC-FM, Pasadena, and Saturdays at 7 p.m. on VCR-FM, San Bernardino. Other stations, including USC-FM, are expected to pick up the series starting in ecember.

Mixed and edited at NPR's headquarters in Washington, e shows will include interviews with some of the musi-ns.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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JAZZ REVIEW

N.Y. Jazz Quartet at the Lighthouse

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Hermosa Beach is the place to be for first-rate music tonight. At the Lighthouse, the New York Jazz Quartet will wind up an all-too brief engagement (they opened Tuesday) prior to leaving on their latest tour of Japan.

The heart of the combo, formed in 1974, has always consisted of its two founder members: Frank Wess, who plays flute, soprano and tenor saxes, and Sir Roland Hanna, the Detroit-born pianist (knighted by the late President William V. S. Tubman of Liberia). Both men are composers of established merit; both are soloists in whom academic training and spontaneous inspiration are affectingly intertwined.

This is not a jam session group but a painstakingly organized unit whose arrangements lead from thematic statements to solos, interludes, changes of mood or tempo, conveying a sense of astute organization.

The long opening piece, "Mediterranean Seascape," began in a Middle Eastern groove with Wess on soprano, evolved into brisk jazz, then moved to a Brazilian beat with intense, multichorded, two-fisted work by Hanna. Richie Pratt, the drummer, gradually seized control (sorely a little early in the set for such a long drums solo); afterward a marchlike passage preceded the reprise of the melody.

The beguiling Hanna composition "Time for the Dancers" was a point of departure for some confident, swinging flute by Wess, who pioneered on this instrument in jazz during the 1950s. Later he switched to tenor, playing in the full-toned manner he established during his decade with the Count Basie band.

"All Blues" was a showcase for George Mraz, the Czech-born master of the upright bass. Blessed with a clear percussing sound and a creative solo style, he subjected the Miles Davis blues waltz to a variety of ingenious 3/4 effects and one passage of incredibly agile chord playing.

The highest compliment that can be paid Mraz is that he is among his peers when he plays with men of the caliber of Hanna and Wess. Compositionally and for its blowing power, this is one of the most impressive groups on the rapidly shrinking non-electric jazz combo scene.

Another small group of comparable quality, the Ted Curson Quartet featuring David Friesen, moves in Thursday for a four-day run.

Lou Levy, leader of Preservation Bebop Band.
Photo by Bonnie Siegel

Preservation Bebop in Stint at Donte's

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The New Orleans music of the 1920s has long been immortalized by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. Logically, though perhaps with tongue in cheek, a music that was held in the 1940s to be very radical is now being offered as a part of the jazz tradition, under the name of the Preservation Bebop Band.

Heard several times of late at Donte's, the band Thursday consisted of Lou Levy, leader, on the piano; Fred Atwood, bass; John Dentz, drums; Conte Candoli, trumpet; Frank Rosolino, trombone, and Warne Marsh, tenor sax. The first three have often worked together in Supersax.

Man for man, the sextet could not be faulted. Levy, important in bebop in the late 1940s, is the economical all-around jazz pianist, his ideas flowing endlessly, his accomplishment masterful. Marsh, with his grainy, softly insinuating tone, achieved originality and an understated passion. Rosolino and Candoli are classic unreconstructed beboppers.

Atwood, the greased lightning bassist, and the unpredictable Dentz are younger recruits to the bop cause who fit the concept well.

The trouble lies in the presentation or, rather, the complete lack of it. There were no explanations of the tunes, their composers or origins, or even the band's premise.

One wonders whether even 5% of the listeners knew that they were listening to "Tune" by Miles Davis, "Arrigo" by Sonny Rollins or "Good Bait," a Tadd Dameron classic introduced on a 1940 Dizzy Gillespie recording. Ensembles were generally ragged; there were no arrangements and, instead of an historically interesting performance all we heard was just another jam session.

Most important of all, the de facto segregation seemed inexplicable. In a musical tradition where 100% of the originators were black, even token integration would be welcome. Milt Jackson suggested the name for this band; before it reassembles, perhaps a tie-in with Jackson, or with someone of like stature, could be arranged. A library of arrangements should be put together and a narration looked to a basic idea that has been wasted on this well-intentioned but careless offering.

MUSIC REVIEW

McCoy Tyner Sextet at Royce

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

McCoy Tyner's name was the only one advertised in connection with Saturday's concert at Royce Hall. This may have misled some patrons into expecting a solo recital along the lines of those now associated with Keith Jarrett; what they heard, however, was the McCoy Tyner Sextet.

The clutter of two saxophones and the clatter of two percussionists hampered the leader more than they helped him. (Bassist Charles Fambrough, however, offered solid support all the way.) As has often been the case in Tyner's performances over the years, the pervasive Middle Eastern mood and his continual use of modes rather than chords can lead at certain times to a hypnotic fascination, at others to unutterable boredom.

There were several awesome moments when, unencumbered by the other musicians, he was able to give free rein to his unique imaginative powers. One occurred about 15 minutes into the long opening piece, when the rhythm section fell silent and Tyner, on his own, took off like a whirlwind—a more ordered and less frenetic Cecil Taylor. The other was a piano solo, Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss," at times too dazzlingly ornate but often harmonically brilliant and mercifully relaxed in an evening given over predominantly to almost unrelieved tension and energy.

Joe Ford, playing alto sax and flute, leaned more toward structure in his solos than his front-line partner George Adams, whose aggressive tenor sax excursions were cast in the mid-1960s John Coltrane mold but without any conspicuous originality. Eric Gravatt, the excellent former Weather Report drummer, and Guilherme Franco on percussion tended to overshadow the leader because the nature of Tyner's music demands so much explosive assertion.

Tyner, like Keith Jarrett, is performing a sort of rescue mission to save the grand piano from obsolescence. Like Jarrett, he is a master musician, but unlike him, he is given to gymnastic and thunderous excesses due to the presence of a group that offers more incitement than excitement.

Tyner's most effective recordings are those on which he was assisted simply by drums and bass. It might well be advantageous (not to mention economical) to hear him in person simply in that context.

Tyner opens Oct. 18 at Concerts by the Sea.

BOOK REVIEW

John Coltrane Discography by Brian Davis. Available from the author at 11 Evelyn Road, Hockley Essex, England. 58 pages, paperback.

Reviewed by Bob Porter

A discography is the jazz researcher's principal tool; in recent years the field has mushroomed, making the average man in the street, in many cases, as knowledgeable about the origins of jazz records as heavyweight critics.

The chronological all-purpose discography is probably best known. The two volume *Jazz Records 1897-1942* by Brian Rust and the eleven volume *Jazz Records 1942-1968* originally edited by Jorgen Grunnet Jepsen are landmarks in their field. Each work is undergoing constant revision. The Jepsen series revision is nearly complete and although it won't be published until 1978 at the earliest will bring things into focus through the mid-70s.

On a smaller scale are the label listings. Michel Ruppli of France has carved out this little niche for himself. He produced a Prestige listing that was complete through mid-1971, the time the label was sold to Fantasy. Ruppli has listings on Atlantic, Savoy and Chess in various stages of preparation.

Artist listings are becoming more prevalent also and these can be of the utmost importance not only to record researchers but potential biographers as well. A problem that artist discographies share with other types is the fact that they are almost immediately obsolete.

A trend in artist discographies is the principal of immediate update. A recent Dutch publication of Charlie Parker's recording history resulted in three volumes and a volume of corrections and additions. Alas, in this case, the volume of corrections took some information that was initially correct and miscorrected it!

Brian Davis in his Coltrane discography has followed the best course. His original edition of this work was published in April 1976 with the second in December. For accuracy and completeness this one looks pretty good.

It is fifteen pages longer than the first edition and includes indices for musicians and song titles. Now, the completeness of a discography on an artist as prolific as John Coltrane will always be a problem. Impulse has, reportedly, no fewer than nine additional LPs of material! The issue of air-check material has proliferated in the past few years and there seems no sign that it will diminish.

John Coltrane 1926-1967

Without attempting any musical analysis relating to this publication one is still able to glean significant insight into the artist. The Miles Davis association was pivotal for Coltrane in that it drew him into the studios for countless blowing sessions during 1956-58. Yet there is a marked slowdown of activity during 1960 and '61. This was a time of a major breakthrough for the tenorman: It coincided with his departure from the Davis group, his first recordings on soprano, and a change in record companies (Atlantic to Impulse).

There are copious footnotes here, dealing with title changes, edited masters and tunes from sessions where Coltrane was present but did not play.

The layout is good (only one side of each page) and the type is easily readable. There have been at least two books about Coltrane published in recent years and there are more in the works. This discography is an important supplement of any/all of them.

The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Seventies, by Leonard Feather and Ira Gitler; introduction by Quincy Jones. 393 pp.; ill.; Horizon Press, $20.

Reviewed by Dan Morgenstern

Here is the long-awaited, much-needed updating of the famous *Encyclopedia of Jazz* series, begun in 1955.

The *Encyclopedias* are, of course, an invaluable tool for anyone seriously or even peripherally involved in jazz. But these books are not just for those who labor in the vineyards of jazz. The true fan, and collector, the librarian would not want them missing from the shelves.

While this latest entry can stand by itself (especially for those whose interest in the music centers on the post-Coltrane era), it is best used in conjunction with the two other volumes still in print: *The Encyclopedia of Jazz*, published in 1960, and *The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s*, covering the scene through mid-1966. The new volume uses the same format as the '60s work, i.e., updated entries for previously listed artists still prominently active; entries for artists who have died in the intervening period, and, most importantly, first entries for artists either new to the scene or omitted from earlier editions. Thus the newcomer to the *Encyclopedia* series interested in full details for artists whose careers began prior to 1960, or between that year and 1966, is well advised to obtain all three books, available as a boxed set.

The present volume is the first for which Feather has enlisted a full-scale co-author. Ira Gitler has assisted Feather since 1954, when the very first edition was in preparation; among other things, the field has become too large and unwieldly to be surveyed by one person alone.

In addition to the meat — the more than 1400 biographical entries — there are some trimmings. A 20-page selection of excerpts from Feather's famous *Blindfold Test* offers significant as well as ephemeral critical comments by musicians. A tabulation of the *Down Beat* Readers' and Critics' Polls, 1966-75, and the Japanese *Swing Journal* Poll, 1960-75, reflects whatever polls can reflect. *Down Beat*'s Chuck Suber, a pioneer in the field, contributes a solid essay

BOOK REVIEW

Photo by Bonnie Siegel

Leonard Feather (standing), "Encyclopedia of Jazz"

Bobby Pratt, Jack Six, Victor Sproles, and Chris Woods. Welcome aboard!

A new feature is entries for certain producers. I'm not sure that these should have been mixed in with the musicians, and if producers, then why not scholars, education, critics, journalists, and disc jockeys? The choices made seem random. Aside from the obvious heavyweights who've always been included (Granz, Hammond), we found Dick Gibson, Orrin Keepnews, Ed Michel, Don Schlitten and Bob Thiele. Estimable fellows one and all, but why not George Butler, Stanley Dance, Frank Driggs, Milt Gabler, Hank O'Neal, Bob Porter and Martin Williams? Or, for that matter, Feather and Gitler?

Such carpings aside, this is clearly an essential book and a great service to the field. Lots of photos, too, ranging from excellent to mugshot quality. Before buying, check your copy for creased pages, poor trim, and other curses of present-day book production. For twenty bucks, you deserve quality.

circulation. Maltin might have mentioned the fact that several private collections are willing, even eager, to arrange for showings of additional rarer materials. A listing of recommended records from the period under survey (selected by nine experts) and a bibliography of jazz books published since 1966 round out the service features. Quincy Jones's introduction has some valid points to make; it's not mere hype.

On to the main course. The task of compiling jazz biographies is an arduous one. Musicians often prove difficult to locate, fail to respond to mail inquiries, or even refuse to cooperate for personal or ideological reasons, such as not wanting to be classified as "jazz" artists. (Presumably, they are waiting for someone to compile the *Encyclopedia of Non-Jazz.*) In the latter instance, Feather notes in his preface that "in many cases, we acceded to their wishes." This makes it difficult to complain about certain omissions; perhaps the authors should have listed the names of these artists.

Another problem raised in the preface concerns how to draw strict eligibility lines in terms of "crossover" activity between jazz and other contemporary musics. I'm not sure that Brian Auger and Joshua Rifkin really belong in the book, for example, but in general, the authors' choices seem reasonable enough.

Naturally, there are bound to be rankling omissions. My gripe list includes Richie Beirach, Hamiet Bluiett, Bob Berg, Wilbur Campbell, Steve Gilmore, Marty Grosz, Scott

since such jazz notables as Bill Cosby, Teresa Brewer, Georgie Fame, Craig Hundley, Mike Zwerin and assorted European and Japanese players of limited reputation in the U.S. are present. This latter proliferation has always been a weakness of the *Encyclopedias*, in my opinion. Jazz may be a global art, but unless a foreign musican has a substantial reputation in the U.S., or has been prominently active here, he or she might best be capsulized in an appendix or dealt with in an *International Jazz Encyclopedia*.

But there can be no question that the overwhelming majority of important new musicians, and several who have been rediscovered, are included here, and that a wealth of new and significant information is contained in the entries. As customary, these are concise, and with a few exceptions, straight to the point (some self-generated hype has sneaked by). The entries for deceased artists are often a bit cursory. In effect, these constitute a necrology, and I wonder if they might not, in future editions, best be listed separately for easy overview. I also feel that the date of death should be inserted at the heading, not in the narrative.

It's always interesting to note what older artists have been caught in the net for the first time. I found Louis Hooper (b. 1894), Andy Blakeney, Jimmy Maxwell, Cliff Smalls, Money Johnson, Jimmy Butts, and Claude Williams, and younger veterans Joe Farrell, Von Freeman, Dill Jones, Paul Jeffrey, Sy Johnson, Bobby Jones,

See Special **Mail Order** Offer On Page 21

identities. They don't read music, they know nothing about chord changes. So therefore black trumpet players are at a premium." In other words, exclusion of blacks is not the problem when a white is hired; today availability and qualifications are the issues.

"You see Horace Silver today leading an almost all-white band," says Blakey. "Because blacks cannot perform his music! Maybe it seems strange, but this happened because our musicians were ashamed of where they come from. In the meantime other people were learning how to get into jazz—the Russians, the Japanese—and they can really play it.

"Another difficulty was the hard time I used to have getting my men to cooperate. Nobody wanted to put in that much effort, so you had an all chiefs and no Indians situation. It was a disarray, a mess, whereas in this group, the guys just love to be with each other. Nobody's got big eyes to be a star, they've all trying to accomplish something collectively."

Blakey believes that jazz presently is not just black and white, but also yellow; during the early '70s the Messengers had two successive bass players both named Suzuki. Blakey's latest album even shows him and his half-Japanese son.

"As black as I am," he points out, "there's a Caucasian in my family; and of course there's Japanese in my family—the young man on the cover picture represents what I like to describe as a new race, the Spookanese."

Blakey's attitude seems to offer evidence that the separatists are as much figures of past philosophies as Lester Maddox and George Wallace, and that the entire segregationist posture they represented in the 1960s, which Blakey so vigorously opposed, is still on its way to oblivion, on both sides of the fallen fence. ●

Jo Stafford

Hank Jones

Helen Merrill

JAZZ

10 Albums Worth Searching For

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Distribution is the name of the game in the record world as in so many other areas of American merchandising. Discovering the latest release by Herbie Hancock on Columbia or Herbie Mann on Atlantic is no problem, but for every established artist and widely available record there are a hundred others trying to break into the marketplace.

Serendipity is a frequent occurrence if, as a reviewer, you receive many lesser-known discs in the mail. The following is not a list of the 10 best anything, nor even the 10 hardest to find. Good, bad or indifferent, they have in common the unlikelihood that you will discover them at any but a scattering of large stores that specialize in jazz. Some may be available only by mail.

"Bag Redux." Hank Jones. Muse MR 5123. The elder brother of Thad and Elvin Jones has been dividing his career between studio work, combo gigs (since the 52nd St. days) and vocalist-backing (he toured the world with Ella Fitzgerald). Though he's seldom particularly identified with bebop, this collection of tunes by Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk is an authoritative updating of a time-defying tradition. George Duvivier's bass and Ben Riley's drums offer supple support. Four-and-a-half stars on a scale of five. Muse Records, 160 W. 71st St., New York, 10023.

"Jo + Jazz." Jo Stafford. Corinthian COR 108. This, too, represents a departure from an accepted image. Stafford, who cut these long-deleted sides for Columbia in 1960, acquired the rights to the masters and has reissued them on her own label. Her pure, sure sound and the unpretentious arrangements by Johnny Mandel are only half the story; the rest is told, with warmth and eloquence, by Ben Webster's tenor sax, prominent on several of the dozen standards; and by Johnny Hodges, Ray Nance, Jimmy Rowles et al. A unique album, welcome back even in limited accessibility. Four stars. Corinthian Records, Box 6296, Beverly Hills 90212.

"It's About Time." Ray Crawford. Dobre DR 1010. This veteran guitarist, alumnus of Ahmad Jamal, Gil Evans and Jimmy Smith (with whom he still works often at the latter's club), has waited for 20 years to record as a leader; hence the title. His no-nonsense, gentle-sounding chordal and single-string inventions are well served by a rhythm team that includes Ronnell Bright on electric keyboard. Economy, one suspects, reduced most of the second side to a less interesting, 17 minute unaccompanied ballad medley. Crawford will never outsell George Benson, but at last he can point with pride to his own LP. Three stars. Dobre Records, Box 1987, Studio City, Ca. 91604.

"Jazz With a Swedish Accent." Bert Dahlander. Everyday 31309. The Colorado-based drummer cut these sides in Gothenburg during a 1976 visit back home. It's a set of originals whose shifting personnel at one point or another includes jazz accordionist (not as horrendous as you might fear), a funky organist and a track featuring a rather stiff oboeist. Bob Dahlquist's tenor sax lends a blithe mainstream-modern touch to Dahlander's waltz, "A Very Special Day." Despite an attempt to overdiversify it's a welcome reminder that the Swedes were among the first in Europe to pick up on the nuances of modern jazz. Three and a half stars. Everyday, Box 1551, Aspen, Colo. 81611.

"Brown Door" Highrise. HD 577. Four of the five musicians in Highrise studied at North Texas State U's jazz department and/or played with Woody Herman. Their music is fresh, original and energetic, without ever letting the energy supplant musicality. Saxophonist Pete Brewer, 31, is the only member beyond his early 20s. Paul English makes sophisticated use of the synthesizer, never lapsing into space music pretentions. How can a group so lacking in compromise find a commercial outlet in the Houston/Dallas area? Five stars for trying. Brown Door, c/o Steve Houghton, 6148 Richmond, Dallas, Tex. 75214.

"Autumn Love." Helen Merrill. Catalyst 7912. This disc was recorded in 1967 when Merrill was living in Tokyo. She was backed by a band called the Westliners who remain unbilled, as do all other details of this poorly packaged but beautifully sung example of the silken Merrill sound. Four stars. c/o Springboard Intl., 8295 Sunset, Los Angeles 90046.

"Jaywalkin." Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen. Inner City. The Danish bassist with the quadruple-barreled name cut this set in Copenhagen with a Belgian guitarist, a Danish pianist and an American drummer (Billy Higgins). He is arguably the most virtuosic bassist now living, light years beyond men who were considered phenomenal a generation ago. Four-and-a-half stars. Inner City, 41 61st St., New York 10023.

"Breakthrough!" Cedar Walton/Hank Mobley Quintet. Muse MR 5132. There's muscular baritone sax (and shrill soprano) by Charles Davis with a warm Walton piano in Mancini's "Love Story" theme. Mobley's soaring tenor recalls his best Miles Davis days. Hard bop and lyricism are the alternating moods. Three stars. Address is the same as for Hank Jones.

"This Is The One." Dick Wellstood. Audiophile AP-120. A professional pianist since 1948, Wellstood (ex-Sidney Bechet, ex-Hoy Eldridge) runs a Fats Waller-to-Stevie Wonder gamut. It's recorded as if leaked from an adjacent studio, but his iconoclastic stride-piano reconstruction of John Coltrane's "Giant Steps" is good fun. Three stars. Audiophile Records, 3008 Wadsworth Mill Place, Decatur, Ga. 30032.

"Jazz Lips." Memphis Nighthawks. Delmark DS 216. Men in their 20s play jazz of the '20s, with banjo, C-Melody sax and even a bass sax instead of string bass. If you are into Kid Ory and Jelly Roll renascitations, this is for you. Creatively, one star. 4243 Lincoln, Chicago, Ill. 60618. ●

Art Blakey: Star-Spangled Leader

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● "Wow! I just love this group. I liked my other bands, but on a spiritual level this is a whole new thing."

The speaker was Art Blakey, whose Jazz Messengers are among the most continuously supported small combos in jazz today. Since the group is mutually appreciative, this should come as a surprise to nobody; yet it does, for Blakey has been around since the mid-1930s as a leader (plays acoustic music and is devoted to a pure brand of jazz commonly known as hard bop—scarcely a trendy combination of elements).

Art Blakey

A young quintet trying to establish a band of this type today would meet with considerable resistance.

What Blakey has going for him is a unique track record. The veteran drummer with his various editions of the Messengers has produced a continuum of soloists who, after piling up sufficient message units, have proceeded on into careers of their own. Horace Silver, Donald Byrd, Freddie Hubbard, Wayne Shorter, Blue Mitchell, Cedar Walton, Woody Shaw, Billy Harper and Lee Morgan all were Messengers at one time or another.

What may come as a surprise to anyone who has not followed the Blakey career for a while is the ethnic constitution of his current personnel: three of his five sidemen are white. They are Dennis Irwin, the bassist; saxophonist David Schnitter, a Messenger since 1974; and the exceptional trumpeter Valeri Ponomarev, a native of Moscow.

To Blakey, proudly black and long a staunch propagandist for Afro-American music, the racial issue is one that should be disregarded; the sound of group—basically unchanged—is all that matters.

"I never did believe in separatism," he says. "Don't forget that as far back as 1965 I had Chuck Mangione and Keith Jarrett in the band. The 1960s were a difficult time for everybody to get along together, because the black consciousness thing was very strong, and instead of just playing the music, some cats were using the bandstand for a political rostrum. That hurt. It had nothing to do with our musical objectives. Most of those guys didn't even vote. All we're supposed to do, I feel, is try to make people happy."

Yes, but so many people, particularly those who are militantly conscious of social issues, believe that this is a black music and should be performed by black groups.

"It is not," Blakey exploded. "It's American music. No America, no jazz. It's the product of our society. What are we going to do with the memory of our Ku Kluxers? What are we going to do about those white men who suffered for the music? It wasn't 50 many years ago that Steve Moore (a white tenor saxophonist) got beaten up by police in the South for going over the line and sitting in with black musicians. This is music that belongs to all of us, not just black or white—and I'm proud of it."

There was a time during the social upheaval of the '60s when some blacks who joined white bands were criticized for "making the ofays sound good," and blacks who hired even one white sideman were called to task for displacing a black. Asked whether he had been the object of any such feedback, Blakey bristled: "That's ignorant. Very ignorant. Nobody has had the nerve to talk to me that way. My band today is the living proof that this is now American music—color has nothing to do with it.

"Things have changed. I have Dennis Irwin—he's one of the best bassists I've ever had. Fantastic! David Schnitter has been invaluable to us for three years as tenor saxophonist, soprano saxophonist, composer—and when the right time comes I want to do an A & R job, produce a session with him and have him move out on his own."

Valeri Ponomarev, a whole story to himself (he will be the subject of a column here shortly), joined the band last January. Blakey points to his lyrical, Clifford Brown-like style as proof that the jazz message has taken on universal overtones. A curious and somewhat disheartening ancillary aspect of this situation is that, what was once a music endemic to America's ghettos is now bypassed or ignored by a great number of black musicians, according to Blakey.

"Back in Charlie Parker's day, he would always tell the guys to play the blues. In the black areas today, too many of the musicians have forgotten, have lost their

Life With Fatha: the odyssey of Earl Hines

by LEONARD FEATHER

The World of Earl Hines by Stanley Dance. (Scribners: $14.95, hardcover; $7.95, paperback).

As Stanley Dance points out in the introduction, his two preceding books ("The World of Duke Ellington" and "The World of Swing") differ from his latest work in one significant way: "The World of Earl Hines" is devoted, for about one third of its milenge, to an autobiography of its central figure. This is an important distinction, for whereas the Ellington work was flawed by the Duke's reluctance to give his full cooperation, Hines was an eager participant in this venture. The result is a valuable contribution to the oral history of jazz.

In the as-told-to segment, Hines reveals that the world might have lost a genius, the first definitive and most imitated jazz piano stylist after the ragtime/stride era, had Hines not become disillusioned about living off the earnings of Mary Robinson, a prostitute.

"Why work?" she told Hines. "I can give you enough to buy clothes and eat!" But it was no life for Hines; as he put it, "There's no rest in a pimp's life anyway. At all hours of the day or night (the prostitute is) coming home saying, 'Let's have a drink!' So all of a sudden I knew I was making a mistake. I decided to leave her and go back to the piano."

Better that, too, than a career cutting hair; at one point during World War I, Hines recalls, "I got to be a very good barber, had a chair of my own and was making quite a bit of money." But in the early 1920s he left Pittsburgh, went on the road playing for a male singer named Lois Deppe, then settled in Chicago, where he took part in the classic Hot Five record sessions with Louis Armstrong.

The Hines odyssey is an archetypal picture of the black musician growing magically as an artist while being forced into a mold as entertainer and show business figure. Twenty of his definitive years (1928-48) were spent leading a big band, most of them at Chicago's Grand Terrace Cafe. To this day, though he has been the subject of worldwide kudos from pianists of three generations, the idea is ineluctably ingrained in Hines that he has to please the customers with a nice, varied show, complete with a female singer, a florid arrangement of "Rhapsody in Blue" featuring a clarinetist, a climactic drum solo number and all the other accoutrements of a nightclub personality.

Earl (Fatha) Hines

He is by no means innocent, however, of the extent to which white managers took advantage of artists. When the Grand Terrace's Ed Fox, who handled Hines' bookings, sent him on the road, "He sold us down the river . . . we'd get dinner on the train, and that was a big deal, but I was getting $150 a week and the boys (in the band) were making $75, $80 or $90. Fox was getting $3,500 a week for the band when he was paying us that, so he really made money."

Along with moments of candor there are elliptical, euphemistic passages. Speaking of some former sideman, he will say: "I was sorry he got mixed up with the wrong crowd," i.e. he became a junkie.

The postautobiographical segments include numerous biographies of former Hines associates or friends. These chapters vary greatly in interest. Some, like the two about Benny Goodman's lesser-known brothers, seem irrelevant. Others are so esoteric that they belong in (and in some cases are reproduced from) a music magazine, with their endless details about who replaced whom in which band.

Two of these chapters, though, are gems. One, by Charlie Carpenter, a lyricist who was Hines' manager for some years, offers an uncommonly candid depiction of Hines, the society and people around him. There is delightful anecdote, one with the ring of authenticity, about Louis Armstrong's introduction to pot, and another that deals with the successful fight against Jim Crow by Reginald Forsythe, a very proper British black who arranged for Hines' band.

The other chapter is a dialog between Hines and his ex-vocalist Billy Eckstine, taped in Eckstine's room at the Plaza. Between them, and with Dance also on hand, they pull out all the stops. The contrast between the four-letter frankness here and the occasionally overproper manner of Hines' first-person story makes one wish the whole book had been as open as this; but given Dance's talent for editing and for drawing out his subjects, along with out own ability to read between the lines, "The World of Earl Hines" still stacks up as a winner.

It comes complete with 146 black and white illustrations, a handy chronology, a brief bibliography and selective discography.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Los Angeles Times
VIEW
PART IV
MONDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1977

Blue of the Night Meets Gold of the Day

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

Though Bing Crosby's career took him through every area of show business, establishing him as a seminal influence on virtually all the male popular singers of the 1930s and '40s, the most significant aspect of his role is one that we tend now to take for granted. He made popular singing human.

His advent came at a time when most performers of popular songs tended to overinterpret. This relic of the operetta era was promptly done away with by Bing and his early associates, Bing and his fellow Rhythm Boys (Harry Barris and Al Rinker) with Paul Whiteman's orchestra were considered a "hot" vocal trio in the days when "hot" was a synonym for jazz. Bing was teamed on records with such legendary jazzmen as Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer; in 1932 he made a unique record of "St. Louis Blues" in tandem with the Duke Ellington Orchestra.

These accomplishments had little or nothing to do with his identification as a "crooner." The verb to croon, defined by Webster as "to sing in half voice, especially into a closely held microphone," was only a very partial and semi-accurate definition. What Crosby truly accomplished was the development of an unprecedentedly casual approach to the interpretation of the popular song. He brought to it a warmth and intimacy that came as a revelation in the era of Eddie Cantor and Al Jolson melodrama.

The interview that follows took place in a dressing room when Bing was taping a TV program at the NBC studios in Burbank in March of last year.

Leonard Feather: Why, over such a long period, have you done so few concerts?

Bing Crosby: Well, it was always quite an effort to get anything together in the way of an act. I always kind of shrank from just going out and singing some songs, because other people like Hope and Como, Williams and Bennett—they have a real act that they work on and prepare; they have a lot of material and a lot of staging, and I never had that kind of an act and didn't get around to preparing one, so I just never accepted the opportunity to do personal appearances.

But lately I've been doing an awful lot of recording and I've built up quite a library of new arrangements and new things that furnished me with the material I was lacking formerly.

Also, this tour—well, it's not a tour yet, but it's developing into one, because this concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion—I think this is the fourth one—gives me an opportunity to raise some money for charity quite painlessly.

Formerly, when I was making a very big income, I could deduct a sizable amount for charitable donations. Now I don't have that big an income, so that deduction is not available. You're only allowed to give to charity 30% of your income.

So I still wanted to keep up some of the charitable activities that I've been engaged in and meet some of the commitments I've made to some of the various organizations. So in order to do that, I made this tour, and after the expenses are paid, all the funds that are left go towards the charities.

Then the second consideration that influenced me was that this new family coming up (his teen-aged children) gets very little opportunity to work or to appear. They do a Christmas show, then they go back to school or back to their golf, or one thing and another, and they don't get another chance to really do anything. So they're not very expert, they're not very polished, they're not performers.

This kind of thing, although last night they did very fi-

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(CONTINUED BACK OF PAGE APPEAL NEXT)

ROAD SHOW—Bing Crosby was Bob Hope's guest in 1952 television show taped at Ft. Ord.

BING CROSBY

Continued from 12th Page

this for politics. I don't like the way it operates. I think we need a new system for electing Presidents. I don't think the conventions are necessary.

I can't see this giving a candidate a million dollars to go out and campaign with public funds. I don't know why—like, for instance, presidential candidates. Once they're nominated, why can't the government just say to the networks, "You give each candidate 15 spots on television, free"? The government controls television, radio, the FCC. And let them get 15 times on the networks to state their position, debate if they want, and let people vote.

Why does the government have to give these guys a million dollars? I don't get it. They don't finance the candidates in England, do they, to go out and campaign?

★

Feather: Do you have a special love for England?

Crosby: Oh yes. London is my favorite city. In all the world. So much to do, to see. They have a great sense of humor, the cab drivers, the doormen, the people at the race track, golf course. Geez, they're funny! They love to gag and kid, even in spite of the troubled times they're going through. They're still going to cricket and the horse races. During the war, nobody could have withstood what they went through during the Second World War. The average nation would have collapsed. I don't know what we'd have done if we got bombed like that. I love the whole scene in England.

I was talking to Doug Fairbanks Jr. last night—he came backstage for a minute. He said that in New York, there're 24 shows running. In London there're 59. Of every kind. I'm talking of little, big . . .

Feather: How do you find the general musical level in England? Has it improved?

Crosby: Oh, a great deal! When I first went over there, I worked with a band during the war, '41, '43. I did some shows there with Glenn Miller—taped—at a couple of canteens, you know, in those days—for soldiers and sailors. But outside of that, there were just a few—Bert Ambrose, Jack Hylton—and that was it. There wasn't anybody.

We tried to go into a studio and record, you know, and there wasn't anybody really good. But now, the musicians are first class and there are so many of them.

Feather: Do you have much difficulty finding suitable contemporary songs? You know, because the old concept of the 32-bar chorus is by the wayside.

Crosby: Pretty much. Yeah, there're some things like "The Way We Were," which is just as great a song as anything ever written. That'll be a standard. And there are so many others.

Feather: "Send In the Clowns" is a good one.

Crosby: Yes. But some of these written by fellows like James Taylor and Carole King—not even the Broadway tunes. You know, I think this thing Barry Manilow sings is a helluva song—"I Write the Songs."

I was thinking the other day: There're three fellows who, for me, sing pure songs. They sing the songs with no tricks, no gimmicks, no attempts at anything but good singing, listenable quality. The first is Buddy Clark. The second is Matt Monro. The third is this Barry Manilow.

I'm talking about a straight song. If you want to listen to a song and hear it sung beautifully, that's it. Those guys could do it. Matt Monro's got a song, "I Could Get Along Without You Very Well"—that record is one of the most beautiful records I've ever heard.

Feather: How about your female choices?

Crosby: Oh, I like all those . . . Peggy (Lee). Barbra Streisand's got a glorious voice. Vikki Carr—great—great delivery, great power. . .

Feather: How about Sarah Vaughan?

Crosby: Oh, I love her. Sarah Vaughan. And Ella, and all those people. I always thought Diahann Carroll sang very well, but she doesn't sing very much. Helen Reddy sings pretty good, and she can put a little style in her singing.

Feather: You know Cleo Laine, the British girl?

Crosby: Oh, marvelous! Sensational! I haven't heard her in person—just on record. I went out and *bought* her record, and I hadn't bought a record in a long time. That's one record I do play once in a while. She's fantastic.

And I think Shirley Bassey's great. Dramatic, driving, but if you want a belter, she can belt it. In tune, too. I think she's a marvelous singer. And this Victoria. . . I never can remember her name. . . .Victoria Newton-John?

Feather: Olivia Newton-John.

Crosby: Yeah, she's sweet. Sings nice little things.

Feather: One other thing: You remember I did an interview with Bob Crosby (Bing's brother) a while back, and he made some rather strange remarks. . .

Crosby: He always does.

Feather: Like he said you have no friends, which obviously. . .

Crosby: I don't know. I don't understand that.

Feather: Who would you name as your best friend?

Crosby: Oh, Phil Harris. I've got a lot of friends in the golf game. Lots of friends around the race track. Lots of friends in the business. All kinds of friends. I think I know more people from all walks of life than anybody.

Feather: I mean intimate, aside from Phil.

Crosby: Well, a lot of them are pretty intimate. I mean, I travel with them, I shoot golf with them, I dine with them. Up in San Francisco I have a lot of friends that have nothing to do with show business, and I have some that are in show business. Some radio people, television people. My wife has a five-times-a-week TV show on a San Francisco station and I meet her friends all the time.

Feather: What's the relationship between you and Bob?

Crosby: Bob Hope?

Feather: Bob Crosby.

Crosby: He always thinks that I. . . I don't know what it is with him. We're very friendly; get along fine. . .He's kind of spoiled. He was the youngest child and there was a long difference between him and the next oldest, and, I don't know. We always get along fine. But I think he's- . . .(pause) I can't understand it. Just like brothers are, you know.

★

The obvious remoteness between Bob Crosby and his brother seemed symptomatic of Bing's character. He was always a very private person and throughout our conversation I found him affable, yet a trifle reserved. He was a man who enjoyed the acclaim, the material rewards that anyone in show business could have wanted.

He had reached the age at which he didn't want to be bothered by anyone whom he might feel needed a favor or might want to use him in some way. His home life was a happy one and he had no need of intimate associates outside it.

Crosby's autobiography, published in 1953, was entitled "Call Me Lucky." It still applied in the evening of his years.

I came away from our meeting with the impression that all he wanted at that moment was for his luck to hold out as long as there might be an audience ready to accept him—and that turned out to be the case up to the very end. For Bing Crosby in his final years, that's what life was all about.

JAZZ REVIEW

10/21

Marlena Shaw and the Boss Men

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The most significant aspect of Marlena Shaw's three-nighter at Memory Lane last weekend was her arranging for a big band to provide her accompaniment on her final evening Sunday.

The Boss Men, a 16-man ensemble co-led by bassist Frank de la Rosa and drummer Harold Jones, was reviewed a couple of months ago just after it was organized. The orchestra's support of Shaw was predictably sympathetic, since Jones and some of the sidemen were members of the Count Basie band during her years with Basie.

In fact, one or two of the charts sounded as though they had been taken directly out of the Basie library. Given this stimulus, it was not surprising that the lady's credentials as a strongly jazz-related singer were reinforced. On her most recent album, her best seller to date, they were frequently underplayed.

A song called "I Think I'll Tell Him" swung buoyantly from beginning to end, doing the vital, exciting in-person performance, whereas on the record the mix was faulty and the band relegated to the background. "Goin' to Chicago," a blues medley, was another reminder of Shaw's stature as one of the most rhythmically intelligent singers to come down the pike (or up the peak) in the past 10 years.

At one point during what she called "our trip down memory lane at Memory Lane," she impetuously tore into a fast blues-and-scat routine. The band at first was nonplussed, but soon the trombone section set a riff, and by the last chorus everyone was at work completing a spontaneous arrangement. Such phenomena hardly ever happen anymore; Shaw deserves credit for making it possible.

Supplementing her musical qualities are her constantly growing gifts as a comedienne and actress. The long dramatic rap leading into "Go Away, Little Boy," brittle and cynical in tone but consistently attention-riveting, gets better every time around.

If she could make even part of an album with a band like the Boss Men—properly balanced—Shaw might accomplish for vocal jazz what Herbie Hancock's V.S.O.P. did for instrumental music, i.e., put it back on the straight-ahead track.

This weekend at Memory Lane: Sam Fletcher.

JAZZ

Dizzy Gillespie—View From a Peak

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Dizzy Gillespie

• On Friday John Birks Gillespie turns 60. Despite the nickname imposed on him when he was young and flighty, his worldwide image is anything but dizzy. Contrary to the impression that may be conveyed by his calendar age, he is invariably the rebel, the young Turk who in the 1940s revolutionized the world of jazz by exploring new harmonic and melodic avenues.

The music that was engraved for history in the name of bebop, created primarily by Gillespie and by Charlie Parker, who played Pythias to his Damon, was regarded in anger and shock by musicians of that day. Indeed, a few diehards still exist who find it too abstract for their second-grade ears. Ironically, though, some critics today classify all jazz of that period as mainstream or even traditional. Compared to what? Presumably compared to the electronic shock rock that passes for jazz in some circles today.

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In Los Angeles for a week at the Parisian Room recently, Gillespie took inventory of his accomplishments and prospects as he approached the role of octogenarian. He was told about the recent interview in which Donald Byrd, a trumpeter who might never have found a style had it not been for the direction Dizzy set, outlined his "What-sells-the-best-is-musically-best" philosophy.

Gillespie said, "Apparently Donald Byrd is a captive of this materialistic society. Sure, I'd like to have a platinum record—who wouldn't?—but when we drop into an abyss where our values are so low that what sells the best is the best, well, we are in deep trouble.

"The level of awareness of what is good and what is bad should never be measured in terms of popularity. I wouldn't dream of saying that because I am more popular than Dud Bascomb, I am a better trumpet player than Dud Bascomb." (The reference was to a contemporary of Gillespie's, a fine, neglected musician who played the trumpet solo on Erskine Hawkins' record of "Tuxedo Junction," often attributed to Hawkins himself.)

Byrd's expression of regret that Gillespie still works in nightclubs produced another carefully worded reply: "I'm doing all right. I'm not a very rich man, but I make a comfortable living, and I am recognized for what I have accomplished. I have a strong conscience about being true to myself musically. Each year it seems that my stature grows."

Playing in clubs, of course, is the tip of his occupational iceberg. During the L.A. visit he received the keys to the city from Mayor Bradley and appeared as a speaker at two high schools. At Franklin Junior High, before the seminar, his recent album "Free Ride" (composed by his old friend and alumnus Lalo Schifrin, and imbued with more of a contemporary beat than is Dizzy's custom) was played for the students.

"That gave me some sort of image and identification," said Gillespie. "They might not have known about me, but after hearing and liking the record their reaction was, 'Is this the guy who made that?' So I can get through to them—and the record is getting the kind of air play that helps establish me with young people. It isn't selling a huge quantity but selling records is a highly sophisticated business that doesn't necessarily have anything to do with whether the records are good."

One of the most traveled men in musical history (his was the first orchestra ever sent overseas under State Department sponsorship, in 1956), Gillespie will break another barrier in December with a Holiday Inn-sponsored week in the African country of Lesotho. Several black jazzmen who have teaching credentials will also go along to teach Afro-American music.

"One of the nicest birthday presents," said Dizzy, "was given to me in advance: I just signed with the Columbia Artists Concert Bureau. Now that's stability! The way they book concerts is fantastic.

"With that in mind, I'm commissioning some of the greatest arrangers—J.J. Johnson, Tom McIntosh, Benny Carter, Lalo Schifrin, Robert Farnon, Michel Legrand, Thad Jones, Coleridge Taylor Perkinson—each to score a composition of mine for symphony orchestra, so that I'll be able to appear with the symphonies wherever the concert bureau books me. That will bring the attention of our music to a broader range of audiences around the country than anything else I can think of. It's very fitting, too, because our music is the classical music of the future, and the symphonies are not doing too well just playing the standard classical repertoire. What I do between those concert tours is my own business. I might just not work."

Gillespie's career has had its share of disappointments. Certainly it is a shame that he was forced, for economic reasons, to scuttle his big band and has only fronted one at occasional concerts for almost 20 years. Yet the peaks far outnumber the valleys. He has gained a measure of dignity and respect enjoyed by only a handful of other jazz artists.

His private life has been a source of contentment: He has one of the longest marriages in jazz annals (31 years); he and his wife have lived in the same house in Englewood, N.J., since the early 1960s.

A member of ASCAP for the past 20 years, he has continuous sources of income both in performance credits and in royalties on the ever-growing number of recordings of his best-known compositions. "Night in Tunisia," which he wrote in 1942, is still being played every night of every year somewhere around the globe. "Groovin' High" was one of the first bop tunes to become a standard. "Manteca" was one of the seminal works with which he pioneered the Afro-Cuban movement in jazz. "Con Alma" is a strikingly beautiful example of his harmonic imagination.

You would have to go to a very remote and isolated corner of the earth to find an area where Dizzy's name is not known. His innovations have penetrated nearly throughout the five continents but through all the storms of jazz that followed his arrival. A Gillespie phrase, a melodic twist or turn that swirled out of the tilted bell of his horn decades ago may be found today in the most unpalatable of places, from pop to rock.

About 10 years ago, in "The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties," I wrote, "Gillespie's role in jazz history is not fully understood nor adequately acknowledged by the younger jazz students, many of whom see him as a clown, a humorous singer and nonsingist whose trumpet playing sometimes seems secondary to his role as an entertainer. Though he is among those who feel that art and entertainment are compatible, and that communication with his audiences is vitally important, Gillespie remains first and foremost a musical giant."

Since then, the situation, I believe, has improved. Young schoolmusicologists in Afro-American studies departments, black and white music majors at colleges around the country and intellectuals worldwide have belatedly recognized the size and nature of his contributions. His place in the history books is assured, and he is secure in the knowledge that his name will be known, his solos marveled at, his compositions revered, his records treasured, long after today's nine-day blunders have been relegated to the garbage pile of history.

As a final question, I asked him whether, in his long career, he had ever been forced to make some musical compromise for which he was sorry.

"I have one regret," he replied. "The only thing I've ever done that I really didn't want to do was a record of a song called 'You Stole My Wife, You Horse Thief.'"

The record was made in 1949. If this was the only blemish in a career that has spanned more than 40 years, John Birks Gillespie can claim a rather remarkable track record.

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ALBUMS OF THE WEEK: Among several recently reissued LPs focusing on various phases of Gillespie's career are "Dizzy Gillespie: Composers' Concepts" (Mercury EmArcy EMS-2-410) and "Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz" (Verve VE-2-2521). More recently recorded are "Benny Carter and Dizzy Gillespie" (Pablo 231-2PA1) and "Bahiana" (Pablo 2625-706). •

10/20

LAS VEGAS REVIEW

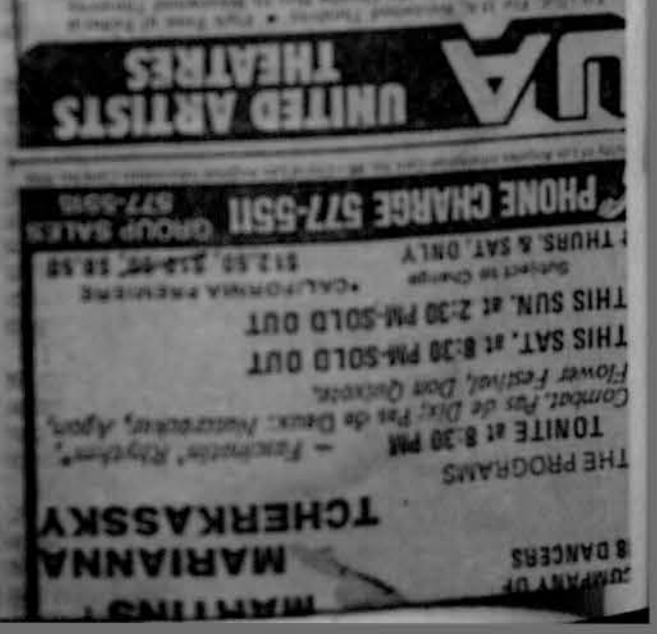
Sammy Davis Jr.—Balancing Act

BY LEONARD FEATHER

LAS VEGAS—Sammy Davis Jr., who opened last week at Caesars Palace for a two-week run, is an irresistible collection of contradictions.

He can be as hip with the rap topics, from his Jewishness to his jewelry, as he is deliberately square with such an ardent line as, "I'm going to keep on drinking to your health until I ruin my own." His speech cadences swivel to and fro between an almost Bostonian properness and down-home black talk.

It is the same with his material, which runs back and forth from the vaudevillianism of "Mr. Bojangles" and his delightful tap-dance routine on "I Can Do That" all the



JAZZ

10/23

The Contagious Karma of Coryell/Mouzon

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The crossbreeding of jazz and other musical forms has produced a series of cliche definitions: fusion music, jazz/rock, pop jazz, crossover music. In the case of Larry Coryell and Alphonse Mouzon, a new term might be in order: refusion music. The gifted guitarist and the ecletic drummer, who toured together for a year and a half (1973-5) with a group called the Eleventh House, then went their separate ways, are presently reunited in a trio for which the third man is Miroslav Vitous, the Prague-born virtuoso of the bass.

"What separated us," says Coryell, "was a lot of friction between management and myself, and between Alphonse and myself, as a result of which Alphonse left the Eleventh House. After doing one more tour with a different drummer, the group broke up. What brought us back together was a lucky accident. In November of last year we were both doing the Berlin Jazz Festival, separately, but we knew it was foolish to leave incomplete what we had started as a very compatible guitar player and drummer, so we decided on a new group."

Mouzon amplifies: "Larry's a very gifted guitarist—the best I've ever heard—and the bad karma we had in the other group had nothing to do with our attitude toward each other. Earlier this year we recorded with a fusion quartet, using John Lee on bass and a second guitarist, Philip Catherine, who's from Belgium. But Catherine had to go back to Europe, and then Miroslav, who like me was a founder member of Weather Report in 1971, was able to join us."

Larry Coryell and Alphonse Mouzon

The most significant aspect of the reunion is their conviction that the climate now enables them to diversify.

"It's like being on a European tour," Mouzon said. "Over there you can play jazz, just whatever you want, and get paid well, without having to worry about being on the charts. They respect you as an artist. Now it's beginning to happen over here. It doesn't have to be all electric and high intensity. In fact, Larry and I suggested that Miroslav bring along his upright bass and his bow—he is really a much better acoustic player than electric—and we do some of Miles Davis' tunes, because that kind of thing is coming back. People want to hear music; we don't have to do all that other stuff, so we're just playing."

By "all that other stuff" Mouzon is euphemistically referring to the brand of jazz/rock in which the jazz content is minimal and the accent is on volume with an *epater-les-bourgeois* objective. Coryell clarified:

"For sheer power and excitement there is nobody around who can match Alphonse; however, recently we have both discovered how beautiful it can be when we lower the volume and play acoustically, but still keep that same intensity we've always had. Now that there are just three of us we have all subjugated our egos; we each have a sense of mutual responsibility; it's not just every man for himself."

Though they still play some of the more rock-oriented music with which they were identified, the three are now into everything from bebop to 1960s acoustic jazz. "Alphonse even bought a set of brushes," says Coryell, "and he's doing magical things with them on one of Julie's tunes that we've been doing." (The all purpose guitarist has an all-purpose spouse: Julie Coryell is wife, manager, poet and composer.)

"Don't you think," I asked, "that the success Herbie Hancock enjoyed during his straight-ahead acoustic-jazz tour with V.S.O.P has had something to do with this trend?"

Mouzon and Coryell (in immediate unison): "Yes!"

"It reminds me of being back in Gary Burton's quartet," said Coryell. (He toured with the subtle, nonaggressive vibraphonist's group in 1968-69.) "There is a new sense of seriousness that I hadn't felt since I left Gary."

"The interesting thing about it," said Mouzon, "is that this policy is doubly effective for us. If the opening act on our show is an acoustic performer—like Earl Klugh, who opened for us at Santa Monica Civic Auditorium—then we'll begin by maintaining that mood, starting with Larry, then adding Miroslav and then me. On the other hand, if our opening act is electric so they're already accustomed to it, we'll start electric and go out acoustic. Either way, it works."

Coryell and Mouzon are symbols of a breed of artist whose numbers are multiplying. Both have credits with a wide range of groups: Coryell playing jazz, rock, soul, flamenco and country with Chico Hamilton, Herbie Mann, Burton and various fusion combos; Mouzon adapting himself to the requirements of a Broadway show band, Roberta Flack, Roy Ayers, McCoy Tyner. The group as presently constituted seems to represent a realization of their various ambitions without any commercial loss of appeal.

Next month they will break up while Coryell rejoins another earlier associate, Charles Mingus. For a European tour Mouzon (he will be Europe-bound, with a quartet of his own. It is safe, however, to assume that this re-definition will not last long. ●

JAZZ REVIEWS

10-25-79

Capp/Pierce Juggernaut Ensemble—Waving the Banner for Big Band Jazz

The ensemble known as Capp/Pierce Juggernaut, heard Sunday afternoon in the Pilgrimage concert series at the Ford Theater, is one of several local big bands with overlapping personnel that keep the banner waving for authentic big-band jazz.

The aspirations of such orchestras are antithetical to those of, say, the Don Ellis behemoth, heard in town the previous evening. Juggernaut's repertoire of Basie music ("Moten Swing," "Shiny Stockings") spiced with Ellingtonia (bassist Chuck Berghofer playing the Jimmy Blanton role in "Jack the Bear") never explodes into pretention. Neither does it lapse into antiquity. The enthusiastic performance level and the profusion of exemplary solos were insurance against nostalgia.

For contrast, however, several new or unfamiliar works were offered. The grand marshal of the alto saxophone, Marshal Royal, was romantically showcased in Benny Carter's "Souvenir." Pianist Nat Pierce, striding through his own "Open All Night," demonstrated why he has so often been called on to sub for the Count. Bill Hood played some hefty baritone saxophone in a song he assured us was about raising dough, entitled "Kneading You."

Battles of the saxes being a sine qua non in bands of this kind, Pete Christlieb and Herman Riley painted "On the Swing Shift" in confident strokes of the brush, the former bold and aggressive, the latter richer and darker in texture.

With drummer Frank Catt at the master controls, the rhythm section was a model of cohesive swing, pinned together by the rhythm guitar of Ray Pohlman. Everything was in 4/4 time, a meter that has yet to be improved upon as a takeoff airstrip for jazz.

Ernie Andrews, the band's regular singer, did his customary thing, delighting the audience with a mixture of old blues lyrics and Ellington tunes. His "Trav'lin' Light" was reminiscent of Billy Eckstine in the latter's salad days. But Andrews' attempt to make something out of "Tie a Yellow Ribbon" proved only that you can't power a juggernaut with lemonade.

As has been the case for far too long, Andrews is in need of material new and strong enough to elevate his work from agreeable entertainment to original artistry, of which, given his attractive timbre and fine-tuned jazz phrasing, he is certainly capable.

Coming Sunday: the Ed Isaac-Pat Priest Septet.

—LEONARD FEATHER

The Don Ellis Orchestra—Exclamatory Exercises at UCLA

Don Ellis, with his 21 sidepersons (no less than 16 of them male), used every device in the book to elicit a thunderous standing ovation at Royce Hall, UCLA, Saturday night. Pragmatically wise, musically debatable.

Jumping back and forth between various horns and a synthesizer in a program devoted almost exclusively to his own music, Ellis offered fewer moments of lyrical contrast to relieve the band's characteristic mood of tension than is his custom. The opening piece, "Desire," was hopelessly bogged down in pseudo-Wagnerian excesses. Ellis sometimes forgets that you don't manufacture musical excitement; it should grow as naturally as a flower or a tree.

When it was over, he made a tongue-in-cheek comment: "We thought we'd start easy, so we can build." That was precisely the trouble; the concert had begun at maximum fever pitch and there was no place to go from there.

Ellis writes clever, difficult music; his orchestra did a generally fine job of interpreting it. The trouble was that nothing ever settled; before a good idea had been established it would be thrown away. In one number, eight soloists stood in front of the band, but none ever got to play more than a few seconds before somebody else took over.

It was the same with Ellis himself when, in "Open Wide," he established an attractive, Mangione-like theme on fluegelhorn that soon tore into a raucous, frantic trumpet solo. The saxophone, trumpet and string sections had similarly abbreviated moments in the spotlight. It was all too fragmented, too episodic to allow for mood evocation.

The most interesting soloists were the prodigious Ted Nash on alto sax and Randy Kerber on keyboards, both teen-aged products of Reseda High School; Ann Patterson, whose soprano sax was well framed in "Kron," and Jumbo Ross, who may be the only first-rate jazz violist extant.

Trombonist Alan Kaplan dueted with Ellis, the latter playing his combination slide and valve trombone, in "Sporting House," a piece of nerve-wracking agreeness.

The Ellis flair for theatricality found 15 of the musicians deployed around the theater blowing a grand finale and coaxing the audience into a sing-along. The second encore, "Pussywiggle Stomp," from the library of a much earlier Ellis band, was a lighthearted and musically valid affair that offered welcome relief. As a composer, Don Ellis operates like a fiction writer whose punctuation consists entirely of exclamation points.

—L.F.

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JAZZ

Dizzy Gillespie—View From a Peak

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Dizzy Gillespie

• On Friday, John Birks Gillespie turns 60. Despite the nickname, inspired an kids when he was young and flighty, his world-wide image is anything but dizzy. Certainly in the impression that may be conveyed by his calendar age, he is temporally the rebel. The young Turk who in the 1940s revolutionized the world of jazz by exploring new harmonic and melodic frontiers.

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In Los Angeles for a week at the Parisian Room recently, Gillespie took inventory of his accomplishments and prospects as he approached the role of octogenarian. He was just about the recent interview in which Donald Byrd, a trumpeter who might never have found a style had it not been for the direction Diz set, outlined his "What-sells-the-best-is-musically-best" philosophy.

Gillespie said, "Apparently Donald Byrd is a captive of this materialistic society. Sure, I'd like to have a platinum record—who wouldn't?—but when we drop into an abyss where our values are so low that what sells the best is the best, well, we are in deep trouble.

"The level of awareness of what is good and what is bad should never be measured in terms of popularity. I wouldn't dream of saying that because I am more popular than Dad Bascomb, I am a better trumpet player than Dad Bascomb." (The reference was to a contemporary of Gillespie's, a fine, neglected musician who played the trumpet solo on Erskine Hawkins' record of "Tuxedo Junction," often attributed to Hawkins himself.)

Byrd's expression of regret that Gillespie still works all nightclubs produced another carefully worded reply: "I'm doing all right. I'm not a very rich man, but I make a comfortable living, and I am recognized for what I have accomplished. I have a strong conscience about being true to myself musically. Back [illegible] it seems that my stature grows."

Playing to clubs, of course, is the bane of his occupational existence. During the L.A. visit he received the keys to the city from Mayor Bradley and appeared as a speaker at two high schools. At Franklin Junior High, before the assembly, his recent album "Free Ride" [illegible] and infused with more of a contemporary beat than is Dizzy's custom) was played for the students.

"That gave me some sort of image with adolescents," said Gillespie. "They might not have known about me, but after hearing and liking the record their reaction was, 'Is this the guy who made that?' So I can get through to them—and the record is getting the kind of air play that helps equilibrate us with young people. It isn't selling a huge quantity but selling records in a highly sophisticated business that doesn't necessarily have anything to do with whether the records are good."

One of the most traveled men in musical history (his was the first orchestra ever sent overseas under State Department sponsorship, in 1956), Gillespie will break another barrier in December with a Holiday Inn-sponsored week in the African country of Lesotho. Several black jazzmen who have teaching credentials will also go along to teach Afro-American music.

"One of the nicest birthday presents," said Dizzy, "was given to me in advance: I just signed with the Columbia Artists Concert Bureau. Now that's stability! The way they book concerts is fantastic.

"With that in mind, I'm commissioning some of the greatest arrangers—J.J. Johnson, Tom McIntosh, Benny Carter, Lalo Schifrin, Robert Farnon, Michel Legrand, Thad Jones, Coleridge Taylor Perkinson—each to score a composition of mine for symphony orchestra, so that I'll be able to appear with the symphonies wherever the concert bureau books me. That will bring the attention of our music to a broader range of audiences around the country than anything else I can think of. It's very ironic, too, because our music is the classical music of the future, and the symphonies are not doing too well just playing the standard classical repertoire. What I do between those concert tours is my own business. I might just not work."

Gillespie's career has had its share of disappointments. Certainly it is a shame that he was forced, for economic reasons, to scuttle his big band and has only fronted one of occasional concerts for almost 20 years. Yet the peaks far outnumber the valleys. He has gained a measure of dignity and respect enjoyed by only a handful of other jazz artists.

His private life has been a source of contentment; he has one of the longest marriages in jazz annals (27 years): he and his wife have lived in the same house in Englewood, N.J., since the early 1960s.

A member of ASCAP for the past 30 years, he has continuous sources of income both in performance credits and in royalties on the ever-growing number of recordings of his best-known compositions. "Night in Tunisia," which he wrote in 1942, is still being played every night of every year somewhere around the globe. "Groovin' High" was one of the first bop tunes to become a standard. "Manteca" was one of the seminal works with which he pioneered the Afro-Cuban movement in jazz. "Con Alma" is a stunningly beautiful example of his harmonic imagination.

You would have to go to a very remote and isolated corner of the earth to find an area where Dizzy's name is not known. His innovations have penetrated not merely throughout the five continents but through all the idioms of jazz that followed his arrival. A Gillespie phrase, a melodic twist or turn that swirled out of the tilted bell of his horn decades ago may be found today in the most improbable of places, from pop to rock.

About 10 years ago, in "The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties," I wrote, "Gillespie's role in jazz history is not fully understood nor adequately acknowledged by the younger jazz students, many of whom see him as a clown, a humorous singer and monologist whose trumpet playing sometimes seems secondary to his role as an entertainer. Though he is among those who feel that art and entertainment are compatible, and that communication with his audiences is vitally important, Gillespie remains first and foremost a musical giant."

Since then, the situation, I believe, has improved. Young ethnomusicologists in Afro-American studies departments, black and white music majors at colleges around the country and intellectuals worldwide have belatedly recognized the size and nature of his contribution. His place in the history books is assured, and he is secure in the knowledge that his name will be known, his solos marveled at, his compositions revived, his records treasured, long after today's one-day blunders have been consigned to the garbage pile of history.

As a final question, I asked him whether, in his long career, he had ever been forced to make some musical compromise for which he was sorry.

"I have one regret," he replied. "The only thing I've ever done that I really didn't want to do was a record of a song called 'You Stole My Wife, You Horse Thief.'"

The record was made in 1949. If that was the only blemish in a career that has spanned more than 40 years, John Birks Gillespie can claim a rather remarkable track record.

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ALBUMS OF THE WEEK: Among several recently released LPs featuring on various phases of Gillespie's career are "Dizzy Gillespie: Composers' Concepts" (Mercury EnAcTy EMS-2-600) and "Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Getz" (Verve VE 2-2521). More recently recorded are "Benny Carter and Dizzy Gillespie" (Pablo 231-6781) and "Ballrooms" (Pablo 262-3708). •

10/26

LAS VEGAS REVIEW

Sammy Davis Jr.—Balancing Act

BY LEONARD FEATHER

LAS VEGAS—Sammy Davis Jr., who opened last week at Caesars Palace for a two-week run, is an irresistible collection of contradictions.

He can be as hip with the rap topics, from his Jewishness to his sexuality, as he is deliberately square with such an ancient line as, "I'm going to keep on drinking to your health until I ruin my own." His speech cadences swivel to and fro between an almost Bostonian properness and down-home black talk.

It is the same with his material, which runs back and forth from the vaudevillianisms of "Mr. Bojangles" and his delightful tap-dance routine on "I Can Do That" all the way up to "Barretta's Theme" and a Stevie Wonder tribute, from the gracefully lightweight "Candy Man" to the powerful but slightly overdramatized "What Kind of Fool Am I?"

Davis, in short (if he will pardon the adjective), today as always, is not a man to be pinned down. All that remains constant is his unerring control of the audience—hardly surprising in a man who, at 51, seems to be reaching a new peak of vocal strength.

The show starts well with a rousing opener, a jazz-oriented instrumental for which George Rhodes conducts the Nat Brandywynne house band, augmented by several of his own key musicians. Davis then appears for 15 minutes of songs and chatter before turning over the stage to Kelly Smith, after whose appearance the bulk of his act is presented.

For Kealy Smith the Caesars gig is no doubt a nerve-racking occasion; she has been inactive, except for the 1974 stint, since the mid-1960s. That she avoided censure of herself is to be expected; it may take more than a few nights to restore her vocal self-confidence.

Understandable as nostalgia, if not musically, was the concept of teaming her, for all but two of her songs, with Sam Butera and the Witnesses, her old colleagues from the days when Smith rose to fame as Mrs. Louis Prima, working in the trumpeter's show.

Butera plays tenor sax in a fulsome, florid style—Early Vido Musso. (Predictably, his solo specialty was "Sorrento.") The Witnesses, a seven-piece band, are full of sound and fury, testifying to nothing.

Part of the difficulty with the Smith-Butera presentation is its 1960s lounge-act character. Even allowing for this, there were problems. The band and Smith had to stop in the middle of a tune when a modulation and tempo change were botched. The Sonny and Cher routine by Smith and Butera was feebly unfunny and may have been dropped by now. Smith sang her old hit "I Wish You Love" with her arms folded, hardly a romantic stance.

When the full orchestra replaced the Witnesses, she sang "Feelings" (dropping the "g," of course, in typically Smithsonian Southern style) before closing with an affecting ballad that at last gave evidence of her undimmed potential, a song of her own called "I Love a Man." A few more numbers and arrangements along these lines are needed to elevate her part of the show to the main room.

As for Sammy, he remains the nonpareil vocal interpreter-entertainer, with some of the best arrangements in any singer's book, splendidly backed by guitarist Tom Morell during the verse of "Birth of the Blues." Throughout his entire performance he maintains the delicate balance between Las Vegas show business and musical artistry. On a scale of 10 fingers I would rate him at least eight rings.

who are in that class?

Crosby: No. I see some great jazz musicians, but they've gone into a different, progressive—what do you call it? And I just don't quite understand too much.

Feather: Herb Ellis is a fine guitarist.

Crosby: The best, I think. There's another fellow, Joe Pass, that's very good. I saw the two of them in concert, just him and Herb. It was up in Oakland. In fact, it was a concert of eight or ten of the great guitar players. And they did a segment, and they tore it up.

Feather: Did you ever try to play guitar?

Crosby: Oh, I could play ukulele. A few chords, and that's all. I have no facility for learning anything like that.

★

Feather: Well, I think the ear is all that matters.

Crosby: I have a pretty good ear. I can feel the beat, rhythm. Geez, we had a terrible time with rhythm on a few songs last night.

Feather: I saw your daughter and young Harry in the concert last night. Can you tell me what the older boys are doing?

Crosby: They're all busy. Gary does a lot of dramatic parts. Gary keeps working. He loves to work. Philip has a nightclub act. He's just been down to Australia. He does a lot of USO tours. He's got a helluva voice. He can really sing. But he's so lazy. Can't get up in the morning. Once in a while he shakes himself out and he'll do a little tour. He's got a little money his mother left him. He just works enough to keep in action.

Dennis, he's down in Palm Springs. He's got a little electronics development he's working on. The other kid, Lindsey, he has horses he rents for westerns. He actually works in westerns once in a while. They've all got children. I've got 11 grandchildren now.

Feather: Where do you place yourself politically? You've been called a conservative by many people.

Crosby: Well, I don't have any real politics. I don't can-

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JAZZ REVIEW

10/01

Prodigal Henke Returns to Daisy

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Times Staff Writer

The Daisy has reopened. So has Mel Henke. After closing the doors on his life as an occasional jazz pianist, Henke long ago entered the lucrative worlds of film writing, TV scoring and background music for thousands of television commercials.

At the Daisy discotheque on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, Henke offers telling evidence that his skills have not deserted him. He is possessed of prodigious technique that lets him crossing stylistic borderlines and jumping decades with intriguing unpredictability.

How to describe this genuine maverick? Most easily by listing the tunes he played during the first couple of sets: "Little Rock Getaway," a stride piece of the 1930s; "Body and Soul"; a rock boogie blues called "Root Beer" (written for a commercial); "Turkey in the Straw," a straight rendition of a fugue by Dmitri Paradies, a contemporary of Bach; "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head"; a tentrock "What Is This Thing Called Love," and an intricate arrangement in 4/4 and 3/4 time of "Where or When."

Henke, talker liberal use of rubato, only occasionally bringing in his son the drummer, Rick Henke, and bassist Bean Carr.

All three are at their most valuable during the couple of numbers per set when a sound projector is turned on to show us one of Henke's short films. His experiments in slap-motion camera work resulted in the techniques that revolutionized television comedy through their use on Laugh-In.

The films, running only a few minutes each, are quirky affairs in which a pretty girl walks by a pool, her dress changing with each step; tissue lamps wiggle around, snapping at other objects on a desk, and various other inanimate artifacts play improbable tricks. Part of the sound is recorded on film, with Henke on synthesizer or keyboards, but the rest is played live, and it is both difficult and fascinating trying to figure out where one leaves off and the other begins. The films are whimsical, mildly erotic at times; the rhythmic synchronization of sound and action is amusing and ingenious.

Henke is a natural for jazz or film buffs, or simply for curiosity seekers. Whether your tastes lean to "Honky Tonk Train Blues" or to "Frantic Antics," several of his films is called, the Daisy (now serving food, by the way) positively is worth a visit. Open 8 p.m. to 1:30 a.m., dark Sundays. Henke will be on hand through Nov. 3 or later.

LIGHTHOUSE, CONCERTS BY SEA

10/28/69

Jazz Fixtures Along Coast

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Times Staff Writer

It has long been a paradox of the Southland scene that the only jazz clubs presenting nationally known groups on a regular basis are both located a half-hour's drive from downtown L.A. They are the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach, self-described "world's oldest jazz club and waterfront dive," a fixture since 1949; and Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach.

Concerts by the Sea is now going into the sixth year under the astute guidance of former bassist Howard Rumsey, who states that business generally has been good, with a policy about evenly divided between straight jazz and crossover music.

"We did our biggest business this year with Hank Crawford, the saxophonist," said Rumsey. "McCoy Tyner also pulled in big crowds. Carmen McRae always does well. I already have her booked for four dates in 1970.

"Among the younger fusion groups, Seawind is moving up fast. They'll be coming back; but we're also booking people like Harry (Sweets) Edison and Lonnie Davis, who play straight-ahead jazz. I believe there is a trend back in that direction."

Blues Singer Hobbled

The trend was not discernible Tuesday when one of the great jazz and blues singers, Esther Phillips, was hobbled by a loud, conventional rock rhythm section and wretched sound balance.

Opening night, this tepid combo, with John Simon on keyboards plus guitar, bass and a very limited drummer, killed time playing several numbers until the star arrived. When she did, it was evident there had been no sound check.

Phillips at her splendid best is an electrifying performer: on this occasion the electricity was missing literally as well as figuratively. When Simon played electric keyboard she was all but inaudible. The tempo on "Long John," her perennial blues, was so slow it seemed about to stop altogether.

Things improved later in the set with "Somewhere Along the Line," but anyone who ever heard her with the Jack Wilson Trio will know this was a lackluster and far from typical presentation of a great talent who deserves better. She is at the club through Sunday.

Keeping the Faith

The Lighthouse, where Rumsey served as talent director for many years, has been keeping the faith under the guidance of Rudy Onderwyzer, once Shelly Manne's associate in the Manne Hole. Taking a generally dimmer view of the past, present and future nightclub situation, Onderwyzer for the past year has been trying to expand with a new music room, Hop Singh's, in the Marina del Rey area, but the project has been continually delayed for financial reasons. "I can't say yet when we'll be opening," he said Tuesday during Phil Woods' opening at the Lighthouse. "Let's just say that the anticipation of getting there is half the fun."

Woods, just back after an ego-swelling Japanese tour, justified the worldwide respect he has held as a nonpareil alto saxophonist. His sound is brighter and more buoyant than ever; his solos, never lacking, are a model of conception and construction, the logical extension of a long line that goes back to Charlie Parker.

Harry Leahey is a thoughtful guitarist who brought punkish interrupts and melodic twists and turns to an unaccompanied "Nuages." The others—Mike Melillo, piano and composer; Steve Gilmore, bass, and Bill Goodwin, drums—are very competent and compatible journeymen in a well-organized group that divides its time between jazz standards (a spirited workout on Randy Weston's "Little Niles") and originals (a Monk-like piece by Melillo). This is, in fact, one of the two or three best units in the field of noncolorful, nonfusion jazz. Woods closes Sunday.

JAZZ REVIEW

Williams Breaks Unwritten Law

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Times Staff Writer

It has been said here before that Joe Williams dares to break the unwritten laws for vocal performers. He proved it again when his first show at Lenny's Room in the Playboy Club Monday did not start with a relaxed, relaxing opener, but with the soulful lyrics and easy pace of "A Hundred Years From Today," which he aptly termed an all-time ballad song.

For the most part, this was a characteristic display of Williams' formidable talents. The contemporary songs were represented by "Everything Must Change," into which he inserted a surprising horn imitation, a little out of character for him, and by "Don't Misunderstand," the touching love song from "Shaft's Big Score."

The blues, as often but far which we might all be sitting around today asking, "Who is Joe Williams?", was allotted its fair share. Williams has changed his blues style a little over the years: once in a while a line becomes a semirecitative and there are longer spoken asides. This did nothing to lessen the impact of the old Turner songs, "Roll 'em Pete" and "Every Brown Blues."

In a long performance of which "Lush Life" was the powerfully dramatic climax, there were only two wrong moments. "Stella by Starlight" seemed performance with its arbitrary alterations of the melody; he strained high notes and out-of-phase top singing.

In a felicitous oblige spirit, Williams turned over the vocal mike to his pianist, Sir Johnson, whose "Ballad of the Sad Young Men" suggested he might better leave the singing to the singers. His piano work, however, is sensitive, elliptical and unconventional.

After Johnson's number, Williams resumed the good vibes with "All Blues," to which bassist Manny Franklin and drummer Carl Burnett made valuable contributions.

The unusual summation remains unchanged: Williams, almost 25 years after Count Basie made the world aware of him, is the male singer most admired and least recorded by his peers. He will continue to entertain nightly nightly nightly through Nov. 12.

AT SANTA MONICA CIVIC

A Wild Reception for Al Jarreau

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Times Staff Writer

A roaring, ear-fracturing sound was heard late Sunday evening at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. This noise was not produced by the musicians, but by a near-riotous mixture of cheering and screaming that accompanied Al Jarreau's departure from the stage.

Al Jarreau

The wild reception was indicative of the headway Jarreau has made during the past six months on the strength of his latest and hottest album, a double-pocket set recorded live in Europe, "Look to the Rainbow." (His light man was ready Sunday with splendid rainbow effects at the appropriate moments.) Jarreau's popularity is reaching a deserved new peak; in fact, you never saw a patron that was hotter than Al.

He was not through when the stampede took place. Presumably no one in the house expected him to leave the scene without doing "Take Five" as an encore and of course the late Paul Desmond's tune was soon subjected to a typical volley of Jarreau experiments.

Though it seems to be his breakthrough hit, "Take Five" is atypical. Jarreau's most popular work consists of his own compositions, delivered in a warm though slightly nasal sound, with intermittent indications of unginmicked musical beauty, as in the high notes at the end of his own "Burst In With the Dawn."

Jarreau's stylized offerings defy categorization. Now you hear him using words; now you don't. He quacks and twangs and scats and bops, sounding at one point like a cricket in a haunted forest, then turning around and pulling a Joao Gilberto on us while his bassist, Abraham Laboriel, switches to acoustic guitar.

He has moments of laid-back finesse, as in "One Good Turn" with its fine keyboard work by Tom Canning; but more often the mood is one of intense communication and relentless energy, with Lynn Blessing's vibraphone a major factor in both backup and solo capacities, and with Joe Correro contributing enough drumming to swamp the singer's lyrics here and there (or perhaps the sound man was to blame).

Jarreau's tricky devices deflect now and then from his main function as creative artist and originator into a role as vocal stunt man. "Better Than Anything" is an ingenious song with lyrics that call for special attention; the definitive version was made by Irene Kral, she of the perfect diction. As Jarreau does it, the words are all but thrown away and before you have figured them out, he is into another series of breathing-in-rhythm choruses and boogie drum imitations.

This is the only danger: That in going for these instrumental sounds and other special effects, he may sacrifice some of his value as a brilliant interpreter of songs and as a talented composer. With discretion, he could be recognized seriously as a singer to be remembered along with the Sinatras and the Nat Coles. There is a very thin line here, and the less often he steps across it into the area of vocaleer humor, the more secure his future will be in terms of artistry rather than just entertainment.

L.A.TIMES, 11/6/77

JAZZ

Papa Breaks the Sound Barrier

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● To the youthful fans who have turned him from a jazz violinist into a pop singer and fiddler, John Creach is an old man whom they applaud just for being up there, still rocking and rolling with the youngsters in his band. To others who look beyond his sparse white hair and his lanky arthritic frame, Creach is the junior by many years of such fellow-fiddlers and Stephane Grappelli and Joe Venuti, and a product of the same generation that produced Gillespie, Herman, Mingus, and dozens of others still very active on the scene.

The "Papa" nickname is part of an image devised for him after a chain of happenstances that began in 1967 when, at the Los Angeles Musicians' Union, he met a young drummer, Joey Covington. They became friends and discussed the possibility of working together. Three years later Covington, then working with Jefferson Airplane, brought the band to hear the not-so-old man at the Parisian Room, where he had opened for a two-week stretch and stayed two and a half years.

"The whole gang with the Airplane came in," Creach recalls. "There they were with their long hair hanging down their backs, and you didn't know whether they were girls or boys, and the people were lookin' at them and laughin'. But when I dedicated my show to them, everybody wanted to know why, and who they were, so right away it was a different attitude because people in the house knew they were of some importance.

Papa John Creach

"They invited me to play with them one night in San Francisco, and before I knew it, one thing was leading to another. I found myself working for Jefferson Airplane, and for Hot Tuna, which was a spin-off group; made my own solo LP for RCA and went out with a band of my own to promote that. So I was doing three things at once. I put in a million and a half hours of flying time. My legs began to bother me with all that running around. Phlebitis. Nowadays it's easier, because I'm just doing one thing, and I'm off my feet quite a bit. My wife is really taking care of business."

Gretchen Creach, also known as "Foxy Lady" (the title of a track in Papa John's new album, "The Cat and the Fiddle," on DJM Records), is a former schoolteacher. Now road manager for the Creach band, she exerts a stabilizing influence on her husband's career. "I'm happy with her," says Papa as he sits stiff and bolt upright in an armchair, "and we're both happy with the band I have now—all young enough to be my sons." The members range from guitarist Joey Ibrahim, 21, to keyboardist Steve Haberman, 31.

Today Papa John gets more work offers than he cares to accept. The road wasn't always smooth. Born in Beaver Falls, Pa., one of 10 children, he learned to play a violin brought from Europe by an uncle. At 16, when the family moved to Chicago, he studied with members of the Chicago Symphony. In the '30s he toured with a primeval Top-40 unit called the Chocolate Music Bars, singing and playing. ("We had different colored tuxedos for every day of the week.") After a few years with R&B bands and cocktail combos from Canada to Mississippi, during which time he began playing amplified violin (a rarity in those calm acoustic days), he moved in 1940 to California and put in seven years with the Shipmates, who entertained passengers on the SS Catalina as it plowed back and forth from Los Angeles to Catalina Island.

Papa John's alternating between jazz and straight melodic schmaltz at the Parisian Room until the Airplane flew him into a whole new world. He had relatively little trouble adjusting his style from the blues and "Sweet Georgia Brown" to contemporary rock 'n' roll. In fact, he has written several pieces in his adoptive idiom, such as "Plunk a Little Funk" and "Skying Jet Rock."

"It was a little difficult," he concedes, "getting back to doing vocals, even though I'd had a lot of singing experiences in the old days. And I had been playing for audiences that were 95% black, now suddenly I was facing crowds that were 95% white, and very young. But lately I've noticed that young black people recognize me in airports.

"The entire audience is gradually broadening out. Kids bring their parents, who like to see an old man like me jumping up and down, and the older people enjoy it when I play one of my solo specialties like 'Danny Boy' or 'Over the Rainbow.' I no longer feel that I'm caught in a generation gap."

The profitable but excessively hectic relationship with the Airplane/Starship people ended a couple of years ago when Creach signed with a new management, office and organized a permanent group of his own. "I'm really trying to get back to playing some pretty decent music," he says. "I still want to play some good jazz. I like a little tasty touch of Latin music too. I was going around for so long with those guys beating on tubs, and damaging my ears with their amplifiers. I'd like to influence the young people, and judging by those very moving ovations they give me, I'm in a position to do so." ●

Sat. Nov. 5

JAZZ REVIEW

Drummer Bellson in a Rare Context

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

The phrase "Louis Bellson Explosion" has long been used to refer to the drummer's big band. "Implosion" might have been a better word for his current week at the Hong Kong Bar, where he is heading up an informal quintet.

Since Bellson is almost never heard locally in any setting other than a large orchestra, the chance to catch him in that context is rare and welcome. Unlike many big band drummers, he exercises enough restraint to fit into the reduced format as part of an admirably propulsive rhythm section, with Ross Tompkins at the piano and John B. Williams on bass.

Blue Mitchell's opener, "True Blue," captured the busy-and-blues groove of the Horace Silver Quintet, in which the trumpeter played for several years. Mitchell switched from trumpet to flugelhorn for "Javia," played partly as bossa nova and partly as home brew jazz, with Bellson displaying his still unsurpassed mastery of the two bass drums.

A ballad medley was commendable for its choice of material, even though the unfamiliarity of the songs led too many listeners to start a distracting conversational counterpoint. Tompkins brought harmonic lushness to the durable "Everytime We Say Goodbye," Mitchell evoked the spirit of the late Clifford Brown in "I Remember Clifford" and Pete Christlieb, his tenor sax somewhat more subdued than usual, offered a Bill Sloan tune, "With You in Mind."

A jaunty new calypso just written for Bellson by Dizzy Gillespie, a blues by Joe Henderson and the old Miles Davis line "Dig" (the 1948 variation on "Sweet Georgia Brown") rounded out this polished, unpretentious set.

The Hong Kong Bar would be well advised to bring in the full Bellson band with all deliberate speed. Meanwhile, among other things, the incomparable guitarist Joe Pass will monopolize the bandstand next week.

9/8

JAZZ REVIEW

McPartland—Call It East Side Jazz

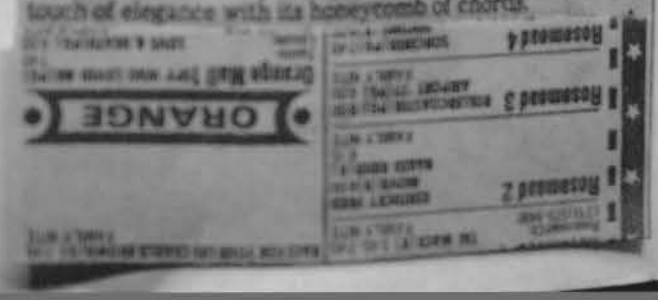
BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

NEW YORK—No musicologist has ever isolated a new specimen and identified it as East Side Jazz, but if such a strain existed it could be said to enjoy its finest distillation in the piano stylings of Marian McPartland.

One of her compositions, "A Delicate Balance," just about sums up her achievement in combining a gentility appropriate to the chic Bemelmans Bar, in the Carlyle Hotel on Madison Ave., where she is a regular incumbent, with the harmonic ingenuity and rhythmic elan that keep her firmly within the jazz orbit.

The McPartland fondness for Ellingtonia recalls the years when, throughout her decade-long residency at the Hickory House, the Duke was a regular visitor and admirer. Friday evening her first set included a poignant remembrance of Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life" as well as a blistering, upbeat "Cotton Tail" and for her closing theme "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," with its insinuating blues riffs against a funky bass line.

McPartland, who has quietly been conducting a campaign to stress the role of women musicians (she has been helping line up talent for the first Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City next March), played her part on this occasion by revitalizing "Close Your Eyes," a 1933 melody by Bernice Petkere. Even when an ad-lib blues was under way, she included a quotation from Mary Lou Williams' "What's Your Story Morning Glory." Her own composition, the harmonically oblique "Ambiance," lent an extra touch of elegance with its honeycomb of chords.



LOS ANGELES TIMES

THE BOOK REVIEW

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1977

A chorus line decorates the Cotton Club, a Harlem boite that gave New York City's socialites what they wanted: pseudo-Africana.

Cotton comes to Harlem: the club that made social history

by LEONARD FEATHER

The Cotton Club by Jim Haskins (Random House: $15 hardcover; $7.95, paperback)

"Quitting the Cotton Club was not easy . . . On Lena Horne's last night at the club, her mother and stepfather confronted the club bosses, who were furious . . . they beat up her stepfather, pushed his head down a toilet bowl and then threw him out."

Quoted by Jim Haskins and previously recounted in Lena Horne's autobiography, the incident reflects as well as any in this enlightening social history the brutally oppressive situations into which black performers were flung when they became tools, profitable tools, of the gang-controlled underworld of Harlem.

"Harlem, and the Negro," Haskins observes, "seemed to embody the primitive and thrilling qualities sought by both intellectuals and socialites. To the intelligentsia, innocence was still alive in America in the Negro . . . To the socialites . . . the exotic jungle rhythms gave intimations of sensuality beyond the wildest fantasies of . . . proper New York society."

The Cotton Club came about because white New York needed this seeming reassurance of what black America was all about; because the former boxing champion Jack Johnson was having trouble operating the Club de Luxe at 142nd and Lenox, and because Owney Madden's gang was looking for just such a location as a local outlet for its bootleg beer.

Madden himself wasn't around to negotiate; he was serving time on a 1914 manslaughter conviction. "He possessed great cunning and was capable of extreme cruelty . . . was willing to kill anyone who stood in his way . . . the police had attributed four other murders to him personally and several more to his henchmen." This was the cultural messenger who, months after he was paroled from Sing Sing in 1923, staged the grand opening of the Cotton Club.

The songwriters (mostly white in the early years), the singers and dancers, the orchestras (Duke Ellington caught the golden ring, in the form of radio remotes from the club, in the late 1920s), all gave the public what it wanted: pseudo-Africana. There was no danger of trouble with the cops, who were bribed regularly;

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Nuts for poet who's lost his teeth

Continued from Page 1

...ance of the Plantation Club, another Harlem room that threatened to draw business away from the Cotton Club was so thoroughly vandalized it never reopened.

The Cotton Club was the home of the elaborate revues; it was also the scene of a big celebration when George (Big Frenchy) DeMange, a Madden henchmen, was released after being held for ransom by Vincent (Mad Dog) Coll.

It was once said of the mob that they only killed each other; but as innocent bystanders got in the way of stray bullets and were killed or injured, attendance at Harlem clubs waned. Besides, says Haskins, white socialites were looking for new fads, the Harlem renaissance was over and the Depression had led to growing underworld violence and smoldering antiwhite resentment uptown. The Harlem Cotton Club closed early in 1936; that fall, the club reopened downtown, at 48th and Broadway, where it lasted three and a half years. Madden was no longer involved; he had voluntarily reentered Sing Sing, was released in 1933 and went into seclusion and retirement in Hot Springs, Ark.

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Haskins' book is more valuable as social history than for musical or show-biz nostalgia; most of the material concerning the shows themselves has been dealt with more fully in the biographies of Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Duke Ellington and others. Haskins is not at his best dealing with personalities: he refers to a Duke Ellington trumpeter named "Freddie Guy" (no such trumpeter, though Ellington had a guitarist named Fred Guy). He informs us that "Harold Arlen is dead, but his life and career were long and successful." This should come as intriguing news to Mr. Arlen, who will be able to pull a Mark Twain denial.

The Cotton Club must be credited with furnishing a stage for some memorable entertainment and even great artistry. It is a measure of progress made since the 1930s that some blacks now run their own clubs, control their own business affairs and are much freer to avoid being manipulated. And, thank God, Owney Madden is long gone and Lena Horne survives.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

Club that made social history

Continued from First Page

however, did what federal officers had failed to succeed at one point in padlocking the room for three months.

Competition was swiftly dealt with. One Barron Wilkins, who had complained about the quality of the bootleg liquor he had bought from the mob, was stabbed in front of his Exclusive Club; another Harlem room that threatened to draw business away from the Cotton Club was so thoroughly vandalized it never reopened.

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To survive the obscenities visited on them by the mob, black entertainers either had to endure insulting indignity and resilience (Duke Ellington), or to toe the line with the kind of subservience Bill (Bojangles) Robinson used in catering to whites. (A little more research would have informed Haskins that Robinson, though "beloved" by whites, was heartily resented by some blacks.)

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REUNION OF GREATS

Jazz Lullaby for Birdland

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

NEW YORK—It was an all too brief, subliminal flashback to the days when Birdland called itself the Jazz Corner of the World. The club they named for Charlie Parker is long gone; the premises now house a Spanish discotheque. But for just one evening last week the sign outside once again read Birdland.

Walking down that treacherously steep stairway into the basement at 1678 Broadway, near the corner of 52nd St., you see on either wall the blowups of photos taken at the club: a callow Miles Davis, a baby-faced Stan Getz, a wiry, clean-shaven Gerry Mulligan. At the bottom of the stairs you are welcomed by Pee Wee Marquette, at 3 feet 9 still the world's smallest giant of jazz. Pee Wee does his regular greeting nowadays at a nearby Hawaiian restaurant, which loaned him out for this evening.

Inside the room, you find logistical changes: the bleachers area, where you could sit clear through until 4 a.m. without paying anything but a door charge, is occupied by a long bar. The bandstand now is at the near rather than the far end of the room. Bassist Percy Heath remarks, on negotiating the worn-out steps: "They haven't changed the carpets since we worked here."

Named after Charlie Parker, who often played the room until his luck and his life ran out, Birdland flourished from 1949 as the home of bop and every other brand of modern jazz; it faltered a few years after Bird's death in 1955 and folded permanently in 1964. Our recollections, colored by the glamor of the music, tend to obliterate the club's physical limitations; today it seems tackier than ever. "It doesn't look like Birdland," says pianist Dick Katz, "but it sure sounds like Birdland."

Indeed it does, with Symphony Sid Torin, the early bebop champion who for five years ran his disc jockey show from Birdland, brought in from Florida to mastermind the ceremonies, and with such virile bop champions as Dexter Gordon on tenor sax and Slide Hampton on trombone to remind us how stubbornly their music has defied the winds of time.

Symphony Sid, whose program, he reminds us, was conducted from "a booth over there by the toilet," looks a little more weatherbeaten now in his beard and his blue yachting cap. "I was on a station in Miami," he says, "but last year they went Top 40 and that was the end of that. Now I spend my time on the Keys, fishing with my son—he's the captain of a fishing boat."

In the same cavernous voice that kept us New Yorkers *au courant* nightly with the events of the bop years, Sid takes to the microphone to introduce Bruce Lundvall, president of CBS Records. The pretext for this whole convocation is Columbia's "Contemporary Masters" series—seven albums of previously unreleased bebop material by Charlie Parker (mostly recorded off the air from Birdland), Lester Young, Miles Davis, Tadd Dameron and Gerry Mulligan. Bob Altshuler, public affairs vice president of CBS, who dreamed up the idea, had no trouble selling it to Lundvall, a jazz fan and onetime Birdland habitue.

Lundvall is not your everyday big corporation president. He tells his audience that over the decades Columbia recorded many great entertainers, also some great artists, but he acknowledges that there is a difference, and concedes that a certain period of jazz history was neglected by the company, for which de-

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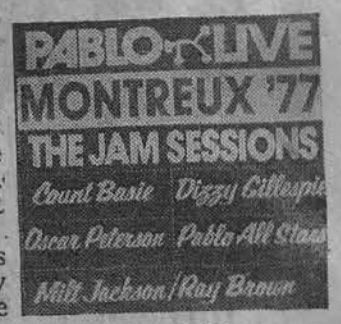
Los Angeles Times
VIEW
JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PART I B
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1977

LP Jazz: The Cornucopia Cometh

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

Producing a pop or jazz album in recent years has become a project the time consumption of which grows ever closer to that involved in the building of the pyramids. A couple of months to a year or more may be involved in the completion of just one LP.

None of that nonsense for Norman Granz, the tall Billy Rose of jazz. Recently he completed 16 albums for his Pablo Live label in exactly two evenings. Not a single hour of editing was needed. It happened at Montreux last summer.



New Pablo Live release

The first seven products of this endeavor (actually five singles and one double album) have just been released. It is just as well that the remainder won't be out for a few weeks, since dealing with them all at once would reduce any review to the level of a telephone directory.

The singles are listed at $7.98. The double, which contains additional tracks by each of the five groups heard in the other albums, goes for $11.98 and is your best bet. Entitled "Montreux '77: The Jam Sessions," it is on Pablo Live 2620-105.

There was a certain amount of overlapping when Granz took over two evenings of this jazz festival in Switzerland. The pianist is always either Oscar Peterson or Monty Alexander, except for one session headed by Count Basie. The drummer is Bobby Durham or Jimmy Smith, the bass work is split between Ray Brown and the Danish Niels Pedersen. Milt Jackson is heard in three of the five groups, Dizzy Gillespie in two, Clark Terry in three.

What kind of musical colossus was created during this marathon? Essentially the same kind Granz was organizing when he started recording concerts 33 years ago; in fact, the albums could as well have been called "Jazz at the Philharmonic, Vols. 994 through 999." The coinage is that of the swing/mainstream and bebop eras, which by now have merged to become common improvisational denominators for most jazz musicians.

What is least impressive is the material. It is fine to keep playing variations of the blues, of "I Got Rhythm" and so forth but additionally some imagination could be exercised in the selection, for relief and contrast, of newer and fresher bases for jamming. How many more times can you listen to "Mack the Knife," even when Peterson and Gillespie and Terry are blowing?

What is most impressive is the consistent level of musicianship and the absence of any generation gap. Here are men in their 20s (trumpeter Jon Faddis), 30s (Alexander, Smith, Pedersen), 40s (Joe Pass), 50s (Zoot Sims, Al Grey, Jackson, Terry), 60s (Roy Eldridge, Benny Carter) and 70s (Basie, Vic Dickenson) finding common ground in performances for which the flesh (aka chops) can keep pace with the spirit.

The two-pocket set finds Oscar Peterson leading a sextet through an unusually slow-tempoed "Perdido"; Niels Pedersen showing incredible fluency on the otherwise boring "Knife"; Jackson and Brown, with Terry and Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis featured, on Monty Alexander's "That's the Way It Is" and a blues; Gillespie and Faddis locking horns in the funky blues "Here 'Tis"; Basie taking such guests as Zoot Sims, Carter, Dickenson and Grey on a conducted tour of yet another blues, "Freeport Jump," and the Pablo All Stars (Jackson, Terry, Pass, Peterson, Pedersen, Durham and the British tenor saxophonist Ronnie Scott) in the venerable Charlie Parker tune "Donna Lee."

If one or two tracks by each of these groups whets your appetite, try "Milt Jackson/Ray Brown Jam" (Pablo Live 2308-205), which should have been called "Brown Bags Jazz"; or "Oscar Peterson Jam" (208), with bravura assertions by Gillespie and Terry on "Things Ain't What They Used to Be"; or "Count Basie Jam" (209), with Roy Eldridge playing and singing the old Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson blues "Kidney Stew"; or "Pablo All Stars Live" (210), with Ronnie Scott and Joe Pass leading the way; or "Dizzy Gillespie Jam" (211).

Norman Granz, in his notes for 211, points out that "Jon Faddis loves Dizzy's playing so much that for some it might be hard to tell them apart." So why doesn't he make it easier and more interesting for neophyte listeners by telling them who plays what on which? (To these ears it sounds as though Gillespie handles the muted horn and Faddis the open solo in the ballad medley, but even critics can be wrong.) The same problem arises during these numbers on which the trombones of Al Grey and Vic Dickenson are both heard.

How these albums affect you, and how many are worth the investment, depends less on their intrinsic merit (peerless talent is involved throughout) than on your age, your broadmindedness, how many albums of exactly the same kind are already in your collection and how readily you can relate to a musical genre that is in many respects formidable but to some may seem unfashionable.

Coming up shortly are albums produced during the same two nights headlining Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Carter, Ray Bryant, Tommy Flanagan and several others. In the words of the ancient sage Darryl B. Morticome, you ain't heard nothin' yet.

Dexter Gordon at Concerts by the Sea

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

In recent months Dexter Gordon, though still nominally a Copenhagen-based expatriate, has enjoyed a series of homecoming parties the likes of which he had not experienced since his move overseas in 1962.

After several triumphant concert and festival appearances in the East, the veteran tenor saxophonist has brought his horn and his powerful 6-foot-6 presence to his native Los Angeles for an appearance at Concerts by the Sea, where he opened Tuesday.

The most rare and striking aspect of the Gordon renaissance is his ability to cast a spell on his audience without the slightest crossover concessions. The music that just earned him a quantum jump from 15th to first place in this year's Down Beat readers' poll is essentially the same surging, soulful jazz, sans electronics, that brought him to prominence a generation ago with Billy Eckstine.

His expansive upper register is at its most potent in such moderato numbers as "Secret Love," which took up the first 20 minutes in a 65-minute, three-tune set. He is no less a master of ballads, as "Old Folks" illustrated. The blues, always a frequent point of departure for him, has remained firmly ingrained; his 19 choruses of unflagging invention on "Red Top" offered eloquent evidence.

In a sense, Gordon is competing with the airplay image of his new album, in which he is at the helm of an 11-piece orchestra with colorful arrangements. Nevertheless, the quartet provides a more-than-adequate setting.

The sidemen, in ascending order of the value of their contributions, are Eddie Gladden on drums, Rufus Reid on upright bass, and the creative and technically brilliant George Cables on piano. During "Old Folks" Cables contributed a masterful unaccompanied chorus followed by a no less mature and compelling solo with bass and drums.

The Dexter Gordon quartet offers honest, pulsating music that dares never to compromise. As much a giant musically as physically, Dexter's there through Sunday.

11/28

JAZZ REVIEW

Akiyoshi Band at King Arthur's

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

In a departure from what has generally been a nostalgic swing era policy, King Arthur's in Canoga Park Friday brought in the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin big band.

Their library of original compositions by Ms. Akiyoshi is more demanding than reruns of Glenn Miller or Count Basie charts; possibly with that in mind, the leaders opened with a blues, "Tuning Up," and an "I Got Rhythm" variant, "Strive for Jive." Neither was much more than a loose framework for strings of solos.

The third number rectified this simplistic impression. "Sumie" was a true reflection of Akiyoshi's orchestrational ingenuity, of the blending of Eastern and Western cultures and of the central role played by Tabackin on flute. Akiyoshi's piano, despite an atrocious instrument, accented the stately minor mood.

The band has acquired a potent new asset in bassist John Heard, the "four-walker." The sax section, for which Akiyoshi writes with uncommon skill, is also strong in solo power, notably the rugged Tabackin on tenor, Dick Spencer's piquant alto and Bill Byrne, whose baritone lent both body and soul to "Transience."

With all five reed players doubling on various other horns, there were such delights as the piccolo-led segment in "March of the Tadpoles," a wildly convoluted line on the harmonic basis of "All the Things You Are."

The trumpets and trombones contribute spiritedly to what has become, as was Duke Ellington's, an entire band of soloists. There is another parallel with Ellington: Akiyoshi prefers to treat the orchestra, rather than the piano, as her main instrument. She plays it with such textural variety, and her sidemen are so well attuned to her demands, that this has become arguably the best big jazz ensemble now functioning.

Jazz

Happy Times: Vocalist Helen Humes, above, shows her vocal strength at the one-night Birdland reunion. Left, trombonist Slide Hampton, who recently moved back to New York after several years living in Berlin, and tenorman Dexter Gordon, who still calls Copenhagen home, jam during the celebration. CBS taped the proceedings, but there are no plans for a commercial recording.

JAZZ GIANT—Pee Wee Marquette, world's smallest giant of jazz, left, with Dexter Gordon at Birdland reunion in New York this month.

CBS Lights Up N.Y.'s Birdland

Famed Jazz Club One-Night Site Of Marketing Kickoff

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Further evidence of the marketing power CBS Records plans to put behind its growing output of jazz releases was the unique party held here Nov. 3 on the site of the original Birdland to celebrate the release of Columbia's "Contemporary Masters" series.

Three of the seven LPs involved were partially or wholly taped off the air from the once powerful nightclub.

Dreamed up by Bob Altshuler of CBS and approved by president Bruce Lundvall, the evening was staged on the same premises on Broadway between 52nd and 53rd Sts. where jazz flourished from December 1949 until the club folded in 1964.

It has been through several changes since then and presently is a Latin disco, the Casa Blanca. The canopy sign was changed to read Birdland for the evening. Birdland's one-night resuscitation drew wide television and print coverage.

Nonetheless the actual leaders represented [illegible] artists was present. Charlie Parker and Lester Young died in the 1950s, Fats Navarro in 1965. Miles Davis has been sidelined by illness for 2½ years. Gerry Mulligan, an album of whose arrangements is included in the set, was expected but did not show.

The performers who did appear, either to play or just to greet one another and reminisce with fellow artists and music business friends, were numerous enough to make for an evening of heady nostalgia.

Kicking off the show on the bandstand was CBS' own Dexter Gordon, with a group featuring Slide Hampton, Woody Shaw, George Cables, Rufus Reid and veteran drummer Kenny "Klook" Clarke.

On his way back to France after giving a seminar at the Univ. of Pittsburgh, Clarke, an expatriate since 1956, enjoyed one of the biggest hands of the evening when Gordon introduced him.

Helen Humes, absent from the scene for many years before returning via a CBS album last year, took the room by storm with her powerful blues singing, backed by tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate (a colleague when she sang in the Basie band 37 years ago) and pianist Barry Harris.

Harris later struck an appropriate note with the evening's only rendition of George Shearing's "Lullaby Of Birdland," a song commissioned by the club in 1952 and a jazz standard ever since.

Old-line beboppers such as the muscular baritone sax man Cecil Payne offered reminders of the club's original significance (it was named for Charlie "Bird" Parker) by playing such Parker standards as "Billie's Bounce" and "Now's The Time." A song once recorded by Parker with a vocal by Earl Coleman, "This Is Always," was performed by Coleman himself.

Symphony Sid Torin, who for years operated a disk jockey and interview show out of a booth at Birdland, flew in from Florida to take part in the ceremonies. Once the only New York deejay to propagandize for the then radical bop jazz of the '40s and '50s, Torin most recently had a program on a Miami station, but went off the air when the station went Top 40 in 1976 and has been inactive since then.

(Torin is heard in an interview with Parker on one of the CBS releases, "Bird With Strings.") Bob Garrity, long Torin's associate deejay, also dropped by.

Pee Wee Marquette, the diminutive greeter who served as emcee at Birdland during the halcyon years.

(Continued on page 90)

BIRDLAND

Continued from Second Page

of us recall the traumatic evening when, after a quarrel, he walked out on his band, went home and attempted suicide. Not long after, he was briefly barred from entering the club that bore his name.

The Jazz Corner of the World came alive again for only four hours, but as musicians and press and TV cameras began to leave, a rumor spread around the floors. The operators of the Spanish disco liked what they had seen and heard and would consider reviving Birdland on an every-Monday-evening basis if CBS could lend a helping hand.

Will it happen? Only time, and Bruce Lundvall, will tell. Even if Birdland Revisited turns out to have been a one-time affair, it left an inescapable conclusion. Bop, a music once reviled as dissonant and chaotic, an idiom whose innovations were opposed by the critics and despised by the public during the years before Birdland provided them with a haven, has begun to experience a resurgence that matches the renaissance now being enjoyed by jazz in general.

Perhaps Dexter Gordon, who moved to Copenhagen around the time Birdland closed, and Klook and all the others who found the going easier overseas, will finally discover that the time has arrived when they can afford to come back home for good.

Nostalgic Birdland Bash

• Continued from page 64

was borrowed from a nearby Hawaiian restaurant to take part in the reunion.

Musicians who packed the basement room and posed for publicity pix included Gil Evans, Don Elliott, Dick Hyman, Horace Silver, Billy Taylor, Walter Bishop Jr., Jimmy Rowles, Buck Clayton, Dick Katz, Percy Heath, Jimmy Heath, Helen Merrill, Ted Curson, Remo Palmier, George Wallington, Henri Renaud, George Wein and Randy Weston.

Impressed with the music and the enthusiastic response, Casa Blanca operators told Lundvall they would consider holding a Birdland night every Monday if a tie-in with CBS could be arranged. Lundvall indicated interest.

With New York now by far the busiest city in the world in terms of jazz club activity, it would seem likely and logical that Birdland, long the most influential room of all, should once again become a part of the scene. Altshuler's brainstorm, in any event, proved decisively that as long as men of the caliber of Dexter Gordon et al are still around, you can indeed go home again.

THEMES LIKE OLD TIMES—The sign read Birdland once more and many who used to jam there came by to remember. From left, Kenny Clarke, Symphony Sid, Helen Merrill, Eustis Guillemet, Ted Curson, Pee Wee Marquette, Dexter Gordon, Bruce Lundvall, Percy Heath, Woody Shaw and Gil Evans.

A Jazz Lullaby for Birdland

Continued from First Page

reliction these newly released tapes will try to compensate.

The party began at 7. By 9, with Dexter and his men blowing Parker's "Billie's Bounce," the club is awash with memories, the buzz of old friends catching up on one another.

To a question concerning his whereabouts over the last 20 years, pianist George Wallington, who played in Dizzy's very first combo, tells us he has spent all that time in his family's air conditioning business. He has put on weight and wears a formal suit and vest.

Kai Winding, the trombonist who paired off with J.J. Johnson for many Birdland nights, says he has remarried and moved to Spain, to the Costa del Sol, but will visit the United States a couple of times a year. Don Elliott, who played vibes here with George Shearing in 1951, is a wealthy man who runs his own jingle business; but he proves the jazz is not out of his system by sitting in tonight, playing his mellophone.

Helen Humes, who came in from the cold with the help of a CBS LP last year, elevates our spirits with a lusty blues, backed by Buddy Tate, who worked with her in the 1941 Basie band. Earl Coleman, who sang "This Is Always" on a Parker record date, repeats it this evening in his early Eckstine baritone.

Most of the musicians are too busy reminiscing to join in the action, but they gather on the bandstand for a class reunion picture. The names are a pantheon of '50s and early '60s jazz: Kenny (Klook) Clarke, the drummer, who will return the next day to his home in France; singer Helen Merrill; pianist Dick Hyman (who worked here the night Birdland opened in December, 1949), Randy Weston' Al Haig, Jimmy Rowles, Horace Silver, Walter Bishop Jr., Billy Taylor, Barry Harris; and Ted Curson, Woody Shaw, Buck Clayton, Mel Lewis, Jo Jones, Remo Palmier, Jimmy and Percy Heath.

Younger recruits to the cause show their familiarity with Dizzy's "Night in Tunisia"; baritone sax veteran Cecil Payne offers a virile reexamination of Parker's "Now's the Time." Bird is never far from anyone's mind tonight. Some

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JAZZ GIANT—Pee Wee Marquette, world's smallest giant of jazz, left, with Dexter Gordon at Birdland reunion in New York this month.

BIRDLAND

Continued from Second Page

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JAZZ

11/13/77

Donte's Feeling the 11-Year Itch

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● When Donte's celebrated its 11th anniversary last month, it was appropriate that owner Carey Leverette brought in for the evening's attraction someone who knows better than any other musician just what dues are paid in running a nightclub: Shelly Manne, whose Manne Hole ran for over after 13 years. Shelly doesn't run a nightclub any more; the dual life of businessman and musician are inevitably in conflict.

Leverette, not a musician but a former choreographer and long-time jazz enthusiast, became sole owner when his partners, Sunny and Bill McKay, sold out their Donte's interest two years ago. With the departure of Sunny, an Iranian, out went the Persian cuisine and the Persian New Year celebrations. A few months ago Leverette hired an Italian chef, who is gradually reestablishing the fact that dining well and listening to good jazz are not mutually exclusive.

Donte's began modestly with pianist Hampton Hawes and bassist Red Mitchell at a piano bar. Today the North Hollywood night spot is one of the best-known jazz clubs in the world. Its changing-of-the-guard policy (as many as 15 different groups work the room in a typical month) has been imitated by several nearby clubs, all but one of which have folded.

Everything must change. "On a strictly survival basis," says the bearded Leverette, "we're now more into crossover sounds and less into the old bebop. Donte's used to be a lot of fun—well, I'm not saying it isn't still—but you have to be doing something different all the time."

Something different and economically feasible, he might have added, patting his T-shirt with its inscription "We Only Pay Scale." Scale these days is $30 per man per night, $45 for the leader—about double the price of the early days. As a result, the Sunday and Wednesday big band nights have gone by the board; in fact, for the past few months the room has been closed on Sundays.

●

Donte's marked the point of departure for such budding talents as Joe Pass, once a virtual house guitarist but now out of Leverette's financial reach; Glen Campbell, who played one of the early Monday Guitar Nights just before he leapt into home-screen prominence; Toshiko Akiyoshi, who put together a big band just for a one-night stand in 1968; and Tom Scott, barely out of his teens when he began gigging here, also in 1968.

Leverette fondly remembers the month of March, 1969: "For six nights during that month, we had George Duke *and* Jean-Luc Ponty, together! Can you imagine what that would cost today?"

The trend toward crossover combos has been both cause and effect of a younger median customer age. "Possibly fewer musicians hang out here than before, or maybe they're just fussier about who's playing. The jazz/rock guitarists, Larry Carlton and Robben Ford, gave us some of our biggest nights of the past year, packing the room with young people; but when Zoot Sims worked a few nights here en route to Japan, the club was equally jammed with an older crowd, including dozens of musicians." For the Sims-caliber names, scale is not enough: a door charge of up to $5 is imposed to make them bookable.

Japan has played a significant role in the survival of Donte's. Musicians can amortize their transportation by playing the North Hollywood club on their way to or from a Japanese tour. Visiting jazz fans who have read about the club endlessly in the Japanese "Swing Journal" can be found here almost any night. So can jazz promoters from Nippon, for whom the room has become a sort of trading post. Leverette boasts: "Supersax got a Japanese tour right out of this room: so did Larry Carlton."

Some musicians claim to be disillusioned with Donte's, usually because of disagreements about money; a few have sworn they will never work there again, but most have returned.

"Some of the fellows acknowledge the exposure Donte's gave them when they needed it," says Leverette. "When Chuck Mangione played the Universal Amphitheater, just down the street from here, he gave us a beautiful plug both nights, thanking us for helping him when he was on the way up.

"Last spring, we had hoped to arrange a reunion of Hampton Hawes and Red Mitchell. When Hamp died, we were left without an attraction; I called Freddie Hubbard, and on two hours' notice he came in and worked without even asking about money—and I had never really done anything for Freddie; he already had it made before he ever played here.

"Tom Scott, who was frantically busy writing music for TV, came in for us last year during another emergency. Sure, there were some musicians we called up to say 'How about making it for our anniversary?' and they turned us down; but they're in the minority."

Carey Leverette, owner of Donte's.
Photo by Bonnie Tiegel

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As if he hasn't enough problems, Leverette celebrates each anniversary by talking local disc jockeys and journalists into working as volunteer waiters. (Not having spilled a single cup of coffee this time around, I hope to be invited back in 1978.)

Donte's has been accused of playing it safe with establishment music and musicians, of using very little in the way of innovative or avant-garde jazz. This is strictly a matter of pragmatism, since the more advanced idioms generally have little appeal for the typical patron.

The evenings recalled with the greatest pleasure are the visits with big bands, particularly those of Count Basie and Louie Bellson; the one memorable night when the Ellington orchestra played, a few months after Duke's death; and the Monday guitar nights initiated by the late Jack Marshall, especially those in which Joe Pass and Herb Ellis took part.

The club has become a minor legend in the annals of jazz—an impressive accomplishment for a small room in a neighborhood once dominated by used car lots. It seems safe to presume that as long as jazz prevails and the intimacy of a club of this kind is needed, the first question asked by musicians and fans on arrival in Los Angeles from New York, Tokyo, or Berlin will be "Can you tell me the way to Donte's?"

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ALBUM OF THE WEEK: A.R.C. Chick Corea. ECM-1-1009. Energy, freedom and discipline merge in this belated release of a '71 session. Corea's "Ballad for Tillie," co-written with his bassist David Holland, is contemporary classical music rather than jazz. "Vedana" begins lyrically, building to a predictable peak of intensity, with subtle percussion accents by Barry Altschul. There are some attempts to strive for effect, but if this trio bordered on pretention, it was saved by invention. ●

Roach Quartet at the Lighthouse

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

Max Roach kicked off his performance Tuesday evening at the Lighthouse with an extended work called "It's Time." Thematically, like most of the pieces served up by his quartet, it was a brief, sketchy point of departure for a lengthy series of solos. It was remarkable, however, in two respects: The tempo was a few notches beyond greased lightning, and Roach's drumming dealt fearlessly with the self-challenge.

Complex interweaving of bass drum, snare and cymbal accents, all in the same demanding 4/4 time at close to 90 bars a minute, turn the number into a virtual drum lesson. Others, particularly those admired by the rock fraternity, have enjoyed more publicity than Roach in recent years and rank higher in the polls, yet the experience of watching him on the job and hearing his incredible control would be, in effect, a lesson for any drummer on today's scene. One solo, for which the sticks danced on the hi-hat cymbal, produced tones the like of which I have never before heard. His mastery was conspicuous also in an unaccompanied solo, played in 5/4 time.

Bassist Calvin Hill, new to the group since its last visit to town, is an excellent times keeper and an intelligent soloist who never overreached himself. This could not be said of the tenor sax of Billy Harper, a tremendously vital and busy musician. Vitality per se is not enough. His unedited excursions with their endless, intricate lines lacked the restraint, swing and humor that marked the work of Sonny Rollins, an early predecessor in the Roach ranks.

Cecil Bridgewater's long trumpet solo, with a plunger mute, on "Six Bits Blues" (not really a blues), was more a parody than an impression of Cootie Williams. He, too, suffers by comparison with a precursor, the late Clifford Brown. In fact, the group as a whole is no match for the historic Roach/Brown combo that gave us such durable works as "Joy Spring," "Daahoud" and "Jordu."

The originals played by the present group are little more than throwaways, and the one standard offered, "Round Midnight," delivered in double time, barely resembled the original in this heavily disguised interpretation.

Roach closes Sunday.

HALF CENTURY IN FIELD

THE DENVER POST Thurs., Nov. 10, 1977

Jazz-Hound Feather Brings CSU Music

By ARLYNN NELLHAUS
Denver Post Staff Writer

He looks as if he could be a choreographer—or perhaps an orchestra conductor. But Leonard Feather, trim, elegant and with a subdued, refined manner, is a jazz hound.

He has spent more than 50 years in that art form as historian, lexicographer, performer, composer, record producer, writer and critic.

In his field, he had to come up through the traditional classroom of smoke-filled, often obscure nightclubs and spend usual sleeping hours talking with a jazzman about his music.

WITH FILMS AND recordings, Feather brought some of the high points of his half-century involvement with jazz to Colorado State University Wednesday for a program called "The Sight and Sound of Jazz." It was the third show in the university's series, "And All That Jazz."

Feather, who has developed a taste for jazz as a teen-ager in his native London, spent a few minutes at Denver's Stapleton International Airport before leaving for Fort Collins Wednesday. He talked about some of the changes that have affected jazz recently.

First of all, he said, "there is the problem of defining jazz these days. Jazz originally was music involving a strong element of improvisation, a strong element of swing—but there's another question—what is swing?—and 4-4 time.

"BUT NO LONGER. All the rules we used to apply no longer count. But that's what it was when I was coming up.

"There's a good deal of music that's borderline between jazz and classical. Anthony Braxton's, for instance. It's hard to define, but I don't underestimate Braxton's contribution."

Of the electronic revolution, he said, "At first electronics were abused. Now there are some people who use them intelligently." He puts Weather Report and George Duke in that category.

Of musicians just establishing themselves, he is, surprisingly, enthusiastic about young pianist Patrice Rushen. Her recordings, which are prolific when her solo albums are combined with her backup work, are in the jazz rock vein. "But she knows how to play the other," Feather said.

HE ALSO LIKES THE Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin big band. He thinks Akiyoshi's composing talents are immense, and he relishes telling the story of how the first publicity about the band said Akiyoshi's husband, Tabackin, was the composer.

"An example of male chauvinism," Feather smiled as gently as he spoke.

Another group he singled out is Matrix, the nine-piece group that was a daily feature at the Telluride Jazz Festival last summer. "It's the most interesting of its kind," the critic said.

But Feather's heart really belongs to straight-ahead jazz. He noted with pleasure that after Herbie Hancock went funky, he organized VSOP, a successful quintet which was more in the straight-ahead fold.

"On the strength of his popularity, Hancock's new group brought in the people, and they accepted this music as eagerly as they accepted his funk," the Los Angeles Times jazz writer said.

WHAT FEATHER doesn't like is commercialism. In a recent Los Angeles Times interview with Donald Byrd, he quoted the trumpet player as saying, "That which sells is best."

"I asked him," Feather related, "if that meant that Lawrence Welk was the best. He looked at me and answered, 'Yes.'

"It's not true that the more record sales, the better the music. That's ridiculous. I don't think he could seriously believe that, though he hasn't disclaimed the interview. But Donald is so success oriented, he brought into the conversation that he owns a jet plane.

"Music isn't a matter of how many material possessions you own. Aesthetic standards are the only ones that count."

So how does he evaluate a jazz performance? "Does it achieve what it sets out to do? Is what it sets out to do artistically valid?" he answered.

But who's to determine what is valid? He laughed. "Now that is a gray area. I have to use the best standard I can and have as broad an outlook as I can muster."

Sun. Nov. 20

Saxophonist Sonny Criss Found Shot to Death

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

William (Sonny) Criss, the Southland-based alto saxophonist long respected as one of the giants in his field, was found shot to death in his Wilshire district home Saturday.

The death was listed as a possible suicide by police, pending further investigation. Criss was to have left next Saturday for Tokyo to start a concert tour of Japan.

Born in 1927 in Memphis, Criss lived in Los Angeles from the age of 14. After finishing high school, he gained early experience working in the bands of Howard McGhee, Johnny Otis, and Gerald Wilson.

During the 1950s, he performed throughout the United States in tours with impressario Norman Granz, Billy Eckstine, Stan Kenton and Buddy Rich.

In 1962, disenchanted with the lack of work opportunities domestically, he made Europe his home base for three years.

There, he appeared successfully in television, radio, concert and night club engagements and was seen in several films.

After returning to Los Angeles, Criss devoted much of his time to working with children and the needy and helping alcoholics and drug addicts.

In 1971-72, he offered a series of jazz programs for children at the Hollywood Bowl.

He received an award for his con-

Please Turn to Page 7, Col. 3

JAZZ REVIEW

Kellie Greene in Class by Herself

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Jazz Critic

Kellie Greene, at the Hong Kong Bar, belongs in that never-never land of keyboard artists that takes in Liberace, Roger Williams, Peter Nero, Ethel Smith and the pianist at your local cocktail lounge.

It is difficult to tell where she is coming from: a classical background? Somebody insisted that she turn to jazz or else? Her musical objectives are a mystery, her harmonic system is a riddle, and her inclusion in the schedule at a room where a splendid jazz policy has been maintained for several months is an enigma.

Finesse is not Kellie Greene's long suit. She is given to rococo treatments of such predictable material as the inevitable "Yesterday/Yesterdays" medley, "Invitation," "My Sunny Valentine," and a blues called "Jump, Shout and Then Boogie" in which she was egged on by a stiff rhythm section composed of Michael George on bass and Mike Jocum on drums. A second keyboard player, Ed Greenman, offered synthesizer effects at odd moments throughout the set.

Kellie Greene's rapping, on a level with her musical artistry, consisted of such sly comments as: "This is in the key of B flat, for those of your who don't have perfect pitch." There was one rambling rap about women's lib and the 19th-century composer Clara Wieck, followed by some music about as creative and pertinent as the monologue.

On second thought, please forget the earlier reference to Roger Williams. His recent recording of "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" proved that his harmonic imagination and pianistic articulation commence where Greene's conclude. Let's just say that Greene truly is in a class by herself, and that she will be at the Hong Kong Bar through next Saturday. Class dismissed.

Sonny Criss

Police Probing Musician's Death

Continued from First Page

tribution and influence on the youth of South Los Angeles.

During the last 4 years, he had divided his time between playing, teaching and lecturing at home and touring overseas.

Criss was an early and brilliant exponent of the bebop school with strong blues overtones. He was inspired by Charlie Parker for style but came closer to Benny Carter in tone.

One of his many albums, "The Joy of Sax," released recently, has enjoyed substantial acclaim.

"It is shocking," said Benny Carter, "that just when things were beginning to go well for Sonny after so many disappointments, his career had to be cut short so tragically."

Criss leaves his mother and a son, Stephen. Funeral arrangements were pending.

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Contemporary Keybd.
November 1977

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Earl "Fatha" Hines

In the view of many observers, Earl Hines is the founding father of modern jazz piano. Still active today at the age of 73, Hines can look back on a career that began in the gangster-operated Chicago speakeasies of the 1920s. [*Ed. Note: For more on Hines, see p. 14.*]

Hines has been called the "trumpet-style" pianist, mainly because of the incisive, hornlike impact of his right-hand octave lines. This is, however, an oversimplification. A study of his recorded work from the beginning (fortunately, most of his early classics are still available on one label or another) shows that Hines even in the very early days achieved a singular relationship between his right and left hands, tying himself into such rhythmically intricate knots that some musicians found him a tough rhythm section mate.

In his book *The World of Earl Hines*, jazz historian Stanley Dance quotes drummer Oliver Jackson as follows: "Earl is a very difficult person to play with. His sense of timing is uncanny; he's got practically perfect time, and that means that *you've* got to do everything perfectly. What he plays with his right hand is altogether different than what he's playing with his left.... Hines has counter-motion going, and all kinds of counter-rhythms, so whatever you do has got to be right in there, because if you ever get off, it's going to be so noticeable."

Though he does not affect any false modesty about his accomplishments, Hines has often been criticized by those among his faithful followers who are mystified by his tendency to devote much of his time during a typical nightclub or concert performance to spotlighting other members of his group. He will open with a few solos, then add a rhythm section, bring on a horn soloist (in recent years it has often been Rudy Rutherford blowing early Gershwin in an elaborate treatment of *Rhapsody in Blue*), and then devote considerable time to an attractive girl singer (for the past nine years, Marva Josie).

The fact is that Hines, brought up in the show business tradition, still considers himself as much an entertainer as an artist. What he attempts to present, except on those rare occasions when he is persuaded to play a solo recital, is a miniature version of the kind of floor show with which he was involved during the crucial years of his development as a national name, from 1928 to 1940 at the Grand Terrace in Chicago.

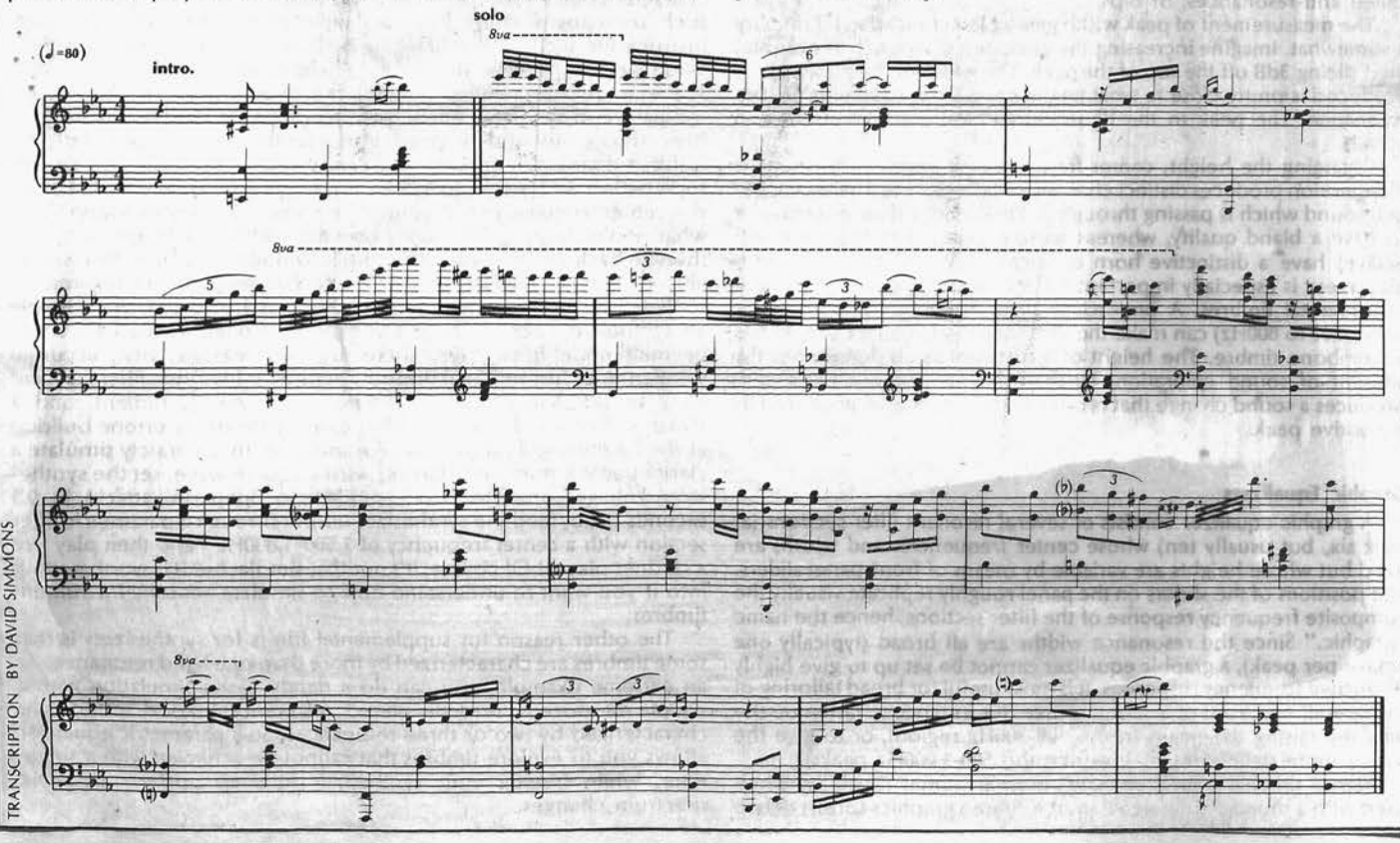
This policy has proven pragmatically correct, as I saw most recently when Earl and I found ourselves aboard a Greek ship sailing from New Orleans to Havana, on the first cruise to leave a U.S. port for Cuba in 15 years. Earl played his usual show both on board ship and at the Mella Theater during our two-day stopover in Havana. He was lionized, and I suspect that he knows what is best for him, whatever our personal preferences.

The great Hines years were marked by his off-and-on partnership with Louis Armstrong. He and Louis worked together in 1927 at the Sunset Cafe in Chicago and produced a series of classic recordings under the name of Armstrong's Hot Five, the most famous of which is "West End Blues." Recorded June 27, 1928, "West End Blues" has just one 12-bar blues solo by Hines. Rhythmically, harmonically, and melodically, he made most of his contemporaries look like stumbling schoolchildren.

Because there was no bass player on this recording, the strength and originality of his left-hand work stand out in rare perspective. Although the straight quarter-note rhythm is uncharacteristically conservative, Hines makes free use of inversions of the chords, particularly in bars 1, 3, 4, 5, and 8.

After the ornate lyrical runs of the first four measures, the trumpet-style octaves beginning in bar 5 provide a strong dramatic contrast. The return of the more lyrical material in bar 9 is heralded by the octave tremolo on the leading tone in bar 8, and breaks off unexpectedly with the parallel upward movement of the hands in bar 11. The double-grace-note figures used to conclude phrases in bars 1, 2, 4, and 10 serve to unify the solo further. The simple diminuendo chords in the final measure lead into Louis's climactic rideout chorus.

"West End Blues" is only one of a unique set of masterpieces waxed by the Armstrong-Hines team that have been reissued as *The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 3: Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines* [Columbia, CL 853].



TRANSCRIPTION BY DAVID SIMMONS

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Contemporary Keybd.
December 1977

Marian McPartland

It was once remarked of Marian McPartland that she had three strikes against her in striving for acceptance as an authentic jazz artist: she was British, white, and a woman. If any of those factors was in fact a handicap, she lost little time in proving her ability to overcome all such prejudices.

Born Marian Margaret Turner, in Windsor, England, the descendant of a long line of musicians, Marian came from a very proper British family; she studied violin for five years and won a scholarship to the Guildhall School of Music. After transferring her interest to the keyboard she made her professional debut in a piano team variety act. The other pianist was Billy Mayerl, strictly a pop artist, but like George Shearing before her, Marian was exposed via records to the sounds of the great American jazz soloists.

During World War II she toured with an entertainment unit for the British equivalent of the USO. After D-Day she met a GI named Jimmy McPartland, a trumpeter who was in a USO unit in France. Following their marriage in Aachen, Germany, they both took part in a show for General Eisenhower in Paris. Marian arrived in the U.S. as a war bride. Using her stage name, Marian Page, she started a combo with Jimmy. Musically they were an odd couple, he a symbol of the early dixieland school, she a product of the generation that soon embraced bebop. After they had worked together for a few years Marian formed her own trio in 1951. It was not long before fellow-pianists heard in her a musician whose harmonic skill and rhythmic acuity continued to grow.

For a while she seemed uncertain of her direction. It is interesting to observe her solos on three tracks in the album *Jazztime U.S.A.* [MCA, 2-4113], in which she accompanied trumpeter Hot Lips Page. At this point she had acquired some skill as a bebopper but had not yet developed the elegant and delicate essence that would soon mark her recording personality. Three years later, in 1956, on a session with her husband, she recreated the original Bix Beiderbecke piano solo of Bix's remarkably sophisticated 1927 composition *In A Mist* [MCA, 2-4110]. Here her playing is more assured and she seems to have a total grasp of the work's unique character.

Throughout the 1950s Marian spent much of her time in long residencies at the Hickory House, a restaurant on legendary 52nd Street. Except for occasional leaves of absence she was in that oval bar from early 1952 until 1960. Duke Ellington was a frequent visitor and admirer.

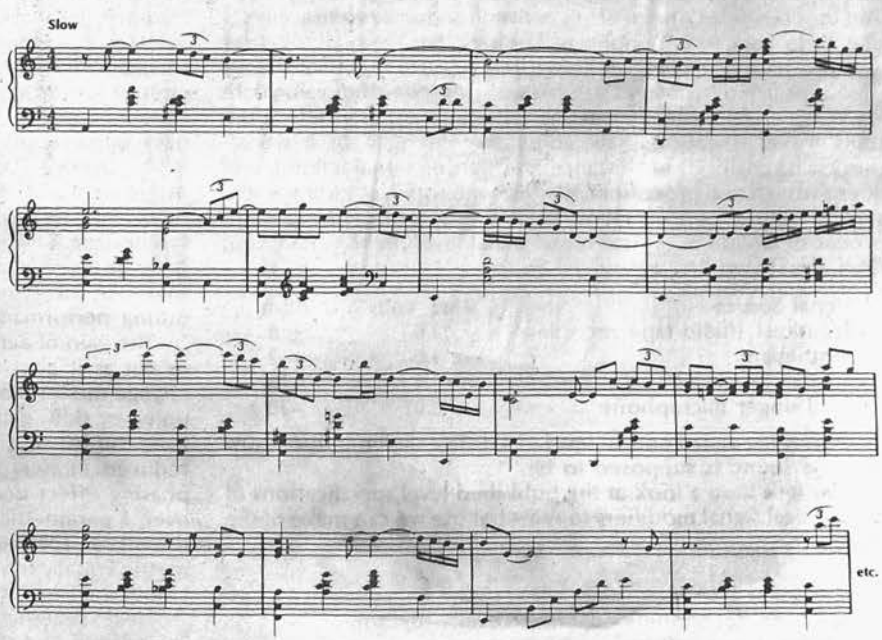
During the 1960s Marian diversified her life in many ways: she wrote the music for an art film, *Mark*, that won awards at the Edinburgh and Venice festivals, took up songwriting (among her works are "There'll Be Other Times," recorded by Sarah Vaughan, and "Twilight World," recorded by Tony Bennett), and became a capable musicologist, writing for *Downbeat* and working as a disc jockey on WBAI.

Marian McPartland has served on the committees of various jazz organizations and arts councils; she is of course a member of the Advisory Board of *Contemporary Keyboard;* and since 1969, while recording occasionally for other labels, she has had her own company, Halcyon Records [Box 4255, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017]. One of her most challenging undertakings was a nine-week pilot project in 1974 that required her to instill an understanding of jazz in a group of predominantly black school-children in Washington, D.C., most of whom had been exposed only to soul and R&B music on the radio. With the help of such guest performers as Duke Ellington, she succeeded in this remarkable mission.

Her life lately has been a succession of adventures and surprises. Though no longer married to Jimmy McPartland (in the classic show-biz tradition they are "better friends than ever since the divorce"), she occasionally plays with him at mainstream jazz events such as the Nice Jazz Festival. She has given workshops and lectures at numerous colleges, toured South America in a keyboard package show with Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Ellis Larkins, and made an RCA album as a member of the Jazz Piano Quartet with Dick Hyman, Hank Jones, and Roland Hanna.

Her lyrical ballad "Afterglow," recorded on the album *Ambiance* [Halcyon, 103], illustrates the degree to which she has expanded from a capable but derivative pianist to a composer and soloist of mature self-confidence. The composition has an impressionistic, almost Bixian quality, introduced in a slow, stately, out-of-tempo passage. The segment reproduced here begins at the point where she moves into a steady pulse. Harmonically, this is a work of deceptive simplicity, superficially not much more than an extended workout of an *A* minor chord; yet there are many delightful nuances, such as the implied *G* chord in the right hand in bar 7, the unexpected use of thirds in bar 12, and her very restrained left hand, which makes no attempt to compensate for the absence of a bass player by walking or by exploring the lower register extensively.

Marian McPartland has established herself not only as a brilliant soloist and composer but as a symbol of achievement in a profession heavily dominated by males. Recently she assembled an all-female group for a network TV performance; next March in Kansas City, she will be a principal performer at the first Women's Jazz Festival. Once again, as she has so often during the past, the former nervous neophyte from England will be striking a firm but gentle blow for women's ad lib.



Separate Bands for Flora, Airto

Continued from Page 93

hers as a sideman."

If the musical marriage has not worked out to their mutual satisfaction, this conclusion would be difficult to reach on the basis of public reaction. Their concerts are drawing and their records selling better than ever. Last week Airto and Flora were informed that they have once again won the Down Beat readers' poll, he as the No. 1 percussionist, she for female vocals, both for the fourth straight year.

"I am flattered," says the lady, "and I realize that jazz made me what I am today; but although I like to be called a jazz singer, when I hear someone like Betty Carter I feel embarrassed. You know who else is a fine singer with jazz roots? Urszula Dudziak, who has a wonderful album out now singing standards. She's a nice person, with an individual sound." (Typically, Flora plugged an album by Dudziak, who is a sort of Polish Purim, without mentioning that Urszula also sang in the title track of Flora's own Milestone LP, "Encounter.")

The parting of the ways for the Moreiras will find its expression in an album Purim will soon record in collaboration with the composer/conductor Michel Colombier. "I was supposed to go on tour with Weather Report, but as soon as I met Michel and heard his music I fell in love with it, and I canceled the tour to do this album—a symphonic orchestral album. Michel to me is a cross between Gil Evans and Claus Ogerman. Claus is really mellow and schmaltzy while Michel is a little more avant-garde.

"Jaco Pastorius, the Weather Report bassist who introduced me to Colombier, has written a couple of songs for me; Airto is writing a couple; and Herbie Hancock wrote me a song, which his sister Jean will sing with me on the record.

"About half the album will consist of Michel's music with my lyrics in English; the rest will be strictly Brazilian. For some reason the customers in clubs have been demanding more and more that I sing in Portuguese. I find this very interesting and believe it proves they realize that Brazil exists, that there is more than bossa nova to our culture.

"Michel, coming from France, has that classical training, and I'm very curious to see how this blending of his roots and mine will work out.

"I expect to be a little more commercial in this album. I was doing so much hard-driving energy stuff, screaming at people as if I wanted to remind them I am here. But now I'm mellowed out. I'll be doing Tom Scott's 'Love Poem,' for which I've written lyrics."

The long process of assembling the album will begin next week. By the time the strings and various other layers of the cake have been added, it will be well into 1978. By then Purim will be ready to go out, in March, leading her brand-new small combo.

"I'm going to have Raul de Souza, this fantastic Brazilian trombonist. It's been hard for him to get going in this country because he almost doesn't speak English, but I'm sure he'll get along fine in our band. I'm going to have a fine saxophonist from Detroit, David McMurray. I'll have two keyboard players, one for string synthesizer effects and sweetening, the other more for rhythms. I don't want to use a guitar player. I may only have one drummer, because I've found that with two the music becomes too loud for a singer."

Her voice is suffused with a born-again excitement as she outlines her schemes for a full and productive 1978. These are days of significant changes on either side of the Moreira household, since both of them have switched record labels and are now with Warner Bros. Airto transferred there from Arista and Purim switched from Fantasy/Milestone.

The Colombier collaboration will extend to a television project on which they will go to work in February. "It's a one-hour special, me and Airto. One of our main guests will be Pele, and we're going to film him on the football field, against a musical background of 'Celebration Suite,' that pure percussion track from Airto's latest album.

"What a show it will be! Pele, and Antonio Carlos Jobim singing his own songs, and Joao Gilberto—and Al Jarreau, who is just about my favorite singer right now.

"It's all part of a new beginning for me. I'm really changing. I want to be softer. Because I used to be inhibited, I compensated by singing very loud; and because I had gotten out of jail I felt the need to tell people, 'Open Your Eyes, You Can Fly.'" ●

Record Executive Lester Koenig Dies at 58

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Lester Koenig, 58, founder and owner of Contemporary Records, one of the most respected of independent jazz labels, died Monday morning of a heart attack at Kaiser Hospital.

A former film producer, best known for "Roman Holiday," Koenig entered the record business with a series of highly successful sessions featuring the Firehouse Five on his Good Time Jazz label. He started Contemporary in the mid-1950s as an outlet for modern jazz, and during the next decade produced scores of albums that enjoyed worldwide acceptance.

Koenig's most celebrated innovation was the use of Broadway show scores as the basis for a jazz album, beginning with what turned out to be his biggest hit, "My Fair Lady" played by Andre Previn and Shelly Manne.

"He treated all his musicians with great understanding and compassion," said Shelly Manne. "At a time when jazz seemed to be in trouble, he always had faith in the music he believed in and continued to record on the basis of artistry rather than commercial success. He was one of the great men of our business."

Koenig was also the first ever to record saxophonist Ornette Coleman, who made two LPs for him in 1958. Art Pepper, Teddy Edwards, Benny Carter, Hampton Hawes and Elvin Jones were among the innumerable others who recorded for Contemporary.

He leaves a wife, former singer Joy Bryan, and four children. Funeral plans are pending.

JAZZ

She's Not Getting Older, Just Better

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● NEW YORK—Statuesque? It may seem impossible for a woman who stands 5 foot 2 to deserve the adjective; yet something about Alberta Hunter adds many inches to her as she walks, slowly but with assurance, into the Cookery, Barney Josephson's restaurant at University Place and 9th St. in New York City.

The Cookery is a thriving restaurant. Josephson ran it for many years without entertainment until 1970, when, at the suggestion of Mary Lou Williams, he installed a piano and placed her at it. Since then there have been many nights of splendid memories, some achieved with the help of the same artists who worked for Josephson in the golden days when he ran Cafe Society Downtown and Uptown. Few of the nights have been comparable with those he has seen since Alberta Hunter walked away from retirement and into a revived career.

"I don't usually introduce the artists here," Josephson said as he took the microphone, "but Alberta Hunter requires a special introduction. She made her professional debut around the turn of the century in Chicago. Alberta Hunter wrote 'Downhearted Blues,' the song that launched Bessie Smith on her recording career. Alberta Hunter took the role of Queenie in the London company of 'Show Boat' in the early '30s opposite Paul Robeson. She continued working until her mother died; then she became a practical nurse and went to work at Goldwater Hospital on Roosevelt Island.

"Alberta worked there 20 years until they let her go earlier this year. They thought she had reached the mandatory retirement age of 70, but she fooled them. She was 82. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce the most remarkable voice I have ever heard . . . Miss Alberta Hunter."

Pianist Gerald Cook beat off the first tune, Al Hall went into tempo on his upright bass, and Alberta Hunter eased into her theme song, one she composed in her early recording days, "My Castle's Rockin.' "

Dressed in a bright green gown, wearing golden earrings, her hair slicked back, her chiseled Indian features striking in their dignity, Alberta Hunter had her audience mesmerized. Plates stopped rattling, dinners turned cold. Her voice was gentle, cool, its sound rich and convincing, the diction pinpoint accurate, her intonation unwarped by the years.

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At this amazing moment in her life, some of the lyrics took on an added meaning. In "He's Funny That Way" there is the line "just glad I'm living and lucky to be." Another song asked: "If you had millions, what would that all mean a hundred years from today?" As Alberta told us that a good man is hard to find and that the best things in life are free, we detected autobiographical overtones.

It was just a matter of time before she would arrive at the song her older fans had been waiting for, "Downhearted Blues," which she herself recorded a year before Bessie put it in orbit. "Got the world in a jug, got the stopper in my hand; the next man I get, he's gotta come under my command" she told us, and there were moments when her sound recalled the gentle, high-pitched quality we associated with Mildred Bailey's classic version.

Alberta Hunter greets an old friend, Eubie Blake. Together they account for 177 years of history.
Photo by Anton J. Mikofsky

The set ended with a rocking gospel treatment of "Bye and Bye" and a jubilant "Sunny Side of the Street." When the audience seemingly would not let her go; she quieted the room with a touching speech. "I can just feel the tears of gratitude," she said, "dropping from my heart."

When the applause had subsided, Alberta Hunter walked to a ringside table to greet one of her old friends, Eubie Blake. Since Eubie will hit the 95 mar.. in a couple of months, together they account for 177 years of American history.

"Eubie and I cut a session together in the '20s," she told a friend. "I was lucky to make records with so many of the greats. In 1924 I recorded 'Texas Moaner Blues' under the name of my half-sister, Josephine Beatty, with the Red Onion Jazz Babies, featuring Louis Armstrong on cornet. Fletcher Henderson's orchestra played on a lot of my 1923-24 records. On 'Tain't Nobody's Business' I was backed by a white band, the Original Memphis Five. I had Fats Waller playing the organ in 'Sugar' and 'Beale Street Blues.' "

Turning to acknowledge a friend from England who reintroduced himself, she exclaimed: "Remember you? How can I ever forget you? All the people in England were so wonderful to me. I worked almost a year in 'Show Boat,' and George V and Queen Mary came to see us. Then I studied French and worked in Paris. After that and Scandinavia and Greece and Egypt I was back in England in 1935 and broadcast for the BBC. I came back home in the late '30s and went on the air in that Lower Basin Street series. But I spent a lot of my time, from 1944 until I retired, touring for the USO."

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Got the world in a jug, got the stopper in her hand.●

the Beatles. Its new album, "Hope"—a science-fiction concept work—sounds nothing like the Fab Four.

Though declining to reveal the band members' names, Brown—who has been handling the group's business and music affairs with manager Frank Davies — stated flatly, "There are no Beatles in Klaatu."

"When we talk about the band, the only name we use is Klaatu," added Brown, in a phone conversation from the band's base in Toronto. "That keeps it a lot cleaner, so that people will only think about what they see on the jacket and what they hear on the record. We wanted to promote the band on behalf of the music, not the players' past experiences with other bands. If you liked what you're hearing well enough to buy the album, you don't worry about who's on the record. It's fun to speculate, but it makes no

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composer/arranger whose work will be played well into the 21st century.

"The Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall Concerts" consists of No. 1, January, 1943, Prestige P-34004; No. 2, December, 1944, P-24073; No. 3, January, 1946, P-24074, and No. 4, December, 1947, P-24075. The first, a three-pocket set, contains everything played on that incredibly auspicious night when Duke broke the Carnegie Hall barrier (only Goodman, in a concert five years earlier, had presented big band jazz in these staid environs). Even "The Star-Spangled Banner" is included.

What sets these LPs apart from any others in the 50 years of recorded Ellingtonia is their immediacy, accentuated by the presence of Ellington's voice introducing each work; their content, an unparalleled cross-section of instrumental works ranging in length from three to 48½ minutes; and the personnel of the orchestra at that stage of its development.

It is some kind of miracle that during the brief span represented by these sides, at one point or another, we hear the empyrean sounds of Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, Rex Stewart, Taft Jordan and Harold Baker on trumpets; Tricky Sam Nanton, Lawrence Brown and Juan Tizol on trombones; Jimmy Hamilton on clarinet; Johnny Hodges, Otto Hardwicke, Ben Webster and Harry Carney on saxophones, Fred Guy on guitar, Oscar Pettiford on bass, Sonny Greer on drums, and one of the most underrated singers ever to work with the orchestra, Betty Roche.

The list is as mind-boggling as the thought is depressing that most of the Ellingtonians of those days have died or retired, and that none of the deceased came even within shouting range of their three score and ten. Never has the cliche that a musician's work lives on through his recordings been more strikingly verified.

It is fairly well known that Ellington's first extended work for his annual Carnegie concert series was "Black, Brown & Beige," which he called "a tone parallel to the history of the American Negro." It is a forgotten fact that the premiere took place during the infamous American Federation of Musicans recording ban and that by the time Ellington got into the studio, an RCA executive in his infinite density decided that only excerpts from the magnum opus could be preserved.

A second, heavily reworked and far inferior "B B & B" came out many years later, but the version now available is the original, intact, in all its glorious continuity. It took almost 35 years, but it was worth the wait. (Having been there that night, I carried it around in my memory, a burden of which I am now relieved.) Comment on "Black, Brown & Beige" at the time was predominantly snide and condescending. The New York press, having no regular jazz critics, sent such experts as Paul Bowles who, in a view from the top of his nose, decided: "The whole attempt to fuse jazz as a form with art music should be discouraged. Ellington, in short, got the same treatment accorded to Stravinsky at the unveiling of "Le Sacre du Printemps." Time has protected him and, as usual, unmasked the critics.

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The above-cited Ms. Roche sings the "Mauve" portion of the work, better known simply as "The Blues," which ranks as Ellington's most inventive achievement as a lyricist. Other passages are the "Come Sunday" theme, played exquisitely by Johnny Hodges; a tongue-in-cheek cornet passage that reminds us of Rex Stewart's irreplaceable wit and wisdom; and a half dozen other superlative solos, stitched together in a net of orchestration that achieves its dual goals as program music and as orchestral jazz on the highest plateau.

Among the numberless delights are, in set No. 2, "Blutopia," "The Perfume Suite" (four movements) and an extended sublimation of "Frankie and Johnny"; in No. 3, a Harry Carney feature called "Sono," Jimmy Hamilton's aptly titled "Air-Conditioned Jungle," and a so-called Tonal Group in Three Movements, "Mellodditti," "Fugueaditti" and "Jam-a-Ditty."

Volume 4 gives us Billy Strayhorn's "The New Look," Ellington's "Triple Play," a five-part Johnny Hodges medley, "Mella Brava," "Kickapoo Joy Juice," Juan Tizol's exotic "Bakiff" and the majestic "Liberian Suite" commissioned by the government of Liberia as a celebration of the country's centennial.

These comments merely skim the surface; dozens of other tracks are priceless and very few are more than mildly flawed, through indifferent recording and occasional balance problems. Our thanks are due to Fantasy's Orrin Keepnews and all concerned with the revtrieval from limbo of 11 sides that are unquestionably destined for the ages.

For those who take their alter-ego Ellington at a lighter level, "A Tribute to Duke" (Concord Jazz C-J-50) must be commended for its admirable motive (the album benefits the Ellington Cancer Center) and its inclusion of the last track recorded by Bing Crosby in the U.S., a relaxed "Don't Get Around Much Any More."●

JAZZ

She's Not Getting Older, Just Better

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● NEW YORK—Statuesque? It may seem impossible for a woman who stands 5 foot 2 to deserve the adjective; yet something about Alberta Hunter adds many inches to her as she walks, slowly but with assurance, into the Cookery, Barney Josephson's restaurant at University Place and 9th St. in New York City.

The Cookery is a thriving restaurant. Josephson ran it for many years without entertainment until 1970, when, at the suggestion of Mary Lou Williams, he installed a piano and placed her at it. Since then there have been many nights of splendid memories, some achieved with the help of the same artists who worked for Josephson in the golden days when he ran Cafe Society Downtown and Uptown. Few of the nights have been comparable with those he has seen since Alberta Hunter walked away from retirement and into a revived career.

"I don't usually introduce the artists here," Josephson said as he took the microphone, "but Alberta Hunter requires a special introduction. She made her professional debut around the turn of the century in Chicago. Alberta Hunter wrote 'Downhearted Blues,' the song that launched Bessie Smith on her recording career. Alberta Hunter took the role of Queenie in the London company of 'Show Boat' in the early '30s opposite Paul Robeson. She continued working until her mother died; then she became a practical nurse and went to work at Goldwater Hospital on Roosevelt Island.

"Alberta worked there 20 years until they let her go earlier this year. They thought she had reached the mandatory retirement age of 70, but she fooled them. She was 82. Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to introduce the most remarkable voice I have ever heard . . . Miss Alberta Hunter."

Pianist Gerald Cook beat off the first tune, Al Hall went into tempo on his upright bass, and Alberta Hunter eased into her theme song, one she composed in her early recording days, "My Castle's Rockin.' "

Dressed in a bright green gown, wearing golden earrings, her hair slicked back, her chiseled Indian features striking in their dignity, Alberta Hunter had her audience mesmerized. Plates stopped rattling, dinners turned cold. Her voice was gentle, cool, its sound rich and convincing, the diction pinpoint accurate, her intonation unwarped by the years.

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At this amazing moment in her life, some of the lyrics took on an added meaning. In "He's Funny That Way" there is the line "just glad I'm living and lucky to be." Another song asked: "If you had millions, what would that all mean a hundred years from today?" As Alberta told us that a good man is hard to find and that the best things in life are free, we detected autobiographical overtones.

It was just a matter of time before she would arrive at the song her older fans had been waiting for, "Downhearted Blues," which she herself recorded a year before Bessie put it in orbit. "Got the world in a jug, got the stopper in my hand; the next man I get, he's gotta come under my command" she told us, and there were moments when her sound recalled the gentle, high-pitched quality we associated with Mildred Bailey's classic version.

Alberta Hunter greets an old friend, Eubie Blake. Together they account for 177 years of history.

Photo by Anton J. Mikofsky

The set ended with a rocking gospel treatment of "Bye and Bye" and a jubilant "Sunny Side of the Street." When the audience seemingly would not let her go, she quieted the room with a touching speech. "I can just feel the tears of gratitude," she said, "dropping from my heart."

When the applause had subsided, Alberta Hunter walked to a ringside table to greet one of her old friends, Eubie Blake. Since Eubie will hit the 95 mar.. in a couple of months, together they account for 177 years of American history.

"Eubie and I cut a session together in the '20s," she told a friend. "I was lucky to make records with so many of the greats. In 1924 I recorded 'Texas Moaner Blues' under the name of my half-sister, Josephine Beatty, with the Red Onion Jazz Babies, featuring Louis Armstrong on cornet. Fletcher Henderson's orchestra played on a lot of my 1923-24 records. On 'Tain't Nobody's Business' I was backed by a white band, the Original Memphis Five. I had Fats Waller playing the organ in 'Sugar' and 'Beale Street Blues.' "

Turning to acknowledge a friend from England who reintroduced himself, she exclaimed: "Remember you? How can I ever forget you? All the people in England were so wonderful to me. I worked almost a year in 'Show Boat,' and George V and Queen Mary came to see us. Then I studied French and worked in Paris. After that and Scandinavia and Greece and Egypt I was back in England in 1935 and broadcast for the BBC. I came back home in the late '30s and went on the air in that Lower Basin Street series. But I spent a lot of my time, from 1944 until I retired, touring for the USO."

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Got the world in a jug, got the stopper in her hand. ●

JAZZ

Ellington Concerts: Four From the '40s

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The good that men have done lives after them but often there is a delay in transit. Thirty years and more elapsed between the recording, at Carnegie Hall, of four of Duke Ellington's most significant concerts and their release to the public.

The material contained in these albums, to which Fantasy/Prestige Records has obtained the rights by arrangement with Mercer Ellington, represents a body of work produced during what many observers feel were the maestro's most creative years.

These are not albums for Ellington admirers whose image of his contribution is limited to "Solitude," "Satin Doll" and the other ditties that make up your typical medley of Ellington hits as sung and played on television and in Las Vegas lounges. Or perhaps, on second thought, these are precisely the records such uncomprehending listeners need to study, since they set in perspective just what it was that established him as a

JAZZ

L.A. Times, Sun., 11/20/77

Purim, Airto to Have Separate Bands

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● It has long been axiomatic among musical couples that the family that stays together plays together. Much of Louis Armstrong's most valuable experience was gained during the years of collaboration with his pianist-composer wife, Lilian Hardin. Some of the most elegant music of the 1930s was made by Red Norvo, the pioneer vibraphonist, and the singer Mildred Bailey, when they were known as "Mr. & Mrs. Swing." Louie Bellson and Pearl Bailey have worked together off and on throughout their 25 married years. (They celebrated their silver anniversary Saturday.)

Flora Purim, Airto are now going their separate ways musically, although they are still very much married.

The case of the brilliant Brazilians, Flora Purim and Airto, seemed likely to work out to a similar mutual advantage. Her progressive vocal sounds and his aggressive percussion accents apparently complemented one another perfectly during their 15 years together, first in Rio, later touring the U.S., Europe and Japan with Chick Corea, and since 1973 as leaders of their own international combo.

No longer, though. The marriage is firm but the group partnership, for the time at least, is dissolving.

"We're going to have separate bands," said Purim in smooth, fluent English, the words tumbling out amiably with typical enthusiasm, "and we're not going to produce each other's records. After all those years together we found we were too much locked up in the same bag."

Airto Moreira, onstage the frantic, bare-chested percussionist whose wild manner has bull-in-a-china-shop overtones, privately is the antithesis of this professional persona. As his wife exuberantly details their plans, he sits silent, expressionless, interposing only an occasional sentence or two. (Opposites do attract.) "Our show together has not been working very well any more," he says. "As Dennis Hunt pointed out in his very fair review (View, Oct. 29), Flora's voice gets lost in the band; she waits too long for everyone to play instrumental solos. We realize now that Flora and I each have our own directions to go. She can't sing in my band as a sideman and I can't play in

(OVER)

Please Turn to Page 94

John Hammond: man of music, man of politics

by LEONARD FEATHER

John Hammond On Record with Irving Townsend. (Ridge Press/Summit: $12.95)

Two curiosities stand out before you have read beyond the cover. Why such a trivializing, self-limiting title? This is not, as you might infer, a book about records. Along its 416-page way, it deals with riches and poverty, communism and fascism and racism, black and white, jazz and pop and folk and classical music and all the other elements in the life of an extraordinary American, John Henry Hammond Jr., who will be 67 on Dec. 15.

Second, why the associate writer? Hammond covered the Scottsboro Boys trial for The Nation in 1933, and from 1930 until not many years ago wrote about music, race and politics for a long list of magazines and newspapers. The answer is in these pages: "I write best when I am angry, when protesting injustice, criticizing bad music or uncaring musicians." When writing about himself, he needed a tape recorder and an old friend who happens to be a stylish and skilful professional writer. Townsend is careful never to intrude; this is essentially one man's autobiography.

Born to immense wealth on the maternal (Vanderbilt/Sloane) side of the family, Hammond was raised in a mansion on East 91st St. where the domestic staff numbered 16 and the ballroom seated 250. He considered himself virtually an only child ("My four older sisters ignored me if possible"), a mother's pet who went to her Christian Science meetings until he was old enough to reject the doctrine. A fervent listener to records from the age of 2, he heard live jazz in 1923 while visiting London, where he was fascinated by the pianist in a white Dixieland band: "Remembering the intensity of my response I would say that Arthur Schutt must have been my first jazz discovery."

His most recent discovery was the Polish pianist Adam Makovich, heard this summer at the Newport Festival. In between, what the dust jacket calls "the greatest ear for talent in American musical history" discovered (or played a vital role in advancing the careers of) Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, Charlie Christian, Teddy Wilson, Meade Lux Lewis (and the other boogie-woogie pianists in whose wake came the entire eight-to-the-bar phenomenon of the '30s), Aretha Franklin, George Benson, even such rock eminences as Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen.

Though he has made money as an employe of record companies, Hammond never took a penny from the artists he helped catapult to renown, despite his role as de facto agent or booker. ("My mother's generosities . . . had a price tag: gratitude . . . even as a kid I knew that stank . . . I've never felt I was buying anyone or putting anyone under obligation.") The ingratitude he suffered particularly at the hands of Billie Holiday and Fletcher Henderson, is never hard to read between the lines.

Two stories interweave, diverge and rejoin through these pages, one musical, the other sociopolitical. Because many of Hammond's idols were black, he soon became a fervent activist for civil rights, and was for many years a vice president of the NAACP (but quit when he felt it was moving too slowly). On the other hand, some of his heroes having been white, he says: "There is a school of critics which believes that jazz has exclusively Negro origins. I have never gone along with this. I agree that its Negro origins are probably the most important ingredient . . . but they are not the only ingredient, and . . . jazz always has had a duty to promote racial understanding and interracial cooperation." It was at Hammond's instigation that the first racially mixed group ever to play in public was organized, the Benny Goodman Trio.

Though he admits he was naive about the Nazi-Soviet pact, and despite his close friendship with Paul Robeson and others who toed the party line, Hammond abhorred the communists' flipflops on blacks and retained his political independence. It is as hard to pin him down musically as politically: his progressive beliefs did not prevent him from violently opposing, in words and perhaps deeds, the genius of Parker, Gillespie and the entire bebop movement. His views on Ellington are the subject of a strange chapter: He is revolted by the "intellectualizing of jazz," in which he claimed Ellington began to indulge in 1933. he is a conservative also on the issue of marijuana, though happy that it enabled one of his sons to get out of the Army during the Vietnam war.

John Hammond

The dual fascination of the book lies in Hammond's unquenchable enthusiasm for every project in which he became involved, whether the desegregation of a radio network staff orchestra or his long association with Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey. John Hammond as a young man had his name taken out of the Social Register; in the story of 20th century society he will never succeed in having it removed from the hall of fame.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

Roger Kellaway at the Improvisation

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Monday-night jazz sessions at the Improvisation on Melrose Ave., resumed recently by Sandy Shire after Bob Widener had dropped them after a long, losing run, this week peaked out with the appearance of Roger Kellaway.

It may well be contended that Kellaway has too many talents for his own good. He spends so much time writing music for the movies and ballet and television that the occasional nightclub appearance as a pianist is an indulgence on his part. For his audience it is an unceasing delight.

Playing the magnificent Bluthner piano he always brings in for such gigs, Kellaway again revealed himself as beyond category both as composer and interpreter. The set began with several unadorned chords that triggered a series of drum breaks by Ron Krasinski (borrowed from Seals and Crofts, who are welcome to take him back); however, it was not long before Kellaway was off and cooking with his own quirky, angular tune, "Tricky Touchdowns."

For the next hour or more, romantic arabesques on one tune led to a gentle, downward-gliding waltz theme on the next and to odd meters on such songs as "The Ear of the Behearer." This was in alternating measures of 6/4 and 5/4, unless my toes betrayed me. No matter; Kellaway gets complex but never pretentious. His sardonic sense of humor, musical and verbal, takes care of that.

Along with his exquisite film themes there were standards (Cole Porter's "I Love You," Monk's "Well You Needn't") and an ancient Louis Armstrong song, "Lazy 'Sippi Steamer," rendered in a loping four-beat as he navigated its simple chords without condescension.

Fred Atwood, a superb bassist, was helpful, though some of the most affecting moments arrived with the departure of the rhythm section. Kellaway ended with an odd sort of rock-blues, running the gamut from tongue-in-cheek to elbows on keyboard. Krasinski was back by this time, still unswinging but unable to daunt the leader.

It is doubly distressing that an artist of Kellaway's magnitude should be seen so rarely in public, and that when he is, a room seating 150 cannot be filled. Understandably, Shire has suspended operations until after the holidays, hoping the new year will bring jazz back to Hollywood, at least for a pitiful single night a week.

JAZZ REVIEWS

Ernestine Anderson at Lighthouse

12-1

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

This has been something of a comeback year in the roller-coaster career of Ernestine Anderson. Recently she returned to records, then followed up with that sine qua non of every major jazz artist nowadays, a triumphant tour of Japan. Back on home ground, she is spending this week at the Lighthouse. (Milt Jackson arrives this evening to split the bill with her through Sunday.)

Anderson has always had several important qualities working for her: flawless intonation, a warmly personal timbre, an intensely jazz-informed approach to rhythm tunes and a deeply entrenched feeling for the blues.

All these characteristics became evident in due course at Tuesday's first show, but the due course was a rugged one, marked by such road blocks as an overlong warmup by her trio, a dead vocal microphone and a replacement mike that still failed to resolve all problems of projection and balance.

Anderson leans almost exclusively toward jazz and pop standards: "My Romance," "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and the seemingly mandatory Duke Ellington medley in which "Solitude" found her at her most relaxed, with Jimmie Smith improving the backup by switching from sticks to brushes. Art Hillery provided competent piano accompaniment while Harvey Newmark's upright bass produced a strong, supple tone.

That Anderson completed her performance without any detectable loss of cool, in the face of problems beyond her control, made her achievement doubly commendable; but she would be well advised to mix in some newer or at least less overworked material. All oldies are not automatically goodies.

Coming Tuesday: Caldera:

On the sunny side with Fats Waller

by LEONARD FEATHER

Fats Waller by Maurice Waller and Anthony Calabrese (Schirmer: $12.95)

Since Fats Waller died in Kansas City in December, 1943, aboard a train bound for New York, innumerable magazine articles, album notes and books have been devoted to the life and times of the pianist-composer-singer-comedian. He was only 39 years old. One of his sons, Maurice, then 16, later became a professional pianist. In collaboration with a free-lance journalist, Anthony Calabrese, he has produced the latest book, one that inevitably repeats many often-told tales yet manages to shed enough new light to give it a raison d'etre.

The definitive work until now has been "Ain't Misbehavin'," by Ed Kirkeby, Waller's manager for many years until Fats' death; it is still available (Da Capo Press, New York: $12.95). Maurice Waller quotes extensively from this and other sources, but when he digs into his own memory he supplies anecdotes and illuminations nobody else could have offered.

As Michael Lipskin, a stride pianist like Fats, explains in his valuable foreword: "Fats Waller excelled in many ways. He was a jazz piano stylist with a touch that influenced the course of the pop and jazz keyboard, a composer of hit songs and Broadway musicals, and an energetic performer capable of bringing happiness to thousands during the mid-Depression and early World War II years . . ."

Waller also was the first great jazz organist. Many of his recordings misrepresented him as a comic singer, often of trite popular songs, while downplaying his instrumental genius. Though Maurice Waller brings this point out quite clearly, he also leaves no doubt that Waller, a man of boundless humor, accepted this public image fairly willingly while retaining his more serious musical ambitions.

We are reminded of what it was like to be black in the days when a hotel, even in Omaha, Neb., denied Fats' use of the dining room and room service privileges. When Fats moved his family to the upper-middle-class neighborhood of St. Albans, Long Island, tension grew with white neighbors. "One night we heard noises on our lawn and were shocked to see a cross burning . . . Dad searched the house for a weapon to defend us with and found my baseball bat. Mom called the police and we waited, praying the crowd would leave us alone. I was scared for myself and my father. He gripped the bat very tightly and I was worried he was going to go out and take on the mob. It was quite a while before the police arrived and dispersed the crowd, and those moments were filled with fear, anxiety and hate. The night raiders never returned but Dad was afraid to let me go to the local school. I continued attending the Little Red School House in the Village, and every day I'd have to get up early and travel nearly two hours on the subway to go to school."

The jazz musician in those days, white as well as black, often was the helpless victim of rapacious music publishers. In 1929, Waller sold all his rights to the entire "Hot Chocolates" score—20 songs, among them such future standards as "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Black and Blue"—for a paltry $500, giving up all his income for the 28 years of the copyright. Waller also says that "On the Sunny Side of the Street," a hit song attributed to Jimmy McHugh, was one "Dad had sold . . . for a few bucks when he was broke back in the '20s." He makes a similar implication about McHugh, Waller and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love."

Like many of his black contemporaries, Waller was "adopted" by certain members of the underworld, an experience that could at times be frightening: "Suddenly someone shoved a revolver into his paunchy stomach and ordered him into a car. Had he crossed a mobster unknowingly? The car pulled up in front of . . . the headquarters of Al Capone. Dad's four escorts shoved him through the front door and then through a crowd of people, led him to a piano, and told him to play. It was a surprise birthday party. Capone, who had heard Dad play at the hotel, was delighted . . . Frightened, Dad began to pound the keyboard . . .When he saw the enthusiastic response from Scarface and his buddies, he really began to swing it . . . Capone kept him there

Fats Waller

several days, shoving hundred-dollar bills into his pocket whenever he played a request . . . Dad always said the incident stood out in his mind because it was the first time he ever drank champagne."

Waller makes no bones about the contradictions in his father's personality. He refers many times to his utter irresponsibility, his failure to make payments to his ex-wife (which landed him in alimony jail), his no-shows at recording dates, his gigantic appetites for food, liquor and women. But we are also treated to an affectionate close-up of his generosity and his genius.

Waller's research and memory are at least slightly fallible. Lil Hardin, referred to as Erskine Tate's wife, actually was the wife of Louis Armstrong. It was Billy Mayhew, not Andy Razaf, who wrote "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie." It was this writer, not Ed Kirkeby, who rounded up the musicians and produced the session for Fats' only London combo recording. Waller also neglects to give credit to the actual writers of "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter," the song so often attributed to Fats (Fred Ahlert wrote the music and Joe Young the lyrics).

In his final chapter, Waller offers some surprising information we could never have learned from Kirkeby's book. After Fats' death, a lawyer, with Kirkeby, formed the C.R. Publishing Co. and, "as Dad's copyrights expired, they were transferred to the company. Under the law, these copyrights should have been renewed by members of the immediate family. The renewals and reassignments from C.R. Publishing were concealed from us.

"It was a mess that dragged on for years, and was still in litigation in 1977. But the courts ruled that the agreement signed in 1950 by our family and Kirkeby is null and void. All of his life my father felt he was cheated by greedy publishers, and now in death he was being cheated again."

The book concludes with reproductions of the actual manuscripts of two of Waller's songs: "Anita," written for his second wife, and a previously unpublished work, "Got Religion in My Soul."

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

Timeless Quality of B. B. King

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

B. B. King must have had his mojo working ahead of time; his Wednesday concert at Royce Hall was sold out two days in advance.

So little has changed about his act through the years that there is less to report concerning the performance than about the audience reaction. He only had to hit the first note on his guitar to elicit an immediate response.

It was the same way with his lyrics. The crowd laughed

B.B. King in recital at Royce Hall.
Photo by Bonnie Tiegel

at certain verses even before the punch line was completed. Obviously, this was a house of B. B. King regulars.

Jealousy is a recurrent theme in his songs. In "Don't Answer the Door," he advises his baby: "If you're sick, don't send for the doctor, just suffer till I get home." In "I'm Getting Some Help I Don't Need" the familiar advice to stay away from the iceman and the postman drew a reaction that impelled him to sing the song twice.

The basic black blues, of which he became a symbol for white audiences in the 1960s, takes several forms in the course of a show, but whether it be the regular 12-bar pattern, a 32-bar variation with a slightly altered harmonic basis, or even a minor blues such as "The Thrill Is Gone," it all boils down to the same idiom that has served jazz at large since the dawn of this century.

King's seven-piece band had a couple of numbers on its own in both halves of the program. There are two notable soloists: James Toney, whose unsophisticated funk captured the right spirit both on acoustic piano and organ, and the remarkable Milton Hopkins, a guitarist whose solos may not be as earthy as King is but make up for it in harmonic imagination and technical control. He is a greatly underrated musician.

The somewhat conventional front line was hampered by excessive amplification. There were a few brief solos of moderate interest by Walter King, B.B.'s nephew, on tenor sax, Cato Walker on alto sax and Eddie Rowe, whose muted trumpet in one tune provided a needed dynamic contrast. Overall, the band has an early Savoy Ballroom flavor that reminds one of the timeless quality of the blues—but, of course, that's what B. B. King himself is all about.

12/8

Jazzman Pizzi at Baked Potato

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Ray Pizzi, presently handling the Tuesday evening shift at the Baked Patato, has attracted attention in recent months on the strength of two albums, one with Dizzy Gillespie and one as leader of his own group.

Like so many musicians who play a variety of instruments, he has no instantly identifiable personality; his style varies from one horn to another. If there is a single medium likely to establish an identity for him, it is the bassoon.

Improvising bassoonists are a rare breed. Pizzi displayed his control of the unwieldy horn in "Prayer for Simon," an exotic tune well suited to the instrument, which sounded like a baritone saxophone with a chest cold. Later in this piece he switched to flute, unleashing short, fluttering declamations in what could become a personal style.

The compositions, all Pizzi's, varied greatly in character and melodic value. "Song for My Pussy Cat" came off best —an angularly humorous work played on soprano sax, with Tom Garvin's piano handily catching the antic spirit.

For some reason, the numbers performed on tenor saxophone sound easy in his garish, ornate rock 'n' roll bag. In "Cakes" he played leapfrog from the bottom to the uppermost reaches of the tenor; "For My Truck" was another hyperactive, Tom Scottish outing, notable only for the tricky unison passages by Pizzi, Garvin and the remarkable bassist Abraham Laboriel. Ralph Humphrey's drums intensified the ostentatious groove.

Pizzi must be credited for trying hard, as soloist and composer. That he succeeds at times in achieving something unconventional places him a few notches above the purveyors of jazz/rock cliches.

AT DONTE'S

Al Cohn: Sample of Mainstream Jazz

12-13-77

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Al Cohn, the composer and saxophonist, in from New York on a television writing assignment, stayed over long enough at Donte's last week to offer Southlanders a sample of the even tenor of his ways.

Cohn, like Zoot Sims and Stan Getz, was a product of the Woody Herman "Four Brothers" band. Like them, he belongs in that middle ground that lies between Lester Young, with whom they all were compared, and John Coltrane, whom they never attempted to emulate.

His tone is warm and smooth, his beat insistent and engaging. Cohn is almost as much an individualist as his better known contemporaries. His middle-of-the-road, hard-swinging, four-beat acoustic jazz is well served by blues, standards and such lesser-known jazz instrumentals as Neal Hefti's sly, bluesy "Fred," Zoot Sims' "Red Door" and Franz Jackson's "Comin' On Home."

He is splendidly served by pianist Ross Tompkins' trio, with Nick Ceroli on drums and, at the Thursday session, the redoubtable Andy Simpkins on upright bass. Tompkins, the Tonight show pianist and a man for all settings, distinguished himself at every tempo, but especially in "Sweet and Lovely" and also in a simple, haunting blues theme.

Good vibes radiated back and forth between the bandstand and a room crowded with many of Cohn's musician fans. The set ended with "Bye Bye Blues," which is neither a blues nor a very inspiring song; yet the four men, with Ceroli in firm command at the pulse comtrol, transformed it into a dynamic swinger at a racehorse clip.

This brand of informal mainstream jazz requires a special expertise to prevent it from lapsing into conventionality. Cohn and his colleagues left no doubt that they were equal to the challenge.

JOHN HAMMOND: THE LEGEND BEHIND THE LEGENDS

by **Leonard Feather**

John Hammond

In the music world, stars come and go. John Hammond's discoveries come—and stay.

For the past half-century, the music world has never lacked for superstars; but in all that time, only one man in a behind-the-scenes role has earned the right to be categorized as a certified legend. He is John Henry Hammond, Jr., the civil rights activist, musical catalyst, talent scout, producer, former critic, former violist, who has been breaking down fences of one sort or another—chiefly the walls of bigotry and philistinism—since two Hoovers ruled the land, Herbert and J. Edgar. (He had no time for them, either.)

Since the fall of 1975, the public at large has belatedly become aware of Hammond, principally on the strength of a three-hour PBS television tribute to him. It was a gathering of some of the men and women whose careers Hammond either launched or goosed: Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Helen Humes, Marion Williams, George Benson, Teddy Wilson, Benny Carter, Sonny Terry, and John Paul (for Paul Robeson) Hammond, his blues-and-folk-singing, harmonica-and-guitar-playing son.

How do you classify a John Hammond? Though he has spent most of the past forty-five years working for record companies, the innumerable good deeds he has done have had no direct connection with his employers.

It was as the scion of a wealthy family that he was able to scout Harlem for talent, subsidize musicians with his personal funds, cover the Scottsboro Boys trial for the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, buy a Village theater in which to present black bands, serve as announcer and producer for radio station WEVD, where he presented live shows featuring interracial bands—a shocking innovation in 1932. ("I paid the musicians out of my own pocket. It was my allowance for the week, but I pretended it came through the station.")

Shocking the bourgeoisie came naturally to John Hammond, who throughout his years at Hotchkiss (1925-'29) and

Teddy Wilson

Benny Goodman

Aretha Franklin

Billie Holiday

Recently I met Hammond at a small office he occupies on Columbus Circle in New York. He moved there when, on reaching the mandatory retirement age of sixty-five at CBS Records, he arranged to continue the relationship by producing albums independently. He has worked for Columbia off and on since the Thirties, with interludes at various other companies.

Hammond is tall, hearty-voiced, still crewcut after all these years (he is gray now, but looks like a fast forty-five), and unquenchably enthusiastic. Whether describing last night's dinner or this evening's guitarist, he limits himself to a few special adjectives ("Superb!" "Marvelous!" "Magnificent!"). He speaks in absolutes; 90 percent of his opinions are adulatory or condemnatory, with very few shaded areas.

"I was very fortunate," he said, "that my first opportunity to produce jazz records without any restrictions was offered to me by an English company. The American recording industry in the early Thirties was moribund—only $6 million worth of records were sold in the entire year of 1933, compared to $2.5 billion in 1975. But there was a healthy demand in England for new material by artists who had almost no following in the United States. I was given a budget that enabled me to produce a series of marvelous things that eventually were released in the U.S. too."

Hammond similarly found that almost the only outlets for his writing were overseas. He corresponded for *The Gramophone* from 1931-'33, *Melody Maker* from 1933-'37, and *Rhythm* from 1937-'39, all British publications; but reporting and criticism were secondary activities. Asked whether he originally envisioned himself as a producer or a writer, he answered: "I just loved records, and I loved the opportunity to find jobs for people, whether at recording sessions or in person. It was I who introduced some of my early black friends, such as the painter Spinky Alston, to people like Billie Holiday, because, you see, I had enough dough to take them around to the joints where people like Billie were working."

Hammond's first report to his London readers on Lady Day read something like this: "I found an exquisite new singer. She is eighteen years old, weighs two hundred pounds, and is absolutely beautiful. Her name is Billie Holiday." One of the many guests he persuaded to visit the Log Cabin, the Harlem club where Billie worked, was Benny Goodman. As a result, Billie made her recording debut on a Hammond-produced Goodman session in 1933. There was no perceptible reaction, however, and it was not until Hammond teamed

Hammond's first report to his London readers on Lady Day read, 'I found an exquisite new singer. She is eighteen years old, weighs two hundred pounds, and is absolutely beautiful.'

Billie with pianist Teddy Wilson for a historic series of recordings, beginning in 1935, that her international mystique was established.

The Holiday-Hammond relationship was erratic. John had little time for musicians or singers who used up precious time during a three-hour recording session smoking pot in the hallways. John adds: "Artistically, the worst thing that ever happened to her was the overwhelming success of her singing of the Lewis Allen poem, 'Strange Fruit,' which gained her a host of fans among the intelligentsia and the far Left." Over the years, as Billie descended from pot to junk, she and Hammond became estranged. In *Lady Sings the Blues*, Billie gave grudging credit to Hammond, preferring to beef about the small payments and failure to pay royalties on her records, a situation over which Hammond, in fact, had no control.

Hammond's relationships with most of his protégés, however, have resulted in durable friendships. It was in 1936, while he was driving through the Middle West in a car that contained that novel gadget, the automobile radio, that he chanced to hear on a small Kansas City station a nine-piece band at the Reno Club, whose freshness of concept and dynamic delivery set it apart from anything he had heard on the Eastern jazz scene. Hammond promptly headed for the club and introduced himself to the bandleader, whose name was William Basie. "Bill was working for $21 a week," he recalls, "and the sidemen got $18, plus whatever they could pick up from the kitty. I made up my mind immediately to arrange for the Basie group to be enlarged and brought East." En route to New York, during a date in Chicago, Hammond assembled a quintet out of the band that made the first recordings ever to feature Basie's coolly authoritative tenor saxophonist, Lester (Pres) Young. By the following year, the first session by the full band was recorded in New York City, and the Basie juggernaut was on its way.

It was in Kansas City, Ha[illegible] says, that he learned a social as [illegible] as musical lesson. "While I was there I got rid of some of my hang-ups about pot. I realized that people literally couldn't exist without it. Liquor was too expensive, and jobs were so tough that there was no way a guy could get through a night without at least one or two sticks. After realizing that, I was never so snobbish about it again. Before that, I was insufferable."

Though Holiday and Basie eventually achieved worldwide acceptance, it was Benny Goodman who, according to Hammond, made it possible for him to tread confidently through the jungle of the American recording world. "Benny was the first commercial success that I had. The odd thing is that when I made a remark to that effect on the TV tribute show, he acted resentful, and sort of snarled at me, 'What do you mean, commercial? I didn't think of myself as commercial.' "

Hammond's role in the evolution of Goodman from secure studio musician to scuffling neophyte bandleader to world figure was one of incalculable magnitude. It was through John that Goodman began to use racially mixed bands on his recordings, at a time when blacks and whites rarely worked together. When Goodman decided to step out with a band of his own in 1934, Hammond was constantly prodding him. He arranged for Benny to hire Fletcher Henderson, the black arranger whose own band was floundering, and he helped bring in from Chicago a young drummer named Gene Krupa to beef up Benny's rhythm section. Most important of all, though, was the encouragement he gave Goodman in the hiring of Teddy Wilson. Never before had a black and white musician performed together in public on a regular basis; but the first records by the trio—Goodman, Wilson, and Krupa—started a new era in small-combo jazz, and within months, Wilson was on salary with Benny. (The trio, however, was only featured as an additional attraction; the pianist in the regular band was a white musician, Jess Stacy, also brought in by Hammond.)

"I always had the feeling," I told Hammond, "that Benny Goodman's groundbreaking was sort of involuntary and much more due to your efforts than to any desire on his part to pioneer."

"How can I take any credit for it?" Hammond replied. "Although it was due to my effort, the fact is that Benny did it, and at a time when he felt it might really hurt him in the studios.

"Those were strange days. Eddie Condon, though he didn't seem to have any racial hang-ups, referred to black musicians as 'spades.' To men like

him, they were a race apart. Teddy helped to change all that. He had so much class that when people saw him with Goodman, they couldn't relegate him to that black stereotype."

Hammond's relationship with Goodman was totally informal; he received nothing for his services and, indeed, on many occasions, virtually had to fight Goodman to put his ideas across. Scholars may write about Charlie Christian as the founding father of jazz guitar, and as a discovery of Goodman, yet Hammond recalls that when Christian was supposed to audition for Benny, the clarinetist's apathy all but aborted the venture. Christian had to be installed on the bandstand by others for the confrontation to finally take place, and the King of Swing reluctantly acknowledged that another vital talent had been placed in his path through Hammond's intervention.

In 1942 Hammond became Benny's brother-in-law, when Goodman married one of John's sisters, Alice. The men's relationship has varied from periods of almost total alienation to polite, cordial exchanges. It is doubtful that Goodman fully understands an essential fact of those early years: that had it not been for Hammond's encouragement at a time when Benny was ready to throw in the towel and go back to the studios, the Goodman phenomenon would never have materialized, and there might not have been a Swing Era. Whether or not he was King of Swing (a title resented by many critics and black musicians), Benny was a superlative clarinetist, leader of an excellent orchestra, and, eventually, a symbol of the whole swing-band emergence.

In order to prove to himself and the world that he was not locked exclusively into jazz, Hammond through the years recorded countless old-line, pop and folk artists, but the acquisition of a Hammond image as a talent ferret in these areas did not begin until 1961:

"I first met Bob Dylan at the home of a friend on West 10th Street, where I had gone to hear Carolyn Hester. I had not recorded anything like Carolyn before, although I knew about her kind of music from the Newport Folk Festivals. So I went up to this place, and she wasn't there, but here was this kid playing the harmonica, wearing a little pink hat, and with a very mischievous look in his eye; and he didn't play very good harmonica, and didn't play the greatest guitar I'd ever heard, but I started talking to him.

"At that time I had been back at Columbia for a couple of years after a long absence, and I had brought in Aretha Franklin in 1960 and was working on a lot of jazz reissues; but I was conscious that Columbia was plagued by the image of 'sing along with Mitch,'

'I got rid of some of my hang-ups about pot. I realized that people literally couldn't exist without it. There was no way a guy could get though a night without at least one or two sticks.'

and Rosemary Clooney and Johnny Mathis. They needed something more contemporary.

"I started talking to this kid Dylan. This was 1961, so I guess he was twenty. I said to myself, 'Jesus, I wonder if this kid can write, or if he can sing.' I said to him, 'I have a feeling, a sense that you must have something. Who is your biggest influence?' And he said, 'Woody Guthrie.' So we got into quite a political conversation, and he said, 'You're the guy who signed Pete Seeger?' I said yes, and it was kind of wonderful that I had been able to, because Seeger was on the CBS blacklist, and I had to convince all the big CBS brass that it was important for us to have him and that I was sure he would sell. So one of Bill Paley's right-hand men said, 'Okay, we're big boys now. Go ahead and sign him.' And of course, Pete soon came up with 'We Shall Overcome,' one of the great songs of the Sixties. I related all this to Dylan, and I guess it convinced him that this wasn't too big and fancy a label, and he could get a fair break.

"He was just bumming around New York then and hanging around Woody Guthrie, who was terribly ill. Thank God I signed Dylan before he opened at Folk City, because by that time he was getting all kinds of offers."

When Dylan, making the fateful audition for Hammond, admitted he was only twenty and was told his mother or father would have to sign the contract, he replied: "I don't have a mother or a father."

"Do you have anybody?" asked Hammond.

"Yeah, I've got an uncle who's a dealer in Las Vegas."

John said: "I think I'm beginning to understand—you don't want anyone else to sign for you."

To which Dylan replied: "Yes, you can trust me."

A contract was agreed on for a year with two one-year options, the maximum to which a minor could be signed.

"So I did an album with Bobby," says John, "which was promptly dubbed 'Hammond's folly' by various people at Columbia who couldn't stand him. But in the second album, he had 'Blowin' In The Wind,' so it didn't take long to get Dylan off the ground, and soon Peter, Paul, and Mary grabbed onto Bobby, and from then on he was a tremendous force in music.

"After a while Dylan said to me, 'John, could you work with a guy named Albert Grossman? Because he's come up with a deal for me at BBC with a two-thousand-dollar advance, and boy, could I use it, because I'm really broke.'

"So I said that was fine by me, and then a week later, Clive Davis, who had just joined the company as a lawyer, called me in his office and said, 'What do you think of this, John?' And it was a letter signed by Bob saying that inasmuch as he was a minor when he signed the contract, he hereby demanded return of all his tapes, masters, and metal parts, and renounced his contract."

Hammond said, "I see in this letter the hand of Albert Grossman."

Davis asked whether Dylan had been in the studios to record since attaining his majority. Yes, several times, Hammond told him. Then, said Davis, the letter was meaningless, since by coming into the studio after he was twenty-one, he had affirmed his contract.

Billy James, a hip young producer at Columbia, and Hammond got hold of Dylan. "We talked to him like two Dutch uncles and said he just couldn't do a thing like this. I had taken his word, given him money, gotten him a song-publishing deal. I had asked Clive Davis to write a letter for Bobby to sign repudiating the other letter—and so Bobby signed it. Albert Grossman was fit to be tied because he didn't have any part of Dylan's records."

Hammond produced Dylan only for the first year or two. "The first album initially cost only four hundred and two dollars, because the only person we had to pay was Bobby—but this meant there was nothing to charge against him, so he went into royalties almost immediately." Later, with John's blessing, Dylan was assigned to other producers.

Hammond had assured Dylan that CBS would never censor him. Wrong. "He made a really great record of a song called 'Talking John Birch Blues,' which was hilarious. But the CBS corporate lawyers wouldn't let him sing it on the Ed Sullivan Show, claiming that any Birch Society member could sue because of the supposed implication that any member of the Society shared Hitler's views.

"So Bob, who had real principles, refused to go on the air. And he screamed

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when CBS cut it out of the album. I'm sure, eventually, it will be issued. Actually a couple of hundred copies were pressed, so it's a real collector's item."

That Dylan has not forgotten his debt to Hammond was handily demonstrated in the fall of 1975, when, after seven years away from TV, he went to Chicago to take part in the PBC tribute to John—and sang "Hurricane." This was the only time it was heard on television, and, according to Hammond, it became a major factor in the subsequent release on bail of Hurricane Carter, the jailed ex-boxing champion who claims he is innocent of murder charges.

Hammond's experience with Bruce Springsteen paralleled what had occurred with Dylan: good vibes with the artist, problems with the manager.

"Bruce is an extraordinary boy—in this dog-eat-dog business, a kid who's completely without greed." Like Dylan, he would gladly have worked the TV tribute for scale, and a couple of months after the taping he asked Hammond why he had not been invited to do it. "I said, 'Don't you know what happened?' And it turned out that the producer had called up Mike Appel, who was my enemy and Bruce's agent, and Appel said, 'I won't even discuss it.' The people at Columbia were so chicken that they didn't dare go over Appel's head and ask Bruce direct; so he just didn't know."

"Who is Mike Appel?" I asked. "And why is he your enemy?"

"He is the guy who brought Bruce to audition for me, although I found out later that it was Bruce who told Appel to arrange it, as Bruce had read about my having signed Dylan. Now, Bruce is a boy who doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, doesn't curse, who is absolutely the opposite of anything you have ever read about rock and roll—without guile and totally unselfish. Let me tell you a little incident that took place after Bruce had become an overnight superstar. One day I said to him, Bruce, a young girl I know wrote me that the student body at this private school she's attending has decided that the artist they would most like to have for their concert is Bruce Springsteen. I told them they couldn't possibly afford you; the hall only seats about nine hundred people, and the most they could possibly come up with is four thousand dollars. Have you ever played a prep school, or any kind of private school?'

"Bruce said no, but if I wanted him to do it, he would. I said I'd notify him as soon as I got official confirmation from the school, and he told me to be sure and

'I was in Louis' stateroom when Collins called him a nigger—he was very drunk. And I knocked Johnny Collins down. Louis never forgot it.'

mark the letter personal, and to the attention of his secretary, because I wanted to be sure this could be done without Appel screwing it up.

"A day after I sent the letter, the school got a call from Mike Appel, saying it was utterly impossible; that the money was ridiculous, and anyhow Bruce would be on a tour of the South at that time. The school called me up, frantic, but I told them to cool it. I got hold of the secretary, who said, 'Bruce has seen your letter, Mr. Hammond, and don't worry, he'll work things out.'

"The outcome was that he rearranged his whole tour, played the date for four thousand dollars, worked two-and-a-half hours without stopping, and had the audience standing and screaming after every number—and he was so damn nice to everybody. And only recently Willard Alexander, the booking agent, called me up about trying to get hold of Bruce for an outdoor concert, thirty-five thousand dollars for a single night. I said, 'Good luck, Willard, but I don't think he'll do it.' Sure enough, Bruce, who refuses to play any outdoor event, turned it down. He's just not interested in money."

Despite his interest in Springsteen, whose backup group he calls "practically the only rock band I can listen to," Hammond has no time whatever for the jazz-rock merger, most of whose proponents he believes are motivated simply by avarice. "The musicians who are selling out voluntarily are succumbing to the worst instincts of the capitalist system. For Miles Davis, who was a real original, to be putting out crap—repetitious crap—that's a disgrace. And Ramsey Lewis, who has a wonderful bass player and drummer, is being engulfed by commercial rock sounds that have nothing to do with whatever he stood for. And Herbie Hancock's worse, and...oh God, you could go on and on. At least George Benson knows what he's doing, still plays a jazz gig with Benny Goodman when he has a chance." (Guitarist-singer Benson, discovered and recorded by Hammond ten years ago, recently earned his first gold record with a highly commercialized album.)

Hammond's socio-political and religious views are a curiously mixed product of his very proper socialite background and his life spent among musicians, helping them fight the system. Only once, he recalls, did he translate his strongly felt beliefs into direct physical action:

"I really got to know Louis Armstrong in 1933, when he and his third wife, Alpha, and his dreadful manager, Johnny Collins, happened to be aboard the Homeric when we were all traveling to London. I was in Louis' stateroom when Collins called him a nigger—he was very drunk. And I knocked Johnny Collins down. Louis never forgot it; he used to slap his thigh and say, 'Gee, John, *nobody* ever knocked someone down for calling me a nigger.' But in those days, I was so utterly removed from Louis' and Alpha's life-style; they were lighting up every night, and I was looking on and not participating, because I didn't like pot; and I was a virgin. I only smoked pot once in my life, with Charlie Barnet in 1932 coming home from a radio session at WEVD. Never liked the smell; never touched it since. I've always gotten my charge from other things. I was very proper in some ways and very improper in others, such as having close friends who were black."

Hammond fell silent for a moment. I asked him whether, at sixty-five, he has any regrets, any might-have-beens in his long fight for the dignity of the music and musicians whose causes he has espoused.

"Yes. I should have been the first guy to record concerts live. I should have taken equipment down to Café Society, where Teddy Wilson and all those marvelous people were working; but I didn't quite have the courage of my convictions, and, of course, only a few years later, Norman Granz had the guts to begin recording his Jazz at the philharmonic concerts. I did the best I could in the Thirties, but I wasn't well organized, wasn't a good businessman; I was always spreading myself thinner than I should have."

When I asked whether he had cause for embitterment as a result of ingratitude (I had Billie Holiday specifically in mind), John said: "I don't expect anybody to be grateful. Grateful for what? I mean, they've got the talent. The best way is never to expect any gratitude, although I must say I've found plenty. Look at the story about Springsteen, and think of Dylan and all those other people who came to do that television show for nothing—and I hadn't a thing to do with their being asked."

He laughed, and said half-seriously: "I really feel I've probably loused up more musicians by helping to make them famous and will probably go down in history as some sort of cad. It's a terrible thing, isn't it? Because I was doing everything for nothing, you know. I just loved the music, and of course I always will."

Seawind's sound is light years from Don Ho.

ELECTRIC SOUNDS

Seawind Blows Hot and Cool Breezes

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Is it a Hawaiian band? True, Seawind was organized in the Islands, but its sound is light years removed from Don Ho.

Is it a religious group? "We give thanks to the Lord for bringing us and our music together," you read in the album notes. Among the songs are "He Loves You," a hymn of praise to the Lord, and "The Devil Is a Liar," yet Seawind plays instrumental music and sings lyrics that have no devotional message.

Does it qualify as jazz? Record World, a trade paper, called it the up and coming jazz group of 1977. Bob Wilson, in his composing for Seawind, has the feeling and style of Keith Jarrett in mind. When Kim Hutcheroft plays alto sax, there is more than a hint of the old Cannonball Adderley combo in its gospel-funk groove. But Seawind's youthful members are products of the rock generation.

It is less advisable to attempt to pigeonhole Seawind than simply to admire its eclecticism. Let us quote Pauline Wilson, the singer and percussionist, wife of composer-arranger-drummer Bob Wilson: "Regardless of how people classify us, what we're shooting for is originality."

Seawinds's members (except for Ms. Wilson, who is the only native Hawaiian among the seven members) drifted to the Islands for various reasons: the Navy sent Bob Wilson to Pearl Harbor, he liked it and returned there after his discharge; bassist Ken Wild's father, an Army career officer, was assigned to Honolulu, and so forth.

Seawind could not have attracted the loyal following it has accumulated over its six years together had it not been for a decision to renounce a tiresome Top 40 repertoire, one that had proven financially satisfactory but aesthetically a bore.

"We played our first gig in Spokane, Wash.," said Wilson; "then we went back to the Islands. After going out on the road for six months as a dance band, we soon decided we were not getting a thing out of doing those dumb tunes. So we went to play my home town, Phoenix and just hung out there for several months, working for $20 a week each and all living in the same house; and that's when the originals started happening." Before long Seawind had 40 new pieces in its books, many of them two or three-part suites.

Back in Hawaii, they were heard by a record producer, Bob Wirtz, who took a tape to his partner, drummer/producer Harvey Mason. "Harvey liked the sound," Wilson recalls, "and told us 'If you guys can come over here, I'll try to get you a job.'"

Seawind sold everything, pooled its cash and headed for Hollywood. The job turned out to be one night a week at the Baked Potato, a club with a capacity of less than 100. But very soon the word was out, an album was underway and the offers began to pour in.

Much of Seawind's strength lies in its instrumental versatility: every member doubles as a vocalist, Larry Williams plays a truckload of keyboards, synthesizers and reed instruments, Jerry Hey juggles trumpet, fluegelhorn and French horn. Pauline Wilson, who plays percussion, adds a voice of rare adaptability.

"One of the reasons we wanted Pauline right from the start," Wilson says, "was that she has this natural ability to use her voice as if it were another instrument; so it's not just a singer out front and a backup band. We function together as seven musicians."

Ms. Wilson, whose role in Seawind has been somewhat inaccurately compared with that of Chaka Khan in Rufus, married Tom Wilson in 1975. Raised on a sugar cane plantation on the island of Hilo, she is self-taught. When the Wilsons met she had been singing professionally around the islands since 1969, when she was 19, and had been working at a disco in Kona.

The Wilsons, Kim Hutcheroft and guitarist Bud Nuanez are all practicing Christians. "The other members are quite relaxed about our singing songs for the Lord," says Wilson. "They respect our beliefs and we respect theirs."

Seawind is neither an exclusively religious nor a musically pretentious organization. Its sound is quite sophisticated, occasionally using a jazz-like three-horn front line.

●

Though the first CTI album did well, Seawind has had to rely for much of its exposure on warmup jobs at concerts for bigger names. "We opened for Boz Scaggs at the Greek Theatre," said Pauline, "and we've warmed up for George Benson on some dates and Tower of Power on others. Last spring, when the album came out, we went back home and played as the main act at the University of Hawaii Amphitheatre. The reaction was unbelievable! We had no idea we'd acquired that kind of a following. They gave us tremendous airplay in Hawaii."

Warm-ups aside, Seawind has made inroads into the club scene, from New York's Bottom Line to Donte's and Cafe Concert on the West Coast. All indications are that 1978 will find the group embarking on a heavy intercontinental itinerary.

For Pauline Wilson and her associates, the only hangups now concern the whims and wishes of a record company.

On the group's second album, "Window of a Child" (CTI 7 5007, released last week), every track except one is a vocal. "We don't want to be pushed into the category of looking for a hit single," says Wilson, "and we don't want to be called another Rufus. I mean, you can compromise just so far. Our music has to reflect all our listening experiences, from symphonies to Mancini."

Though she shares these reservations, Pauline Wilson feels a certain elation at the promotional push behind the group. For her, Seawind represents the prospect of a dream fulfilled.

"When I was in high school, my ambition was to become a stewardess so that I could see the world; but I didn't meet the height requirements. I'm 4 feet 10—no, let's say 4 feet 11—but now it doesn't matter. I like traveling the world this way much better." ●

Yale (1929 - '31) and his studies at the Juilliard School of Music and forever after, remained a free spirit icompelled by twin drives: the reduction of American racism and the glorification of American jazz and related forms.

That bigotry has not been eliminated cannot obscure the uncounted achievements due directly or indirectly to Hammond's role as a vice president of the NAACP. (He quit some years back; Hammond, whose political stance has always slanted heavily to portside, felt then-President Roy Wilkins was dragging his feet.)

As for the second goal, here are a few of the people and musical developments we might never have heard of but for his intercession: The Swing Era, boogie-woogie, Billie Holiday, Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Charlie Christian, Teddy Wilson, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen.

His adversaries have opposed him for his racial views. ("Red Nichols, the cornetist, who was probably the most anti-black, white musician I ever came across, would openly refer to me as a 'nigger lover' and definitely resented the fact that I consciously broke down racial barriers.") Some have falsely branded him as a Communist. ("I was very vulnerable, but I never joined the Party, because my whole thing was integration, whereas the Communists wanted self-determination in the Black Belt—a forty-ninth state, a form of self-segregation—which completely turned me off.") But Hammond is essentially a rebel with his two connected causes; when an article he wrote for the *People's Voice* or the *New Masses* was censored because of his pro-integration views, he simply removed himself, and during his years with the NAACP, he found himself constantly at odds with the extreme Left.

I can speak of John Hammond with affectionate authority, for we have been friends since the early Thirties when, as a young jazz fan, I met him during one of his visits to England. One evening in the Fifties, when I expressed astonishment that there was no available reference book on jazz, Hammond, who always knows someone in the right place for every contingency, decided to bring me together with a publisher he knew. This resulted in *The Encyclopedia of Jazz* and almost every other book I have written.

Yet I can also write of John objectively, remembering the couple of years when we were not speaking (because of his stubborn and, to me, wrong-headed criticism of Duke Ellington) and recalling his reputation for bad manners in the presence of performers he did not respect. When Hazel Scott played piano at Café Society Downtown, the trend-setting Village club whose owner shared Hammond's belief in integration both on and off the bandstand, an impatient Hammond would wait through her set, conspicuously leafing through a newspaper. But Scott was one of the few stars of Café Society not promoted by Hammond, who used the room as a sounding board for Billie Holiday, Joe Turner, and the boogie-woogie pianists. (The white world never even knew of the term "boogie-woogie," nor of the eight-to-the-bar piano style it denoted, until Hammond, fascinated by a piano solo called "Honky-Tonk Train Blues," recorded in 1929 by Meade Lux Lewis, conducted a five-year search for the artist that ended up in a Chicago garage, where he found him washing cars. Hammond promptly recorded him in a new version that revived Lewis' career and triggered the national boogie craze.)

Bob Dylan

Bruce Springsteen

Count Basie

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, 1936-1977

Lester Koenig, 1917-1977

Kirk and Koenig: Two of a Kind

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Every year inevitably takes its toll in jazz as in all walks of life, but 1977 has been a singularly melancholy time. It began with the loss of Erroll Garner, followed by, among others, Benny Green, Paul Desmond, Richie Kamuca, Hampton Hawes, Ethel Waters, Bing Crosby and Sonny Criss.

Two names have now been added to that list. They were men who on the surface may seem to have had little in common. One was a performer, the other a producer; one began his career at 15, the other graduated from Dartmouth and attended Yale law school. Yet Rahsaan Roland Kirk and Lester Koenig were linked in two meaningful ways: both were men of great integrity and resilience; both suffered senselessly and unavoidably—Koenig who was white and blacklisted, Kirk who was black and blind.

●

At the memorial services for Koenig, William Wyler recalled how he met the aspiring screenwriter in the Army Air Corps during World War II. As writer or associate producer, Koenig seemed to have a bright career ahead: He and Wyler worked together on many films, among them "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "Roman Holiday."

But Koenig was a man of profound social convictions which he was not afraid to express and translate into action. As a reward, he was rendered incapable of being employed in the fear-stricken film industry, a premature victim of incipient McCarthyism.

The movies' loss was music's gain. He went on to found Good Time Jazz and Contemporary Records. A few months ago, reviewing an Art Pepper album on the latter label, I observed that "Koenig, who has run this company for 26 years, may be the record business' most totally honest man. He is a dedicated craftsman who handles the musical and technical details of every session with the application of a watchmaker."

He was also unfailingly loyal to the musicians who worked for him: they, in return, thought of him less as an employer than as a friend. He was a kind, gentle, quiet-mannered and extraordinarily compassionate man; small wonder that on hearing the news of his passing, several associates used the identical phrase: "That man was like a father to me."

In a competitive field like the record business, men of Les Koenig's caliber cannot be replaced. They can only be mourned.

●

Rahsaan Roland Kirk also was one of a kind. Educated at Ohio State School for the Blind, he was 16 when he had a dream about playing three instruments at once. With the help of some odd horns he picked up in the "scraps" department of an instrument store, he turned the dream into reality.

It took a while for him to convince some critics that his accomplishment was more than just a gimmick; but Kirk created unique sounds and genuine music in that capacious mouth, and as if that were not accomplishment enough, he continued to do so after suffering a crippling stroke in 1975.

The doctors had told him he could never play again. Kirk was back on the bandstand within months, employing mainly his left hand, somehow even putting the paralyzed right arm to some limited use—and playing two instruments at once much of the time.

He kept working right to the end, even though they had to help him on and off a chair. He played two concerts the night before he died, at the age of 41.

Rahsaan Roland Kirk never recorded for Contemporary, but I suspect that he and Lester Koenig would have understood one another very well. ●

Redd Foxx tale of black humor

by LEONARD FEATHER

The Redd Foxx Encyclopedia of Black Humor b
Foxx and Norma Miller (Ward Ritchie: $12.50)

"If you see me laughing," went the ancient blues verse, "I'm laughing just to keep from crying." That statement sums up as well as any other the essence of what has belatedly emerged in white America over the past decade or so as a priceless lode of black humor.

Some of the richest, subtlest or most caustic humor through the ages has been the humor of the handicapped, the victimized, the underprivileged. It is no coincidence that the existence of Jewish ghettos resulted in a high incidence of Jews among America's foremost vaudeville comics. Lily Tomlin has found comedy material in a quadriplegic. George Shearing has a great store of what he calls blind-jokes.

As Redd Foxx observes in his preface, "Whenever an oppressed people are without the ability to improve their situation, they begin to laugh at themselves and make jokes about their situation. It is only when people can laugh at themselves that they become human beings."

The black man's comedic history has been different for it has been determined to an astonishing degree by the will and whim of white America. Two and a half centuries of slavery and a century of segregation led to the development of a form in which self-degradation was the pervading element, burnt cork the false face, obsequiousness the way to the white man's ribs, so easily tickled by a Stepin Fetchit or a Mantan Moreland.

Norma Miller, originally a dancer who worked with Redd Foxx in black theaters, later a comedienne in his night club in Los Angeles, has done a commendable if selective research job. If this is not truly an encyclopedia, at least offers considerable enlightenment on two levels.

The first is a history, dealing with plantation shows, white minstrelsy, the black minstrels who followed, the evolution of Harlem as a social center and of the Apollo Theater as a cynosure for black vaudeville and the infamous TOBA circuit that kept black acts moving around the country in the 1930s (officially it meant Theater Owners' Booking Assn., but many of the performers swore it stood for Tough on Black Asses).

The second section comprises vignettes of a dozen or so figures, from Sammy Davis and Timmie Rogers to Bill Cosby, Flip Wilson and Richard Pryor.

DECEMBER 11, 1977

paperback scene

Something for everyo

by WILLIAM S. MURPHY

Booksellers will be displaying a wide array of boxed welc

Progress in the emancipation of black comedy was painfully slow. The century began with Williams & Walker, billed as "The Two Real Coons," of whom the white critic for the New York Democratic Mirror observed: "The common every day Nigger has only to open his mouth to bring laughs." When Walker died, Bert Williams continued on his own, but for many years during and after World War I there was an all but total blackout of blacks on Broadway, a void that was filled with "Shuffle Along" in 1921. A half century after Williams & Waller, we had Amos 'n' Andy on television; a very small step for mankind.

Even in black theaters, comedians continued for many years to confirm the white man's image of Afro-Americans by using blackface. But during the 1940s, a new breed of comic emerged, seen for the most part only by blacks, but paving the way for the Lenny Bruces and others who freed us from social and sexual taboos.

Redd Foxx, Moms Mabley and Pigmeat Markham faced predominantly white audiences for the first time far too late in their careers, though they had kept millions in hysterics while they played the Chitlin Circuit of ghetto clubs and theaters.

Some of the Foss-Miller pen portraits are only long enough to titillate our interest, being too brief to afford a well-rounded picture. Instead of those dated transcripts of Apollo sketches, it would have been helpful to include a passage from a Sanford and Son episode (Foxx, in his own 20-page segment, gives unduly short shrift to his Sanford alter ego). The mere three and a

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half pages of text on Cosby could well have been stretched with the help of a segment from one of his unique TV routines.

Black comedy wears many masks: ethnic and universal, clean and dirty, male and female, the humor of dialect and the humor of impressions (George Kirby, the past master in this category, is given due credit).

As the final chapter, "Black Language," reminds us, Afro-Americans also have given us countless words and phrases that have long since passed into the American vernacular, their source uncredited. If you not hip to this trip, you're a square and don't dig wh black humor is coming from. Foxx and Miller will h you find the way. If you are black already you will joy this reminder of where you have been.

Feather writes regularly for The Times on music other subjects.

12/25

JAZZ

Yule Gifts and Riffs

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Stan Kenton

● This being the time of year when one would like to reach out and spread good cheer to the four corners, in the form of gifts and good wishes, an alternative suggests itself in lieu of that practical impossibility.

The following is a collection of holiday thoughts for some of our more prominent friends in the form of suggestions concerning whatever they may need, want or deserve. It is to be hoped (let's hope you noticed the skill with which I avoided using "hopefully") that some of these will be accepted in the lighthearted spirit in which they were conceived; others are to be taken as seriously as my intentions.

Stan Kenton: a speedy return to the bandstand. (Latest report: a Jan. 13 liftoff, with slightly altered personnel.

Mercer Ellington: a pen, a supply of manuscript paper, a hotel suite locked from the outside, a modicum of your father's inspiration, and room service until you have finally kept the promise you made, when you inherited the crown in 1974, to make a serious return to your composing career.

Eubie Blake: at least five years and two months more of robust living. We need our first jazz centenarian.

Joe Venuti: a birth certificate.

Doc Severinsen: three minutes a week of your own time, with the full orchestra. (Maybe on Mondays?)

Maynard Ferguson: slightly lower blood pressure.

Bill Evans: slightly higher blood pressure.

Count Basie: Maynard Ferguson's record sales.

The Sex Pistols: Count Basie's record sales.

George Benson: a temporary case of laryngitis (just long enough to afford you a coast-to-coast tour as an instrumentalist.)

Ronnie Laws: your elder brother's talent.

Hubert Laws: your younger brother's luck.

The Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band: an abbreviation expert.

Dexter Gordon: leg room on the planes to and from Copenhagen.

Keith Jarrett: an ounce of humility.

Tommy Newsom: an ounce of charisma.

Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen: see Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band.

Herbie Hancock: a cellar loaded with V.S.O.P.

Chick Corea: your own Scientology center.

Howard Johnson: your own hotel chain.

Urszula Dudziak: a visit to a numerologist.

Joe Williams: a recording contract, followed by a hit single, followed by sufficient profits to enable you to buy up whichever of those Las Vegas casinos have never hired you.

Benny Goodman: a new repertoire; also a small fire, just large enough to destroy your arrangement of "Rhapsody in Blue."

The Pointer Sisters: a new point of view.

Dick Gibson: a multimillion dollar deal for the worldwide distribution of your unsold "Great Rocky Mountain Jazz Party" motion picture.

Chuck Mangione: a new hatmaker.

Gato Barbieri: no hatmaker. No hat.

World's Greatest Jazz Band: the world's greatest jazz musicians.

Anthony Braxton: a case to hold every one of your horns, and a truck large enough to carry the case.

Weather Report: lighter weather, and a resident meterologist.

Miles Davis: your 1970 health back—and your 1960 chops.

Donald Byrd: a power failure.

Ornette Coleman: six months on the road as Dizzy Gillespie's band boy.

Jon Faddis: six months away from Dizzy Gillespie.

Don Ellis: a trumpet that plays eighth-tones.

Gerry Mulligan: a year's free service at Vidal Sassoon's.

John Dankworth: a knighthood (For Lady Dankworth, your first Hollywood movie).

Buddy Rich: see Keith Jarrett.

Carlos Santana, Jake Hanna, Carl Fontana, Morgana King, Roland Hanna: a three week cross country concert tour under the "Music in the Santana-Hanna-Fontana-Morgana-Hanna Manner" banner.

The Four Freshmen: history's most overdue graduation party.

Jimmy Lyons: a talent transfusion of new blood to resuscitate the Monterey Jazz Festival.

George Wein: a truly festive festival, preferably outdoors and far from the madding New York crowd. (How about someplace like Newport, R.I.?●

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JAZZ REVIEW

Hubbard, Ali of the Horn, at Roxy

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Midway through his three-night run and midway through his set, Tuesday at the Roxy, Freddie Hubbard gave his listeners a rare chance to grasp what he is fundamentally all about.

The tune was "Portrait of Jennie." As on his new album, Hubbard played it lyrically, bringing out the full beauty of the melody and using no accompaniment except the lush, sweeping harp arpeggios of Dorothy Ashby.

That Hubbard has a great talent has long been evident. That he knows how to set it in perspective is more debatable. For the Roxy job he assembled a nine-piece band, long on big beat and volume but short on rhythmic nuances. Though he played fluegelhorn throughout (he had damaged his trumpet before the set), Hubbard seldom achieved the purity of sound of which he is capable.

Fittingly, he opened with "Rainy Day Song," written by his keyboard player David Garfield. (Despite a heavy storm, the room was packed.) Next were "I Don't Want to Lose You" and Hubbard's own "Bundle of Joy" with a fine guitar solo by the 18-year-old Rick Zunigar. All three numbers offered a reminder that Hubbard has been called the Muhammad Ali of the horn. In music, though, not every performance should be a heavyweight bout.

"One of a Kind" found him closer to his prime-time form, with Larry Klein switching to upright bass and the groove closer to what Hubbard achieved in Herbie Hancock's V.S.O.P. Hadley Caliman, a strong tenor player, had his only chance to stretch out here.

The rhythmic overstatement worked well in the final tune, "From Now On," building a tension and excitement splendidly sustained by Hubbard's long, stabbing statements and leading to a very gradual diminuendo. Trombonist Paul Ranelin finally had a solo. Ms. Ashby, hidden in a corner, could be seen but not heard playing throughout much of the set, except for the welcome "Jennie."

Wondering why it was that as a long-time Hubbard admirer I had been only partially satisfied, I went home, turned on the TV and caught Dizzy Gillespie on The Tonight Show. He had all the answers: the dynamic contrasts, the little harmonic subtleties, the use of great restraint alternating with tremendous technique.

Hubbard has these qualities at his command, but the excesses of his band too often impel him to neglect them. Why can't he just be the middleweight champion?

JAZZ REVIEW

African Roots at Home in Tarzana

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Somehow it seems improbable to find, in Tarzana, a group that not only has a provocative name, African Roots of Jazz, but actually manages to do a lot more than merely put the Tarzan in Tarzana.

Monday evening at Cafe Concert on Ventura Blvd. the sextet (normally it is a septet, but pianist Ron Kornhauser was absent) steered an expert course across the hair-thin borders that separate African, Afro-Cuban, Latin, Afro-American and just plain jazz.

Though the main pulse of the group is supplied by the leader, E. W. Wainwright, a powerful high-energy drummer, and despite the presence of two other percussionists, the unit also has a strongly melodic flavor, as was evidenced in "Crystal," written by the bassist Gary Fitzgerald, and by a pretty waltz credited to the vibraphonist, Rickey Kelly.

The combo presents two basic sounds. One blends Lewis Taylor's flute with Kelly on vibes; the other finds Taylor on tenor sax and Kelly playing marimba. Because of its relative rarity and the vaguely African quality conjured up by the wooden sound of the marimba, the latter mixture works more effectively.

Such pieces as John Coltrane's "Naima" show that the music of this Southland-based band is well arranged and rehearsed. George Cannon on congas and Akin (Dosu) Davis on various shakables and Wainwright on traps make a cohesive team. "The Healer," described by Wainwright as a theme with an African village setting, is at one extremity of the repertoire; at the other was a rather tame and perfunctory treatment of Kurt Weill's "My Ship."

Though occasionally lacking the excitement it should generate, African Roots is more musical and certainly more serious in its intensions than many combos now producing gold albums. The sextet will be back at Cafe Concert Friday and Saturday.

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12/30

JAZZ REVIEW

Woody Herman Band at Disneyland

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It has been a wet week for Woody Herman at Disneyland. Monday the band was rained out; Tuesday it worked despite a heavy storm, and Wednesday Papa Chopper and his Young Thundering Herd were carrying on as if things were normal, despite a leak overhead near the edge of the bandstand in the plaza gardens. One sax man had to move his chair when raindrops started falling on his head.

This is essentially the same orchestra Herman led before an auto accident immobilized him for a couple of months last spring. A few faces have disappeared, a couple of alumni have returned.

A delicate balance is still maintained between straight jazz pieces, the Latin works such as Alan Broadbent's "Sugar Loaf Mountain" and the occasional foray into jazz/rock. In this last category is the familiar Gary Anderson arrangement of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man," an enterprising venture that builds to a stunning climax.

The hearbeat of any big band is its rhythm section, and Herman at present has one of his best. Art Johnson is equally adept on upright and electric bass; drummer Jeff Hamilton is so versed in jazz history that he follows the lines of such older works as "Four Brothers" as if he had been there at the inception; and pianist Pat Coil showed a keen feeling for the blues on "Greasy Sack."

Perhaps because damp weather is rough on reed players, the two-part invention on "Body and Soul" didn't come off, with Herman's sax intonation faltering and Joe Lovano on tenor not too convincing in the pseudo-Coltrane passage. But Bruce Johnston, on baritone in his own "Sunrise Lady," contributed a sinewy, engaging solo.

Johnston was in good form also on an unpretentious, unarranged blues in 12/8, with Herman noodling nostalgically in the lower register of his clarinet and the band eventually taking it out to the strains of "Blue Flame," its theme for longer than these sidemen have been alive.

Herman is on hand tonight; Louis Bellson takes over for the New Year's Eve festivities, then Herman returns to close his stint Sunday.

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ALL THAT JAZZ

If you think that instrumental jazz is strictly the province of males, you haven't heard the legendary Marian McPartland or the ageless Mary Lou Williams do wondrous things with a piano. Should you want to hear these and other fine musicians—who just happen to be women—get together for an evening of great sounds, plan to attend the first Women's Jazz Festival to be held March 19 in the Kansas City, Kansas, Memorial Hall. We must add, however, that an eminent *male* jazz authority, Leonard Feather, is the evening's m.c.

1/15

Jazz

● The months ahead promise a reasonable quota of jazz, even if most of it will consist of familiar faces in the same familiar places.

The only significant sound new to the Southland will be avant-garde pianist Cecil Taylor's long delayed local appearance. He will play a concert March 14 at Royce Hall. Another pianist, Billy Taylor, also a rare visitor, is scheduled for a concert March 10 at El Camino College. In the same auditorium, Woody Herman will be heard Jan. 24, conflicting with a visit that evening to Royce Hall by the World's Greatest Jazz Band. In addition, at Schoenberg tonight is John Klemmer, Freddie Hubbard Jan. 22, Roger Kellaway and Auracle on Feb. 5. The only other concert-hall bookings presently confirmed are Earl Hines at Royce Hall Jan. 29 and Buddy Rich at El Camino College Feb. 26.

As usual, Concerts by the Sea is the most committed club. Willie Bobo and Seawind split the month of January. February will be divided among Stan Getz, McCoy Tyner, Roy Ayers and Johnny Hartman; March will bring back Yusef Lateef for two weeks, followed by Mongo Santamaria, Woody Shaw and Bill Evans.

The Hong Kong Bar, broadening its jazz policy, will offer such saxophonist-dominated groups as Plas Johnson this week; Phil Woods Jan. 31 and Supersax the following week. Singers are also in the lineup, with Irene Kral for the Jan. 17 week and Mavis Rivers sharing the bill with vibraphonist Terry Gibbs Feb. 21.

Donte's, though still occasionally dipping into fusion music, has some estimable straight jazz on the schedule. The young saxophonist Scott Hamilton will colead a quintet with Bill Berry this week; Anita O'Day will sing Jan. 20-21 and Sue Raney returns Jan. 27-28.

The Lighthouse, in addition to the likes of Bobby Hutcherson, who will be on hand through next Sunday, promises several blues artists, among them Eddie Taylor and Louis Myers Jan. 17-19; Lightning Hopkins and Phillip Walker Jan. 20-23; Mose Allison Jan. 31-Feb. 5.

The Parisian Room rings in the New Year with Hank Crawford, who opens Tuesday for a week, followed by Lockjaw Davis and Sweets Edison, four weeks of Arthur Prysock, three weeks of Eddie Harris and, starting March 19, a week of Yusef Lateef. ● —LEONARD FEATHER

1/1/78

Herbie Hancock: Man of the Year

JAZZ

'Twas a Something for Everyone Year

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● A year ago this week the listing of Golden Feather awards was preceded by a comment that you could make a convincing argument on either side as to whether it had been an encouraging year for jazz.

This time there seems to be no room for doubt. No matter what your musical predilections, there were enough appropriate sounds around to please all ears.

Certainly the fusion or crossover artists have dominated the scene commercially; at this writing the pop-jazz of Chuck Mangione, the jazz-rock of Jean-Luc Ponty and the funk-jazz of Stanley Turrentine are riding the crest of the jazz charts.

At the same time, every other brand of jazz has been well served in one manner or another. If you were not in New York and thus couldn't gain access to the growing "loft jazz" scene, you could be exposed to it via a series of albums, entitled "Wildflowers" Volume 1 through 5, on the independent Douglas/Casablanca label. The avant-garde also was represented by the issuance, belatedly, of "The Greatest Concert of Cecil Taylor" (Prestige), recorded in 1969, a three-record set that drew five-star ratings.

It was no different with bebop, mainstream jazz, big bands, blues—name your poison or your panacea. In other words, a something-for-everyone year during which the word jazz, once considered toxic in music business circles, took on miraculous remedial characteristics.

The 13th annual Golden Feather awards are selected and presented along the lines of those that went before them; that is to say, they are indicative of nothing more than the personal observations of one biased or perceptive critic. (A biased critic, of course, is one whose views are at odds with your own.) This one-man's-family collective brings together into one column certain men and women who, possibly unbeknownst to them, have become near and dear to me on the strength of certain accomplishments over the past 12 months.

Last year's winners are automatically ineligible, a rule that eliminates George Benson, Al Jarreau, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Matrix, Quire, ECM Records and others.

No envelopes are needed here. Just the typesetter, please.

Man of the Year: Herbie Hancock. There is no way of estimating just how deep the impact may have been of Hancock's initiative in reorganizing his 1976 "Very Special One-Time Performance" quintet for a 1977 concert tour. What is certain is that the group, playing music diametrically opposed to the electronic funk of his prior combo, drew capacity crowds and elated reactions from New York to Tokyo.

Fans too young to have heard in person the

Alberta Hunter: Domestic Comeback of the Year

Dexter Gordon: Imported Comeback of the Year

mid-1960s Miles Davis quintet which this new Hancock unit so closely resembled were introduced to a brand of authentic jazz unlike anything they would have accepted from a less-respected figure. As a consequence, the doors have been reopened to a potential flood of purer music than most of the music world's businessmen previously had the courage to put on tape.

Dr. George Butler, former head of Blue Note, now with Columbia Records, told me last week, "I'm going to make a strictly jazz album with Freddie Hubbard, and have begun to plan something along the same lines with Bobby Hutcherson. I have several other projects of the same nature in mind. It seems to me that too many artists have been recording jazz along a formularized, assembly-line basis. We have to get into something more straight-ahead." That such thoughts are now permissible is due in large measure to what Hancock hath wrought.

Woman of the Year: Urszula Dudziak. It will be a while before her accomplishments are fully recognized, but after two or three years of startling LPs whose appeal was somewhat esoteric, the Polish singer (aided as always by her arranger/violinsit husband Michael Urbaniak) cut an album for Arista, "Midnight Rain," in which she applied her unique vocal techniques to such standards as "Misty," "Bluesette," "Lover" and "Night in Tunisia." That there is more to her ventures than electronic trickery soon will be apparent to jazz audiences en masse.

Combo of the Year: V.S.O.P. (see Man of the Year).

Comeback of the Year (reimported): Dexter Gordon. Six-and-a-half-feet of Los Angeles-born tenor saxophone immensity returned in triumph to his native soil after many years of expatriation. Though he still calls Copenhagen home, his imposing sound and damn-the-torpedoes improvisational persona miraculously became commercially viable in the United States.

Comeback of the Year (domestic): Alberta Hunter. Coaxed out of retirement, the composer of "Down Hearted Blues," which she sang on a record with Fletcher Henderson's orchestra in 1923, acquired more press clippings during her long run at New York's Cookery than the previous half century had amassed. At year's end she was set to write and sing the opening theme for a major movie, the only 82-year-old singer to do so all year.

Media Hero of the Year: Executive producer Steve Rathe, whose "Jazz Alive!" series of radio remotes from clubs around the country brought us a reminder that live radio, and live jazz channeled through it, are not necessarily things of the past. The programs are syndicated to numerous stations via National Public Radio.

Author of the Year: John Hammond, whose autobiographical "John Hammond on Record" (Ridge Press/Summit Books) not only is completely fascinating reading but also provides an educational experience for anyone curious about jazz, civil rights and/or American society at large. If you received some other book for Christmas, exchange it for this.

Bumper Sticker of the Year: This is a new and probably a one-time category, but I couldn't resist it when I saw the automobile cruising along Ventura Blvd. in North Hollywood. It read: "Gato Barbieri Go Home," and beneath it in small letters were the neatly printed words: ". . . and Take Herbie Mann With You."

Wish of the Year: The best, the brightest and the soundest sounds for 1978.

1/8

JAZZ REVIEW

John Klemmer's Sax Marathon

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It takes courage, lung power and inspiration to step on a stage and play the saxophone, unaccompanied, for 45 continuous minutes. John Klemmer's feat Sunday, presented by the Associated Students of UCLA at Schoenberg Hall, was rendered a little easier by the fact that in a sense he was not quite alone. Seven minutes into the recital he turned on his echoplex, and for the remainder of the marathon put this device to every conceivable use.

This one-man battle of the saxes enabled Klemmer to take a breath now and then while the echoes, like concentric and eccentric circles around him, slowly subsided. The rippling-stream effect, which Klemmer pioneered years ago, was only a means to a somewhat debatable end. At times the cavernous sound seemed overbearing, as did the long tremolos and the toneless clicking of pads against the horn.

Technically, this was beyond question a phenomenal tour de force. Creatively, too, it justified itself for about 20 minutes, with passages of brilliant invention. But beyond that point the absence of discernible form, continuity or steady tempo became increasingly wearing.

After intermission Klemmer used an unamplified tenor sax and was joined by Milcho Leviev, who played a Steinway grand. The pianist took up the first 10 minutes, flowing in and out of jazz in a harmonically oblique, consistently creative style. Klemmer alternated with Leviev for the balance of a continuum that ran more than an hour.

Most of what they played was totally spontaneous, but the free music was relieved on three or four occasions by the use of preset themes by Klemmer, whose objective now was more melodic and at times even subdued. His interplay with the piano often showed great empathy.

Leviev is an amazing musician. His cascading runs and massive tone clusters, the interlude spent tinkering with both hands at the instrument's uppermost octave, all were touched by an antic inspiration that resembles no other pianist in jazz. Unlike most avant-gardists, he generally stops short of violence and chaos, preferring to display 19th and 20th-century classical influences.

The mutually stimulating teamwork of Klemmer and Leviev should certainly be preserved on records. As for the solo excursion, Klemmer could incorporate it more valuably as a segment midway through a program. Courage, lung power, inspiration, yes; but it also takes a touch of restraint.

JAZZ REVIEW

Johnson Quintet at Hong Kong Bar

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Plas Johnson's Quintet, occupying the bandstand this week at the Hong Kong Bar, is an unpretentious assemblage of local musicians playing material that never demands too much either of the artists or the listener.

Best known as a regular for many years on the Merv Griffin Show band, Johnson plays in a warm, full-toned style. His sound occasionally is reminiscent of Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, but he lacks Davis' singular ability to make a tenor saxophone sound sarcastic.

He is a traditionalist in the sense that he indulges in no freak tones, no amplification, and uses no material that could not have been written and played two or three decades ago. His best tenor work was heard in "Confessin' the Blues," a reminder of his New Orleans origins. Johnson plays with more attack and energy when he occasionally doubles on alto sax, as in the group's theme, "Hard Times."

The virtues of Gildo Mahones, on keyboard, Monty Budwig on bass and Jimmie Smith on drums have already been extolled here in dozens of other contexts; all are capable and cohesive rhythm-section components.

The only surprises were provided by Billy Rogers, a guitarist on loan, as Johnson put it, from the Crusaders. His long, nonstop phrases, mostly in lightning eighth-note runs interlarded with funky blues chords on "Confessin' the Blues," lifted the set above its generally routine performance level.

There are sketchy arrangements and occasional changes of key, but essentially this is conventional jam session music of the kind Johnson has long been playing off and on in his Sunday night sessions at the Baked Potato. The Hong Kong Bar engagement closes tonight.

1/31

JAZZ REVIEW

Hines Scales the Ga

BY LEONARD F
Times Staff Wr

When Earl Hines' fingers make contact with the keyboard, something remarkable happens. Other style-setting giants of the piano have acquired imitators so skillful that it is sometimes hard to distinguish, say, a secondhand Erroll Garner or Fats Waller from the original. But Hines' articulation, his percussive attack and his singular knack for tying himself into rhythmic knots and extricating himself like a hip Houdini remain inimitable, as they have for better than half a century.

Sunday at Royce Hall the venerable Fatha, who turned 72 last month, offered a surprise in the persons of two new constituents and a performance that showed improvement in overall musical quality while retaining his usual balance between show biz and artistry.

There is a new bass player, Wesley Brown, and a new reed soloist, Eric Schneider. Both 24, they have infused the quartet with welcome new blood. Brown distinguished himself in both plucked and bowed solos. His sound and intonation are flawless; a ready flow of melodic ideas put his technique to full use.

Schneider is a maverick. On alto sax he displayed an intriguing mixture of Johnny Hodges' pure sound and Charlie Parker's torrential lines. Next he played an impromptu blues on tenor sax and clarinet, building slowly and surely in intensity. This was his first night with Hines; judging by the audience reaction, he is in for a long run.

Marva Josie, a competent singer when she joined the group nine years ago, has continued to develop, expanding her range and using wordless effects in a manner recalling Cleo Laine. Her "See See Rider" was a tour de force, delivered with brio and expert technique.

As for Hines, he is above critics and beyond criticism. His ageless, driving piano scaled the gamut from "Rosetta" through a "Showboat" medley to a tribute in honor of departed contemporaries (Armstrong, Teagarden, Ellington). He wound up the evening singing "It's a Pity to Say

1/5

The year of JAZZ

by Leonard Feather in Los Angeles

MORE than any one individual, more than any particular records or any special event, the overriding emphasis in jazz during the past year was a trend we have watched creeping up on us for at least a decade: the internationalisation of a music once considered incapable of authentic interpretation by anyone outside the country of its birth.

The most startling indication could be found in the results of a recent Down Beat poll, announced in early December. In the magazine's international critics' poll, because of the number of voters from overseas, it was possible in the past for a non-American to finish high in the listings; but the readers' poll, representing a predominantly American plebiscite, was almost out of bounds for all but a handful of musicians.

Consider these samples from the 42nd annual Down Beat readers' poll: female singer, first place, Flora Purim from Brazil; violin, first place by a huge margin, Jean-Luc Ponty from France (Stephane Grappelli ran third); percussion, first place, Airto from Brazil; synthesizer, first place, Joe Zawinul from Austria (also second place as composer); miscellaneous instruments, third place, harmonica virtuoso Toots Thielemans from Belgium; trombone, third place, Raul de Souza from Brazil; tenor sax, fifth place, Jan Garbarek from Norway; electric bass, fifth place, Eberhard Weber from Germany.

Toshiko Akiyoshi rose to third place as arranger, second place in the big band category (behind the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra) and fifth place as composer.

As I have often hastened to point out, polls are a gauge of popularity rather than of talent, but it would be naive and myopic to deny that the esteem in which these artists are held is grounded to a large extent in their aesthetic accomplishments.

Certainly all were originally inspired and influenced by Americans; but so were the American winners. The point is that out of this inspiration and influence they developed original styles of their own that may, in turn, have a seminal impact on the world jazz scene of the near future.

There are others, further down in the listings, who may be of equal importance in charting the shape of sounds to come: the Poles — singer Urszula Dudziak and her husband, the violinist and electronics specialist Michal Urbaniak — certainly are headed for achievements that will be watched and probably followed extensively in

MARIAN McPARTLAND: set for women's festival/ EBERHARD WEBER: in the vanguard of the European invasion.

Joy from the world

Though not as easily obtainable as the latest hit by Chuck Mangione or Stanley Turrentine, these discs at least can be sought out by anyone concerned with what has been happening in the lofts of lower Manhattan.

On a more traditional level, it was a generally unhappy year for big bands. Stan Kenton was sidelined for about half the year following brain surgery; Woody

Coy Tyner, Keith Jarrett and numerous other pianists from Bill Evans to Earl Hines remained loyal to the acoustic sounds.

The tremendous resurgence of Dexter Gordon was another phenomenon.

It was an eventful year for women in jazz, on both the vocal and instrumental levels. Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae shared honours in a memorable concert

tures and clinics.

On the festival front, it was the year when George Wein, in the course of the Newport/New York affair, held a big press conference to announce that this would be the last such festival, and that the 1978 Newport bash would be held in Saratoga Springs. However, when the Schlitz Beer Company came up with additional subsidies, Wein was persuaded to keep Newport in New York after all.

The Monterey Festival, though entertaining enough and offering a modicum of interesting musicians, continued to shy away from any awareness of what is happening on the current music scene and met with considerable criticism from the press.

Liturgical jazz continued to move forward. Composer Pat Williams was commissioned to write a composition for a concert to be given as part of the first annual St. Francis Jazz Festival performed in Grace Cathedral in San Francisco.

Large auditoriums found it increasingly profitable to play jazz attractions. Typically, Keith Jarrett and the Belonging Group, performing at the 3,500 seat capacity University Theatre in Berkeley, California, brought in a whopping $26,750 gross assets in a single evening.

Chuck Mangione continued along his highly commercial and blandly pleasant course, recently arriving to the top of the jazz charts with his "Feels So Good" album. Gerry Niewood, the former Mangione reed man, toured with his own group, his place with Mangione being taken by Chris Vadala.

It was a banner year for new books on jazz. The autobiographical John Hammond On Record received unanimously favourable notices. There was similar enthusiasm for Dan Morgenstern's Jazz People, beautifully illustrated by photographer Ole Brask; for Stanley Dance's The World of Earl Hines and for Albert Murray's Stomping the Blues.

Other works released during the year were Duke: A Portrait of Duke Ellington by Derek Jewell, The En-

JAZZ REVIEW

Irene Kral Sings at Hong Kong Bar

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Irene Kral, who racked up a Grammy nomination last week (for the second straight year), is at the Hong Kong Bar, and Alan Broadbent, who played piano on both of the nominated albums, is at her side.

Kral is one of that small group of singers who can be said to have bridged, with complete success, the gap between popular singing in the classic tradition and jazz singing in the musician's sense of the term. Superficially, the neophyte might wonder what is remarkable about her performance. She displays no four-octave range, belts forth no dramatic high notes, indulges in no scat-singing gymnastics. What, then, is so special?

The answer may be summed up in a few words: taste, control, choice of material, choice of accompaniment, jazz feeling and, as much as any of these, that elusive quality called class.

Opening with "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," she laced her set with obscure or unlikely songs, such as the lovely Brazilian waltz "Some Time Ago," the seldom-heard Cole Porter "Experiment," a song about money called "Anybody's Spring" and a melody she heard on a long-ago David Allyn record, "Forgetful."

Her use of vibrato is discreet and perfect; she is completely incapable of overstatement, yet manages to tell each lyrical story as if she understands and feels it very deeply.

Broadbent, to whom she declared she is "joined at the hip," is indeed an inseparable part of her success. Though he has an admirable bassist in Fred Atwood and a capable drummer in Joey Baron, it is Broadbent's exquisite harmonic sense, both in accompaniment and occasional solo interludes, that constituted the crowning touch in Kral's performance.

For the last couple of numbers, Atwood and Baron departed and the singer and pianist shared the bandstand, concluding with "Never Let Me Go." It takes a certain bravado to end a show with a downbeat ballad; Irene Kral gets away with it. Her Hong Kong trip ends Saturday.

12/18 JAZZ

Phasing Out the Shearing Quintet

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● A distinctive group sound is the musical Mecca toward which almost every leader of a small combo has aspired since the word combo was coined, which would put us back around the middle 1930s.

Perhaps the first influential figure to reach this goal was John Kirby. They called his sextet "The Biggest Little Band in America." It differed from almost every other unit of its size in that each work it performed was a neatly packaged arrangement, with an immediately distinguishable ensemble quality.

George Shearing

the Rain") and maintaining an easy-listening sound that eventually lost some of its jazz following while more than compensating with its crossover into the 1950s pop market.

"We had some wonderful times with the quintet. A lot of musicians who passed through the ranks went on to make great careers for themselves. Don Elliott, my vibes player in 1950-51, is doing extremely well running his own jingle business. Cal Tjader has had his own Latin-American combo ever since he left me in '54. Gary Burton has won any number of polls as the outstanding vibes man on today's scene; he was 20 when he joined me for a year in 1963.

"Toots Thielemans was with me from '53 to '59, mainly as a guitarist, but now he's world famous as a harmonica soloist. Joe Pass, my guitarist from 1965-67, is another superb musician who became a poll winner."

Despite its quasi-pop image, the combo never failed to give these and other Shearing sidemen the opportunity to stretch out and establish themselves as jazz soloists of unusual consequence and promise. While affording valuable exposure to these individuals, however, the quintet as a unit failed to stand the test of time.

As Shearing concedes, "Anything that's almost 30 years old is not going to travel as well as it used to. But it was a valuable identity. There will always be people around who are going to ask for that sound and I would be crazy not to make it available to them. There's a great pool of talent to draw on, consisting mostly of men who were with me at one time or another over the years. The quintet is not dead, but I must say I enjoy being looser, working in a variety of contexts."

The other settings recently have included a couple of challenging sessions for MPS, the German-based company to which Shearing is under contract. An album with an old friend, violinist Stephane Grappelli (they worked together in London during much of World War II), proved to be a mutually stimulating reunion. On other albums, Shearing has worked with Niels Pederson, the Danish bass virtuoso, and a drummer.

Kirby's big years ran from 1937 to about 1942, when the draft played havoc with his personnel. During that time the Nat King Cole Trio, with its singular piano-electric guitar blend, initiated an even more influential small group sound.

Eventually every band or combo original enough to create a glut of imitators must risk losing its impact, along with its individuality. A few groups, however, managed to retain their hold on the public and their artistic integrity over a broad time span. The Modern Jazz Quartet lasted 22 years, broke up, but still occasionally reunites. Now, another famous blend has reached the same point in its long life. The George Shearing Quintet as a permanent entity is no more.

"I would like to correct the impression," Shearing said during a recent vacation at his San Francisco home, "that the sound is permanently dead. For starters, we're doing a three-week Community Concerts tour early in January with the quintet. But following that I have nine weeks at the Carlyle Hotel in New York, with the duo—just myself and my bassist, Victor Gaskin. Then I have three weeks in Chicago, and after that a jazz festival cruise to the West Indies on the Rotterdam May 27 with my duo, Dizzy Gillespie's Quartet and the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis orchestra, among others.

"We're getting an awful lot of calls for the duo, and I find that this enables me to play a different role. I'm less a leader and more a pianist. There are great creative possibilities in the duo situation. The economy of sound, the intimacy of this format gives me a freedom of expression that the musical fetters of the quintet would not permit to any great degree."

The quintet, in terms of a continuous, essentially unchanging sound (despite turnover in personnel) has endured for almost 29 years. It began by accident in January of 1949, when Shearing was set to record for the Discovery Label with a quartet featuring Buddy De Franco on clarinet. De Franco's contract with another company made him unavailable. A guitarist and vibraphonist were substituted, and Shearing soon developed a uniquely personal way of blending the vibes, guitar and piano.

Originally put together for this one-shot record date, the quintet soon became an organized group, recording a series of hits for MGM (starting with "September in

Ironically, the phasing out of the quintet has had valuable side effects in terms of critical attention. Writers who had little time for the combo now pay tribute to Shearing's rare harmonic sensitivity, his personal touch, delicate single-note lines and unique chordal passages. These qualities, though present all along, tended at least partially to be swallowed up in the carefully planned group arrangements.

Shearing's master plan, along with duo bookings, will take in the occasional college workshop, at which he may sit in with an existing combo, and continued concert appearances at which he will divide his time between classical concertos and jazz. He plans also to expand his recently added sideline as a vocalist and has begun learning the lyrics to a set of his favorite Alec Wilder songs.

Looking back over a career that began with an all-blind band in prewar England (only the leader was sighted), Shearing says: "If I were to die tomorrow, I can't say that I've missed much, either as a result of my blindness or my meager beginnings. I've worked with many of my jazz idols, performed at Carnegie Hall, played concerts with a lot of the great symphony orchestras, received an honorary doctorate alongside Prime Minister Edward Heath; I've been listed in Who's Who and there are very few things I've envied sighted people for. I wish I could sight-read music, play tennis and drive a car, but right now I'm looking forward to something anyone can do, blind or sighted—I think I've earned the right to work a little less and try to get even more fun out of life than I've already had." ●

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Bill Evans

JON SIEVERT

It might be argued that Bill Evans is one of the only two influential pianists whose approach to an individual style was marked by dynamic understatement and a marked degree of intellectualism, the other being Teddy Wilson. Earl Hines's personality was marked by rhythmic complexity, Fats Waller's by striding symmetry, and others' by various innovations of harmony, melody, rhythm, or all three; but Evans brought to the keyboard a quiet, brooding cerebration.

To state that Evans influenced a whole generation of jazz soloists would be an exaggeration, for there were many other forces at work at the time when he came to prominence; but it would be accurate to claim that his impact was widespread and that he sounded a welcome note of sanity and restraint at a time when antithetical values were beginning to prevail, not just at the keyboard but in the overall jazz scene.

Born August 16, 1929, in Plainfield, New Jersey, William John Evans studied piano from the age of 6 and took up violin at 7 and flute at 13. Some of his earliest professional associates during his teen years were Don Elliott (later to gain fame as George Shearing's vibraphonist), guitarist Mundell Lowe, and bassist Red Mitchell. After graduating in 1950 from Southeastern Louisiana College, he toured for six months with a saxophonist named Herbie Fields.

A hitch in the Army interrupted his career until 1954, when he entered the Manhattan freelance scene, did postgraduate study at Mannes College, worked with combos led by Jerry Wald and Tony Scott, both well-known clarinettists of the day, and taped his first LP as a trio leader in 1956.

The event that earned him his first substantial measure of acceptance in the jazz world was his stint as a member of Miles Davis's sextet in 1958–9. He stayed a little less than a year, but alongside saxophonists Cannonball Adderley and John Coltrane, recording such gems as "Green Dolphin Street," "Stella By Starlight," "So What," and "All Blues," he became a part of jazz history.

In 1959 he served on the faculty at the pioneering School of Jazz in Lenox, Massachusetts, was prominently featured in John Lewis's score for the sound track of the film *Odds Against Tomorrow*, and toward the end of that year formed his own trio, which he has led almost continuously, with occasional personnel changes, ever since. The original, memorable '59 trio featured the late Scott LaFaro on bass and Paul Motian on drums.

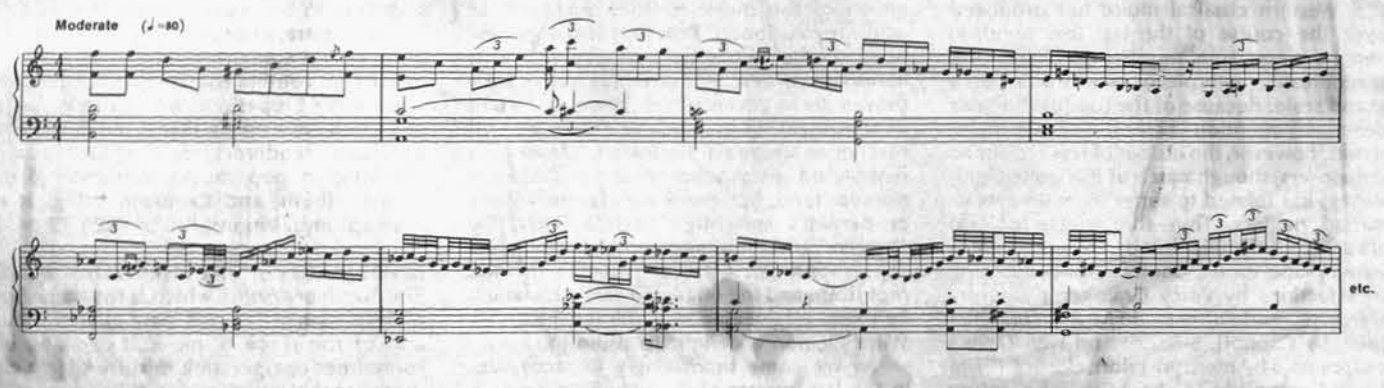
An English musicologist, Wilfrid Mellers, observed that "Evans's pulse and harmonic movement are immensely slow on ballads, the middle-register chords scrunchily sensuous, the spacing warm, the texture enveloping.... His ability to make melodic lines 'speak' is of extraordinary subtlety." Don Nelson, writing in *Downbeat*, commented that "when he plays, it is like Hemingway telling a story. Extraneous phrases are rare. The tale is told with the strictest economy, and when it is over you are tempted to say, 'Of course; it's so simple. Why didn't I think of that?' He is....an artist who implies as much as he plays."

These characteristics and others lost no time in earning Evans the worldwide recognition that led to a series of honors: he won the *Downbeat* New Star award in 1958, and received his first Grammy from the National Association of Recording Arts & Sciences for the 1964 LP *Conversations With Myself* (a unique series of two- and three-piano overdubs) and another in 1968 for *Bill Evans At The Montreux Jazz Festival* [both albums now out of print].

Evans is, of course, a composer of rare skill; his best-known work is "Waltz For Debby." The example below is taken from the second movement of *Improvisation On Two Themes* (subtitled "Turn Out The Stars") from Volume I of *Bill Evans At Town Hall* [Verve, 6-8683, now out of print], as it appears in a book of transcriptions called *Bill Evans Plays* [TRO, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, NY 10019].

Evans is playing unaccompanied here, and although at this point the work goes into steady tempo, the tempo is implied rather than stated; note the left-hand line composed mainly of whole and half notes. All the adjectives that have been applied to him for the past 20 years spring to mind—gentle, understated, subtle, delicate. And yet it swings. The harmonic structure is simple and logical: *Bm7b5, E7, Am7* (changing to *A7*), *Dm7, G7, Cmaj7,* and so on. A sense of gathering intensity builds through this eight-bar passage with the increasing use of sixteenth-notes leading, in bar 7, to the flurry of thirty-second-notes; yet nothing seems hurried or excessive.

Bill Evans is a genius, and you can't sum up genius in any eight-bar extract. If you are not yet into Evans I suggest that you look for every available record; not a single one is a loser.



21 Pt IV—Wed., Dec. 21, 1977 Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

Concert Honors Hampton Hawes

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Concerts by the Sea was open Monday, normally its dark night, for an evening honoring the memory of Hampton Hawes. Proceeds were donated to a scholarship fund in his name for young music students, organized by Mrs. Jackie Hawes, the pianist's wife for 20 years.

Events of this kind have three elements in common: sincere intentions, poor planning and a tendency to attract musicians willing to perform without pay because they rarely have a chance to work at a major jazz concert. The Hawes affair, despite a few first-rate soloists, was no exception.

In a Low-Key Mood

A notable presence was bassist Red Mitchell, a close friend of Hawes who worked with him often during the 1950s and '60s. Now a resident of Stockholm, Mitchell played several numbers with David Mackay, on piano, and Joey Baron, on drums. The mood was so low key that one feared the sounds would shrivel into silence any moment. Only a couple of splendid solos by Mitchell saved the set from complete ennui.

Next came a group that included a rhythm section whose members were at odds with one another; a saxophonist named Doug Richardson who tried a Coltrane piece and some lackluster blues; Mike Jacobson, who attempted to show that a jazz solo can be played arco on the cello; and Bruce Scott, a pianist who announced tributes to Hawes more closely resembled a 1920s tango than anything related either to Hawes or contemporary jazz.

After Midnight

The near-total tedium was relieved when Mitchell came back, flanked by the excellent pianist, Victor Feldman, and a swinging drummer, Billy Higgins. These three backed saxophonist Eddie Harris, who played without the electronic gear usually associated with him.

This was pleasant, as was the Teddy Edwards "Body and Soul" tenor solo that followed, but by now it was after midnight and a session that should have brought out Hawes' countless friends and associates en masse had scarcely gotten off the ground.

Jazz benefits call for long-range organization and firm commitments. All that came out of this one was the knowledge that a worthy cause exists and that anyone wishing to make a donation, or to inquire about eligibility for a scholarship, may write to Mrs. Hawes, 19307 Broadacres, Carson, 90746.

The regular bill of fare this week at Concerts by the Sea is being served up by Hank Crawford.

Frank Tirro

JAZZ

An Overwhelmingly Scholarly History

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● How do you like your musical literature? Do you prefer it light, popularized, with a dash of humor? Do you lean toward a serious, scholarly textbook, replete with musical examples, or to a handsome, lavishly illustrated product for your coffee table? Would you prefer to find the subject discussed as jazz, an Afro-American music that has transcended its origins to become international in nature? Or as black music, dealt with from a racial/ethnic viewpoint?

Whichever way you are inclined, you may discover what you want in "Jazz: A History" by Frank Tirro (W.W. Norton: $16.95). Never before has a book about jazz attempted so valiantly to be all things to all readers with such a high success quotient.

Tirro's twofold credentials as a jazz historian and Renaissance scholar are intimidatingly impressive. He received his Ph.D. in Renaissance studies at the University of Chicago. Through the 1950s, he earned his living playing saxophone and clarinet in jazz combos. Presently, he is chairman of the department of music at Duke University, which presumably means that we owe him our thanks for that remarkable Mary Lou Williams CBS-TV program taped at Duke and aired on Christmas Eve.

For those of us who have spent a great portion of our lives exploring the same territories as Tirro, it is impossible not to be overwhelmed by the amount of scholarship and research that has gone into "Jazz: A History." Every time a volume with some such title appears, you are inclined to wonder how much can possibly be discovered or stated that has not been unearthed and documented a dozen times before. Yet each new examination of these well trodden paths—African roots, ragtime, Dixieland, swing, bebop, cool, third stream, avant-garde—takes on a new aspect under the scrutiny of a different scholar with views colored by his personal experiences and attitudes.

Until now there have been two basic approaches to jazz history. The late Marshall Stearns' well-documented "The Story of Jazz" was considered the definitive work of its kind when it appeared, but the last 22 years have been so unprecedentedly eventful that for all its virtues the book reads like a history of civilization stopping at the 16th century. It was, in any event, strictly a textbook without written musical examples.

At the other extreme, "Early Jazz, Its Roots and Musical Development" (Oxford, 1968) by Gunther Schuller was a milestone in technical ethnomusicology, offering an abundance of musical illustrations, but with cutoff point around 1930. (Promised sequels have not yet appeared).

Tirro gives the impression that he has absorbed the immense quantity of historical data in the dozens of jazz books that have flooded the market during the past couple of decades and has sifted the most valuable material from them all, adding the harvest of intensive spadework of his own.

●

One of the book's principal virtues is that he seems to be grinding no axes; indeed, his broadmindedness carries him to the point of giving serious consideration to George Shearing, Woody Herman and others whom many historians have tended to underplay or write off. This does not lessen the impact of his clinical examination of the Armstrongs, Parkers and Coltranes.

Because of the great quantity of transcribed solos, ragtime excerpts and snippets from scores, long segments will be incomprehensible to anyone who cannot read music; but then, if you can't follow a Bird solo on paper and understand Tirro's technicalities, perhaps you are a fan who is content simply to listen and enjoy rather than a student seeking analysis in depth.

The dust jacket tells us that "Dr. Tirro has not opted for encyclopedic comprehensiveness. He has, instead, delineated the most important movements . . ." It is here that the author and I come to a difference of opinion of the kind that must separate any two critics, in any art form, one of whom is documenting his observations while the other observes the documentation.

One wonders, for example, at the rationale by which Jack Teagarden, acknowledged by almost every writer as a seminal jazz trombonist, is ignored but for a few passing mentions, while Glenn Miller, artistically a minor figure except for his inordinate mass acceptance, is the subject of two full-page pictures and a couple of paragraphs devoted to his orchestra.

Omissions in later chapters may have some connection with the fact that the record references are keyed to the Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz, a six-record set that includes many masterpieces but, except for a 1966 Cecil Taylor track, contains nothing that is not at least 14 years old. This could account for the total or near-total absence of Keith Jarrett, Stanley Clarke, Chick Corea, Toshiko Akiyoshi and others whose impact during the past decade is too significant to be dismissed.

There is a similar imbalance in the appendix of transcribed solos: Only trumpeters and saxophonists are represented, with nothing more recent that John Coltrane's 1959 "Giant Steps." Part of the six pages taken up by this last item might well have been replaced by illustrations of Jarrett, Art Tatum, Charlie Christian, or a chart by Thad Jones.

There are a few errors, such as photographs unidentified (Willie the Lion Smith on that full-page two-shot with Fats Waller) or misidentified (that's Pete Johnson, not Meade Lux Lewis, who occupies Page 326). The "Giant Steps" solo lists an E 6th chord rather than an E flat in the third measure, but anyone familiar with the piece is likely to pinpoint this mistake. And so forth. Not to mention judgmental points on which I disagree.

Nevertheless, for anyone except a nit-picker, Tirro's work should provide a source of added enlightenment even for those who have read countless previous tomes on the same subject. He is one scholar who did not merely complete his homework, but went out and paid his empirical dues for 10 solid years of a dual career.

"Jazz: A History" cannot be recommended as the only needed textbook on jazz; neither can any other one volume. Still, it is as close as we are likely to get to the ideal primer on an art form as controversial and much-documented today as it was despised and ignored during its first decades of life. ●

Dust jacket for Frank Tierro's "Jazz: A History."

Rosolino Quintet Plays at Donte's

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Frank Rosolino, whose quintet opened Monday and closes tonight at Donte's, has cast his trombone in every setting from combos such as Supersax to big bands (all the way back to Gene Krupa) and fusion groups (Quincy Jones, Harvey Mason).

That he takes the role of leader somewhat casually was evident in the lack of prepared music, and in the fact that a key sideman, saxophonist Rudolph Johnson, was missing on opening night. His replacement, Carl Randall, formerly with Freddie Hubbard, played tentatively, his timing a hair off center, his double-time solo on "I've Grown Accustomed to His Face" tedious enough to suggest that he had not grown accustomed to the tune.

The lethargy ended during a more suitable vehicle, "Softly as in a Morning Sunrise," which found Rosolino in peppery form and Randall shaping his phrases more thoughtfully.

The quintet's strength lay in the take-charge manner evident during Rosolino's virtuoso solos, and in the support of a streamlined rhythm section. Billy Higgins, despite the world's smallest bass drum, lent authority in both section and solo passages. Pianist Frank Strazzeri pulled his weight in the section, but his solos for the most part were restricted to hornlike single-note lines lacking in emotional communication.

It was not until the closing number, a long investigation of "All Blues," that the group sounded like more than just a bunch of musicians selected at random and tossed on the bandstand. Rosolino revealed his phenomenal technique and intense blues feeling; Randall warmed up, and Strazzeri finally played a sequence of chords. Bob Magnusson, a tower of strength throughout the set, offered another lesson in the art of upright bass playing.

If Rosolino is serious about establishing himself at the helm of a jazz combo, he should put together a library, rehearse it and try to maintain a stable personnel (admittedly something much more easily advised than done). He is too fine an artist to leave things so heavily to chance.

Donte's will round out its week with Art Pepper Thursday, Anita O'Day and the Marty Harris Trio Friday and Saturday.

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JAZZ

Authenticating a 'New' Singer

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● It was beginning to look as though you could count the new jazz singers on the fingers of one fist. Even Bill Henderson is not so much new as neglected; in recent years he has earned most of his exposure as a TV actor.

What is important is that the former Basie vocalist is back on records; that his new album, "Live at the Times" (DS-779) is his best yet; and that it comes to us through the diligence of Discovery Records, a newly reactivated company that gave birth to the George Shearing Quintet and the Red Norvo Trio.

Henderson's phrasing, when he sings "Skylark" or "A Song for You," suggests a male Carmen McRae. There is something about his attractively nervous vibrato, his timbre, phrasing and feeling for the beat, that makes him a jazz singer just as surely as Billie Holiday and Jimmy Rushing were, and as certainly as Stevie Wonder and the Brothers Johnson are not.

There are weaknesses; because of the live recording, his presence is variable, and because he plays it too much for comedy, the closing blues fails. But look at the virtues: a new version of his old hit "Joe," a couple of charming, unfamiliar songs, "Love Is a Bug" and "Sweet Pumpkin," and for those who can take it, yet another inspection of "Send In the Clowns," fortified by Joyce Collins' elegant rubato piano.

Isn't it rich? Isn't it queer? Singers with limited talent sell in the millions while Bill Henderson has to wait two and a half years for someone to pick up this tape and put it on the market. Four stars.

Equally queer is the double life being led by certain musicians whose records may differ sharply in quality according to what record company or producer is involved. Blue Mitchell's is a typical case. This estimable trumpeter is heard, along with his frequent partner Harold Land, on "African Violet" (ABC Impulse AS 9328). The Harold Land-Blue Mitchell Quintet also has a new release called "Mapenzi" (Concord Jazz CJ-44).

The difference? On the first set Mitchell and Land are engulfed in strings, voices, synthesizer, percussion section, quasi-disco rhythms, and get to play none of their own compositions. They deliver some fine solos and strive to retain a real jazz feeling, but too often the results are trivialized by the material and arrangements. Two stars.

On the Concord Jazz set, Land is presented not only as an intriguing tenor saxophonist but also, on four tracks, as a composer on the brink of brilliance. All the music comes from within the group; the pianist Kirk Lightsey wrote two cuts and Mitchell supplied "Blue Silver," during which both the tune and the playing recall his days in the Horace Silver Quintet.

Significantly, Mitchell is quoted in the notes: "We are delighted to get our music across on this record, since it represents what we're really doing." For this uncompromising, uncontrived quintet set, three and a half stars.

Freddie Hubbard is in a similar situation. On his own album, "Bundle of Joy," though playing generally well, he has to deal with strings, voices, many added horns and eleborate arrangements. The best track is the simplest, "Portrait of Jennie," which finds him supported simply by harpist Dorothy Ashby. Two and a half stars.

Hubbard seemed to feel more freedom to do his own thing when, as a sideman, he took part in an unpretentious septet session led by the vibraharp and marimba virtuoso Bobby Hutcherson on "Knucklebean" (Blue Note LA 789). His muted trumpet solo on the lovely Hutcherson waltz, "Little B's Poem," is more moving than any of his overorchestrated works that dominate his own set. Four stars.

The title tune of "Knucklebean" is a blues, featuring the tenor sax of Hadley Caliman, who may also be heard in a new album of his own, "Celebration" (Catalyst 7624). The shadow of John Coltrane hangs heavily over certain tracks, notably, "Lush Life," which you inevitably compare with Trane's own version; yet Caliman has forged a style of his own, is very strong in a blues groove ("Celebration Blues") and also plays the flute on a bossa nova, "My Marie" (with light, sensitive brushwork by Elvin Jones), and a waltz, "Schyleen," composed by the group's South Africa-born pianist Hotep Cecil Barnard. On Caliman's tune, "Gala," the quartet's other member, the Trinidad-born David Williams, plays a graceful bowed bass solo. Three and a half stars.

Bill Henderson

Freddie Hubbard

Fantasy Records has launched a new affiliate label, Galaxy, which will be devoted mainly to "pure" jazz. Stanley Cowell, a powerful and eclectic pianist, hews to this line on the first side of "Waiting for the Moment" (Galaxy 5104), playing the ragtime and boogie-woogie movements from Jimmy Heath's "Afro-American Suite of Evolution" and reaching a peak with his extraordinary renovation of an old Bud Powell tune, "Parisian Thoroughfare," on which his left hand moves with impressive celerity in imitation of a walking bass.

The B side finds Cowell overdubbing various electric and acoustic keyboards and even a kalimba (African thumb piano). On the title track, the mix works well; on "Coup de Grass" the funky fusion and powerful bass lines are a matter of taste (but not mine). Cowell ends on a note of classical impressionism on "Today, What a Beautiful Day." It would be interesting to hear him covering less ground with more personality; nevertheless, the set rates a solid three stars.

Jack Wilson justifies the title of "Innovations" (Discovery 777) by sustaining chords on the electric keyboard with his left hand while playing acoustic piano with his right. Since some tracks are entirely acoustic or partly all-electric, Wilson avoids the suggestion of gimmickry, strengthening the image he built some years ago as a sensitive and inventive performer. Three and a half stars.

One of the great pianists of the bebop era, Walter Bishop Jr., submerges his identity in a stew of confusion music on "Soul Village" (Muse 5142). The soul is synthetic; supporting members such as Randy Brecker and Gerry Niewood work below their capacity. To top it off, the liner notes are an embarrassingly sophomoric mishmash of phony hip talk. One star, and this solely for the melodic value of Bishop's tunes, "Valerie" and "Coral Keys."

For a reminder of how this gifted artist sounded when he was busy being himself, I recommend "Charlie Parker: The Verve Years (1952-54)" (VE 2-2523), with Bird in a variety of good, bad and indifferent settings, a couple of which include Bishop at his bebop best. Four stars. ●

BILLBOARD 1/21/78

Twentieth Anniversary Of United Artists Records
Fiftieth Anniversary Of Trans America Corporation

UA-Blue Note

The Essence Of Artist Involvement Brings Seminal Jazz Label To Its 40th Anniversary As Innovator and Discoverer Of New Music.

"Blue Note Records," says Artie Mogull, "is the ultimate jazz label."

A longtime jazz fan, Mogull recalls having listened in admiration to Blue Note's product "as long as I've been hearing records. I can't think of any important contemporary jazz artists I haven't heard on the label at one time or another."

Mogull's business involvement with Blue Note began April 1, 1976, when he was appointed President of United Artists. "In the past," he recalls, "Blue Note was somewhat of a traditional jazz label; but over the last year or two a great deal has been accomplished in using Blue Note as a sort of proving ground, breaking in important new artists such as Earl Klugh, Noel Pointer and, of course, Ronnie Laws.

"The line of demarcation between jazz and pop is becoming continually thinner, as these artists illustrate. There is no longer any contradiction of terms in the phrase 'popular jazz artists.'

"I can remember the time when jazz used to be a dirty word. Today it signifies an important and growing segment of the record business, and I don't think any other label is contributing more than Blue Note to emphasize that importance."

There might well have been no Blue Note story to tell had it not been for Adolf Hitler and the rise of Nazi Germany.

It began when Alfred Lion, a teenager in Berlin, became intrigued by the performances of a black American orchestra, Sam Wooding and his Chocolate Kiddies. After seeing the band perform, he began collecting records by Wooding and others who played this intriguing brand of music. This was in 1925, when Lion was 16. Five years later, on a business visit to the United States, he brought home a collection of hundreds of records.

With the advent of power of the Nazi regime, Lion eventually fled Germany, went to South America and then to New York in 1938. Fascinated by the boogie woogie piano solos of Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson and Meade Lux Lewis in John Hammond's "From Spirituals to Swing" concert at Carnegie Hall, he asked Ammons and Lewis to record for him privately. The session took place Jan. 6, 1939. The results encouraged Lion to release the 12-inch 78 r.p.m. disk commercially; he had 50 copies pressed up. Blue Note Records was in business.

During that year he went back into the studios to record a group he called the Port of Harlem Seven. One of the songs waxed that day was "Summertime," a soprano sax solo by Sidney Bechet, a tune one of the majors had refused to let him record on the grounds that it was commercially unsuitable for a jazz performer. Ironically, it became Blue Note's first hit.

In October an old record-collecting friend of Lion's from Berlin, Francis Wolff, arrived on what was said to be the last boat out of Germany. An expert photographer, he not only shot pictures of Blue Note's sessions but also shared the many jobs that became part of their daily routine in the company's one-room office on West 47th St. Between them, the Lion and the Wolff were a&r men, salesmen, messenger boys, distributors, accountants, label proofreaders and talent scouts. The Commodore Record Shop, Milt Gabler's jazz haven, was their most important retail outlet.

When Lion entered the U.S. Army in 1941, Wolff kept the company going. The orientation generally was toward New Orleans jazz, Dixieland, and an occasional swing era soloist such as Red Norvo or Teddy Wilson. This latter trend grew stronger after Lion's return, as the steady flow of singles (on 10-inch and 12-inch 78s) included several soloists out of the Ellington and Basie bands, and the tenor soloist Ike Quebec, whose interest in the new jazz of the 1940s turned Lion and Wolff on to the importance of bop. Soon they were recording Thelonious Monk, Tadd Dameron, Fats Navarro and Bud Powell. By the end of the 1940s Blue Note had affected an almost complete transition from traditionalist to contemporary jazz.

With the advent of LPs, Blue Note moved into this area, cutting mainly 10-inch albums and seeking out such up-and-coming youngsters as Howard McGhee, Milt Jackson, Miles Davis, J.J. Johnson, Tal Farlow, Art Blakey and Horace Silver.

The most remarkable aspect of Blue Note's relationship with its artist roster was that every step, from the decision to record them until the day the disks came off the presses, was watched with an almost parental solicitude. Every tune was the subject of lengthy discussion; every whim of the musician was indulged; every word on the liner notes was checked painstakingly — this at a time when the proliferating independent jazz labels were releasing product in the most slapdash manner, often with mediocre recording and semiliterate liner notes.

In the mid-1950s Blue Note gradually converted its catalog from 10-inch to 12-inch LPs and became extensively involved with the "hard bop" movement. Jimmy Smith, making his debut on the label in 1956, triggered a revolution in jazz organ and became a best seller for the label, imitated by innumerable other pianists who switched to electric organ.

As the 1950s drew to a close, Blue Note had outgrown immeasurably the expectations Lion and Wolff had once held for it. The company moved to larger offices off Columbus Circle, and at long last a small staff began to take care of some of the niggling, time-consuming details that were inevitably a part of this ever-growing business operation.

Each performer's career was built in accordance with a carefully worked out plan. In many cases a promising soloist would appear on Blue Note initially as a sideman, then in due course would be deemed ready to make his appearance as a leader. This was the case with everyone from Horace Silver and Kenny Burrell to Lou Donaldson and Donald Byrd.

Because of the close personal ties that grew between owners and performers, Blue Note was able to hold onto most of its artists even when the major record companies were trying to outbid them with grandiose promises of large advances. Often it took years of patience for Blue Note's dedication and loyalty to pay off. Horace Silver had been with the company almost uninterruptedly for a decade when "Song For My Father" made valuable properties out of that and all his previous albums. Lee Morgan had played trumpet on countless combo dates, as leader or sideman, before his own composition and recording "The Sidewinder" broke as a hit in 1964.

Blue Note's success during the years as an independent was not due to any game plan, any calculated shooting for a hit; rather it was due to the innate belief of the owners that what they were doing was musically right. Their aesthetic senses were so keenly developed that the successes which came at a rapidly accelerating pace during the late 1950s and the '60s seemed to them to be the logical results of their efforts to preserve important sounds.

Inevitably the stress of running an operation that was continually outgrowing its boundaries led Lion and Wolff to a point at which, belatedly, they had to consider offers from larger companies better equipped to handle a major operation. Finally the news broke, in the summer of 1966, that the oldest independent record company in the United States had been purchased by Liberty Records. Three years later Liberty was absorbed into United Artists.

There was speculation that under the new regime, the fierce spirit of individual initiative that had been essential to the growth of Blue Note might disappear. It was announced that the original owners would remain with the new company as active consultants. Lion, however, now married and in search of a quiet, unharried life he had never known, soon phased himself out and retired to Mexico, where he still lives. Frank Wolff stayed on; then, past 60. With almost three decades of Blue Note behind him, he was involved with a new breed of musician, with the Herbie Hancocks and Wayne Shorters who were elevating the company to a new plateau of commercial success.

Even illness could not stop him; from his hospital bed he remained on the telephone, taking care of details so meaningful to him that he could not bear the thought of delegating the responsibility to others. He died in 1971, leaving Blue Note as a lasting monument to his tireless efforts.

The most important lesson to be learned from a study of Blue Note's early history is the need to believe in a set of principles. Some of the early releases had a limited sale and some were attacked by the critics, but time has been the ultimate arbiter. Records that were once belittled as artistically and commerically worthless have been reissued

In the early LP years Horace Silver (who recently celebrated his silver jubilee as a Blue Note artist) was one of many who made their first sessions as leaders on the label; others were Wynton Kelly, the late Clifford Brown, Jimmy Smith and Lou Donaldson.

Art Blakey's first session under the "Jazz Messengers" name was cut as early as 1947. A staple with the company for many years, he is still represented in the catalog. Donald Byrd recorded with Blakey for Blue Note in 1956 and two years later made his first date under his own name for the company. Herbie Hancock, with the album that included "Watermelon Man" in 1962, began an almost decade-long association that proved mutually valuable.

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UA-Blue Note

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Dexter Gordon, Sonny Rollins, Cannonball Adderley, John Coltrane, avant-gardists such as Cecil Taylor, Ornette Coleman, Herbie Nichols, Andrew Hill, Eric Dolphy, Don Cherry, all were part of the Blue Note story. Bobby Hutcherson led his first Blue Note date in 1965; sidemen on some of his early sessions included Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Sam Rivers, McCoy Tyner and Chick Corea.

No history of Blue Note would be complete without a tribute to the invaluable role played by Duke Pearson. In addition to enjoying a long association with Donald Byrd, who recorded his memorable "Cristo Redentor," Pearson from 1963-1970 was an a&r assistant to Alfred Lion at Blue Note's New York office. He led a series of combo and big band dates during this period. Since leaving the company he has been active in the music scene in his native Atlanta, Georgia.

Shortly after Frank Wolff's death, it was announced that George Butler had been appointed director of Blue Note Records. Possessor of a long list of degrees and honorary doctorates, Butler earned a Bachelor's Degree in music from Howard University and completed his Masters and Ph.D. at Columbia University. During his five years at Blue Note (he became general manager, then in June '75 was appointed to the newly created post of vice president), Butler worked closely with the sales, publicity and promotion departments in addition to creating a new fusion image for the label. At one point he expressed his philosophy: "We've attempted to institute a kind of commercial jazz — a combination of rock and jazz, or better, r&b and jazz. This is one way we feel we can capture the younger audiences who grew up on rock and roll.

"We are doing this commercial thing only with certain artists. Grant Green has done some rock/jazz fusion albums for us; so has Bobbi Humphrey, the flutist. For certain other artists this approach would be less appropriate — Elvin Jones for instance, or Bobby Hutcherson."

Noel Pointer

Dr. Butler voiced his conviction that new, younger audiences were opening up for jazz; that young people were looking for something new and different. "In due time," he said, "we will recognize that jazz is a classical form of music." Under Butler's aegis, the interest in Blue Note as a major commercial jazz label grew steadily as he produced a long list of hits, most notably with Donald Byrd.

In October 1977, Ed Levine took over Dr. Butler's position as director and general manager of Blue Note. Actually he had been an important cog in the Blue Note wheel for about five years, as he recalled: "I was national promotion director, and George Butler's right hand man. It was a two-man job; developing artists was the name of the game,

"There was a time, not too many years ago, when the musicians went into the studio, made up head arrangements, and completed an album in six or nine hours of recording time. A sale of 7,000 would be considered satisfactory, because the cost might be as little as $5,000.

"Today everything is formatted; they lay down the rhythm tracks, put solos on, add vocals, use up weeks or even months of studio time and wind up with a cost of from $30,000 to $60,000. But, of course, the sales have gone up more than proportionately, so it's worth the investment.

"What turned everything around was Donald Byrd's 'Black Byrd,' in 1973, which became Blue Note's first gold album. It was bootlegged so extensively that God knows what the actual sales were. And this year we went gold again with Ronnie Laws' 'Friends and Strangers.'

"Today, if an album doesn't hit 100,000, it's a loss to the company but fortunately we have several artists who can be counted on to reach that plateau consistently. Earl Klugh is doing very well with 'Finger Paintings,' nearing the 300,000 mark; Noel Pointer's 'Phantazia' has been on the jazz chart 29 weeks and is bound to top 200,000.

"We're in the middle of a tremendous bull market; not only Blue Note, but all of UA, and not only UA, but all the companies. We're having enough trouble getting enough pressings."

A welcome spinoff of the fusion and crossover jazz trend is the growing success of reissue twofers. Levine says: "I love 'em and I want to keep on putting them out. That's the basis of the whole thing, the catalog material, and right now I'm in the process of evolving a marketing program that will show some great results. We have 10 Blue Note reissues, five of which will be out in March and the rest a little later. In addition, we're reviving Dick Bock's Pacific Jazz catalog, with Bock's help, and there should be eight albums coming out in the near future on the Pacific Jazz label along with the Blue Notes."

Levine says he is happy to see the success other companies are enjoying with jazz. "I hope everybody is encouraged to spend some promotional money to make things happen. This helps everybody. The idea Hal Cook has been working on for a syndicated jazz radio series is another important plus factor for us all.

"I foresee that things will be even better than they are. The future for jazz, whether it was the fusion music or any other part of it, is very bright indeed. Artie Mogull feels that way, and with his encouragement we can look forward to a blockbuster of a year."

The word "year" in Levine's prognostication might well be replaced by "decade." On January 6, 1978, Blue Note will enter its fortieth year of life, making it by far the oldest established continuing jazz label in the world. The Blue Note story, unprecedented and unique, has made an ineradicable mark in the annals of twentieth century music.

—by Leonard Feather

SEMENT

13 Pt IV—Fri., Jan. 27, 1978 Los Angeles Times

Herman Reopens the Westside Room

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Westside Room, one of the Southland's most prestigious talent showcases during the late 1960s, was reopened Sunday for the first of what is expected to be a continuing series of jazz concerts under the auspices of Robert Widener.

A businessman who deals in computers by day but prefers noncomputerized music, preferably of the big-band variety, Widener last year offered a similar schedule of Monday evening concerts for eight months at the Improv in Hollywood. The choice of Woody Herman's orchestra for the initial presentation at the Westside Sunday turned out to be a wise one. The 350-capacity room was 90% filled for Herman's two shows.

The orchestra—reviewed here last month during its week playing for the young crowds at Disneyland—drew a substantially older clientele here, for whom the $10 top presented no problem. Reaction both to the music and to the chandeliered room was uniformly favorable. "I'm tired of listening to jazz in those dark, dreary dives," said one fan, seated comfortably in an upholstered booth.

The event attracted a fair share of music and show business celebrities, among them Arthur Godfrey, Elizabeth Montgomery, Bobby Troup, Julie London, Jane Harvey, Ernie Andrews and David Allyn.

"I think we've found the formula," said Widener, who is negotiating not only for Don Ellis, Stan Kenton, the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra and others but also for leading MOR and jazz-oriented singers such as Mel Torme. "This is the right room and the right location. I hope to present at least one show a month."

The Westside Room had been used only for private banquets since its entertainment policy ended in December, 1973, when Ray Anthony was the last attraction to play there.

Information concerning future concerts may be obtained from Widener at 657-7054.

AT ROYCE HALL

Greatest Jazz Band Leads Dual Life

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

It was a friendly and appreciative audience, if not one of the larger crowds of the season, that greeted the World's Greatest Jazz Band Tuesday at Royce Hall.

Founded in 1968 by trumpter Yank Lawson and bassist Bob Haggart, the band now leads a dual life. On records it plays Haggart's resourceful arrangements of tunes by a given composer such as Ellington or Gershwin. In person, reduced to eight pieces, it uses mainly Dixieland or swing standards and no written music.

On this second (and secondary) level, the band must be judged on the basis of what it aims at and how well it succeeds. These veterans eloquently express the spirit of their time. They have not passed their creative prime, though they came to prominence during the swing era. (The exception is Rex Allen, by far the youngest member at 25, whose trombone duet with the spirited George Masso was among the evening's highlights.)

Lawson's open horn has lost none of its vigor, but it was his muted solo on "Beale Street Blues" that made the strongest impression. Peanuts Hucko remains the most brilliant of the Goodman-style clarinetists after Goodman himself; he invested "Stealin' Apples" with an excitement that transcended the material.

The use of so many cobwebby tunes ("Muskrat," "Saints," "Bill Bailey") was debatable. Haggart used to enliven the band in its early years with his new originals and refurbishings of such relatively fresh pieces as "Up, Up and Away."

Tantalizingly, Lawson introduced alumnus Bud Freeman, who, instead of playing, presented Eddie Miller, his replacement. The latter's tenor sax style is cast in the Freeman mold.

Ray Sherman did his boogie-woogie piano thing on "Honky Tonk Train." The inevitable "Big Noise From Winnetka" found Nick Fatool playing his drumsticks on Haggart's bass.

All in all, it was a fun evening, but one that left you wishing the economics of jazz would enable the full-recording band to offer a recital of specially prepared work. The investment of rehearsal time and salaries might strengthen the WGJB as a box-office attraction.

JAZZ

An Odyssey to South Africa

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The degree to which jazz is essentially African in origin has often been hotly debated. Long taken for granted is the fact that southern Africa was not a seeding ground for the music, nor has it had more than minimal exposure to Afro-American music.

This situation was corrected on a spectacular scale recently. The scene was Maseru National Stadium, which lies among the Maluti Mountains in the Kingdom of Lesotho. The event was a music festival conceived by the American bassist Monk Montgomery and the Holiday Inns chain.

Lesotho, a former British protectorate, known as Basutoland until it gained independence from Britain in 1966, is completely surrounded by South Africa. In this black-ruled country, apartheid is unknown and integrated audiences don't elevate a single eyebrow.

Among the American participants were the Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, soul singer Al Wilson and the Livingston Rutgers Jazz Professors. "That's not just a name," Montgomery explained. "The members are all music educators from the department of music at Rutgers University in New Jersey. They include Frank Foster, the former Basie tenor sax star; Larry Ridley, the bassist, and Freddie Waits, the drummer, both of whom worked with people like Freddie Hubbard and the Ellington band; Kenny Barron, the pianist, who worked with Yusef Lateef and Stan Getz before he joined the Rutgers faculty in 1973; and Ted Dunbar, the guitarist, who once subbed for several months in a trio led by my late brother Wes."

●

That musicians with these credentials are now permanently affiliated with a university such as Rutgers is noteworthy in itself. More remarkable still was this African odyssey, on which they were accompanied by Marc Crawford, head of Rutgers' English department.

"They played the concert," Montgomery said, "then devoted several days to a series of workshops, showing young Lesotho students the historical and stylistic developments of our music all the way from blues, gospel, ragtime and New Orleans style up to 1970s fusion."

Both Lesotho and South Africa have been hungry for jazz, the former because it is an underdeveloped, economically struggling country, the latter because most performers have refused to work there for all-white or all-black audiences.

"Without the people who came across from South Africa, we couldn't have presented the concert. Maseru is a five-hour drive south from Johannesburg. Some people even came from Cape Town—can you imagine driving 15 hours to see a concert?—and since the borders close at 11, they arrived in time to stay around all night and line up for seats.

"I spent some time milling around with the local musicians, and was surprised how aware they are of jazz. When I did a radio interview, the latest thing they could find by Dizzy was seven years old; yet they're all aware of Herbie Hancock, Weather Report, George Benson, and they loved hearing Dizzy in person even if the tunes were unfamiliar to them.

"The concert drew between 8,000 and 10,000. It began with two of Lesotho's own combos, the Uhuru and Zebrea bands; they had no horns and featured conventional singing and rock or rhythm and blues-type playing. After the concert, people told me they really hadn't wanted to hear these local groups. American jazz musicians—that's what they drove all that distance for."

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Monk Montgomery, left, Freddie Waits and Larry Ridley during visit to grade school in Maseru, Lesotho.

An African Odyssey

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Americans visiting more northerly parts of the continent in recent years have found that African music has gradually taken a back seat to imitations of American pop and soul forms. Similarly, in Maseru, trying to investigate native music and detect African characteristics, Montgomery found that there were no such "authentic" sounds in record stores.

"I guess African music as such is being phased out by the younger people. The records the shop brought out for me to hear were mostly things with commercial overtones—electronics and all."

Larry Ridley, of the visiting Rutgers group, feels that indigenous African music will continue to exist, but that attempts are now being made to bridge the gap with Western culture: "The feedback during our workshops was incredible. The students' thirst for knowledge seemed limitless; they would come to our rooms at all hours of the day and night."

Of course, as both Ridley and Montgomery confirmed, there would be more real jazz played in Lesotho if the opportunity were presented more often to listen to it. "The concert shook the whole country up," said Ridley.

Montgomery said: "Jazz education is a completely new concept to them, but they are most anxious to become involved. The University of Lesotho is a sister university to Rutgers, and during our visit the Rutgers educators had a meeting with the minister of education, Albert S. Mohale, and with some Lesotho professors. Rutgers is going to work things out to get a curriculum going there, lend them music from its library, exchange ideas —whatever it takes to set a program in motion.

"Mohale invited us to a formal dinner at which he told me that the staging of this festival was the greatest event that had ever taken place, on a cultural level, in the history of the country. He asked me to stay over a couple of days so that I could be his guest at a sporting event in the same stadium and sit in the royal box with King Motlotlehi Moshoeshoe II and Queen Mamohato."

Montgomery spoke only briefly to their majesties because, he says, "I didn't know how to act around a king or queen, and they probably didn't know how to react around a jazz musician. But they were very friendly. The queen had made the introductory announcement at the jazz concert. I've got that on tape, along with the rest of the show, for which I expect to arrange an American album release."

Listening to Montgomery's account of conditions in Lesotho, it is impossible not to be struck by the depth of the impact jazz can make in areas where it has been little more than an unreachable dream. "A man may make $20 a month but he'd still save up, maybe 50 cents at a time, to buy a record.

"It was really touching to hear the kinds of questions we were asked. In the first place they were amazed that we showed up at all, because there had been so many events of this kind promised before that failed to materialize; so their first concern, was, are you really coming back? Who will you bring next time? And they were asking, could you send us instrument? Sheet music? Pictures?

"I was in South Africa in 1974 as well as in Lesotho, with a band accompanying a singer. At that time we were allowed to play only one date to an integrated audience during the entire South African part of the tour. But some of the South Africans in Lesotho told me there's now a big Club in Johnannesburg that not only caters to mixed audiences, it's also black-and-white -owned. No arrests, no shakedowns, no problems. So I feel that a real breakthrough is just around the corner."

If it comes, of course, there will be no need for jazz-starved fans to make the trek across the border. Meanwhile, this much seems certain: The Lesotho initiative will indeed become an annual event, and another new territory has been claimed in the universal siege of jazz. ●

JAZZ

Benson and the View From the Top

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Success hasn't gone to the head of George Benson.
Times photo by Tony Barnard

● Superstardom is a condition that rarely affects great musicians. In the current sense of the term and all it implies, even Charlie Parker never achieved that stature; neither did John Coltrane. During the past two years George Benson, an excellent musician though scarcely in a class with those giants, has enjoyed record sales, honors and material rewards on a staggering level that would have seemed totally beyond reach to most of his predecessors.

Benson's "Breezin' " album is near the 3 million mark worldwide. The followup, "In Flight," has sold more than 1.2 million. His new set, "Weekend in L.A." (Warner Bros. 2WB 3139), became a gold album with the initial pressing.

All this has a meaning that far transcends the musical impact. No man who has experienced it can remain untouched; to many, the effect could have been ruinous in terms of egoinflation. George Benson, fortunately, has his feet on the ground and his head very much together.

How do you deal with the advent of success on this scale, of the power that comes with it, of living in a world in which suddenly everyone needs something from you?

"Now I know," Benson says, "how John Hammond felt years ago, when I was bugging him about trivial things." (Not so trivial: Hammond gave Benson his first real break on records at Columbia.)

"Having had this experience from both sides—wanting people and then being wanted—has really helped me to cope with it. I'm no longer surprised that people are making wild guesses at what I'm worth. I told one reporter that my relatives think I'm a billionaire, and you know something? I was close—they actually think that my money can never run out.

"Since I'm new at having money, I haven't quite learned how to manipulate it yet. Unfortunately the government has closed down all the so-called tax shelters, so that all those good things that were allowed a few years ago are gone.

"I don't want to put my money in the hands of someone else—someone who did not work for it—and say, 'Here, take this and invest it.' It's not that I don't trust business people; it's just that they're all guessing.

"Sure, I've enjoyed some material results. I bought a home in Hawaii recently. Also, one of my dreams when I went to the movies and saw those beautiful homes was to buy a place with high ceilings and nice chandeliers. My wife and I and two sons, 8 and 11, now live in a fine house in Tenafly, N.J.

"I bought a few automobiles—I was always into cars, but I finally found out what the best is and now I have three Mercedeses. We own three publishing companies. I go into clothing stores now and let them dress me up, and that feels good, to have some decent clothes on, because it makes a desirable image for young people who are watching me—they're so used to seeing just the opposite, the blue jeans and stuff."

The young people for whom he provides an example are a constant source of concern. "Everything I do and say is being scrutinized and listened to by all kinds of people. It's a heck of a thing to have on your shoulders, to be idolized like that.

"I'm a Bible student, and I had a discussion with a man who was involved with a religion different from mine. I made one little remark to him that changed his whole attitude and resulted in his being kicked out of his religious group. I saw him a year later and he was starving to death, and I felt it was the result of that one thing I'd said that had gotten him in trouble. I realized the power of words and deeds, so I try now to be very careful what I do and say around young people. Some of them take every word I say as law. They don't realize that I'm part of the same system they're in, and the system constantly changes to suit certain life-styles, certain needs."

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The other side of the coin, of course, is the ability his position gives Benson to manipulate people and events advantageously, perhaps stimulate their interest in something better than what they have been accustomed to.

"Yeah, I like that idea," says Benson. "For example, Earl Klugh, who played in my combo before he went out on his own, once told me that he had a chance to take a job with a very famous jazz musician but he was reluctant because it wasn't exactly where he wanted to go. I told him, 'Man, if I had the opportunity to play with this musician, I sure would take it! So he did, and it was a help to his concept of and knowledge of harmony. The musician, by the way, was George Shearing, a phenomenal artist who has always been one of my favorites. Earl spent the best part of a year with him—an experience I would have liked to have myself."

A problem Benson will have to confront indefinitely is that of balancing his talent and reputation as a guitarist against his success as a singer. Nat Cole, a superlative pianist, eventually played hardly at all because of his success as a stand-up singer. Is there any danger that this can happen to Benson?

"Absolutely not. If my voice were as special as Nat Cole's, I suppose it would be possible. I'm glad people think so highly of my voice, but I just had the good fortune of being associated with some very good songs.

"I wouldn't stop playing for two reasons. First, it would be like a man who has hooked people on a certain thing and made them happy with it and got them used to it, then suddenly took it away from them. Second, I've devoted 26 years of my life to the guitar, cultivating it and bringing people along with my instrumental ideas, and they responded and said hey, man, give us more. First it was 100,000 fans, then half a million, a million, 3 million. I don't think I should ever chop that off. Glen Campbell did the right thing; when he got his own television show he didn't stop playing.

"As for the people who became interested in my voice first, I think in turn I can get them involved with my playing. In any case, it breaks up the monotony. The early Nat Cole albums, when he played some and sang some, were a lot more interesting, as wonderful as his voice was. No matter how great anyone is, monotony can set in. That's why people go to sleep at classical concerts."

Benson talks like a man who has made a commitment to honesty and integrity. No longer, he declares, will he keep his mouth shut when a record producer tries to steer him in a direction contrary to his desires. "I was afraid to make waves; but now, when I know something feels wrong, doesn't sound good to me, I'll open my mouth."

The new live-at-the-Roxy album was achieved under these conditions. "Everybody was up; the audience was with us, and the guys—all the same musicians who were on my previous two albums—were comfortable with each other. They feel, as I do, that our records are significant. I'm happy for all those young musicians who are not necessarily into rock music or would prefer to make it in another avenue. We've finally given them some hope." ●

JAZZ REVIEW

Baker Quintet at the Lighthouse

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

At the Lighthouse this week, Chet Baker is making what he says is his first local club appearance since the mid-1960's.

The trumpeter's career, often interrupted by personal problems, has been enjoying a renaissance for the past four years, mainly in New York. The quintet he now leads is an organized group, playing for the most part a music that takes the listener through a time tunnel, to a distant day when he was the partner of Gerry Mulligan in a seminal quartet. Baker's slicked-back hair and gaunt, vaguely James Dean appearance reinforce the period image.

Once again he has a baritone saxophonist for a front line teammate, and while Roger Rosenberg is not in Mulligan's class, he handles the horn with boppish aplomb.

Recaptured Lyricism

Baker's trumpet at times recaptures some of the gentle lyricism that established his reputation, though the sound became less distinctive whenever he raised the decibel count. The set opened with "My Shining Hour," hardly the most inspiring of songs either melodically or harmonically. A better tempo and more relaxed groove were established on "If I Should Lose You," in which the leader's horn achieved a lightness and purity that recalled the Mulligan era.

Inevitably, there were calls for him to sing, and predictably, he obliged, on "Someone to Watch Over Me," intoned in a frail tenor, and "I Remember You," complete with a couple of expendable scat choruses.

Baker's rhythm section consists of Phil Markowitz, whose piano solos were limned in hornlike lines; Jon Burr, a capable bassist who bowed one solo and plucked a couple; and the former Woody Herman drummer Jeff Brillinger. All are competent musicians who need something more than a series of overworked standards to get their chops into.

Plays Original Work

The opportunity arrived when Baker & Co. whipped out some manuscript paper and ran through an original work for the first time in public. Entitled "Do It Now," it was written by Rosenberg, who switched to soprano sax for this tune. The whole group took a quantum leap forward with the contemporary sounding Latin theme.

Baker could use more fresh material of this kind, and Rosenberg has stated that he plans to provide it. The quintet closes Sunday.

Woods and Getz Blow Into Town

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Two colossi on the saxophone came back to town this week. Both have longstanding reputations; both remain potentially at the apex of their creative power. There, however, the resemblance ends.

Phil Woods, his alto sax and quartet are at the Hong Kong Bar; Stan Getz has a tenor sax and a quintet at Concerts by the Sea. Woods' group consists of men who have worked regularly with him for the past two years; this was evident in a performance that reflected credit on everyone.

Woods' tonal quality, like his style, is distinctive, strong and controlled, still bringing with it more than a trace of his bebop orgins, yet very much a sound of the '70s. George Shearing's "Conception" and Dizzy Gillespie's "Shaw Nuff" were marvels of facility and construction, taking the listener for a jolt-free ride along a rhythmically complicated route.

Mike Melillo has become a central cog in the Woods wheel. His piano ranges from bop to modal to "outside"; his compositions, such as "Little Peace," involve frameworks and harmonic bases that are several notches higher than your casual blowing vehicle.

With Bill Goodwin on drums and Steve Gilmore on bass, there is a sense of empathy, of mutual listening and understanding, that makes for a fail-safe conceptual and creative level. The Woods rhythm section is discreetly supportive, and herein lies the main difference. The Getz rhythm section is intrusive.

Though Getz introduced this reorganized group as one of his best ever, the claim seemed extravagant, considering that he has used every pianist from Horace Silver to Chick Corea, and that his bassist a few years ago was Stanley Clarke. (Of his mid-1977 backup team, only the splendid drummer Billy Hart remains.)

Pianist Andy Laverne's opening title, "Jet Lag," may have explained part of the problem: The men had just arrived after a cross-country flight. But the main difficulties seemed to lie in Laverne's not always appropriate use of electric keyboards and synthesizer; in the presence on almost every number of an insistent bongo player, and in the reluctance of bassist Mike Richmond to allow a millisecond to elapse between notes. Richmond's heavy amplification made it impossible to achieve a true, crisp pizzicato, thus impeding the loose, swinging beat often called for.

Given these conditions, aggravated by occasional feedback, Getz worked below optimum capability opening night. Only when he played Richmond's ballad, "Anna," the one low-key, bongo-free number of the set, was the unspoiled beauty of his sound briefly revealed.

The Woods group (which attracted an SRO crowd to the 5:30 Wednesday matinee) closes Saturday. The Getz Redondo Beach rendezvous runs through Sunday.

by Stanley Dance, Music Journal, Nov. 1977

AND MORE TWOFERS

Leonard Feather deserves much credit for stirring that lethargic (where jazz is concerned) company, MCA, into action. It has sat heavily and uncaringly on a vast treasure house of blues and jazz for many years, so any signs of life are welcome.

Good Morning Blues by Count Basie (MCA2-4108) collects up the sides not already in Decca's *The Best of Count Basie* (DXSB-7170). To justify the latter title, "Good Morning Blues," "The Blues I Like to Hear," "Evil Blues" and "Don't You Miss Your Baby?" should certainly have been included, but they are all here, along with lesser — yet attractive — vocal items and ten sides by the immortal rhythm section of the thirties.

The Greatest of Carmen McRae (MCA2-4111) is a diverting collection with a great variety of accompanists recorded from 1955-59. Here, for example, is "Lush Life" with composer Billy Strayhorn at the piano. There are several sides with the Ray Bryant Trio, and others featuring the tenor saxophone of Ben Webster. The singer first attained widespread recognition in this period, but those familiar only with her more recent work will find much more than eager promise in these recordings.

Jazztime U.S.A. (MCA2-4113) derives from a heterogeneous series of studio jam sessions organized by Bob Thiele in 1952-55. What determined the selection of musicians is impossible to judge. Availability and name value, perhaps, but few of the combinations really jell. Disappointing as the set is overall, it is nevertheless possible to operate like Jack Horner and pick out a few plums, especially when musicians like Lips Page, Coleman Hawkins and Stuff Smith are involved. Georgie Auld's group also succeeds in generating some excitement.

Shades of Bix Jimmy McPartland and Bobby Hackett (MCA2-4110) is a painstaking tribute to cornetist Bix Beiderbecke, whose legacy of sentimental memory has not even been excelled by those of Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday. McPartland's long-standing affinity with Beiderbecke is well known, but although Hackett was often likened to the legend, too, he always proclaimed Louis Armstrong as his main source of inspiration. The results here have an intriguing hybrid quality, just as the music of Beiderbecke's bands had — part Chicago, part Dixieland, part more ambitious distillation from Debussy and the Whiteman world. The music remains an acquired taste, but the performances are well done.

Art Tatum Masterpieces, Vol. II, and James P. Johnson Plays Fats Waller (MCA2-4112) is probably the most important of these MCA releases. The Tatum record continues that pianist's output as found on MCA2-4019, and it is brilliant, but the other is more needed now that so little by James P. Johnson is available. It is a pity all his Decca recordings could not have been grouped together, rather than just these interpretations of compositions by his pupil, Fats Waller. Johnson was a great performer and composer in his own right and Decca has excellent versions of his tunes which would help to emphasize his true position in jazz history.

STAGE REVIEW

'Hollywatts' at the Speakeasy

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

"Hollywatts," a collection of dramatic scenes, comedy sketches and songs, is being presented at the Speakeasy, a small theater below a discotheque at 8531 Santa Monica Blvd.

Using no scenery and few props, the show was written, directed and composed by Roger E. Mosley, cofounder of the Watts Repertory Company, and is performed by six male and five female members of that company.

In its first moments, "Hollywatts" exudes a happy, loose improvisational spirit in the best Apollo Theater tradition. All the actors are suitably hip in the comedy bits and poignant in the more serious passages, notably the opening "Roots" style slavery-and-revolt scene.

Vinegary, Comedic Personality

Doris A. Weaver emerges as the most convincing performer. Her a cappella singing of "The Ghetto" is a moving synthesis of black urban life and her comedic personality has a vinegary flavor that evokes the late Dinah Washington with touches of Flip Wilson's Geraldine. She should be a natural for major television roles.

According to a printed statement by the WRC, "Audiences need to know that television's 'Good Times' and 'Chico and the Man' do not convey the richness of minority life." But neither do the booze swilling, coke sniffing, pot smoking, pocket picking, crap shooting, and garbage sifting to which too much of the show is devoted. The later antidrug message and the vignettes devoted to historical figures from Harriet Tubman and Malcolm X to Paul Robeson and Josephine Baker offer a measure of compensation.

The anti-integration sketch is likely to offend some blacks as well as whites. Angela Moten, despite her blonde wig, has trouble playing the Orange County white girl, since she is British and cannot hide her strong Cockney accent.

Infectious Gospel Flavor

Some of Mosley's songs have an infectious gospel flavor, but such titles as "Welfare Ain't Fair" call for subtler lyrics, as well as more fully developed melodies.

"Hollywatts" also suffers from a little too much hollering. The scene in which a young couple decide to marry, while discussing aspirations that will rescue them from ghetto life, is played so quietly and effectively that one wishes there were more such moments of relief.

"Hollywatts" can be seen Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays at 8 p.m., Sundays at 7:30.

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LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Hank Jones

CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD, FEBRUARY 1978

JON SIEVERT

One day in late 1944 I was producing a record session with trumpeter Hot Lips Page for a small New York company. "Who are we going to get on piano?" I asked Page. "Don't worry," he replied, "I have this young fellow who came here from Detroit. You're gonna like him. His name is Hank Jones."

At that time not only was Hank's name unknown to anyone in New York, but so were those of his younger brothers, trumpeter Thad Jones and the still younger Elvin, then 17 and a drummer in a high school band. Hank's recording debut turned out well, and it was not long before he began to make inroads on the bustling 52nd Street scene.

He told me that he was born July 31, 1918, in Pontiac, Michigan, studied privately with Carlotta Franzell, and worked with local bands around Michigan and Ohio. His early influences had been Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum—a typical set of choices for a youngster coming up on the jazz scene in the late 1930s. But in New York, it soon became clear that new forces were at work.

Bud Powell and Al Haig, both close associates of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker who had translated the bebop idiom into pianistic terms, became major influences on Hank. His very first album was entitled *Hank Jones Bebop Piano*, though many of his fans already were aware that he was by no means limited to any one idiom. By that time, in addition to putting in some time with Hot Lips Page, he had worked in Andy Kirk's big band, accompanied Billy Eckstine, and spent six months in the celebrated John Kirby sextet.

After two years off and on with Coleman Hawkins and Howard McGhee, Hank toured with Norman Granz's Jazz At The Philharmonic, then signed on in 1948 as accompanist for Ella Fitzgerald and remained with her until 1953.

It was after he left Ella that Hank Jones was all but swallowed up in the lucrative but musically limiting world of studio work. He spent 15 years as a staff musician at CBS, yet during this time managed to maintain his ties with jazz. He toured and/or recorded with Lester Young, Milt Jackson, Artie Shaw, Jack Teagarden, Cannonball Adderley, Quincy Jones, and scores of others. In 1956 he began a lengthy intermittent association with Benny Goodman, playing both in his orchestra and in various combos.

His radio and television credits are numberless. He supplied background music for the Sammy Davis film *A Man Called Adam*, in addition to playing a small acting role. He even led a trio in a segment of a TV soap opera.

Hank has recorded occasionally with his celebrated brothers (I first got them together in a long-unavailable album for Metro-jazz in the late '50s), and was the first pianist in the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra. In recent years he has freelanced extensively, playing solo or with a trio in New York night spots and recording with everyone from Bobby Hackett to Bobby Hutcherson.

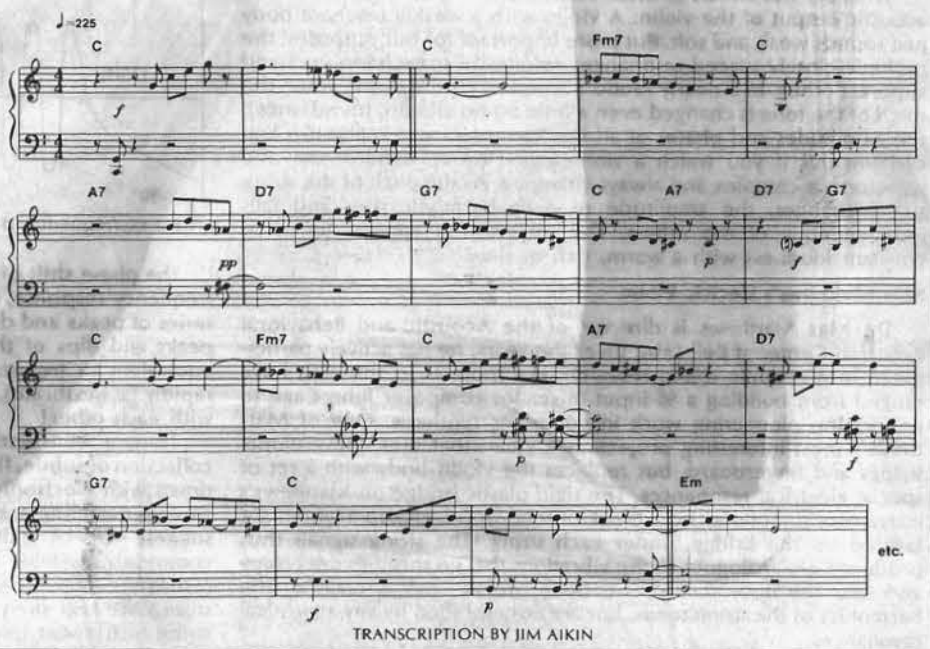
Obviously Hank has transcended any categorization, but last year he undertook an interesting and valuable project, recording an entire album of compositions by Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk. Entitled *'Bop Redux* [Muse Records (160 W. 71st St., New York, NY 10023), MR 5123], the LP included Parker's "Yardbird Suite."

The passage reproduced comes immediately after the initial theme statement. Hank's light, gentle touch is as important to the effect as his choice of notes. The break leading into the first blowing chorus sets a bebop mood immediately with the *Db* in the second bar implying a flat 5th against an unheard *G7*.

There is little or no audible left hand, the rhythm being very capably supplied by bassist George Duvivier and drummer Ben Riley. The *Ab* on the last eighth-note in bar 4 is a neat anticipation of the upcoming chord—another flat 5th, this time against a *D7*.

Noteworthy also is the rhythmic repetition in bar 14 of the figure stated in bar 13. A syncopated diatonic staircase leads logically through bar 16 down to the *G* that belongs to the *E* minor chord (the harmonic pattern of the tune is that of the swing era standard *Rosetta*).

Hank Jones has established himself, during a long and chameleonic career, as the epitome of good taste, technique, and adaptability to any set of circumstances.



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

JAZZ REVIEW

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BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

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JAZZ

Second Encounter of a Special Kind

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Chameleon is a word closely associated with Herbie Hancock, but that opening title on his high-energy "Headhunters" album is a term that could as easily be applied to Chick Corea. Both men have gone through an astonishing variety of stages in their musical development. Presently their divergent paths are crossing in an international concert tour that began Jan. 25 in Washington Constitution Hall, touches down at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Monday and ends Feb. 22 in Copenhagen.

Hancock is using neither the electronic funk group nor the acoustic V.S.O.P. quintet that triggered a small revolution in jazz last year. Corea has cast aside his Return to Forever (though presumably not forever). "From the beginning," says Corea, "the idea was just to use two acoustic pianos—no rhythm sections, no other instruments. There's such a wealth of creation possible through this experience."

"We're doing one number each evening that is totally improvised," Hancock said. "Other than that, the program consists of works that are partly or entirely worked out. We decided at one of the early rehearsals to include some classical things, such as one of the pieces out of Bartok's 'Mikrokosmos,' just as it was written originally for two pianos."

The Hancock-Corea encounter is not their first. A couple of years ago they were seen together briefly playing "Some Day My Prince Will Come" on a public TV show. That tune, the title number of an early Miles Davis album, had a special significance for both men, since Hancock was a key figure in the Davis group from 1963-68 and Corea was his replacement. There was an overlap period when both pianists were heard, playing electric keyboards, on Miles' "In a Silent Way," which also featured a third pianist, Joe Zawinul.

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Corea and Hancock have much in common apart from their Miles Davis connection. Both were trained as classical musicians. Hancock, the older by exactly 14 months, did not decide to turn to jazz until he was in college. Corea dropped out of both Columbia U. and Juilliard to engage in a series of apprenticeships with Latin and jazz bands.

Another link is the fact that both men confess to having returned only lately to serious practicing. "Miles once convinced me that it wasn't necessary, that I could get by on a mind-over-matter basis," says Hancock, "so I stopped, and for close to 15 years I hardly practiced at all. Then in 1976, when I was getting ready for a concert at the Newport Festival, I started up again, and during this past year I've been at it seriously: Chopin, Bach, Debussy, Ravel, and all kinds of exercises."

Corea says: "I gave up real practicing almost 10 years ago, around the time I started my first group. It wasn't until very recently that I got back to it again."

During the year of nonpractice, Corea went through several phases. In 1970 he formed Circle, a quartet with Anthony Braxton, Dave Holland and Barry Altschul. By late 1971 he had given up that avant-garde venture and was a sideman with Stan Getz, but soon afterward, along with two other Getz men, Stanley Clarke and Airto, he formed the first lyrical version of Return to Forever. In later incarnations, RTF erupted into high energy and extensive electronics, with Gayle Moran handling vocals and second keyboards.

Hancock, too, underwent several idiomatic changes. Not long after leaving Miles Davis, he organized a harmonically subtle sextet with trumpet, trombone and one multi-reedman, Bennie Maupin. The group having proved itself aesthetically worthy but financially unsound, Hancock dropped the trumpet and trombone, switched on his echoplex, phase shifter, synthesizer and Fender Rhodes and used an additional percussionist. Out of this came "Headhunters" and lasting financial security.

Indirectly, however, the acceptance of that group enabled Hancock to interest his millions of fans in the acoustic values of V.S.O.P. Thus, like Corea, he has moved from acoustic piano through electronics and back to the grand piano. Fusion music served a valuable purpose, enabling both musicians to lead their loyal followers in a mainstream jazz direction.

Despite the obvious differences in the various group sounds they have created, Corea and Hancock have studied and admired one another through the years. "Herbie has been an important influence on me," says Corea. "In my formative days, when I was absorbing the techniques and styles of some of the creative people I admired, I went through a stage of sounding like him; in fact, you can hear it on a record I made while I was with Cal Tjader."

Hancock says: "Chick has a superb touch at the piano; I noticed it particularly in his 'Piano Improvisations' albums. I was amazed by his technique, his articulation and the emotional impact, plus a sort of elfin quality."

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Their present image as piano recitalists is temporary, though it will be preserved in a live album. Both artists have been involved in other ventures that will come to public attention soon, on records or in person.

Hancock points out that although he has been playing the piano for 30 years (since he was 7), his experience with electronics has been relatively brief; consequently, ever since "Headhunters," he has been going through an assiduous self-teaching process. "Learning what these electronic instruments were all about, and what funk was all about, became very important to me. I've heard too many musicians, especially those who have come from a jazz direction, do a little surface exploration of the pop scene, or the funk idiom, but never really get into it.

"To me, some of these people sound atrocious. You can always tell who's done his homework and who hasn't. I don't feel like I've graduated yet, but I have a pretty good idea of what it's about. A certain type of

musician, a man like Richard Tee for instance, can be the catalyst to form a setting of funk right away, but I'm very much influenced by my environment and I'd have a difficult time doing that, because the first thing that comes out of me naturally is jazz."

In Corea's recent past and imminent future, respectively, are two unusual projects. "I was commissioned by Woody Herman to write a suite for his band. This was not only an honor but a great challenge, as I'd had a little experience writing for brass but none scoring for a sax section or a big band.

"We decided to call it 'Suite for Hot Band.' It runs 20 minutes and Woody has just recorded it as one side of an album. The first movement is like orchestrated avant-garde; the second part is this blues piece, with some lyrics for Woody to sing and a clarinet part for him; then comes a Latin section.

"I blocked off four days, stayed home and worked 18 hours a day on the suite, then flew to Boston to rehearse it with Woody. A day after the rehearsal his band had a gig and, of all things, it happened to be an Italian-American Veterans' dance. Before it started, my cousin, Maria Corea, who's about 17, won the beauty contest; then Woody played, and after announcing that I was there, he premiered the suite while I sat in with the band. Altogether a great evening."

This experience may have geared up Corea for his upcoming venture, a tour with his own orchestra. "I'm going to be able to play concerts using all the music I wrote for three of my Polydor albums: 'Leprechaun,' 'My Spanish Heart' and the one that was just released, 'Mad Hatter.' I'll have a string quartet, four brass, David Liebman on sax, and a rhythm section, plus Gayle Moran singing.

"Unlike the Return to Forever music, this will be a large body of material that I've never performed in public."

Along with all the other resemblances in their backgrounds, Hancock and Corea now have something else significant to share. Each has achieved a plateau of recognition that enables him to feel a rejuvenating sense of freedom. Neither has to be tied down to a fixed image, to funk or avant-garde or jazz, to electronics or acoustics. ●

Chick Corea, left, Herbie Hancock will appear in concert at Pavilion Monday.

JAZZ REVIEW

Corea, Hancock at the Pavilion

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

For their opening number Monday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock played variations on "Someday My Prince Will Come," a song closely associated with their long-ago employer, Miles Davis. Three hours later, they closed the wildly received program by turning again to Davis for their encore, subjecting his old blues "Walkin' " to a highly sophisticated renovation.

Aside from these two pieces and certain passages in George Gershwin's "Liza," this was a recital of contemporary music for two grand pianos rather than a *jazz* concert. The first work after intermission was Bela Bartok's "Mikrokosmos No. 7" ("Ostinato"), performed exactly as the composer wrote it for two pianos with appropriate attention to dynamics and rhythmic nuances.

This was followed by two lengthy improvisations in which first Corea then Hancock displayed all the technical command and creativity that are prerequisites for on-the-spot compositions.

20th-Century Classical Work

If the audience had been told that Corea was playing a 20th-century classical work, it would have accepted this unquestioningly. The often somber beauty of this excursion, generally in a minor mood, was almost entirely free of any steady pulse. The ensuing Hancock statement was no less inventive and diversified, but there was a slight contrast: toward the end he introduced touches of Ellingtonian musing, of rhythmic consistency, even a few blues-like chords, in an extemporized masterpiece that ran to all of 25 minutes.

The entire concert consisted of only 10 numbers, two of which, Hancock's "Maiden Voyage" and Corea's "La Fiesta," were combined in a half-hour medley. The question of length in improvised performances is a highly subjective one; for this listener there were times, particularly during an almost totally unplanned piece that closed the first half, when the duets, for all their brillance and complexity, bordered on self-indulgence.

Receptive Audience

Nevertheless, what seemed to be the two main objectives were accomplished. The concert reminded a completely receptive audience that in these too often rhythmically overbearing and electronically deafening times, there is room for the unique self-sufficiency of the acoustic keyboard. Second, Hancock and Corea demonstrated the felicitous results that could be achieved really listening to each other—interweaving, alternating, driving, relaxing, their pianistic personalities ideally adjusted.

There were a few welcome moments of humor. After Corea introduced his own "Homecoming," explaining that the opening and closing parts were written but the rest would be completely ad lib, both men began grappling with sheets of manuscript paper about 6-feet wide. (Actually it was hard to tell where the preplanned passages ended and the improvisation took over.) Throughout the evening the performers were obviously having as good a time as the audience.

The concert, halfway through an international tour that will end a couple of weeks from now in Europe, was recorded for an album. That will surely be one for the history books.

2/11

Frances Wayne Dies; Singer in Big Band Era

Frances Wayne, wife of composer Neal Hefti and one of the finest singers to emerge from the big band era, died Monday night in Boston after a long bout with cancer. She was 58.

Born in Boston on Aug. 26, 1919, Wayne (nee Chiarina Francesca Bertocci) went to New York with a combo led by her brother Nick Jerret, but it was with two big bands that she gained national attention. With Charlie Barnet in 1942 she became the first singer ever to record "That Old Black Magic."

Frances Wayne in 1944

It was during her stint with Woody Herman's orchestra (1943-45) that she made her most famous record, "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," a song she made as much her own as had Ethel Waters a couple of years earlier. During this time she won the Esquire award as new star singer.

Wayne married Hefti, then a trumpeter and arranger with Herman, in 1945. The following year they moved to Southern California, where she worked in nightclubs before going into semiretirement. She returned to tour with a band led by Hefti in 1952-53, then retired permanently except for a few one-night stands at Donte's in 1974.

An artist of rare power and warmth, Wayne sang with a passion that reflected her Italian heritage.

Besides Hefti, she leaves a daughter, Marguerita, and a son, Paul. Hefti plans to move back to California, where, at the singer's request, she will be buried at a date not yet specified.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

Lou Rawls in Well-Worn Groove

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

LAS VEGAS—It has been a long, circuitous road for Lou Rawls in Las Vegas, from the lounge at the MGM Grand, where he worked not too many years ago, to the top of the bill at the Hilton's main room, where he opened Tuesday.

This powerful rebound phase in his career is due to a series of hit records, with the help of songs by Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff and, of course, to his role as the voice of Budweiser. He used the jingle as a throwaway during the show.

In order to satisfy the Vegas visitors, even the most potent backlog of well-remembered songs needs a peg of some kind. Rawls has it in a salute to past giants—the old tribute trick—and in the familiar rear projection screen effects that so often accompany such routines.

After starting out a little vaguely as an homage to the big bands and singers, with photos of everyone from the Dorsey brothers to Billie Holiday flashing on and off, Rawls settled into a comfortable three-way dedication to Nat (King) Cole, Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong. "Unforgettable" and "Mona Lisa" are well suited to his grittily personal timbre.

The Ellington segment worked particularly well with a silent movie showing the Duke and a bunch of 1930s jitterbugs. As for Rawls' impression of Satchmo, he rates four growls on a scale of 10.

The rest of the program is a well-balanced mix of the songs that first established him—"Dead End Street," "Tobacco Road"—and the others that brought him back: "Lady Love," "Early Morning Love," "You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine."

His "Send in the Clowns" falls just short of the mark; the piano accompaniment is sterile and his change of words at the end to "don't bother because they are here" is a mood-breaker. Those lyrics should be inviolate.

Rawls remains what he has long been, an affecting and likable performer with a spirited rhythmic sense. His raps between songs, however, have begun to sound perfunctory, almost ritualistic, as if he is a little further removed from the experiences he describes.

Opening for Rawls, who closes Wednesday, is Donna Summer, who will be profiled by Robert Hilburn in The Times Tuesday.

LOU RAWLS
. . . likable performer.

Getz: Department of Amplification

Down the road apiece on the Strip a surprise surfaced at the Sahara's Casbar Lounge in the person of Stan Getz. He was reviewed here last week playing a disappointing and, it now turns out, untypical set at Concerts by the Sea.

This time, the sound balance was fine; Mike Richmond played superb bass, both pizzicato and arco; the percussionist, Efrin Toro, instead of pounding on bongos, played mostly conga drums. Andy Laverne made intelligent use of the synthesizer. Best of all, the quintet now is a sextet, thanks to the addition of the unique valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, who played in Getz's group in 1953-54. (Getz explained the long absence: "He just went out to get a pack of cigarettes.")

All in all, it was a rare night for jazz-starved Las Vegans, and proof positive that you should never trust a critic who reviews an opening night first set. Getz remains at the Sahara through Sunday, and music director Jack Eglash hopes to bring more jazz to the room.

JAZZ REVIEW

Beating the Drums for Buddy Rich

2/18

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The drummers turned out en masse at the Starwood Thursday as the self-acknowledged master of them all, Buddy Rich, pulled into town with his 15-piece band in tow.

The unique discipline Rich has always shown at the drums is mirrored in the admirable control and teamwork displayed by his band. From the opener, an uptempo blues that began with a laid-back Bobby Kaye piano solo, to the climactic Rich workout on "Channel I Suite," the performance was a model of collective brilliance.

The lead trumpeter, Chuck Schmidt, cuts like a scythe across the demanding arrangements; in a sense he is the most important member of the orchestra after Rich, since most of the music calls for crisp, incisive brass work.

The saxophone section is in good hands—10 of them—as could be detected in a solo passage during the opening blues featuring lead soprano, alto, two tenors and baritone. Steve Marcus remains the most individual soloist, his tenor ranging from near-Dresden delicacy to fiery freneticism.

Though there was a modicum of original or standard fare such as Clifford Brown's "Jordu," the high point was reached with something new, an arrangement by Mike Abene of Joe Zawinul's "Birdland." With Marcus on soprano, and a kaleidoscope of brass sonorities, this treatment generates more excitement than the Weather Report original.

An analysis of a Buddy Rich solo cannot be undertaken without resorting to esoteric technical explanations. It should be enough simply to point out that his long final statement was a marvel of rhythmic complexity, mostly sticks on snares without any flamboyant cymbal embellishment. Toward the end came a very gradual diminuendo roll followed by an equally slow crescendo that drew gasps.

The younger members of the audience, many of whom conceivably had never before heard a big band, were amazed by leader and orchestra alike and vociferous in their reaction.

Rich closes tonight, but will be back in the Southland next week for a couple of college dates, most notably a "Battle of the Bands" opposite Louis Bellson's orchestra next Saturday at the University of Redlands.

2/19

GOOD MUSIC

Peggy Lee Casts a Vote for Class

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● SAN FRANCISCO—In her room between shows at the Fairmont Hotel, Peggy Lee is in the mood to talk. Resting on her bed, her feet elevated by pillows, she feels relaxed but resentful as she considers some of the acts that are being perpetrated in the name of entertainment, and many of the sounds that are being passed off as music.

As one of the most durable survivors of what has now come to be known in some circles as the good music generation, she remains secure in her career and her artistic beliefs. When she speaks out, she is motivated neither by bitterness nor envy, but by a passionate concern for the future of a profession to which she has devoted herself as both a singer and songwriter.

Speaking of her upcoming concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Wednesday, she says: "We like to do our part in preserving music as more of an entertainment and less of a sideshow. We're going for all-out elegance and glamor. I'm using some lovely new material and we have 32 great musicians to play for me.

"I still have a strong conviction that beauty is important in life, whether it's in singing, writing, literature, paintings. We'll never lose those values. I do feel that people in the arts have a duty to maintain certain standards of excellence, to counteract . . ." She paused for a moment, as if uncertain whether to point the dagger, then plunged in:

"Take this rock group Kiss. Did you see them in that program 'The Hype and the Glory' with Edwin Newman on NBC? They're in their late 20s or 30s, they're never seen without makeup, and the young kids have this illusion that they are romantic idols or something, when in fact it's just a total put-on. Grotesque.

"The Sex Pistols—when I was in London I was so embarrassed, because at first I was under the impression they were an American group, and they did this dreadfully offensive song about the queen. I was quite shocked to hear that A&M had signed them to a recording contract, but then later I learned that they had been dropped and paid off with quite a sizable sum of money.

"Remember the days of the carnival, when they had the men they called geeks? They made them eat live chickens and lizards or whatever they were told to do. The geeks were poor fellows who hardly knew where they were; they were winos or mentally ill, and the only way they could survive was by doing these weird things. I just hate to think of show business slipping back to a stage that isn't too far removed from that."

One can well empathize with Ms. Lee, whose whole thrust has always been toward perfectionism, toward the concept of creating a gracious illusion for her audiences. When she reads the great debates on such topics as to whether or not this or that pop group spat blood or vomited onstage, she may well say to herself, is that all there is to show biz?

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Her concern extends to her recording activity, an area for which she has lately found a more congenial base in England (as did Bing Crosby in the last year of his life). "Right now I just don't find conditions conducive to recording in this country. I'm thinking of the great power wielded by producers; in particular I have in mind a team of producers I worked with who spent a great deal of what was supposed to be our working time just lying around in the sun in the South of France—and all the expense involved had to be charged against my royalties. It wound up being nothing but a very costly demo, which in effect I paid for.

"I like to go in and sing with the orchestra, live, not overdubbed, and it doesn't call for a whole lot of production. In fact, it shouldn't necessitate more than two or three takes if you know what you're doing. But then producers will put on limiters that erase all the overtones in the voice, so that you don't even sound like yourself any more, and all the life is taken out of the performance. The producers spend so much time doing this sort of thing, and time is money, so it all comes out of the artist's royalties. I object strongly to that kind of thing in the recording industry.

Peggy Lee will appear in concert Wednesday night at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion of the Music Center.

"I guess I'm being controversial for the first time. Are you surprised to hear me talk like this? No names, but if the shoe fits, either wear it or throw it away—or rather, if it fits, I hope it's too tight."

On the other hand, says Ms. Lee, in England you are treated as though you are an artist. "I made two albums in London; one was live at the Palladium and it was literally live—brilliant engineers—and the other was a studio session. The musicians were very well prepared and they didn't waste time fooling around. They played marvelously in tune—they have a sense of discipline that is to be admired.

"I know a lot of fine musicians in America who would love to be working and wonder why they aren't. Well, one of the reasons is that the costs have gone sky-high here. It's gotten to the point where even the copyists make almost as much as the arrangers, or in some cases more—which is unfair, because an arranger is a creative person. By the time you pay the copying costs nowadays you feel like retiring."

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Partly because of her concern about the high cost of touring, Ms. Lee is very selective in accepting bookings. She has only recently been back in action after an accident while stepping out of an elevator in New York kept her off the scene for almost all of 1977. Now she looks forward to such prestigious dates as a pair of April appearances with symphony orchestras in Amarillo and Lubbock, Tex. "And I'm excited about my week in Detroit, April 25-30, where I'll finally be appearing with Count Basie's orchestra. After all these years of wanting to do that, it should really be fun."

She is not one to allow her mind to idle—or her hands. During the inactivity that followed the accident, she busied herself making a king-sized afghan for her daughter, but what had started out as a time-killer soon became a business as she began designing for a large chain of fabric stores in Japan.

Songwriting, her second love after singing, has returned to her schedule in the form of a commission to work on a motion picture score. "Maurice Jarre is going to be doing the music. I already have a number of lyrics finished—they're quite an integral part of the movie—but I'm waiting for Maurice to write the melodies, then I'll rewrite the words to fit them."

For all her reservations about her profession as she sees it, Peggy Lee retains a lively interest in every genre of music she considers valid. "What do I listen to? That's hard to answer. There's always Leontyne Price. At home I listen to a lot of instrumentals, a lot of classical music.

"I love Billy Joel, love his writing; I like Carol Bayer Sager, Carly Simon, Miles Davis with Gil Evans, Satie. Depending on my mood, I can go from Hurricane Smith to Carmen McRae. I enjoy listening to that album Paul Horn recorded in the Taj Mahal. Of course, there are all the foregone-conclusion people whom I shouldn't even need to mention—Ella, Sarah, Frank, Tony.

"I guess you could sum it up by saying I can appreciate almost anybody who doesn't eat live chickens." ●

Records

Direct to Disc: A Revolution at 33⅓ RPM

Lincoln Mayorga, left, and Doug Sax standing behind device that is revolutionizing record
Times photo by Larry

Continued from First Page

("The King James Version," Sheffield Lab 3). Both sides of the new release are Take One—proving the abandon and courageousness with which the musicians performed; and Harry played like he was under fire, really blowing the house down."

For Mayorga and his co-producer partner, former symphonic trumpeter Doug Sax, the current DTD excitement is the realization of a dream that goes way back. Mayorga says: "Our fanatical obsession began in the late 1950s, when I noticed that 78 r.p.m. piano records in my library, some by Art Tatum, and Beethoven sonatas by Artur Schnabel, sounded to me more musical, more natural, than my modern LPs. There was a certain clarity in the bass, a certain musicality, that transcended the surface noise.

"It turned out that the contrast was due to a weakness in the tape recorder known as phase shift, in which certain frequencies are delayed in the reproduction, so that even though the difference may be one of microseconds, you don't have all the music coming to you at the same time.

"In 1959 Doug and I decided we'd like to make a long-playing piano record without tape. We came across Hollywood's oldest studio, Electrovox, where they still recorded on those 16-inch platters in a back room, and telling the clients they were using tape. I asked the owner, a Bert Gottschalk, 'Would you record something for us right onto your lathes?' He threw up a mid-1930s vintage RCA 77 microphone, and here were these 1929 lathes that had been designed for Vitaphone, for the very first talking pictures.

"I played a Chopin prelude that had some very soft pianissimos and a big crescendo. I took the record home, played it on a good monaural hi-fi system, and at first I was sure the set was disconnected because for several seconds I heard nothing. Then all of a sudden this piano began to play with such naturalness that I was flabbergasted. The reason for the silence had been that there was absolutely no surface noise! The pianissimo was perfect, the fortissimo clean as a bell. You'd have sworn the piano was right in the room. Doug and I thought, gosh, if we could do this well with ancient equipment, imagine how it would be with a modern set-up and a full frequency range."

Imagining was about all that happened, for Mayorga and Sax found that every local studio was flawed in some way. "Any time I could scrape up a few hundred dollars," Mayorga says, "we'd experiment in some studio. Everybody laughed and told us we were out of our gourds trying to make a direct-to-dl piano record; but they would humor us. charge a high price and gladly take our money. Finally we decided there was room for better mastering in Los Angeles. We approached Doug's brother Sherwood, who came into part-nership with us to build a fine mastering room that would service independent producers. We opened our doors in 1968."

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The Mastering Lab, their premises on Hollywood Blvd. near Gower, enabled Mayorga and Sax to return to their old love. The first experimental DTD album, with Mayorga as pianist and arranger, was a MOR instrumental set of pop tunes. The charts were written to exploit the dynamic range and latitude of the "new" process.

Initially sure they could not break even, they found that their record made a fine demonstration tool for speaker manufacturers. "All of a sudden," Mayorga recalls, "we had a flood of orders, and by the end of three years the masters were worn out; so that record is now a collector's item."

The system works like this: the original metal master, made from the lacquer, is like a negative; it has ridges instead of grooves. From the master, four mothers can be made; these are nickel positives, and from the mothers is made a second negative, called a stamper, which is used to press the records. Up to 15 stampers can be made from each of the four mothers. Since each stamper will only press from 1,250 to 1,500 records before wearing out, the payload is upward of 4x15x1250, i.e., 75,000, to an absolute top of 4x15x1500, or 90,000, though imperfections in the plating processes makes the latter figure unlikely. (Some sessions have been made with two lathes recording simultaneously.)

Clearly, neither the Bee Gees nor Fleetwood Mac would be likely to record DTD, given this low ceiling; but by the same token, conditions are ideal for the specialized markets of sound freaks and/or aficionados of classical music, jazz and big bands, who don't mind shelling out the $12 or $13.95 charged for most of these

Direct to Disc Albums: A Sample List

Les Brown and His Band of Renown. Great American Gramophone. GADD 1010.

Glenn Miller Orchestra, Directed by Jimmy Henderson. GADD 1020.

Buddy Rich Orchestra. "Class of '78." GADD 1030.

Lincoln Mayorga & Distinguished Colleagues. Sheffield LAB 1.

Thelma Houston. "I've Got the Music in Me." LAB 2.

Harry James & His Big Band. "The King James Version." LAB 3.

Lincoln Mayorga. Brahms, Handel, Chopin. LAB 4.

Dave Grusin. "Discovered Again!" LAB 5.

Harry James Orchestra. "Comin' From a Good Place." LAB 6.

Erich Leinsdorf & L.A. Philharmonic. Wagner. LAB 7.

Erich Leinsdorf & L.A. Philharmonic. Prokofiev. "Romeo & Juliet" Ballet Excerpts. LAB 8.

"Gentle Thoughts" (With Patrice Rushen, Lee Ritenour). JVC VIDC-1-E.

L.A. 4 (With Shelly Manne, Ray Brown, Bud Shank, Laurindo Almeida). East Wind 10003.

Note: Albums on Great American Gramophone sell at a suggested list price of $13.95, those on Sheffield Lab at a suggested $12. The JVC and East Wind items are at suggested prices of $16.50.

products. Which is precisely why the Harry Jam bum, in terms of its gross revenue, must be conside hit (though never listed in the trade paper charts) why Great American Gramophone just recorded W Herman, following up on its successes with the Brown, Glenn Miller and Buddy Rich bands.

"We're working on a variety of new equipment sure the ultimate in technical facilities," says Dou of Sheffield Lab. "The people who used to warn th the musicians would be uptight working under pressure of no tape and no editing should have there when we recorded the Los Angeles Philharm conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, using our own new totype microphone. We transported some lathe MGM in Culver City, and set up in this ancient archive room. We utilized none of their equipme just their sound stage, which happens to be a grea room with marvelous acoustics.

"We did a Wagner album and a suite from Pr fiev's Romeo and Juliet ballet, and here we were over 100 musicians and just a single stereo microp The energy level from the musicians was phenom On the Wagner, Take One and Take Two were perfect. The orchestra knew that we were a small pany and this was costing us plenty, so they played superbly for us."

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Because their only immediate recording facility smallish adjacent studio, Producers' Workshop, they have used a few times, most of the am projects have had to be made on location. The James session was the first outside venture. "We orded it in the wedding chapel of the First Presby Church, which is just a block away from the Lab," Mayorga. "We set the band up in the normal band situation, ran our lines across the street, dow alley and across the parking lot for some 600 feet our mastering lab. Every time we had a playback whole band had to run down the alley and cross listen."

Mayorga has even delved into the pop/rock After making three albums under his own name last in 1973, he approached engineer Bill Schnee to duce a contemporary album with singer Thelma H ton. Recorded early in 1975, her "I've Got the Mus Me" set, a heady mix of soul, R&B and jazz, sold st and steadily to become the label's top seller. Th Mayorga says: "At the rate Harry James is sellin may very well surpass what we did with Thelma."

Musically one of the most impressive of all the albums is "Discovered Again," by a quintet under direction of pianist/composer Dave Grusin. Using eminent studio musicians (Ron Carter, Lee Ritenour, Harvey Mason and Larry Bunker), Grusin has with a record that combines artistry and the new niques at the highest possible level.

Please Turn to P

CALENDAR
LOS ANGELES TIMES
FEBRUARY 12, 1978

Direct to Disc: A Revolution at 33⅓ RPM

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Would you believe a hit record in 1978 by Harry James?

Would you believe an elaborate orchestral album made entirely with a single microphone, without the use of recording tape, with no echo, no headsets for the musicians, no splicing, no overdubbing, no sweetening — and, according to experts, the finest in recorded sound available today?

Incredible though it seems, these and other phenomena are taking place right before our ears, as the result of a slow-but-sure revolution, a 33⅓ revolution, that has been gaining on us during the last few years, its pace since mid-1977 greatly accelerated.

It is known in the trade as the Direct to Disc system. Major record companies spurn it because million-sellers are impossible (only a finite number of discs can be produced from a single lacquer master). Most ordinary record shops do not even stock the albums, which are sold mainly to audiophiles and music lovers in stereo shops.

"A year or two ago we had virtually no competitors," says Lincoln Mayorga of Sheffield Lab Records, the classical pianist and audio expert who was a pioneer in the DTD system. "Right now it's an avalanche. Unbelievable! I can't count the number who are jumping on the bandwagon. The Japanese are making direct to disc records hand over fist."

Competitor Glen Glancy, president of the Great American Gramophone Co., elaborates: "Tape, when it came into general use around 1948—coincidentally, the same year the LP disc was introduced—was a great improvement over the old system of recording 78 rpm discs on lacquer masters; but since then we've had the transition from monaural to stereo, which was marketed in 1958, and there have been such tremendous advances in cutting equipment that we've actually surpassed tape. Listen to one of our records, compare it with even the best tape recorded at the high speed of 30 inches per second, and you can tell the difference."

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There is a delicious irony in the return of DTD, which was the only method by which records could be made in the pre-tape era. The difference, of course, lies in today's necessity to cut the masters in stereo, and to record entire long-play sides at a clip. One clinker by a fourth trumpet player during the final moments of an 18-minute side and the entire disc must be scrapped while the orchestra goes back to square one for another complete take.

Instead of presenting a handicap, this has been a challenge to the artists, says Lincoln Mayorga. "A case in point is our new Harry James release, a follow-up to the one we made in the summer of 1976, which has now sold over 70,000 at $12.

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Direct to Disc

Continued from Page 84

Encouraged by their burgeoning success and by the indication that a sincere form of flattery has manifested itself, Sax and Mayorga are now thinking in terms of opening up their own studio. Sax says: "We have a facility with seven employes in Fawnskin, on the north shore of Big Bear Lake, a little town with a population of 600, where we've taken over a 1920s style hardware store and converted it to our own use for research. I'm a stickler for perfection and I'm not anxious to record again until we can do even better than we have already in every technical detail."

Until that happens, which Sax says may take four or five months, there is no need to hold our breath. Other product is arriving from numerous sources.

Bob Jonte, executive producer of Nautilus Records, a DTD company in Pismo Beach, says: "According to our experience, jazz is the most popular form of music for direct to disc records. We have been importing a series of the best product of this kind from such Japanese companies as East Wind and Toshiba, some featuring American jazz musicians; we also distribute the classical recordings made by Sound 80 Records of Minneapolis. I believe this is only the beginning—it's going to spread like wildfire."

Glen Glancy made a cogent point in summing up the advantages of DTD: "This guarantees that you'll hear what really happened, in one place at one time. In the layer cake process used by so many pop and rock musicians, they'll put down a rhythm track in June, add horns in July, sweeten with strings in August and maybe wait until Christmas to add the voices.

Mike Reese checks record being cut on lathe.

"Performers who depend on all those electronic and sweetening devices cannot be involved in direct disc recordings unless they have a degree of competence that enables them to go into a studio and cut 18 minutes of fine music without a hitch."

In short, DTD is a moment of truth of the kind we knew in the days before tape (and the concomitant philosophy of "We'll fix it in the mix") became a devious way of life for the recording industry. After 20 years the wheel has come full circle; but the new wheel grinds exceeding fine, and in perfect, unenhanced stereo. While the relationship of DTD to tape is not exactly that of the first automobile to the horse, a good analogy might be made by comparing it with champagne offered to a segment of the public too long sated with ripple. ●

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Count Basie

MICHAEL SPECTOR

There may be a few cynics who will consider it excessively adulatory to refer to Count Basie as a "piano giant of jazz." They will be in a small minority, though the argument could be made that he is primarily a giant of jazz who happens, among other things, to play the piano. Always a very self-effacing man, Basie is the first to downplay his role as an instrumentalist. Yet an overwhelming proportion of the musicians who have had the experience of working with him attest to his unique characteristics as a pianist.

The composer Johnny Mandel, who played trombone in the Basie band for a while during the 1950s, made one of the most eloquent tributes. "If another man sits in at the piano in that orchestra," he said, "it just doesn't sound the same. When the Count was there, he made everyone feel like they wanted to play; every man would be on his toes, just itching to blow. No other pianist, no matter how good he was, could imitate Basie's phrasing at the piano, or have the same effect on the band."

Raymond Horricks, the astute author of a book published in Britain called *Count Basie And His Orchestra*, observed that "Basie actually directs operations from the piano where another leader would get up and wave a baton. The cushion on the piano stool becomes his rostrum, and the notes he plays are like levers in a signal box. The keyboard under his touch might well be termed the control panel or nerve center for the band, so well does he govern the other musicians' output from it."

Basie has been known for many years as the master of understatement, the man for whom whatever notes he leaves out are as important as those he plays. This was not always the case, however, nor is his elliptical personality the consequence of a limited technique.

An early, now hard-to-get album called *Count Basie In Kansas City: Bennie Moten's Great Bands Of 1930–1932* offers striking evidence of this point. These sides were cut during almost six years Basie spent as a sideman with Moten. Though the band was based in Kansas City, where Basie had lived after being stranded there with a touring show in 1927, his piano work with the band showed considerable stride technique. As Martin Williams observed in the liner notes, the stride masters James P. Johnson and Luckey Roberts were influences in Basie's early days in the East (born August 21, 1904, in Red Bank, New Jersey, he spent his formative years jobbing in New York City and New Jersey).

An even more important influence was Fats Waller. In the recently published biography of the latter by his son Maurice Waller it is recalled that the two pianists met in Boston when both were on tour, and that Basie shyly asked whether Fats would give him organ lessons. Soon after, at the Lincoln Theatre in Harlem, Basie showed up for his first lesson. They met several times a week and Basie proved to be a very fast pupil. He and Waller were the only acknowledged pipe organ masters in jazz during the pre-Hammond days.

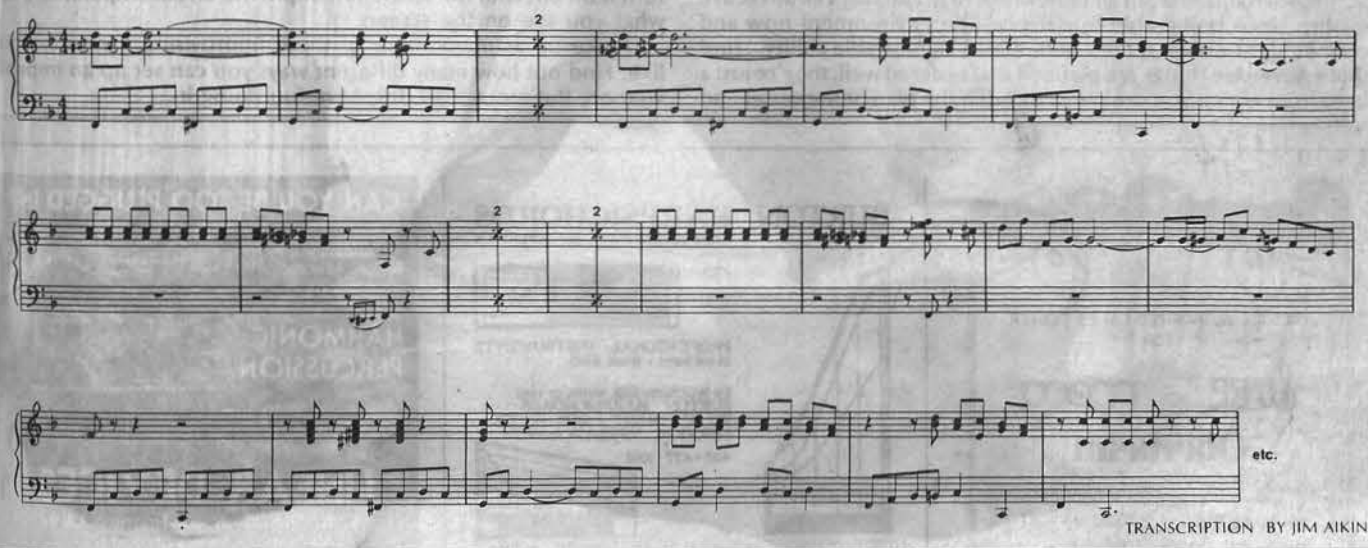
Basie's displays of technical expertise continued during the early years of his own career as an orchestra leader; evidence is available in "Pennies From Heaven" from the album *Good Morning Blues* [MCA, 2-4108]. Little by little, though, he showed a tendency to emphasize simplicity. By the 1950s the three-chord break ("plink...plank... plunk") that ends so many Basie arrangements had become one of the most widely imitated devices in jazz.

The example shown here, "The Dirty Dozens," is taken from a series of piano solos with rhythm section accompaniment, all recorded in 1938 with the fondly remembered, historically unique rhythm section of which the other members were the late Walter Page, bass (the Count had worked in Page's own band in the late 1920s), Jo Jones, Basie's definitive drummer, who worked with him off and on from 1935 until 1948; and Freddie Green, the rock-steady guitarist who has been strumming with the Count almost uninterruptedly for more than 40 years.

With this kind of support, Basie felt little need to state his case in more than the barest terms. In the example, an 8-bar introduction and a 16-bar chorus are shown. Note that except for the fifth bar from the end, where he hints at a climax to the chorus by playing a diminished chord, he never plays more than two notes at a time in the right hand, usually a repeated series of descending thirds.

The left hand, when in use (it is not audible at various points during the chorus), reminds us of the "vamp till ready" figure that became a standard introduction in numberless jazz works of the pre-swing and swing eras.

You may well ask yourself, on examining these bare bones of a statement, "What's so special about that?" The answer, of course, is in the listening. Basie's articulation was and continues to be sui generis. The cut is on the same album as the above-mentioned "Pennies From Heaven." Like many others in the set, it reminds us of Basie's abiding love for the blues in all its forms; whether 8, or 12, or 16 bars long, it has provided the basis for literally hundreds of original pieces he has recorded during a half century as a recording artist.



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

JAZZ GIANTS—Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald were two of the attractions at the Pablo Jazz Festival, organized by Norman Granz, held at Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Sunday.

Times photo by Tony Barnard

2/26

Fine Feather Article

Congratulations on Leonard Feather's fine article about Lincoln Mayorga's hallmark innovations in the recording industry (Calendar, Feb. 12). I've known Lincoln since junior high school when we both used to dream about someday making our mark in the music industry. Our vocal group, the Four Preps, went on to achieve a modicum of success, and I remember that when the royalty checks began to roll in, the rest of us made plans to buy sports cars, etc., while Lincoln held fast to one goal . . . to improve the quality of popular music and the fidelity with which it is reproduced. His success story is one of great courage, commitment and creativity. After years of disappointment and continual rededication, it is gratifying to see him garner at least a portion of the success and recognition he so richly deserves, and to be able to still call him a friend.

BRUCE BELLAND
Hollywood

I was quite interested in reading Feather's article on direct-to-disc recordings since my husband produced one recently. It was quite disappointing and surprising to find that one—Randy Sharp, "First in Line"—omitted.

MAMIE H. GILMORE
Studio City

2/21

POP MUSIC REVIEW

Pablo Jazz Festival at Pavilion

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Norman Granz People, who took over the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion Sunday and Monday, sold out both nights well in advance. It takes certain qualifications to be a Norman Granz Person. You need phenomenal chops, total dedication, maturity, and an affinity for great songs. The stage was heavy with all these elements at Sunday's Pablo Jazz Festival.

Of the four sets, none offered a more consummate display of artistry than the opening recital by Joe Pass. Melody, countermelody, harmony, bass lines, all fall into place under his plectrum. Pass even supplies his own rhythm section with a steady tapping of the left foot.

His version of "This Masquerade" would have given pause to a George Benson. "Nuages" could as well have been called "Nuances," so subtly did he expand its chordal basis. Pass is more than just the Segovia of jazz; he defies any kind of comparison.

Oscar Peterson has taken a drubbing from some of the elitist critics for allegedly abusing his incomparable technique. Reunited this evening with Ray Brown, whose bass supplied his underpinning for 15 years, he rarely offered evidence to justify the complaint. For the most part the Canadian virtuoso was in superb form, especially in a locked hands passage during "Teach Me Tonight."

Pass returned to make it a trio for the last two numbers. "Just Friends" didn't quite jell, but "Sweet Georgia

Please Turn to Page 10, Col. 3

BILLBOARD

Pilot For Jazz Series Taped In L.A.

LOS ANGELES—Pilot for "Stars Of Jazz: Nostalgia & New Sounds," a projected new television series spotlighting mainstream and younger jazz talent, was to be taped here Sunday (19) at CBS Television City.

The first one-hour show features performances by Freddie Hubbard, Sarah Vaughan, the Billy May band, the Teddy Buckner band and Bobby Troup.

Executive producer Charles Allen, a Mississippi jazz promoter, claims negotiations are now unde way for a series sponsor.

Music coordinator is Don Bagley music consultant, Bobby Knigh Associate producers and overall ta ent coordinators are jazz critic Leonard Feather and Harvey Sider

Producer is James Carlton Baker director, Mark Massari.

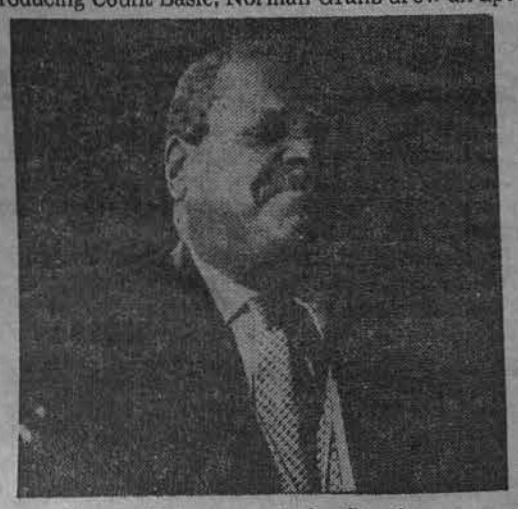
Allen says the concept for th series is to show that jazz has a plac in the music mainstream. "It's no that 'jazz is back,'" he says, "bu that it's never left and here is wha it's at today."

Pablo Jazz Festival at the Pavilion

Continued from First Page

Brown" was an animated exercise in Pass-Peterson one-upmanship.

Introducing Count Basie, Norman Granz drew an apt an-



Oscar Peterson at the Pavilion.

Times photo

alogy between Vladimir Horowitz (whose concert he had just attended with Peterson) and Basie—two men in their 70s, both vital and active, hardy survivors in different art forms. Basie proved the point by leading his orchestra through a series of pieces which, though not by any standards as innovative as his earlier repertoire, still moved with precision, cohesion and one of the better Basie rhythm sections. Butch Miles still points the way firmly from the drum chair; there is a fine, new young bassist named John Clayton, and the timeful, timeless guitarist Freddie Green, who next month will celebrate his 41st anniversary with Basie.

For the final set, Ella Fitzgerald called her students to Jazz Singing I. Aside from Paul Williams' "Ordinary Fool" she dealt in senior songs, some because they should never be allowed to die out ("Indian Summer," "St. Louis Blues"), others because they deserve to be revived (Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing") and a couple presumably because they were milestones in a distinguished career ("Mr. Paganini," which she recorded in 1936 with Chick Webb's band).

She treated even the least of them as if it were a masterpiece, her enunciation and intonation impeccable as ever. Tommy Flanagan's trio, sometimes augmented by Basie's band, offered flawless support. For the closing number Basie joined Ella in a good-humored blues.

Something else needs to be said about the Granz People: They radiate class. The concert was as elegantly presented and performed as any we are likely to see all year.

April 20. Variety 3/10

Leonard Feather Wins CPB Award For KUSC-FM Show

Pop music critic Leonard Feather has won an award from the Corporation for Public Broadcasting for his "Leonard Feather Show" on L.A.'s KUSC-FM. The award, CBP's 1977 citation for Outstanding Local Public Radio Programs, was presented at an awards banquet at the eighth annual Public Radio Conference in San Francisco earlier in the month.

Winners in nine categories were selected from a total of 304 programs entered by 87 public radio stations around the country. The particular Feather show honored was the one in which tribute was paid to the late Bing Crosby.

O, That Sweet Smell of Success

'It's Incredible,' Says Singer Bobby Short, Who Has a New Image Thanks to His TV Pitch

By Leonard Feather
Los Angeles Times

The impact of television as a mass communicator and career-reinforcer has nowhere been more emphatically felt than in the case of several singers heard in the past year or so on commercial jingles.

Ella Fitzgerald's pitch for Memorex probably did more for her than a hundred concerts; and Arthur Prysock, a singer whose career was more or less in limbo, is widely known now as the burnished baritone extolling the virtues of Loewenbrau, just as Lou Rawls has become the voice of Budweiser. But the most remarkable case is that of Bobby Short.

Variously known as the last of the great saloon singers, a latter-day troubadour and a musical antiquarian, Short has a new image, thanks to Charlie, the perfume commercial.

"It's incredible," says the chic singer-pianist who has long been the darling of Cafe Society from Paris to Park Avenue. "This one-minute spot, during which I am on camera maybe two seconds, has eclipsed all the work I have done for the past 30 years, in terms of mass impact. This was my very first major national commercial. It's in its third year now, and has been seen in Europe, and everyone thinks I made $10 million on it and am fixed for life, which of course is nonsense; but I'm delighted that it happened, and flattered that Revlon actually came after me to do it."

Short, however, need no more rely on jingles than on singles. He remains the quintessential album artist, dedicated to the preservation of Cole Porter, Ellington, Gershwin and their contemporaries, whose work he began absorbing as a child prodigy in the late 1930s.

Instead of taking the indiscriminately nostalgic attitude sometimes adopted by singers of the pre-rock era, Short cites chapter and verse in his litany of complaints about what he hears as a present dearth of quality songs and elegant singers.

"I heard Yip Hardburg, who wrote the words for 'Old Devil Moon,' 'April in Paris' and hundreds of others, complaining during a radio interview that there are no lyricists coming up today. Well, in the old days, if you were a successful songwriter on his level, you were pretty well versed in literature. You had read Browning, Keats, Shelley, you had paid attention to people like Gilbert and Sullivan. So you came from a background of knowledge, for which we have no parallels today.

"I really resent the long-windedness of today's popular songs. They take forever to tell you whatever little message they have to offer.

"Melodically, too, I find no more giants roaming the earth. They used to say that you could play a Jerome Kern song with one finger and still hear all the implied harmony, and they were right.

"I miss the extravagance of a Vincent Youmans, who would do unheard-of things with the harmony of a song, stretching a singer's range from here to there without batting an eye. He was Strauss-like in his determination—Richard Strauss, that is. I wish we still had that kind of challenge in a popular song."

Because he finds such a paucity of material that measures up to his requirements, Short nowadays has trouble adding brand new songs to his repertoire; he prefers digging back to rediscover arcane material such as early works by Duke Ellington, some of which he performs as piano solos.

There are occasional exceptions to his rule. "I went to Boston to see the preview of 'A Little Night Music,' and came back with 'Send in the Clowns'—but that was five years ago. Stephen Sondheim certainly knows his English, and that is a marvelous song; but in general, the elegance and sophistication we once associated with fine songs, the lyric quality, is gone. Sure, Carolyn Leigh, who wrote 'The Best Is Yet To Come' and 'It Amazes Me,' writes pretty lyrics when she feels like it, and I think it's sensational that Alan Jay Lerner is now doing the score for a show with Burton Lane. I love Lane's music.

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Just as he deplores that absence of new Porters and Gershwins, Short finds no comfort in the failure of the vocal world to produce a young counterpart for Lee Wiley. "Many of the Rodgers and Hart songs that I sing today I learned from her records. She had an indefinably beautiful timbre.

"By the same token, there's no Ethel Waters around. She was incredible in her day. And there's no new Lena Horne. The more I look at what is happening in this business, the more I realize that it's all a matter of determination and discipline. If you reach that sad point where all that matters is earning a buck, it becomes quite discouraging.

"When rock came along, I found it hard for awhile to find a job. But it was even sadder to hear gifted people turning themselves inside out in an effort to adapt to rock; they wound up only becoming half-assed rock performers, neither fish nor fowl."

Bobby Short's dim view of the contemporary scene does not take into account the significant fact that he is presently busier, more fashionable and more secure than ever before, singing only the kinds of melodies and lyrics that conform to his very special standards.

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Los Angeles Times CALENDAR PAGE 86

2/26/78

JAZZ

Today's 'Classics' Short-Termed

BY LEONARD FEATHER

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"They invited me to their office, and they had a stack of my records and were well acquainted with what I do, how I approach a song. They explained that they wanted to retain the typical sound of Bobby Short with his bass and drums, but give it a kind of subliminal wholeness—like Bing Crosby on a lagoon singing to Joan Bennett, then suddenly out of nowhere come 15,000 violins."

Short, however, no more needs to rely on jingles than on singles. He remains the quintessential album artist, dedicated to the preservation of Cole Porter, Ellington, Gershwin and their contemporaries, whose work he began absorbing as a child prodigy in the late 1930s. On March 6, enhanced by a 26-piece orchestra with Dick Hazard conducting, he will be giving his annual Los Angeles demonstration of his unique repertoire, at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

●

Instead of taking the indiscriminately nostalgic attitude sometimes adopted by singers of the pre-rock era, Short cites chapter and verse in his litany of complaints about what he hears as a present dearth of quality songs and elegant singers.

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"I'm not that aware of what they've done."

"Well, for example, 'What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?' "

"I could do without that line about 'the nickels and the dimes of your life,' " says Short with a smile that looked more like a frown. "It has a kind of precious, cute quality that has nothing to do with life. That rhyme has always stuck out in my mind."

●

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Bobby Short's dim view of the contemporary scene does not take into account the significant fact that he is busier, more fashionable and more secure than ever before, singing only the kinds of melodies and lyrics that conform to his very special standards. As long as he and several others like him (most of them in New York's East Side supper clubs) can be persuaded to keep the faith, there would seem to be no cause for concern that the values he believes in ever will become obsolete. ●

Clarinetist Joe Marsala Dies of Cancer at 71

Joe Marsala, 71, one of the most talented clarinetists of the swing era and leader of a small band that brought many jazz stars to prominence, died of cancer Friday in Santa Barbara. He had been recovering from a stroke suffered two years ago when a malignant tumor was discovered last October.

Born in Chicago, Marsala joined Wingy Manone and worked with him at New York's Hickory House, where he later led his own combo. He remained at that 52nd St. Club off and on for a decade, introducing such young talents as Bobby Hackett, Buddy Rich, Shelly Manne, Dave Tough and Joe Bushkin. Also in his band at one time was Eddie Condon. Adele Girard, the harpist, played in the band and married Marsala in July, 1937.

Marsala, who played in a warm, personal style inspired by Jimmie Noone, was one of the unsung heroes of the swing years and was the first musician to lead an integrated band on 52nd St., when he featured the trumpeter Henry (Red) Allen.

As a songwriter he was best known for "Don't Cry Joe" and "Little Sir Echo." His last major appearance was in 1969 at Donte's, where a band of his alumni was assembled.

He is survived by his wife, their daughter Eleisa and three grandchildren. Plans were pending for a memorial mass to be held in Santa Barbara.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Bobby Short's new image, courtesy of TV

Cafe Society's darling finds it all 'incredible'

Leonard Feather

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Los Angeles Times

Courtesy of exclusive representative—Margo Feiden Gallery, 51 E. 10th St., New York City

JAZZ REVIEW

Senatore: His Own Kind of Ambience

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

A good ambience cannot make mediocre music listenable, but the right atmosphere can turn a modestly agreeable, swinging performance into a total delight. That is the lesson to be learned from a visit to Pasquale's, the Southland's newest and by all odds most inviting jazz night spot.

Pasquale (Pat) Senatore, who played bass with the Tijuana Brass, is the brains behind the club. He took over a room at 22724 Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu and converted it into a comfortable setting for concerts not just by the sea, but almost literally on the sea.

Windowed along two of its walls, Pasquale's offers music by Senatore's trio, along with an opportunity to walk through a sliding glass door not 20 feet from the bandstand onto a deck from which you may watch the Pacific Ocean lapping at your feet a short distance below.

During his first few weeks, Senatore has had such men as pianist George Cables, drummers Roy McCurdy and Tootie Heath. There are also Sunday matinees at 4 p.m. with such guest soloists as saxophonist Ray Pizzi.

The current incumbents, who play every night except Monday, are a driving, spirited mainstream-modern pianist named Frank Collett, and the outstanding drummer Billy Higgins, whose credits include work with Ornette Coleman, Sonny Rollins and Herbie Hancock. Senatore plays upright bass.

The nature of the music they make is indicated by the tunes they choose to perform: "Alone Together," "All Blues," Cole Porter's "I Love You," a relaxed "If I Had You" and an arrow-swift examination of Rollins' "Oleo."

All three members acquit themselves creditably both as soloists and as part of an obviously compatible team. The room, by the way, has been provided with a good, in-tune piano.

Senatore plans to expand soon and double his present capacity of 100 plus. If he doesn't knock down some walls before summer, the public may well be doing it for him in the rush to get in. Pasquale's offers one of those rare jazz settings that speak eloquently for itself at first sight as well as first sound.

Larry Rigler at the Smoke House

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Smoke House restaurant in Burbank, where the Captain and Tennille worked in their pre-TV days, believes it has a new winner in Larry Rigler, a singer and pianist who appears Thursdays through Saturdays.

Working to Rigler's advantage are his appearance and audience rapport (tall, personable and enthusiastic, though a bit hokey) and a strong voice with a pleasant timbre. Singing "Maybe This Time," he suggests the typical Las Vegas lounge act; "Starting Here, Starting Now" indicates Broadway musical comedy potential.

Rigler's Barry Manilow medley began gently but soon laid on the schmaltz with a melodramatic finale. He was more at ease during a set of old standards including "I Cried for You" and "Who's Sorry Now?"

The act has two factors working against it, one of which is not Rigler's fault. Between songs, his audience was exposed to calls of "Johnson, party of two!" over the public address system—mood-breaking and surely avoidable interruptions.

Rigler's piano medley can be less easily excused. He accompanies himself well enough, but his solo specialty is a mishmash of every corny concept devised in the era of the 1940s Hollywood musicals, from a boogie-woogie degradation of Bach through "Sabre Dance" to a fulsome "Rhapsody in Blue."

Walking in during this endless exercise, you would have expected to find Lily Tomlin's own Bobbie Jeannine at the keyboard. It's strictly small-town stuff and should be exercised if Rigler hopes to move on to bigger, better and less parochial things.

He is accompanied by Richard West, drummer and conductor; Doug Livingston, electric keyboard, and Armando Compean, bass.

3/7

Award for Feather's Show

Times jazz critic Leonard Feather has won a 1978 Corp. for Public Broadcasting Local Program Award for his weekly jazz program that airs Sundays at 8 p.m. on KUSC-FM (91.5). The award, in the category of cultural programs—performance, was presented to Feather during a CPB meeting in San Francisco.

AT THE PAVILION

3/6

Vaughan, Laws in Jazz Weekend

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

While rainstorms drenched the Southland, jazz inundated the Chandler Pavilion over the weekend, with back-to-back concerts by Hubert Laws Friday and Sarah Vaughan Saturday. Despite the weather, both events did near-capacity business.

Saturday evening, accompanied only by piano, bass and drums, Ms. Vaughan surpassed by far her performance last summer when she had the entire L.A. Philharmonic behind her.

From the opening "Man I Love" to the final encore, "Tenderly," Vaughan displayed uncanny audience (and breath) control. Occasionally, it's true, she elicited applause artificially through her use of melisma, her deep-C-diving and other devices; but this was a minimal price to pay for a generally masterful recital.

There was plenty of Gershwin ("Summertime" sung a cappella, "Fascinating Rhythm" with Carl Schroeder's piano playing a baroque counterpoint to her scatting), one bow to Ellington ("I Got It Bad" with an incredible low D-flat ending), a Beatles song ("Golden Slumbers") and songs that go back to the start of her career ("East of the Sun").

Best of all, there were the Brazilian tunes: a sensuous "Wave," sung so slowly that a single 12-bar stanza took a full minute, and Marco Valle's lovely "Since You Went Away."

"Everything Must Change," Sarah Vaughan told us. Wrong! Nothing she offered us Saturday—and this includes her impeccable bassist Walter Booker and drummer Jimmy Cobb—calls for the slightest alteration. She is one of a kind. Anyone who wants to duplicate her will have to send in the clones.

★

At Hubert Laws' Friday concert, admirers who had expected to hear Bach, Ravel, Debussy and other classical composers whose works helped establish his reputation as a flutist were disappointed. Only Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet," on which he traded phrases with fellow flutists Ernie Watts and Bill Green, represented this aspect of his repertoire.

Laws began with a septet, playing "Vera Cruz," an energetic supersamba. "The Teaser," a catchy, blues-inflected piece by his pianist Mark Gray, proved one of the evening's principal delights. A full orchestra was added next, its string section well used on such tunes as Joe Sample's attractive "It Happens Every Day."

By now Laws has established himself as the magic piccolo no less than the magic flute, as was shown during "Airegin." His long, unaccompanied solo was an uncanny display of dexterous inspiration. The piccolo was also heard in a rock context in "The Baron" and "Undecided."

A fervent and beautiful facet of Laws' background was illustrated in "Amazing Grace," to which Dorothy Ashby's harp lent a new and gentle dimension.

Opening for Laws was the prodigious 23-year-old violinist Noel Pointer. Like Laws, he has a diverse background in classical music, jazz and pop. Unlike Laws, he has a great deal to learn about the art of improvisation. Nor does he seem to have any distinctive sound; in any event, the excessive amplification both of Pointer and of his rhythm section eliminated the chance to detect any personal tone quality.

He sang one number in a reedy, high-pitched voice, accompanying himself at the piano. Pointer also knows how to use visual ploys to reach his audience: When a violinist ends a solo down on his knees, he is sure to get the crowd up on its feet.

AT DONTE'S

Nash Quintet in a Noteworthy Show

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Aside from its musical quality, the quintet that has been making occasional appearances at Donte's under the leadership of Ted Nash is remarkable in two respects.

First, it reveals Nash, a persuasive and technically remarkable performer, as the latest product of a prominent musical family. His uncle and namesake became known as a name-band saxophonist in the 1940s and '50s; his father, Dick Nash, emerged a little later as a trombonist.

The Nash Quintet also is notable for the contribution of Charlie Shoemake. Though nominally a sideman, playing vibraphone and often stating the themes in unison with Nash, he is no less important as a teacher. Nash and the pianist Randy Kerber, who graduated from Reseda High School in 1977 and 1976 respectively, are Shoemake's students.

Nash last Thursday was present in four roles: as tenor and alto saxophonist, flutist and composer. His relentlessly hard-driving tenor was heard in Cedar Walton's pressure-cooking "Bolivia" and in his own charming bossa nova, "Tristamente." The good news is that Nash is not into freak high notes or artificial sound effects. (Can taste be inherited?)

"Always Open," another Nash original, found him playing flute. His technique, though not quite as self-evident as on saxes, is more than competent. The final chorus, with Shoemake playing four mallets, generated considerable excitement with rhythmic assistance from Kerber, drummer Dick Berk and bassist Harvey Newmark.

Most impressive of all is the 18-year-old's effusive alto sax. His work in Joe Emily's "Bells and Whistles" was boppish yet not a Charlie Parker imitation. There was no flashy scale-running; every note and phrase was meaningful.

It is too early to be certain that Ted Nash has the making of a star, or even of a style, but on the evidence to date it would seem that a recognizably mature personality cannot be far beyond the reach of this enfant-not-so-terrible. Moreover, the group per se is engaging enough to rate preservation on records.

Nash and his friends will be back at Donte's soon.

Hubert Laws is one musician who has successfully mixed the classics and jazz with his flute.

Fluting the Laws of Music

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● When jazz was less mature and more given to novelty effects than it is today, the concept of "jazzing the classics" achieved a certain vogue among big bands and virtuoso soloists. The result usually was a hybrid that lacked validity either as classical music or as jazz.

Today there are musicians in our midst who, instead of using this device as a quasi-comedy gimmick, bring their legitimate classical background to bear on performances that make serious use, in a partial jazz setting, of some of the great works from the classical repertoire. Preeminent among these artists is Hubert Laws, the protean flutist.

Laws was one of a group of Houston-born performers who worked in Texas and California in the 1950s; the others were Stix Hooper, Joe Sample, Wilton Felder and Wayne Henderson, who began recording in 1960 as the Jazz Crusaders, shortly after Laws had left the group to study under a scholarship at Juilliard.

No bumblebee flights, no moonlight sonatas for Laws. He has been selective and astonishingly successful in building a library of music that has drawn from Ravel, Debussy, Tchaikovsky, Bach, Satie and Faure, as well as from rock, jazz and folk sources.

"My approach to these treatments of classical works," he says, "has always been based on an attempt to maintain a level of integrity, of respect for the composers' original intentions, and at the same time reflect my own background of extensive experience in classical music and jazz. Even before that, I was exposed in my pre-high school years to gospel music and blues. All these phases overlapped. During the years when I spent my evenings playing operas with the Metropolitan Orchestra or symphonies with the New York Philharmonic, I'd be in the recording studios in the daytime playing jazz, folk, Latin or whatever.

"I believe in the total musical experience. There are some classical players who can't improvise and don't want to open up their minds to jazz. By doing this they limit themselves even within their own idiom; they sound tired when they play. By the same token, the jazzman who refuses to become involved with either classical music or rock is limiting himself, and this is similarly reflected in his playing."

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Laws finds it odd that some observers express surprise at his ability to switch back and forth between seemingly antithetical forms of music, or at his talent for combining them. "Why should there be any problem mixing classical music and jazz when they both use the same chord system, require the same instruments and the same musical expertise? The only difference is that classical music is completely written out and the feeling tends to be stricter.

"I believe that every musician should have the different kinds of exposure and experience I've enjoyed, because it broadens your entire scope. Classical musicians' performances will benefit from an understanding of jazz, and vice versa."

Laws is the only musician who has earned total acceptance as a flutist in both jazz and classical circles. Although he played saxophone first, at 13, he never took sax lessons; on being introduced to the flute at 16 he began going to formal instructors, relegating the saxophone to second place.

As a black musician with classical aspirations in Houston, he had to face the predictable racial obstacles, the friendly hand on his shoulder and the voice that said: "We'd love to have you join the Houston Youth Orchestra, but you know how things are." He refused to be discouraged. ("I guess I remained self-inspired.")

Later, at Texas Southern University, where all music students were required to attend at least one concert a week, his interest in classical music became even more intense.

"I wasn't too conscious of the racial situation because at the time I didn't depend on music for a living. I was a newspaper boy, and doubled in a garage job, parking cars." Before long, though, he began working with the future Crusaders, playing dances and various functions around town, which enabled him to leave the paper route and car parking to less accomplished youth.

Laws began recording as a combo leader in the mid-1960s, but it was not until a few years ago that he and arranger Don Sebesky collaborated on the idea of using Bach's Passacaglia in C minor, along with a Mozart Flute Sonata in F, in an album entitled "Afro Classic." This was followed by elegant and well received jazz interpretations of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," Faure's "Pavanne," and several others along similar lines. Among these was Debussy's "Syrinx," of which Laws recorded three different takes. "The engineer decided to play them all back simultaneously, and it sounded very creative, so that's what they released—all three takes on top of one another. I guess some people assumed it was an echoplex."

It was certainly no coincidence that during the same period (beginning 1971), when Laws was making his series of CTI albums partially devoted to classical material, he became an annual winner of such awards as the Down Beat Poll as the No. 1 flutist.

More recently, another member of the Laws family sprang to prominence. Hubert's brother Ronnie, 11 years his junior, formed his own group in 1975 and last year went gold with his second album for Blue Note, a funk/rock set called "Friends and Strangers." (Yet another sibling, Eloise Laws, two years Hubert's junior, has been on the charts this year with "Eloise," an album on ABC.)

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Hubert, the second of eight children, most of whom have been in music at one time or another, is proud that this young brother is now outselling him. "Ronnie at heart is a John Coltrane-inspired musician, but the kind of music he's presenting today has earned him the respect of the record company because he knows where the musical pulsation is for generating dollars. He knows that what he's playing is not going to attract people who are into strong musical quality, but his records can sell a lot more than mine within a short span of time. On the other hand, my 'Rite of Spring' album continues to sell; it has great longevity, more than his stuff, I guess. It's all a matter of what you want to do."

What Hubert wants to do includes a family get-together for concerts with Ronnie, Eloise and two or three of the other talented Lawses. "Our music isn't incompatible—we have common roots and I think we could work up a good presentation. In fact, Ronnie worked with me on my new Columbia album, 'Say It With Silence.' He wrote one of the pieces, and was responsible for the feeling on some of the tunes."

The reunion should work out well. After all, if classical material and form could coexist, even intermix, with Afro-American rhythms and sonorities, it should be no more difficult to find a jazz flutist, a funk/rock saxophonist and a pop singer making viable music together. Just as there are no laws decreeing that you cannot blend musical idioms, there are several Lawses, all from Houston, ready to prove the point. ●

An Evening for the Short People

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

They just don't write songs like that anymore. What songs? Well, for instance, those presented Monday evening when Bobby Short, often called the last of the troubadours, took to the stage at the Chandler Pavilion for his ninth annual Los Angeles convocation.

The Short people love two kinds of tunes. First, there are the cute and sometimes trivial ditties with arcane references to long-dead celebrities, enlivened by tricky rhymes. The concert began here, with Cole Porter's "I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight." Later came "In My Old Virginia Home on the Nile," by John Latouche and Vernon Duke, and a satirical, hysterical nonsense song called "On the Amazon." Such material brought with it a shared sense of camp-tinged enjoyment.

In the second and more relevant part of Short's arsenal can be found the big guns: those age-proof Rodgers and Harts, Gershwins and Cy Colemans that go back several decades but seem destined to go forward for several more. Short's delivery has always been central to their success, and Monday night it was very special. The 26-piece orchestra assembled by Richard Hazard was heard only occasionally, but the subliminal use of strings, always Hazard's forte as a writer, added just the needed touch of elegance during "I've Got Your Number." Hazard's skillfully crafted overture left room for Cat Anderson to let loose some of his roof-shattering trumpet.

Was Short's occasional gruffness due to the need to sing through a cold? Or have all the years of nightclub smog begun to fray the vocal cords? In any event, style is of the essence and his joie de vivre and self-confidence remain untouched by the hourglass. "Gimme a Pigfoot," a loud and ribald Bessie Smith saloon song, found him in splendid form, the hoarseness vanished.

In a piano medley, Short played with his customary taste, moving from one sublime song, Strayhorn's "Lotus Blossom," to another, Ellington's "Warm Valley." In the latter his perennial bassist, Beverly Peer, soloed effectively. Drummer Gene Gammage completed Short's rhythm contingent.

If there are still writers in our midst capable of creating a song as flawlessly crafted as the Johnny Mercer-Harold Arlen "I Wonder What Became of Me," they do not step forward—possibly because so few openings remain for new works of this caliber and because Short, instead of seeking them out, prefers to remain secure with the joys of the past.

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LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

CONTEMPORARY KEYBOARD

Nat King Cole

APRIL 1978

More than 13 years having passed since his death, it is understandable that there are many young music students today who are only vaguely conscious or perhaps totally unaware of the contribution made by Nat King Cole to the annals of jazz piano.

The reason lies not only in the fact that Cole died in 1965 at the age of 47, but also in the primary image he left behind—that of a nonpareil popular singer whose vocal successes had long since overwhelmed his reputation as an instrumentalist.

DUNCAN SCHIEDT COLLECTION

Nathaniel Adams Coles (he dropped the s and picked up "King" while still in his teens) was born March 17, 1917, in Montgomery, Alabama, and was raised in Chicago. Nat was one of four brothers who all became musicians. Two, Freddie and Ike, sang and played piano in much the same style as Nat; Eddie Cole, a bassist, traveled in Europe extensively in the 1930s and led a small combo with which Nat made his recording debut in Chicago in 1936.

Growing up in the great formative years of Chicago jazz, Nat was exposed to the sound of Earl Hines, who became an immediate influence. Occasionally he would take a band of his own into some of the local rooms, playing the Hines band's own arrangements.

Settling in Los Angeles, Nat worked as a solo pianist in night clubs before forming the original Nat Cole Trio, with Oscar Moore on electric guitar and Wesley Prince on bass. The group stayed together through the early 1940s, working in small clubs on both coasts, and recording a series of sides for Decca, all of which, along with the four tunes he had cut earlier with Eddie Cole, have been reissued on the double album *Nat King Cole: From The Very Beginning* [MCA, 2-4020].

Many of the youngsters listening to jazz piano in the 1940s and even in the '50s named Nat among their earliest influences. They included Red Garland, Oscar Peterson, and, later, Bill Evans. Along with the impact of Earl Hines, Nat himself clearly showed a debt to Fats Waller and, like every pianist of his day, idolized Art Tatum, but without attempting to emulate his technique.

No less important than his success as an instrumental soloist was the effect Nat had on jazz as leader of the first trio to enjoy mass commercial acceptance. Admittedly, this only happened after the group began to feature solo vocals by Nat, of which "Sweet Lorraine" was the first outstanding example, and novelty tunes sung by the trio; but many of the performances in the the early days, including those recorded after the first hit on Capitol ("Straighten Up And Fly Right," 1943), were partially or entirely jazz instrumentals. Many other combos were formed using identical instrumentation, most notably Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, the Page Cavanaugh Trio, the Soft Winds, and the Oscar Peterson Trio.

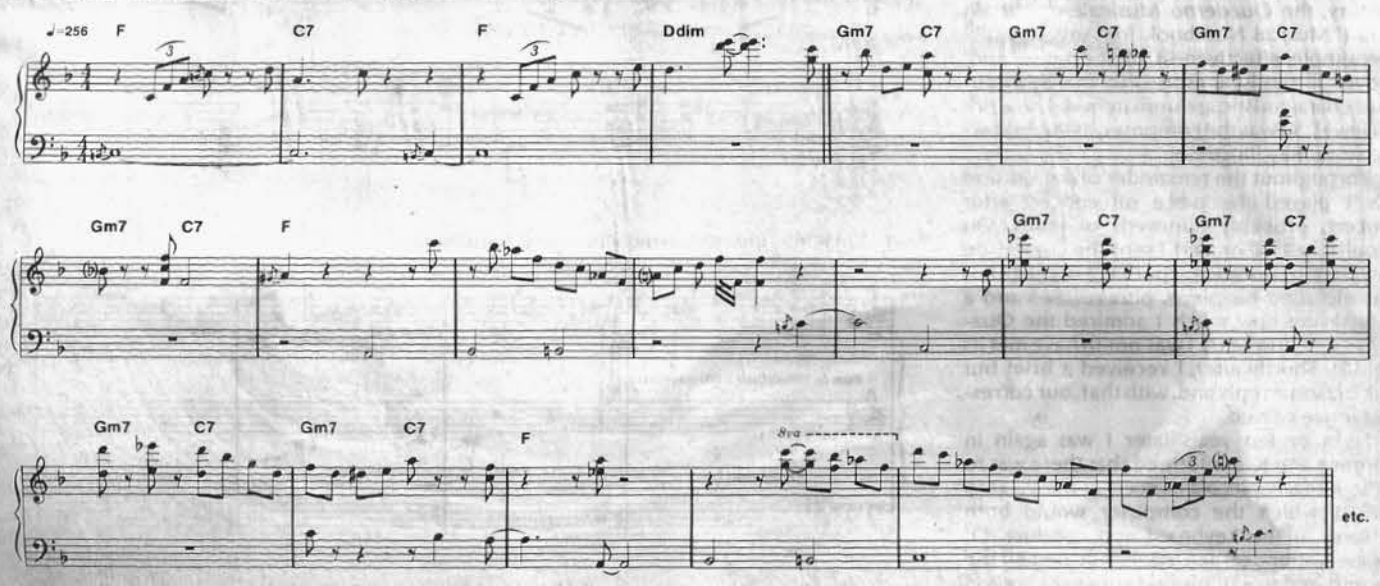
As a pianist, Nat won the *Esquire* Gold Award in 1946 and the *Metronome* poll from 1947–9. The trio won the small combo award in the *Down Beat* poll annually from 1944–7 and the *Metronome* poll from '45–8. By this last date, however, the worldwide recognition Nat had gained as a singer, primarily of ballads and other commercially popular material, found him standing up at the microphone more often than not, with somebody else at the keyboard on many of his records. During the last 14 years of his life Cole recorded with a large orchestra, usually including strings. A whole generation of listeners grew up unaware that he had been first and foremost a great jazzman.

As the late Ralph J. Gleason once observed, "Part of Nat's magic as a pianist lay in his ability to make the whole thing sound so easy and simple. But when he took hold with both hands and really went into full stride, it was as exciting as any jazz listening I have ever known." As the MCA album reveals, Nat Cole was a master of the blues ("Early Morning Blues," an instrumental, and "That Ain't Right," a blues vocal), but his most overwhelming solo contributions were made at faster tempos, reflecting the Hines impact.

The example shown here, "Honeysuckle Rose," is the opening track on the album. After using a quote from a familiar source in the introduction, Nat erupts into a brief reference to the melody for one measure, before embarking on a typically syncopated downward-and-upward sequence of single notes.

This pattern is repeated in bars 10 and 11, ending with a Hines-like tremolo. It is in these two measures that Nat's smooth, firm articulation is most characteristically represented. In bars 13–15 the sequence of *Eb* and *D*-natural octaves epitomizes the fiery, swinging approach of which he was capable. Note the similarity of bars 16 and 7—this was a favorite phrase—and the use once again of the roller-coaster downward- and upward lines in bars 19 and 20.

The course of events that governed Nat's life being irreversible, he is remembered by countless millions for his singing; but his contributions as pianist and as seminal combo leader should at least be more than a footnote in jazz history.



Frank Rehak: The Real Symbol of Synanon?

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The big neon sign on top of the building read "SYNANO." Nor is it likely to change, for by the time repairmen came to fix up the missing N, the building would not be Synanon anymore. Sale of the large building on Ocean Front in Santa Monica, for many years the principal branch of the world's most celebrated drug rehabilitation center, will be completed any day now; the remaining residents will be transferred to Synanon's six other facilities, all in Northern California. Frank Rehak, since September the director of the entire Santa Monica operation, will be assigned to a new job at one of the other branches.

Rehak is a lean, rugged man with close-cropped, graying hair. Visually he is the picture of health; verbally, the essence of enthusiasm, of total adjustment to life and the Synanon life-style.

As a trombonist, he racked up a splendid series of credits. In the early days he was on the road with name bands—Gene Krupa, Claude Thornhill, Jimmy Dorsey. He was a member of the Dizzy Gillespie orchestra, the first band ever to tour internationally on a State Department sponsored goodwill tour, to the Middle East and Latin America.

Returning to the United States, he became one of New York's busiest studio musicians, on staff at CBS as well as making as many as 20 record dates a week. He opened his own music store at Broadway and 53rd St. Down Beat had named him New Star of the year. The success picture seemed complete, but beneath the surface was an ugly and persistent undercurrent. Twice during those years, Frank Rehak ruined his career through addiction to heroin.

"The first time," he recalls, "was right after I left Jimmy Dorsey's band in Texas. I had never messed with hard drugs to any extent, but a musician driving back to New York with me thought it might be nice if we could relax with a snort of horse, which is what we called it in those days. So I'd only been back in New York a matter of hours when I had two good jobs—one with a Broadway pit band, the other on the Kate Smith show—and an ounce of heroin."

Making good money, he was able for a time to support what soon became an uncontrollable habit. Then came the missed jobs, the firings, three arrests, and ultimately the point at which music was no longer meaningful; nothing mattered except finding the next fix.

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Rehak, who at one point had more than $180,000 in the bank, found himself withdrawing hundreds a day for supplies. "Then one day in 1955, I woke up on the floor of a friend's house and asked myself what the hell I was doing. I had lost my wife, my home, my money; my horn was in hock; my health was a wreck.

"I resolved to kick it; went to my parents' Long Island home and spent two weeks locked in a room, going through the agony of breaking the habit." To avoid the temptations of the music world and its attendant pushers, he took a job on Long Island as a plumber's helper. "I stayed on that job for close to a year; then one night I went into Birdland and was asked to sub for a trombonist who had hurt his mouth in a fistfight.

"Before I knew it, I was back into music again; but I made a show of being clean. A couple of my dope-fiend friends offered me a bag of heroin and I made a big display of throwing it down the toilet."

As word got around that he was healthy again, Rehak found himself in demand. It was not until the opening night of his music store that a former pusher friend persuaded him to sniff a little heroin for old times' sake. He told himself it was just that one time only. And so it was—for two weeks. Then one week. Then three days. Within months he was lifting horns out of his own shop window to take to the pawnshop for money to buy dope.

Once again he went through countless thousands of dollars. He went abroad, was arrested in Jamaica, came home, convinced an ex-boss (Woody Herman) that he was straight, went on the road. "I was in such horrible shape that the guys in the band had to dress me, put me in a chair and place the horn in my hands.

"Finally Woody, seeing what was going on, told me that if I didn't go to Synanon for help he would just dump me by the roadside."

Placed on a plane from Detroit, Rehak arrived in Santa Monica Nov. 9, 1969. "I was a skeleton, down to 110 pounds. I couldn't walk or talk. I spent six days on a couch withdrawing, and another six days in the county hospital before I could be interviewed at Synanon."

For the first few months he played very little but worked as a gardener. His health and weight came back to normal. He adapted eagerly to the Synanon environment, realizing that much more was involved than treatment for addiction, that the totally uninhibited "Synanon Game" conversations—played over their own FM radio system to the other Synanon branches—were an invaluable outlet for the exorcism of all hangups.

After working in the center's personalized executive gifts business, and as a proofreader, Rehak in 1973 was transferred to Oakland, where he started Synanon's music department. Al Bauman, a former Juilliard teacher, came from Synanon's Tomales Bay center to function as co-director of the program.

"Some great musicians have been helped by Synanon," Rehak says, "but eventually all of them left. I was the first one to decide to make this a permanent home. I found myself teaching music to as many as 200 kids. We had a big band, Sounds of Synanon, and each branch had its own rock band to play at weekly parties. Of course, an important part of my responsibility was the reorientation of young people who had been in all kinds of trouble, dealing and stealing or whatever. In addition, we conducted music appreciation classes for Synanon residents and their children. We worked in every idiom possible, trying to build a wholesome, healthy musical environment."

After several years of traveling back and forth between the several Synanons, Rehak last year was appointed to the administration of the Santa Monica branch. Playing trombone now was relegated to a secondary role in his day-to-day existence, yet he found an analogy in the new responsibilities. "Directing the Santa Monica branch," he says, "has been not unlike leading an orchestra—with 200 people playing."

The 200 have now been cut in half and are dwindling daily. In preparation for the final closure of the branch (there will still be a token facility somewhere in or near Santa Monica, but nobody yet knows exactly where or when), Rehak and his colleagues prepared for a farewell party. On a recent Saturday evening the bandstand crowded with a dozen musicians from all the branches. Rehak blew with the same vigor and creativity he had brought to his work in the Gillespie band two decades ago. In the large, jam-packed room were many of Synanon's old friends who over the years had contributed donations, moral support or both; among them was Mrs. Woody Herman.

Dan Sorkin, the former Chicago and San Francisco disc jockey who became a leading Synanon life-styler and executive, gave a ringing speech—variously witty, angry and inspiring—concerning Synanon's success despite its endless battles with the media. The Santa Monica Evening Outlook, long extremely hostile to Synanon, eventually changed its attitude, he said.

Time magazine printed a story Dec. 26 characterizing Synanon as a "once respected" drug program that had allegedly turned into a "kooky cult." Synanon sued Time, Inc. for $76,750,000. "Nothing has changed," said Dan Sorkin, "except that our enemies get larger along the way."

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Even before the Time story, Synanon had become increasingly controversial. Chuck Dederich, who recently stepped down as executive director and chairman of the board, is an authoritarian figure whose autocratic decisions unquestionably cost him numerous allegiances and left some ex-Synanonites disillusioned. When he decided in 1971 that all smoking must stop, Synanon lost 300 residents. Others left the organization during last year's program of experimental three-year "love matches," when couples were persuaded to dissolve their marriages and find new mates. The residents' closely shaved heads (since 1975) accentuate the impression of cultism.

Yet the main issue would appear to remain fundamentally unchanged: no matter how foolish and ill-advised some of Dederich's words and actions may have been, and whatever the idiosyncrasies of the men and women who operate the Synanon residences, they still know how to convert derelicts into functioning citizens. Moreover, as any impartial visitor should easily discover, the Synanon environment still is based on compassion and understanding.

Frank Rehak's comment is typical: "The years I've spent here have been absolutely miraculous. I just can't say too much about what my friends here have done for me." ●

Frank Rehak says, "Some great musicians have been helped by Synanon."

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Thu. 3/16

First Women's Jazz Festival Opens in Kansas City, Mo.

3/17

The first Women's Jazz Festival starts today in Kansas City, Mo., attended by musicians, bands, feminists and critics from many parts of the country.

The event, believed to be the first of its kind anywhere in the world, was the brainchild of Carol Comer, a Kansas City singer/songwriter, and Dianne Gregg, jazz coordinator for a local radio station. Their nonprofit organization is composed of women and men who will present concerts, clinics and weekend workshops.

The first performance today will be a local high school and college big band concert. Saturday there will be a series of clinics conducted by Comer, Joe Morello and others. Also Saturday, veteran pianist and composer Mary Lou Williams will conduct her trio and a choir in a performance of "Mary Lou's Mass" at Immaculate Conception Cathedral in Kansas City, Mo.

Climaxing the festival will be a concert Sunday evening at Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kans., with Williams, singers Betty Carter and Marilyn Maye, pianist Marian McPartland leading an all female sextet, and composer/pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi in a program of her own music played by the 16-piece orchestra she coleads with her husband, Lew Tabackin.

Leonard Feather, Times jazz critic is in Kansas City for the festival.

MUSIC REVIEW

Linda Hopkins: Some Changes Made

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

The Linda Hopkins who is appearing through Sunday at the Backlot Theater of Studio One is the same dynamic personality who delighted us with her own long-running show "Me and Bessie," but there have been some changes made.

She has lost weight, looks great and is a stunningly handsome woman with a kilowatt smile. She has changed her act, relying a little less on Bessie Smith nostalgia and more on her own inherent strengths.

Nevertheless, four songs into the show, she removes her regal white gown to reveal a bright red dress and tears into a fast, vaudevillian routine on "Gimme a Pigfoot," one of Bessie's best. Later, applying herself to "You've Been a Good Old Wagon," she reminds us again that this is where her real power lies.

The numbers with a potent gospel flavor, "Trouble" and "Signed, Sealed and Delivered," are second only to the blues in their impact. "I Won't Cry Anymore," introduced as a dedication to Dinah Washington, is followed by two other songs associated with Dinah, but the interpretation is Hopkins' all the way.

Several times during an excessively long show (her 17 songs took an hour and 35 minutes), she ended by suddenly jumping up an octave for a startling high-note finale. These excursions into coloratura country are effective initially as a demonstration of her range, but a little goes a long way and the novelty soon wears off.

There were also too many long raps between songs and too many loud laughs, some perhaps a self-conscious effort to cover up first-night nervousness. Hopkins is a vital enough performer not to need these synthetic attempts at audience rapport. The scat singing on a couple of items seemed a little out of character, reminiscent more of Ella than of Linda.

There is no fault in her performance that could not easily be rectified by a musical supervisor or by self-discipline. Hopkins has edited her figure; now let her edit her act.

Adequate accompaniment is provided by a quartet under the direction of pianist Frank Collett. Hopkins' gowns, by Bob Mackie, deserve special mention. So does nature, for providing her with that irresistible smile and a voice that is without any counterpart on today's vocal scene.

L.A. Four Back for an Encore

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Organized just four years ago, the group known as the L.A. Four has been a sometime thing, owing to the various individual careers of its members. The quartet's current engagement at the Hong Kong Bar through next Saturday is its first since last October. In the interim, a key member, drummer Shelly Manne, has left.

Playing his break-in date, Jeff Hamilton, recently with the Woody Herman Orchestra, had too little time on opening night to offer firm evidence that he can fill the void. However, what was heard sounded confident and spirited, especially his brushwork during a Brazilian waltz.

In other respects, the combo has remained basically unchanged. As always, the men come on stage one at a time, with guitarist Laurindo Almeida playing the first three numbers unaccompanied. He was joined by bassist Ray Brown, then by Hamilton and finally by Bud Shank.

Almeida played a rather low-key Villa-Lobos work, "Choro Tipico," and the inevitable "Holiday for Strings," a tune that flunked the test of time a week after it was published. Ray Brown was his perennial, estimable self playing Bach's "Air on a G String" and Jobim's "How Insensitive."

But Shank was well served by two original Almeida compositions, one a bossa nova on which he played lively, consistently creative alto sax, the other a waltz on which his deft, delicate flute work was employed.

The quartet got into a rare swinging jazz groove during part of the John Lewis tune "Django." The set ended with Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez." This work and others like it delineate the essence of the group, since Almeida remains strongly entrenched in his Brazilian roots while his colleagues are, so to speak, idiomatically bilingual.

Though the L.A. Four offered little in the way of excitement or innovation, its members are all gifted musicians from whom one can expect tasteful, elegant performances.

L.A. TIMES CALENDAR, SUNDAY, MARCH 19, 1978
Syndicated

JAZZ

Getz to Konitz: A Survey of Saxes

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The world of jazz, as it rounds out its seventh (eighth?) decade, is more fragmented than ever. Many adherents of the various genres—mainstream, R&B, soul, crossover, bebop, avant-garde, whatever—know little of one another's lives. A similar wall has arisen between the various subdivisions that mark stylistic variations on any given instrument. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the case of the saxophone, as a survey of recent releases makes eminently clear.

"Stan Getz Gold," a double-pocket set from Inner City Records (IC 1040), illustrates in tones unmistakably his own that Getz's personality is immune to the ravages of time. His tenor delineations are painted in bold, confident strokes, yet there is still a certain reserve, a tenderness implied rather than openly stated, that has long been the mark of the Getz sound and style.

These sides were recorded live at the Montmartre Club in Copenhagen in celebration of his 50th birthday (hence the title) in February of last year. He could not have asked for more solid support: With him were Bill Hart, his drummer for the past four years; Joanne Brackeen, whose acoustic and electric keyboards offered potently assertive backing to Getz in 1975-77, and the phenomenal Danish bassist, Niels Pederson.

The choice of material assures variety and contrast: two Wayne Shorter pieces, "Infant Eyes" and "Lester Left Town" (the latter graced with a superlative bass solo); two straight-ahead blues; Strayhorn's "Lush Life," even better than Getz's Columbia version a few years ago, and the indispensable token Brazilian track, Milton Nascimento's "Cancao Do Sol."

Because it was live, unsweetened and undoctored, you will hear a couple of reed squeaks to show Getz is human, but the general performance reveals four mature artists at the peak of their form. Four stars. Inner City has a rapidly growing catalogue of first-rate material; if hard to find locally, it can be obtained by writing Inner City at 43 W. 61st St., New York 10023.

Copenhagen also happens to have been home base since 1962 for Dexter Gordon, but "Biting the Apple" (Inner City 2080) was taped during one of his long repatriations in November, 1976. Gordon, like Getz, has been true to his original values, the robust, billowing lines still indicative of his early allegiance to bop, just as Getz shows traces of his membership in what was once wrongly dubbed the cool school.

Gordon's mighty impact is underlined by the presence of Barry Harris, a long underrated and articulate pianist with a fundamental debt to bebop. With Sam Jones, a capable bassist, and Al Foster, not the subtlest of drummers, Dexter stretches out on two originals, "Apple Jump" and "A la Modal," the latter neither as modal nor as original as the title promises, and on two standards, "I'll Remember April" and "Skylark." Three-and-a-half stars.

Further back in history than either Getz or Gordon, and markedly different from both, is Buddy Tate, whose latest album is, at least on face value, a shocker, since the title is "Buddy Tate Meets Dollar Brand" (Chiaroscuro CR 165). How can a 63-year-old tenor player, who spent the 1940s in Count Basie's band, find compatibility with the African music specialist from Capetown? True, at 43 Brand is no baby, either, but he has been closely associated with contemporary ventures bordering on the avant-garde. Moreover, the group is completed by Cecil McBee, a stimulating bassist whose previous tenor alliances were with Wayne Shorter and Pharoah Sanders; and Roy Brooks, a drummer formerly with Charles Mingus.

instead, he affixes numbers, letters and patterns.

"The Complete Braxton 1971" (Arista/Freedom AF 1902) makes available, for the first time by a company with powerful distribution, four sides cut when he was a member of the group called Circle. Among his associates were Chick Corea (two cuts are duo performances with Braxton playing sopranino saxophone and Corea at the piano) and the bassist Dave Holland; also, at times, the Canadian trumpeter Kenny Wheeler.

Braxton's versatility is beyond cavil; he uses various saxes, flutes, clarinets, playing one lengthy work on four self-overdubbed sopranino saxes. Of the eight long tracks, only one has a partial resemblance to jazz; most of the contents are better likened to Cage, Stockhausen and Braxton's other extra-jazz influences.

As a musician, I am impressed by his cerebrations, but as a critic and listener, I find the music too often short on emotion and frequently also on form. A rating is impossible, but a hearing recommended. (No stars for the annotator, with his factual inaccuracy and egregious misspellings: "principle" for "principal," "countrabass clarient," etc.)

Though he, too, might be classified as an avant-gardist, Lee Konitz in "Pyramid" (Improvising Artists Inc. IAI 37-38-45) retains the human qualities Braxton seldom reveals. Like Braxton, Konitz was influenced by Lennie Tristano, the grandfather of the jazz avant-garde. Unlike him, he spent many years very close to Tristano, absorbing innovations and building admirable concepts of his own on that solid base.

Konitz's colleagues on "Pyramid" are the protean modern composer/pianist Paul Bley and Bill Connors, who plays acoustic and electric guitar. With Konitz doubling on alto and soprano sax and with all three members contributing original compositions, this 1977 recording is representative of the more stimulating and accessible events among the musical abstractions of our time. Four stars. Bley is represented by several other albums, covering 20 years of his career, on this intriguing label, reachable at 26 Jane St., New York 10014. ●

Mays-Watts 4 at the Baked Potato

3/20

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The Bill Mays-Ernie Watts Quartet, presently heard every Tuesday evening at the Baked Potato, is an enterprising group with a strongly contemporary jazz orientation.

Mays, who plays electric keyboard and piano, has written much of the music, though there are one or two pieces by Watts and an occasional familiar theme. In the latter category is "Countdown," for which the coleaders play an almost impossibly difficult John Coltrane line in a hurricane of unison notes. This tour de force is more than an empty show of technique; the effect is genuinely startling.

A typical Mays work is "Sonnet," which began with Abe Laboriel obtaining a deadened, percussive sound from his electric bass while Steve Schaeffer developed a marchlike double beat on drums. Watts played the engaging theme on flute, later building to a convulsive climax on tenor sax as the intensity and volume built steadily. Mays' electric keyboard was lost; he needs some kind of sonic umbrella, or perhaps more amplification, to compete with the torrent of rhythm around him.

"Peace Waltz," also by Mays, is a solemn, handsome melody for which Watts brought an appealing sound to the normally tinny English horn. A versatile studio musician who has retained and built on his improvisational facility, Watts played flute and soprano sax on "Lynsong," in which Mays, at the piano, dropped hints of early Chick Corea.

The group seemed less at ease when it attempted a straight swinging jazz beat in Joe Henderson's "Isotope." Perhaps an upright bass would have been more appropriate for the intended effect.

Mays and Watts are electric, adaptable musicians who evidently devoted plenty of rehearsal time to the combo's demanding library. There is just enough contrast between the more conservative moments and Watts' sometimes frantic tenor to give the quartet a needed sense of balance.

turns out, his companions take from Tate more
ory give him. There are only two originals by
ne of which is a plain blues; on the other he
even play. The rest of the material finds Tate'
ges adjusting to songs of his time: "In a Sen
Mood," "Doggin' Around" and the like. But th
e of more sophisticated musicians does stimulat
to a point, and it is amusing to hear him ad-lib
er a 7/4 pulse in Brand's "Goduka Mfundi.
ars. (Chiaroscuro Records, 221 W. 57th St
rk 10019.)

few of today's saxophonists have drawn on th
of such pioneers as Coleman Hawkins and Be
while meeting today's far greater technica
. One of these rare individuals is Lew Taback
se "Tabackin" (Inner City IC 1038) is a
gly creative set. As an acknowledgment of hi
Tabackin plays "Ghost of a Chance," a tune im
ed in jazz by the late Chu Berry, who died i
year after Tabackin was born). Furthermore
it unaccompanied, and makes this device work
than any of his peers.

kin has it all together: the warmth of the '40s
e chops of the '70s. In contrast to the vigorous
rk on "Let the Tape Roll" (a blues) and "Bye
es (a 1930 pop song), he plays classically disci
lute on "Morning" and "Soliloquy." The latter
posed by his wife, Toshiko Akiyoshi, who, con
the liner information, was the producer of this
Akiyoshi stayed in the control booth, leaving
Bob Daugherty and drummer Bill Goodwin to
ost efficiently—the rhythmic burden of this
erfect album. Five stars.

orld quite remote from that of the Gordons and
s. Anthony Braxton during the past decade has
perhaps the most written-about saxophonist
poser since John Coltrane. Often quoted as
scientific and mathematical interest in music
has since retrenched a little from this clinica
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Going Out

Festival Proves Jazz Prowess Of Women

FEATHER

By Shifra Stein
Entertainment Editor

In a recent issue of New Yorker magazine, critic Whitney Balliett declared that "jazz is a peculiarly male music for which women lack the physical equipment, to say nothing of the poise."

I find Mr. Balliett's observations strange, especially in view of the fact that many outstanding women jazz artists will be performing in the Women's Jazz Festival to be held here this weekend.

Leonard Feather, the jazz critic whose syndicated column appears in over 350 newspapers also expressed surprise at Ms. Balliett's comment.

"I'm amazed that he would say such a thing," Feather remarked in a recent interview. "Jazz is no more peculiarly male than any of the arts."

Feather is in Kansas City to emcee the festival concert to be held Sunday in Memorial Hall. His interest in endorsing and promoting women jazz musicians dates back to the late '30s, when he produced the first record made by Una Mae Carlisle. His contributions to jazz run the gamut from performing and producing to chronicling and critiquing. His "Encyclopedia of Jazz" books continue to be the No. 1 reference on jazz throughout the world.

In other words, the man knows a lot about the thing he loves best.

When Dianne Gregg, festival president, asked Feather whether he was interested in coming to Kansas City to emcee the concert, he seemed thrilled at the prospect.

"I'm very excited about this event. It's long overdue," he said. "All these years people have been trying to eliminate raci$m in jazz, but nobody's done much to get rid of sexism. This ought to attract enough attention to help women musicians who deserve the publicity."

From the time he left high school in London and started buying jazz records, Feather was hooked on this authentic American art form. He met Duke Ellington and Joe Venuti and was impressed. Later he produced Fats Waller's only English recording session. When Benny Carter came to London in 1938, Feather produced all of his English recordings.

Feather settled in the United States in 1939 and traveled around the country listening to jazz. He recalled a visit to Kansas City during the years Count Basie was at the Reno Club.

"I tagged along with trumpeter Louis Armstrong and I have to say that I wasn't impressed by the club," he said. "I couldn't rise above the dreadful surroundings.

"I didn't appreciate it, whereas John Hammond, who arrived there a week before I did, had the foresight I lacked."

Feather gave Basie a rather negative review in the British publication Melody Maker, but he changed his opinion soon afterward.

Feather may have zeroed out on Basie, but he scored high at picking women winners in jazz. He produced the first all-women jazz combo series for RCA during the '40's, entitled "Girls In Jazz"—in those days it was all right to say girls. It included two of the Women's Jazz Festival artists: Mary Lou Williams and Mary Osborne.

"There was the Mary Lou Williams Quintet, the Beryl Booker Trio and an exciting all-female jazz band called the International Sweethearts of Rhythm," Feather said. "The latter was a predominantly black group. Being women and being black, the band had very few chances to record at all in those days."

Feather discovered that bias was losing jazz too many important talents. He once assembled an all-women trio to take on Billie Holiday's only European tour. There was great enthusiasm for the group abroad, but back home it was a different story.

Feather kept helping. He discovered Mary Osborne, Esquire poll winner and guitarist who will be featured as one of the Festival's jazz all-stars.

"I met Mary in Chicago during the '40s and I put her on every recording session I could. She played with Coleman Hawkins and Mary Lou Williams. I knew she was good, but there wasn't much work for her at that time."

Ms. Osborne now records and plays regularly on the West Coast, fronting her own quartet.

Two of this country's major recording artists were discovered by Feather. Dinah Washington was 19 years old when he snatched her out of Lionel Hampton's band and recorded her. A musician himself, Feather has written over 300 compositions, and one of them, "Evil Gal Blues" was written especially for Ms. Washington.

Sarah Vaughan was another of his discoveries.

"She was gigging with Billy Eckstine's orchestra and Dizzy Gillespie gave me a demo of her which knocked me out," Feather recalled. "I started banging on doors and a small recording company gave her $20 a tune for four tunes; and paid me $50. That was in New York on New Year's Eve, 1944. Dizzy played on that record. She did "East of the Sun," and a couple of tunes I wrote. Then, a year later, she started recording regularly on her own."

Someone as receptive to women in jazz as Leonard Feather is hard to find, but the search for empathetic ears willing to listen is getting easier.

"My first reaction to the Festival was 'How can I help?' That's why I volunteered to emcee it," Feather said. "This event needs all the publicity it can get. I'm sure that there will be plenty of media attention paid to it, and people will, perhaps, begin to realize that women definitely have an important place in jazz."

SIDELIGHTSThe Mid America Jazz Festival, sponsored by the University of Missouri-Kansas City Conservatory of Music, will be held Saturday and Sunday. Jazz bands from seven states will compete in Stover Auditorium, 4420 Warwick on Saturday, beginning at 1 p.m. and ending at 10 p.m. The three bands judged most outstanding will perform in Pierson Hall, 50th and Holmes, Sunday from 3 to 6 p.m. . . . A special St. Patrick's Day performance by Tom Bark, Leprechaun Recording artist, will be held at Capt'n Jeremiah Tuttle's, I-435 and 87th, tonight from 8 p.m. to midnight. Sponsored by Leprechaun Records in conjunction with KCKN radio; all proceeds from the concert go to the St. Johns Children's Home . . . There will be an evening of Women's Music presented by Willow Productions, inc. featuring Woody Simmons and Nancy Vogl. The concert will be held at 8 p.m., March 24 at the Linwood Multi-Purpose Center, Linwood & Flora. Childcare is available. Call 931-5794 for information.

These are some of the activities this weekend in the Kansas City area. For more information see the Weekend section in The Saturday Times or the Arts section in The Sunday Star.

THEATER

"Sleeping Beauty," 10 a.m. today; 11 a.m., 2 and 7 p.m. Saturday, Theater for Young America, 7204 W. 80th, Overland Park.

"Cabaret," Resident Theater production, 8:30 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, Jewish Community Center.

MUSIC

Evie Tornquist, gospel singer, 7:30 p.m. tonight, Music Hall.

"Star Music," Kansas City Philharmonic and laser show, 7:30 p.m. tonight, Municipal Auditorium.

Bob Weir, 8 p.m. tonight, Uptown Theater.

Roberta Flack and Bill Withers, 7 and 10:30 p.m. Saturday, Uptown Theater.

Robert Sylvester, Lee Livisi and Marc Gottlieb, 8 p.m. Saturday, 8 p.m. Saturday, All Souls Unitarian Church.

Leonard Feather back to Midwest for festival

modern living

By MERLE BIRD
Staff writer

The Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City this weekend is an idea whose time has come, according to jazz composer and writer Leonard Feather.

"It should have been done ages ago," Feather said. "There's a great deal of talent available for it."

Feather said women have been pigeonholed as singers or piano players.

"I think men in general have just a skeptical, chauvinistic attitude," he said. "More significantly, the public in general has had a slightly skeptical view of the idea of women doing anything but singing or playing the piano. It's a carryover of society in general — it isn't feminine to do some things, such as playing the saxophone."

Feather said as far as he's concerned, "If a woman plays a flute or saxophone, if she plays it well, it'll be a beautiful effect."

Feather said all the women musicians he has talked to get such condescending comments as "She plays well for a girl," which is really insulting.

"I think the concert will show there's no need for that patronizing kind of attitude." Men as well as women will be at the festival. "There's Toshiko Akiyoshi, who co-leads The Big Band with her husband, Lew Tabackin. It's 15 men and only one woman," Feather said.

The Big Band is part of a resurgence of "really good jazz coming out of the Southern California area," Feather said. "It's entirely composed of Los Angeles musicians, mostly studio musicians."

Feather said he was glad the festival is in Kansas City, and he believes it may become an annual event.

"It's drawn a lot of attention and is getting considerable media coverage," he said. "I think there's so much talent around here, there's a chance for it to trigger off something big."

The "something big" may be more than just an annual festival, it may be a resurgence of Kansas City's place in jazz.

"Some of the most important figures in jazz were born here or spent some of their important developmental years here," he said. "Count Basie, Andy Kirk, Mary Lou Williams all are well known."

Feather said he heard Williams "years ago" when she was in Kansas City with Kirk.

He recalled Joe Turner, "one of the really great blues singers here," and Pete Johnson, "one of the great boogie woogie pianists."

"Johnson worked with Turner here, then they went to New York and played in Carnegie Hall," Feather said.

"There probably are other good musicians around here now, just waiting to be discovered," he said.

The decline in Kansas City Jazz came shortly after the repeal of prohibition and was accompanied by a decline in "the night life situation" in general, Feather said.

"The real heyday was in the Pendergast era, during the latter days of prohibition and immediately afterward," he said.

"On the other hand, new opportunities have opened up to compensate for the decline in night life. A lot of colleges and high schools not only teach jazz, but offer jazz concerts by some of the best bands and traveling combos, and that should take up some of the slack to a large extent."

Jazz seems to be undergoing a very definite resurgence, particularly among young writers, Feather said.

"A lot of the rock writers are expanding their horizons, are becoming turned on to jazz, are finding it a more rewarding and esthetically interesting form of music," he said. "As an example, the concert tour by Herbie Hancock and Chick Corea was a tremendous success, and that was straight-ahead jazz, not rock.

"The festival concert on Sunday won't be jazz-rock, it'll be all pure jazz, and that's something that wasn't feasible a few years ago."

The reports of jazz's death have been greatly exaggerated in the past, Feather said.

"I think it always made a good story to say jazz is dying, but it never went away," he said. "It may have fluctuated in importance in terms of public acceptance, but the musicians never gave up.

"There's never been a dearth of great musicians — there's been a great musician every decade. Duke Ellington's band stayed together half a century, and it's still together under his son. The same with Count Basie, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton. The really important names just keep on going.

"Mary Lou Williams has been a major name since 1929, almost half a century, and she's still going strong.

"I doubt you'll find too many rock stars active 50 years from now."

Feather was born in London in 1914; he started listening to American jazz records while in high school there. He went to New York in 1935.

"The first American musician I got to know well was Louis Armstrong," he said. "I ran into him in Chicago, and he asked me if I wanted to travel with his band a few days. That's when I saw St. Louis and Kansas City for the first time."

He since has written numerous books, the best-known being (probably) the Encyclopedia of Jazz, published in 1955. He has always been troubled with defining jazz, he said. The job isn't getting easier.

"Jazz seems to be headed in many directions at once," he said. "There are lots of different kinds: avant garde, various forms of experimental music, the sum of which is only borderline jazz. And the boundary lines are thinner now than they ever have been.

"Jazz seems to be merging with other music idioms: folk, rock, classical. A large number of classical musicians are well versed in jazz and vice versa.

"The young people no longer have an image of a jazz musician as being barely able to read music or unfamiliar with classical music. Marian McPartland and Mary Lou Williams both have played with symphony orchestras."

McPartland and Williams are participating in the festival.

The last time Feather saw Kansas City was about 20 years ago, when he was touring with Dave Brubeck, he said.

Now he's back, and "happy to be here," he said.

"I'm looking forward to seeing what happens Sunday night," he said. "It looks good."

3/30

JAZZ REVIEW

Battle of Saxes at the Lighthouse

BY LEONARD FEATHER

A time-honored jazz tradition known as the battle of the saxes has been revived to constitute this week's show at the Lighthouse.

The principals are Sonny Stitt and Red Holloway, both of whom play tenor saxophone. Their union is less a battle than a conversation between two old friends who speak pretty much the same language.

Both men are capable of generating excitement with a driving, mainstream-modern style. Tuesday evening Holloway tended to draw his lines in bold, broad strokes; Stitt displayed a darker timbre and sounded generally more contemplative.

Halfway through the set Holloway changed to alto saxophone for a soaring interpretation of the old pop ballad "You Don't Know What Love Is." Stitt responded in kind by picking up his alto for "Stardust," a song so old that it may have been unfamiliar to some members of the youthful audience.

Listenable and mature though they both are, these two veterans could well diversify their performance by rehearsing a few newer and more challenging pieces of material. Most of what was heard during this set was predictable, especially for those who have been familiar with their work over an extended period.

Two numbers, in fact, were virtually identical, both being fast riff tunes based on the traditional blues pattern. This is not unlike putting up identical watercolors by the same painter in the same art gallery.

Backing them are the men who normally work as the Parisian Room's resident rhythm section: Art Hillary, piano; Allan Jackson, bass, and Bruno Carr, drums. After closing Sunday at the Lighthouse, the group will be transported en masse to the Parisian Room for a week, opening Tuesday.

3/21

JAZZ REVIEW

Up to Date in Kansas City

BY LEONARD FEATHER

KANSAS CITY—"God smiled on us," said Carol Comer. "She gave us good weather."

The first Women's Jazz Festival is history, and history is what it has made. Weather, performance and boundless good vibrations combined to make this the unique and precedent-setting affair its advocates had hoped it would be.

Attended, according to tyro promoters Comer and Dianne Gregg, by musicians and fans from 36 states, the festival began Friday with a high school and college band concert and the first of several jam sessions by local and visiting musicians, male and female, at the Crown Center Hotel, official headquarters for the weekend. Saturday, in addition to two more jam sessions, there was a series of clinic/workshops.

The climactic concerts were a Palm Sunday matinee for which Mary Lou Williams performed her "Mary Lou's Mass" at Immaculate Conception Cathedral in Kansas City, Mo., followed by the main concert at Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kan., where 10 women gave the lie resoundingly to old critical comments that jazz is essentially male music. True, they were helped by 21 men, but it was the women who called the shots, and wrote much of the music.

Please Turn to Page 15, Col. 1

JAZZ FESTIVAL

Continued from 14th Page

and "Music Maestro Please," to which she gave a satirical flavor. Carter's set ran so long that her stylistic traits finally sounded like mannerisms; moreover, her intonation is imperfect and her scat singing, though unconventional, is acceptable only in small doses.

The concert closed with the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin orchestra playing Akiyoshi's original works. Among them was a new piece, "Illusive Dreams," a vehicle for the alto sax of Kansas City's own Gary Foster, and for the reed section doubling on five flutes to create a pastoral image of rare beauty.

Despite sound problems the audience, which had accorded a standing ovation to each preceding act, went wild over the band and forced it to pass the midnight curfew. Gregg appeared on stage to announce that since the overtime period had begun, it would cost no more if the band played another couple of numbers. The 7 p.m. concert ended at 12:30 a.m.

Attendance was 2,000 in a 3,600-capacity hall; however, with the help of a $10,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, the festival may wind up breaking even on this initial venture—better than Newport, Nice and others, all losers the first time around. As Carol Comer said afterward, "We've proved our point; now everyone will be spending tomorrow making their friends sorry they were not there. Next year we'll be turning people away."

Feather, who writes on the jazz scene for The Times, was a volunteer emcee at the closing concert.

JAZZ REVIEW

3/31

Evans, Akiyoshi: Different Strokes

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Two accomplished pianists in town this week, Bill Evans at Concert by the Sea and Toshiko Akiyoshi at the Hong Kong Bar, offer a fascinating study in keyboard contrasts.

Evans has not lost the rare gifts that established him 20 years ago as the supreme master of harmonic discovery, of lyricism and delicacy coupled with a rhythmic lilt that brings to his work an instantly recognizable quality.

His repertoire leans to relatively little-known works by other jazz musicians: Steve Swallow's "Peau Douce," Denny Zeitlin's "Quiet Now," Miles Davis' "Nardis." There are the standards such as "When I Fall in Love" in which he finds chordal detours the composers themselves never knew.

The Evans touch remains as personal as ever, and the presence of new musicians has failed to inhibit him. Philly Jones, who joined him on drums a while back, actually is a returnee who was with Evans early in his career. Despite his reputation as an explosive extrovert, Jones restrains himself here, playing brushes on the waltz "Two Lonely People" and generally remaining discreetly in the background.

Michael Moore, who joined Evans only three weeks ago, is a subtle bassist whose sound and pulse are well geared to Evans' requirements.

It is an odd paradox that the rich textures and almost orchestral voicings characteristic of Evans do not mark the work of Akiyoshi, who reserves such quality for her writing. In a rare appearance as a soloist, she reminded us, stripped of the 15-piece band normally heard around her, that her piano attack is incisive and driving, and that she remains steeped in the bop tradition of Bud Powell.

Her first set Wednesday was somewhat tentative; the tempos were a little too fast on several tunes, as if she were in a hurry to reach the end. "Lush Life" was aborted after one chorus, in which she missed a couple of chords; unashamed, she told the Hong Kong audience: "I goofed, so I'm gonna stop."

"Old Devil Moon" found a better groove with its Latin beat, underlined by drummer Peter Donald. "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" showed that at the right tempo she is capable of developing a ballad mood. The bassist, John Heard, like Donald a member of Akiyoshi's regular orchestra, established an easy communion with her and played several admirable solos.

By the second set she was in better control playing her own "Lazy Day," a thoughtful, unaccompanied version of "It Was a Very Good Year" and an effective rhythmic translation of Grieg's "Solvejg's Song" from the "Peer Gynt" Suite.

It was once said by Duke Ellington that although he was a pianist, his real instrument was the orchestra. To some degree this is also true of Akiyoshi, yet at her best she is a galvanic performer who'll be even more effective when she has regained her confidence in the solo spotlight.

Evans closes Sunday; Akiyoshi closes Saturday.

Everything Up to Date in K.C.

Continued from First Page

Mary Lou Williams is a symbol not only of the successful woman in jazz but also of Kansas City, where she spent her formative years in the 1930s as pianist/arranger with the Andy Kirk band. At the cathedral she began with a retrospective of the eras through which she had passed, offering examples of spiritual, ragtime, blues, Kansas City jazz, boogie-woogie and a contemporary work.

During the 30-minute Mass, for which Williams was aided by Carline Ray on bass, Everett Brown on drums and the Hallmark Crown Singers, a 19-voice choir, there were some moments of jubilation and others of great reverence, but on the whole it didn't quite come off. At the risk of being accused of reverse racism, it must be said that a black choir would have swung more. Fortunately, Ray, who doubles as a singer, lent the throbbing conviction of her deep contralto to a few passages, notably "The Lord's Prayer," intoned to a somber melody. The choir, battling the cathedral's muddy sound, was at its best in the "Sanctus," sung against Mary Lou's rocking blues beat.

Appearing again at the evening concert, Williams played a more relaxed set of blues and standards, supported by Ray (who gets a splendid sound from her Fender bass) and Brown. She is the most time-proof of pianists, a survivor of five decades of crucial changes, who has retained the essence of all the phases she has lived through.

The evening opened with Marian McPartland, who like Williams has grown constantly in harmonic sophistication and melodic creativity. Her set included four songs by women: Ann Ronnell's "Willow Weep for Me," Bernice Petkere's "Close Your Eyes," and her own "Ambiance" and "Afterglow."

McPartland presently has one of her most empathetic trios, with the imaginative bassist Brian Torff and the former George Shearing drummer Rusty Jones.

Later, McPartland reappeared, leading an all-female sextet put together for the occasion. Mary Fettig Park, 24, playing alto sax and flute, showed what great strides she has made since her teen-age appearance in a high school band at the 1971 Monterey Festival.

Mary Osborne, always the complete pro, is a driving, instantly recognizable guitarist. Janice Robinson on trombone and Dorothy Dodgion on drums are skilled musicians, but the surprise of this set was Lynn Milano, whose sound and style on upright bass is big, bold and flexible.

The set was disappointing in its failure to showcase the players in special numbers and in its adherence to the old, tired jam-session repertoire.

Betty Carter, the evening's only distaff vocal representative, reminded us that she is the quintessential jazz singer and a visually quirky stage personality. Aided by the John Hicks Trio (which also played an intriguing warmup number), she sang a couple of original songs, the names of which escape me; a very soulful "Can't We Talk It Over," and a Cole Porter song about male chauvinism, "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love."

Next came a long series of songs in tribute to Charlie Parker and several standards such as "The Trolley Song"

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FOR INSTANT EXPERTS

Ultimate Book of Words About Music

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"A well composed song or ballad strikes the mind, and softens the feelings, and produces greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason but does not warm our feelings or effect the slightest alteration of our habit."

—Napoleon Bonaparte, 1769-1821

"You can't write a good song about a whorehouse unless you been in one."

—Woody Guthrie, 1912-1967

● The observations juxtaposed above could be replaced effortlessly by thousands of other such couplings. All you need is a copy of "An Encyclopedia of Quotations About Music" (Doubleday: $10), compiled and edited by Nat Shapiro, published this week.

There have been other works of the same general nature, but his must be the most up-to-date and comprehensive book of "Wise and Witty Quotations for Reference and Entertainment," as the subtitle has it. Shapiro has made it possible for all of us henceforth to be instant experts, with a fitting quote for every occasion, borrowed from the sages of two millennia.

The author's introduction points out that most of the valuable statements were by writers who knew little or nothing about the mechanics or history of music. Shakespeare is by far the most quoted source, though a noted part-time music critic, George Bernard Shaw, runs a fair second, with composer Ned Rorem third.

Shapiro has attempted to subdivide almost 350 pages of snippets into sections on composers, concerts, critics, conducting, various instruments, and on music as related to truth, solitude, women, love, death, war, healing, as well as segments on jazz, blues, rock, dance, film and scores of others.

Many of the quotes are interchangeable: for example, filed under "Music, harmony and rhythm" is one that could as well have belonged in the avant-garde section: "Medicine, to produce health, must know disease; music, to produce harmony, must know discord" (Plutarch, ca AD 46-120).

An undercurrent detectable at many points throughout the book is the reluctance of musicians and laymen alike to acknowledge the march of time. Some 2,400 years ago Plato observed in "The Republic" that "The introduction of novel fashions in music is a thing to beware of as endangering the whole fabric of society, whose most important conventions are unsettled by any revolution in that quarter."

Athenaeus around AD 200 declared that "in olden times the feeling for nobility was always maintained in the art of music . . . today, however, people take up music in a haphazard and irrational manner."

Such ignorance is still all around us, yet there is usually a more prescient observer on the scene. In 1910 George Bernard Shaw said: "The technical history of modern harmony is a history of that growth of toleration by the human ear of chords that at first sounded dissonant and senseless to the main body of contemporary professional musicians."

Another prognosticator, John Cage, predicted in 1937: "The use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach a music produced through the aid of electrical instruments." (Not very hard to figure out, since electric guitars were already in use.) But as late as 1968 Andres Segovia stated: "Electric guitars are an abomination. Who ever heard of an electric violin? An electric cello? Or for that matter an electric singer?" Someone should have introduced him to Jean-Luc Ponty, Ron Carter and Urszula Dudziak.

●

Black music is the subject of dozens of comments that reflect ignorance more often than wisdom. This is George Jean Nathan, in 1919: "The Negro, with his unusual sense of rhythm, is no more accurately to be called musical than a metronome is to be called a Swiss music box." But Henri Herz (1803-1888) found that "While listening to Negro banjo players, I have pondered the mysterious laws of rhythm which seems to be a universal law, since rhythm is coordinated movement, and movement is life, and life fills the universe."

Thomas Jefferson was ambivalent: "In music, the blacks are more generally gifted than the whites, with accurate ears for tune and time . . . whether they will be equal to the composition of a more extensive run of melody, or of complicated harmony, is yet to be proved."

One of the earliest uses of the word jazz was found in a 1914 clip from the New Orleans Times-Picayune: "Jazz music is the indecent story syncopated and counterpointed." Later, John Philip Sousa assured us that "Jazz will endure as long as people hear it through their feet instead of their brains." Aldous Huxley, in 1929, wrote: "The jazz players were forced upon me; I regarded them with a fascinated horror. It was the first

time, I realized, that I had ever clearly seen a jazz band. The spectacle was positively terrifying."

Counterbalancing such quotes is the enlightenment of men such as Michel Legrand: "Jazz is the best of all nourishments . . . when the conditions are right, it is possible to achieve a level of rapport that is nowhere else to be found in music—or for that matter—in art."

From the same chapter: "Jazz has always been a man telling the truth about himself" (Quincy Jones). "Jazz has never existed in Africa, and it doesn't exist there today. It was formed from two musical cultures: from the African, which has the highest development of rhythm in the world, and from the European, which has the greatest development of harmony in the world; and it happened in America" (trumpeter Max Kaminsky).

The myopia of critics is illustrated in Kenneth Tynan's comment, made a full decade after the gigantic impact of bop's Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker: "Bop . . . performs a post-mortem on the dissected melody . . . it shuns climaxes of feeling and affirms nothing but disintegration." But critics were not alone in their confusion. "Playing bop is like playing Scrabble with all the vowels missing" is a 1954 statement attributed to no less an eminence than Duke Ellington. Musicians often make lousy critics.

Both these remarks bring to mind Abrams Chasins' sage observation: "There will always be music in men's lives; some poor music that may thrive for a time, some great music that may take a day longer than it should to be properly estimated, some artists to play it like angels or butchers, . . . and critics who will immortalize themselves by their big, fat mistakes."

●

Rock takes its lumps no less than jazz. Shapiro quotes from a 1971 Frank Sinatra fulmination to the effect that it "fosters almost totally negative and destructive reactions in young people . . . it is sung, written and played for the most part by cretinous goons and . . . manages to be the martial music of every side-burned delinquent on the face of the earth. This rancid aphrodisiac I deplore."

Benny Green, a jazz critic, calls rock "a corruption of rhythm and blues which was a dilution of the blues, so that today's mass-marketed noise is a vulgarization of a vulgarization."

Yet some of the most eloquent statements are made by rock performers: "Lots of people who complained about us receiving the MBE received theirs for heroism in the war—for killing people. We received ours for entertaining other people. I'd say we deserved ours more."—John Lennon, 1969.

The section on women is remarkable for its show of chauvinism: "Consort not with a female musician lest thou be taken in by her snares," from the Book of Wisdom, ca. 190 BC, and "I just don't think women should be in an orchestra. They become men. Men treat them as equals, they even change their pants in front of them. I think it's terrible," from no book of wisdom but from Zubin Mehta, quoted in 1970.

Shapiro's research will help to solve arguments. Who made the first statement about music as the universal language? Longfellow, true; but in 1886 Charles W. Landon, in "The Study of Music in Public Schools," extended the thought valuably: "Music is a universal language. Where speech fails, then music begins. It is the natural medium for the expression of our emotions—the art that expresses in tones our feelings which are too stirring and deep to be expressed in words."

Another controversy: was it "savage beast" or "savage breast"? Actually, both. William Congreve (1670-1729) advised that "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast, to soften rocks or bend a knotted oak," but James Bramston, in what may have been an inadvertent misquote in 1733, wrote that "Music hath charms to sooth a savage beast."

"People are wrong when they said that the opera isn't what it used to be," said Sir Noel Coward in "Design for Living" in 1933. "It is what it used to be. That's what's wrong with it."

One of the best of all music anecdotes is attributed to Andre Previn:

"A young composer came to Brahms and asked if he might play for the master a funeral march he had composed in memory of Beethoven. Well, permission was granted, and the young man earnestly played away. When he was through, he sought Brahms' opinion. 'I tell you,' said the great man candidly, 'I'd be much happier if you were dead and Beethoven had written the march.'

Shapiro's first quote, given a page all by itself up front, is a remark made by Sir Thomas Beecham: "There are no good books on music." Fortunately Shapiro, with this fascinating collection, has given Beecham's statement the ultimate lie. ●

Composer-pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi says, "If it were not for my music, this band would not exist."

Women Blowing Their Own Horns

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The role of women in the male-dominated field of music, and particularly in jazz, has long been beset by the same difficulties that plagued blacks who tried to gain a foothold in a white-powered world.

For years the barricades were all but impenetrable; as a result, many blacks (many women) were discouraged, by their families or by apparent logic, from preparing for a career that offered no hope. Consequently, when a few openings belatedly appeared, few were equipped to seize the opportunity.

Perhaps they had not bothered to learn the various doubles (sax players in the lucrative studio jobs also have to play clarinet and flute); or possibly they had not bothered to learn to read music fast enough. So the men contractors who did the hiring could claim that they were not discriminating, that there simply weren't enough qualified blacks (or women). A Catch-22 situation if ever there was one.

Another analogy between racism and sexism is the tendency of both forms of prejudice to lead to self-segregation on the part of the victim. All-black bands, no longer socially mandatory, continue to exist because some black musicians prefer to keep to themselves.

All-girl bands have been seen off and on for decades, partly because of the problems involved in landing employment with a male orchestra but largely on the basis of novelty value. Ina Ray Hutton's swing band in the 1930s, which numbered several talented soloists in its ranks, enjoyed a few years of moderate success. Later, presumably because of the difficulty in finding replacements, she switched to an all-male ensemble.

The black woman, with two strikes against her, had a rough road to negotiate during the days when bands like the International Sweethearts of Rhythm trod the boards in ghetto theaters and dance halls. Theoretically a black band, the Sweethearts usually included a couple of white girls to round out the personnel and even had to hire a male sub now and then for an ailing woman.

The Sweethearts, having very few places to turn, clung to their chairs in that orchestra for abysmally low wages. Because of the shortage of suitable personnel, they often sounded ragged and out of tune.

●

Today countless young women have studied all the instruments, as well as composition, at schools like Berklee College of Music in Boston and North Texas State University. When they get out into the world, they have nothing to fear but male chauvinism, and there's ample evidence that this is on the wane.

Before they even took up an instrument, of course, most women had to deal with the parental discouragement that has always been a major deterrent. Typically, pianist Marian McPartland recalls that she was urged to enter a ladylike profession such as nursing. In taking up music she became a rebel.

In the quarterly publication Paid My Dues (Journal of Women and Music), Ellen Votow Miller recently pointed out that "a boy can tuck his sax under his arm and hitch a ride to New York or Nashville or Los Angeles. He can sleep in the bus station and hang around little bars and clubs until he finds some pickup work with a group or in a studio."

Aggravating this situation is the old taboo: It's not feminine for a woman to blow a horn. (By the same token, presumably, it isn't manly to be a ballet dancer or an interior decorator.) Consequently, most of the women who have enjoyed a degree of acceptance are singers or pianists.

Jazz historians are familiar with the prevalence of female pianists in many of the early New Orleans jazz bands. In Chicago during the 1920s, pianist Lil Hardin Armstrong became Louis' second wife and, being a far better schooled musician than he, exercised a strong influence on him and wrote some of the songs for which he was given credit.

The first woman to make a worldwide impact as a jazz instrumentalist was Mary Lou Williams, the pianist and composer/arranger who rose to prominence during her 1931-42 tenure in Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy, one of the great unsung bands of the Swing Era. Now almost 68 and a member of the faculty at Duke University in North Carolina, Williams took an all but antifeminist posture during a press conference at the recent Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City.

"I'm very feminine," she said, "but I think like a man. I've been working around them all my life. I can deal better with men than women, and I've never heard any objectionable remarks from men about being a woman musician."

Other women are not so sure. Beyond doubt, the male band leader reacts differently when a female is recommended for a job in his band. Mary Fettig Park, the brilliant young saxophonist and flutist, says: "My husband and I are living in Concord, Calif., both looking for casual jobs as saxophonists; but he's the one who always gets called first." The Parks were married when both were members of Stan Kenton's reed section. Unlike many women musicians (Margie Hyams, the vibraphonist who played with Woody Herman and the original George Shearing Quintet; Terry Pollard, the pianist with Terry Gibbs), Ms. Park has not allowed marriage to connote the retirement or semiretirement that has ended so many promising female careers in jazz.

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Once they have broken the barriers, a number of women in the past decade have found music to be very profitable. Carol Kaye, who plays electric bass, guitar, banjo, founded a very successful music publishing company and made a fortune during the 1960s as a top on-call studio musician. Patrice Rushen, a keyboard artist, composer and leader, has had similar success for the past four years, though she is not yet 24.

The objection to horn players also is disappearing. Melba Liston, a gifted trombonist and arranger who played in the bands of Basie, Gillespie and Quincy Jones in the 1950s, never quite made it to the top and is now teaching music at the University of the West Indies in Jamaica. Janice Robinson, 26, also a trombonist and arranger, seems likely to find more openings. Her name appears constantly on the backs of albums featuring New York studio groups. She was a member of the only all-female combo at the Women's Jazz Festival which included, among others, guitarist Mary Osborne and bassist Lynn Milano.

Toshiko Akiyoshi, the composer/pianist who with her husband Lew Tabackin leads the band that gained top honors at the festival, made a cogent point. A group of militant feminists had threatened to picket the concert because too many men had been hired. "Yes, I have men musicians," she said, "but the fact is that if it were not for my music, this band would not exist."

The last obstacle to be dealt with is in the area of scores. With rare exceptions women have been unable to land assignments to compose film or TV scores. But these opportunities, for such writers as Akiyoshi, cannot be far away if one shares the optimism of Marian McPartland.

Recently converted to activism on behalf of female musicians ("I didn't have to worry about the problem because, having my own combo, I never needed to ask a bandleader for a job"), McPartland was encouraged by the enthusiastic reaction at the festival and the media coverage engendered for it. She has recorded with a female sextet for her own Halcyon Records label and has signed with Oxford University Press to write a history of women in jazz.

"I can foresee an avalanche of concerts, record sessions, jobs of all kinds for women, now that people have had a chance to see what great contributions women have made. New, talented youngsters will be cropping up everywhere, and instead of a closed door they'll be greeted with open arms."

She may just be right. The era when men used to say "She plays pretty good for a girl" is far behind us; perhaps the day of the misogynist, with his exclusionist attitude, will also be consigned to oblivion. ●

Mary Fettig Park

Janice Robinson

Mary Osborne

May '78

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Thelonious Monk

VERYL OAKLAND

There seems to be little doubt that Thelonious Monk is a giant, at least in terms of his contribution to jazz history. Whether or not you think of him as a piano giant of jazz may depend on the extent to which you demand technical orthodoxy of your musical idols.

For many years, Monk, though respected as an innovator and creative composer on the fringe of the bop movement, was largely disregarded as an instrumentalist. Some pianists, most notably Oscar Peterson, were outspoken in their negative views of Monk. My own feeling, expressed in the 1960 edition of the *Encyclopedia Of Jazz*, was that "although his compositions are his most important gift to jazz, he has extended his mastery of an individual piano technique to the point where his harmonic innovations, coupled with the stark, somber quality of his approach and the uniquely subtle use of dynamics, place him among the most important and influential figures in jazz today."

Everything about Monk has always been a trifle odd, eccentric, mysterious. Even his birth details have been contested. My book referred to him as Thelonious Sphere Monk, born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on Oct. 10, 1920; but a birth certificate produced from the Rocky Mount records showed that a Thelius (sic) Monk was born there on Oct. 10, 1917.

Raised from childhood in the West Sixties of midtown Manhattan, Monk was mainly self-taught. "I never knew much about music theory," he once said. He played in a school band at 13, went on the road with a swinging evangelist in his late teens, and then became part of a clique of young jazz rebels who hung out at Minton's Play House in Harlem, often called the birthplace of bop, where Charlie Christian, Dizzy Gillespie, and Charlie Parker often played after hours.

Even during this stage, Monk has insisted that he was not deliberately forging new paths. "I was just working a gig. I never bothered anybody, and I had no special feeling that anything new was being built. It's true that modern jazz probably began to develop at Minton's, but some of these articles you see try to put into one time and place something that actually went on in many places and took ten years to develop."

Some of Monk's tunes, like his piano meanderings, were deceptively simple. For instance, "Well You Needn't," which he recorded in 1947, is based on two chords, rooted a half-tone apart, plus a chromatic rising and falling during the bridge. Still, it took the singular mind and the angular manner of a Monk to construct such a work.

His career for many years was one of fits and starts; he worked briefly with the Lucky Millinder band and with Dizzy Gillespie, made only one record date during the early bop years (a Coleman Hawkins session in 1944), and usually led a trio or small combo during the 1950s, a decade that saw his gradual acceptance as a major figure and the darling of a cult, whose exaggerated view of his gifts was as badly out of proportion as the derogations that dismissed his work as ugly and contrived.

During the 1960s Monk led a quartet (with tenor sax, bass, and drums) and occasionally led a large group for a concert. On these occasions his best-known works were arranged for a large ensemble by the late Hall Overton, a longtime Monk associate, who took on the job because Monk did not orchestrate.

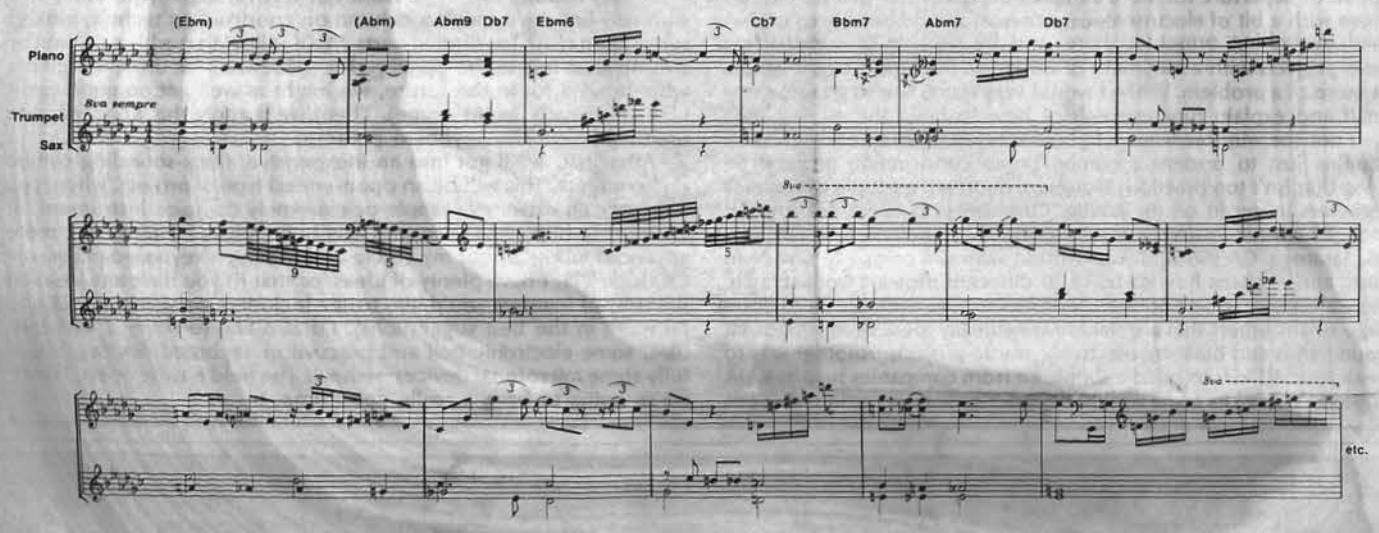
In 1971–2 Monk toured the U.S. and Europe with Gillespie and others in a sextet called the Giants Of Jazz, but he was already showing signs of instability, and for the past five years, except for one or two concerts, he has been ill and almost totally inactive. Whether or not he ever appears again in public, it seems certain that his legacy of quirky, personal melodic lines, almost all created during the 1940s, will be remembered and performed as long as jazz exists.

Among his most typical works, most of them based on the basic 32-bar chorus or the 12-bar blues pattern, are "Epistrophy," "Blue Monk," "Off Minor," "Straight No Chaser," and "Ruby My Dear." This last is one of his few ballads, but the best remembered in that category is of course "'Round Midnight" (sometimes called "'Round About Midnight"), part of which is transcribed here. This was recorded in 1947 for *The Genius Of Modern Music: Thelonious Monk* [Blue Note, BLP 1510].

Since there is virtually no audible left hand, the transcription shows the parts played by trumpet and alto sax (written an octave higher and in concert pitch). Monk's most personal characteristics can all be found here: the use of such intervals as minor and major seconds (during bars 8, 11, 12, for instance); the laid-back rhythmic feel (that *Gb* in the first bar actually belongs, in terms of the way the melody is normally written or played, on the third beat rather than after it); the whole-tone runs (bars 7 and 8).

There are also Monk's harmonic obliquities. What exactly is that quasi-*D7* run doing in bar 6? And why, after 16 bars of *Eb* minor progressions, does he end the phrase with an *Ebmaj7(6)* chord?

Ours not to reason why. Monk reminds us of a reply once offered in an attempt to define dissonance. "It is the art," some sage remarked "of making wrong sound right."



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

Morgan's Aura at King's Palace

4/6

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The establishment in Hollywood of a club at least partly committed to a jazz policy must be welcomed, even though the King's Palace at 6160 Hollywood Blvd. needs to take a few bold steps before a solid clientele can be established.

Frank Morgan's Aura is playing the room Thursdays through Sundays. Morgan is the brilliant alto saxophonist who spent much of 1977 leading a larger and more organized group at a club in Los Angeles.

The personnel of Aura at present is too fluid to allow for a display of the original Morgan compositions and arrangements heard in his earlier combo. Last Friday he had Lonnie Hartley on electric keyboard, Leroy Vinnegar on bass, Sherman Ferguson on drums and Fig Newton (sic) on percussion; but even Morgan may be uncertain who will report for duty on any given night this weekend.

All that can safely be reported, then, is that the leader is a flexible soloist who carries on a noble tradition that can be traced back to Charlie Parker; that he is a master of every tempo and mood, playing with no frills except when frills are called for; and that his occasional work on flute provided a few moments of interest during the vocals by Cardella DeMilo that took up much of the second set.

Morgan needs a second horn to turn this jam session combo into a meaningful unit. Meanwhile the room, formerly known as the Greek Palace, should acquire an acoustic piano and might well rid itself of the garish pseudo-Grecian decor and Christmas tinsel kitsch. Compared with this room, the old Shelly's Manne-Hole was the Taj Mahal.

Pop Album Briefs

4/9

"A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich." Motion picture sound track. Columbia 35046. One of those rare sound track sets that will appeal even to those who have not seen the movie. Composed by Tom McIntosh, who coproduced the LP with Hubert Laws, this instrumental album finds Laws' flute at its most elegant. Some tracks feature unadulterated mood jazz with Plas Johnson on tenor sax in splendid form. Victor Feldman's vibes also are well showcased. A couple of tracks have the sound of an updated Modern Jazz Quartet, with Marc Grey at the piano. Altogether, another notable credit for McIntosh, one of Hollywood's most underrated screen composers. —LEONARD FEATHER

"In Tune." Oscar Peterson Trio plus the Singers Unlimited. MPS 5C 064D 99442. Gene Puerling's vocal arrangements and his amazing vocal quartet (multiplied via overdubbing) offer the purest, cleanest sound and blend, coupled with the most sophisticated harmony, in present-day MOR pop. The addition of the Peterson Trio brings a different dimension and works at times, though the Singers are never better than in their a cappella albums. Material is conventional ("Here's That Rainy Day" and other familiar standards), but Puerling's treatments rise above it. —L. F.

Mahal.

JAZZ REVIEW 4/10

Arkin, Holder Quartet at Donte's

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Donte's, where guitarists have always taken a large share of the honors, recently unveiled a new team in the persons of Eddie Arkin and Mitch Holder.

Both are studio musicians and composers, both teach at USC and both keep skipping back and forth across the jazz/rock fence. Their formula apparently pays off: On a recent rainy night, the room was packed, and no doubt when they return the results will be the same.

Holder uses an electronic pedal board to establish coloristic changes; Arkin doubles on conventional and amplified guitar and a solid-body electric instrument. Backing them were Abe Laboriel on electric bass and drummer Paul Leim, whose equipment reportedly entailed the purchase of $2,000 worth of tunable boo-bams.

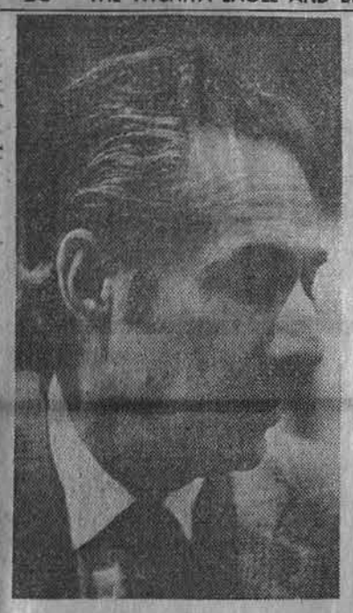
Given all this hardware, the group offers a measure of variety, hobbled though it is by the overintrusive sound of percussion. "Intuition" found Arkin, its composer, in a busy solo set to a lumbering bossa beat. On this tune it was Holder who leaned toward thoughtful melodic creation, though later in the set a little role reversal took place.

Holder's compositions, "Nightingale" and "R2D2," us energy as a crutch. On the latter, Leim might as well ha put his repetitious drum part on a two-bar tape loop a gone out for a cigarette.

Two Arkin-written pieces worked particularly w "The Tide of Mortal Spring" found him singing, in a plia sensitive voice, lyrics that could have been conceived a poem. "Passages," opening with eloquent chording Arkin, showed the group's ability to achieve a laid-ba instrumental groove.

Laboriel is a commanding performer, the look and sou of whom conveys a feeling of every-day's-a-holiday j His solos are impressive, despite a tendency to overindul in crowd-pleasing.

As is so often the case with groups of this crossov kind, one is left with the sense that they could accompli more by accomplishing less, at least on the decibel level. Arkin can sing and write additional material of the calib of "Mortal Spring," a new dimension may be opened up this well-qualified but uneven combo.



LEONARD FEATHER
. . . Jazz critic

Jazz Critic: Sexism Has Plagued Women

By DIANE LEWIS
Staff Writer

KANSAS CITY, Mo.— Sexism, like racism, has plagued jazz performers since the music's earliest days, according to Leonard Feather, America's leading jazz critic.

Feather not only has written several books and encyclopedias of jazz, he ticks off names, dates, places and performances like a walking one. He was here to be master of ceremonies for the International Premiere Concert of the first Women's Jazz Festival last weekend.

"My only regret about this festival," he said in an interview, "is that it was not held years ago. Racism was a problem in early jazz, and sexism was not thought to be as prevalent. But it was."

He noted that it's still possible today to read articles about jazz — and other music as well — that say women don't have the ability to be musicians.

"There has been a double standard for women in jazz. They've been accepted to sing, play the piano and of course, the harp and, sometimes, the flute. But on other instruments, they've been excluded."

SINCE HIS earliest introduction to jazz, Feather has disagreed with that standard.

Born and raised in London, he learned about jazz by listening to recordings. In concert there, he heard singer and composer Una Mae Carlisle and when he moved to New York in the '30s, he produced her first record.

He heard pianist Hazel Scott, then 19, working at the Cafe Society in New York and produced another record. He was the first to record Dinah Washington and Sarah Vaughn. In the '40s, he produced the first all-women's jazz combo series for RCA.

"There's definitely a new interest in jazz. Newsweek's recent cover story said there was a renaissance in jazz and I think there is.

"Teaching jazz in colleges is the best thing that's happened," said the man who has taught jazz history at several universities. "It's given people a chance to study in a formal setting. There was a time when teaching jazz was a contradiction in terms."

HIS SYNDICATED COLUMN appears in 350 newspapers, and he contributes regularly to jazz publications. Additionally, he is writing articles on women jazz artists for Playgirl and Ms. magazines.

While he was an emcee, almost as much of a star as the some of the performers, he also was attending the event to spot new talent and chonicle the progress of others.

"I'd never heard Lynn Milano before," he said after her clinic on Saturday. "I was tremendously impressed with her." Milano is a former bass player with the New Orleans Philharmonic and was a member of the Festival All-Stars.

"And that alto player, did you hear her in the jam session yesterday?

"This festival is drawing attention to the fact that there are many talented women performers. And many of them are well-established. But it will also bring some others into prominence."

THROUGHOUT the weekend, this distinguished-looking man moved about the events with an air of reserve, greeting and talking with the stars like the old friends they are. He even performed. At Sunday night's concert, in addition to serving as master of ceremonies, he sat down at the piano to play "Happy Birthday" to a surprised Marian McPartland, whose birthday was Monday.

But he also was the critic, taking notes, observing, wishing he had a tape recorder when Mary Lou Williams held an impromptu press conference.

No critic calls them all right. Performers achieve popularity in spite of what some critics say. Were there any in Feather's career ? Yes, he reluctantly admitted. The late band leader Glenn Miller.

Women Flock to KC to Take Place in Jazz History

A Review
By DIANE LEWIS
Staff Writer

KANSAS CITY, Mo. — They were all here. They came to weave a tapestry of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

They came to make jazz history in this town that *was* jazz to scores of people. They came from 36 states last weekend to make history as the first Women's Jazz Festival.

There is something about the Midwestern character that ignores a flat-out "It can't be done."

So, less than a year after two Kansas City women had walked away from the Wichita Jazz Festival, talking about a jazz event that would spotlight women, it happened.

There was Marian McPartland, pianist and composer, dazzling the audiences with the richness of her playing, at the clinic she conducted and at the concluding International Premiere Concert Sunday.

There was the legendary Mary Lou Williams, who helped to equate jazz and Kansas City in the eyes of many, saying proudly to Sunday night's audience, "Home again."

There was band leader-composer-arranger Toshiko Akiyoshi, considered one of the most influential jazz artists today, reminding the audience "these men (her band) wouldn't be here without my music to play."

THERE WAS Mary Osborne, whom many consider the greatest guitarist today, sitting Sunday morning in a Crown Center bar, discussing chord changes with McPartland — looking more like two ladies on their way to Swanson's.

There was singer Betty Carter, sashaying about the stage singing "The Trolley Song," in a way that made even the most faithful forget Judy Garland.

And in the 36 hours before the International Premiere concert there were women all over the hotel and in clinics and jam sessions, carrying and playing instruments, buying records by women artists in an almost clandestine manner, and talking to one another about jazz.

A college student from Indiana University and a member of a women's sextet asked McPartland, "Am I too old to learn the piano? You started playing when you were so young." McPartland, who first played Chopin, by ear, at the age of 3, shot back, "You're young."

And there was Glenn Overton from Cleveland, Texas, who drove all night with the other 15 women and two male members of the Ladies Choice band of Denton, Texas, to perform in the college competition.

She sat out while most of the band members, who've been playing together since October, excited the audience, filling three levels of the International Cafe in Crown Center at a jam session Saturday night. "I've only been playing with them about three months," the trombone player said.

"I've never had a chance to play jazz before. I came from a small high school." The band, which sports yellow T-shirts with a woman's face on it, has regular dates in Dallas. "We came here mainly to give the 'Ladies' a chance to play."

THAT JAM SESSION, which started off in the hands of the John Lyman Quartet, drew on a number of musicians, including Jenny Mayhew, alto sax from San Francisco; Debby Case, percussion, from Northwestern University; Patti Breitag, alto sax from Kansas City, and Lynley Frazier, a more than promising tenor sax player from Boston, Mass.

But what the weekend was about was most exemplified by Betsy King, 37, mother of three and a high school teacher from Ann Arbor, Mich. At the opening clinic on Saturday, Kansas City song writer and singer Carol Comer, who also is executive director of the Women's Jazz Festival, asked for a volunteer to illustrate a point about developing singing style.

Instantly, King was out of her seat and on stage, singing in her slow and easy way. Later, she said, "I'm turned on to jazz. It's changed my whole musical life."

For the past year she's been with a trio, Caravan. The jazz festival interested her because "I usually perform with guys and I wanted to be around women who are doing jazz. My whole background is classical music. I felt that if I were around some other women, I'd gain confidence. And it's happening."

Her impromptu performance offered some of the exposure she and other women were seeking. Tim Owens, producer of National Public Radio's "Jazz Alive" series asked her to send him some tapes of her and the trio.

Correspondent Photos by Marilyn Cross

Top row, Marian McPartland, left, and Lynn Milano; bottom: Carol Comer, left, a Ladies Choice member, center, Betsy King

(NPR taped the principal events of the weekend and it will broadcast later them this year. The series is carried on KMUW-FM.)

DURING A BREAK in the clinic, she looked around the room. "They've really started something. I wanted to be at the first. These women have really put it together, haven't they ?"

In addition to showcasing some of the great women jazz talents all at one time, Betsy King's connection was one of the aims of the festival, according to Comer, a former Wichitan, who, along with Dianne Gregg, organized the festival. Gregg is jazz coordinator for station KCUR-FM and president of the Women's Jazz Festival Inc., a non-profit, non-political group which was established to produce the event. They sold T-shirts to raise money and will receive a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

"Women need encouragement. They need role models," said Comer.

She explained that while influenced by the feminist movement, the festival was not just for women musicians. About half of the performers were men.

Gregg went on to explain that women musicians historically had been excluded from major recording companies, a major vehicle for popularity today. Carter, McPartland, and Williams all started their own companies to produce records.

The festival, which originally was to be one concert, was packed with auxiliary events: a high school/college competition, three jam sessions, five clinics, another college competition which drew 10 bands and a performance of Mary Lou's Mass.

IT WENT OFF with few hitches. Kansas City jazz singer Marilyn Maye cancelled at the final hour. A threatened protest by feminists who thought there were too many male performers failed to materialize.

Gregg continued, "Kansas City is one of the cradles of jazz. We wanted to put it back on the jazz map. Hopefully we won't always need a women's jazz festival." And admittedly, one of the reasons women were chosen as the focus was to avoid competition with Wichita's annual event, for which Gregg and Comer have high praise.

And Kansas City's jazz festival did belong to women. It belonged to women like Marian McPartland, whose piano prowess is limitless.

At Saturday's clinic, she sat down at an unfamiliar piano, but her face had the look of coming home. She greeted the audience and started to play. The phrasing and inner voicing worked. The better they worked, the more she glowed.

As a young girl, she listened to records of Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman. "Jazz takes a lot of listening.

"I COPIED TEDDY Wilson's style for a number of years. I don't think I have much of a style because I keep changing." But her fans might disagree. For it's the fluid style, the constant improvisation, the oneness with the instrument which is hers that makes her such an incredible talent.

"A successful jazz artist listens a lot. Gives the other performers some space . . . lay out for awhile," she said to the clinicians.

Since she first formed her trio in the 1950s, McPartland has been featured at every major jazz club and festival in the country. A performer who does much club work, she explained, has to know a lot of tunes, everything from "Ain't Misbehavin' " to Elton John. The audience always wants to hear "Satin Doll," "no matter what I want to play."

So during her clinic session, as she played the final chords of "Little Girl Blue," she slipped into "Satin Doll." The audience applauded. On bass, she was joined by Milt Abel, a Kansas City jazz man. The Sunday night concert was dedicated to his late wife, Bettye Miller, a popular local singer and pianist.

But the mood was so mellow that one member of the audience couldn't sit in his seat any longer. Jeffery Johnson, a student from the University of Nebraska band, bolted to the stage and started playing drums. It was a spontaneous act that was characteristic of the openness and enthusiasm and the love of jazz that permeated the weekend.

"We're making jazz history here," McPartland said.

IF THE GATHERING was making history, Mary Lou Williams is history. "I've played all forms of jazz: ragtime, blues, Kansas City swing and modern or bop. Most musicians today only have lived through them," she said.

And then she added with hometown chauvininism: "Kansas City was the greatest era of jazz. Now when the Cherry Blossom was open . . ."

But it was the performance across the river Sunday night in Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kansas, that put the talent of the women jazz performers into perspective.

McPartland's keyboard dazzled. She never has played the same way twice, even though her repertoire that night included those almost forgotten standards: "Willow Weep for Me," "There Is No Greater Love" and "Sweet and Lovely." Among the deviations was her own composition "Ambience."

Her rendition of "All The Things You Are" demonstrated all the things the Jerome Kern classic could be. Full of nuances and subtleties, it was capped with a whimsical fugue that was played back and forth between piano and bass. While much of her playing is moody and reflective, it is accented by strong uptempos and shimmering polychords. Very simply, it has class.

SINGER BETTY CARTER shifted the mood of the night with her unique performance. She sported a "bad girl" style as she strutted about the stage, half dancing, half directing the John Hicks Trio which accompanied her.

And just when the audience thought she had given them her all, she blasted a vibrant and lusty "Movin' On." That woman can scat.

The Women's Jazz Festival All Stars, which closed the first half of the concert, included leader McPartland, Mary Osborne on guitar, Dottie Dodgion on drums and three young talents: Mary Fettig Park, tenor sax and flute, who formerly played with Stan Kenton; Lynn Milano, bass, formerly with the New Orleans Philharmonic; and Janice Robinson on trombone.

Organized for the festival, the All Stars plan to produce a record later this year.

Milano's fine bass work underscored each number. Robinson displayed fine trombone styling in their rendition of Duke Ellington's theme song, "Things Ain't What They Used to Be."

THE NEW DIRECTION for women in jazz may be exemplified by the big band which closed out the concert, the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band. Many in the audience, which numbered about 2,500, had come to hear this unique group, which plays only music composed and arranged by Akiyoshi, so that the names of the pieces are familiar only to the afficianadoes. Her music has Oriental overtones.

A native of Darien, Manchuria, she is the first woman to organize, compose and arrange her own library of music.

The band was a smashing finale to a concert which went more than an hour longer than planned. But then, going with the music is what jazz is all about.

And then it was over, the largest assemblage of women jazz musicians in history.

But for many of the artists, it was a new beginning. Lynn Milano went back to Queens, and the phone calls started with offers of appearances and the possibility to front a trio. Another artist from Boston who had performed in a jam session also had received an offer.

Marian McPartland, back in New York, is organizing a 16-member all-female band and is making plans long distance for next year's event in Kansas City.

"Artistically, it was a success," said Comer. "And all the artists had a ball." And so did we.

COMMENTARY

Finale: Strike Out the Bands

BY LEONARD FEATHER

It won't be quite the same this summer at the Hollywood Bowl. There will be a conspicuous gap in the season's schedule when—for the first time in 19 years—the stage will not be occupied, on a Friday evening in late June, by some 300 youngsters who have traditionally played, sung or danced in the annual "Teen-Age Battle of the Bands."

An institution since its first presentation June 24, 1960, the event has been discontinued, according to production director Bonnie Jenkins, "because of continuing budgetary problems and the loss of key members in my experienced and irreplaceable staff."

Jenkins has virtually devoted her life to the Battle from its beginning. Sponsored by the Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation, the competition has been the only program of its kind in the United States. Each year more than 2,000 contestants have been screened through a series of auditions in February and preliminary "battles" in April.

Finalists in the five categories—stage band, school stage band, instrumental combo, vocal soloist and vocal ensemble—have competed for the trophies awarded after a panel of five judges has evaluated their performances.

This year, instead of a contest, Jenkins has lined up a farewell concert to be held Sunday evening in the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion. Invitations went out a while back to past contestants and their families; all seats are already gone.

"We'll bring back onstage some of the big winners of the past," said Jenkins, an attractive redhead with a rare facility for organization who saw to it that the Battles ran with Swiss-watch precision. "As always, Jerry Dexter will be our emcee," she said. "The band from William S. Hart High will perform—they've won annually since 1974 in the school stage band division—the officially sponsored bands

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COMMENTARY

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whose members are all taught in the same school

"In the stage band division, which consists of nonsponsored community bands picked up from a variety of schools, we'll have the Pico Rivera stage band, which has won in that category seven times since 1966.

"Larry Farrow, our conductor-arranger, has orchestrated an overture covering the 18 years of music from our presentations. We'll have a production band drawn from the ranks of top professionals who got their start in the Battle of the Bands.

"The Birmingham High School Voices, a 20-piece ensemble from Encino, will perform; so will the Palos Verdes High School Tridettes and Jazz Dancers—65 dancers in a 'Chorus Line' medley.

"Gordon Goodwin, a brilliant arranger who began as one of our teen-agers, is contributing a new wrk for five saxes. Didi Wilson and Les Martinez, the only singers ever to win in both the vocal soloist and vocal group divisions, will be with us too."

Off to a Good Start

The Battle has been a point of embarkation for several distinguished careers. Saxophonist Tom Scott, then 17, won the combo category and the evening's sweepstakes award in 1965. The following year Richard and Karen Carpenter took these two prizes; the Carpenters always credit the Battle for launching them in show business.

Now a busy composer and pianist in the studio gristmills, Patrice Rushen was introduced to the public at 17, playing piano in the Locke High School band in 1972. Locke won the stage band and sweepstakes awards. John Rodby, whose quintet took the combo and sweepstakes trophies in 1962, presently is musical director of the Dinah Shore Show.

Guitarist Lee Ritenour played in the Battle's production band at 14; saxophonist Pete Christlieb (now with Doc Severinsen) at 16.

Ironically, several of the artists to whom the Battle was so meaningful now have such a hectic schedule that on being asked, many weeks in advance, to take part in this sentimental reunion, they informed Jenkins that they were too busy

No Guest Conductor

Nor will there be a guest conductor for this final, well-filled evening. Every year a guest director would lead the stage band, the dancers and singers, usually in a medley of his own compositions. Elmer Bernstein, John Green, Neal Hefti, Gordon Jenkins Sr., Henry Mancini, Mercer Ellington and Nelson Riddle and others fulfilled this function; last year Pete Rugolo conducted a tribute to the then-ailing Stan Kenton.

Sunday's convocation will be a glorious adieu. The Chandler stage will be alive, as the Bowl's always was, with the fresh young enthusiasm that has marked each of these inspired and inspiring affairs. Many of Bonnie Jenkins' perennial staff associates, among them her husband, Gordon Jenkins Jr., the production manager, will keep the wheels moving smoothly.

Battle of the Bands will be missed by many noncompetitors. Annually the programs have been seen by recipients of complimentary tickets, sent to more than 8,000 spectators from children's hospitals, senior citizen groups, the mentally and physically handicapped and the underprivileged.

"We're all going to miss the Battle terribly," said Bonnie Jenkins, "but it isn't necessarily dead. I'd like to work on getting something along the same lines put together for public television. This has been such a great source of inspiration for so many young people in the Southland. Let's hope that one way or another we'll be able to keep it going."

Pop Harpist Adele Girard at Smoke House

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Nobody does it better. In fact, not too many performers do it at all, since the art of playing a whole evening on unaccompanied harp, in a program of pop standards, is a little too demanding for most harpists.

Adele Girard, still the nonpareil artist in this field, is a welcome sight and sound, back on the scene after an eight-year absence. She is presently playing at the Smoke House in Burbank.

The harp is an all-but-impossible instrument to master in the contemporary genre. Girard, who was one of the first to apply herself to this craft, does not attempt to play jazz improvisations, but uses her left hand for ingenious counterrhythms and countermelodies while the right hand stays generally close to the theme. She has always been a musicians' musician on the strength of her intelligent harmonic sense and her avoidance, for the most part, of the part, of the ornate, rococo runs that mark the work of too many harpists.

A typical set will include "You Stepped Out of a Dream," "If," "Romance" and perhaps a vocal or two in French, "La Vie en Rose" or "Les Feuilles Mortes" (Autumn Leaves), delivered in her pure, legitimate soprano.

"Singin' the Blues" was a moving dedication to the memory of her late husband and longtime musical partner, clarinetist Joe Marsala.

Although the presence of a bassist and drummer would add strength, Girard on her own never offers less than idyllic dinner music. Her first set starts at 7:30; she will remain at the Smoke House Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Sundays.

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JAZZ

The Voyage of Vitous

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Typecasting, an obnoxious habit originally associated with movie actors, has been a force no less confusing in modern music. Miroslav Vitous is a case in point.

Vitous, who first set foot on U.S. soil in 1966 (he had won a scholarship to Boston's Berklee College of Music at a contest in Vienna), was very soon accepted as a virtuoso of the bass; yet a glance at his recent album, "Miroslav" (Arista Freedom AF 1040) shows him functioning in a half-dozen capacities. Aside from a percussionist, he is all alone on the records, playing piano, electric keyboard, acoustic bass, string ensemble synthesizer, and mini-moog, in addition to writing all the compositions.

"It's easier to overdub all the parts yourself,' he says, "than to try to explain to other musicians what you want."

How Vitous reached his present stature among his American contemporaries is a story no longer unfamiliar among immigrant artists.

"I was born in Prague, where my father, a saxophonist, stimulated my interest in jazz. During my teens I divided my time between music and athletics—I trained with the Czech Olympic swimming team—as well as between jazz and classical music, as I absorbed the influences of Stravinsky, Ravel and Debussy."

Why did he take up the bass? Because, at 6 foot 5, he had literally outgrown the violin. A fast study, he was busy with recordings and a broad range of jobs while studying at Prague Conservatory.

"The judges at the contest in Vienna included Cannonball Adderley, Mel Lewis, Joe Zawinul, Ron Carter and Art Farmer. After my arrival in the United States, Cannonball offered me a job, but I stayed at Berklee and spent eight months just studying. Soon afterward I was working with the combos around New York: Art Farmer, Freddie Hubbard, Clark Terry. Miles Davis heard me with Clark and asked me to join his band. I worked for him while he was still playing 'My Funny Valentine' and 'Stella by Starlight' as well as the more advanced things—a great period."

Bassist, and more, Miroslav Vitous

Vitous next spent two or three years with Herbie Mann, under whose aegis he recorded his first album as a leader, "Infinite Search."

After two long stints with Mann (separated by a tour with Stan Getz), Vitous rejoined Miles Davis briefly, but "this time we didn't get it on. Miles wanted me to keep playing the same bass line over and over, while I wanted to create. He had lost the feeling for melody which he had developed so beautifully, and had gotten into just rhythms."

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Joining two other Davis alumni, Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter, Vitous became a founder member of Weather Report, which in its first incarnation seemed to be the perfect mix of free music, high energy, lyricism, tonality and atonality. Vitous was a vital element in the excitement generated by that provocative group, but as with Davis, he eventually became disillusioned.

"They played much more music originally than they do now. The volume was so loud that I couldn't come through with an acoustic bass; I had to turn it up so high it would produce feedback, so I ended up playing mainly electric bass. In any case, it became difficult to get along with Joe any longer, because every time I started playing something and began really finding a direction, he would break it down and start something else.

"It's hard to explain this preoccupation with loudness. Maybe Joe just liked the feeling of power it created, the sense of really getting into the sound."

After leaving Weather Report in late 1973 Vitous took time off to reevaluate his direction. Living on the beach at Malibu, he began practicing a specially made double-necked combination guitar and bass.

He recorded in 1975 with an all-star group whose members included Herbie Hancock, Airto and Jack De Johnette. The next couple of years were lean. "I spent eight months living in the San Francisco area, but there were very few jobs. I decided that it was impossible to find an agent to handle me if I wanted to start my own group in California, so I went back East, and now I'm back on my feet again."

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Clearly the job of playing all the instruments simultaneously, via the overdub technique, during an in-person performance, would be the neatest trick of the week; accepting this reality, he hired a talented young keyboard player, Kenny Kirkland.

Vitous has found that there is a whole new audience ready to accept his eclectic values. "We draw people who are mainly into classical music, who don't like or know that much about jazz; but we get the regular jazz audience too."

Vitous' music is a heady blend of romanticism, abstraction and influences from a variety of idiomatic and geographical sources.

His ultimate ambition is to score his music for live instruments rather than have it artificially created through the use of synthesizers. Obviously electronics cannot replace the symphony that would provide gifted and ambitious composers of Vitous' caliber with the ideal and logical outlet. But since such luxuries are now beyond his economic reach, the synthesizer will do until the real thing comes along. ●

WITH NEW SIDEMEN

Jones/Lewis at Westside Room

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Times Staff Writer

Friday evening at the Century Plaza's Westside Room the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra returned to town for the first of several Southland engagements. The band will be at Concerts by the Sea tonight and at UCLA's Royce Hall Thursday.

The orchestra has undergone so many changes that saxophonist Jerry Dodgion is the only remaining original sideman. Gone are such powerful individualists as Roland Hanna, Jon Faddis, Pepper Adams and Joe Farrell.

Nevertheless the present lineup deals efficiently with Thad Jones' charts, which remain the core of the repertoire. Dodgion is invaluable, whether playing lead soprano in "Tiptoe," applying deft flute touches to his own arrangement of Marian McPartland's "Ambiance," or leading the reed section on alto sax. The set began weakly, with a blues in which Larry Schneider's tenor sax scarcely got warmed up and the trumpeter, Frank Gordon, could have been drawn from an average college band. Trombonist John Mosca, in Bob Brookmeyer's arrangement of "Willow Weep for Me," began with short, stubby phrases, backed only by Ray Drummond's bass, then built in intensity as muted trumpets and flutes enveloped him.

About four tunes into the set, the band arrived within shouting distance of its old buoyant self. Jones' "The Second Race" worked well, with the help of Richie Perry's tenor sax, Harold Danko's subterranean solo in the lower and middle reaches of the piano, and some loose, happy ensembles.

Vocalist Byrdie Green brought her commanding sound to "Trouble in Mind" but was overwhelmed by the band on "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." A brief, untitled theme, with Danko strumming the piano strings for an Erroll Garner effect, brought the first part of the set to a cheerful end.

A short second set was notable for Brookmeyer's "Samba Con Getchu," a pastiche of Brazilian and other Latin effects, ending with a percussion pow-wow involving Lewis, Jones, et al.

This exceptional band covers a broad span of shifting emotions, but adjustments are needed, especially in the trumpet section, which lacks a strong soloist. Rather, it ignores one in Jones himself. Why does he break out so rarely, leaving most of the blowing to lesser mortals?

Robert Widener's series of fortnightly presentations at the Westside Room continues April 21 with the Don Ellis orchestra.

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Pop Album Reviews

"Acting Up." Marlena Shaw. Columbia JC 35073. By far the best track is "Mamma Tried," with no orchestra; just Shaw accompanying herself, playing gospel-blues piano. Of the orchestral tracks, the best is "Don't Ask to Stay Until Tomorrow," which she recorded for the opening credits on the sound track of "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." The others find her stuck with layer-cake charts, robot rhythms, infantile lyrics and melodies notable mainly for their marketability. Trying to rise above all this with her warm, personal sound, this superior singer remains hamstrung by these insuperable conditions.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW 4/19

Pilgrimage Opens With Turbulence

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The 12th annual spring season of Pilgrimage Concerts, at the Ford Theater, was launched Sunday with a performance by Turbulence.

The title, fortunately, referred neither to the weather (variously sunny and overcast) nor to most of the music. This 12-piece band (five brass, three saxes and a rhythm section with two guitars) is co-led by Craig Pallett and David Crigger, whose combined age is 45.

Pallett plays trumpet and writes most of the music. Crigger, who does some of the writing, is an amusing announcer and one of the most intelligent jazz/rock drummers around.

Early in the concert, introducing a ballad, Crigger said, "We'll see if we can find some colors in the band besides the real loud and tasteless ones." This disarming statement, which made you forgive such subsequent pieces as "Pack It Up" and the pretentious, complex concluding work, "Space Race," was justified by Crigger's "A Dream Come True," in which Pallett played fluegelhorn with unhurried sensitivity.

The band employs what used to be considered odd meters: One tune was a samba by Crigger in 7/4 to which the use of three flutes brought color and spirit.

Impossible though it was to detect a future Miles Davis or Sonny Rollins in the band, several soloists were capable and one, added since the band's appearance here last year, is a great deal more. Alan Kaplan, playing trombone at length a cappella (and later joined by the band) in Pallett's "Amphibian Phase II," revealed that he has done a lot of practicing and a great deal of thinking.

The orchestra is tightly organized; its brass section punches accurately and its rhythm team sometimes overcomes two self-imposed handicaps: no keyboards and a fuzzy-sounding synthesized electric bass.

Politics and music rarely mix, but Sunday afternoon we were told from the stage that if the Jarvis initiative passes, this free-admission concert series, a local tradition since 1967, will be an immediate casualty. Presumably the fans went home to apprise their voting-age parents of the situation.

Producer Jay Foster has chosen well: Art Pepper arrives Sunday, followed by Bill Barry and an Ellington-type combo April 30, Ted Nash May 7 and the Harold Land/Blue Mitchell Quintet May 14.

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Manne, Tabackin et al at Hong Kong Bar

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Known simply as the Quartet, the smooth-running vehicle for which Shelly Manne and Lew Tabackin function as the front wheel steered into the Hong Kong Bar Tuesday.

Last month the L.A. Four, of which Manne is no longer a member, played this room. The contrast is as impressive as Manne's ability to fit into either setting. Instead of the Latin orientation of a guitarist (Laurindo Almeida) in the other group, he has Tabackin's powerful tenor sax and sensitive flute to provide rhythmic and dynamic variety.

Tabackin is no less compelling in the Quartet than in his normal big band context. Hearing him weave his way through Miles Davis' "Solar," Romberg's "Softly, as in a Morning Sunrise" (which he began loudly, as in an evening cloudburst) and Ellington's "In a Sentimental Mood" was a virtual course in tenor sax history, from Coleman Hawkins to John Coltrane. (In a neat symbolism, the group uses "Take the Coltrane" as a sign-off theme.)

For sheer musicality nobody this side of Hubert Laws is within shouting distance of Tabackin as a flutist. His gold flute was brought out for "All Blues," a waltz that constituted the perfect showpiece for his spontaneous lyricism.

Pianist Mike Wofford has matured continuously during his years with Manne's various groups. Often his floating lines seem deceptively leisurely, but the change of an accent here, the enriching of a chord there, attest to the creative effort in every move he makes. He now occupies a plateau alongside Bill Evans and precious few others.

As for Manne, the measure of his brilliance was his role in supplying the sole accompaniment at various times during "Softly" for either Tabackin or bassist Chuck Domanico. As always he makes frequent and tasteful use of brushes and, with plenty of help from his teammates, sustains an unwavering rhythmic flow.

The group played only four tunes, each running to about 15 minutes, in a continuum, with brief transitional interludes instead of announcements. Words were not needed; rarely has any music spoken more eloquently for itself, and seldom has a more distinguished foursome of mature professionals been brought together. They will disperse, at least for a while, after Saturday's shows.

Lena at 60 Still a Horne of Plenty

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Looking in disbelief at Lena Horne, you cannot accept lightly the fact that she is a sexagenarian, unless you place the accent strongly on the first syllable.

Though the past couple of years have seen a few traumatic changes in her life, they have worked no detectable hardships either on her timeless physical beauty or her resilient inward strength. Among these overlapping events have been her return to movies, after a seven-year absence, in "The Wiz," directed by Sidney Lumet; the breakup of Lumet's marriage to her daughter Gail; her decision, after several years in New York, to buy a home in California, and, most surprising of all, her acceptance of the female lead in "Pal Joey '78," her first legitimate stage role since she starred in "Jamaica" on Broadway in 1957-59. (It opens Friday at the Ahmanson.)

Backstage between rehearsals, Lena Horne spoke eagerly about this long-delayed assumption of a major acting role.

"Actually it's been pending for years. First they wanted me to do it as a 90-minute TV show opposite Sammy Davis, but the deal fell through. Then Gene Kelly came to Vegas to see me and asked about doing it for the stage. I said great, if they could get a dynamite Joey like Ben Vereen, but nothing came of that either. Finally, last fall, some people came to my home in Santa Barbara and I repeated the need for a strong Joey. Because it's not about Vera, really; it's about this heel, you know. I think Clifton Davis is perfect in the part, but of course they got carried away, enlarging my role as Vera.

"Being part of this company is like old home week for me. Josephine Premice, who's playing my girlfriend Melba, was with me in 'Jamaica' 21 years ago. Claude Thompson, who was in the chorus of 'Jamaica,' is the choreographer. And John Myles, who was the musical director for my first big TV special for Monsanto, is the musical director here. As for Michael Kidd, who came in as director to replace Gower Champion, we were neighbors and friends in Nichols Canyon ages ago.

"I'm a nervous wreck, naturally, but you know me; I never show it."

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For the updated "Joey," permission was obtained from Richard Rodgers to interpolate a couple of songs from other Rodgers & Hart shows. "A Lady Must Live" came from "America's Sweeheart," a 1931 show. "This Can't Be Love" is from "The Boys From Syracuse," vintage 1938.

The Horne role, played by Vivienne Segal when "Joey" premiered on Christmas Day of 1940, is one that she finds easy to assimilate: "I discovered that a great deal of my own life was useful in portraying her. It's tongue in cheek, of course, but the Vera part says something about how old women, middle-aged women, who are romantic at heart, play these little games with themselves. It's quite logical that somebody younger is going to need them. I find the play very real, very believable."

As preparation for this acting assignment, the part of Glinda in "The Wiz" was a warmup of sorts. "What I wanted to do was the wicked witch part, naturally, but when I said to Sidney, 'You know, I don't like to sing those sweetie-pie, inspirational songs,' he just laughed and told me, 'You're stuck with that image; there's nothing you can do about it!' Then I got to listening to that song, 'If You Believe.' It became a kind of anthem for me, and I loved it. It symbolizes the whole plot. Anyhow, I didn't sing it all that sweet."

There was irony in working for her son-in-law while his marriage was foundering, the more so since she has always been very close to her daughter and became very fond of Lumet.

"Sidney's a workaholic; I think he's just brilliant. In the beginning I didn't want him and Gail to marry, but after a while I grew to be his Jewish mother. How long were they married? Well, a long time; since 1963. My granddaughter Amy is 13 and Jennie is 11. I guess I took it harder than anyone, as mothers usually do, and I'm still slightly in shock. I have tried to keep out of it; I realize that it's selfish on my part to want everything to be like a fairy tale."

During the 1960s, Lena and Lennie Hayton, her husband since 1947, had a home in Palm Springs; Hayton died in 1971 and she lived for several years on Manhattan's Upper East Side, minutes' walk from the Lumets. But there were factors beyond the Lumets' problems that led to her decision to find a house in California, after telling friends for years that she would never again buy a home of her own.

"I thought I'd never be able to leave New York, but I became tired of seeing those poor ladies with their brown paper bags, lugging their possessions from street to street. I began to be miserable about misery. Something inside said, 'Help! Get me out of here.' So here I am —30 years older than God—buying a house just because I fell in love with it.

"I discovered it during a drive up the coast from San Diego—a real storybook house, about 100 years old. It was part of an old olive mill. The woodpeckers had made lacework of the eaves, the bottom is all stone, and the inside has a lot of old, dark oak paneling."

Into this new home, with its big attic the length of the house, went the memorabilia she had longed to bring out of storage: the records, Hayton's old music, her old costumes, tangible reminders of a career that reaches back more than 40 years. Ironically, nobody but a housekeeper will see all of this for a long time; the "Pal Joey" bookings already stretch almost to the end of the year.

●

Lena Horne is alternately gregarious and a quiet quasi-loner. "I'm really happy when I'm either alone or with a group of people I feel very close to. I enjoy making my associations into a circle that becomes my family. It's like that in the 'Pal Joey' company. I enjoy the exchange of ideas between the generations. The dancers and singers all send off such great vibrations of talent; we understand one another and I love it." Yet, speaking of her times in Santa Barbara, she says, "It's very quiet there; I'm quite unafraid. At night I just hear the wind through the trees, and it's wonderful."

Lena Horne's image varies according to the age, race and attitudes of the observer. To many young blacks she is a symbol of triumph over the bigotry and segregation that pervaded show business in the 1940s. To some she is no less significantly a survivor who outlasted political represssion (during the McCarthy era, the blacklist kept her away from movies and television for seven years).

Basically she always could have been what she has become once again in "Pal Joey," an accomplished actress whose gifts include all the qualifications for musical comedy. But her entire movie career consisted of two early, naive, Hollywood-style, all-black musicals, followed by a series of cameo vocal appearances in which she had no acting parts. Not until "Death of a Gunfighter" in 1969 opposite Richard Widmark was she accorded a serious acting role in a motion picture.

Most admirers think of her primarily as a singer, and that is an identity she has worn with grace, growing confidence and a voice that has always been underestimated because of the preoccupation with her beauty. An early lover of music and associate of big bands (she sang with Noble Sissle's orchestra in 1936 and with Charlie Barnet in 1940), she grew to understand music more fully during the two decades as composer Hayton's wife. Today she finds nothing more exhilarating than a tour with a band.

"You should have caught me last year when I had the Count Basie band with me for five whole weeks! The show got incredible reviews. It was fantastic to go out onstage and sing with that band booting me right in my rear end. And Basie would say, 'Hello, pretty girl,' the same as he's always done.

"I felt like this band was my life, my family. Thanks to a few things like the Basie tour, it was a wonderful year last year. And now this show. It looks like I'm getting all my goodies now. Suddenly."

●

It was during an earlier tour with the Basie band that she recalls Al Collins, the disc jockey, introducing her: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the next President of the United States, Miss Lena Horne."

The concept of her becoming politically involved is by no means unrealistic. As far back as 1946 she traveled up and down California as a speaker soliciting votes for the Fair Employment Practices Commission. Yet, on being quizzed about the possibility of running for office today, she demurs: "Sure, I'm politically aware, but you know what happens. They find something wrong about you, they make a scandal and you're finished. Besides, I'm through proving anything."

As if repaying a debt long overdue, fate has been good to her lately. She recalled with particular pleasure a very special night last year.

"After I left Tony Bennett—we had a marvelous year of concerts together—I took Vic Damone on the road. We had a ball. While I was with him we went to New Orleans and the town celebrated my 60th birthday. The mayor came and I got the keys to the city—it was beautiful.

"They rolled out this huge cake as big as the table over there and at midnight everyone started singing Happy Birthday and everyone was crying. It was quite special. In fact, there was such a big to-do going on, I said to myself, Lord, maybe this is the last year. But thank goodness, a couple of months from now there'll be another one coming up." ●

"I'm a nervous wreck . . . but I never show it," says Lena Horne of "Pal Joey '78."
Times photo by Pete Weinberger

4/18

GAILLARD AT DONTE'S

The Return of Slimoreenee

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Somebody must have asked Donte's to send in the clown, and the club, reaching back into history, came up with one in the nearly forgotten person of Slim Gaillard. He also will be seen tonight at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach.

If you were around Hollywood when Billy Berg's was the hip hangout, or if you have caught such 1940s movies as "Hellzapoppin!" or "Star Spangled Rhythm" on the very late show, Gaillard may be more than just a name. His big days were before and during World War II, when the line between jazz as art and jazz as entertainment was scarcely drawn at all. He added to our vocabulary such helpful suffixes as -vouty, -oreenee, and such immortal melodies as "Tutti Frutti" and "Cement Mixer, Putti-Putti."

Team Covers Spectrum

Slim's partner was Slam Stewart, and for a while the team of Slim & Slam covered the spectrum: network radio, vaudeville, films, hit songs on 78s.

After they went their separate ways, Slam made out well enough, working with Benny Goodman, touring the world with his own combo and settling in the '70s as a music teacher at New York State University in Binghamton. Slim, meanwhile, was in relative obscurity, surfacing around 1970 on a Flip Wilson TV show before moving to the state of Washington, where he became a farmer.

Gaillard flew in Wednesday from Seattle for the Donte's gig. At 9:30, when the first set was to start, he had not met the trio hired to back him. At 9:55, Ross Tompkins sat down at the piano pouring himself a beer, Reggie Johnson twiddled his bass and Harold Jones adjusted his drums. To kill time, they began playing a trio number.

Gaillard finally arrived onstage at 10:05. White-bearded, clad in pink shirt, black bow tie and snazzy jacket, he could have been De Lawd, direct from a road company version of "Green Pastures."

Still Entertaining

Nobody ever credited Slim Gaillard with the vocal potential of a new Billy Eckstine, or the ability to replace Charlie Christian as a jazz guitarist. If anything, he had a talent for convincing people that he had talent. This he did by entertaining them, and this he still did Thursday evening, without bothering to get his guitar tuned up.

Starting with his first and biggest hit, "Flat Foot Floogee," he soon led the faithful into a singalong with "Down by the Station." He advised us that talent scouts were in the room: "The owner of the Sands Hotel in Watts is here." He reminded us of his favorite beverages: bourbon and Clorox, vodka and peanut butter.

Setting down his guitar, he took over from Tompkins at the piano and played, as is his wont, a solo with his enor-

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SLIM GAILLARD

Continued from First Page

mous hands upside down, fingernails pressing on the keys, occasional discords supplied by the elbows. Unfortunately, from where most people sat, this show of dexterity was invisible; however, it was not difficult to deduce that he had to be playing with his hands upside down.

More guitar, this time in a pseudoflamenco bag, along with Spanish double talk and apologia: "It's been many years since I sang anything at all." True enough, seven long years up there on the ranch.

There was a time, he reminded us, when such giants as Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker joined forces with him for gigs or records. But then as now, his capacity for self-amusement was more relevant than who played with him. The early bewilderment of the Tompkins trio soon disappeared as they discovered that every unrehearsed tune was just another variation of "I Got Rhythm."

Slim rounded out the set with "Chicken Rhythm," replete with clucking sound effects. But wait—that wasn't all. He returned to the bandstand and, for an encore, did six pushups, just to show us that at 62 he is in better shape than ever.

Gaillard is a throwback to an era when we tended to take ourselves and our music a little less seriously. Those were innocent days, and there is something more than plain nostalgia in seeing them relived.

4/20

David Frishberg at Sound Room

BY LEONARD FEATHER

David Frishberg has an assortment of talents of the kind that usually come to rest in a smart New York East Side supper club. Not having fully established himself back there, he moved West, building a reputation here as pianist, composer, lyricist and singer.

All four gifts were on display April 13 at the Sound Room, 11616 Ventura Blvd., Studio City. Pop and jazz singers abounded in the packed room. It was easy to figure out why. Frishberg has the in-group appeal of a singer's singer, coupled with material that is variously fresh and very funny or ancient and quite poignant.

Product of an in-between generation, he is old enough to be Patrice Rushen's father and young enough to be the son of Earl Hines; but there is no Rushen and more than a touch of Hines in his incisive keyboard work.

What do you say about someone who, with his Midwestern twang, sings like a young Hoagy Carmichael, who can write lyrics with the wit of a latter-day Johnny Mercer, then turn around and play a piano solo on Bix Beiderbecke's "In a Mist" as if Scott and Zelda were seated ringside?

How do you figure out a writer who assembles a composition stringing together the names of a bunch of 1940s ballplayers, makes the list sound like a love song, then induces near-continuous laughter with his supercool words to "I'm Hip" and evokes bucolic imagery with his words-and-music picture of a "One-Horse Town"? Conclusion: He is a marvelous maverick.

Frishberg is accompanied by Bob Dougherty on bass and Steve Schaeffer on drums, but does part of the set alone. He will be back at the Sound Room, a comfortable, curtained spot with a food and wine policy, every other Thursday until further notice.

Jazz is on the schedule here seven nights a week: Bill Henderson plays today through Saturday.

Thursday
EVENING

APRIL 27, 1978

tion as head of the house. Ralph: Jackie Gleason. Norton: Art Carney.
30 KEN CONNOLLY—Religion
34 NOTICIERO
40 PATTERN FOR LIVING
12:05 2 12 MOVIE—Comedy
Glenn Ford is the "Imitation General" in this 1958 tale of an Army NCO who impersonates his commanding officer to prevent a battlefield rout during World War II. Derby: Red Buttons. Simone: Taina Elg. (1 hr., 55 min.)
12:15 34 PELICULA
"La sin ventura." Rafael Baledon, Maria Antonieta Pons.
12:30 5 MOVIE—Thriller BW
"The Mummy's Hand." (1940) Archaeologists are endangered by an embalmed creature (Tom Tyler) after unearthing an Egyptian tomb. Steve: Dick Foran. Marta: Peggy Moran. Jenson: Wallace Ford. (1 hr., 25 min.)
11 MOVIE—Thriller
"Yongary, Monster from the Deep." (Japanese; 1968) Mysterious earthquakes in Korea unleash a gigantic creature. Oh Yung Il. (90 min.)
13 MOVIE—Adventure
"The Golden Arrow." (Italian; 1962) Tab Hunter runs risks and flies carpets in old Damascus. Jamilia: Rossana Podesta. (90 min.)
40 LOVE SPECIAL—Nancy Harmon
12:40 3 7 TOMA—Crime Drama
A mobster (Frank de Kova) expecting to be murdered asks Toma (Tony Musante) to witness the hit. (70 min.)
1:00 4 TOMORROW—Tom Snyder
Scheduled guests are jazz critic Leonard Feather, jazz producer Norman Granz and guitarist-singer George Benson. (60 min.)
9 I SPY—Adventure
In a tiny Greek village, the agents search for saboteurs and a way out of a jam. The town's mayor is after Kelly (Robert Culp) for an imagined affront to his daughter (Louise Sorel). Scott: Bill Cosby. Pappas: Roger C. Carmel. (60 min.)
1:30 40 PRAISE THE LORD!—Religion
1:50 3 7 NEWS
1:55 5 NEWS
2:00 2 4 13 NEWS
5 MOVIE—Drama BW
"Sons and Lovers." (English; 1960) D.H. Lawrence's novel about a sensi-

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Gillespie.

Feather

David Rimokh reminisces about his friendships with Dizzy Gillespie in Morocco (see inset photo) and Sidney Bechet.

Alpert and Masekela Brass at the Roxy

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Nearing the end of a three-week tour, the odd couple of the trumpet and fluegelhorn, Herb Alpert and Hugh Masekela, arrived at the Roxy Monday for a two-night stand. Their tightly meshed show was longer on skill, craftsmanship and preparation than on inspiration, but nevertheless offered its share of rewarding moments.

Neither of the leaders has ever claimed to be an improviser in the class of Davis, Hubbard or Gillespie. Their solos for the most part were brief, limited in range and aiming mainly at repetition and excitement, which they achieved with the help of a well-integrated rhythm team.

What made the alliance work at least part of the time was the the three-brass blend of Alpert, Masekela and trombonist Jonas Gwangwa from Johannesburg, a cousin of Masekela.

Gwangwa, who also wrote several of the tunes and arrangements, provided the most inventive and spontaneous solo moments, in addition to supplying, during his more subdued interludes in "Foreign Natives," a sorely needed change of dynamics. The hit "Skokiaan" is a melodic trifle, a creative achievement scarcely more memorable than the diatonic scale; yet with its insistent cross rhythms (West Indian rather than African) it has a casual, ephemeral charm. In fact, the nine-piece group, despite (or perhaps because of) the absence of additional horns, background vocals and other perquisites heard on the album, had an in-person rapport that accomplished handily what it set out to do. The Roxy audience was regaled with unpretentious entertainment, buttressed by effective musicianship, without any lofty artistic aims.

Larry Willis (formerly of Blood, Sweat and Tears) on piano, David Williams from Trinidad on bass, and guitarist Arthur Adams, the only side man transplanted from the record, contributed to this amiable ambience.

Opening for the band was comedienne Elayne Boosler, who went through an ordeal typical of the fate of supporting performers in this room. If she has the potential of a young Joan Rivers, it will take a more appropriate setting than the Roxy to bring it into focus.

JAZZ SOUNDS

Dizzy's due Sunday; Leonard Feather, too

By PAT McELFRESH

The warm, mellow man who blows straight-ahead jazz from a bent trumpet — **Dizzy Gillespie** — will play two nights in the Valley on Sunday and Monday.

Gillespie, master of the misshapen horn and an effortless-appearing style, promises to deliver a variety of jazz-related forms such as blues, bebop, scat, samba and cool.

He will perform three shows both nights at 8:30, 10 and 11:30 p.m. in the Boojum Tree Lounge of the Phoenix Doubletree Inn, Central Avenue and Osborn Road.

Among those most excited about the arrival of John Birks Gillespie is **David Rimokh**, general manager of the Ramada Valley Ho here in Scottsdale. Rimokh was just getting started in the hotel business in Morocco in the 1950s. His eyes light up as he recalls his tours of Casablanca's night life with Gillespie and others, and he proudly shows a photograph dated Feb. 11, 1953, when the pair posed with partying friends.

Rimokh became a jazz fan and also the official reception committee for arriving musicians, among them soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet (see photographs). When Rimokh came to the United States, he went to a New York night club where Gillespie was performing. Sending up a note that said "David is here" brought the trumpeter straight off the bandstand to renew old times. Rimokh says Dizzy's trumpet was still straight in those days, the bell part not thrustin upward.

Despite the plethora of tales about ho Gillespie began playing an upward-bent trur pet, he says the truth is that it was an accide during a break at Snooky's Club in New Yo City when someone's coat caught on the hor Having no spare, Gillespie played it anyhow a liked the sound soaring up above, rather tha straight out.

There will be a $2.50 per person cover char with dinner, $5 for lounge patrons.

Top jazz critic **Leonard Feather**, who also is pianist, composer and concert producer, wi present **"The Sight and Sound of Jazz"** in a film lecture program at 7 p.m. Monday. It will trac jazz from 1929 to the present, with film clip showing the late Billie Holiday, Bessie Smith Nat and Cannonball Adderly and Duke Ellington Tickets are $3 unreserved ($2 for Jazz in A members).

Vocalist **Sunny Wilkinson** is happy to be bac in the Valley, if only for three long weekend while she is performing with the **Keith Grek Trio** at the Phoenix Playboy Club.

"I've been on the West Coast, working a lot o casuals (one night shows) and doing the 'L.A Hustle' — going around to record companies,' she said. The group continues tonight an Saturday, also April 20-22, the Cabaret Roon open to non-members.

Jazz

When Ray Noble Was on the Top of the World

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Ray Noble, with Ann Sothern, at Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles in 1941.

● The obituaries were terse. Some newspapers did not even bother to run the news that Ray Noble, 74, died. Yet not an evening goes by without the performance, somewhere in the world, of a Ray Noble composition.

The death deserves more than passing comment. Had it not been for the vagaries of fate, his name might have replaced Miller in the history books.

His "Cherokee" alone should assure him of immortality. Originally part of an American Indian suite, it acquired a separate identity and became a fashionable vehicle for the jazz world.

Count Basie, in a very rare move, waxed it in a two-part version on both sides of a 78. A year later Charlie Barnet's recording brought overnight fame to the Barnet orchestra. Charlie Parker wrote a new melody based on the chord pattern of "Cherokee," calling it "Ko Ko," and to this day you hear it played by boppers.

As I read the news of his death, images taking me back to my teen years, when he was one of the first musicians I ever interviewed, welled up in memory. We debated in a London hall whether jazz or pop music could escape from the ballrooms into the concert hall.

Noble stuck firmly to his conviction that "the fans should stick to their gramophone records, or, for second choice, the dance hall. There's more good genuine jazz music performed in the ballroom than will ever see the light of day in Albert Hall." My argument that Duke Ellington already had performed successfully in concert at the London Trocadero failed to convince him.

At the time Noble was the leader of a recording orchestra drawn from the personnel of the principal West End hotel bands. He avoided personal appearances, but his smooth arrangements of English show tunes and novelty songs, often with vocals by a highly acclaimed singer from South Africa (white) named Al Bowlly, attracted attention in the States, where he was invited to form an all-star band.

He opened June 1, 1935, at the Rainbow Room, seated at a white baby grand piano on a separate stand facing the orchestra. During some songs, the platform was set in motion, gliding slowly around the edge of the dance floor so that Noble would come right up to each floorside table seriatim, arriving back at the bandstand exactly at the moment the tune ended.

In this sprawling, dark green salon on the 64th floor, with its enormous windows affording the most spectacular view New Yorkers had ever seen, Noble provided music by an orchestra the personnel of which included only two fellow imports: Al Bowlly and drummer Bill Harty. The rest of the band was not exactly a bunch of nonentities. Five members eventually would gain fame.

Glenn Miller, who helped assemble the band, was the lead trombonist, Charlie Spivak the lead trumpeter, Claude Thornhill the second pianist, Wilbur Schwichtenberg the second trombonist (in his bandleading years he became Will Bradley), Bud Freeman the "hot" tenor saxophonist (Freeman now lives in London). Other members were Johnny Muenzenberger, second sax and clarinet (today he is Johnny Mince, still freelancing around New York), and the eminent guitarist George van Eps, now in retirement in California.

At 10:30 each night the band began its regular NBC network broadcasts, uninterrupted by commercials. I remember staying up until 3:30 a.m. in London to hear them on W2XAF via short wave. The presence of so many top-rank soloists prompted him to allow them a little leeway on occasional jazz tunes. He even recorded "Bugle Call Rag" and "Dinah," though it was the commercial songs, especially those with Bowlly's vocals (some experts considered him one of the two or three best singers of the day), that established him firmly with the American public and sold the most Victor Records.

Musically as well as physically Ray Noble was on top of the world. The scene of his first American success was the epitome of glamor. The descent from the dizzy heights of the Rainbow Room was deceptively encouraging in that he found a new outlet as a radio maestro. This brought security, eliminated the necessity to go on tour or even to retain a permanently organized ensemble. The band broke up in 1937; Bowlly went home to die in 1941 in a London air raid.

As Noble's radio career expanded, the U.S. public was exposed to a foolishly false image. On various series—with Lanny Ross, Burns & Allen, then for more than a decade on the Edgar Bergen & Charlie McCarthy Show—Noble was a funny, dim-witted Englishman.

Here was an artist who had set high standards for himself as an arranger and had built a reputation as a creator of durable melodies; yet to Americans he was the butt of silly jokes. As the English would say, it was frightfully *infra dig.*

Noble escaped from the radio studios and organized bands for in-person dates, but the promise of world renown as a composer-bandleader faded away.

He remains with us in a few movies made during the halcyon years: "Big Broadcast of 1936," "A Damsel in Distress," "Lake Placid Serenade." Musicians still play "Cherokee" but fewer and fewer of them are aware of the creator. ●

Noble's Music as Aristocratic as His Name

BY HOWARD LUCRAFT

● Three years ago I stopped off in Santa Barbara to visit with Ray Noble, whose music was as aristocratic as his personality. Always the social charmer, he was surrounded by friends who doted on every word from this exhilarating conversationalist. An avid reader, he was eloquent and erudite on a million subjects.

He talked about research on diseases. "If you can live for the next 10 years without getting cancer," he said, "you'll be OK. They'll have a cure by then."

Ray didn't make the 10 years. He died of cancer April 3.

Though one of his two brothers was a physician, he never believed in visiting doctors; he attributed his pain to arthritis. His doctor brother, Warwick, spent last Christmas with him in Santa Barbara. When Warwick insisted he see a local doctor and cancer was diagnosed, Noble typically didn't tell his family.

Noble started his career by winning a big band arranging contest sponsored by the British Melody Maker. From 1929 to '34 he was musical director for HMV (EMI) Records. Most of his best-known song hits, which included "The Very Thought of You" and "Goodnight Sweetheart" (his opening and closing radio themes) as well as "The Touch of Your Lips," "I Hadn't Anyone Till You" and "By the Fireside," were written before he came to America.

Ray sent Bill Harty, an aggressive, feisty but kindly Irishman, to New York to hire the men for his U.S. band. As Harty once told me: "Jack Hylton, who was determined to be the first British bandleader to play in New York, took a very fast ship over and arrived before me. But James C. Petrillo, the Musicians' Union head, stepped in and said flatly: 'No English bandleader will work here.'

"By that time Ray and Gladys were in mid-Atlantic. Through Bing Crosby I arranged for Ray to go to Hollywood, ostensibly to write songs for films. They didn't ask him for songs; he just relaxed for five months while I got the union permission to open in New York." (Hylton never did open in New York.)

●

Ray and Gladys, his wife of 50 years, were always on hand when Ellington or Basie came to town. Ray thought he couldn't write jazz, but when he did, he was brilliant.

In 1951 Harty, who had booked a two-month job for Noble at the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, came to me and said, "It's around graduation time; we expect a lot of young people who'll want modern jazz. Ray would like you to compose a couple of bebop originals for the band."

Ray rehearsed for the San Francisco gig at a fancy hall in Beverly Hills. When I took my charts along he was running down one of his own new arrangements. He had written a magnificent jazz chorus for five saxophones in harmony. As I listened in admiration he whispered to me: "Of course, old boy, I really don't do this sort of thing too well."

When the Edgar Bergen show finished in 1955, Noble retired to Jersey in the Channel Islands, where taxes are light. But he missed Southern California and returned a few years ago.

Glenn Miller was by far Noble's most famous sideman. Noble once recalled, "Glenn was a Dixieland arranger when he joined me. When he started arranging for us he'd ask me what to do with the fourth part."

The clarinet-lead reed sound that made the Miller band so immensely popular started by accident in the Noble orchestra. Ray told me: "Pee Wee Erwin, my second trumpet, had great control in the high register. He could play so quietly up there. I asked Glenn to write some things to feature Erwin. Glenn wrote some charts with Pee Wee playing melody over four saxophones in harmony—the second tenor doubling the tune an octave lower.

"When Pee Wee left the band we couldn't get a trumpet player to play the high lead with that same control. So I used clarinet to play the lead trumpet part. Glenn liked the clarinet lead, and when he started his own band he made this sound the feature and cornerstone.

" 'Moonlight Serenade' was just No. 487 or something in our book," Noble added. "Glenn had written the number as an exercise in his study of the Schillinger (arranging) system."

Most of Ray Noble's famous songs were published during the 1930s and '40s, but by his piano he left a folder of gorgeous new unpublished compositions.

Once, after playing one of these exquisite tunes for me, he said, "No good taking songs like these to the publisher. They'll just tell me it's music for a show, or it's too good for today's market."

If Ray's music seemed too good for the market even 20 years ago, imagine what a publisher would tell him today. ●

Lucraft is a composer and journalist.

Ladies' invitation

Leonard Feather reports from the world's first Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City

A WOMEN'S Jazz Festival? Not too many years ago the idea would have seemed hopelessly impractical. Now, thanks to the creativity of two adventurous women in Kansas City, it is a successful reality and likely to become an annual event.

The concept was born a year ago when Carol Comer, a singer and songwriter, and Dianne Gregg, a local deejay, were driving home from a jazz festival in Wichita, Kansas, and wishing that Kansas City itself had not fallen into the jazz doldrums.

"Wouldn't it be wild," said Ms. Comer suddenly, "if we put on a women's jazz festival in Kansas City?"

Before long the two women formed Women's Jazz Festival Inc., a non-profit, non-political organisation, with five women as officers and a board of ten male and eight female directors. Marian McPartland was contacted, offered to help in any way possible, and lived up to her word.

Ever since last summer, she had been serving as a virtually unpaid public relations person for the event, assembling an all-female group on television and recording, for her own Halcyon label, a sextet of women instrumentalists similar to the one she brought to the festival.

The Crown Centre Hotel, an enormous complex that includes innumerable shops and banquet rooms, donated its facilities for clinics, meetings and jam sessions. Feminist groups volunteered moral support and publicity. Gregg and Comer had a special WJF tee-shirt made up and sales were brisk.

The festival applied to the National Endowment for the Arts, requesting a $10,000 grant. They received it — fortunately, since it made the difference between breaking even and a heavy loss for this initial venture.

Arriving in Kansas City and checking in at the Crown Centre, I found that many of the events during the three-day celebration were to take place in the hotel.

On Friday afternoon, in a big bar on the main floor, the first of several jam sessions was held. John Lyman, who plays tenor and leads the resident quartet, invited local and visiting musicians to sit in.

The room was so heavily packed it was hard to breathe; there was an air of expectation as the weekend got underway.

Among the sitters-in were Milt Abel, a splendid Kansas City bassist who bows and hums in the Slam Stewart tradition; Scott Robinson, an astonishingly prodigious drummer who barely looks his age, which is eleven; and Jane Bloom, who had come in all the way from Boston just to be at the festival, but had also brought her soprano sax along and demonstrated a remarkably mature sound and style.

She told me she had studied at the Berklee College of Music in Boston and recently graduated from the Yale School of Music.

Carol Comer, whose effusive enthusiasm was the dominant note throughout the weekend, switched hats from entrepreneur to vocalist to demonstrate her Anita O'Day-influenced style on "The Lady Is A Tramp." She also made an apt comment about the sunshine that had just arrived in Kansas City following a rather cold, dismal week: "God smiled on us — she gave us good weather for the festival."

Comer appeared again at 9.30 the next morning to give the first of five clinic-workshops. Her comments and illustrations on the art of jazz singing, before an attentive audience, were dotted with such cogent comments as: "The blues is to jazz what air is to your lungs."

Joe Morello, who gave the drum clinic, drew a big crowd. Almost totally blind now, he gets around with the help of a seeing eye dog, but this didn't prevent him from delivering a riveting lecture, illustrating, among other things, how to tune the drums and get laughs at the same time.

Lynn Milano, who has played bass with the New Orleans Philharmonic, as well as with Jack DeJohnette, explained avant garde rhythms to a group of aspiring (and professional) bassists. Her words about the necessity for building up endurance were borne out by her actions. A pretty, slight woman in her late 20s, she was effective in this, her first clinic.

Pianist MARIAN McPARTLAND and drummer DOTTIE DODGION onstage at the Women's Jazz Festival.

One of her remarks was: "Bach's bass lines will blow your mind."

The saxophone clinic was offered by Bunky Green, who, though he has worked mostly in and around Chicago, deserves greater recognition. He astonished his audience with some ear-boggling displays of virtuosity on the alto.

Finally, at 3.30 pm, Marian McPartland gave the piano clinic, showing how to improvise on a tune, responding to a request to play "Waltz For Debby," and declaring that there is no absolute way to teach jazz. "If they're highly motivated," she said, "all you can do is to point the students in the right direction."

On Sunday, the climactic day, Mary Lou William offered her "Mary Lou's Mass" at the Immaculate Conception Cathedral, before a free admission audience of almost a thousand. Mary Lou is the symbol not only of the successful women in jazz, but also of Kansas City, where she spent her formative years in the Thirties as pianist/arranger with the Andy Kirk band.

At the cathedral she began with a retrospective [illegible] the eras through which she had passed, presenting examples [illegible] spiritual, ragtime, blues, Kansas City jazz, boogie-woogie and a contemporary work.

During the 30-minute "[illegible]", for which Williams was aided by Carline Ray on Fender bass, Everett Brown on drums and the Hallmark Crown Singers, a 19-voice choir, there were some moments of jubilation and others of great reverence, but on the whole it didn't quite come off.

At the risk of being accused of reverse racism, it must be said that a black choir would have swung more. Fortunately, Ray, who doubles as a singer, lent the throbbing conviction of her deep contralto to a few passages, notably "The Lord's Prayer," intoned to a sombre melody.

The choir, battling the cathedral's muddy sound, was at its best in the "Sanctus," sung against Mary Lou's rocking blues beat.

At a press conference, Mary Lou seemed defensive and almost anti-feminist in her responses. "I'm very feminine, but I think like a man, and I've been working around them all my life. I can deal better with men."

She paid tribute to guitarist Mary Osborne but said nothing about Marian McPartland. "I've lived through four eras of jazz," she said, "and I've played the styles of all of them. The greatest era of them all was Kansas City in the Thirties.

"The Catholic Church is helping to promote the healing quality of jazz, as opposed to the effect of today's magic, which is detrimental to the health."

On Sunday evening the principal concert event took place in the 3,600 capacity Memorial Hall across the river in Kansas City, Kansas. The main floor was filled to capacity, the first balcony had a sizeable crowd, but no seats had been sold in the top balcony. Total attendance was around 2,000, but as soon became evident, the audience made up in enthusiasm what they lack in numbers.

Marian McPartland, who has grown consistently in harmonic sophistication and melodic creativity, opened with a gracious tribute to the promoters, then played a set that included four songs by women: Ann Ronnell's "Willow Weep For Me," Bernice Petkere's "Close Your Eyes," and her own "Ambiance" and "Afterglow."

McPartland has one of her most empathetic trios, with the imaginative bassist Brian Torff and the former George Shearing drummer, Rusty Jones.

In my role as a volunteer emcee, I next introduced the John Hicks Trio, with Jerome Hunter on bass and Cliff Barbaro on drums. Hicks, whose trio has provided back-up for Betty Carter for three years, played an instrumental tune with McCoy Tynerish ferocity.

Then Betty Carter appeared to perform what turned out to be the longest set of the evening. She is the quintessential jazz singer and has a visually quirky stage personality, with all kinds of unpredictable body movements to match the roller-coaster manner in which she alters the melodies of everything from "The Trolley Song" to "Music Maestro Please."

Betty is an acquired taste. Her scat singing is original, far removed from the shoo-bee-doo of yesteryear, but a little of it goes a long way. She still has occasional trouble with intonation, and her almost complete lack of vibrato can become a bit wearing.

The most soulful moments were provided during the old song "Can't We Talk It Over" and the most appropriate were the Cole Porter lyrics, dealing with male

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First Women's

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chauvinism, in a song called "Most Gentlemen Don't Like Love."

Carter also offered a long series of songs associated with Charlie Parker in the memory of Bird. The audience loved her and, like everyone else on this electrical evening, she was given a standing ovation.

The Women's Jazz Festival All-Stars, the evening's only all-female group and the only combo put together especially for this concert, consisted of Marian McPartland, piano; Dottie Dodgion, drums; Mary Osborne, guitar; Janice Robinson, trombone; Lynn Milano, bass; and Mary Fettig Park, alto and flute.

Ms. Park, 24, whom I heard in 1971 in a high school band at the Monterey Jazz Festival, has come a long way since then. Her alto is almost in a class with Phil Woods and her flute on "Blue Bossa" showed maturity and fluency.

Lynn Milano kept a strong bass line going throughout the group's four tunes and soloed very impressively. Dottie Dodgion is a competent, if not inspired, drummer, and Janice Robinson, 26, lent the power of her plunger effectively to "Things Ain't What They Used To Be."

Mary Osborne, who came to prominence in the Forties on record dates with Coleman Hawkins, Mary Lou Williams, Mercer Ellington and others, remains the total pro and the recognisable stylist she was then, still inspired by Charlie Christian (whom she met before Benny Goodman discovered him), but an individualist with a sound and style of her own.

After intermission, Mary Lou Williams played a relaxed set of blues and standards, supported again by Carline Ray and Everett Brown. She is the most timeproof of pianists, a survivor of 50 years of crucial changes, who has retained the essence of all the phases she has lived through.

MARY OSBORNE: remains the total pro

Jazz Festival takes off

Everyone else had done so well, in terms of audience reaction, that it would have seemed impossible for the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band to top them; yet it soon became clear that the principal honours of the evening went to this extraordinary band.

Toshiko, as ever, showed that she is a commanding conductor, a sensitive pianist and a modestly charming personality. Having heard that a group of extreme feminists at one point had threatened to picket the concern, on the grounds that too many male musicians were being used (the threat was called off just before concert time), she said: "Perhaps some people think there shouldn't be so many men, but I must point out that if it were not for my music, the band could not exist." The remark was greeted by a big hand.

The orchestra suffered some sound problems that had plagued the concert off and on all evening. Despite this, such pieces as the straightahead "Strive For Jive" and the more exotic "Kogun", with Tabackin on flute, got through to the audience immediately.

Gary Foster, who was born near Kansas City, was featured in a new piece, "Illusive Dreams," a delightful vehicle for his alto sax and for the reed section doubling on five flutes.

Lew Tabackin was the only male hero of the evening. Delivering one of his typical long, unaccompanied tenor solos, swinging monumentally on his own, he again showed that he is one of the new giants of the saxophone. Dick Spencer's gutsy alto solo provided a reminder of the interesting contrast between his style and that of the more laid-back but equally effective Gary Foster.

The concert ran late, and by midnight, having been on for 45 minutes, Toshiko thought she had better stop. The crowd didn't let her, and the band, having made such a impact that it was almost impossible to quit, stayed on stage until 12.30, concluding a memorable concert that had lasted well over five hours. Fortunately, contrary to Ms. Gregg's jocular remark, the Women's Jazz Festival is not broke or finished.

The media attention attracted by the event (the whole concert was taped for National Public Television and representatives were present from newspapers and magazines all over the country) and the proof offered that women can indeed present and dominate a successful jazz festival, left no doubt in anyone's minds that a project of this kind can be mounted on a regular basis.

Basking in the afterglow, Marian McPartland made the comment: "I wouldn't be surprised to see an avalanche of recordings and concerts by women musicians. This festival really proved a point that needed to be brought out long ago."

Pepper on Alto at Ford Theater

BY LEONARD FEATHER

According to an earlier review of Art Pepper in these pages, the alto saxophonist is "a musician of passionate eloquence who speaks clearly and unfalteringly in his own voice."

Indeed he is when conditions are right, but Sunday afternoon at the Ford Theater something was clearly amiss. The unfaltering voice faltered. The fire that customarily burns in Pepper was not in evidence; rather, he played as if a flame needed to be lit under him.

Obviously ill at ease (four times during the afternoon he introduced his sidemen, calling out their names and instruments), Pepper began the concert with a lackluster boogaloo blues, following it with a low-keyed 6/4 lament called "The Truth" and Michel Legrand's "Summer of '42." Whatever spark could be detected was instilled by the rhythm section, particularly the inspired Bulgarian-born pianist Milcho Leviev.

Pepper began to come alive during a no-holds-barred workout on "After You've Gone," then abruptly called an intermission after only 35 minutes.

His composure and his crisp, biting sound were more often observed during the second half, though he complained about the heat on stage and still was several notches below peak form. He turned over the proceedings to Leviev for "Stella by Starlight." This began somewhat floridly but worked its way into a confident statement by the pianist, with admirable solos by bassist Bob Magnusson and drummer Carl Burnett.

For the record, Pepper attracted a capacity audience and one that found no cause for complaint. The concluding tune drew a standing ovation. Nevertheless, for those of us who have long admired Pepper on the basis of his finest hours, his performance on this occasion had to be regarded as a temporary aberration.

Big band sounds will fill the Amphitheater Sunday when Bill Berry and his orchestra play a birthday tribute to the memory of Duke Ellington.

AT SANTA MONICA CIVIC

Aural-Visual Trip With Paul Horn

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Presented as a benefit for the World Symposium on Humanity, Paul Horn's concert Monday at Santa Monica Civic started as a one-man show, unique in its multimedia resourcefulness and pervasive spirituality.

In effect, Horn and his flute took us on a guided tour of his past decade. With the help of slides and film footage, we shared his adventures in the Taj Mahal, where he recorded the first of his odd-locale albums; at his home in British Columbia and at Marine World, where his flute engaged in delightful dialogues with Orca ("killer") whales; and inside the Great Pyramid of Cheops.

Horn's casual narration, coupled with his lyrical playing both live and on screen, provided an illuminating, introspective experience. The mood was only broken when the sound went dead during a crucial portion of the Orca whale sequence—which may tell us something about the relative acuity of projectionists and whales. Even here, Horn quickly bridged the gap with his ad lib monologue and solos.

More formally, his rendition of Debussy's "Syrinx," though not as daring as the Hubert Laws version, was perhaps closer to the spirit of the original.

After intermission Horn reproduced all six works from his new album, "Dream Machine," played by much the same 13-piece orchestra. The themes, written and arranged by his old partner Lalo Schifrin (their "Mass" Suite won a Grammy in 1965), are generally cheerful examples of quasirock, with Horn in splendid form on lyrical flute and sonorous alto flute.

Music blessed with so much melodic and harmonic intelligence deserves more rhythmic variety. In tune after tune, drummer Jim Gordon pounded on his bass drum: thud, two, thud, four, and so on ad infinitum.

Horn, since 1970 a resident of Victoria, B.C., is a welcome though temporary returnee to the Southland scene. It would be good to hear him intersperse his "Dream Machine" material with something along the lines of the looser and more laid-back quintet he fronted in his Hollywood days. Meanwhile, no doubt, he will embark on new flute odysseys, stalking the globe for natural echo chambers. Next stop the Vatican?

Art Blakey: Jazz at Parisian Room

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Hard bop demands of its exponents great technical facility, energy and an understanding of the jazz tradition. For 20 years, Art Blakey, the pioneer drummer, has been leading a combo known as the Jazz Messengers, dedicated to the preservation of this music. His current sextet opened Tuesday at the Parisian Room for a two-week run.

When the three horns introduce a theme, the blend is as compelling as the times when such giants as Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter were conveying the message. Some of the early book has been retained: Benny Golson's "Blues March" showed the durability of the band's approach to this idiom. However, the 90-minute set consisted mainly of newer works.

David Schnitter's "Soul Eyes" took the tenor sax of its composer up a staircase of moods that mounted in intensity. The slow, relaxed first chorus came off best, but soon the rhythm section doubled the tempo, coaxing Schnitter to fever pitch.

Bobby Watson's alto sax feature, "When I Fall in Love," began with an ornate series of runs, accompanied by pianist Jimmy Williams. Developing into a wild waltz, the performance was overblown, with insufficient swinging rhythmic subtlety.

The most surprisingly authentic soloist is trumpeter Valeri Ponomarev, who has become the Soviet Union's first important contributor to the American jazz scene. His strong lead work and interestingly conceived solos bring to mind such giants of the '50s as Clifford Brown, whose recordings inspired Ponomarev in Moscow. A U.S. resident for four years, he is a vital symbol of the universality of Blakey's message.

Williams, an unpretentious pianist, works well with Blakey and the excellent bassist Dennis Irwin in supplying the underpinning for this generally exciting, occasionally too-voluble group. He is the composer of "1978," a catalytic cooker that propelled Schnitter and Watson into their best work of the set.

Blakey is the iron man of jazz, an indestructible force whose physical condition has enabled him to sustain his irresistible power and drive through a long career. Before going into the final number he offered one of his declamatory speeches, lauding jazz as an art form that deserves more support in its own country.

The Parisian Room at last has a first-class grand piano. It also has a comedian, Renaldo Rey, whose fate it was to try to follow the Messengers. Blakey & Co. close May 7.

THAD JONES/ MEL LEWIS 5/6/78

LOS ANGELES: Many changes have taken place in the Jones/Lewis band, in which Jerry Dodgion is now the only remaining founder-member sideman.

At the Westside Room in Century City, the band consisted of Earl Gardner (lead trumpet); Gary Guzio, Larry Moses, Frank Gordon (trumpets); John Mosca (lead trombone); Lee Robertson, Lolly Benenfield, Earl McIntyre (trombones); Dodgion (lead alto); Dick Oatts (second alto); Larry Schneider and Richie Perry (tenors); Kenny Berger (baritone); Harold Danko (piano); Ray Drummond (bass) and the leaders.

Although one misses such powerful individualists as Roland Hanna, Jon Faddis and Pepper Adams, the band deals effectively with the Jones charts, many of them long familiar ("Tiptoe," "Big Dipper"). Dodgion is invaluable, whether playing lead soprano in "Tiptoe," applying deft flute touches to his own arrangement or Marian McPartland's "Ambiance," or leading the reed section on alto.

The set began weakly, with a blues in which Larry Schneider's tenor scarcely warmed up and the trumpeter, Frank Gordon, could have been drawn from an average college band.

Trombonist John Mosca, in Bon Brookmeyer's arrangement of "Willow Weep For Me," began with short, stubby phrases, backed only by Ray Drummond's bass, then built in intensity as muted trumpets and flutes enveloped him.

About four tunes into the set, the band arrived within shouting distance of its old buoyant self. Jones's "The Second Race" worked well, with the help of Richie Perry's tenor sax, Harold Danko's subterranean solo in the lower and middle reaches of the piano, and some loose, happy ensembles.

Vocalist Byrdie Green brought her commanding sound to "Trouble In Mind," but was overwhelmed by the band on "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby." A brief, untitled theme, with Danko strumming the piano strings for an Erroll Garner effect, brought the first part of the set to a cheerful end.

A short second set was notable for Brookmeyer's "Samba Con Getchu," a pastiche of Brazilian and other Latin effects, ending with a percussion pow-wow involving Lewis, Jones, et al.

Adjustments are needed in the band, especially in the trumpet section. Meanwhile, why does Thad himself blow so rarely, leaving lesser constituents to shoulder the responsibility? — LEONARD FEATHER.

L.A. TIMES May 7 1978

Pop Album Briefs

"Windflower." Herb Ellis-Remo Palmier. Concord Jazz CJ-56. A welcome return to records, and to creativity, for Remo Palmier, a guitarist who spent 27 years buried in the Arthur Godfrey radio show. His sound is gentler than that of the hard-swinging Ellis. Together they pluck their way through a couple of blues, Jobim's "Triste," Jerome Richardson's "Groove Merchant" and a few standards, with nimble support from Ron Traxler on drums and George Duvivier on bass. First-rate MOR jazz.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Easy Listening in the Beach Clubs

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The bold, assertive style and big, warm sound of Stanley Turrentine's tenor saxophone have been a presence on records since 1960, when he made his first album. Tuesday, opening at Concerts by the Sea, Turrentine played the brand of commercialized material associated with him for the past several years.

If some of the tunes are uninspired and undemanding (Michel Legrand's "Pieces of Dreams" is a derivative trifle reminiscent of "The More I See You"), at least his variations are highly competent, taking the listener on a pleasant trip free of jolts, jarring peaks or boring valleys.

The bossa nova "Joao," written by his brother Tommy Turrentine, has an attractive harmonic pattern. Joe Zawinul's "Birdland" is an inherently dramatic piece and is smartly dressed up for the quintet.

Turrentine always seems aware nowadays of the need to please a broad audience and to remind it of his recordings. He is a mature artist who too often sounds like someone trying to rise above the songs and the setting.

His group comprises John Miller, a fluent but florid soloist on keyboards; an electric bassist named Merv Bronson; a good high-energy drummer, Phil Young, and Butch Campbell, a conventional guitarist. Opening for Turrentine was another guitarist, Jimmy Stewart, playing mostly pop-oriented material. Both groups close Sunday.

Elsewhere on the beachfront, at the Lighthouse through Sunday, Elvin Jones' quartet provides a striking contrast. His drums are free as the wind and wild as a hurricane. He obviously feels no need to remind his listeners of hit records (he has none), and the sounds produced by his quartet are loose and unstructured.

Roland Prince is an imposing young guitarist of the Charlie Christian school; Pat La Barbera on tenor sax is engagingly unpredictable and uninhibited, while Andy McCloud rounds out the sounds on upright bass.

Nothing pretentious here; just pure contemporary music under the guidance of a master.

Ellington Works by Berry Band

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Trumpeter Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band, an occasional presence since 1971, was reassembled Sunday afternoon at the Ford Theater. Timed to coincide with the birthday of Duke Ellington, the concert consisted almost entirely of works by the master, many of them transcribed directly from the records.

Berry's band is well equipped for this assignment. Not only did the leader work for Ellington but also two of his trombonists are alumni, and most of the other members either played briefly with the Duke or have a keen sense of how his music should be interpreted.

A concert built on this premise demands not merely a predictable rundown of familiar songs, but rather the evocation of certain orchestral textures that are as hard to duplicate as a fingerprint. Berry's saxophone section in "Harlem Airshaft" and "Cotton Tail" and the blend of two saxes and trombone in "Mood Indigo" came uncannily close to capturing the Ellington essence. Cat Anderson being out of town, the brass section sounded less authentic than usual.

Marshal Royal's performance was heroic. On soprano sax in "Blue Goose," on alto in "Violet Blue" and "Warm Valley," he was at once his own man and Johnny Hodges reincarnated.

David Frishberg's piano was deeply affecting in the exquisite Strayhorn tune, "Lotus Blossom." Berry himself and Blue Mitchell on trumpets and the ex-Duke trombonists—Britt Woodman and his elegant legato on "Sophisticated Lady" and the apoplectic Buster Cooper on "The Nearness of You"—were among a dozen highly motivated soloists involved in this affectionate tribute.

To make his Ducal weekend complete, Berry spent the two preceding nights at Donte's leading a seven-piece replica of the group heard in his new direct-to-disc album, "For Duke." On a more modest level, it was equally successful.

The Ellington repertoire, ranging in age up to 50 years, brought a heartwarming ovation from the mostly youthful concert crowd.

Red Norvo Leads Quartet at Donte's

BY LEONARD FEATHER

More than five years had elapsed since his last local appearance when the incomparable Red Norvo surfaced this week at Donte's for a brief run (through Saturday). It took only a single chorus of his opening tunes to bring into focus the rare quality of delicacy and decorum we had too long been missing.

The first performer in jazz history to apply his improvisational skill to a mallet instrument (originally xylophone and marimba, later vibraphone), Norvo has always symbolized a light, gentle approach to jazz. Unlike the rest of the vibes fraternity, he plays without using the resonator (some wag observed that Norvo must be an abbreviation for "no vibrato").

His impeccable touch and technique never lost their cool Wednesday despite a more assertive setting than he customarily employs. As a rule, he works with just guitar and bass. At Donte's he had pianist Ross Tompkins and drummer Nick Ceroli, along with bassist Andy Simpkins. But Ceroli's perfectly apropos eight-beat rhythm on "You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To" and the two choruses in "Witchcraft" when Ceroli and Simpkins fell silent, enabling Norvo and Tompkins to engage in a stunning contrapuntal duel, left no doubt these artists were felicitously attuned to one another.

Norvo showed his self-sufficiency in an entirely unaccompanied performance of a little-known Matt Dennis composition, "New in Town," played with four mallets, and in a similar solo for the first chorus of "Here's That Rainy Day."

Donte's patrons are advised to take their children, who will be able some day to tell their own children they once saw and heard one of the giants of American music. Norvo, who still makes an art form of jazz understatement, has remained a weather vane of musical tranquility in an era of far too many storms.

JAZZ REVIEW

An Evening of Pure Joe Pass

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The Hong Kong Bar Wednesdays at 5:30 is fast becoming the most fashionable gathering time and place for Southland seekers of jazz. This week's attraction being guitarist Joe Pass, there was precious little breathing space, let alone standing room, when the matinee began.

The escalating vogue for Pass provides a fascinating straight-jazz counterpart for the commercial success of George Benson. The latter sings "This Masquerade" and vocalizes along with some of his guitar solos. Pass offers the Benson hit, and everything else, as an unaccompanied instrumental solo.

All the elements are brought together in Pass' virtuosic hands: limitless technique, and the taste to know when and how much to employ it; a feeling for the right moment to change keys, rhythms or dynamics. The amplification is minimal and there are, of course, no pedals or whining or other devices to bastardize the purity of sound.

Without a rhythm team to back him, he provides his own accompaniment through manipulations that seem to create two or three lines simultaneously, one of which often plays surrogate bass. All this is done with an effortless air. Pass is a man of absurd modesty, given to self-derogation between tunes. On this occasion he worried about too many highs in the guitar sound.

Listeners, however, will search in vain for the flaws he insists are present. If there were anything to carp at, it would be the conservative repertoire: Except for Chick Corea's "500 Miles High," all the tunes were vintage standards: "Nuages," "Cherokee," "More Than You Know," "Round Midnight," "When Sunny Gets Blue." A few originals or other fresh material would be welcome. Yet nobody minded; in fact, the silence off the bandstand was so respectful that waitresses feared to tread.

It's probably just as well Joe Pass doesn't understand the measure of his talent. If he knew, he might become unbearable. He closes Saturday.

Last year, 16 of the hundreds of records on which he played won Grammy nominations. He was heard on three nominees for Song of the Year: Paul Simon's "Fifty Ways to Leave Your Lover," the Starland Vocal Band's "Afternoon Delight," and George Benson's "This Masquerade." ("Ralph is one of the world's greatest percussionists," Benson has said.)

MacDonald wears several other income-generating hats. As a songwriter, in partnership with William Salter, he has had a string of multimillion sellers including "Where is Love," said to have been recorded by 125 artists in 18 languages, and Grover Washington's hit "Mr. Magic." As a bandleader he has two highly successful albums, "Sound of a Drum" (Marlin 2202) and more recently "The Path" (Marlin 2210), a sort of personalized and musicalized version of "Roots."

Records aside, he owes part of his fortune to the jingle business. "That's easy work," he says. "You run around and do two or three of those in the morning, maybe an hour and a half's work, and you get residuals for the next five years." Some of his commercial clients have been Kentucky Fried Chicken, Budweiser, Chevrolet and, fittingly, McDonald's.

Though the walls of his office are all but invisible behind albums on which his songs appear, even this aspect of his activity has taken a temporary back seat. "Lately I've been very busy as a producer. I put together a Joe Farrell album for Warner Bros.; I just did a Bobbi Humphrey album for Epic; Tom Scott and I produced one for Tys Van Leer on Columbia—he's the classicial trained flutist who was a member of Focus."

MacDonald takes special pride in a group he assembled for Columbia under a self-explanatory name, the Writers. Tinged with elements of rock, gospel, blues, R&B and funk, it blends the talents of singer Frank Lloyd, guitarists Jeff Mironov and Hugh McCracken, bassist Anthony Jackson, pianist Jerry Peters. All of them except Lloyd double as composers in this explosive set.

When Harlem's Apollo Theater reopened officially last week (it had been dark for the past couple of years), the show for the first week featured an all-star band led by MacDonald. Born in Harlem and raised eight blocks from the theater, he never worked there.

"It's something very special for me," he says. "When I was touring the world with Harry Belafonte in 1962-70, and with Roberta Flack for five years after that, the Apollo was something people often asked me about. It's been a landmark, a symbol for so many years."

●

MacDonald was born March 15, 1944, of West Indian descent: "My father, Patrick MacDonald, was a calypso musician from Trinidad, known as Macbeth the Great. I've traced my musical ancestry back to the Shango rhythm of the Yoruba tribe in Nigeria; from the African log drum to the steel drum my great-grandparents played, and from there to my father's 14-piece dance band sounds and on to the disco dance beat of today. It's all in my album, 'The Path.' "

Asked whether the album might have gone unmade had it not been for Alex Haley, he offered a qualified reply: "It was always in my mind, but 'Roots' made me move on it. A week after the series, I asked my grandmother, who's about 90, if she knew any Africans. She's been here 53 years but talks like she just got off the boat. And she answered me as if she'd been waiting for someone to ask her.

"Pretty soon I learned a lot about our history. We have very unusual ties in our family; we've always been very close, and when my grandmother told me the story I could understand the flow of the music as well as the path of the family."

MacDonald was able to take the family tradition a generation further when, at the age of 17, he was hired by Belafonte—a very appropriate employer, who had spent several years living with his parents in Jamaica and had always specialized in West Indian music. Playing steel drums and later congas, MacDonald met his future partner William Salter, who was then playing bass with Belafonte's costar Miriam Makeba, and William Eaton, who became Belafonte's musical director and is now in business (as arranger/conductor) with MacDonald and Salter as Antisia Music Inc.The MacDonald-Salter-Eaton team has written 8 million-selling discs.

"I was very fortunate," says MacDonald, "that our first record included 'Calypso Breakdown,' which became a single and went to No. 1 on the disco charts. It also wound up in the 'Saturday Night Fever' album, the greatest album of all time—it's already around 12 million and is expected to hit 20 million in the United States alone. Can you imagine?

"I'm sure glad I learned about this business of music. It's been a long time since you just thought of it as going to a joint on the corner and singing and playing for somebody. Luckily, I came up with the right people. With Harry Belafonte you could acquire a certain dignity and integrity, as opposed to coming up around the so-called black R&B circuit; so I learned the business at a very early age on a real professional level.

"As an artist, I know how to put on a show—a Broadway-type performance, a theatrical thing. As a businessman, I have picked up a lot of knowledge along the way, so today I have my own publishing company, my own recording studio, my own instrument rental company in New York."

By easing into production and leveling off the studio calls that established him as one of the city's busiest musicians, MacDonald at last has time for his family. "My son Anthony is 16 and my daughter Jovonni is 9. I was married at 17; I just turned 34 and we're still together and happy. By working the Apollo I'll be coming back home in every sense."

The path for MacDonald's ancestors led from Africa to Harlem; in his own case it has taken him from Harlem around the world and deposited him, secure with his wife and children and his hundred-odd percussion miscellanea, in a suburban house in Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

When he goes back home for the Apollo gig he will be surrounded by an orchestra of his peers—top studio men like Eric Gale, Richard Tee, the Brecker Brothers, Jon Faddis and others of that caliber. His reentry in triumph to the old neighborhood should engender some of the greatest Saturday night fever Harlem has seen since the Apollo's golden years. ●

Superdrummer Ralph MacDonald heads a miniempire with a six-figure income.

JAZZ

The Million-Dollar Drummer

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The most pervasive of all the myriad sound effects produced by supercussionist Ralph MacDonald is that of the cash register.

MacDonald only recently learned to read music, but astutely taught himself the business end of music long ago and now is head of a miniempire, with a six-figure annual income that may yet reach seven digits. He is, in fact, Mr. Ubiquity of music, killing them softly with his cowbells and his congas.

JAZZ

Mercer Ellington: Like Father, Unlike Son

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Mercer Ellington

Duke Ellington

● Another year, another Ellington book; another anniversary of Duke's birth (he was born April 29, 1899).

Mercer Ellington was in a unique position to shed important light on his father, the man and the musician; not only because of his relationship, but because he himself is a composer and because he spent most of his life observing the Ellington phenomenon and studying it from every point of view. "Duke Ellington in Person" (Houghton Mifflin: $10.95) had an a priori advantage over preceding volumes on the subject.

The introduction is in effect a warning: "Certain incidents here may suggest that I, at times, hated Duke Ellington. The truth is, I did." He then attempts to laugh this off by quoting a friend who once said that hate is so luxurious an emotion that it can only be spent on one we love deeply.

The author's ambivalence about this strange man who was his father has produced a curious book that leads one to speculate. Four years after the death of the Duke, what is there still unwritten that needs to be told concerning this enigmatic genius about whom at least four books are already available?

Is it important for posterity to know that Mercer Ellington was conceived out of wedlock? That Mercer's father really wanted a girl, and that his mother kept his hair in long braids so that Duke would tolerate his presence? That it was Mercer's mother who, slashing Duke with a knife, inflicted the mysterious scar across that handsome face? That Evie, Duke's common-law wife, confronted him with a gun on "at least two occasions"?

This kind of thing might be expected from other more gossip-inclined sources, looking to sell books; but its presence in an "Intimate Memoir" (the subtitle) cannot be less than jarring to many of Mercer's old friends (among whom I number myself) as well as to Duke's admirers, many of whom would surely have been happy to see more musical enlightenment and less that might expose the author to charges of sensationalism.

Admittedly some of the points are relevant to an analysis of the contradictions in Duke Ellington's character. His ability to manipulate people, to play them off against one another (to play God, as Mercer puts it), is referred to repeatedly and insightfully. ("Pop liked to argue and to win arguments, even if he had to adopt a stand he didn't believe in.")

Perhaps, too, it was of some value to point out Ellington's intense male chauvinism. ("Despite the fact that he was involved with so many women, I would say that apart from his mother and his sister, he had a basic contempt for women.") To prove his point, Mercer reproduces two lyrics written by Duke, which feminists will find vulgar and offensive.

●

In a gray area is the younger Ellington's theorizing about his father's many fears: "I firmly believe that from about 1950 on Ellington began to develop a pronounced form of paranoia." Among the objects of his disaffection were not only Communists and labor unions (Duke was a strong pro-Nixon man), but also capitalists and, oddly, homosexuals, who "maneuvered to keep straight guys out of the influential positions . . . Although he always claimed not to believe in categories, he was in fact both criticizing and categorizing when he ascribed certain troubles to what he called the Faggot Mafia."

Despite this tendency to dwell on the disagreeable aspects of the man in whose shadow he lived, Mercer (with co-writer Stanley Dance) is eloquent in the comparatively skimpy space devoted to Duke's musical modus operandi, and to his social beliefs. "Like Martin Luther King, he was not so much interested in the race aspect per se as in the consideration of minority groups, the downtrodden and deprived . . . The idea that one should try to change what destiny seemed to have decreed grew in him, and stayed with him till the end."

The memoir comes most vividly to life in its account of the band's adventures on the road, and in anecdotes dealing with such incorrigible sidemen as Paul Gonsalves, of whose bouts with liquor and drugs Duke was pragmatically tolerant. The final chapter, detailing the

orchestra's backbreaking schedule during the leader's grave illness, is particularly touching.

The book suffers from shuttling back and forth between autobiography and biography. Mercer's own career never quite took any firm shape, and if he blames his father, this is understandable. "Duke Ellington would make certain he remained on top regardless of whom he knocked down, including me. He was, in fact, known to say that at all times there would only be one Ellington on Broadway."

Mercer led several unsuccessful bands; worked for his father in odd jobs, occasionally composing for him; managed another band, and a vocal group (one member stabbed him), ran a record company in partnership with me, and was a successful disc jockey until he finally joined the Ellington band permanently as road manager and trumpeter during the last decade of Duke's life.

Duke Ellington was alternately generous and indifferent toward his son as he was toward many others: "Pop never encouraged or discouraged me, but his every act was to keep my interest in another band from amounting to anything . . . he would never do anything overt or bad enough to really hurt, but if my foot slipped he would let me go all the way down."

It is not hard to draw the inference that Mercer Ellington's complex relationship made any objective evaluation impossible; but objectivity is hardly what one expects in a frustrated son's book about his famous father.

What does appear odd is Mercer's ability to lay bare all the seamier details of the great man's life (especially his sex life) while remaining totally evasive in the discussion of his own family. Nowhere in this "intimate memoir" is there so much as a mention of Evelyn Ellington, a remarkable woman who was Duke's daughter-in-law for 30 years; and although there is a dedication to Edward Kennedy Ellington II, the body of text omits any references to Duke's grandson, who played guitar in the band for four years until Mercer fired him recently.

Far more important is the notable absence, perhaps because Mercer or Dance took it for granted, of the sense of the universal love the special and unforgettable mystique in which Edward Kennedy Ellington was the centrifugal force. Whatever his human failings, there was a very rare warmth generated by Duke and his orchestra, one that welded his admirers around the globe into a perennially sympathetic family.

There is little room for speculation as to how Duke Ellington would have reacted to this book had it been published before he died. (For one thing, Mercer would have been given his two minutes' notice.) Yet "Duke Ellington in Person" is valuable on some levels, and not merely because it brings into public view certain remarks that were whispered during the subject's lifetime.

In his observation concerning the evils of the music business, and in his reminiscences about growing up around the band and the Cotton Club, Mercer has done a commendable job, though much more could have been accomplished had this been a dedicated, long-term literary project rather than a hasty series of taped interviews. ●

ked into scenes that fortify the air of authenticity.

●

f course, the book will sell because of speculation rding the extent to which it is autobiographical. me says, "Obviously part of it is drawn on my exences. The whole book is sprinkled with vignettes n life, to lend it credibility.

"Just as obviously, though, I am not Marty Wynner. 's not Jewish; he's half Irish and half Polish. Also my ther, God bless her, is not remotely like the mother — She has read the book and loves it.

"No large chunks, no motivating forces in Wynner's e are related to my own, but some passages are drawn m my life.

"Listening to the radio dance band remotes as a main rce of pleasure during early childhood—that was . That's how I got to be a vocalist with the Coonnders Orchestra in Chicago at the age of 4.

"There is one incident in which Wynner, onstage ging with Wiley McKay's band, has trouble with a ung punk who reaches up and pinches him in the if, causing Wynner to kick the kid's front teeth out cidentally in a reflex reaction. Yes, that happened to e on my very first night with the Chico Marx orchea. I was 17. There's also that night when Wynner has first real sexual experience with a girl who seems so ry innocent and bobby-soxy. We find out later that e is very experienced for a 17-year-old, a real band oupie who, before she leaves me, asks me to give orgie Auld her phone number if I ever run into him. hat happened to me, too, and she really did ask me out Georgie Auld."

The Chico Marx band, with which Torme began his dult career as a drummer and singer, was fronted by e comedian but had been organized by the veteran andleader Ben Pollack, whose illustrious career (at ne time his sidemen included Glenn Miller, Benny oodman and Harry James) fell apart over the next wo decades. Pollack, who committed suicide in 1971, as one of three men on whom the Wiley McKay characters is based; the others are Jack Teagarden and Harry James.

Much of the buzz concerning the *roman a clef* aspects f "Wynner" will center on Bitsy Munro, a diminutive lack drummer in Wiley McKay's band who, in the early stages, is a close friend and roommate of Wynner. In ater years he becomes a superstar, enormously talented, "one of the great names in show business: singer, ancer, drummer, comic . . ."

Running into Munro after many years, Wynner finds im surrounded by "his current coterie of advisers, bodyguards, sycophants, well-wishers and hangers-on." At a later meeting he observes Munro sporting "a Super-Fly sombrero laden with a band of silver conchos, an electric blue jumpsuit and more large, gold jewelry than a $3 whore would have the guts to display," and switching from a mock Uncle Tom drawl to an affected English accent.

Torme will insist vigorously that any resemblance between Bitsy Munro and anyone living or dead is purely the result of the reader's vivid imagination.

More important than any guessing game is the character of Wynner as Torme has developed it, particularly with regard to the latent strains of violence that emerge after his career has collapsed. For anyone who has been through experiences comparable to Wynner's, or who has looked in vain for a fictional account that smacks of the truth, the book will live up to its name.

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Though his background as a writer is extensive and he works fluently under normal conditions, Torme at one point had difficulty in completing "Wynner" because of a disturbing episode in his own life.

"I had been working on the book leisurely ever since 1970, right up until August, 1976, when Jan, my wife, ducked out on me. It was such a traumatic shock that I called Sterling Lord, my literary agent, and told him I just couldn't concentrate enough to go on with "Wynner." I couldn't think, couldn't write, couldn't sleep.

"Sterling wisely told me, 'You've invested a great deal of time in this project. This problem will pass more quickly if you immerse yourself in writing.' Another month or two went by before I took his advice and, I swear to God, it saved my life."

Torme is no more casual about his brainchild than are his publishers. He was set on a punishing bookshop, TV and radio schedule covering 20 cities in 17 days, winding up May 27 at the American Booksellers' Assn. in Atlanta. With an initial hard-cover printing of 50,000 and his huge promotional campaign, he feels that for the first time he has a publisher who is totally committed to him. (His last book was "The Other Side of the Rainbow," published in 1970, a memoir of his association with Judy Garland.)

Torme plans a biography of his friend Buddy Rich. The two have much in common: both former child prodigies, both (though in different proportions) drummers and singers, both products roughly of the same background and generation, though at 60 Rich has eight years on Torme.

"I can't resist going ahead on the Rich thing. What a story! Working in his parents' vaudeville act at 18 months; the Australian tour as 'Traps the Drum Wonder' at the age of 6; all the name-band work for the past 40 years. An incredible man."

Rich, however, will have to share the Torme powers of concentration. "My publisher has told me I can't jump from pillar to post, and had better get going on another novel before indulging in any nonfiction, so right now I am virtually physically working on two books at once. I'm 15 pages into the new novel, but I'm still going ahead with the Rich book too."

Along with all this, early in June he will resume his singing career. The books, like "Wynner," will be completed on a small portable typewriter late at night after gigs in locations like the Fairmont in Dallas. "No phone calls, no interruptions," says Torme, "no trouble writing." ●

Mel Torme has written a serious novel, "Wynner."
Times photo by R. L. Oliver

Torme Scores Again — as a Novelist

5/14/78

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Sooner or later someone is going to file an antitrust suit against Mel Torme. Nobody, the plaintiff will allege, has a legal right to so many talents: singer, songwriter, arranger (he is the only popular singer who writes his own orchestrations), drummer, pianist, movie and TV actor, screenplay writer, journalist, author.

"Wynner" (Stein & Day: $9.95) is not, technically, his first novel, but it looks like his first winner: "I wrote a western called 'Dollarhide' in 1955 under the pseudonym of Wesley Bucker Wyatt. Nothing much happened, but the book became the basis for an episode of 'The Virginian' that I wrote. 'Wynner' is my first serious novel, and the process here was reversed: It stemmed from a TV 'Run for Your Life' screenplay I wrote and acted in, called 'The Frozen Image.'

"It was about a singer who was wrecking his life, becoming manic, gambling desperately, losing his wife. The reviews were great; a lot of the mail wanted to know how this poor benighted bastard got that way. I began to think about the character and decided to do a full-fledged novel along the same lines."

"Wynner" is the story of Martin Wynocki, the brilliant child who attains adult fame as Marty Wynner, a band singer, later a stage and screen star. Torme, however, has avoided some of the cliches of show-biz novels.

Though uneven and occasionally corny, the story is absorbing in its intelligent probing not only of the protagonist's background but also those of his parents: Mary Frances Maguire, an Irish Catholic who, after two years "imprisoned" in a convent, becomes a first-grade slut in her ruthless and useless quest for movie stardom, and Joe Wynocki, a laborer in Chicago's Steeltown section, whom she abandons after he has failed to provide her with the life she wants. A better chance appears when the prodigious vocal talent of her son enables her to go to Hollywood, where he appears in a kiddie show.

After a series of flashback chapters depicting the father's life in Poland, "Wynner" shifts emphasis, focusing on young Marty and the pace and pressures of show business, the glamor and guile of the Swing Era and the post-big-band years. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Billie Holiday and their contemporaries are

JAZZ REVIEW

Joe Bushkin at the Hong Kong Bar

BY LEONARD FEATHER

His youthful appearance notwithstanding, Joe Bushkin has been playing jazz piano professionally off and on since the dawn of the Swing Era. Unfortunately, for the past 15 years it was more off than on until Bing Crosby lured him out of semiretirement to tour as his accompanist for a couple of years.

Bushkin's gig this week at the Hong Kong Bar is his first public appearance since Crosby's death. Watching him as he tries out chops that are inevitably a little rusty in working out on songs that have stood the test of time, you have a sense of history revisited.

When Bushkin ripples lightly through "I Can't Get Started" you are reminded that he played it with Bunny Berigan's combo at the Famous Door when 52nd St. was young. When he sings "Oh Look at Me Now" in his typically casual musician's voice, a historian may tell you that when Bushkin composed it, he was the pianist in the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra that recorded it with a vocal by Frank Sinatra.

Bushkin's touch is light and easy, his approach to a tune harmonically basic, with frequent downward runs. His sets tend rather heavily toward medleys, leaving him too little time to stretch out more fully and freely on tunes that would make good bases for improvisation.

The fast numbers sounded a trifle perfunctory; he is at his most relaxed on such medium-slow ballads as "How Long Has This Been Going On?" Bushkin's between-songs raps are evidence that his wry sense of humor has not deserted him.

With him is possibly the only father-and-son rhythm duo on the scene: the bass of Chubby Jackson, a veteran of the Woody Herman 1940s band, expertly coupled with the sensitive drumming of Duffy Jackson. First seen locally with a Ray Brown-Milt Jackson group when he was just 18, Duffy at 24 is one of the most versatile and tasteful of drummers. His father, playing a curious metal upright bass, walked a couple of solos, showing his eternal cheerleader enthusiasm. The trio, while indulging in no hazardous exploration, offers pleasant listening within its self-determined borders. After a little more time back in action Bushkin perhaps will release the brakes and take off into more demanding territory. He has a fine track record to live up to.

Los Angeles Times
VIEW
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THE JOY OF LITERACY

A Plea for Good English

BY LEONARD FEATHER

The other evening I had the rare experience of hearing a television interview with Janet Flanner, better known as Genet of the New Yorker.

Speaking with the same care she brings to her prose, Genet made transparent her concern, and that of her original employer Harold Ross, for clarity and perfection in the use of the English language. It was a joy not only to listen to each sentence formed for our delectation with such exquisite care, but also to hear her address herself to the topic of the spoken and written word, a subject too seldom discussed in the era of the press release, People magazine and Howard Cosell.

Coincidentally, on the day of the Genet encounter I was rereading "Letters of E.B. White." Gone, I suspect, are the days when Fowler's "Modern English Usage" or White's revision of William Strunk's "Elements of Style" were within arm's reach of aspiring young writers. It is now held finicky, even snobbish, to insist that the language code be adhered to as firmly as the rules of the road. There are no traffic cops to control us; only well-meaning monitors whose powers of enforcement are nonexistent.

These thoughts, which had been bothering me off and on for quite a while, revisited my consciousness with the arrival in the morning mail of a new pop album containing a song called "Laying Beside You." All my life I have held out for "lay," as a verb, to be kept in reserve for the laying of eggs. The time has not arrived to change my mind.

The slow disintegration of a noble language, characterized by the disappearance of attention to grammar, syntax, spelling, punctuation and style, is not a new phenomenon, but fearing the possibility that I might be accused of pedantry, I have usually remained silent about it.

★

Certain recent abuses, however, have lit a fuse under my apathy, or, in the current argot, have literally glued me to my typewriter. That, of course, is a fashionable solecism: "The article literally put words in his mouth," "She literally raised the roof with her finale." How "literally" came to take on the meaning of its precise opposite, i.e. figuratively or metaphorically, remains a mystery.

Equally inexplicable is the disappearance of the objective pronoun. More and more often one hears: "Bob and Linda are going to take she and I out to dinner." Also obsolescent is "whom," except when, in the attempt to seem correct, it is employed where it ought not to be. One evening I even heard Johnny Carson, normally the least peccable of the talk show hosts, introduce "our next guest, whom I'm sure you all know is an excellent singer."

Adverbs are another endangered species. It has become quaint to say of an infielder that he plays well when everyone who is anyone will assure you that he plays good.

I am even sentimental enough to lament the disappearance of the diaeresis. The New Yorker is the only remaining publication, as far as I know, that retains in its arsenal of type those vowels with two dots over them that enable such words as coordinate, preeminent and naive, and such names as Sir Noel Coward, to be punctuated in the manner I have always considered correct.

In conformity with my religion (devout Edwin Newmanite), I feel compelled to say "It looks as though he's gone," although in the alternative press "It looks like" is more likely to be found. I still shudder every time I read "is comprised of" in place of the correct and simpler "comprises."

★

The most notorious case is "hopefully," now spreading faster than industrial pollution. On hearing "Hopefully he will arive tomorrow," if I remark that it seems to me the word should be used only when it means "in a hopeful manner," the retort usually is, "Well, so what's wrong with 'Hopefully he will arrive tomorrow?' "

The Germans have a word that means almost exactly what we are groping for with our misused "hopefully." It is *"hoffentlich," translated in my dictionary as: "It is (to be) hoped, I hope (that) . . ."* Perhaps we should resort to German when this problem arises.

In today's linguistic desert, John Simon's essays in Esquire on the abuses of English are a literary oasis. There is a certain irony in the contribution of these hopeful pieces by a man for whom this is an adopted language. But Esquire preaches to the converted. It would be preferable to see and hear a revival of the kind of instruction addressed to a potential mass audience in a long-forgotten television series by the late Dr. Bergen Evans, the semantics expert. A master of style, he soon lost his place on the air, one of the first in a long line of casualties designed ultimately to make room for "The Gong Show" and "Hollywood Squares."

I suppose I am tilting at windmills, but it seems to me that the gift of speech is not unlike our system of justice. We have the inherent right to speak English, but along with the right comes a certain responsibility. After all, the incorrect placement of a comma, the misconstruction of a carelessly worded sentence, could trigger the final holocaust.

Perhaps, though, these thoughts are unduly gloomy. We may simply be going through a phase that mirrors the worldwide social malaise of our time. Possibly I shall wake some morning, open up a popular magazine, turn on the "Today Show," go clear through to the 6 o'clock news and even Tom Snyder, seeing and hearing nothing but carefully structured sentences, fashioned in a world where no participles dangle and no infinitives are split.

Hoffentlich.

Jack Smith is recuperating at home from back surgery. His column will be resumed on his return.

Leonard Feather: Heavyweight Jazz Critic With the Lightweight Name

by Richard Snyder

There is probably no better known name in the literature of jazz than Leonard Feather. The English-born jazz critic has written about...and known personally ...every major jazz figure from Satchmo to Miles, and his publishing credits list Downbeat, Metronome, Swing, Esquire and many others. Since moving to the U.S. in 1939, Feather has been active not only as a journalist, but also as record producer, filmmaker, educator, disc jockey, press agent (for Duke Ellington), musician, composer, civil rights leader... and now lecturer.

Feather's recent appearance at Scottsdale Center for the Arts suffered from a disappointing turnout (Dizzy Gillespie was across town), but the occasion proved auspicious nonetheless. Much of Leonard's program was comprised of rare jazz films ...beginning with a 1929 film of Bessie Smith...the only one she ever made... *St. Louis Blues*. Another highlight was Steve Allen's *Jazz Scene U.S.A.*, which had originally been intended for American TV, but has only been seen abroad.

In the interviewee role for a change, Feather cordially answered my questions about writing, musicians, and of course, jazz. He said that writers today are "generally much better informed than they used to be; much more literate, more articulate...people who are themselves musicians, which I think is an important prerequisite. It used to be written mostly by fans who were enthusiastic about music and didn't express themselves in that much depth.

"The group that I'm most enthusiastic about right now is the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band. I think that's just a marvelous orchestra. They're probably the greatest big band around right now. I think Lew Tabackin himself is an extraordinary saxophonist and flutist.

"Mainly, thanks to what Herbie Hancock did with the VSOP group and then on tour with Chick Corea, the younger audiences are becoming aware of the excitement that can be created without a lot of electronics and a lot of noise. That's a very healthy trend. It doesn't mean the end to electronics, by any means.

"Contrary to what people think, I'm not a walking encyclopedia. I have to look into my own books to remind myself what I wrote. When I write liner notes I think it's silly just to tell people how wonderful the music is and how great the artist is. If you don't give them some facts, there's no point in writing notes. I have books giving the history of all the songs and, of course, I have my own encyclopedia.

"They bring up new terms like 'fusion music' and 'crossover,' and everybody dislikes labelling, but there's no other way to describe music unless you actually play. I think categories are inevitable.

"I wish the education for the performing bands were more oriented towards the Ellington brand of music. Ellington never got nearly active enough in jazz education. So consequently, a lot of young people are coming up not realizing the gigantic contribution he made. I think even the possibility of my being able to give these lectures is incredible. Twenty or thirty years ago, if you were to have told me I'd do that I would have said 'No way!'"

SOUNDS MAY 1978

JAZZ REVIEW

Pierce Leads Quintet at the Ford

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Nat Pierce and Frank Capp are familiar locally as the pianist and drummer who codirect the big band known as Juggernaut. This, however, was not by any yardstick the group in which they were heard, under Pierce's direction, Sunday afternoon at the Ford Theater.

The combo presented was a quintet, using sketchy arrangements on some tunes and none at all on others. Pierce, in whose solos can be heard elements of Count Basie, Earl Hines and Nat Cole, was at his most relaxed in "Pee Wee's Blues," a wistful variation on the 12-bar form.

A little-known composition by Antonio Carlos Jobim, "Love Begins," also offered rewarding moments. The rest of the program was predictable Swing Era jam-session fare that did less than justice to Pierce's reputation. Soloists were Dick Collins on trumpet, Bill Perkins on tenor sax and Bob Sarabian on bass.

Pierce generously turned over about half his allotted time to two sets by Mary Ann McCall who, like Pierce, was a member of the Woody Herman Orchestra in the 1950s. One of the more jazz-oriented of the Swing Era band singers, McCall on this occasion betrayed a nervous tentativeness that could have been due to lack of practice. Her two sets of '30s and '40s workhorses pleased the youthful audience.

This was not one of the finest hours in the Ford spring series. Fortunately, Pierce and Capp will be reunited, complete with big band and guest vocalist Joe Williams, June 14 at the Westside Room. Next Sunday at the Ford: a quintet led by guitarist Mundell Lowe.

JAZZ REVIEW

6/12

Cain and Kral at the Playboy Club

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz vocal groups having been in painfully short supply in recent years, it is a pleasure to report that Jackie & Roy, a.k.a. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, are still a team, whipping up their never-bland, ever-blending sonic souffles.

At Lainie's Room in the Playboy Club, where they opened last week and close Saturday, their program is a felicitous mixture of old pieces long associated with them ("Cheerful Little Earful," "Too Marvelous for Words") and newer material, much of it Brazilian in origin or at least in style.

In the latter category is Kral's own "Seven Hills," a wordless tune that shows us the couple's singularly happy togetherness. Whether in unison or harmony, they reflect a rapport that reminds you of the incredible length of their association. They formed the duo in 1947 (it's hard to believe Jackie was even born then) and were married in 1949.

Cain's pure sound is elegantly showcased in two solo numbers, "Dindi," and "You're Blase." Kral's voice is mainly used for supportive purposes, as is his crisp, bebop-derived piano.

Not just to show how up to date they are, but rather because new material of a high calibre still appeals to them, the Krals reach their optimum form in a 7/4 song by Victor and Marilyn Feldman, "It's Happening Right Now," and in "Big Town," a vocalese piece composed by their vibraphonist, Bill Molenhof.

The accompanying unit plays a valuable part. Molenof, whose vibes at times recall the early Gary Burton, led an admirable warmup set with drummer Joey Baron and bassist Mike Bocchicchio. His use of four mallets on an unidentified blues was technically and creatively impressive.

The set ended with "Runaround," a delightful melody set to witty domestic-spat lyrics, written by the long-disbanded team of Andre and Dore Previn. Regrettably, the Krals' album of Previn songs has been deleted; but fortunately the Krals themselves have not, and an inspection of them, live and in happy harmonic color, is unhesitatingly recommended.

Jazz Briefs

"Good Vibes for Kurt Weill." Warren Chiasson. Monmouth-Evergreen MES 7083. Chiasson played vibraphone off and on for several years with George Shearing. Backed by guitar, bass, drums and percussion, he deals intelligently with a well-chosen set of Weill songs, starting with "Green Up Time" and "Speak Low." For variety, he submits the overworked "Mack the Knife" to a dozen changes of key and uses a rockish beat in "September Song." Unspectacular but listenable.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"Ernestine Anderson Live From Concord to London." Concord Jazz CJ 54. Anderson's very personal sound, warm but never maudlin on ballads, driving on the rhythm songs, is heard in three settings. The four tunes with Hank Jones, Ray Brown and Jake Hanna (live at the Concord Festival) come off best; those taped at Ronnie Scott's in London find her backed by a capable British rhythm section, and Bill Berry's big band joins forces with her for "Take the A Train," which she also includes in an Ellington medley on the British side. The material tends to be too familiar — "Stormy Monday," "Am I Blue" and other often-told tales—but for the most part she succeeds in revitalizing it.

—L.F.

Los Angeles Times CALENDAR SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1978

Sims 'n' Saxes at Hong Kong Bar

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Zoot Sims arrived in town Tuesday, tenor sax in tow, to pay us one of his semiannual visits, this time at the Hong Kong Bar.

Sims has often been compared to Stan Getz. Both were disciples of Lester Young; both played in Woody Herman's seminal "Four Brothers" band. Yet there are elusive differences: The Sims timbre is a little stronger, his dynamic range a shade more variable than Getz's. He can be as delicate as Stan yet as mellow as Ben Webster.

What the two men share, though, is an unerring feeling for the right phrase, the exact harmonic pattern required by every tune. Sims also reminded us of his propensity for playing Stump the Experts, by using slightly unfamiliar songs and failing to announce them.

Digging back into the Savoy Ballroom days, he disinterred a svelte blues ballad, "I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone." A bossa nova further down in the set was puzzling, and for good reason—it started out in life not only as a non-Brazilian song, but as a Tin Pan Alley waltz, "The Shadow Waltz." This was hardly the way it sounded when Dick Powell sang it to Ruby Keeler in "Gold Diggers of 1933."

Sims' mastery of swinging mainstream jazz ("It's All Right With Me," "Too Close for Comfort") is balanced by his tender handling of romantic themes ("That Old Devil Called Love," "Dream Dancing," "In the Middle of a Kiss"). Once in a while he will break out his soprano sax, to which he brought a gently soaring facility, as was demonstrated in Ray Noble's "The Very Thought of You."

Ross Tompkins, whose trio provided the backing, played a solo number on each set. His collage of blues, bop and sudden funky chords in the middle of single-note runs sublimated Duke Ellington's fast blues waltz "I'm Gonna Go Fishin'" into a miniature masterpiece. Monty Budwig on bass and Nick Ceroli on drums clearly were inspired by the company they kept. The foursome will close Sunday.

MORE LETTERS

Continued from 9th Page

the barrio." In most cases, Nava said, it was the Anglos who came into Mexican areas to start trouble.

Just what kind of thinking is that? It's all right for us to kill each other but keep the Anglo trouble-maker away? Brilliant.

Nor does Nava want to cast any aspersions on the zoot suiters—"rebellious youth and those having what one might call social-adjustment problems."

Is that how an officer tells a mother that her son has been murdered in a gang fight? "I'm sorry, but your son was confronted by a lad with social-adjustment problems."

It is too late to save those who have died in gang fights, but that doesn't mean we must continue the stupidity of defending organized terrorism. It is time to stop using code words such as "social-adjustment problems" and blaming racism for the problems.

It is time to put 1943 where it belongs, in the past, and take action to make it safe to walk the streets in 1978.

MIKE BARR
South Gate

A Minority Gripe

Three cheers for Leonard Feather and his urbane and timely defense of the English language ("A Plea for Good English," May 18). He follows nobly in the footsteps of that Don Quixote of defenders of the linguistic faith, the good Jack Smith.

Notwithstanding these stalwarts, however, The Times persists in perpetrating perhaps the most egregious and personally debasing misuse of the English language to come along in many years: That is the use of "minority" to describe an individual who is a member of a minority group. Obviously, each one of us is a minority of one, but beyond that the word, like so many others, has fallen victim to simplistic thinking and journalistic shortcuts . .

DAVID ALAN SAFER
Pacific Palisades

To know that others besides teachers of English grind their teeth over "the slow disintegration of a noble language" is reassuring.

I should like to add to Feather's list. The word "myself" is misused constantly. Instead of "John, Dave and I served on the committee," we hear "John, Dave and myself . . ." Or note the misuse as an object: "You can send the papers to Smith, Brown or myself."

I am just as sick of "myself" as I am of "hopefully."

ELEANOR WEIHERMAN
Long Beach

It would be pleasant for all the rest of us if these white knights of the virgin infinitive and well-anchored participle would remain vague, confining themselves to lamenting the current dearth of good English. Specificity in a glass house can be rather dangerous.

I refer to Feather's brief encounter with the word "hopefully." He is correct in stating that the word should be used only when it means "in a hopeful manner." He cannot, however, maintain that position and at the same time claim that it should be translated by the German *hoffentlich* meaning "it is to be hoped that." English has (among others) two classes of Feather's beloved adverbs. There are the manner adverbs such as "carefully" paraphrased as "in a careful manner" and used in sentences such as "John stepped carefully over the stricken grammarian." Then there are the sentential adverbs such as "fortunately," which can be paraphrased as "it is fortunate that"—"Fortunately, John stepped over the stricken grammarian." The German *hoffentlich* in Feather's dictionary is a sentential adverb. The "hopefully" that is disturbing him so is a manner adverb. The current public confusion and the source of so much suffering for the devout Edwin Newmanite is that Americans are absolutely determined that "hopefully" shall cease to be just a manner adverb and serve as a sentential one meaning "I hope that." The word is in a state of flux (as are the Newmanites) and only time will tell us its eventual fate.

I am sorry to be so tedious about this matter . . . and although others might dismiss it as trivial, it is clear that Feather does not; he tells us in fact that errors of grammar, rhetoric and punctuation "could trigger the final holocaust."

I must add that my own statement that "hopefully" should be used only as a manner adverb is intended only for the Newmanites. Languages do and will change and the people to whom the language belongs have never in the history of humankind allowed the plaints of well-meaning gentlemen such as Feather and Newman to retard that process. That is why we no longer speak Old English.

SUZETTE ELGIN
Associate Professor of Linguistics
San Diego State University

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Trumpeter Valeri Ponomarev is being cited as a major new jazz artist. He hails from the Soviet Union.
Photo by Tom Copi

Los Angeles Times
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JOLLY GOOD!

A Transatlantic Translation

BY LEONARD FEATHER

"Are you English?"

The question seldom arises after all these years. When it does, I attribute it not to residual traces of a long-lost British accent, but rather to a habit tenaciously retained: Because it is easier and more logical, I still eat my entree with a fork in the left hand and knife in the right.

Once in a while a vahz may slip out in a sentence where a vase was intended. More often, though, I just speculate silently on how two languages, theoretically the same, could have become as different as Anglo-English and Anglo-American. As a long-since adopted American, I listen to some of the Monty Python characters with as much bewilderment as do most U.S. citizens.

Whilst we are on this subject, a few examples may illustrate the ways in which Britain's English is different to ours. ("Different to" is as common over there as our different than, and no more correct.) It's not simply that in England you wear pyjamas, enquire about paying by cheque, join a labour organization and install a loo in your flat. Spelling differences are readily understood. What's bothersome is the word that means something entirely different in each language.

Ask the clerk (pronounced clark) for a pair of suspenders and he will offer you garters. If you want suspenders, you ask for braces. At dinner, don't ask for appetizers; say "What's for starters?" and when you want to know what's for dessert tell the waiter you'd like to select a "sweet."

Do not be offended if someone tells you your new play or book was a bomb. He may be congratulating you; a British bomb is a smashing success.

It's enough to drive a visiting Yankee bonkers.

★

If you are dealing in real estate or anything else involving big numbers, beware of financial disaster: Every American billion is worth only one-thousandth of a British billion. A one followed by nine zeros is a milliard in England; followed by a dozen zeros, it is a billion, equivalent to our trillion. Got it? Good-o. On a continental jaunt your confusion is twice confounded, for the French use the American system while the Germans employ the British zero method.

Such perplexities are common in the land where thumbtacks are drawing pins, where you are transported in lorries and lifts. (If someone points out how concise "lift" is compared with elevator, remind him that he places his bets with a turf accountant while we do business with a bookie, and that his agricultural labourer is our farm hand, which saves us six syllables out of eight.)

"I studied English for a year before leaving. I stayed first in Italy for two months, waiting for permission to enter the United States. During that time Romano Mussolini, Benito's son, who had heard me on a Soviet record, invited me to work with him in Rome. He's a very nice cat and plays pretty good piano."

Ponomarev arrived in New York in the fall of 1973, knowing almost nobody. "I met a saxophone player I had known in Moscow, and jammed with him, but you have to do everything yourself. I joined the union and they told me, 'OK, you're on your own.' Since I couldn't expect to find a job right away in music, I started working in a store, B. Altman's.

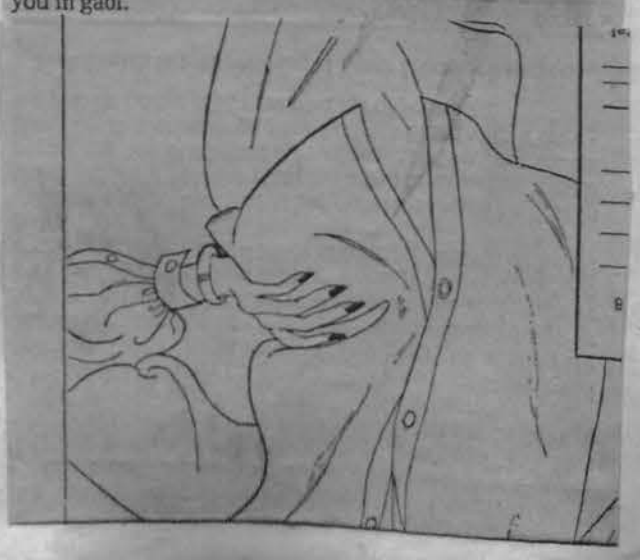
"Only a few weeks went by when I found a Sunday gig at Churchill's, at 73rd St. and 3rd Ave. One thing led to another and soon I was playing club dates, shows, little jazz jobs. One night I found myself sitting in with Art Blakey, and evidently he kept me in mind from that night on, because in January of 1977 he sent for me, and we've been together ever since.

"I've found everything in this country pretty much the way I expected—friendly people, always ready to help. And of course I've heard some great musicians: Woody Shaw, a marvelous trumpeter who used to work with Art, and of course Blue Mitchell, a beautiful player, and Freddie Hubbard."

Ponomarev, whose mother is still in the Soviet Union, is married to a Soviet woman who accompanied him to Rome and New York. What would the reaction be if Blakey's group, as presently constituted, were assigned a State Department tour to the Soviet Union? Would Ponomarev be accorded a hero's welcome?

Whatever his status is in his native land, he has become an eloquent and respected voice in his adopted musical language. For the present, nothing else matters. ●

Wild differences abound in auto technicalities, as you'll notice when you step out of the aeroplane and into the hire car (rented auto). If you want to open the trunk, ask for a key to the boot. Their wing, or mudguard, is our fender. Look under the bonnet (hood) and check out the sump, the accumulator and the dynamo (crankcase, battery, generator). Look above the fascia (dashboard) through the wind screen (windshield); watch for warnings of "road up" (repairs ahead), "road diversion" (detour) or "roundabout" (traffic circle). And for goodness' sake, don't be a crown stroller. That's the bloke who hogs the middle of the road. Rotten show. That sort of behaviour could land you in gaol.



JAZZ

From Russia, With Chops

BY LEONARD FEATHER

5/28

● It no longer comes as a surprise when a significant new name in jazz turns out to be of foreign origin. However, accustomed though we are to imports from Brazil, England, France, even Czechoslovakia and Poland, the reaction is bound to be somewhat stronger when a major new soloist arrives from the Soviet Union.

Listening to Valeri Ponomarev on a blindfold-test basis, you could not possibly distinguish him from one of the more inspired and authentic of America's great black trumpeters in the driving, hard-bop jazz genre that is his chosen idiom. Small wonder that Art Blakey takes pride in having him as member, for almost a year and a half, of the Jazz Messengers, a group Blakey has led for more than 20 years.

Ponomarev's successful installation in this combo is doubly remarkable in that for many years the Messengers were all black. (An exception was Chuck Mangione, who worked with Blakey in the mid-1960s.) Ponomarev's predecessors in the trumpet chair included Donald Byrd, Lee Morgan, Blue Mitchell and Freddie Hubbard, so the awesome responsibility of holding this job can be imagined.

Ponomarev is a small, reserved man who comes to articulate life when he picks up his horn and blows a series of dazzling choruses in the purest Messengers tradition. Between sets at the Parisian Room, the Los Angeles club where Blakey recently packed the house for a two-week run, Ponomarev filled in some background details.

"I was born January 20, 1943, in Moscow. I was brought up living only with my mother, who knew classical music well enough to give me an early opportunity to listen to great music.

"I started playing trumpet at 16, and never really got into classical music seriously. I had been playing about three years before I decided to get into music professionally. I did little gigs in and around Moscow, just dance-band jobs.

"When I was about 18, a friend invited me to his house and told me that he had something very unusual he wanted me to hear. It turned out to be a 1955 recording of 'Blues Walk' by Clifford Brown. Well, that was the turning point of my life. Brownie became my trumpet idol.

"I started looking for tapes, records, whatever I could get hold of, and I spent as much time as possible practicing jazz. Of course, I listened to Willis Conover's jazz programs on the Voice of America. Back then, in the early 1960s, that program did so much good for many, many musicians in the Eastern world, as I guess it still does."

●

The jazz situation in the Soviet Union, heavily circumscribed for many years (during the Stalin era it was virtually outlawed), began to open up during the Khrushchev regime. In 1962, Benny Goodman broke the barrier by bringing an all-star band on a State Department-sponsored tour, the first of its kind in the U.S.S.R. Although Ponomarev was unable to attend the orchestra's Moscow concert, compensation was not long in arriving as he sat in with several subsequent imported groups.

"I played on 10 sessions with Earl Hines during his visit, and with Charles Lloyd when he came over at the invitation of the Russian People's Group in 1967. I jammed with Thad Jones and Mel Lewis when they brought their big band over. When Duke Ellington was in Moscow, a jam session with some of his men was arranged in a special place—not at the concert hall, where only the band itself performed.

"One night, while Gerry Mulligan was in the Soviet Union as a tourist, somehow he found out about the restaurant where I was working. We had a very fine session.

Ponomarev tried to play jazz exclusively. From about 1966 to '69 he succeeded, though the economic rewards, he says, were limited. "Then the club where I had worked for a long time was closed and there was no place to play jazz any more, so I had to do commercial jobs only.

For Crusaders, Jazz Is a Wheel in a Wheel

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The Crusaders is the only group in contemporary music that may be said to consist, in effect, of three leaders and two sidemen.

Nesbert (Stix) Hooper, the drummer, is president of Crusaders Productions Inc. Joe Sample, the pianist, works with Hooper in running the corporation's multiple activities. Wilton Felder, who lives a double life as tenor saxophonist for the Crusaders and electric bassist for just about anyone who can secure his services, also plays an active part in the Crusaders Productions.

The sidemen at present are Billy Rogers on guitar and Robert (Pops) Popwell on bass. Their relationship differs from that of Hooper, Sample and Felder in that the latter three have had a successful ongoing relationship for well over a quarter of century.

In 1952, Hooper organized a band from colleagues at his high school in Houston, and at Texas Southern University. Sample and Felder were founder constituents, along with the trombonist Wayne Henderson and the flutist Hubert Laws. After working under a succession of names—The Swingsters, the Modern Jazz Sextet, the Night Hawks—they settled in Southern California. Laws dropped out and the group became the Jazz Crusaders.

"When we were young Texans," Hooper explains, "the word jazz represented the next best step after classical music in terms of respectability. The road for a black man was even rockier in classical music, so we set out to use our creativity, our feeling for improvisation, and channel it into a career as respected jazz performers."

Throughout the 1960s, the Jazz Crusaders was esteemed by its peer group, but the limitations, and the connotation of the word jazz in those days as a less than viable commercial commodity, led to a serious rethinking of its values.

"The climax, for me," Joe Sample recalls, "came one night in Cleveland, in a so-called jazz club. The piano was so bad it was unplayable, so I just sat on the side of the bandstand and watched the other four guys play. I decided I was just wasting my life. I had no personal life, no family, no sense of belonging. I knew there was no future in traveling around the country, calling myself a jazz musician, playing all these rooms that were destined for doom.

"We talked things over and decided to get off the road and do something with our lives; it was time to settle near the studios, and also to create a kind of music that could attract the attention of the general public."

●

During the transition period, the Jazz Crusaders became the Crusaders. "It's not that we didn't love the word," Hooper says. "The very essence of being a jazz player is that you are constantly searching for new ideas, experimenting. But the word had become controversial. Around that time, our music absorbed some of the related things that were happening; rock, R&B, soul elements. Actually, even when we played jazz, some of our roots in R&B manifested themselves.

"By eliminating the word jazz from our name, we found that instead of being confined to the jazz section in the record shop, we were stocked along with all the other music, giving the buyer a chance to decide for himself how the music should be characterized.

"It was great to hear so many people say, 'Well, I don't like jazz, but I like what your group plays.'"

In 1972, not long after the change of name, the Crusaders began to inhabit the pop charts on a regular basis. To broaden their sound and scope, they took on a guitarist (originally Larry Carlton, a prominent Hollywood studio musician). Wayne Henderson, who had gone into production on his own and found some of his commitments in conflict with those of the Crusaders, left the group two years ago.

During the six years since their self-reevaluation, the remaining founding members of the Crusaders have branched out into so many areas that their image has become as tricky as quicksilver for the layman to pin down. To answer the question that most often comes up: No, the Crusaders have not broken up. They simply have concurrent careers. Hooper at one time even went on the road with the George Shearing Quintet; but essentially he, Sample and Felder in the past few years have enjoyed phenomenal success as studio musicians, and most recently as producers.

From left, Joe Sample, Stix Hooper, Pops Popwell, Billy Rogers and Wilton Felder comprise the Crusaders.

Felder, who had often picked up the bass when the Crusaders' long succession of bass players needed to be shown what and how to play, explains his conversion: "As a saxophone player out front, I only have so much time to play. The bass player, as part of the rhythm section, has a chance to play all the way through a number, to steer the direction of the players and have all these different happy feelings going."

Felder has recorded for pop artists by the hundreds: Gene Page, Barry White, Joni Mitchell, Steely Dan and, of course, the various spinoff groups now being produced by the Crusaders. "I don't accept outside recording dates on saxophone," he says. "I reserve that strictly for the Crusaders' sound."

Joe Sample and Stix Hooper have been as busy as Felder in their free-lance commitments, but lately they have backed off a little because of the demands of running their business. "A typical week for me, at the moment," says Sample, "will include one or two record dates, like the sessions I did last week with Diana Ross, and the rest of my time is spent in composing, practicing and going up to our office, doing the business work, helping Stix run the band."

"I don't particularly like the term leader," says Hooper. "I guess I'm the administrator. Of course, we all have individual careers now, but the focal point is the umbrella of the Crusaders. The group does 100 to 150 domestic concerts a year, mostly in the 3,000-seat halls because we don't like those vast auditoriums. We just got back from a tour of Japan, where six of our seven shows were sold out. And we have another European tour coming up in September."

●

Crusaders Productions Inc. presently has two albums on the pop chart: Joe Sample's "Rainbow Seeker" (ABC 1050), now in its 16th week as a hit, and B. B. King's "Midnight Believer" (ABC 1061). Hooper wrote one tune for King; all the other tunes for both sets, and the string and horn arrangements, were by Sample. Will Jennings supplied lyrics for the King songs.

Combined composer royalty income from these two albums will run well into the six-digit zone, before even counting the shared producer and publisher royalties. Moreover, before either set has begun to cool off, the Crusaders' own album, "Images," will be on the market.

"It's gratifying," said Felder, "that having listened to B. B. King's records when we were kids, we can now go into a studio, play on his album, produce it and come up with a hit for him. This proves the validity of what we've been saying all along, that our roots extend deep into many areas of music and we never needed to be tied down."

"But no matter how many other ventures we become involved in," Sample hastened to add, "whether it's a blues band in Texas or a jazz group here in L.A., it's always a tremendous comfort to come back and let the feelings flow in our own group. When we're working with the Crusaders, we always have that sensation of being back on home base.

"Best of all, today I can demand, and get, a 9-foot Steinway grand. It took almost 10 years to get there, but I finally made it."

There is a certain irony in the newly acquired cachet of the word the Crusaders once rejected. Today they play jazz festivals, are listed at the top of jazz charts; meanwhile, concerts by artists who are predominantly soul and R&B performers are billed as "jazz festivals" by a major cigarette company sponsor, presumably because of the cultural overtones the word has again taken on since the days when the Crusaders felt the need to rid themselves of it.

The wheel may have come full circle, but for the Crusaders, the radius of the circle grows wider every year. ●

Jazz Briefs

"Good Vibes for Kurt Weill." Warren Chiasson. Monmouth-Evergreen MES 7083. Chiasson played vibraphone off and on for several years with George Shearing. Backed by guitar, bass, drums and percussion, he deals intelligently with a well-chosen set of Weill songs, starting with "Green Up Time" and "Speak Low." For variety, he submits the overworked "Mack the Knife" to a dozen changes of key and uses a rockish beat in "September Song." Unspectacular but listenable.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"Ernestine Anderson Live From Concord to London." Concord Jazz CJ 54. Anderson's very personal sound, warm but never maudlin on ballads, driving on the rhythm songs, is heard in three settings. The four tunes with Hank Jones, Ray Brown and Jake Hanna (live at the Concord Festival) come off best; those taped at Ronnie Scott's in London find her backed by a capable British rhythm section, and Bill Berry's big band joins forces with her for "Take the A Train," which she also includes in an Ellington medley on the British side. The material tends to be too familiar — "Stormy Monday," "Am I Blue" and other often-told tales—but for the most part she succeeds in revitalizing it.

—L. F.

Some of her best friends used to give birth

Erma Bombeck

My friend Mayva is a grandmother.

She called me yesterday to tell me the news. "I'm not going to be one of those grandmothers who bore you to death, but honestly, she does not look like a newborn baby." (I got a mental picture of a baby with a full set of teeth sitting under a hair dryer drinking milk from a glass.)

"And she's alert! You would not believe how she follows you around the room with her eyes." (Probably saying in perfect English, "You seem restless. Could I offer you a drink?")

"And good! You have never seen a child so respectful, with such regard for people's feelings." (I could imagine a phone ringing and the baby saying, "I'll get it.")

JUST WHEN I had taken all the happiness my system could absorb, she paused and said, "I'm old."

"Nonsense," I said. "You're not old, you're just getting more adept at lying."

"Don't kid around," she snapped. "I never realized how having a baby has changed. I couldn't relate to anything. I never realized how out-of-touch I am."

"Like how?"

"They breathe them out now. Everything is natural and your husband is with you throughout the birth, helping. Remember how it was with us?"

"Do I ever!" I said. "I became hysterical, frightened and begged for sedation!"

"And that was at your *initial* prenatal visit."

"BE FAIR," I said. "You'd have been upset, too, if your doctor had just completed a pelvic examination and wandered around mumbling, 'Has anyone seen my fountain pen?' "

"It's still a new ball game," she sighed. "Super-absorbent throwaways, shoulder slings to carry them around, no bottles to fiddle with and it's a new relaxed atmosphere that babies are born into."

"You're overreacting," I giggled. "Surely women having babies today still have their hair done on the way to the labor room. I mean, who would deliver with greasy hair?"

"I don't think she thought one minute about her hair."

"Next thing you know you'll tell me she isn't going to stay in bed 30 days to get her strength back! Mayva! Mayva! You there?"

How Queen's English is different to ours

Leonard Feather

LOS ANGELES—"Are you English?"

The question seldom arises after all these years. When it does, I attribute it not to residual traces of a long-lost British accent, but rather to a habit tenaciously retained: Because it is easier and more logical, I still eat with a fork in the left hand and knife in the right.

Once in a while a "vahz" may slip out in a sentence where a "vase" was intended. More often, though, I just speculate silently on how two languages, theoretically the same, could have become as different as Anglo-English and Anglo-American. As a long-since adopted American, I listen to some of the Monty Python characters with as much bewilderment as do most U.S. citizens. Whilst we are on this subject, a few examples may illustrate the ways in which Britain's English is different to ours. ("Different to" is as common over there as our "different than," and no more correct.)

IT'S NOT SIMPLY that in England you wear pyjamas, enquire about paying by cheque, join a labour organization and install a loo in your flat. Spelling differences are readily understood. What's bothersome is the word that means something entirely different in each language.

Ask the clerk (pronounced clark) for a pair of suspenders, and he will offer you garters. If you want suspenders, you ask for braces. At dinner, don't ask for appetizers. Say, "What's for starters?" and when you want to know what's for dessert tell the waiter you'd like to select a "sweet."

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If you are dealing in real estate or anything else involving big numbers, beware of financial disaster: Every American billion is worth only one-thousandth of a British billion. A one followed by nine zeros is a milliard in England; followed by a dozen zeros, it is a billion, equivalent to our trillion. Got it? Good-o. On a Continental jaunt your confusion is twice confounded, for the French use the American system while the Germans employ the British method.

SUCH PERPLEXITIES are common in the land where thumbtacks are drawing pins, where you are transported in lorries and lifts. (If someone points out how concise "lift" is compared with elevator, remind him that he places his bets with a turf accountant while we do business with a bookie, and that his agricultural labourer is our farmhand, which saves us six syllables out of eight.)

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WHEN YOU ARRIVE at your hotel, don't be alarmed when the maid asks, "What time would you like to be knocked up in the morning?" This phrase for rousing by knocking on the door is still in use amongst the Python populace.

My sister, as British as the day she was born, has me reaching for my pocket calculator when a letter from London advises me that she is down to nine stone eleven. (A stone being 14 pounds, this comes out to 137 pounds.) This horrendous nondecimal multiple is still ubiquitous in Britain.

Becoming used to the "been" that rhymes with "mean" is no problem, but there is something disturbing about the English reluctance to use the subjunctive. Instead of "I insist that he be thrown out!" you may hear the much weaker "that he is" or "that he should be." This necessary part of our grammar has thrived more healthily in the colonial climate.

You must be prepared for the odd coupling of collective nouns with plural verbs. "Parliament suffer defeat," you will read, or in the cricket report, "England beat Australia," or, referring to the rock group, "Kiss leave for U.S."

THE TOUCH that best identifies British speech is that delightful nuance of mispronunciation, the ghost "r." This phantom consonant is heard whenever one words ends in a vowel and the next word begins with another vowel.

"I sore it with my own eyes!" your bowlered buddy will tell you. Or "I heard Aniter O'Day sing!"

These, and a thousand other minutiae, should be kept in mind, whether you are planning a trip or expecting friends here from the starboard side of the Atlantic. Suggestion: hang up this column on your bulletin board with a drawing pin. Or better still, dror up a list of your own.

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ

Something for All in 'Sisyphus'

5/21/78

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● The direct-to-disc album is a providential product that demands of its makers and consumers exactly what they alone can give it. Because it is necessary to record an entire flawless 15- to 20-minute side straight through, with no stops for retakes, no subsequent overdubbing, sweetening or tape editing, the skill of the pure jazz artist steps in where pop producers and their proteges would be terrified to tread.

By the same token, since there is a limit to the number of pressings that can be made by the d-to-d method, high prices are charged for the records. This does not faze the discriminating buyer of quality product, who is willing to shell out $13.95 for perfect sound and undefiled artistry.

All this is by way of introducing the Phil Woods Quintet's new release, "Song for Sisyphus" (Century 1060). Century, formerly known as Great American Gramophone, has previously dedicated itself mainly to big band jazz. Woods' combo has established itself as the best organized small jazz group extant, with a leader whose alto sax is universally respected.

As the notes observe, "Sisyphus may have been the original Rolling Stone, but there's no rock in evidence here." Woods' dual gifts as composer and performer are on display in the poignant first movement of his title tune. Without spreading itself too thin, the set has something for everyone: a gorgeous ballad, "Last Night When We Were Young" (yes, Harold Arlen was writing beautiful songs in 1936), a French import, "Nuages," to showcase guitarist Harry Leahey; an Irving Berlin film song, "Change Partners" (40 years after Fred Astaire); two splendid pieces by Woods' pianist Mike Melillo, and a bow to bebop in Woods' reworking of the old Parker-Gillespie line "Shaw Nuff."

For those of you who are suspicious of total perfection there is even a dull cut, Melillo's solo on a deservedly forgotten Berlin song called "When My Dreams Come True." Granted this three-minute flaw, the brilliant interaction elsewhere and the skill with which a multitude of moods is covered by all hands justify the full five star rating.

Another new direct-to-disc is Woody Herman's orchestra in "Road Father" (Century 1080). These young firebrands can bring surging new vitality to "Woodchopper's Ball" in its latest reincarnation. More valuable, though, is "Duke Ellington's Sound of Love," a fusion of several minds: Ellington, who inspired it; Charles Mingus, who composed it; Vaughn Weister, who arranged this version, and Herman, whose alto sax shares solo space with Frank Tiberi's tenor.

The album is strengthened by the writing of Alan Broadbent ("Sugar Loaf Mountain") and Bruce Johnstone (the Latin-jazz-flavored "Sunrise Lady"), and by a provocative Gary Anderson arrangement of Gabriel Faure's "Pavane." It is weakened by the revival of "I've Got News for You," a dated vocal blues from Woody's 1940s book; by the nervous trumpet and generally overheated air of Allen Vizzutti's and Jeff Tkazyik's "Fore Dance" (played in a style best characterized as Kenton Spanish), and by that most melodically anemic of tunes, "Isn't She Lovely." Half a star off for each still leaves a solid three-and-a-half score.

●

Elsewhere among the 54 jazz LPs received since May 21, Milcho Leviev makes a promising debut as pianist and, on most tracks, composer, in "Piano Lesson" (Dobre 1025). One of his themes was written for a film he scored back home in Bulgaria in 1964. Playing acoustic piano, the former Don Ellis sideman justifies the album title with "A Child's Day," an eight-part suite dedicated to his daughter.

Phil Woods

Oliver Nelson's "Hoe Down" and J.S. Bach's "Air on a G String"—retitled "Air on a Blue String"—round out this eclectic collection. Fine backing by drums, percussion and the splendid bassist John B. Williams. Four stars.

For conservative tastes, "Johnny Guarnieri Plays the Music of Walter Donaldson" (Dobre 1017) is the first album of songs by the man who wrote "Makin' Whoopee," "My Blue Heaven," "Little White Lies" and "Love Me or Leave Me." Guarnieri executes his Fats Waller-ish piano flawlessly, but could have summoned more fire and spontaneity. "My Buddy" is a sentimental waltz. The best cut is "Carolina in the Morning," played the hard way—in 5/4. Guarnieri has made a happy habit of converting unlikely tunes to this meter. Three stars.

"Heavy Love" is a two-man tour de force involving Al Cohn's fervent tenor sax and Jimmy Rowles' crystalline piano (Xanadu 145). Despite conventional material (five standards and a blues), the encounter becomes a felicitous Xanaduet as each man spurs the other on. Four stars.

●

Ry Cooder's "Jazz" (Warner Brothers 3197) is a fascinating museum piece of styles and songs that predate guitarist Cooder's birth by several decades. Hymns and sacred songs borrowed from Joseph Spence, a Bahamian musician, are played by a group that includes cymbalum, mandolin and pump organ. Cooder sings Bert Williams' "Nobody" (early black vaudeville) and "Shine" (with a verse that explains those corny chorus lyrics). He leads a quintet in two Bix Beiderbecke pieces and plays a third, "Flashes," unaccompanied. Earl Hines makes a brief, pointless cameo appearance in "The Dream." Arranged by Joseph Byrd, the Cooder set is an intelligent exercise in musical archeology. Four and a half.

Cooder was a performer on last year's historic jazz cruise to Cuba. So was David Amram, who somehow procured a tape of his participation with U.S. and Cuban musicians at Havana's Mella Theater. The results, which take up Side 2 of "Havana/New York" (Flying Fish 057), are adequately recorded. Amram, a serious composer and fine French horn player, seems content to spend much of his time diddling around with penny whistles and wooden flutes. That it was a memorable evening for the participants is evident; musically, the two sides (the other includes studio and street-band reunions with the Cubans in New York) add up to two and a half stars.

"Benny Goodman Live at Carnegie Hall" (London 2PS 918-919) shows us, in Phase 4 Stereo, why this 40th Anniversary Concert was roundly panned by New York critics. Irrelevant vocals and reruns of band numbers played better four decades earlier are not atoned for by the presence on a few tracks of the illustrious pianist Mary Lou Williams. Lionel Hampton is vigorous, drummer Connie Kay is heavy-footed, Benny plays generally well, but superior versions, made decades ago, are available on almost all these tunes.

The most curious evidence of what has happened to Goodman's sense of values in his relegation of Jimmy Rowles to a single 34-second solo (which he has to share with another pianist) in a tune mainly devoted to Goodman's singing. Goodman doesn't sing as well as I play the clarinet. One and a half stars for what could and should have been a five star evening. ●

JAZZ

Pablo's Past and Present United

6/11/78

BY LEONARD FEATHER

● Coincidence has brought together a series of albums typical of the past and present careers of Norman Granz.

The new releases consist of sessions he has produced since returning to the record business in 1973 with the Pablo label. Pablo was named for his close friend Picasso, who gave many of his works to Granz. The reissues are on the reactivated Verve label, which Granz founded in the early 1950s and sold in 1960 to MGM.

Granz has always liked his jazz without gingerbread or rhetoric. Now as then, his records reflect a concern for improvisation along the mainstream, or for occasional big-band sounds that never race too far beyond the listeners' capacity to dig.

At once the most characteristic and most rewarding of five new sets is **"If I'm Lucky"** (Pablo 803) by Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles. The peripatetic tenor saxophonist and the displaced West Coast pianist, whose luck has turned for the better since he moved to New York, dovetail like few teams in recent recorded jazz history. They move with confidence down the same select harmonic corridors, with the same tendency to include an occasional tongue in cheek ("I Hear a Rhapsody" starts portentously with a "Rhapsody in Blue" quote from Rowles, who clearly is putting us on).

Sims achieves empathy through his tone, at once warm and virile; Rowles accomplishes rapport as much through a sense of what to leave out as through the devilishly devious chords he elects to insert.

The choice of tunes is perfect; most are old but none has been overcooked. "You're My Everything" (slow verse, doubled up chorus), "Legs" (a jaunty Neal Hefti theme), "Shadow Waltz," done not as a waltz but as a bossa nova, and "I Wonder Where Our Love Has Gone," written by an old-time Harlem bandleader named Buddy Johnson, show where Rowles' and Sims' heads are posited.

For selection, interpretation, accompaniment (by George Mraz, bass, and Mousie Alexander, drums) and recording, the five star maximum and a Legion of Honor.

●

"Satch and Josh . . . Again" (Pablo 802) reunites Oscar Peterson and Count Basie. Piano duets have rarely been as effective as the sum of their parts; but Peterson, the technical colossus, knows just how and when to defer to Basie, the master of understatement.

The ratio is 90% performance, 10% content. "Red Wagon" is the basic English of the blues; the other tunes speak with similarly unforked tongues. For pace-changers, Peterson switches to electric keyboard on "Li'l Darlin' " and Basie does the same on "Lady Fitz," a moderato blues.

The interlocking of two contrasting personalities produces some amiable tracks, though the grand climactic moments are fewer this time around. Splendid support by John Heard and Louis Bellson. Four stars.

Bellson also has a set with his own "Explosion" band. **"Sunshine Rock"** (Pablo 813) is the only one of the five new issues that needs liner notes, and it alone has none. (Another great man, Fiorello La Guardia, once said of him, when Granz makes a mistake it's a beaut.)

Tireless investigation informed me that the trumpet solos on Bill Holman's "Night Birds" are Bobby Shew and Conte Candoli, in that order; that the piccolos on the new, Latin-rock version of "The Hawk Talks" are Dick Spencer, followed by Pete Christlieb; and that on "Rich Outing" the first trombonist is Alan Kaplan, the second Bob Payne.

Bellson, still a commanding drummer-leader (except for the occasional rock cut), continues to lean to Swing Era fare, but the delightful "Mid-Eastern Spango," a 5/4 piece which he wrote with Jack Hayes, and the amusing "Feels So Good," a bow-legged 7/4 version of "Sweet Georgia Brown," are agreeable departures. Cat Anderson's high notes decorate the ceiling as always. In its genre, this is still one of the best bands around. Three and a half stars.

Milt Jackson's **"Soul Fusion"** (Pablo 804) finds the vibraphonist in the stimulating company of the trio led

by Monty Alexander, the Jamaica-born pianist who is capable of some of the nittiest, grittiest blues on record. As with Sims and Rowles, a mutual process of elimination brings out the best in both men. "Compassion," a minor riff tune by Jackson, has a stern, almost forbidding character. "Yano" is a casually elegant blues. Richard Evans' "Bossa Nova Do Marilla" is a work of Bach-like beauty.

John Clayton, a student of Ray Brown, is a formidable young bassist, and Jeff Hamilton soon will be one of the most talked about drummers. Four and a half stars. ●

"Joe Pass Virtuoso #3" (Pablo 805) is the guitarist's third set of unaccompanied solos, but this time the standard songs have yielded to a dozen original Pass compositions. No improvising artist of Pass' caliber could be less than a riveting composer, yet there are points at which one senses that a touch of rhythm backing might have helped, either for contrast or because a particular theme called for it.

Any new release by Pass must be allowed to simmer for a while before final consideration. At the moment this rates four, but with the passage of time it may grow that extra star.

The Verve releases include two double-pocket sets. **"Ella Fitzgerald: The George & Ira Gershwin Songbook"** (Verve 2525), recorded in 1958-59, offers 30 songs, chosen from the standard Gershwin repertoire, delivered with the decade-proof Fitzgerald diamond-in-the-smooth manner.

"I Got Rhythm" begins with the slow, minor-mode verse. The chorus proceeds predictably into a slick vocalese passage. Other tracks hew more closely to the melody.

Deena Rosenberg's notes cryptically start by talking about the wrong Fitzgerald, F. Scott. From there she rattles on at great length about the Gershwins, rarely mentioning the singer. There is even a **caveat emptor:** "Nelson Riddle's arrangements . . . often have little to do with Gershwin's original conception. Thus, some of Gershwin's musical ingenuity is lost here to the listener." Oh. Three stars, anyway.

"The Genius of Bud Powell Vol. 2" (Verve 2526) brings additional evidence that the bop piano paterfamilias in 1954-56 was still capable of very lucid and illuminating moments. Backed by various bassists and drummers, Powell traverses pop (17) and jazz (8) standard territory and contributes three works of his own, the best of which is "Dance of the Infidels" and the weakest, as its title leaves little doubt, "Mediocre." Above Powell's nadir though below his peak, this is still a four-star set.

"The Jazz Giants '56" (Verve 2527) is a single disc along typical Granz jam session lines, with Lester Young, Roy Eldridge, Vic Dickenson and Teddy Wilson playing four standards and a blues. Three and a half stars.

Made shortly after Granz sold Verve, produced by Creed Taylor, **"Focus"** (Verve 2528) remains one of the masterpieces of Stan Getz's 30-year recording career. The eight compositions by Eddie Sauter make superb use of strings and woodwinds in supporting and surrounding some of the tenor saxophonist's most evocative performances. Literally unique (Getz and Sauter did collaborate again, but never on this level), "Focus" is a five-star sine qua non for every jazz library. ●

Jazz Briefs

"Unfinished Business." Jimmy Smith. Mercury SRM 1-3716. Though the material, for the most part, is familiar (blues or variations), organist Smith tries something different by doubling on piano, string ensemble and synthesizer, even playing "Until It's Time for You to Go" as an ornate unaccompanied piano solo. The orchestral cuts extract plenty of color from a small set of horns. There are capable solos by Nolan Smith, the talented young trumpeter, and guitarist Ray Crawford. While there is some conventional crossover material, such tracks as "Stevie" (a tribute to Stevie Wonder) merit investigation. —L. F.

"California Hard." Dolo Coker. Xanadu 142. A bristling bunch of Hollywood hard boppers delivers six cuts, mostly based on blues or other conventional formats. The leader's piano is strongly evocative of Bud Powell. Blue Mitchell on trumpet, Art Pepper on tenor and alto sax; Leroy Vinnegar offering his typically strong support on bass and drummer Frank Butler, who solos for 8½ minutes on one track (i.e., about 8 minutes too long), make up this unpretentious combo. It could have used more original material such as Coker's agreeable samba, "Tale of Two Cities." —L.F.

Count Basie is reunited with Oscar Peterson in "Satch and Josh . . . Again" in numerous piano duets.

Percussionist Louis Bellson lends support and has a set of his own on current album releases.

Photos by Phil Stern

AT BACKLOT

Time Stands Still for Frances Faye

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Frances Faye is back in town. The tireless singer-pianist-actress, enjoying something of a renaissance since her well-received appearance as the madam in "Pretty Baby," is best remembered as a product of the 1940s 52nd St. heyday, though her career actually goes clear back to the Prohibition era.

The same sort of cult following she enjoyed in the old days was out in full force Tuesday at Studio One's Backlot Theater. If a slogan had been needed for her show, it could have been: "Spend an Hour on Tenterhooks With Frances Faye." Nothing was predictable except her unpredictability.

If you take the Faye components apart, they are not easily explained or reassembled. Her voice is loud and coarse, her piano style harmonically basic, yet when she puts it all together, it spells charisma.

Faye all but defies bassist Doug Lenier's accompanying combo to follow her as she wanders from a few bars of one song (sometimes only the title) to a full chorus of another or eight bars of a third, segueing to a piano solo on "Hatikvah" or some other improbable vehicle.

Sizing up her audience, she sang "As Long as She Needs Me" (sic), and a segment of "The Man I Love" with feminine pronouns replacing the masculine. (This is not a scene where Anita Bryant would be at ease.) Faye still does her chain-of-names routine: Terry's going with Solly, Solly's going with Molly, and so on ad infinitum. A few tunes such as "Darktown Strutters' Ball" and "Night and Day" are sung relatively straight, with her customary jazz inflections. She even threw in a couple of choruses of the blues.

Faye kids around effectively with her musicians, most often with percussionist John Bergamo, saxophonist Charles Black and Lenier. She stopped at one point to insist that Tab Hunter take a bow. At the end of the hour, she seemed no more eager to quit than the audience was to let her go.

Serious illnesses, changes in public taste, generation gaps have failed to slow Frances Faye down. She is the consummate nightclub performer, time proof, 200-proof

LEONARD FEATHER

PIANO GIANTS OF JAZZ

Duke Ellington

CONTEMPORARY KYBD.
JULY 1978

VERVE/DAVID ANDO

Duke Ellington's career may be said to have begun in 1914. That was the year he began to attend Armstrong High School in Washington, D.C.; but it was also the year when he began subbing for a pianist at the Poodle Dog Cafe, and while working there wrote his first composition, "Soda Fountain Rag." Thus he had a lifetime in music that lasted just sixty years, for he kept a pen and manuscript paper at his hospital bedside and was trying to keep his mind on a new work almost to the very last day in May 1974.

The priorities in the life of this monument to twentieth-century music were debatable. He was, in my view, first and foremost a composer and arranger for orchestra, and a bandleader; secondarily he was a writer of popular songs. Along the way he developed some talent as a lyricist. Though the place of his talent as a pianist has been the subject of much debate, it is not to be dismissed lightly.

Critics have often quoted Ellington's statement that the instrument he played best was the orchestra itself. True, but his early days at the keyboard played a vital role in the development of his writing ability.

Some of his friends and relatives were better musicians technically than he, and could read faster. His mother, to whom he was extremely close all her life, played piano. Duke studied with Mrs. Clinkscales (the name may be apocryphal; Duke never seemed sure of it) and took some harmony lessons from Henry Grant, a teacher at school. But his real knowledge in those days came from men like Oliver "Doc" Perry, whom he once called "my piano parent," as well as such legendary, shadowy figures as Sticky Mack, Louis Brown, and others who played ragtime around Washington.

When Duke first settled in New York he was strongly influenced by James P. Johnson, whose "Carolina Shout" he had memorized from a piano roll, and by Willie "The Lion" Smith. According to Gunther Schuller, whose book *Early Jazz* [Oxford University Press] is a landmark in jazz literature, and who devoted the last chapter to a brilliant analysis of the Ellington orchestral style from his first recording until the early 1930s, "the influence of Harlem piano marked all of Ellington's orchestral work .... [T]here exist examples in the Ellington orchestral repertoire of fairly literal transcriptions of Duke's piano playing ("Washington Wobble," for example).... Ellington's 'pianistic' approach would have far-reaching consequences in relation to the voicing of his orchestra."

The most easily available set of illustrations of Duke's piano mastery is *Duke Ellington: Piano Reflections*, recorded for Capitol [W-11058] in 1953 with bass and drums. Here you will find the brooding Ellington playing Strayhorn's "Passion Flower," the tongue-in-cheek Ellington on "Dancers In Love," the swinging Duke on "Kinda Dukish" (better known as the introductory chorus to the band version of "Rockin' In Rhythm"), and various moods shown in original works, some quite introspective and harmonically sophisticated.

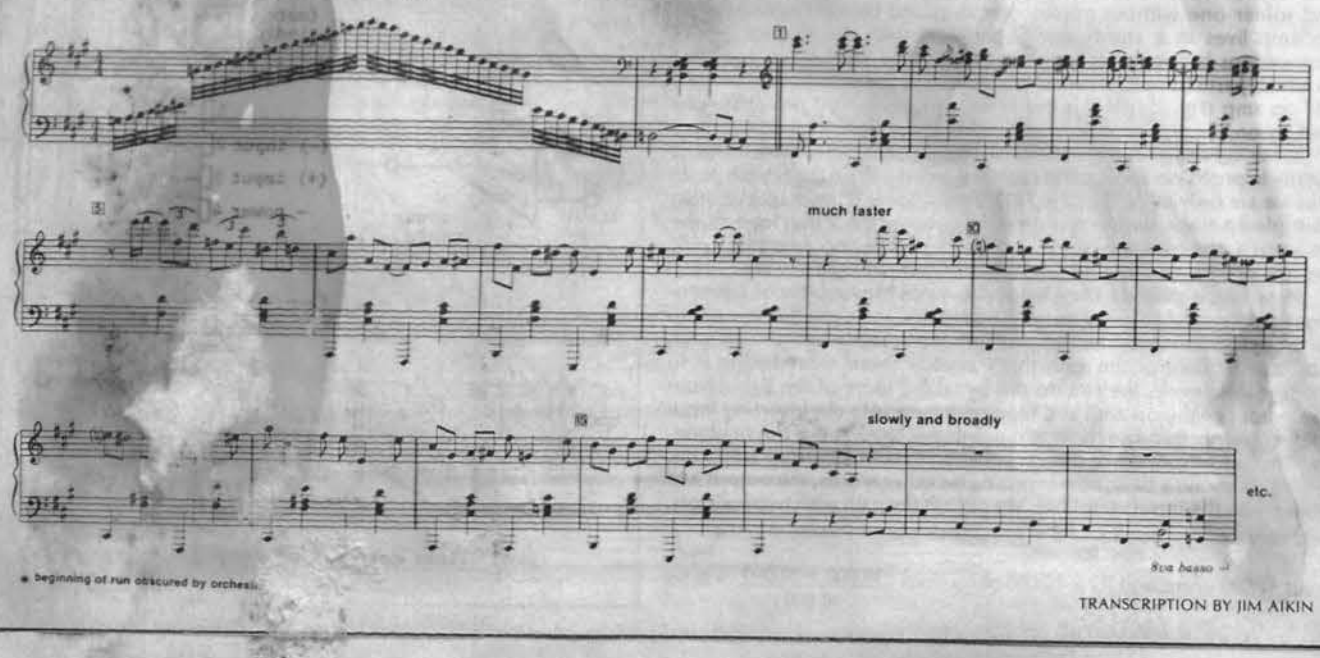
The example shown here stems from the live recording of the memorable January 1943 Carnegie Hall concert [Prestige, P-34004]. This passage is heard about 50 seconds from the start of the music (not counting Duke's spoken introduction) in *Beige*, the last segment of his extended work *Black, Brown & Beige*.

The first bar is a typically florid whole-tone scale run employed as a link between movements. Two bars later we find a typical example of Duke employing the stride left hand and frequent thirds in the right, for an effect that strongly shows the influence of Willie The Lion. The dainty triplets during the fifth of those eight bars are also characteristic of the style.

After the tempo has picked up, Duke plays eight more measures along similar lines, but using single notes instead of thirds. It should be pointed out that although Jim Aikin, Tom Darter, and I have all listened to this solo, we cannot be sure that the notation is exact, partly due to the quality of the recording. There is also the fact that Ellington's technique occasionally left him in the lurch. Was that really supposed to be a C# in the left hand six bars from the end, or did Duke play it by accident, intending to play a *B* minor chord? The notes on the second beat are ambiguous; though written here as an *F#7*, a *B* minor could have been intended.

In any event, despite the conjectural nature of some of this transcription, mainly in the left hand, it is included as just a single fragment in a generally historic work, one that should be studied intensely for its orchestral as well as pianistic creativity.

For admirers of the entire Ellington mystique, the Carnegie album is indispensable; for those more concerned with examining him as a keyboard artist, the above-mentioned Capitol set may still not be too hard to find.



TRANSCRIPTION BY JIM AIKIN

AT LONDON CLUB

Audio Delights for Epicureans

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Eleven years have passed since the ill-fated Jazz Suit came and went in Beverly Hills. The Suite died due to mu management rather than public disinterest; the premise that a private club offering gourmet food and gourmet mu sic would appeal to many wealthy jazz fans—has survive The proof can be found Beverly Place and La Cien ega, where Leslie Linder London Club opened la February with very litt fanfare but plenty of goo sounds, supplied by Bobb Short.

Leslie Linder
Times photo

"This has been a dream mine for years," said Linde a tall, bearded, jovial Lo doner with a background varied achievements as a tor, movie producer ("S No Evil" with Mia Farrow head of a film agency th handled Peter Sellers a dozens more, and maste mind behind Burke's, a su cessful club in London.

"We don't rely on mus at Burke's," Linder said, "though Dudley Moore does pl there sometimes. But 14 years ago I lost my shirt when opened a place in London called the Coll Elephant, wi music by John Dankworth. Cleo Laine gave her first cab ret performance there. But the idea was ahead of its tim It lasted a year. I think Los Angeles is ready now for th concept."

When the new room opened, memberships cost $300, $350 for a couple. Those figures are now changed to $5 or $600; there are 1,700 members and Linder sees no sig of a slowdown of interest.

Presently the main attraction is George Shearing, offe ing his new melange of duo music (with Andy Simpkins bass), piano solos and vocals (Shearing has even writte some witty new lyrics to "Let's Do It"). For those unab to cope with Linder's prices, Shearing will close July 8 a opens two days later for a hoi polloi fortnight at the Pla boy, where membership is a trifling $25.

The attractions at the London Club are manifold. Th building, known for years as the Cave des Roys, is mo like a castle than a club. The epitome of grandeur, it offe dinners that justify the owner's claim, in an area direct behind the entertainment room. Conversation leaks fro the former into the latter during show time—a proble with which the club is still dealing.

Up a broad staircase encircling a bank of two-stori glass panels designed by Linder, you find a roof gard restaurant with a sliding roof. A spacious library enabl you to linger awhile examining, for example, today's Lo don Times. The buffet lunches are supplemented now a then by music: Sunday eight members of the Los Angel Chamber Orchestra will perform.

Main room attractions during the past three mont have included Stan Getz, Barbara Carroll, Joe Bushki and singers Jane Harvey, Buddy Greco and David Ally When Shearing closes, vibraphonist Terry Gibbs will bri in a combo. There is a house group for dancing, with J Close at the piano.

"We're still looking for new ideas," Linder said. "I planning to put in a disco room, but we'll be sure to ke the sound well out of the range of the other rooms. Pre ently we're open daily except Sundays, when private pa ties often take over the building.

"This is really a bigger place than I ever expected open—over 19,000 square feet—but I intend to fill it wi all the attractive things that can be offered, including, course, my sort of music. I'm a frustrated musician, a now I can sit back and enjoy the kinds of sounds I've nev been able to hear in an atmosphere of elegance."

Given Linder's experience and enthusiasm, the surviv prognosis for the London Club seems better than those the Jazz Suite. With a membership roster that includ Tony Bennett, Henry Mancini, Sammy Davis Jr., Anthon Newley, O.J. Simpson, Cheryl Ladd, Cheryl Tiegs, Sidn Poitier, Telly Savalas, Vidal Sassoon and Burt Reynol chances look good for other such aficionados to fall in lin

JAZZ

Shuffleboard, Ping-Pong, Cards — and Music

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Singer Dakota Staton was part of the music scene during SS Rotterdam cruise.

● "Is anyone missing TV?"

The rhetorical question was asked by Colin Hillary, cruise director of the SS Rotterdam. The audience that responded with a resounding negative was comfortably ensconced in the 450-seat theater aboard the 38,000-ton liner, waiting for a George Shearing concert, the likes of which they could probably never hear on television.

Floating jazz festivals were unknown until 1974, when the Rotterdam launched its maiden rhythmic voyage with Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Ray Charles, Dizzy Gillespie and the late Bobby Hackett. The cruise that ended recently in New York after a week in the Caribbean, with stopovers in Nassau and Bermuda, was the eighth in a semiannual series that has grown steadily in popularity. The seaborne festival is not the most adventurous musically, yet in terms of the ambience, the audience-performer rapport and the creature comforts, it has earned a unique reputation.

Part of the problem with such events as Newport-New York is the impersonality, the shuttling back and forth between Carnegie Hall and other such venues, with scarcely a moment in which to exchange views or drinks with one's fellow aficionados. Add to this a humid climate and a schedule so overcrowded that a visit to every program is an impossibility.

Or the cruises you find a diametrically opposed situation. After a concert you may adjourn to any of the ship's seven bars or lounges and review the performance with fellow passengers; you may even find the star of the show seated on the next barstool, ready to join in the discussion.

Consider the specifics on this month's voyage. For the first time, the ship was sold out, with 1,120 passengers, ministered to by a crew of 500. Those who paid the $500 to $900 for a cabin obviously were motivated by a long-standing love of jazz, compounded perhaps by a desire to escape from the telephone into a setting of total freedom, enveloped in Caribbean sunshine, with cool sea breezes to temper the beat of the sun.

Among the other respects in which the cruise differs from the urban festival is its attractive mixture of the casual and the ceremonial. By day you may be lounging around the pool in swimming trunks, but on certain evenings the schedule advises "Formal Dress Suggested. Gentlemen are required to wear jackets and ties after 5:45 p.m." Because these conditions prevailed on the evening of the captain's dinner, the concert by the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra was decorated by a mixture of suits and ties, formal gowns and tuxedos. Not since the days of Duke Ellington's annual celebrations has such formality been associated with a jazz event. This lends a subliminal air of importance to the concerts that brings out the best in the performers.

The principal attractions were the 17-piece Jones/Lewis band, the Dizzy Gillespie Quartet, the George Shearing Duo, the Jimmy Tyler Quartet and singer Dakota Staton. In addition, pop and contemporary sounds were supplied by the Holland America Line's regular combos. Disco records were spun by a deejay in the Sky Room discotheque several decks above the theater.

The normal cruise perks have a strong appeal for most passengers, who are as likely as not to be found playing bingo, shuffleboard, Ping-Pong, blackjack, taking golf or dance lessons, or throwing quarters into the small casino's one-armed bandits.

Among the musical highlights of the week were a couple that could not be predicted. One night toward 2 a.m. the Jones/Lewis orchestra, playing in the spacious Ritz Carlton Lounge, was joined by Gillespie and Shearing. Their interpretation of Jones' best-known composition, "A Child Is Born," constituted the most definitive statement I had heard of that tenderly beautiful work.

Shearing's own concert revealed a new and most affecting aspect of his talents. Too long constricted by the formalized setting of his quintet, he now works just with a bassist, the incredibly nimble Victor Gaskin (ex-Cannonball Adderley and Ellington). Interspersing his instrumentals with the pun-heavy patter that puts his audiences at ease, Shearing played an old blues ballad, "Please Send Me Someone to Love," in a manner that promptly hit a vein in the crowd: mean, evil and funky, it was the most un-British performance I had ever heard him distill.

Shearing then sang, in a modestly acceptable voice, an ingenious song by Steve Allen, "I Hate New York." (A California resident since 1961, Shearing will move back to Manhattan in August, working several months a year at the Carlyle Hotel.)

Unannounced, to Shearing's surprise, Gillespie walked on. Together they ran through an "I'll Remember April" that far surpassed anything Gillespie had played with his own rhythm-heavy quartet. Then Gaskin hinted at the melody of Gillespie's "Con Alma," a suggestion promptly taken up by Shearing and Gillespie. The many tape recorders in the house were able to document a collector's item of rare and compelling spontaneity.

Told that he seemed to be in particularly high creative spirits, Shearing replied: "Why shouldn't I be? I just won the bridge tournament!" Shearing and his Braille card decks were on view daily in the bridge room.

●

The usual jazz cruise patron differs in several respects from the average patron at Newport or Monterey. The median age is older; the younger spectators tend to be more dedicated and attentive. One group of four black girls from a couple of colleges in Michigan told me they had spent a year pooling $2,200 in order to share a cabin for four.

One of the most celebrated of all the cruise freaks is Jake Hanna. The distinguished drummer (ex-Woody Herman, ex-Merv Griffin, ex-Super Sax) is liable to show up any place were there is music, a ship, a bar and a congenial crowd. I have run into him on at least five cruises and have yet to hear him play in a shipboard jam session.

"I don't come along to sit in," he told me. "Know why I'm here? I just enjoy being in the right place, with the right people, at the right time." ●

Pop Album Briefs

"You Don't Know Me." Ruth Brown. Dobre DR 1041. The R&B hitmaker of the 1950s has made a welcome return to records. The tunes are all pop and jazz standards such as "Skylark," "Smile," "Secret Love," "Gee Baby Ain't Good to You." Because false economy limited the background to piano, bass and drums, several of the tracks cry out for a horn or some additional support. "Miss Brown's Blues" is a throwaway track, in no way related to the classic cut by the same title included in her album on the defunct Skye label.

—LEONARD FEATHER

ABOARD S. S. ROTTERDAM

Jazz On the High Seas; Novelty Now a Tradition

By LEONARD FEATHER

The following was written on dry land after the author enjoyed jazz on the high seas.

LOS ANGELES—The jazz festival cruise, a phenomenon unheard of until the Holland America Line presented the first such bash in 1974, has become a firmly established and solidly lucrative tradition.

Held every spring and fall aboard the S.S. Rotterdam, the week-long festivals have been drawing ever-larger and bigger-spending crowds. An estimated $1 million changed hands at the eighth semi-annual May 27-June 3 event, which sailed from New York and stopped at the regular ports, Nassau and Bermuda.

For the first time, the ship was filled to capacity, accommodating 1,120 passengers whose round-the-clock requirements were attended to by a crew of 500.

The unprecedented success of this latest voyage could be credited to several factors: the lure of Caribbean sunshine, the name appeal of the talent, the variety of other leisure pastimes, the overall ambience, and, perhaps most significantly, the large number of repeaters.

A couple of passengers said they had sailed on all eight cruises. Many others reported this was their fifth, sixth or seventh time out. Word of mouth, radio spots and newspaper advertising brought in the newer customers.

The 17-piece Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra made its first cruise outing, as did George Shearing, who was accompanied only by his bassist, Victor Gaskin.

Repeat performers were Dizzy Gillespie, a solid cruise favorite on the strength of his blend of musicianship and entertainment; Jimmy Tyler, the saxophonist whose quartet offers uptown lounge type music in the Earl Bostic tradition; and singer Dakota Staton.

Credit for the original concept of the jazz cruise goes to Carl Warwick, a veteran trumpeter who played with the bands of Bunny Berigan, Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Herman and Buddy Rich. Warwick, who had read about classical music theme cruises organized by Fred Mayer's Exprinter Tours, suggested to Mayer that the same principal be applied to jazz.

Mayer packaged the first five jazz outings. In 1977 Holland American Cruises took over the packaging personally, with Warwick remaining as talent consultant. (After the break with Holland America, Mayer's Exprinter office assembled the historic jazz cruise to Havana in May of 1977, aboard the Green ship Daphne. This was the first and only such tourist trip from the U.S. to Cuba since the U.S. broke relations with Castro in 1961.)

The cruises are easy work for the performers. The Jones/Lewis band played two sets the night after sailing, in the ship's 450-capacity theatre, then worked four nights in the Ritz Carlton Lounge.

The other artists, contracted for only one evening's work, spent the rest of their week aboard doing what they chose. For Gillespie, as usual, this meant sitting in when the mood took him. He showed up unexpectedly during one of George Shearing's sets; later both he and Shearing sat in with the Jones/Lewis orches-

(Continued on page 86)

'Walk Of Fame' On N.Y.'s W. 52nd St.

By ARNOLD JAY SMITH

NEW YORK—West 52nd St., here, once known as "Swing Street," or simply "The Street," echoed with sounds of some of the famous musicians who played the clubs that dotted the area in the 1930s and '40s.

Plaques bearing names of such musicians were presented in ceremonies which began at noon Thursday (15). Eventually, the plaques will be imbedded in the sidewalks on both sides of the east-west thoroughfare.

A blue ribbon committee culled from the ranks of musicians, journalists, record company executives and those close to the scene, chose 12 persons, six living and six deceased, to be the first so honored. They are: Stuff Smith, Charlie Parker, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Dizzy Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Miles Davis, Thelonious Monk, Sarah Vaughan and Kenny Clarke.

The awards were presented from a stand setup near the Sixth Ave. intersection, which was the epicenter of the doings on 52nd St. From the rostrum the following were expected to speak: Vice President Walter Mondale, Gov. Hugh Carey, Mayor Edward Koch, United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young, CBS Records president Bruce Lundvall, representative John Conyers, Livingston Biddle, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, and Kitty Carlisle Hart, chairwoman of the New York State Cultural Commission. Dr. Billy Taylor was emcee.

Taylor also shared the piano duties in the band that performed for the affair, along with Hank Jones. The rest of the band included Budd Johnson, Percy Heath and, it is hoped, award recipients Gillespie, Eldridge and Clarke.

The 52nd St. Award, dubbed "The Prez," is expected to be an annual presentation. The committee for this year's awards was: Dave Sailey, Dr. George Butler, Roy Eldridge, Phyl Garland, the Rev. John Gensel, Gary Giddins, Dizzy Gillespie, Ira Gitler, John Hammond, John Lewis, Bruce Lundvall, Greg Millard, Dan Morgenstern, Max Roach, Arnold Jay Smith, Dr. Billy Taylor, Walter Wager and John S. Wilson.

Fifty-second St., traditionally known as the street of jazz, held a concentration of nightclubs such as the Onyx, the Downbeat, Bop City, the Famous Door, the Flamingo, Kelly's Stable, Leon & Eddie, the Yacht Club, 21, the Three Deuces, the Spotlite, Jimmy Ryan's and many others.

In 1972, author Arnold Shaw ("The Street That Never Slept," which chronicles 52nd St.) flew to New York from his Las Vegas home to meet with the director of the Urban Improvements Program of the city's Parks Council. His purpose was to interest then Mayor John Lindsay in an idea generated by historian and jazz critic Leonard Feather.

In reviewing Shaw's book in the Los Angeles Times, Feather suggested the sidewalks of 52nd St. be repaved and, like the "Sidewalk of Fame" in Hollywood, display plaques bearing the names of famous musicians who played there.

The Parks Council gave its tentative approval, but lacked funds. Shaw formed a committee to raise $20,000 needed for the paving job, which was to run between Fifth and Sixth Aves. The committee consisted of Arnold Gingrich, publisher of Esquire; I. Robert Kriendler of 21, and Abel Green, editor of Variety. All are now deceased. The committee failed to find a city resident to head the drive.

Shaw did not give up, but continued to contact his friends and acquaintances until someone took up his cry. The present committee is a result of his persistence and the right people.

Past the portals of those nightclubs came the most exhaustive list of jazz musicians the world has ever seen. Throughout its more than score of years, 52nd St. gave the world music by artists who might never have otherwise become known. The sidemen from the big bands formed small swing groups and played those clubs. Bebop, first nurtured on "The Street," went on to become a major force in music.

Even in the twilight of the boom era of "The Street," clubs remained to showcase the new bop music. Most notable among those was Birdland and later Basin St. East.

Fittingly, New York City honored some of those heros this month which has been designated Jazz Month in the city.

Jazz On the Rotterdam

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tra in an inspired post-midnight set that ran until well after 2 a.m.

When the band got through, a group was formed out of members of various combos, plus a couple of passengers, and the jamming went on until five in the morning.

An estimated 60% to 70% of the travelers were aboard strictly for the jazz. The others, though partly lured by this aspect, were tourists of various ages.

One attraction was a screening of a BBC film made aboard an earlier jazz cruise, featuring Sarah Vaughan, Cannonball Adderley and others, but movies such as "High Anxiety" and "The Turning Point" were also shown.

About 40% of the passengers were black; most appeared well-to-do, though some were college students who had saved all year to make the sailing. Rapport between passengers, and their common interest the music, was a primary force in success of the voyages.

"There's nothing quite like a cruise anywhere on earth," Warwick said as we leaned over the rail of promenade deck and listened to rhythm of the waves. That more more passengers have agreed him over the past four years is dent in the number of groups have organized to make the sc

On this latest cruise no less 20 travel agencies or jazz soc sent delegations of 10 to 40 pers

Warwick already has lined u other "Jazz At Sea" get-togeth Sept. 16-23. The schedule inc big bands led by Clark Terry a onel Hampton, singers Joe Wil and Cavril Payne, Gerry Mu and Earl Hines. Clearly the R dam is to the ocean what Ne became to dry land.

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