CRISIS

Duke Ellington: The Man and His Music

By Leonard Feather

As these words are written, the West Coast version of "Sophisticated Ladies" has just opened, its success as completely assured as that of the New York original. Duke Ellington is remembered and honored even more expansively eight years after his death than he was in life.

The public's loving acceptance of this evening of Ellingtonia is reassuring in a sense, yet as an admirer, who looked far beyond the popular songs of which this show is a celebration, I find it less than totally satisfying.

When he was still among us, Duke knew that his public insisted on hearing the hits most closely associated with his name; accordingly, he would wrap a bunch of them into a medley, which his orchestra usually played toward the end of the show. That left him free, during the earlier part of each performance, to delve into other works that concerned him more deeply, pieces in which he made incomparably skillful use of the orchestral textures at his disposal, and of such irreplaceable solo virtuosi as Johnny Hodges, Barney Bigard, Cootie Williams, and scores of others whose tenure in the orchestra reflected their loyalty to the maestro (baritone saxophonist Harry Carney joined the band in 1927 and remained more than 47 years).

Close, frequent contact with Ellington, starting in 1942, provided me with a rare opportunity to probe into his mind and understand his basic goals. Though he was an enigmatic man who seldom completely opened up to anyone, I had no trouble in discerning that he was not content to be thought of simply as a songwriter, a words-and-music tunesmith on the order of Fats Waller, Irving Berlin, the Gershwins or Cole Porter.

Duke made his most significant contribution as a writer of unique instrumental works for his orchestra and its nonpareil solists. Using the broad range of colors that could be drawn from his musicians, he always said that the instrument he played best was not the piano, but the orchestra itself.

"Sophisticated Ladies," for all its splendor, tends to negate the impression of Ellington as a master of orchestral music. It is mainly a parade of dancing and singing. The implied setting, indicated by the neon signs onstage, is the Cotton Club, where the Ellington band worked only in the 1920s and '30s, rather than the concert halls, festivals, churches and cathedrals where the major Ellington works were performed in later years. It bothers me that the public, white and black alike, now tends to think of Ellington in terms of a floor show. This diminishes the correct image he had been gaining as a serious composer of America's true twentieth century classical music.

When I first went to work for Duke, one project was on his mind above all others. After writing a few works that had reached beyond the scope of the single-side three-minute 78 r.p.m. disc (principally the double-sided *Creole Rhapsody* in

BENARD IGHNER SINGS AT LE CAFE

4/21

By LEONARD FEATHER

The genre of music that has been designated in the trade papers as "easy listening" or "adult contemporary" was well represented when Benard Ighner showed up Friday night in the Upstairs Room at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks.

Ighner's song cycle was dedicated almost exclusively to his own compositions. The sole exception was "My Funny Valentine," to which he applied his mellow, medium-strength tones with a commendable lack of histrionics.

His reputation as a songwriter is predicated on an intelligent wedding of words and music, with lyrical themes and melodies that conjure up a romantic atmosphere—as if his personable manner and good looks had not already conquered the female half of the audience.

"Little Dreamer" was introduced as the title song of a hard-to-find Ighner album; he even gave directions to a record store at which it might be found. On this and most of the other tunes he was accompanied by Keith Ighner, his younger brother, on bass; Michael White on drums (too heavy at times) and the pedestrian piano of Russ Ferrante. Ighner is his own best backup, as he proved by moving over to the keyboard to play and sing "Life Goes On," with lyrics partially in French, and a graceful song called "Don't Forget You Are, Just as Roses Are."

Though his multi-instrumental accomplishments have not been publicized, Ighner broke out his soprano saxophone to play a smooth, unpretentious solo on "Super Blue," in which Ferrante belatedly came to life.

"Love Won't Harm No One" is a lesser work in the double-negative tradition that goes back to "I Ain't Got Nobody" and beyond. We should be thankful that Ighner did not attempt to colloquialize his best song and most-performed work by altering the title to "Everything Gotta Change."

The small, intimate room upstairs lent itself well to Ighner's laid-back vocals. He will appear at the Roxy May 7.

4/21

Los Angeles Times

BOBO OPENS JAZZ SEASON AT THE FORD

By LEONARD FEATHER

There are those who will tell you that the Southland offers no better ambiance for a jazz concert than the Ford Theater.

Ever since 1967, when the location was known as the Pilgrimage, these outdoor matinees have been an annual spring and fall tradition. Sunday afternoon, Willie Bobo's combo launched a new and unprecedented summer season, one that will last for 15 weeks through the end of July.

With the sun out in full force, the event attracted an overflow crowd. True, the hot dogs are up to $1.25 and there's now a $2 parking fee, but the admission price is still perfect (zero), and the conditions remain just right for indoctrinating the young. (Many infants and first graders attended with their parents.)

Bobo's band over the years usually has been from 8 to 10 strong, with arrangements scored for trumpet, trombone and saxophone. Economy, one assumes, has prompted him to eliminate the trumpet (also the guitar, which was a regular part of the rhythm section). As a result, the septet heard Sunday offered little of value in the way of ensemble sounds.

The Latin percussionist maestro has always used his band as a crossroad where jazz, R&B and salsa intersect. As a leader, he plays timbales, but he makes his strongest impact as an entertainer, rapping and singing, breathing in rhythm on his unique version of "Dindi," and generally ensuring that the audience will react.

Bobo's son, Eric Correa, 13, was brought on as a bonus, playing timbales and congas. A personable lad, he was seen with his father on this same stage at the age of 5.

The front line now comprises the band's senior member, Thurman Green, a superior trombone soloist, and the 24-year-old Gary Bias, whose alto sax was bright and engaging; however, most of the time he played tenor, on which his personality comes across less convincingly.

Bobo will open April 29 for four days at Concerts by the Sea. Coming up at the Ford are Ray Pizzi, Sunday; Bobby Shew, May 2; Bobby Magnusson, May 9.

PIERCE COLLEGE JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Staged Saturday evening at the Country Club in Reseda, the fourth annual Pierce College Jazz Festival, presented in association with KCIL, was in fact less a jazz festival than a diversified concert of vocal-group jazz, guest singers and instrumental ensembles from high schools and colleges.

The Hi-Los, in another of their occasional reunions, were the main attraction. This popular group of the 1950s and '60s has wielded a potent influence on younger jazz choirs—for better and for worse.

For better, because Gene Puerling, who organized the group and wrote many of its arrangements, is a craftsman of exceptional skill; and because the quartet interprets ballads—such as Clare Fischer's arrangement of "Tenderly"—with a flawless blend and harmonic finesse. For worse, because too often in its choice of rhythm songs the combo remains stuck in the mud of the distant past.

In novelty numbers, such as "Small Fry" or the pseudo-spiritual treatment of "Rockin' Chair," the Hi-Los not only sound dated but have had a deleterious effect on their imitators. As the Manhattan Transfer version of a Weather Report hit ("Birdland") has shown us, group singing can advance from the simplicities of yesteryear.

The Pierce College Jazz Choir and its offshoot, the L.A. Jazz Choir, both conducted by Jerry Eskelin, reflected the pros and cons of the Hi-Los syndrome. (They also were hampered by a sound system that varied from totally dead to barely adequate.)

The L.A. Choir was impeccably disciplined, but why use up all that energy on "Tuxedo Junction"? The liveliest moment was a scat blues duet between Lynn Carey and guest vocalist Al Jarreau. Carey, a striking blonde with an intelligent approach to vocalese, may well be in line for a solo career.

Jarreau, in a brief, ecstatically received set of his own, was in optimum form on the old Annie Ross-Wardell Gray blues, "Twisted."

Other participants were guest scat singer Tim Hauser of Manhattan Transfer, bands from Serra High School and Modesto College, and a Modesto choir that actually dipped its collective chops into the present, with the above-cited "Birdland."

HI-LO'S DATED?

In Leonard Feather's critique of the Pierce College Jazz Festival ("Pierce College Jazz Festival," Calendar, April 27), he devotes the crux of his review to expressing his outrage over the Hi-Lo's because they chose to include some noncurrent standards in their set such as "Small Fry" or . . . "Rockin' Chair." Feather goes on to say that "the Hi-Lo's not only sound dated but have had a deleterious effect on their imitators." I cannot recall another instance of the inclusion of Hoagy Carmichael and Frank Loesser in one's repertoire being described as "stuck in the mud of the distant past."

The Hi-Lo's, partly because of their unmatched ability to make a neglected song of the past seem as fresh as tomorrow, will always be as "dated" as a Bessie Smith blues interpretation or an Art Tatum solo. Feather, however, through the attitude expressed in his review, dates himself a great deal, and he "dates" pretty badly.

HOWARD W. HAYS
Los Angeles

4/25/82

JAZZ

FIRST GENERATION STILL GENERATING

By LEONARD FEATHER

Much attention has been paid lately to second-generation jazz musicians—Mercer Ellington leading his father's orchestra, Chico Freeman carrying on his sire's tenor sax tradition, Wynton Marsalis recording with his dad and brother as sidemen, and on and on. This blaze of publicity has tended to leave some of the parents in the shadows.

Harold Land Sr., as some historians now call him, is an exception to this rule. Though his son and namesake is a successful and busy pianist in Los Angeles, the elder Land remains in the foreground, a respected tenor saxophonist who has been a perennial contributor to the Southern California jazz community during his entire professional life.

Born in Houston but raised in San Diego from the age of 5, the senior Land came to Los Angeles in 1954 and moved swiftly into national acceptance when, later that year, he went on the road with the legendary Max Roach-Clifford Brown Quintet.

After leaving the group, in which he was replaced by Sonny Rollins, Land took up the life of a free-lance Los Angeles jazzman. He did not enter the studio scene ("I never had any urge, despite the financial rewards, to be programmed to play anything and everything on any day at any hour"). Instead, he has spent much of his time, for more than 30 years, leading or co-leading small combos: one with bassist Red Mitchell in the early 1960s, another with vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson a decade later, and a third with trumpeter Blue Mitchell until the latter's death in 1979.

When his group is between gigs, Land may be found in any of three other settings: working in the orchestra of Gerald Wilson, an association he has enjoyed for 25 years (his son also plays in the band); backing up singer Tony Bennett, with whom he has been heard in Las Vegas regularly since 1971; or aligning himself with an ad hoc all-star group such as the one that returned recently from a 5½-week tour of Europe.

"This was a fantastic experience," said Land as he sat reminiscing, prompted now and then by Lydia, his wife of 32 years. "We were called the Timeless All Stars. The others were Bobby Hutcherson, Curtis Fuller on trombone, Cedar Walton on piano, Buster Williams on bass and Billy Higgins on drums.

"It seemed as though our passports were hardly ever in our pockets; we were in a different country every day. Some of the older fans were there to greet us—people who had heard me when I went over years ago; Bobby and I made three tours of Europe when we had our group. There was an impressive percentage of young people in every audience. The reaction was so encouraging that we're planning to play a week in a San Francisco club and record an album live."

The name of Harold Land is known today wherever jazz is heard, but during his early years in Los Angeles he was to some extent an underground artist. White jazzmen dominated the Hollywood clubs and the studios, a situation that has not changed substantially to this day; yet Land recalls the 1950s as an inspiring time. "There was a lot of jamming going on; I remember a club on the east side where seven, eight or nine musicians would play every night. There was a continuous change of personnel, so you had a chance to play with everyone. Several other clubs in the area had a similar policy.

"Nobody was writing about this, and the great mass of the public was unaware of it, but the staunch jazz fans knew what was happening.

"Eric Dolphy was one of the giants of those days. He used to come and sit in; then when he got a job leading his own band for the shows at the Oasis, before showtime he'd play all his own arrangements. Sometimes a bunch of us would go over to Eric's house and jam all day until we were exhausted; then we'd go and play all evening anyway, just for the love of it.

"Another great memory of those days was a gig with Thelonious Monk at the Black Hawk in San Francisco. Monk was in great spirits; when he wasn't playing, he'd get up from the piano and do a little dance. When he came over to visit with us, little Harold Jr. would be sitting reading his piano books, and Monk would sit down and start playing all these nursery rhymes—Monk style!"

Saxophonist Harold Land Sr.: Still in the foreground —from mainstream to the edge of avant-garde.

During the late 1950s, the so-called underground jazzmen began to surface. Segregation was at least slightly less widespread. Such premature avant-gardists as the pianists Paul Bley and Carl Perkins, bassists Curtis Counce and Scott La Faro, saxophonist Ornette Coleman and trumpeter Don Cherry were heard from, most of them with the help of the adventurous Contemporary Records company. It was on that label that Land in 1959 made a widely praised, still available album, "The Fox," that was years ahead of its time.

Looking back at those days with nostalgia rather than bitterness, Land says: "Sure, there were slow times. During the first couple of months in Los Angeles, it was mostly crackers and peanut butter instead of lunch and dinner. But even at the slowest points, I never had the feeling of wanting to give up. Music was too important to me, with or without the recognition. Then one day Clifford Brown brought Max Roach to hear me at a jam session at Eric's home, and after that, everything changed."

That Land moved to Los Angeles in the first place was due to its already burgeoning reputation as a jazz haven. Central Avenue was jumping, with music on practically every block. "My friend and I would drive up from San Diego to catch the bands or maybe sit in. People like Dizzy and Bird, working at Billy Berg's club, had us all in awe. It was inevitable that sooner or later I'd settle here, where all the action was."

The Hollywood years have brought only a handful of screen credits. Land was heard on the sound track of "The Young Savages" and "Seven Days in May," both with Burt Lancaster, and was seen and heard in the ballroom sequences of "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"

It has been enlightening to follow Land's artistic development. Coleman Hawkins, the grandsire of the tenor, had a great deal to do with his being drawn into the world of the saxophone. In 1945, when he was 16, his parents bought him a horn; soon Hawkins' record of "Body and Soul" became a main influence, along with Lucky Thompson, whom he admired for "his fluidity and his beautiful big, round sound." Not long afterward, Charlie Parker, reflecting a totally new approach in phrasing and harmonic concept, drew Land into his powerful orbit.

"Since those days," says Land, "I think I've changed quite a bit. I would like to think that I've been growing. John Coltrane, of course, had a profound effect on all of us. His dedication, his complete mastery of the instrument and his emotional drive and depth touched all serious musicians, including me."

Despite the many and various revolutions he has observed and absorbed, Harold Land Sr. today remains essentially the same strong individualist, a more mature extension of the creative artist he was on his first record sessions. Over the years, too, he has proved himself as a composer ("Land's End," with Brown and Roach; "Smack Up," "Lydia's Lament" and "As You Like It" with his own combos). He still is ambitious enough to aim at self-improvement, while remaining flexible enough to accept any job from mainstream to the edge of the avant-garde. (On April 29, Duke Ellington's birthday, he will be part of an all-star mainstream ensemble celebrating the Duke's music in a concert at Royce Hall.)

Asked whether he had any unachieved objectives, Land replied: "There are about a thousand things I'd like to do that are still on my unaccomplished list, so I wouldn't know where to start. I do hope some day to be able to make a solo album with a string section.

"Other than that, I want mainly to keep up my practice of Nichiren Shoshu Buddhism. Buster Williams introduced me to it eight years ago. Herbie Hancock has been successful with it. My son has been chanting for quite some time, and now my wife has begun. It's more rewarding than I can put into words."

Chances are he is putting it into his music. □

May 1 '82

Los Angeles Times

SINATRA SINGS MELLOW MIX AT BENEFIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

LAS VEGAS—When Frank Sinatra believes in a cause, he can be counted on to support it wholeheartedly and vocally. A case in point was the benefit concert staged Wednesday evening at the Aladdin Theater for the Performing Arts.

Set in motion last year by Monk Montgomery, who for years has run a virtual one-man campaign for the betterment of Las Vegas jazz in particular and musicians in [illegible]

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credulity greeted some of her gymnastics on "My Funny Valentine."

Oddly, neither Vaughan nor Sinatra sang any Ellingtonia. This aspect of the evening's responsibilities was taken care of by an all-star quintet with two Ellington alumni, Clark Terry and Louie Bellson, joined by Marshal Royal, Joe Sample and bassist John Heard, whose solo outing on "Take the A Train" was a highlight. It was a special pleasure, too, to hear Sample playing straight-ahead, swinging jazz piano.

The concert ended on a poignant note when the columnist and disc jockey Joe Delaney announced that Monk Montgomery, who has been fighting cancer for seven years, had suffered a relapse and could not make his promised appearance. He can take pride in the success of this latest in his long history of benefactions to the Las Vegas community.

□

A more directly Ellington-oriented tribute, presented Thursday at Royce Hall, UCLA, was notable for a medley of Duke's tunes by guitarist Kenny Burrell; a touching original song, "Duke I Miss You," sung by trumpeter Clora Bryant, and an affecting unaccompanied vibraphone solo by Rickey Kelley, playing "Lush Life."

BOBBY HUTCHERSON AT PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

5/6

The impact of any jazz performer can fluctuate wildly according to the company he keeps. Unwittingly, Bobby Hutcherson illustrated this axiom when he opened Tuesday at the Parisian Room.

Over the years, the vibraphonist, one of the most gifted artists ever to play this instrument, has been heard—on records or in person—with everyone from Herbie Hancock and Harold Land to Freddie Hubbard and Chico Freeman. On album after album he has displayed his gifts in settings carefully prepared by producers, composers and arrangers.

Hutcherson presently does not have his own organized group. Backed only by piano, bass and drums, he seemed to have done little or no preparation for the engagement. The result was little more than a jam session, starting with a blues and ending with Dizzy Gillespie's "Salt Peanuts," taken at Gato del Sol tempo, complete with the mandatory closing-tune drum solo (by Eddie Moore).

The vibes virtuoso did manage at times to rise above these conditions. Not that his sidemen were incompetent: Bill Henderson is a capable if overbusy pianist, Herbie Lewis a solidly swinging bassist. Still, the level of cohesive group work one has come to expect of Hutcherson simply wasn't there.

His most inspired moments were heard in "Little B's Poem," a song he wrote in 1965 that has become his best-known work, and in a long, almost indecipherable but brilliantly played set of variations based on the chords of "Body and Soul."

Hutcherson is the most compelling artist in his field, given the right conditions. Presumably for reasons of economy, he does not have them at present. Nor were matters helped by his failure to announce any of the tunes. The show closes Sunday.

'SHEW-HORN' AT THE FORD

5/6

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bobby Shew has been called the complete master of the fluegelhorn and trumpet, and with good reason. His credits have found him in every role from lead horn in Las Vegas shows to soloist in name bands and leader of his own widely praised combos.

The seven-piece unit he presented Sunday afternoon at the Ford Theater is an extension of his 1979 quintet. Shew's roots were in bop, a facet of his playing and writing that is now intermingled with more contemporary elements. His tone and improvisational concepts reflect some of the best possible sources of inspiration, among them Clifford Brown and Blue Mitchell.

Sharing the strong, imperative front line were Gordon Brisker on tenor sax and Bill Reichenbach on trombone. Brisker's "Olvera Street," with the composer on flute and Shew playing muted horn, achieved an engaging blend. Reichenbach's parts, added to arrangements designed for two horns, improved the group sound, but there are long gaps between the first and last choruses, with no written passages in between.

Before intermission, Shew sprang a surprise in the form of a horn with two bells. By pressing an extra valve, he could switch instantly from one bell to the other and play a dialogue with himself, open and muted. This gimmick inevitably drew applause as a novelty, but it does make musical sense. Quite logically, it is known as a Shew-horn.

The rhythm section tied everything together neatly, with the vigorous Butch Lacy on keyboards; Billy Mintz, a newly added drummer from New York; John Kaye on percussion, and the incomparable bassist Bob Magnusson, who will lead his own group at the Ford on Sunday.

4/26

Los Angeles Times

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Ray Charles' concert on Friday at the Santa Mon[illegible] Civic Auditorium was short on quantity.

RAY CHARLES AT SANTA MONICA CIVIC

By LEONARD FEATHER

A few hallelujahs seemed to be in order Friday evening when Ray Charles made one of his too-infrequent local concert appearances, at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

However, the expressions of joy turned to mutters of "rip-off" and "hype" when Charles, who had taken to the stage at 7:45, ended his set an hour later, and the audience, instead of being notified of an intermission, was sent on its way.

Not everyone was shocked by the brevity of the concert. "I pay for quality, not quantity," one seat holder observed. Yet even on that level it might be charged that the patrons were shortchanged.

It was not the finest hour for the man who, 20 years ago, took blues, gospel, jazz, R&B and country, and welded them into a superbly cohesive, soul-searing whole. He was less than happy with working conditions. At one point, he stopped the band cold to give the rhythm section instructions. Later he complained about the overloud microphones. There was little doubt that he deliberately cut the concert short.

This does not imply that there was an absence of rewarding moments. True, his 17-piece orchestra seemed ragged and not always in tune, but the opening instrumental number, featuring John Coles and Carmell Jones on trumpets, offered an effective illustration of Charles' determination to keep alive the tradition of Big Band jazz. Clifford Solomon directed; other soloists were Rudy Johnson on tenor sax and Tony Mattheus on guitar.

Some aspects of Charles' talent defy disruption. He turns the works of Rodgers and Hammerstein into soul anthems, from "Oh What a Beautiful Mornin'" to "Some Enchanted Evening." He can instill a world of lyrical and melodic meaning into a basically simple song such as "You Don't Know Me." He still sings "Georgia on My Mind" as if it were some engrossing new discovery.

That he can play such compelling blues piano while singing seems incredible when you watch him at work, his body swaying recklessly, his legs taking on a life of their own, as, ignoring the pedals, they do a continuous dance around the piano stool.

As always, he waited a while before introducing the Raelettes, who now number five instead of the traditional four. Whether this constitutes a 25% improvement is open to doubt; in fact, it is arguable that these attractively gowned women are on stage mainly as window dressing. Only Estella Yarborough, the high-pitched lead singer, had a chance to display any individual ability.

On "I Want Your Love," an inane song, they did little more than repeat the title. Elsewhere they functioned as a discreet backup for Charles.

After a short outburst of yodeling ("Hank Williams taught me that"), Charles eased the whole company into the regular "What'd I Say" finale.

At a $17.50 top with a $3 parking fee, the concert (70 minutes of music including the band number) cost up to $38 a couple—more than a half dollar a minute. Charles, who has always taken pride in his work as a disciplined performer and dedicated entertainer, must surely know that he has to give his loyal fans more, both in quality and quantity, than they were offered Friday.

A LIFETIME OF LISTENING —CHOOSING 10 GREAT SONGS

BY LEONARD FEATHER

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD FLETCHER

As Eubie Blake, now three months into his 100th year, will gladly attest, the popular song form as we know it has been around for quite a while. Exactly when the genre took its present shape, and became primarily an American entity, is open to debate, but one can safely assume that it happened not long after the turn of the century.

Songwriting as a profession took its first significant step forward in 1914, with the foundation of ASCAP (the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers). The only problem in those days was that in order to be exposed to a new song, you had to visit a vaudeville theater or buy the sheet music in a store.

In the 1920s, there was something of a reversal, as the song came directly to you, via radio, and could be preserved in your library of phonograph records.

The media expanded rapidly as the Broadway stage became a vehicle for transcendent show scores by the Gershwins, Berlins and Porters. In 1927, the big screen opened its mouth when Al Jolson genuflected to another outlet for words and music.

According to James T. Maher's introduction to Alec Wilder's "American Popular Song: The Great Innovators, 1900-1950" (Oxford University Press), by the end of that half-century, a long era in popular music was drawing to a close. "Almost all of the great innovators had long been at work," Maher wrote, "and several of them had already died . . . the rock era was about to begin."

Feather's Favorites

"All the Things You Are," 1939.
"The Blues," 1943.
"Body and Soul," 1930.
"Goodbye," 1935.
"I'll Remember April," 1941.
"Lush Life," 1938.
"Some Other Spring," 1938.
"The Waters of March (Aguas de Marco)," 1972.
"We'll Be Together Again," 1945.
"When the World Was Young," 1950.

□

Readers are invited to submit their lists of 10 favorite songs. Please type or print clearly and mail to Top Songs, Calendar, Los Angeles Times, Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles 90053.

To imply that the onset of rock marked a *Goetterdaemmerung* was excessive. By using the 1950 cutoff point, Alec Wilder closed his door on the Burt Bacharachs and the Stephen Sondheims of a later and still meaningful time. Moreover, by indicating that the popular song was the exclusive property of this country, he implicitly excluded everyone from Antonio Carlos Jobim and Luis Bonfa to Lennon and McCartney.

Maher estimated that 300,000 pop songs were copyrighted between 1900 and 1950. As the music business expanded and record sales proliferated gigantically, the figures began snowballing. Has the total by now reached the million mark? Two million? Who, in any case, could have listened to them all?

The above observations are by way of preparing the reader for a bold though by no means impetuous move. I am about to name the 10 songs that have been most meaningful to me among the thousands I have observed during a lifetime of listening that goes back as far as "Sweet Georgia Brown," and that is far indeed.

Prompted by a suggestion from a reader, William Jackson of Los Angeles, who submitted his top 10 in the field, I have spent the past few weeks wading through reference books listing close to 35,000 songs that have had some measure of exposure during the past 60 years. (Aside from the classic blues, which are a separate topic, there are few songs before 1920 that seem valid by today's harmonic, melodic and lyrical standards, though I note that Raymond Hubbell's "Poor Butterfly," which Sarah Vaughan still sings, was written in 1916.)

Obviously, no artistic judgment can be absolute; total objectivity is impossible. The ultimate tests of a song are its ability to nourish the listener's sensibilities; melodic (and lyrical) originality and, at times, innovation; durability (most of my selections turned out to be 30 to 50 years old), and sophistication. This last quality is meant strictly in the Webster sense: "the character of being intellectually sophisticated, as through cultivation, experience . . ."

My list, then, is circumscribed by these guidelines. Unlike Alec Wilder, whose book was a perceptive examination of the melodies, with little attention to the words, I took both into consideration. However, since there are many recorded versions of these songs without lyrics, but none without music, it stands to reason that the melody (including its harmonic structure) is somewhat more meaningful in the final analysis. These are songs to be sung or played, not poems to be read. One of my choices is almost unknown as a vocal work, yet it merits consideration as an exceptional tune.

Certain world-famous composers are conspicuously missing from my legion of honor. This implies no negative view. The *oeuvre* of George Gershwin, Porter, Berlin or Wilder himself impressed me over the years, but the popularity of a given writer, or the need to include a certain quota of big names, was not at issue.

These simply are 10 compositions that came to my attention at some point during the last 40-odd years, songs I believe would be the hardest to tire of hearing. They are neither the 10 greatest ever written nor the top 10. I do not subscribe to the idea of a top 10 *anything*. They are purely and only the songs I felt most reluctant to eliminate from a list of those I admire.

The lead sheets, please . . .

"ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE." Music by Jerome Kern; words by Oscar Hammerstein II, 1939. The irony is that this song has spent 43 years outlasting Kern's final Broadway musical, "Very Warm for May." The show was such a dire flop and the reviews were so dismal that there were 20 people in the audience on the second night. "All the Things You Are" wedded a mature, sensitive lyric to a melody that seemed simple, yet, was tied to a harmonic pattern of rare ingenuity. This endeared it to singers and instrumentalists alike; over the years, it has been sung on records by Mildred Bailey, Billy Eckstine and, most recently, Sarah Vaughan with Count Basie (Pablo) and Mark Murphy (Muse). Every pianist has tackled it, from Art Tatum to Herbie Hancock. At last count (many years ago, when I stopped compiling index cards), I had 75 versions.

"THE BLUES." Words and music by Duke Ellington. 1943. This originated as the only vocal movement in "Black, Brown and Beige," Ellington's "tone parallel to the history of the American Negro," which he introduced at Carnegie Hall, with Betty Roche singing. (The live recording is on Prestige Records).

"The Blues" is unique in several respects. First, it is one of the very few Ellington works in which the words are more important than the music. Second, he wrote them himself. (His early songs, saddled with mediocre lyrics by others, could have used this aspect of his talent).The words are about the blues, a strange, inverted-pyramid formation:

The blues . . .
The blues ain't . . .
The blues ain't nothin' . . .
The blues ain't nothin' but a cold gray day
And all night long it stays that way.

The ending reverses the pattern, each line a word or two shorter than its predecessor. The melody achieves a somber mood without allying itself to the actual blues form. Very few other singers have tackled this, though I remember an early version by Mel Torme. Joya Sherrill sang it in a studio recording with Ellington, but the Roche original best reflects the spirit of this memorable tone poem.

"BODY AND SOUL." Music by John Green; words by Edward Heyman, Robert Sour and Frank Eyton. 1930. This song made its bow in England, where I first heard it. Ambrose's orchestra made a definitive pop recording after he heard Gertrude Lawrence (for whom Green had written the melody while working as her accompanist) sing it on London radio. Later,Libby Holman introduced it on Broadway in the revue "Three's A Crowd." Green's tune draws strength from its complexity, without every making that quality too apparent. The minor-key verse goes through all kinds of strange gyrations before landing in the chorus in a major key. "Body and Soul" follows the classic A-A-B-A pattern. The lyrics, credited to three men, are adequate, but the melody has been carrying this song, particularly since 1939, when the saxophonist Coleman Hawkins' version gave it a new life. Best recent vocals: Bobby Short (Elektra), Carly Simon (Warner Bros.).

"GOODBYE." Words and music by Gordon Jenkins. 1935. Selected mainly for its exquisite melody. Jenkins' lyrics are too rarely used; this will always be remembered as Benny Goodman's closing theme. (An Ella Fitzgerald recording will be out soon on Pablo.)

"I'LL REMEMBER APRIL." Music by Gene de Paul; words by Patricia Johnston and Don Raye. 1941. Patricia Johnston, a stunning blonde who was to die young, wrote a touching, *Weltschmerz*-laden poem that was transformed by Don Raye into a song lyric. Raye brought it to De Paul, who recalls: "This was the only song I ever composed without touching the piano. I dreamed up the whole thing in my head, then sat at the piano and played it through. Don said, 'Play it again before you forget it!' "

The song has an unorthodox form (A-B-C-D-A-B) and a long chorus (48 bars instead of the regular 32), yet its melody is quite simple. Its beauty derives from the haunting quality of the harmony. Recorded by Cleo Laine (GNP-Crescendo), June Christy (Capitol) and hundreds of instrumental groups, it has lost none of its appeal.

"LUSH LIFE." Words and music by Billy Strayhorn. 1938. No other song has had such a strange history. Strayhorn brought it to Duke Ellington, who hired him soon afterward but, curiously, never recorded it. When he wrote it, Strayhorn had never been out of Pittsburgh, yet the song tells a story of Noel Coward like sophistication ("A week in Paris will ease the bite of it/All I care is to smile in spite of it . . .").

In an extraordinary dovetailing of words and melody, Strayhorn fashioned a difficult yet totally riveting song, with a long verse and short chorus. The music has had a life of its own, though the

Please Turn to Page 4

May 2 '82

HERE'S WHY THE LADY IS A CHAMP

By LEONARD FEATHER

Another in the series of occasional articles on female instrumentalists in the Los Angeles area.

Recently, at the fifth annual Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, some of the most engaging music of the five-day event was provided by a quintet from Canada billed as the Swing Sisters.

All five members clearly were capable musicians, but one in particular stood out. While the rest of the band hewed to the group's essential Dixieland-and-swing-era orientation, the trumpeter showed a more modern influence. Yet she managed to fit into the spirit of the occasion and on one tune, "Wolverine Blues," impulsively grabbed a microphone and indulged in two delightful choruses of scat singing straight out of Satchmo.

"I don't know what came over me," said Stacy Rowles. "I'd never before sung in public. I'm still afraid to listen to the tape."

Rowles is one of the most noteworthy products in a fast-growing crop of second-generation jazz artists. Her father, the eminent pianist Jimmy Rowles (ex-Goodman, Herman, Dorsey, Peggy Lee, currently Ella Fitzgerald's accompanist) deserves and will soon be given separate treatment in another story. Stacy, born in Los Angeles on Sept. 11, 1955, says her father and mother have been very supportive. "In fact, after I'd studied piano for three years with private teachers and played field drums in elementary school, it was Dad who showed me the scales on his old Army trumpet.

"I got into the school band when I was in the seventh grade, and kept playing all through school. I had several fine teachers, not only on trumpet but also improvisation, reading and so forth. One of them is Charlie Shoemake, the vibraphonist, who's become very successful as a teacher."

Stacy Rowles with fluegelhorn, left, and trumpet.

While working on her trumpet at high school, Rowles decided she'd like to try out the fuller, mellower sound of a fluegelhorn. "Dad still has the note I left for him. It read: 'Dear Dad: If you would buy me a fluegelhorn, I'd play the hell out of it.'" Dad obliged. Later, Stacy won another fluegelhorn when as a high school senior she was voted best soloist in a contest at Orange Coast College.

"Dad really believed in me. He even called up Al Hirt and had me play on the phone for him. In 1973, when I was just out of high school, Dad and I played together at the Monterey Jazz Festival."

Her career has been erratic, due not to any lack of ability but the nature of the profession. In 1975 she played in an all-female band directed by trumpeter Clark Terry at the Wichita Jazz Festival. In 1978 there was a tour of Mexico with a predominantly male orchestra. For five months she worked with an uninspiring Top 40 lounge band.

The real break came with an invitation to join a local all-woman band. In 1979 the leaders were a saxophonist, Rosalind Cron, and a drummer, Bonnie Janofsky. Ann Patterson replaced Cron; later the band broke up but a new group with some of the same women, among them Rowles, began working under Patterson. During the Janofsky-Patterson regime the band adopted the name Maiden Voyage.

Stacy Rowles appeared at the 1980 Women's Jazz Festival, with an all-star combo as well as with Maiden Voyage. She has played most of the band's dates since then, but last August she was invited to Toronto to make her club debut; while there, she discovered the Swing Sisters and sat in with them. This led to her recent Kansas City appearance with the group.

"Dixieland is a trumpet player's heaven," she says. "It was fun playing all those tunes like ''S Wonderful,' 'Muskrat Ramble' and 'Riverboat Shuffle.' But that's not the era I came up in, of course.

"My first inspiration was Freddie Hubbard, ever since his 'Straight Life' album about 10 years ago. I've also listened a lot to Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Chuck Mangione and to records by Fats Navarro and Clifford Brown."

As her work with Maiden Voyage and in other contexts has made clear, Stacy Rowles is thoroughly qualified to take a variety of jobs for which she is never called. This may not be due to any conscious sexism on the part of contractors or group leaders, but it seems beyond rational explanation that so many of the bands seen in nightclubs around town tend to be all male (and, very often, all white).

"I know there's a lot of work out there that I'm capable of doing," says Rowles. "I've played mostly with big bands up to now, but I'd like to get more small-group experience. It offers better opportunities to stretch out as a soloist.

"I guess I have to establish my identity. Well, I may be getting there; somebody told me that Jon Faddis, the great trumpeter who was sort of Dizzy Gillespie's protege, refers to my father as 'Stacy Rowles' dad.' That's kind of a nice compliment, don't you think?" □

DEFRANCO AND GIBBS AT HOP SINGH'S

5/11

By LEONARD FEATHER

Is Buddy DeFranco the ultimate jazz clarinetist? Was Artie Shaw? Or does Benny Goodman still reign?

Such questions are as meaningless as a comparison of the stature of Terry Gibbs, Bobby Hutcherson and Lionel Hampton as vibraphonists. The answer in either case is that each man is a master artist, representing a different aspect in the instrument's evolution in jazz.

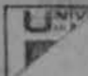
More specifically, when DeFranco and Gibbs are brought together, as they were Saturday evening at Hop Singh's, the chemistry is very special. Both men are best when improvising simultaneously, feeding off one another's creative urges and surges.

From the opening "Love for Sale" through the tempestuous "Air Mail Special" finale, DeFranco was completely in control, unleashing ideational windstorms that demanded total and instantaneous communication between brain and fingers. His solo specialty, "Sophisticated Lady," displayed a warmth some reviewers have stubbornly failed to hear in him.

Gibbs played a ballad specialty, "What's New," in which his hyperkinetic personality calmed down long enough to provide some moments of relative relaxation.

Less successful was "Now's the Time," in which Gibbs tended to lapse into bebop cliches and DeFranco was less than optimally inspired. It would be more productive if they were to work out some contrapuntal ideas on the blues to supplant this jam-session vehicle.

Frank Collett, pianist on the current Gibbs-DeFranco album, offered uplifting support and solos. Completing the quintet were Frank Capp on drums and Tony Dumas on bass.



JAZZ ALBUM BRIEF

"PRINCESS OF THE SAVOY." Chick Webb/Ella Fitzgerald. MCA 1348. As a teen-age vocalist with Webb's Harlem band in the 1930s, Fitzgerald already had developed most of the traits that would soon bring her fame. Many of the songs inflicted on her in those days trivialized her contributions: "Chew Your Bubble Gum," "I'm Just a Jitterbug," "Vote for Mr. Rhythm," etc. Of the 16 very short tracks, only one, Edgar Sampson's "If Dreams Come True," became a jazz standard. Still, as a historical curiosity, three stars.

This is one of a dozen additions to MCA's Jazz Heritage Series. Others are by Jay McShann (with Charlie Parker's first recorded solos), MCA 1338, Andy Kirk (with Mary Lou Williams), 1343, Louis Jordan (Greatest Hits, Vol. II), 1337. —L.F.

THE LOW 10 IN AMERICAN POPULAR SONGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mediocrity has always found a place for itself, particularly in the popular, mass-oriented arts. Nowhere has this been more evident than on the music scene, where artistic integrity has trouble flourishing, if only because the process of creation too often is predicated on potential sales: sales of records, sales via the media to audiences whose general receptivity is best measured by the immortal pronouncement of H.L. Mencken, "Nobody ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American people."

As a corollary, it might be added that no one ever got rich simply through snobbery. That there is room for unpretentious, popularized art should not even call for discussion. It has been argued that the comic strips, the Disney movies

Last of two articles

and, yes, the pop songs ought to be discussed in terms of their aims; that if they do not set their sights very high, it is unreasonable to judge them in terms of an objective that their creators did not set out to attain.

In preparing for last week's column, dedicated to 10 preferred popular songs, I was aided by a six-volume series of books under the generic title "Popular Music: An Annotated Index of American Popular Songs," edited by Nat Shapiro. The books were even more helpful in sorting out material for the list that follows. Merely looking at the titles was reminder enough that all through the decades we have been afflicted with trivial tunes and moronic titles and lyrics.

We need not take into consideration the calculated nonsense ditties. All the way from "Diga Diga Doo" in the 1920s to Lennon & McCartney's "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" and Stevie Wonder's "Shoo-be-doo-be-doo-da-day" in the 1960s (and there were innumerable others before

LEONARD'S LOSERS

"Alley Cat," 1962.
"Be My Love," 1950.
"Hello Dolly," 1963.
"Mack the Knife," 1928.
"Miss Otis Regrets," 1934.
"Music, Music, Music," 1950.
"Satin Doll," 1953.
"That's Entertainment," 1953.
"Volare," 1958.
"There's No Business Like Show Business," 1946.

and since), this has been a manifestation about which nobody need become exercized. The intentions were as insignificant as the consequences.

It is another matter when one considers songs that seemed pernicious in intent, or at best naive and offensive. The racial stereotypes, and the songs glorifying those states of the union where at that time lynching flourished, were all but ubiquitous in the first two or three decades of the century. "Coal Black Mammy," 1921, "That's Why Darkies Were Born," 1931, and the various blackface epics perpetuated by Al Jolson, were typical of the genre. As relatively late as 1937 Tommy Dorsey's orchestra recorded "If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon." His female vocalist, legend tells us, indignantly refused to sing it, so the male singer took over.

Another group includes the songs whose topical and inconsequential subject matter assured their short lives. In the wake of the 18th Amendment came "It Will Never Be Dry in Havana, No Matter What Happens 'Round Here," published in 1920. But the category that perhaps tops them all for expendability is the crassly sentimental, often occasioned by the death of a public figure. Who can ever remember "They Needed a Song Bird in Heaven, So God Took Caruso Away," words by George A. Little, music by Jack Stanley, bestowed on us by Tin Pan Alley in 1921?

These songs have never been a major irritant, since most of them sank promptly without a trace. The few that survived ("Diga Diga Doo") became known only for the melodies. What really hurts is to find a lasting success enjoyed by a lesser song by a writer or team that knows better.

The following selections are certainly not plucked from the bottom of the barrel. (That section of the barrel has long since been covered up by the detritus of time.) They are simply egregious examples of lyrics and/or melodies that have enjoyed a measure of recognition far beyond what they seem to deserve. All were professionally written; none has been included here because of any technical deficiencies. Three, in fact, were award winners. To put the whole issue in a capsule: these are 10 songs I probably dislike hearing more than any others, although it must be admitted that the competition was fierce.

"ALLEY CAT." Music by Frank Bjorn. English words by Jack Harlen. 1962. Perhaps it is not without significance that the writer of the English words hid behind a pseudonym. His real name, according to Shapiro, is Britt Simonson. The song was introduced on Danish television by Bent Fabric, whose record was a best seller in Denmark. The vocal version was introduced here by one David Thorne. Fabric won a Grammy award for best rock 'n' roll recording of the year. How can I explain it? Let me find the ways. On second thought, it seems improbable that anyone who recalls this dismal work will demand any further explanation.

"BE MY LOVE." Music by Nicholas Brodszky. Words by Sammy Cahn. 1950. The pompous-tenor type song almost deserves a category to itself. The construction of the melody, reaching an immediate climax on the third note, automatically calls for overemotionalism. This was introduced in a film called "The Toast of New Orleans" by Mario Lanza, whose record was a major seller. It was even nominated for an Academy Award. The words are less bothersome than the tune, but I would rather remember Sammy Cahn for "Time After Time" and a long list of other very respectable, finely crafted lyrics.

"HELLO, DOLLY!" Words and music by Jerry Herman. 1963. The song did so much for such talented people as Carol Channing, Louis Armstrong and Pearl Bailey that it seems churlish to complain about it. Nevertheless, the singers elevated this simplistic piece so far beyond its inherent value that history has glorified it out of all reasonable proportion. Since "Hello, Dolly!" won a Grammy as Song of the Year for 1964, and since the royalties undoubtedly are still rolling in, Herman need hardly be concerned that the attitude toward his creation was less than unanimous.

"MACK THE KNIFE." Music by Kurt Weill. English words by Marc Blitzstein. 1928. Or you can call it "Moritat," or you can call it "Theme From the Three Penny Opera," or you can call it trash. The original title, with German words by Bertolt Brecht, was "Die Moritat vom Mackie Messer." Introduced in Berlin in

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD FLETCHER

"Die Dreigroschenoper," it was sung in the first film version in 1931 by Ernst Busch and was first recorded in the United States by Lotte Lenya.

Under Blitzstein's new title, "Mack the Knife," it was heard in a concert performance of "The Three Penny Opera" in 1952. There was a second movie version in 1964, with Sammy Davis singing. The number of hit records this song has generated is incredible when one considers the utter paucity of its melody and the chaotic jumble of the lyrics. Dick Hyman, the pianist, had a No. 1 hit with it as an instrumental in 1956; he was followed by Louis Armstrong in 1957, Bobby Darin in 1959 and Ella Fitzgerald in 1962, all top sellers.

"MISS OTIS REGRETS." Words and music by Cole Porter, 1934. Despite Porter's magnificent track record of chic, clever lyrics blended with attractive themes, he tended now and then to go overboard. Though this song was sung by Monty Woolley in the film "Night and Day" in 1946, it was in fact one of the few Porter tunes not specifically written for a film or show.

The music is of minimal importance; the heavy-handed satire of the words is counterproductive.

"MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC." Music and lyrics by Bernie Baum and Stephen Weiss. 1950. This no more discredits Teresa Brewer than "Hello, Dolly!" reflects dishonor on Pearl Bailey or "Mack the Knife" on Satchmo. Brewer has outlived the image to become a convincing singer of first-class contemporary tunes. Any song that deals with music as its subject has to be above suspicion and "Music!" was derelict in that duty. On a scale of 10, this would rate one for the music and zero for the words.

"SATIN DOLL." Music by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn. Words by Johnny Mercer. 1953. I never could find out from either Ellington or Strayhorn which of them was really responsible for this bantamweight production, credited to two of the world's heavyweight champions. This is a typical example of a song that was harmless enough, in its unpretentious fashion, but outgrew its natural value a thousandfold in terms of mass acceptance. One would wish that some of Ellington's or Strayhorn's true masterpieces had enjoyed comparable success.

Johnny Mercer, represented three times on my list of preferred songs, stumbled inexplicably here. He chose arbitrary rhymes (Latin, cattin', etc.) and put together a veritable nonsense lyric. Can this be the same man who wrote "Skylark"?

"THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT." Music by Arthur Schwartz. Words by Howard Dietz. 1953. The heart-on-sleeve, chauvinistic show-biz song is an idiom I have always found obnoxious. Even the brilliant team of Dietz and Schwartz could not do anything to elevate this lyrical subject or the superficial melody attached to it.

"VOLARE" (Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu). Music by Domenico Modugno, English words by Mitchell Parish. 1958. This was the very first work ever to win a Song of the Year award from the newly founded National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences. It should be added that after that shaky start, the academy saved its Grammys in several later years for worthier subjects ("Moon River" in 1961, "Days of Wine and Roses" in '63 et seq.). The trouble with a song like "Volare," and I am referring specifically to the melody, is that a reasonably bright 5-year-old could sit at the piano and write it almost by accident.

"THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS." Words and music by Irving Berlin. 1946. The same objections that applied to "That's Entertainment" hold good here. Again, one of America's most beloved writers showed that everyone has his Achilles' heel. Ethel Merman, who will never be confused with Blossom Dearie, sang it in "Annie Get Your Gun", Betty Hutton and others revived it in the 1950 movie version. It was even sung by Marilyn Monroe in a 1955 film bearing the name of the song.

A list of this nature could be continued indefinitely, but a few particular dishonorable mentions spring to mind: "There Is Nothing Like a Dame," with its overwrought male chauvinism ("Girl Talk" is worse, but at least has a decent melody); "Goldfinger," which starts like "Moon River" but goes rapidly downhill; "Hooray for Hollywood," another work in the same category as "That's Entertainment," and Chuck Berry's "Roll Over Beethoven," which was also recorded by the Beatles, and the Electric Light Orchestra and which was one of too many songs whose very titles insult the intelligence.

If you find this list unsettling, turn back to last week's column and be reminded how many magnificent songs are still accessible to us, and, with any luck at all, may be around long after these losers are forgotten. □

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BUSY VIBES FROM JON NAGOURNEY

By LEONARD FEATHER

The late Cal Tjader, one of the most respected of all vibraphonists in jazz, once said, "I never wanted to play as if the contract reads, 'You will be paid so much per note per set.' That, for sure, is not my style."

Jon Nagourney, the young vibes soloist whose quintet played Friday at Mulberry Street in Studio City, might do well to consider those words and take the implicit advice. At 25, he has been playing the instrument professionally for less than five years and has developed a formidable technique. Like his tenor saxophonist Dave Pozzi and 21-year-old pianist Keith Saunders who co-leads the group, Nagourney studied with Charlie Shoemake. All three have practiced hard and learned well, forgetting nothing except for the vital element you simply cannot learn from lessons: discretion, to balance the intensity.

Credit Nagourney with good taste in his selection of material. He played Bud Powell's "Bouncing with Bud," Horace Silver's "Juicy Lucy" and the pop standard "It's You or No One."

Pozzi, 26, the most mature of the three soloists, sounded like a young, aspiring Lew Tabackin on his own ballad, "We'll Always Be Together." Saunders, though he shares Nagourney's flying-fingers tendency, reflects the combo's mainstream inclinations and could develop into an original, creative soloist.

The group wound up with a technically impressive assault on "Just One of Those Things," but when all was said and done it was just one of those fabulous bebop flings, never quite achieving an appropriate emotional level. Terry Gibbs can get away with this kind of flashy display because he tempers it with self-control, but Nagourney & Co. let their chops run off with them.

Completing the unit were Scott Colley on bass and Dick Berk on drums.

...JUST AS MAGICAL AS

Los Angeles Times

A MUSIC MEMORIAL TO ANN RICHARDS

5/12

By LEONARD FEATHER

The billing outside Carmelo's Sunday read: "A tribute to Ann Richards From Friends."

Inside, from 3 p.m. almost round the clock, a parade of singers and musicians offered their contributions to the memory of the fine, feisty jazz singer who a month ago was found dead at her Hollywood home. A gunshot wound, they said. Friends said she had been despondent over financial problems.

Richards was so well liked in the music community that a gathering of this kind was closer to what she would have wanted than the stiff, formal memorial service held last month.

Donna Shore, who knew her well, helped put it all together. (Proceeds from the tribute will go to a fund for Jason Rosolino, son of the trombonist Frank Rosolino, who died tragically like Richards.) Bill Marx, the composer and pianist who worked with Richards in clubs and on records, spoke touchingly of their friendship, of her love for Ravel and Debussy. "I learned a lot from her," said Marx, who possibly had learned even more from his father, a man called Harpo.

Predictably, many of the participants were singers who shared Richards' jazz sensitivity: Mavis Rivers, Ruth Price, Mike Campbell, Bill Henderson, Pinky Winters. Among the instrumental interludes, Joanne Grauer's delicate, impressionist piano stood out.

Late in the evening the ensemble known as Roger Neumann's Rather Large Band took over. Neumann, a tenor saxophonist and arranger who numbers Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn among his influences, took the orchestra through a splendid set of demanding charts, climaxed by Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge."

"Annie would have loved Roger's band," said Marx. "This was her kind of music." Neumann's kind of music, appealing to anyone with good taste, will be back when he plays a full evening at Carmelo's May 24. Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band will appear Saturday (not Monday as listed in Sunday's Calendar).

ARTIE SHAW PICKS UP HIS BATON

By LEONARD FEATHER

HOWARD LUCRAFT

Artie Shaw, right, listens to clarinetist Abe Most in rehearsal.

'All right, we'll try it again," said the conductor. "Only this time keep the saxes down low, very soft. Let's take it eight bars before Letter C."

The scene was like any other rehearsal, at any other college (this happened to be Ventura College), except for one distinction: Directing the band was a former dairy farmer, quantum autobiographer and current novelist named Artie Shaw.

It was a sight few thought would be seen again. After Shaw put down his clarinet and the music business 28 years ago (he later had his horn used as the base for a lampshade), his assurances that the break was irrevocable seemed convincing.

They still are. "I was just inveigled into this," he said, as the band, a collection of Ventura-based semi-professionals, took a break. "I live in Newbury Park, not far from here. Bruce Allen Hardy, the musical director of this band, wanted to do a one-shot program of my music, with Fred Hall of KGIL doing a narration. I found some of the original arrangements lying around in my garage and offered to help out.

"I only came to the rehearsal because if this music is to be played at all, it may as well be played right. But I found we're supposed to run through 24 tunes in a single three-hour rehearsal, which means we just can't get all the necessary shadings, the nuances. That would take closer to three weeks.

"The musicians are very capable. They probably read the music faster than the men did in my own band; but there are certain subtleties that take time, and time is what we don't have."

The youngest member of the band was born six years after Shaw's retirement from music in 1954. The oldest, bassist Dick Nivison, worked in Shaw's last big band in 1949-50. Playing the clarinet role was Abe Most, a veteran Hollywood studio musician, imported for the occasion and well equipped to take on this exacting assignment.

"I feel intimidated," Most said, "trying to play with him standing beside me. I didn't want to play 'Star Dust'—his solo on that was just impossible—but Artie talked me into it."

The tunes, all staples of the Shaw library, included Shaw's celebrated theme song "Nightmare," "Back Bay Shuffle," "Carioca" and of course Jerry Gray's arrangement of "Begin the Beguine."

Along with a dozen curiosity seekers in the hall were Brigitte Berman, her cameraman and sound man. Berman, producer of an acclaimed recent film biography of Bix Beiderbecke, met Shaw when

Please see ARTIE SHAW, Page 10

ARTIE SHAW

Continued from First Page

she interviewed him for the Beiderbecke project. Intrigued by his voluble personality (Shaw is the E. F. Hutton of his field, whatever his field may be), she decided to devote a new documentary to him.

Shaw's life since he gave up music has taken him through a mixed bag of vocations and avocations. He ran a dairy farm in Upstate New York, lived in Spain for several years, became a champion skeet shooter, a gun manufacturer, a film narrator and distributor. He never touched the clarinet except when he wanted to move the lampshade.

"As you know," he said, "I've been at work for a long while on my new novel. Yes, I guess you could call it a *roman a clef*—I know you're going to recognize quite a few people in it. This is a big undertaking that may eventually run to four books.

"Obviously that's what is taking up my time right now. This tribute is a nice idea, but I'm not even going to the concert."

Shaw was as good as his word. Last week the concert took place in a high school auditorium in Ventura. The next day Berman called to say, "Everything went well—Abe Most, the band, the narration. There was a standing ovation. Artie wasn't there."

As he explained years ago in his lively, well-written memoir, "The Trouble With Cinderella," Shaw never was infatuated by the music-business success syndrome. He will be 72 on May 23 and all that is behind him, along with the marriages to Jane Carns, Margaret Allen, Lana Turner, Betty Kern, Ava Gardner, Kathleen Windsor, Doris Dowling and Evelyn Keyes. Now, if we will only please leave him alone in Newbury Park, he will resume work on that novel—with film maker and cameraman standing close by.

5/16

JAZZ

. . . AND THE BEATS GO ON AND ON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Business is off, they tell us; sales are slumping, distributors are late with their payments, the economy is in a shambles. Yet the records continue to gush out, and new jazz-oriented companies are launched (see Antilles albums below).

How long this situation can prevail is anybody's guess. Meanwhile, the options available to the purchaser continue to grow broader. Note the extraordinary diversification of idioms represented in the reviews that follow.

"SPECIAL IDENTITY." Joanne Brackeen. Antilles AN-1001. Now restive, now declarative, always fiercely creative, pianist Brackeen has here her most powerful set of original works. Each piece has its own character: the title tune with its parallel and contrary-motion lines, the abstruse "Einstein," with tension preempting emotion, the seductively melodic "Enhance" with its intense Eddie Gomez bass solo, and "Egyptian Dune Dance," in which Jack de Johnette's drums interweave with the rhythmic undulations of the theme. The closing "Friday the 13th" is the swingingest cut. Adventurous sounds, not for timid ears. Five stars.

"OLD SONGS FOR THE NEW DEPRESSION." Ben Sidran. Antilles AN-1004. This new label, distributed by Island Records, deserves credit for bringing Sidran back to records. His voice has a homespun, folksy quality not unlike that of Hoagy Carmichael, to whom the album is dedicated. The mixture of cornball standards ("Makin' Whoopee," "Old Folks") and witty originals ("Piano Players," with its litany of jazz pianists' names) adds up to valid entertaining artistry, with Sidran's boppish piano and Richie Cole's alto sax as bonuses. Four stars.

"BROTHERLY LOVE." The Heath Brothers. Antilles AN-1003. There are in jazz today precious few organized combos in which each member is a master musician and the group sound is unpretentiously distinctive. These names are their own best credit cards: Jimmy Heath, saxes and composer; Percy Heath, bass and piccolo bass; Tony Purrone, a guitarist of rare individuality; Stanley Cowell, a totally cliche-free pianist, and the drummer Akira Tana. Even the one pop-flavored track, "Life in the City," works out tastefully. 4½ stars.

"BLOSSOM." Subramaniam. Crusaders CRP 16003. Funk and rock elements predominate rather than the Indian strains one might expect from the Madras-born classical violinist. The best titles are "Inner Peace," with guest soloist Herbie Hancock, and "Blossom," with guitarist Larry Coryell and pianist George Cables supplying welcome interludes of looseness. "Roots" has a rather impersonal alto sax solo by John Handy. The album lacks focus, bearing a peripheral relationship to American pop and Afro-American jazz. Two stars.

"THE PERSONAL TOUCH." Oscar Peterson. Pablo 2312-135. Peterson's vocal chops are not what they used to be. Singing on six of the 12 cuts, he displays a charm that only sometimes compensates for the weakness and uncertain intonation. The songs, written by Canadians, vary in quality no less than American tunes; a couple are weak pop ditties with female vocal group intrusions. Pleasant backup work by a gentle string section, a few solos by Clark Terry and two guitarists. Of the piano tracks, "Swinging Shepherd Blues" is the best by far with its slow, sly pace. Three stars.

"CLASSIC JAZZ DUETS. ADAM MAKOWICZ & GEORGE MRAZ." Stash ST 216. A double-Czech album (though Mraz is wrongly listed in the notes as a Hungarian). Recorded live at a New York club, Makowicz has his Art Tatum chops together. That Mraz's bass is even able to keep up with him at the dazzling tempos of "This Can't Be Love" and "Cherokee" is bewildering in itself. On "If" and "Together" Makowicz shows a more thoughtful, less flashy side of his personality. Too much of this album may seem derivative, but could he have chosen a better role model? Four stars.

"THE GREAT PRETENDER." Lester Bowie. ECM 1-1209. Buck Ram's 1955 Platters hit never had it so good. A long, discursive intro by Bowie's trumpet; theme in old-timey 12/8 with comic two-voice backup; baritone sax (Hamiet Bluiett) evolving from logic into chaos; freedom piano by Donald Smith; a group freak-out; Bowie alternately lyrical and laughable, with talking-horn noises a la Rex Stewart. The next cut, "Howdy Doody Time," sounds like a street band at Disneyland. Who says the avant-garde has no sense of humor?

Traditionalists may be mystified or horrified; ECM regulars will be shocked by such heterodoxy on their normally spacy label. The second side offers three Bowie originals, among them "Rios Negroes" (sic), a 1990-style bossa nova. Four stars. □

"OASIS." New York Jazz Quartet. Enja 3083. Well stocked with an in-house repertoire (four numbers by pianist Roland Hanna, two by flutist-tenor saxophonist Frank Wess), this combo makes unspectacular, accessible contemporary music. Highlights: Wess' three-part suite, "The Patient Prince," with fluent contributions by him and the limber Czech bassist George Mraz; and Hanna's aptly titled "Funk House." Ben Riley, the erstwhile Thelonious Monk drummer, completes this compact unit. Four stars.

"HOLLYWOOD PARTY." Maynard Ferguson. EmArcy EXPR 1005. A close-up of West Coast jazz, vintage 1955, with the 27-year-old bebopper Ferguson leading a septet that also includes Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Bob Gordon on saxes, rhythm by Russ Freeman, Shelly Manne and Curtis Counce. The era is well represented, but a diversity of material would have helped: Each tune ("Somebody Loves Me" and a blues) takes up an entire side. 2½ stars.

5/22

SILVER QUINTET AT CONCERTS BY SEA

By LEONARD FEATHER

By far the most valuable aspect of the Horace Silver Quintet's current stint at Concerts by the Sea is the perennially personal sound of the leader both as composer and as pianist.

As a soloist, Silver has changed hardly at all over the years. You do not look to him for complex inner voicings or abstruse modality; instead, you have a unique hard-swinging style, mainly in long strands of single notes coaxed on by an equally personal style of left-hand punctuation.

Silver's writing personality has enabled him to make attractive statements with a very basic instrumentation; trumpet, tenor sax, piano, bass, drums. Typical of the genre was "Nutville," an early piece that ended with a stunning technical demonstration on the bass drum by Geryck King, owner of the fastest right foot in town.

Tom Harrell, who has played trumpet with Silver off and on for four years, is a swinging original who defies the listener to predict the size, length or manner of the phrase coming up. Ralph Moore's tenor, though less consistently inventive, achieved a good groove on the more demanding fast tempos.

If this unit is less exciting than some of Silver's renowned quintets of the past, part of the problem lies in the excessive length of the solos. Silver's best recordings invariably packed from six to nine succinct original tunes into a 40-minute album. Thursday evening it took him 75 minutes to complete five numbers, the last two of which were fitted up with vocals by Weaver Copland and Mahmu Pearl, singing lyrics designed by Silver for preteen children.

It is a curious paradox to hear such well-intended bu[t] very simple homilies as "Accepting Responsibility" (from an album entitled "Guides to Growing Up") su[ng] in a club where nobody under 21 is admitted.

Completing the group is Richard Reid on bass. [The] show closes Sunday.

5/27

TASTY JAM WITH SWEETS EDISON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tonight will be the last chance in a long while for his local devotees to pay homage, at Carmelo's, to Harry (Sweets) Edison. Back in town after another long European tour, this elder statesman of jazz trumpet spends too much of his time overseas, where his ageless and completely personal statements are more fully appreciated.

Edison, the veteran of a thousand-and-one nights with Basie and countless record dates with Sinatra, is one of those rare soloists who needs only be heard for two or three seconds on the radio to insure instant identification. Nobody else has that sardonic sound; no other trumpet can swing with such subtle control.

A master of the bent tone, he can spend a 12-bar chorus repeating a note, changing its pitch and timbre and length, or taking his time so casually that he may spend eight measures gliding from C to B. His muted, elongated fade-out routine on "No Greater Love" is a masterpiece of wit.

He works without written music, using colleagues who know him so well that the jam-session format is elevated into a splendrous meeting of improvising minds. Bob Cooper, a frequent companion, still has the strong, ebullient tenor sax sound that lit up the Lighthouse in the 1950s. Dave Frishberg, better known nowadays as a singer and songwriter, played admirable quasi-bop piano.

Completing the group were two more virtuoso artists, Jimmie Smith on drums and Harvey Newmark on bass. Man for man, you couldn't hope for a happier ensemble.

Five stars, in short, for these five stars. Carmelo's was less than crowded Tuesday, although at a mere $5 cover it's the best bargain in town.

The Marsalis brothers, at the jazz peak

By Leonard Feather
The Los Angeles Times

IT WOULD require a long journey back into musical history to find a sibling team as precociously talented as the Marsalis Brothers. A couple of years ago they were just a pair of teenagers unknown outside their New Orleans home; presently they have the hottest and most widely publicized new combo in jazz, a CBS Records contract, and a schedule that takes in festivals around the United States and Europe.

They are Branford Marsalis, born Aug. 26, 1960, and Wynton Marsalis, born Oct. 18, 1961. Wynton has been garnering 99 per cent of the kudos on the strength of his astonishingly mature trumpet playing and his brash, provocatively outspoken personality, but Branford, the saxophonist, is a soloist to be reckoned with.

"Branford's much more talented than I am," said Wynton. "Until I was 12, I wasn't going to be a musician, but he always was."

"Piano was my first instrument," Branford said. "Like father, like son. [Ellis Marsalis, a respected pianist and teacher, plays with his sons on the recent album 'Fathers and Sons.'] Then I took up clarinet, but I realized I didn't like it. I didn't want to sit in a chair for the rest of my life playing music that was already written for me. So I had my dad get me a saxophone for Christmas."

Wynton, less reluctant to sit reading classical music, made rapid though belated headway. At age six he had been given a trumpet by Al Hirt, in whose band his father was playing, but it remained in its case for six years while he concentrated on academics and basketball. Once determined to follow his brother, he decided no less firmly that he would not be categorized.

He practiced relentlessly, but says, "I resent these stories that call me 'classically trained.' Training is training: You practice scales and exercises and control, and you use this experience to play anything you want. I'm just a cat who started playing the trumpet, and I like classical music. White people don't associate black cats with classical music, so I wanted to deal with that misconception. But I also grew up listening to, and playing, jazz and funk."

At 14, he played the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Philharmonic. Other classical experiences — at Tanglewood, where he won an Outstanding Brass Player award, and at Juilliard — went hand in hand with jazz studies.

"As for me," says Branford, "in high school I listened to funk for a long time — people like King Curtis — but later I began paying attention to jazz: Charlie Parker, Cannonball Adderley, and then, when I went on the road with Clark Terry's band, someone told me about Wayne Shorter. In four months, I learned every solo off every album Wayne had done with Miles. John Coltrane was a very recent discovery for me."

Wynton left for New York in the summer of 1979, a few months before his 18th birthday. In addition to studying at Juilliard, he played in a pit band and worked with the Brooklyn Philharmonia. "Then one day I sat in with Art Blakey, who's a master of Afro-American music. Blakey asked me to join his band, and that was a truly educational experience."

Wynton Marsalis

Last year Wynton left Blakey, toured Japan and the United States with a quartet composed of Miles Davis's 1960s rhythm section (Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams), then formed his own quintet, with Branford playing tenor and soprano sax.

While soaking up this all-embracing span of musical knowledge, Wynton acquired a set of strong social and racial views, most of which seem to be shared, though less vigorously expressed, by his brother. His opinions bring together into intriguing juxtaposition the certitude of youth and the maturity of middle age.

"Some people think that my telling the truth means not liking white people, or being arrogant. When you grow up you don't hate anybody; you have to be taught that, man. Even right now I don't hate anybody."

According to his experience, whites have a tendency to be defensive about white musicians. "At one interview I talked about Louis Armstrong and the interviewer immediately brought up Bix Beiderbecke. Now I've listened to both of them, and Bix was a great player, but Louis was a genius of the first level."

Wynton Marsalis represents a more substantial body of thinking than most whites may be willing to realize. After high school he had a chance to go to college; as a National Merit finalist he had approaches from Yale and other Ivy League schools, but was reluctant, he says, to be in that environment.

"I had been going to white schools for a long time. The education is better, but the problem is the racial vibes you have to deal with. I had all A's, and the white cats would be so upset. They also didn't like the fact that I wasn't trying to imitate them in the way I talk. Branford and I had white friends in the band, but we wouldn't go to any of their parties.

"As much as I'd love to sit here and tell you, oh, man, people are all the same, we know that just isn't so. People have the same basic drives, but the conditions you grow up in determine how you behave."

The Marsalis Brothers grew up in a superior family environment ("We had a father — we were ahead of most black cats right there"). There are now six brothers: The others are 17, 16, 11, and five. Ellis Marsalis, to whom his sons were always close, encouraged them in their ambitions. Both Branford and Wynton became aware early that their exposure to jazz was not typical of black experience in the 1960s and '70s. Among other roadblocks they found that jazz was taboo in black colleges.

Wynton Marsalis elaborated: "I hate to say this, but black people have spent their time in this country trying to refute their culture. Slavery created an inferiority complex in them. The black church, which is primarily a black version of a white institution, also helped to cut jazz down. The churches don't want to hear about jazz."

Branford added what he sees as the basis of many difficulties in interracial understanding: "As a black person, you will always be accepted by whites as long as you identify with that which is natural to white culture. The minute you begin to exemplify anything that is black, it changes."

Indications seem to be growing that conditions may improve in the foreseeable future. The best evidence, in fact, is provided by the Marsalis phenomenon itself. Wynton Marsalis is the first musician, black or white, playing non-fusion, uncompromising acoustic jazz, to become the object of a high-powered promotional campaign launched by a major record company.

Unprecedented, too, is the stipulation in the contract calling for him to record a classical album. Never before has any jazz musician been signed under those conditions. He will fulfill that part of his obligation next December when, in an album to be recorded with the Czech Philharmonic in Prague, he will play the Johann Hummel Concerto for Trumpet and Henri Tomasi's Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra.

Still another notable aspect of the New Orleans youngsters' accomplishments is their insistence on a dignified appearance. "People relate to what they see," says Wynton. "You can't come onstage looking like you're dressed for a football game. We believe in protocol, punctuality, a visually smart presentation." /II

NEWSDAY, SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1982

5/23/82

JAZZ

A FAMILY OF MUSIC PHENOMS

By LEONARD FEATHER

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Wynton, less reluctant to sit reading classical music, made rapid though belated headway. At age 6, he had been given a trumpet by Al Hirt, in whose band his father was playing, but, it remained in its case for six years while he concentrated on academics and basketball. Once determined to follow his brother, he decided no less firmly that he would not be categorized.

He practiced relentlessly, but said, "I resent these stories that call me 'classically trained.' Training is training: You practice scales and exercises and control, and you use this experience to play anything you want."

At 14, he played the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Philharmonic. "Wynton got better and better," said Branford, "because contrary to popular belief, music is about besting. There was this other kid, David, in high school, who played a lot of trumpet, and Wynton just said, 'Man, I'm gonna practice until I zip this kid.' Musical envy, shall we call it?

"As for me, in high school I listened to funk for a long time—people like King Curtis—but later I began paying attention to jazz: Charlie Parker, Cannonball Adderley, and then when I went on the road with Clark Terry's band, someone told me about Wayne Shorter. In four months I learned every solo off every album Wayne had done with Miles. John Coltrane was a very recent discovery for me."

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According to his experience, whites have a tendency to be defensive about white musicians. "At one interview I talked about Louis Armstrong and the interviewer immediately brought up Bix Beiderbecke. Now I've listened to both of them, and Bix was a great player, but Louis was a genius of the first level.

"I can say I don't like what Anthony Braxton plays, and he's blacker than that chair—but I can't say I don't like a white boy. If I don't like Richie Cole, I must be a racist."

RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times

Sibling prodigies: Branford and Wynton Marsalis.

Wynton Marsalis represents a more substantial body of thinking than most whites may be willing to realize. After high school he had a chance to go to college; as a national merit finalist he had approaches from Yale and other Ivy League schools, but was reluctant, he says, to be in that environment.

"I had been going to white schools for a long time. The education is better, but the problem is the racial vibes you have to deal with. I had all A's, and the white cats would be so upset."

The Marsalis brothers grew up in a superior family environment ("We had a father—we were ahead of most black cats right there"). There are now six brothers: the others are 17, 16, 11, and 5. Ellis Marsalis, to whom his sons were always close, encouraged them in their ambitions. It may be a fair assumption that without his jazz background their own musical experience would have been very different. Both Branford and Wynton became aware early that their exposure to jazz was not typical of black experience in the 1960s and '70s. Among other roadblocks they found that jazz was taboo in black colleges.

"They refuse to accept anything that hasn't been set down in the rule books for centuries," said Branford. "If they found you playing jazz in the practice room, they'd come in and say, 'The rooms are designed for *serious* musicians.' Gospel music, which is the core of black music, is frowned upon too. European music is all they allow. Our integrity as black people has been destroyed."

Wynton Marsalis elaborated: "I hate to say this, but black people have spent their time in this country trying to refute their culture. Slavery created an inferiority complex in them. The black church, which is primarily a black version of a white institution, also helped to cut jazz down. The churches don't want to hear about jazz. Being the great influence they are on black people, that means you've lost 70% of the people right there.

"If black people want to listen to funk or soul music rather than jazz, that's for social reasons—it has to do with not being educated for four centuries and dealing with complexes that are forced on us by society. I played in a funk band, and if we'd try to play a good jazz tune like Herbie Hancock's 'Maiden Voyage,' people would say, 'Hey, what's wrong with you? Play us some music—we want to dance.'

"Stop any black person on the street and ask him who's the most profound black artist, who's the genius. Who do you think they would say? Stevie, that's who. Now I think Stevie Wonder is great, but for him to be set up as the sublime artist while Sonny Rollins and Wayne Shorter and Herbie Hancock—or Thelonious Monk, who just died—for those people to be ignored is a shame."

Branford added what he sees as the basis of many difficulties in interracial understanding: "As a black person, you will always be accepted by whites as long as you identify with that which is natural to white culture. The minute you begin to exemplify anything that is black, it changes. I don't think people's attitudes are going to change in our lifetime."

Easy though it is to emphathize with the brothers' skepticism, indications seem to be growing that conditions may improve in the foreseeable future. The best evidence, in fact, is provided by the Marsalis phenomenon itself.

Wynton Marsalis is the first musician, black or white, playing non-fusion, uncompromising acoustic jazz, to become the object of a high-powered promotional campaign launched by a major record company. He has been playing with incredible success to predominantly white listeners, who evidently are able and willing to relate to this aspect of black culture.

Unprecedented, too, is the stipulation in the Marsalis CBS contract calling for him to record a classical album. Never before has any jazz musician been signed under these conditions. He will fulfill this part of his obligation next December when, in an album to be recorded with the Czech Philharmonic in Prague, he will play the Johann Hummel Concerto for Trumpet and Henri Tomasi's Concerto for Trumpet and Orchestra.

Still another notable aspect of the New Orleans youngsters' accomplishments is their insistence on a dignified appearance. "People relate to what they see," said Wynton. "You can't come on stage looking like you're dressed for a football game. We believe in protocol, punctuality, a visually smart presentation." To see the Marsalis brothers in their carefully selected suits, shirts and ties is to be reminded of a tradition that was all but lost in the generation of jeans and dirty, torn jackets.

With the help of these young, dedicated and immensely gifted artists, who transcend the barriers between classical music and other idioms, an attempt is being made to erase a series of anti-jazz stereotypes and prejudices that has lasted almost a century. The Marsalises have the right ideas at the right time, and they didn't arrive a moment too soon. □

REDD SHOWCASES YOUTHFUL TALENTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Vi Redd's concert Sunday afternoon at the Ford Theater typically drew a good crowd and a strongly enthusiastic reaction.

There is something about the sinewy, penetrating timbre of Redd's alto saxophone that communicates instantly to an audience. Even though she was below optimum form Sunday—playing a little sharp—the impact was not seriously reduced.

Redd described her program as a showcase for young talents. Her proteges, all in their early 20s, were a scintillating pianist named Vanessa Burch; a new singer, Mark Broyard, and Randy Goldberg, Redd's 21-year-old son, on drums.

Broyard sang "Spain" in a style that indicated the influence of Al Jarreau, and "Round Midnight." Later, he returned to share a scat duet with Redd.

As a group, the quintet was uneven. Goldberg could lighten up a little on the bass drum. "Equinox," the old John Coltrane blues, was a strong opener, but "Wave" was inhibited by an intemperate tempo. Phil Ranelin played competent trombone. On bass was the always dependable Herbie Lewis, whose solo on "All Blues" was a highlight.

Redd's true bag is the blues, or a ballad such as "Willow Weep for Me" that provides a comfortable vehicle for her soulful sound. This is true also of her singing, but it was regrettable that one of her affecting ballad vocals could not also be included.

She poured out her heart in two unaccompanied sax solos, one sacred ("Precious Lord"), the other secular ("The Shadow of Your Smile"). These succinct, impassioned statements were dedicated to the memory of Monk Montgomery and other musicians who have died recently.

"My Funny Valentine," a sax-and-piano duet, illustrated that Burch is indeed a talent to watch out for. Vi Redd deserves our thanks for helping to bring to the forefront new youngsters of this caliber.

Next week at the Ford: the Rudy Macias Latin Jazz ensemble.

Miles Davis' Miraculous Recovery From Stroke

BY LEONARD FEATHER

Trumpeter credits wife Cicely Tyson with helping him rebound from painful bout

At the NAACP Image Awards ceremony in Los Angeles this year, Miles Davis and wife Cicely Tyson celebrate the trumpeter's renaissance.

Miles gets down during concert at Avery Fisher Hall in New York City.

IN THIS corner, weighing 137 pounds, sits the resurgent champion, Miles Dewey Davis III. Comfortable in a wine red gown and slippers, he sips Perrier in his suite at l'Ermitage, one of Beverly Hills' most sumptuous hotels.

It's clear that even the famous Davis rasping vocal cords have cleared up a little. Asked to explain, he first grins and replies, "I had a voice lift," then adds, "I just stopped smoking and drinking. Don't miss it. I drink about four gallons of Perrier a day. Flushes you out. That's all I need."

His relaxed, expansive manner comes as no surprise. Since the near-miraculous recovery of his health, capped last November by his marriage to longtime friend actress Cicely Tyson, Miles Davis has been in better shape, physically, psychologically and musically, than anyone had a right to expect.

The story of his comeback, after almost six years' absence, due mainly to a series of near-catastrophic illnesses, is very familiar—but one aspect of the resurgence has been kept quiet. Now, as they say, it can be told.

Continued on Page 62

JAZZ

Don't mess with Marsalis

Brian Case meets young trumpet star Wynton Marsalis. Reflective pic: Hans Harzheim

"THIS guy," announced Art Blakey, with a mock-turtle hunching of his grizzled head, "makes the young kids all over the world wanna cut their wrists. I'd call him to the mike, but he's bashful."

Bashful he ain't. Wynton Marsalis, a trumpet star at 20, has made the sort of dent in the dynasty that Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard made back around the turn of 1960 — that's how often prodigies hit on this horn — and already has the cuff-links, cravats and cool of The Kid. You don't mess with Marsalis.

"A lotta times guys tell me I'm arrogant — 'don't be arrogant, Lee Morgan, you know' — I don't wanna hear that shit, man. It's not that. When I was a senior in High School, there was one modern jazz gig in New Orleans, the Oyster Bar on Magazine Street, and we had it.

"It's all Dixieland for tourists, and a lotta that's bullshit. The guys that's playing Dixieland on Bourbon Street work six hours a night six days a week and they don't make any money. It's all a big rip-off. It's all bullshit, Tom around catering to the whims of the kinda people who just think you're there to entertain them for laughs and shit.

"I was really turned off, man. Experiencing such a large degree of condescension just turned me off to a lotta stuff. I'm not arrogant. I just don't have time to deal with that kinda stuff. It's too much, too much to take."

Wynton Marsalis was born in New Orleans in 1961, named for Wynton Kelly by his famous father, Ellis Marsalis, a modern jazz pianist stuck on the Dixieland circuit with Al Hirt. Wynton got his first trumpet from Hirt when he was six, and despite the musical environment, took little interest in jazz until he was 12.

"The summer before I went to High School, I really started practising and listening to albums, right. I studied books on the instrument. I had a great teacher, John Longo, and he taught me about learning in myself, because the main thing about playing any instrument is not dependent on one teacher telling you what to do and you doing it. That's a misconception many classical players have.

"John taught me how to think conceptually, the concept behind the exercises. He'd always ask me to explain why so that my mind would work. To me, the physical act of practising is just the release of mental activity that is going on before you pick up the horn. Most cats just practise.

"I was taught to play legitimate, not jazz, because that's not something that can really be tutored. When I was 12 or 13, I heard a tape of Maurice Andre and I thought he was really great, so I got interested in playing classical music also. For some reason, all the jazz musicians were in awe of the classical musicians, afraid of it or something.

"I thought, 'Man, I'm gonna see what this is, right?' I listened to Andre and I said, damn — I wanna play like that! I played solo with the New Orleans Symphony when I was fourteen, the Haydn Trumpet Concerto.

"I was listening to jazz records to study, see what the guys were doing, not necessarily to get the notes off, but trying to understand what they were doing conceptually. When I listened to Bird or Clifford Brown, I was trying to see how those phrases related to what was going on around them, and to place the music in a historical perspective.

"That's all I did, man — thought about music. It's a constant process of investigation, refining, absorbing, eliminating and trying to understand."

At 17, Wynton came to New York to study at Juilliard, playing on Broadway in "Sweeny Todd" for the bread. The first gig was with Art Blakey. "I sat in and I sounded like shit, got lost, man, on 'Along Came Betty' because I ain't never heard these records. I'd never listened to the Jazz Messengers that much."

HE HAS learned them since, the repertoire that includes "Moanin'", "Blues March", "Three Blind Mice" and "Mosaic", because Art doesn't travel with charts. A certain body of knowledge is taken for granted in his sidemen.

With the departure of Bobby Watson, Wynton has taken over as musical director, a gig that has always been democratically handled when it comes to writing and choosing.

After a few months with Blakey, George Butler sent Herbie Hancock a tape of the young trumpeter to see if he would fit with the group on tour, as Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter had cancelled. Herbie snapped him up.

"The first time I played with them in rehearsal, with Herbie, Ron Carter and Tony Williams, it was like walking on water. You're the only one that's playing, right, they just play what you play. For all Tony's activity, he's still playing what you're playing. You hear records and he's crowding cats, but that isn't how it feels when you're playing. He's very sensitive and perceptive.

"Tony's conception of playing is a lot like Art's, only he's a lot more open, more modern. He's a great Art Blakey fan. It's ironic, man — before I played with Tony, I'd never really listened to Art to hear what he was playing. It's a lot hipper than I thought it was.

"You hear Art play threes on four — he was one of the first drummers to do that. Like Art's way of playing is so scientific and so natural at the same time.

"I really dug playing with Herbie, Ron and Tony. I was never nervous because they didn't treat me like some young kid. They treated me with respect, and they're like master musicians. It was like I was on the gig. It's on a high and advanced level. You hafta know where ONE is because NOBODY'S laying that down."

TECHNICALLY staggering, Wynton Marsalis seems to be tugging that Rolls Royce rhythm section in his wake. He has everything from chops to ideas, and his sustained low notes break new ground. "Just notes to play, man," he says dismissively, but comes back to it.

"That might come from listening to a lotta tenor players. It's very hard to do that on trumpet. I use a very big mouthpiece, one-and-a-half C, and I play everything on that.

"Circular breathing? Yeah, I can do that but I've stopped. I used to do that like every solo, right, so people could clap. Now I'm trying to learn how to really construct."

He is well aware of the fate that seems specially reserved for young trumpet players — Fats Navarro, Booker Little, Clifford Brown dead in their prime, Lee Morgan killed on the stand at Slug's, Freddie Hubbard in and out of product.

"I hafta phrase this so it doesn't sound like I'm crying, but when you're black, you have a foot that's always in ass. That's like a fact of life that you deal with. When you're young you have a lot of enthusiasm, and I'm young now, so I don't see every breaking down.

"The level of jazz playing is so low just now. You go out hear bands, they're all playing the same sad shit. It's not good at all, I'll be honest. The whole Seventies was like a period when the most talented guys just went for a bag of goods, and they didn't develop their artistic abilities.

"I love Ornette Coleman, but all these guys slip through the door as free musicians, and the critics, they don't even know what it is but they co-sign it because they're afraid they might miss something. The musicians won't see to it that the music is placed on as high a pedestal as it should be. They've let the music be compromised.

"The thing that I'm depending on is that I'm getting ready to do a classical album. I'm going to play both." He broke off to identify the music coming over the radio in Ronnie's downstairs bar. "'Pictures From An Exhibition', man! I'll take that one!"

He got up, a young man on his way with a Columbia album out in the New Year and blistering evidence of embryonic greatness on "Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers Live at Bubba's" (Kingdom Jazz) already out. "We hafta hit," he said, and went and laid it.

THE TOP SONGS: AND NOW THE WRITE-IN CANDIDATES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Four weeks ago this space was devoted to my choice of 10 preferred classic-pop songs. It might well have been expected that my very personal views would generate violent antipathy, along with accusations that the list was derelict in omitting or including certain tunes. When highly personal judgments are involved, disagreements and hostility might seem inevitable.

Surprisingly, almost no such angry outbursts manifested themselves. The mail ran to more than 250 pieces, all but a handful of which offered responses to a request for readers' own preferences. With very few exceptions, the respondents accepted my choices without complaint: many expressed cordial approval while picking different tunes for their own lists.

Among the 33 songs mentioned 10 or more times, there was not one that I would have been embarrassed to place in a similar compilation of my own; in fact, 4 of my first 10 were included, along with 4 out of my backup list of 10 additional choices.

Readers' views seemed also to align with mine in the matter of overrated songs. With the exception of "Satin Doll," which drew five votes, none of my bottom 10 appeared as top choices of any reader more than a couple of times; six were not mentioned at all.

The conclusion that can be drawn should come as no surprise: the most cherished songs are the classics. The newest items on the roster are "Send in the Clowns" (1973) and "Yesterday" (1965). (The latter may have been confused occasionally with Jerome Kern's "Yesterdays," through the inadvertent dropping or addition of an s; the pluralized Kern song received seven votes.)

Hoagy Carmichael left us last year, but he left us with "Star Dust," composed in 1929, many years before most of the respondents were born. (The respondents' age range was broad, from teen-agers who plumped for hits from the repertoire of the Who and Procol Harum to a few of Carmichael's own generation.) The next four songs all were products of the 1930s; in fact, the only non-antique among the first 10 is "Here's That Rainy Day," a mere 29 years old.

Should one be surprised or shocked that no current tunes were highly valued? By way of an answer, study the top 10 songs on a recent hit list from Billboard: "Ebony and Ivory," "Don't Talk to Strangers," "I've Never Been to Me," "867-5309/Jenny," "The Other Woman," "'65 Love Affair," "Chariots of Fire," "Don't You Want Me," "Did It in a Minute" and "Get Down on It." Which among these can we presume will be performed when they are 53 years old, as "Star Dust" is today?

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD FLETCHER

Unquestionably, the past quarter century has produced a very small crop of future standards, mostly of Brazilian or Beatles origin. Every so often the marketplace yields something along the lines of "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life" (Michel Legrand and Alan and Marilyn Bergman, 1969), but such exceptions tend to prove an irrevocable rule.

This song, incidentally, was one of those chosen by a reader, Roger Linn Kuhn of Chatsworth, who took the trouble not only to submit 10 selections but also to write a concise essay on each. "This is one of the greatest popular songs written since 1960," he commented. "Whatever one's criteria for choosing great songs, it probably satisfies: innovativeness, absence of cliches, fresh harmonic devices, lyrics that fall fluidly, unclutteredness. It is a great song for any era."

One wonders who would be willing to make that observation concerning "Ebony and Ivory," "Did It in a Minute," or "Get Down on It."

Readers tended to choose the most honored songwriters of this century: Kern, Hammerstein, the Gershwins, Cole Porter, John Green, Kurt Weill, Jimmy van Heusen, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer, Hoagy Carmichael, Mitchell Parish. To the few dissidents who may complain that these choices are dated, the answer is simple: are Bach and Beethoven dated?

A classic is a classic, whether it stems from the world of 18th-Century composition, turn of the century ragtime, 20th-Century classic-pop, or jazz. The songs selected by readers are in the repertoire of most American jazz musicians, who find a timeless beauty in their harmonic or melodic character.

This is not the case with selections of a later vintage. Tom Rombouts of Los Angeles submitted 10 tunes, starting with the Beatles' "A Day in the Life" and Bob Dylan's "All Along the Watchtower" and ending with Fleetwood Mac's "Go Your Own Way" and the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen." With the exception of "A Day in the Life," none of his 10 has shown signs of becoming a permanent addition to the annals of American song.

Some of the songs that did make the final list, on the other hand, cut across all lines. "Georgia on My Mind," originally part of the popular music world of the 1930s, soon became a jazz standard, later was a soul hit for Ray Charles, and was sung this month on the "Tonight!" show by Willie Nelson.

Guy H. Raner Jr. of Chatsworth raises a few points worth considering. "A list made up by a person born at the same time in Italy would be quite different; I doubt if Feather would recognize any song on the list of a person born and raised during the same period in China or Bolivia." Raner may be underestimating the power of the media; I suspect that "Star Dust" might well be on lists submitted from those countries.

"All the talk about harmonic structure and A-B-C-D-A-B formats is frankly nonsense," he adds. "Feather is merely using that to objectively justify what cannot be justified objectively. In this area, only purely subjective tastes count. We are talking of memory and nostalgia."

Raner is off base here. Many songs I recall from my childhood seem antiquated and valueless today. The rules that apply to Jobim, Legrand, the Bergmans and Sondheim also governed the writers of "All the Things You Are" and other imperishables. I couldn't care less which songs my girlfriend and I danced to in some forgotten ballroom. Whatever the age of the vehicle or the voter, inherent melodic and lyrical value must be the yardstick.

Raner asks: "How can we separate the song from a particular arrangement?" This can be a problem at times, yet I cannot think of a single version of "Star Dust" that rose unforgettably above all others. There are numerous instances of tunes that transcended the need for a unique and outstanding interpretation. Many, in fact, come close to being performer-proof, defying any singer this side of Jonathan and Darlene Edwards to ruin them.

Finally, my thanks to readers who pointed out omissions in my list of recordings. It is true that Eartha Kitt made an excellent but long-deleted version of Duke Ellington's "The Blues," and that Morgana King sang "When the World Was Young" in her "Taste of Honey" album. If my columns have done nothing more than remind the record companies that such songs and performances are available for reissue—or if I sent a few readers to the stores to check up on less familiar selections such as "Some Other Spring" and "Waters of March"—then the whole undertaking was worth the effort. □

THE READERS' LEADERS

Following are the results of the readers' poll. The figure at right represents the number of readers who listed a song in their Top 10.

Song	Votes
"Star Dust"	44
"All The Things You Are"	30
"I Can't Get Started"	26
"My Funny Valentine"	26
"Laura"	24
"Begin the Beguine"	23
"Body and Soul"	21
"September Song"	20
"Here's That Rainy Day"	19
"Night and Day"	18
"As Time Goes By"	17
"Deep Purple"	16
"Someone to Watch Over Me"	16
"Misty"	15
"Skylark"	15
"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"	14
"I'll Remember April"	13
"Stormy Weather"	13
"Summertime"	13
"These Foolish Things"	13
"Blues in the Night"	12
Where or When"	12
"But Not for Me"	11
"Embraceable You"	11
"Georgia on My Mind"	11
"On Green Dolphin Street"	11
"Sophisticated Lady"	11
"Tenderly"	11
"The Man I Love"	10
"Send in the Clowns"	10
"What's New"	10
"When the World Was Young"	10
"Yesterday"	10

Michael London provided research assistance for this tabulation.

A CLOUD ROAR . . . AND ALL THAT JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

SAN DIEGO—Between the opening number by the reunited Modern Jazz Quartet and the closing strains of Benny Goodman's "Goodbye," 32 planes passed over the Starlight Bowl at Balboa Park Wednesday evening.

Is that any way to listen to music? Is this any place to present it?

On the previous night, the *Sturm und Drang* of Weather Report was able to outshout the jets, but Wednesday's concert was one of orthodox, often delicate jazz.

Nobody performed a single song that had not been a part of the artist's repertoire for years. The MJQ reunion found the foursome relying on themes from old John Lewis movie scores, blues by Milt Jackson and bop standards by Gillespie and Monk. Nothing has changed, and that is as it should be, for despite the theory that jazz is the sound of surprise, what one listens for in the delicate lines of a Lewis piano solo, a Jackson vibraphone chorus or even Percy Heath's bass, is the pleasure of hearing the tried and true.

This was always a conservative group, with its stock in trade of ballads, blues and baroque. Connie Kay remains one of the most restrained of drummers, just as the quartet still is the elegant essence of jazz chamber music.

Sarah Vaughan has a tendency to leave the reviewer groping for new expressions of wonderment, but on this occasion it was she who was at a loss for words. Forgetting the lyrics on two songs, she explained that she had spent an unpleasant day at the dentist's.

It didn't matter, of course. Even battling the jet noises, her "Indian Summer" was exquisite. When she sang "Send in the Clowns" there were no chill-resistant spines.

She now has as good a trio as ever backed her: George Cables, piano; Andy Simpkins, whose bass provided the sole accompaniment on "East of the Sun," and drummer Harold Jones.

Following Sarah Vaughan is no easy spot for any artist, not even as distinguished a virtuoso as Benny Goodman. Though the patriarch of the clarinet was technically impeccable as ever, his set offered very little in the way of individual or collective inspiration.

Goodman has lost none of his latent power, but the seven men who joined him for this lackluster hour never displayed anything more than competence.

On some numbers Goodman absented himself while one of the sidemen took over. On others all eight men played, but by now "That's A Plenty" and the perennial grand finale on "Sing Sing Sing" have grown too familiar.

Goodman rose to fame as a magnificent artist who surrounded himself with fellow giants: Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Charlie Christian. It was hard to listen to this set without wishing for a combo that could urge him on to the heights he is still capable of reaching.

Benny Goodman, the patriarch of the clarinet.

VINCE COMPAGNONE / Los Angeles Times

Weather Report's Joe Zawinul: ominous atmosphere on synthesizer.

WEATHER REPORT

HURRICANE JOE ET AL. IN SAN DIEGO

By LEONARD FEATHER

SAN DIEGO—There's been a change in the weather, a shift in the tide. The group presented Tuesday at the Balboa Starlight Bowl bore the familiar name of Weather Report, but the only original members still on hand were the co-leaders, Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter.

This first public appearance by the revamped quintet was part of a weeklong series of concerts, officially billed as the eighth annual Kool Jazz Festival San Diego. Previous events, however, leaned almost exclusively toward soul music.

Weather Report could have made its debut under more congenial conditons. The evening was chilly and the attendance disappointing, with only 1,500 seats occupied in the 4,200-capacity amphitheater. Low-altitude planes provided an all-too-frequent counterpoint to the music. In fact, when Zawinul began the performance with a series of ominous synthesizer effects, one hardly knew whether to gaze skyward or look at the stage.

There has been relatively little change in the group's character, since so much is determined by the vital impact of Zawinul as composer, soloist and mentor and, to a lesser extent, by the saxophones and occasional compositions of Shorter.

The most impressive newcomer is Omar Hakim, who had the unenviable assignment of replacing Peter Erskine. Hokim's drumming, especially during the first 15 minutes of the two-hour-45-minute intermissionless program, kept the rhythmic momentum high.

He was joined, sometimes on regular drums as well as congas and other percussibles, by Jose Rossi from Puerto Rico (both men are former members of Labelle). Their contributions throughout the evening turned this into a more than usually percussion-oriented recital.

Jaco Pastorius, who had become a powerful personality, has been replaced by a less flamboyant bassist, Victor Randall Bailey, a nephew of the veteran jazz drummer Donald Bailey. When Victor Bailey's turn finally came to take over late in the show, he delivered a long, limber and startlingly original solo.

Shorter crammed as much creativity as was possible into relatively limited solo space. Zawinul

Please see WEATHER, Page 7

WEATHER REPORT

Continued from First Page

achieved a magisterial tonal synthesis on his variety of keyboards, particularly with a background of church-organ-like sonorities for Allison Mills' recitatif and vocals.

The surprising use of a female singer with Weather Report was an expendable experiment. Mills' wide vibrato, her visual imitation of a pogo stick and the lyrics ("Some people say I'm crazy; I guess what they say is true") added up to little of consequence.

Aside from the addition of Mills and despite the departure of Pastorius, this was a reasonably typical evening with a combo that still holds a commanding lead in the jazz/rock fusion field.

Previous concerts presented local groups Sunday, Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson Monday; the latter pair drew a healthy 3,000.

VINCE COMPAGNONE / Los Angeles Times

Weather Report's Wayne Shorter plays at festival.

6/6/82

JAZZ

JIMMY ROWLES: COMPLEAT PIANIST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz and pop pianists come in several denominations. There are the soloists, who toil in clubs and bars; the sidemen, touring in big bands; the accompanists, working in the shadow of name singers; the small-combo jam-session types, and the studio musicians who opt for security.

Jimmy Rowles has done it all. First heard in Los Angeles with the combo of Lester (Prez) Young in 1942, when white proteges of black jazzmen were close to non-existent, he soon attained prominence in the band area, working for none but the best: Benny Goodman, Woody Herman, Les Brown, Tommy Dorsey.

Settling down to a studio career, he was on a radio series with Bob Crosby for five years, free-lanced in Los Angeles with Charlie Parker, Zoot Sims and Chet Baker, put in TV time with Benny Carter on "M Squad" and many other such series.

Along with these assignments, he built a reputation as the perennial favorite accompanist among the pantheon of singers for whom he worked. First and foremost was Billie Holiday.

"I met Lady Day," he recalls, "when I was at the Trouville Club in Los Angeles, working originally with Slim and Slam, then with Lee and Lester Young's combo. I worked with her at Billy Berg's in Hollywood, and later played a bunch of record dates with her.

"God, I just loved Billie. She was real easy—just great to work with all the time. Of course, if she didn't like someone, she'd let them know it in a hurry. I saw her get mad at a birthday party and she threw a guy out."

The oddest Holiday-Rowles album is one that never was supposed to reach the public. "We met at 1 p.m. to set the keys for a session the following day, but the piano at her hotel was so bad that we went straight to the bar and hung out there until evening.

"Suddenly I thought of Artie Shapiro, a bass player who lived nearby. We went over there and, unbeknownst to us, he turned on his tape recorder and caught everything—the rehearsing, Billie cussing and reminiscing, all of us rapping—and somehow it was eventually released as an LP, after she died. I wasn't very happy about that."

The conversation drifted to other singers: Peggy Lee—"She's a complete perfectionist. Rehearsals were a chore, because she never wanted to stop. You'd rehearse in the evening and wind up at 6 a.m. We had our little spats, still, I got along with her fine.

"Peggy wanted a lot of backing, but I tried to play a lot less, because I didn't want to become distracting. I felt very strongly about that, and I imagine it was a surprise when I went to work for Ella Fitzgerald. Paul Smith, who was with her before me, played a lot more behind her than I did." (Rowles has been Fitzgerald's accompanist for almost two years.)

"Ella changes her mind about tempo—one night she'll want it this way, tomorrow night that way—but it's a joy to work with her.

"As far as Sarah Vaughan is concerned, you can play World War III behind her, and she'll just laugh and love it. I was around her and Carmen McRae a lot. They'd be in some club where I was working, and most of the time I'd try to get them to play for one another, because they're both fine pianists.

"Carmen has a temper. You'd start a show and she'd walk over and say, 'No, no, no, no, no, that's not it. Here's how it goes.' So you'd just let her have the ball."

While on the staff at NBC, Rowles worked for scores of pop and country singers. "I even played for Ethel Merman one time—of course, she was about 50 yards away. Vic Damone was one of the easiest male singers to work for."

Rowles' image as the complete pianist began in his native Spokane. He was discovered there by the saxophonist Marshal Royal, who was visiting Spokane with Les Hite's band. "I was practicing my Teddy Wilson solos and I summoned enough guts to go backstage and play for Marshal. He told me I should go to Los Angeles."

Rowles took a year or two to follow the advice; meanwhile, he went to Seattle, where Duke Ellington's orchestra was playing. Star-struck, he was too much in awe of Duke to become intimate, but began a lifelong friendship with Ben Webster, the saxophonist. "I was around the band every night for two weeks and got to jam regularly with Jimmy Blanton, who was playing more bass than anyone had ever heard; Billy Strayhorn, who played an awful lot of piano, and Ben.

"One night Ben asked if I'd like to go on the road—said he could get me a job with Benny Goodman. Sure enough, in 1942, Ben got me the job."

Pianist Jimmy Rowles: 40 years of doing it all.

Rowles' first experiences when he came to Los Angeles in 1940 found him in an improbable setting. One night at the Swanee Inn, he sat in with the jazz-and-comedy duo of Slim Gaillard and Slam Stewart, who promptly offered him a job. From there, he gravitated to the Young Brothers, Lee (who played drums) and Lester. Working with the most innovative tenor saxophonist of the day was as stimulating as trying to learn Lester's strange vocabulary.

"He had a language all his own. He invented 'I've got eyes' and 'no eyes' for liking and disliking people. For women, he had different kinds of hat names—sombreros, skull caps, Mexican hat dance, homburg, stovepipe.

"If you'd ask him how was he feeling, he might say, 'I'm cool but I don't feel a draft.' That meant he was comfortable but didn't feel bad vibes from any of the white people around.

"He came to me one night and said, 'There's a gray boy at the bar wants to talk to you.' I said, 'What's a gray boy?' He said, 'You're a gray boy. I'm Oxford gray.' And if he was about to get into a fight with someone, he'd say, 'I'll waltz with you.' Pres was something else. I wish I had a whole album of his conversation."

Rowles' taste in pianists was forever determined by his frequent contact, in the early Los Angeles years, with Art Tatum. "I got to know him real well. Art was at the 331 Club and he'd send a driver over to pick me up; then we'd go out together to Honey's on Central Avenue and hang out.

"He was so good to me—he gave me a lot of confidence. At one point, Bobby Tucker was playing piano for Billie Holiday; I was working with Red Norvo, and we were both at Billy Berg's on Vine Street. We used to run down to wherever Art was, and he'd make us both play. There was nobody else there—just the three of us and a bartender.

"It was incredible—here was the greatest pianist in the world, and you'd think it would be a drag for him to hear anyone else playing, but he loved to listen to other people."

Rowles' pianistic predilections nowadays lean toward the true melodists: Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan or a special favorite, Ellis Larkins, who like Rowles had extensive experience as an accompanist to singers. "When I go to New York, the first place I head for is the Carnegie Tavern, so I can relax and listen to Ellis, who works there as a single. He has the plum job in town, a nice quiet room where people really come to listen. If there were some place in Los Angeles where I could find that kind of attention, I'd work here, but there isn't."

Before going on the road with Ella Fitzgerald, Rowles spent six years living in New York, enjoying greater success in small clubs than he had been experiencing on his home turf in Los Angeles.

When he is off the road, Rowles lives in his Burbank home with his wife of 40 years and their daughter Stacy, who plays flugelhorn. Like her father, Stacy has found that talent is not always enough—at least, not in Los Angeles. Perhaps she too needs to go to New York to be discovered, just as her father did 40 years ago when Benny Goodman summoned him. Goodman, in fact, could do worse than send for Stacy. History might well repeat itself. □

Los Angeles Times 6/12

MULTIFACETED SIDRAN AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Chicago-born, Wisconsin-raised Ben Sidran, a one-time blues band colleague of Boz Scaggs, has gained at least a dozen images, in and out of music. In England, while earning his Ph.D., he wrote a sociological thesis that later became a highly acclaimed book, "Black Talk." He has been a talk show host, a record and TV producer, a perceptive journalist, and a lyricist, composer, pianist and combo leader.

It was in the last four of these capacities that he was presented Thursday at Carmelo's, where his brief run ends tonight. Sidran's new album, "Old Songs for the New Depression," provided the theme for most of a lively though inconsistent set.

His singing voice, if such it can be called, suggests a songwriter demonstrating his tunes for a publisher. Without substantial tone or strength, but helped by a quiet, country boy sensitivity, he sings and writes his own ingenious lyrics for such early jazz pieces as John Coltrane's "Big Nick" and Miles Davis' "Solar."

In between, he plays eclectic blues-funk-bop piano, and gives free rein to his sidemen. Phil Upchurch, his guest soloist, is a protean guitarist, bilingual in the tongues of jazz and rock. Bob Rockwell brings to his tenor sax a buoyantly swinging pulse and a wealth of ideas. Billy Peterson is a rather dense-toned Fender bassist whose solos, though fast-moving, suffer from occasional creative blockages. Drummer Bill Meeker ties the rhythm section together.

Sidran's impact is lessened by his failure to ever look at the audience. He sings as if transfixed by the microphone suspended over the keyboard. This flaw is especially conspicuous when the words are of central importance, as in "Old Folks."

Carmelo's is preparing for a third anniversary celebration Tuesday. The live music will roll from 7 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. and will include Willie Bobo and various local notables.

SOUNDS OF MUSIC FLOOD DISNEYLAND

6/1/82

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Disneyland and All That Jazz," a phrase that has long echoed through Anaheim, resounded once more over the weekend. From the first strains of a college band Saturday morning to Woody Herman's final chords at midnight Sunday, the park maintained its reputation for diversification with a dozen name groups that stretched from Dixieland to fusion and 17 high school or college ensembles.

Saturday evening, attracting a large crowd across the riverbank, Spyro Gyra blew its well-tailored fusion sounds from a stage across the water. This harmonically modest sextet offered a new piece, "Last Exit," fielding an agreeable blend with Ray Beckenstein's soprano sax and the guitarist. Next came "Shaker Song" with its mambolike keyboard and a vigorous conga solo.

Guitarist Lee Ritenour was the other heavy attraction. At the Space Stage, his seven-piece combo belched forth a series of ponderous R&B ditties with indecipherable vocals and solos in which the volume aggravated the boredom. Perhaps appropriately, the members wore comic antennae as headgear. The group was successful in one respect: It succeeded in submerging Ritenour's considerable talent.

Herman's band straddled not just the decades but the centuries, playing pianist John Otto's arrangements of "John Brown's Body" and Chick Corea's "Crystal Silence." George Rabbi, who looks and plays like a young Al Hirt, sang a duet with Herman on "Rockin' Chair." The entire Herman set pointed up the impeccable taste of the leader as talent scout and the orchestra's unique adaptability.

Other fleeting moments: Benny Carter playing "Misty" lyrically on both alto sax and trumpet at the Golden Horseshoe; Anita O'Day introducing her trumpeter, Graham Young, who worked with her in the Gene Krupa band in 1941. (Alternating with her at Tomorrowland Terrace were Terry Gibbs and Buddy DeFranco, reviewed here recently.)

Teddy Buckner, in the French Market, still blows trumpet in the Satchmo tradition and boasts a charming asset in statuesque singer Kathy Griggs. Overlapping time slots precluded a hearing of the Rodney Franklin and Dan Siegel groups. Clare Fischer's Latin combo played the matinee set only.

If you're under age, you can overload at Disneyland on ice cream; at 18 plus, you can as easily be sated with a cornucopia of music. Coming June 12 are Mercer Ellington, Harry James and Ray Anthony; June 19 through Sept. 11, weeklong residencies by a dozen name bands.

FEATHER'S LISTS

Leonard Feather's two-part series (Nov. 12 & 19, 1978) listing the 10 greatest jazzmen followed by the 10 most overrated jazzmen lacked a coherent method of comparison. The latest effort by Feather to select the 10 greatest songs as well as the 10 worst is equally disappointing (Calendar, May 2 and 9).

Instead of attempting to construct meaningless "lists" based strictly on his opinion, Feather should focus on the talented jazzmen or songwriters that did not have commercial success. Some of the great jazzmen that have been neglected are Jabbo Smith (the legendary trumpet rival of Louis Armstrong), Omer Simeon, and James P. Johnson, plus others.

ROBERT O. EDWARDS
Placentia

I was looking for the common denominator among the songs readers submitted as classics ("The Top Songs: And Now the Write-in Candidates," by Leonard Feather, Calendar, May 30). I find that they can all be comfortably sung by Mel Torme.

Music has changed, but apparently some people's tastes have not. While there is something to be said for the softly lyrical ballads readers sent in, there is also something to be said for the evocative power of Bob Seger, the melodic introspection of Dan Fogelberg, or the gentle maturity of Willie Nelson. Not that their music is better than the type listed in the article. Just different.

PAUL ROSENZWEIG
Redlands

LOS ANGELES TIMES June 7 1982

MILES DAVIS: GOOD FORM AT FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

VINCE COMPAGNONE / Los Angeles Times

A healthier Miles Davis at Kool Jazz Festival in San Diego.

SAN DIEGO—The purer the jazz, the fewer the fans. This paradox was proved again during the Kool Jazz Festival. Thursday, a mere 1,600 gathered at a local theater to hear George Shearing, Mel Torme and Gerry Mulligan (the same concert reviewed here in April at the Chandler Pavilion), but Friday evening more than 15,000 flocked to Jack Murphy Stadium to hear six groups, only one of which (a quartet featuring Freddie Hubbard) played straight-no-chaser jazz. The other combos poured out their various funk, soul and rock dilutions.

First, though, the good news: Miles Davis' contribution, while very brief (he played perhaps 10 minutes during his sextet's 33-minute set), found him in strikingly improved form compared to his concert last fall at the Hollywood Bowl. His sound was stronger and the phrases were longer; he appeared to be in better health and spirits.

His combo seemed more cohesive, with Bill Evans rotating fluently from soprano sax to flute (while Davis backed him on keyboard) to a tenor sax. Guitarist Mike Stern provided an extrovert contrast to Davis' often inner-directed musings.

A tremendous crowd reaction indicated that the Crusaders are the current heroes in their genre. Their calculatedly stolid rhythmic pulse was balanced to some extent by the secure and affirmative piano of Joe Sample, by Barry Finnerty's keening guitar, and particularly by saxophonist Wilton Felder, who superimposes effective jazz solos over a quasi-rock background. The set reached its predictable climax with a hyper, Aretha Franklinesque vocal by Reina Scott on "Street Life."

Freddie Hubbard and McCoy Tyner, backed by Tony Williams on drums and Ron Carter on bass, brought welcome relief from a thudding monopoly that pervaded much of the evening. To hear Tyner's brooding piano applied to an old Monk tune "Rhythmaning," and working in tandem with an inspired Hubbard on "I Can't Get Started," was akin to watching a troupe of skilled ballet dancers amidst a program of vaudeville acts.

Herbie Hancock's erratic set was redeemed by the luminous presence of young Branford Marsalis on saxes and flute. The other combos, Lee Ritenour and Spyro Gyra, were reviewed here last week when they played at Disneyland.

MILES DAVIS

Continued from First Page

The sound system was adequate, but had it not been for two pairs of closed circuit television screens on either side of the two bandstands, some 50 feet beyond second base, the musicians might have been pygmies or spacemen for all one could see of them. It is ironic, this reduction of music to a mass-marketed product, that you have to strain to observe while its hugely amplified sound is blasted across a baseball field.

The crowd (a large percentage from Los Angeles) had a wonderful time, and the point certainly has been made that San Diego is a receptive location for a weeklong jazz festival. Nevertheless, the next time I want to see Freddie Hubbard in person, I plan to catch him at Donte's.

LESLIE DRAYTON'S BIG BAND PLAYS ON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Leslie Drayton, the composer and trumpeter, is still trying to buck the odds against maintaining a big band in a wilting economy. Heard last Monday at Carmelo's, he is due for other dates around town shortly.

Though there is no significant resemblance and actual content, Drayton's approach to writing is reminiscent at times of Gerald Wilson's. This is evident in the variety of textures he draws from the woodwinds, sometimes with piccolo and soprano saxophone, and in the swirling harmonic patterns he can build around a repeated riff.

Among the 19 members are two alto sax players: Fred Jackson Jr., who sputtered, coughed and jumped his way through a highly idiosyncratic solo on "Turning a Corner" (the title tune of the band's recent Esoteric album), and the equally gifted Curtis Peagler, a vibrant Charlie Parker offshoot well known for his work with Count Basie. The brass team is not without its notables, among them trumpeter Al Aarons, another Basie alumnus, and the decorative Barbara Korn, whose French horn adds a mellifluous splash of color.

The rhythm section is provided with a double anchor by John B. Williams, on fender and upright bass.

Drayton himself usually avoids the limelight, playing section parts, but his emergence as a soloist brought the set to a roaring climax, in his own composition "Greasy Brown Paper Sack." During this slow, sly gospel blues, beginning with just Drayton and the pianist, Larry Nash, a mood and intensity evolved that brought the audience to its feet—a rare sight indeed in a small nightclub.

Drayton's vocalist, Pat Bass, is irrelevant. Trying to sing "Moody's Mood for Love," she sounded like an opera singer who had arrived at Carmelo's by mistake. For want of a spotlight, Bass was all but invisible in the dark room.

Instrumentally, this is one of the most original and least conventional of the local big bands, in its library, its gallery of first-rate soloists, and its infectiously good spirits.

A JAZZ TRIBUTE FOR MONTGOMERY

By LEONARD FEATHER

All-star jazz programs held at the Musicians' Union too often are prompted by an unhappy necessity. The daylong event staged Sunday, billed as "A Loving Tribute to Monk Montgomery," was planned shortly before the bassist's death last month in Las Vegas.

Aware of the need to defray medical expenses, the Jazz Heritage Foundation lined up an imposing parade of performers who kept the stage alive from 11:30 a.m. until after 11:30 p.m. at the Local 47 premises on Vine Street. Outside the crowded hall, dozens of concerned volunteers milled around, trading such comments as: "Why does it always take something like this to bring us all together?"

To launch the marathon, Bill Berry arrived with the entire "Sophisticated Ladies" orchestra in tow. By mid-afternoon such groups as the Harold Land Quintet, Supersax, Prez Conference and Dave Frishberg had paid their respects. Chuck Niles of KKGO was on hand to emcee, as he does so often when the cause is right.

Guitarist Kenny Burrell, after playing an impassioned trio set, brought up Ernie Andrews, whose blues vocal pastiche had the crowd with him every 12 bars of the way. Benefits have a tendency to bring out this loose interaction, encouraging the artists to give a little more of themselves.

However, mixed emotions invariably dominate such affairs. Though the sense of unity was strong, welding the spectators into a perversely happy crowd, there were poignant moments, as when Amelia Montgomery was introduced. It was announced that she has taken over her husband's position as president of the Las Vegas Jazz Society. "That was what he wanted," she told reporters.

Though nobody can duplicate Montgomery's virtual one-man campaign to promote jazz in Las Vegas, his widow is the logical choice to succeed him.

Horace Silver expressed the thought that was in many minds when he introduced a composition played by his quintet, "Helping Others," its title symbolic of Montgomery's way of life.

By the time Mat Catingub and Buddy Childers sounded the last chord, attendance had topped 1,000. According to Shirley Christy, who with Sam Russell and Local 47 members put the show together, the donations totaled about $6,500.

JAZZ ADOPTION AGENCY AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

No wonder Dick Berk, the Orson Welles of the drums, heard every Tuesday at Donte's, calls his sextet the Jazz Adoption Agency. He is as old (and, one suspects, as heavy) as any two men in his band.

The youth movement in jazz has seldom been more convincingly represented. Unadulterated sounds are the watchword. The five sidemen evidently have listened to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and have absorbed the message. All are under the tutelage of Charlie Shoemake, whose composition, "All My Children," a charming ballad, clearly was named for his proteges.

Set by Keith Saunders, the group's fertile pianist/arranger, the combo's style is technically demanding. Trombonist Andy Martin, 21, displays a tone, range and wealth of ideas that could easily make him the envy of most seasoned pros. In fact, most seasoned pros had better watch out for him.

In the same class is Bob Wackerman. The most respected bassists of yesteryear stopped where this phenomenal 18-year-old begins.

Only a notch behind them are Steve Rosenblum, an alto sax protege just turned 20, and Jim Seeley on trumpet and fluegelhorn. Seeley's time occasionally is a mite too hurried; he needs to work on his legato.

Among the tunes were Curtis Fuller's "Arabia" and a piece in the Blakey mold called "The Commissioner" and composed by Saunders, who was also featured at the piano in his sprightly arrangement of "That Old Feeling."

These enthusiastic youngsters took that new feeling into a repertoire that indicates a familiarity with the true, ageless essence of jazz. Kudos to Dick Berk, for devising this showcase, and to Carey Leverette of Donte's for providing the Adoption Agency with a cradle.

14

JAZZ

DAVISON: GRADUAL ACCLAIM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Playboy Jazz Festival, Saturday and next Sunday at the Hollywood Bowl, promises to exemplify the many shapes, styles, ages and attitudes of jazz. Wynton Marsalis, the 20-year-old trumpeter interviewed here recently, is due to be heard Sunday, providing a striking contrast with the Saturday appearance of William Edward (Wild Bill) Davison, the 76-year-old cornetist, who at least theoretically is old enough to be Marsalis' great-grandfather.

Ironically and unjustly, Davison's will be one of the least familiar faces and sounds at the festival. Tired though he is of being reminded of it ("Don't for God's sake call me a living legend"), he has been a pro for 61 years, but economic necessity has obliged him in recent years to spend most of his time overseas, where his defiantly Armstrong-and-Bix-derived cornet—big, pithy shouting sounds tempered by gentle legatos—is more fully appreciated.

His career has taken him from Defiance, Ohio, a fittingly named birthplace, to the gangster-run Chicago clubs of the 1920s, obscure Milwaukee jobs in the '30s, Eddie Condon's club in New York during much of the '40s and '50s and a perpetual-motion life on the international run since then, with home bases in Washington, Copenhagen and currently Santa Barbara.

A trim figure at 5 feet 9 and 180 pounds, Davison looks like a man in his mid-50s. On the surface he resembles the brash, totally music-possessed, fast-living, gum-chewing, hard-drinking character of the fictional movie jazzman. He will not deny the gum chewing, and his record as a drinker is one of heroic proportions: In January of last year, at his birthday party in Bern, Switzerland, six men struggled to bring onstage a huge cake built around 75 bottles of whiskey, one for each year of his life, each with his picture on the label. "I only drink on the job," says Davison. (Not true.)

There is another side to his personality. Nowadays he drinks and smokes less, but, more relevantly, he continues to lead a life antithetical to the stereotype created by screenplay writers. His interests are many and diverse. "When I worked Condon's club," he recalls, "I was living 40 miles away, running an antique shop by day, often making lamps out of old horns. In all those years I drove to work and home every night, never had an accident and never missed a night's work."

Davison at home and Davison on the bandstand are worlds apart. He has devoted endless energy to building model boats, miniature trains and collecting military memorabilia from Kaiser Wilhelm helmets to Nazi regalia. During a lean period in the 1960s, living in Hollywood, he recalls, "I must have put together a million boats and antiqued every piece of furniture I could find for 50 miles around. I antiqued everything but my wife."

Along with helmets, swords and guns, Davison has collected wives. Anne Davison, No. 4, is an essential part of his story and a classic example of the attraction of opposites. A one-time movie actress (as Anne Stewart), she is as poised and ladylike as Davison is restless and extrovert, but friends in dozens of countries admire her deft handling of contracts, salaries, publicity, travel arrangements and everything else beyond her husband's ability to cope. They were married in 1954. "Anybody who can survive with Wild Bill that long," says Anne Davison, "deserves the Congressional Medal."

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Cornetist Wild Bill Davison, a pro for 61 years, with his wife, Anne.

Before he left Hollywood in 1968, Davison had built a large coffee table with a miniature railroad under its glass top, the trains running through rural and urban areas, even passing by tiny replicas of the original Condon club and the old Gennett Records building, where he waxed his first session in 1924.

It was hard to keep up his hobbies during the years of expatriation, but this year the Davisons are getting to spend a little more time in the United States. There will be a few more domestic festivals, among them a gig on the Staten Island Ferry during the Kool Jazz Festival in early July. He will set off for England again in September; meanwhile, there is work to be done on the new house.

"It's really a big, fat mobile home," he explains. We just took the wheels off, put it on a foundation, and I put the earthquake stuff underneath. I've got a nice room for all my trophies—the Nazi helmets, guns and swords and all that stuff."

Davison finds musicians harder to collect than artifacts. Only for the past couple of years, thanks to a steady stream of European bookings, has he been able to maintain a combo on a fairly regular basis. "I just love taking these American guys over there who aren't appreciated at home. When they hear Chuck Hedges, people can't believe him. They'll say, 'Wow, that's better than Benny Goodman when he was young! He plays that much clarinet. Listen to this!'"

Fishing through a briefcase, Davison brought out a tape of one of his recent European albums, offering proof that his enthusiasm for Hedges is justified. (He will appear with Davison at the Playboy gig, as will the veteran tenor saxophonist Eddie Miller.)

The years of wandering began in 1957, when a visit to England became the first of a series of explorations. By the mid-1970s, because he found himself virtually commuting between Washington and Copenhagen, "I figured we might as well move over there. At that time they had a federation of 90 Danish jazz clubs, subsidized by the government. That has since stopped, and now they have only about 20. I was based in Copenhagen for more than five years, working all around the Continent and just coming home occasionally.

"In England they're not just copying us anymore. The musicians are doing their own thing, and some of it is startling—unbelievable! That's where I find my best audiences—plenty of young people, was well as guys coming to hear me in wheelchairs and on crutches.

Last year the Davisons belatedly made their first investigation of the fabled Japanese jazz scene. "I opened a brand new nightclub in Osaka. They had a trumpet player there who played and sang exactly like Armstrong. As for the audience, you could hear a mouse in the room. No clinking of glasses."

At 76, Davison can look back on a career that has brought him very gradual acclaim. It was not until he was in his late 30s that he settled in New York and made a series of Commodore Records sessions that are now regarded as classics. The proudest event in his recording career was achieved in 1956, when, in an attempt to shed the Dixieland image he had worn with reluctance, Davison was recorded by Columbia with a string ensemble. The two albums, "Pretty Wild" and "With Strings Attached," have long been deleted. Some of the same charts were recorded again in 1976 with a Danish string orchestra, but inexplicably Storyville Records has not seen fit to make them available in the United States.

Anne Davison, who spends much of her life trying to correct such injustices, says: "The great tragedy of Bill's life is that he has never been promoted in a manner consistent with his talent, the way Norman Granz has promoted Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass. Poor Wilhelm has had no one to help him except me."

Davison, seemingly less concerned about the might-have-beens, retains the youthful, not-quite-cocky self-confidence that has buoyed him through the decades. He remains stubbornly future-oriented, talking with enthusiasm about his recently completed memoirs. Hal Willard, a reporter in Washington, has been working with him for four years on the book. "Bill didn't hold back a thing," says Anne Davison, "so you know it will live up to his nickname."

Asked whether, at this stage of the game, he has considered slowing his pace, Davison replied: "Well, let's face it, I'm 76—come on! But I can still blow the horn, and until my teeth fall out or something, I may as well keep going while I can.

"People tell me I sound as good as ever, but I do feel within myself that certain things I could do easily 10 years ago are a little tougher to pull off today.

"Many years ago Louis Armstrong paid me a wonderful tribute. He said, 'Bill, if anything ever happens to me, I know you can keep on doing what I'm doing.' Remembering a compliment like that kind of gives you that extra strength to carry on." □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER 6/20

"DESTINY'S DANCE." Chico Freeman. Contemporary 14008. From the wildly cooking title tune with its odd tempo changes to the zealous freedom sounds of the concluding "C & M," this is a promising contender for next year's Grammys. Freeman, who alternates between tenor sax and bass clarinet, wrote four of the originals; the others were by his invaluable sidemen Bobby Hutcherson (vibes) and Cecil McBee (bass). A strong plus is the presence of trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, who achieves a 1960s Miles Davis muted sound in the exotic "Sudan." 5 stars.

□

"SKOL" Oscar Peterson-Stephane Grappelli. Pablo Live 2308-232. A perfect partnership, French-Canadian style. The Parisian violin veteran and the Montreal-born pianist share a certain *gentillesse,* coupled with a rhythmic sensitivity, that could not fail to enchant the audience at this live session held in Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens. The company they kept—Joe Pass, Niels Pedersen and drummer Mickey Roker—ensured the success of this alliance. Of the six cuts, five of them standards, the best are "Skol Blues" (despite a tempo that rushes slightly) and Django Reinhardt's timeproof "Nuages." 4½ stars.

Oscar Peterson

□

"THIRD PLANE." Hancock/Carter/Williams. Milestone M-9105. This could have been subtitled "The Way We Were." Bassist Ron Carter produced it in 1977; what held it up is anybody's guess. Carter's three originals (among them the brief, boppish "United Blues") are as well suited to the three as Herbie Hancock's "Dolphin Dance" and drummer Tony Williams' "Lawra." It is encouraging to hear three giants quite unhampered by box-office considerations. 4½ stars.

Herbie Hancock

□

"LITE ME UP." Herbie Hancock. Columbia FC 37928. On the other hand, here, for his multitude of fans, is "The Way We Are." The lists of producer, songwriting, singing, playing and engineering credits are staggering. Vocoder vocals by Hancock and Patrice Rushen. Hancock plays Fender Rhodes, clavitar, Yamaha, Mini Moog, Arp 2600, Arp Odyssey, Emu Digital Keyboard, Oberheim 8-Voice Synthesizer, etc., etc., etc. Do you get the general idea? Typical titles: "The Bomb," "Motor Mouth." By all means, 1 star for one superstar.

□

"KANSAS CITY SIX." Count Basie. Pablo 2310-871. These small combo tracks, recalling some of Basie's early ventures on records, find him with a peerless rhythm section (Louie Bellson and the Danish bassist Niels Pedersen) augmented at times by Joe Pass on guitar, the muted trumpet of Willie Cook, and the virile alto sax of Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, who also sings on one cut. Five of the six numbers are blues at various tempos. Most come off in accordance with the unpretentious game plan, but "St. Louis Blues" is just a little too laid-back. 3½ stars.

□

"ALIVE! AT THE VILLAGE VANGUARD." Richie Cole. Muse MR 5270. "It must be heard and seen to be believed," the notes tell us regarding this set at the Village Vanguard by saxophonist Cole's quintet. "And seen" are the operative words. The excessive quotes (particularly from "Dragnet") and the blues cliches may be fun if you're on hand, but for a record library this too often frivolous album sounds as if Cole and his soloists (Bobby Enriquez, piano; Bruce Forman, guitar) were simply playing at playing. 2½ stars.

"LIVE!" Carla Bley. ECM W 12. Bley reinforces her reputation as a composer who straddles idiomatic fences. As soloist, she plays solemn organ on a gospel piece, and beautiful, elliptical piano. "Blunt Object" is a rockish affair with hellfire preaching by bass trombone; "Song Sung Long" is a boogaloo blues mode. Gary Valente's trombone remains one of the band's potent voices. Bley's husband, Mike Mantler, offers a stately trumpet solo on "Still in the Room." As always, Bley's 10-piece ensemble is unpredictable, occasionally tongue in cheek, never dull. 4 stars.

Carla Bley

□

"THE GLORY OF ALBERTA HUNTER." Columbia FC 37691. What becomes a legend most? A touch of tango (the introduction to "Some of These Days"); a slice of spiritual ("Ezekiel Saw the Wheel," "Old Time Religion"), a few sentimental introductory raps; a *bissel* of Yiddish ("Ich Hob Dich Tzufil Lieb"), and a swinging combo with Doc Cheatham's trumpet, Budd Johnson's tenor sax and the inimitable Vic Dickenson trombone. Hunter at 87 is an improvement on the 82-year-old Hunter who came out of retirement. 4 stars.

□

"BLUE JAY SESSIONS." Mike Metheny. Headfirst HF-9712. Mellow, inventive fluegelhorn by Pat Metheny's brother, who leads a well integrated combo in his own "Life of Ryles," Pat's attractive ballad "Ivy," and Paul Desmond's "Wendy" among others. The quartet becomes a quintet with the addition of Jim Odgren's alto sax on "games," lending the combo an early Cannonball Adderley Quintet color. A promising debut album. Four stars.

6/21

PENNI GLADSTONE / Los Angeles Times

Pianist Dave Brubeck and clarinetist Bill Smith entertain 16,800 jazz fans at the Hollywood Bowl.

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

WEATHER REPORT TOPS ITSELF

By LEONARD FEATHER

The problem facing Weather Report was a knotty one. Last year the group's performance of Joe Zawinul's "Birdland" had been the undisputed crowd killer, the climactic note of the entire Playboy Jazz Festival. How, then, could Zawinul top himself?

He found the answer Saturday evening (the first of the festival's two days) by bringing on, unannounced and unexpected, Manhattan Transfer, the combo that had turned his song (with lyrics added by Jon Hendricks) into an electrifying pop hit. This being the first-ever joint performance by the foremost instrumental unit of today and its vocal counterpart, the crowd reaction bordered on hysteria.

This "Birdland" double-shot came at the end of a generally flawless set by the band that has remained, during the last decade, a whole genre unto itself. Even since its maiden concert with the revamped personnel, reviewed in San Diego three weeks ago, there has been a notable improvement. The female vocalist is no longer around.

Weather Report is less a collection of five men than a single instrument with 10 magisterial hands; a soaring sonic spaceship controlled by two far-from-automatic pilots, Zawinul and Wayne Shorter.

In the opening work, "Procession," Shorter's vibrant solo was not merely accompanied but rather

Please see JAZZ, Page 5

INSIDE CALENDAR

MUSIC: Da Camera Players by John Henken. Page 3.

RADIO: AM/FM Highlights. Page 8.

TELEVISION: First broadcast set by Satellite News Channels by David Crook. Page 2.

Howard Rosenberg. Page 8.

Today's programming. Page 8.

"Ain't Misbehavin' " by James Brown. Page 8.

...nutes and we'll give you the world."

Along with national and international headlines, regional news and weather, business news and sports, Group W and ABC also hope to hold the viewer's attention through three minutes of commercials during the 18-minute cycle.

Those should pay the bills for the service, which, by some estimates, is costing the founding companies $100 million to launch.

In addition to the huge financial gamble behind the venture, the first Satellite News Channel is notable for its unusual combining of traditional broadcast TV stations with cable-TV systems. Twenty-three stations around the country have joined with Group W and ABC to provide regional news inserts on the channel.

KTTV (Channel 11) is the local affiliate. In addition to its conventional news, KTTV will begin a separate news operation for the cable network. Traditional KTTV viewers will not see the cable newscast. Cable-TV subscribers throughout Southern California and southern Nevada will see the KTTV news, however.

The regional station serving Northern California and western Nevada will be KPIX in San Francisco.

Satellite News Channel I is to be followed next year by a second 24-hour service. Unlike the service starting today, News Channel II will offer longer stories—congressional hearings, interviews, documentaries and such—which are seldom seen on commercial TV. ABC News, which is supplying tape and film only to Channel

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JAZZ FESTIVAL

Continued from First Page

surrounded by supportive waves of rhythm and harmony. In the next piece, on which he switched from tenor to soprano sax, rhythmic thunderbolts descended on him in 12/8 time. Zawinul's synthesizer defines itself: It is the sum of all the sounds he can possibly wish to summon.

During the Shorter composition "When It Was New," an odd but effective element was added when Jose Rossy played a concertina. The only false note was a long and pointless interruption in the form of a poem, declaimed in stentorian tones by one Brother Theodore. In relieving contrast, Zawinul and Shorter offered a sensitive duo reading of the old standard "Easy Living."

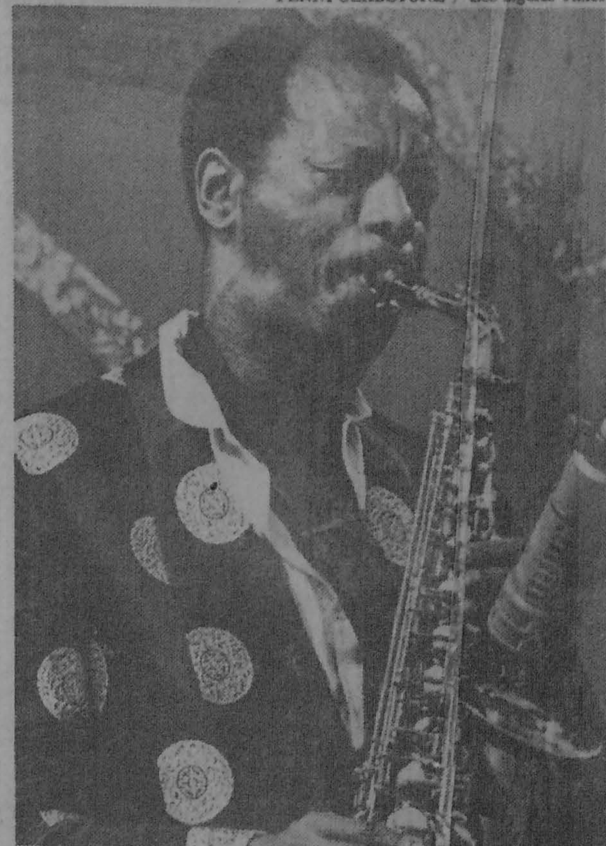
Any event that can get Hugh Hefner out of his pajamas and his mansion has to be very special, and the fourth annual Playboy trip (which ran from 2:30 to almost 11 p.m.) for the most part lived up to the precedents set in previous years, with George Wein again at the producer's helm.

Free Flight opened with its unique century-hopping blend, weaving from Bach to Brubeck to Ravel to Paganini, with Jim Walker playing mainly classical-style flute and Milcho Leviev at the keyboards. Wild Bill Davison, the festival's traditionalist spokesman, played cornet with the spirit of 76 (his age) and fielded a splendid clarinetist by the name of Chuck Hedges.

Ornette Coleman's Prime Time superfunk group, with its pairs of electric basses, electric guitars and demonic drummers, seemed at odds with the leader's own claims to have developed a new form known as harmolodic music. Though he has made his most durable contributions as a composer, the thematic fragments here—one of which consisted simply of a three-note phrase repeated, with minor variations, five times—hardly represented his talent potential. His trumpet playing was limited to hurried flurries, upward and downward; his alto sax was far superior. As for his other ax, there's a very thin line between Ornette Coleman playing the violin and a hoedown country fiddler.

Dave Brubeck's uneven set came to life when he introduced his old bassist, Eugene Wright, for a stretch of interplay that brought out the pianist's less bombastic side. Brubeck's clarinetist, Bill Smith, devised some intriguing Echoplex effects.

PENNI GLADSTONE / Los Angeles Times



Saxophonist Ornette Coleman also payed trumpet and fiddle with his Prime Time group at festival.

Dexter Gordon led a bebop combo, quoting too liberally from too many sources, but teaming well with trumpeter Woody Shaw. The high point of this set was Milt Jackson's unaccompanied "NatureBoy" solo.

Sarah Vaughan repeated her recently reviewed Las Vegas and San Diego successes. The evening ended with bravura sounds by Maynard Ferguson and his very together band. For all its brilliance and accuracy, the noise of this orchestra screaming its collective brains out on "Maria" and "Hey Jude" is scarcely representative of the state of the big-band art.

Attendance was 16,800, some 700 below last year's total capacity, but the actual dollar gross was reported to have set an all-time Hollywood Bowl record. Sunday's concert and the final figures will be reported Tuesday.

17

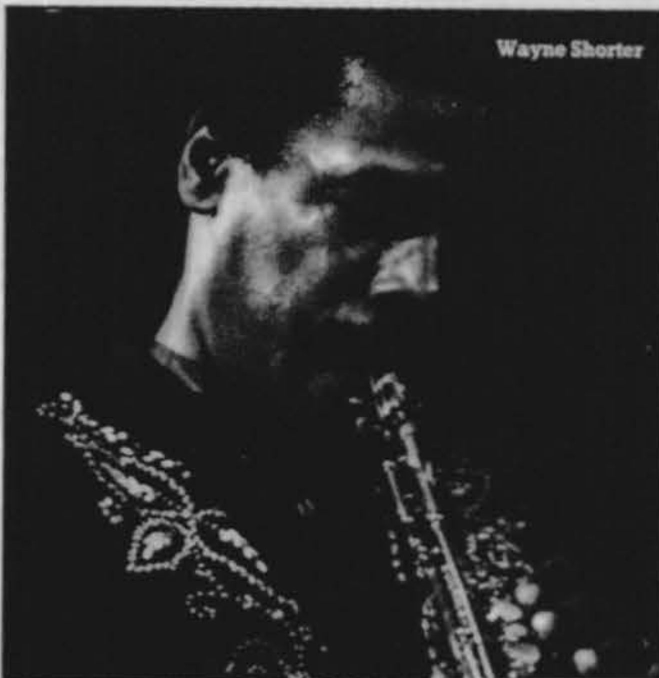
MUSICA JAZZ, MAY 1982

Un eccezionale concerto all'Opera House ha visto riuniti una dozzina di leaders di gran fama che hanno suonato a scopo benefico come solisti

Herbie Hancock

TUTTE STELLE A SAN FRANCISCO

di Leonard Feather



Wayne Shorter

Presentato dall'autorevole critico di San Francisco Conrad Silvert, il concerto intitolato «Jazz at the Opera House» è stato uno dei più inconsueti di questa — o di qualsiasi altra — stagione. Uno dei problemi che gli organizzatori di festival del jazz debbono affrontare di questi tempi è che troppi musicisti insistono nel voler presentare i propri complessi, anche quando i *sidemen* sono di scarsa importanza. Silvert ha avuto invece l'iniziativa di portare all'Opera House di San Francisco una dozzina di musicisti importanti come solisti individuali; ciascuno di loro aveva registrato degli album sotto il proprio nome e può essere considerato un personaggio che fa «cartellone», ma nessuno di loro, in quell'occasione, era la «stella». In condizioni normali, riunire un gruppo come quello messo insieme in quella occasione comporterebbe dei costi proibitivi, ma quella volta non era il caso di parlare di «normali condizioni». Infatti i musicisti hanno offerto i loro servigi gratuitamente, allo scopo di contribuire a pagare le spese mediche sostenute da Silvert, che era stato ammalato a lungo. Così, a prescindere dal suo valore artistico, il concerto è stato una manifestazione di solidarietà umana. Nonostante le diverse intenzioni di Silvert, un musicista ha fatto spicco sugli altri per aver dato il più rilevante contributo alla riuscita del concerto: Herbie Hancock, il quale ha fatto da presentatore per gran parte della serata e ha suonato a lungo, in diversi contesti, adattandosi a ciascuno di questi con consumata maestria. Suonando soltanto il piano acustico, ha evitato tutti quei trucchi commerciali che hanno caratterizzato parecchi dischi da lui registrati in anni recenti. Il risultato è stato un trionfo personale, che Hancock ha comunque condiviso con altri musicisti che, ispirati da lui, sono stati più creativi che mai.

Il primo artista presentato da Hancock era il dottor Denny Zeitlin. Benché non sia mai divenuto una figura internazionalmente conosciuta nel mondo del jazz, Zeitlin, che oggi ha 44 anni, è riuscito a percorrere due carriere simultaneamente: quella dello psichiatra e quella del musicista. Dal primo dei suoi assoli, una composizione originale intitolata *Cascade*, è apparso chiaro che le sue concezioni, oggi, nell'era di Keith Jarrett, non sembrano all'avanguardia come parevano vent'anni fa. Tuttavia egli è tuttora un'instancabile ricercatore nel campo dell'armonia, i suoi suoni impressionistici, spesso idilliaci, davano vita a opere creative, ben strutturate.

Nel suo secondo pezzo, Zeitlin è stato affiancato da Charlie Haden, il quale, a conti fatti, è stato uno degli eroi della serata, secondo, forse, soltanto a Hancock. La musica fatta dal duo Zeitlin-Haden era lenta, forse persino un poco letargica, ma l'*interplay* fra i due era affascinante.

Successivamente, con l'aggiunta di Pat Metheny e Tony Williams, l'interazione nell'ambito del gruppo è stata arricchita. Williams, l'unico batterista presente nella serata, è stato poderoso, e si è adattato alle personalità di tutti coloro con cui ha suonato. Quanto a Metheny, ha sorpreso tutti suonando del jazz di tipo normale in *All The Things You Are*, ma in qualche modo la sua *performance* — durante la quale ha suonato una regolare chitarra elettrica — è parsa piuttosto insoddisfacente, come se quella musica non gli fosse veramente congeniale.

Toshiko Akiyoshi e Lew Tabackin, ▸

6/22/82

Los Angeles Times

LARRY ARMSTRONG / Los Angeles Times

Fluegelhornist Art Farmer and saxophonist Benny Golson together again, with singer Nancy Wilson.

JAZZ FESTIVAL ENDS ON JUBILANT NOTE

By LEONARD FEATHER

How festive should a festival be? Sunday at the Hollywood Bowl the fourth annual Playboy gala ended on an exultant note, with Lionel Hampton taking a 10-piece band of veterans through a jubilant jam session that induced near-delirium among the 15,-770 patrons. Yet in retrospect certain low-key moments may be best remembered.

Early in the evening Art Farmer, the Vienna-based master of the fluegelhorn, joined forces with saxophonist Benny Golson. It was their first joint appearance since they co-led a combo called the Jazztet 20 years ago. Playing Golson's "I Remember Clifford," Farmer evoked the understated lyricism that has long been his hallmark. This was part of a short set of Golson instrumental tunes, excellently backed by Mike Wolff at the piano, John B. Williams on bass and the drummer Roy McCurdy.

The quintet then served as a backup for Nancy Wilson, who shucked her mannerisms and returned to her Dinah Washington roots. Since she was one of the best new singers of the '60s before detouring into stylized pop, it was a special pleasure to hear her in pristine form, in a program of first-rate jazz standards.

As with Farmer and Golson, understatement was the rewarding keynote of an earlier set, played by the Red Norvo Trio with Tal Farlow on guitar.

Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis, heard here last year as a phenomenal 19-year-old newcomer with Herbie Hancock, led his own quintet this time, with his brother

LARRY ARMSTRONG / Los Angeles Times

Grover Washington Jr. at jazz gala at the Bowl.

Branford on saxes, in a mixture of modality, bebop, hard bop and "outside" music, but this brew needs to be stirred and allowed to simmer awhile before it can become a distinctive caldron. The two youths are prodigious musicians on the verge of finding a personal way.

Another young combo, Pieces of a Dream, from Philadelphia, was perhaps most notable for its combined age of 55 years (19, 19 and 17). Unlike the Marsalis brothers, these virtuosic teen-agers seem to be planting their feet on the pop fusion path. They are proteges of Grover Washington Jr., whose set followed their own.

Washington, the quintessential popularizer, is a curiosity. An alto and soprano saxophonist of moderate gifts, he has found his way to the audience's hearts—or perhaps its feet—and certainly to its pocketbooks. Nothing his group played stuck to the memory. Because of his staggering record sales, he is a headliner in the trade papers, yet he will be at best a footnote in the jazz history books.

Willie Bobo, doing no more than what comes naturally at his regular Latin or jazz club jobs, drew a standing ovation.

The Great Quartet, with Freddie Hubbard, Ron Carter and McCoy Tyner, was essentially the same band heard at the San Diego Festival, but the coaxing presence of Elvin Jones on drums at the bowl, in place of Tony Williams, propelled Hubbard into even more imaginative flights.

Hubbard reappeared in the Lionel Hampton rideout, alongside Clark Terry. To hear such contrasting styles on a horn (and this was true of the tenor saxes of Arnett Cobb and Zoot Sims) is to be reminded of the rich heterogeneity of the improvising art. Teddy Wilson's piano and Hampton's vibes teamed in one classic ballad, but Hamp was geared for the excitement that has always provided the keys to his swing kingdom. Inspired by the solid groove, emcee Bill Cosby sat in on drums.

The festival neglected the vital art of orchestral composing and arranging. Except for the atypical Maynard Ferguson finale Saturday, and a generally fine but pre-professional Cal State L.A. college band that opened Sunday (before most of the crowd had arrived), the men with the pens were not called on. In other respects the weekend was thoroughly well diversified.

Despite boasts that Saturday had broken a record for a one-night gross, Playboy officials were tight-lipped about the actual figure. "We don't want people to think," sniffed one representative, "that Playboy is making money out of this." However, producer George Wein confirmed that the combined take for the two nights topped a half-million dollars. Never in its history has jazz been bigger business.

6/23

Los Angeles Times

COLLINS QUARTET PLAYS AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The current schedule at Donte's to some extent is tantamount to a musical history lesson. During any given week at least four varying aspects of the evolution of jazz are represented.

For example, no contrast could be more striking than that between John Collins' quartet, presented Mondays, and the Dick Berk Jazz Adoption Agency, a youth group heard Tuesdays and reviewed here last week. Collins, among whose credentials are recordings with Art Tatum and many years on the road with Nat (King) Cole, was gracing the scene with his elegant guitar stylings long before Berk's yearlings were born.

The Collins sound is gentle yet firm and never excessively amplified. He may ease into a solo introduction, weaving delicate webs of chords, before the rhythm section joins him, but by the time the number has ended the group may be swinging up a storm, with the leader in commanding rhythmic control.

Though the sidemen differ from week to week, they are always artists of maturity and sensitivity. Last week, typically, the combo included pianist Gildo Mahones, drummer Harold Jones (on loan from Sarah Vaughan), and one of the Southland's foremost virtuosos of the upright bass, John Heard.

Collins' choice of material reflects his taste and avoidance of the obvious. He opened with "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," injected a touch of nonviolent bebop with "Scrapple From the Apple," then returned to balladry with "When I Fall in Love." The set ended in high gear with "I Want to Be Happy."

The music distilled by Collins' foursome is, as Duke Ellington would have put it, beyond category. One cannot imagine any guitarist, of no matter what idiom or era, who could fail to appreciate and learn from exposure to his unchanging values. He will return to Donte's Monday.

JAZZ 6/27

AN OPEN LETTER TO DIANA ROSS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dear Ms. Ross:

I am writing to you through the medium of a newspaper because what I have to say should be of interest to a substantial number of readers, and because a few of them may be able to help you to achieve the objective we may both have in mind.

Just 10 years have passed since the release of "Lady Sings the Blues," a motion picture in which your enactment of the role of Billie Holiday won you an Oscar nomination. Your sound-track album, in which you sang songs that Lady Day helped make famous, remained on the charts for many months.

In effect, an international artist, Billie Holiday, who died in 1959 at 44 after a life and career scarred by racism and drug addiction, was responsible for establishing you as an international motion-picture actress. Of course, this worked both ways. The success of your film brought far wider attention to Billie Holiday herself, along with enhanced posthumous recognition and record sales.

Despite criticism of the screenplay on the part of those who knew Billie well, there was near-unanimous agreement that your own performance was admirable. Not only was the Oscar nomination deserved, but your interpretation of Lady Day's incandescent sound and style bespoke a serious dedication on your part. By the time the filming was ended, you must have felt a strong affinity for the subject, an empathy for this nonpareil stylist who inspired a generation of singers, one of whom, Frank Sinatra, said: "Billie Holiday was, and still remains, the greatest single musical influence on me."

This preamble leads me to a significant issue. Recently, you were honored by the placing of a Diana Ross star in the Hollywood Boulevard Walk of Fame. There is no question that this was deserved; in fact, you had earned it long before the movie was made, simply on the basis of your accomplishments in the recording world. However, doesn't it strike you as at least a little ironic, if not downright ridiculous, that after all these years Billie Holiday herself has not been similarly saluted? Would it have made sense to acknowledge James Cagney and pass up George M. Cohan? (Both, of course, are implanted on the boulevard.)

It may be argued that the whole star-in-the-sidewalk system is a less than meaningful manifestation of a factitious Hollywood glamour, and that in many instances the power of a motion picture or record company, or of a TV network, may play a more effective role in the selection of subjects than the reality of the artist's impact. By the same token, your own career would have continued to evolve according to your plans, with or without a star, just as Billie Holiday's reputation is securely guarded by her still-available records, the few movies she made, and the music history books. Nevertheless, there are tourists and other idolators who are impressed by such tributes as sidewalk stars.

Of course, I realize that one has to be a total superstar to earn one's immortality. That's why the world-renowned Norm Crosby is there, of course, and this no doubt also explains the recent addition of the legendary Vin Scully. Clearly Billie Holiday is not in their class.

The subject of her absence, of course, is not a new one. Several years ago, after "Lady Sings the Blues" was released, I suggested that it was high time for Billie's name to be commemorated. I spoke to Mayor Bradley; nothing happened. On Aug. 12, 1979, a concert was staged at the Hollywood Bowl by Jack Sidney; the show drew 12,000 fans, who heard Nina Simone, Maxine Weldon, Morgana King, Carmen McRae and Esther Phillips interpreting songs Billie wrote or made famous. Sidney at that time attempted, in vain, to place the Holiday name on Hollywood Boulevard.

Billie Holiday and Diana Ross as the jazz singer.

Recently a fan of Billie's, Ann Adams, has tried to launch a new campaign to raise the $3,000 it now costs to manufacture and install a star.

The money involved can hardly be an impediment. Surely it would not be difficult to put together a small group of Lady Day's admirers who, collectively, can cause this goal to be achieved.

Since I heard about Ann Adams' campaign, other names have been added along the boulevard. Bobby Darin, who was so honored a few weeks ago, presumably had posthumous help from a record company. Lionel Hampton, before his recent appearance at the Playboy Jazz Festival, was selected for a place among the honorees—deservedly, since he has been a unique and gifted contributor to music for half a century. (Hampton's star, by the way, was the 1,751st.)

Billie Holiday has not a soul looking out for her. She was not under contract to a record or movie company when she died; nobody stands to gain anything from her presence on the boulevard. Correction: Nobody has anything to gain financially. For those of us who feel about Billie as I suspect you must, the addition of her name to the Walk of Fame will be a source of lasting satisfaction.

The initiative will be easy to mount. Along with the talent, you have the influence, the friends, the community connections.

Ten years ago, your voice was Lady's voice. Now let us hear from you, speaking loud and clear for yourself on Billie's behalf.

Sincerely,
Leonard Feather

BILLIE'S STAR

I have been devoted to Billie Holiday for years and have been under the spell of her art in a way that goes far beyond mere admiration. The extended efforts being made to install a star for "Lady Day" in the Hollywood Boulevard Walk of Fame seems a dubious honor indeed. ("An Open Letter to Diana Ross," by Leonard Feather, Calendar, June 28). Throughout the realm of popular culture Holiday was, and remains, one of the most significant artists who ever lived. Considering the monumentally profound contribution she made to our American musical heritage, Holiday would eclipse all but a few of the (1,751) Walk of Fame recipients.

I have always felt that a thousand years from now, when Hollywood Boulevard is no more, people will still listen to Lady Day's singing and be moved by it.

CURTIS ALEXANDER
Palm Springs

JAZZ REVIEW JUNE 28

CARNEGIE HALL REUNION FOR GOODMAN QUARTET

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The Kool Jazz Festival New York, the flagship event in a series that will have blanketed the United States with 20 such celebrations before the season winds up in Los Angeles in November, opened Friday with a nostalgic splash of color as Benny Goodman, Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton were reunited at Carnegie Hall.

They had played here with Gene Krupa a few months before the drummer, the Goodman quartet's other original member, died in 1973. Panama Francis replaced Krupa on Friday and Phil Flanigan, a bassist who looks about 16 but who related accurately and unobtrusively to "After You've Gone," "Moonglow" and the other chestnuts out of the Goodman fire, completed the combo.

Fire it was indeed, as the 73-year-old clarinetist played with a spirit and intensity exceptional even by his own standards. Three weeks ago, he had led a desultory eight-piece pickup band at a festival in San Diego. At Carnegie Hall, the companionship of his two old colleagues (the quartet first played together in 1936) provided the stimulation he needed.

Goodman was in a rare, skittish mood, twirling his clarinet like a baton, even banging a few chords on the piano between encores, and above all bringing to rejuvenated life the seamless runs, the rhythmic punch and sheer *joie de vivre* that have marked his genius for well over a half century.

Hampton and Wilson, apparently unmiked (Carnegie Hall's acoustics seemed self-sufficient), made the rapport a three-way street. The pianist swung with the same sedate precision that established him as the pacesetter of the swing era keyboard, while Hampton, variously reflective and ebullient, reminded us in effect that he was the first and foremost master of the vibraphone in jazz.

Preceding the Goodman group was the Stan Getz Quartet. At times his rhythm section, particularly pianist Jim McNeely, was a little too cool for comfort, but Getz was in characteristic form playing a Brazilian song, "The Dolphin," and most memorably in a lovely rendition of Billy Strayhorn's final composition, "Blood Count."

Overlapping with the Carnegie Hall concert was a recital at Avery Fisher Hall with the Great Quartet, a Freddie Hubbard-McCoy Tyner

Please see KOOL JAZZ, Page 4

CAROL BERNSON

Terri Lyne Carrington, 16, made big hit at Kool Jazz Festival New York.

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL

Continued from First Page

group, reviewed here last week at the Playboy Festival, and a new combination led by Max Roach.

Conflicting time schedules will remain a constant problem throughout the festival, which during its 10-day span at 14 locations in and around New York and New Jersey will comprise more than 100 events. Dozens of them are at the outlying locations, the most pleasant of which is at Purchase, N.Y., on the campus of the State University.

Jazz resounded from 2 to 11 p.m. both Saturday and Sunday at Purchase, an hour's drive from Manhattan, simultaneously in five handsome theaters in the arts center and at a nearby pavilion. Among the Saturday presentations, a drummer named Terri Lyne Carrington made a startling impression with her precise timekeeping and inventive rhythmic sensitivity. With her was a cooking quartet, with Albert Dailey at the piano and the aptly named Junior Cook on tenor sax. Carrington, a professional drummer for almost two years, will be 17 in August.

Female talent was in constant evidence as the pianists Marie Marcus, JoAnne Brackeen, Bess Bonnier, Patti Brown, Nina Sheldon and Dorothy Donegan all gave individual recitals.

Donegan is a fascinating paradox. With the personality of a prizefighter—arms flailing, elbows punching at keys, legs kicking out from under the bench—she can move from coarse, gratuitous comedy to an irresistible, driving boogie blues or a harmonically tender "Here's That Rainy Day." Major Holley added to the comedic element with his bowed bass solos, while the restrained Oliver Jackson provided a firm drum foundation.

Dick Sudhalter, whose trumpet has agreeably eclectic overtones, led a somewhat too casual quintet with his vocalist, Daryl Sherman, at the piano, and Dorothy Dodgion on drums.

A 19-piece orchestra directed by Frank Foster performed a powerful, polychromatic series of works. The former Count Basie saxophonist and composer plays mainly his own vividly aggressive music, much of it in sharp contrast to the typical bands heard on the San Fernando Valley circuit.

Foster, too, has an outstanding female performer in the trombonist Janice Robinson. Formerly with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, she has developed into a soloist with an exceptional sense of continuity and conviction.

The festival is crossing every barrier: age (from Carrington and other teen-agers to such septuagenarians as the pianist Art Hodes and trumpeter Jabbo Smith); nationality (a Saturday concert at Avery Fisher Hall brought together musicians from India, Brazil, Senegal, South Africa and Japan), and the consequently broad swath of styles and idioms.

Paquito D'Rivera, a defector from Havana, took his combo through a provocative set of compositions, mostly by Cuban writers, an invigorating framework for his alto and soprano saxophone style, in which Cuban fire and Afro-American rhythmic nuances were subtly blended.

Along with the festival itself there are countless ancillary offerings. At a free-admission seminar held Thursday, jazz film collector David Chertok screened some rare clips of Art Tatum, Erroll Garner, Bill Evans and Thelonious Monk. Among the other free events will be several concerts in Brooklyn, climaxed by a Fourth of July salute to Louis Armstrong's birthday, for which several of Satchmo's alumni will gather to honor his name.

20

FESTIVAL: FINDING JAZZ IS ALIVE AND SWELL IN NEW YORK

Continued from First Page

Saxophone Quartet is fairly conservative by classical avant-garde standards. Working without a rhythm section, the musicians—Oliver Lake, David Murray, Julius Hemphill and Hamiet Bluiett—played a series of etudes for various reed instruments and flutes. The music, often atonal and intriguingly voiced, relied for most of its strength on the composed passages.

Though the group's intonation was questionable during some of these ensembles, they were more consistently rewarding than the improvised solos. Murray certainly is an alto virtuoso of extraordinary agility, and there were flashes of brilliance from Lake's tenor and Hemphill's soprano; yet a tendency toward self-indulgence led to an excess of freak effects, with Bluiett as the principal culprit. By trying to bring his baritone sax several octaves above its normal range, he proved only that the best way to create the sound of a piccolo would be to play one.

Whatever the quartet's shortcomings, its music was more original and stimulating than that provided by the Four Brothers, a quartet of Woody Herman Orchestra alumni. Ironically, Jimmy Giuffre, who composed the song "Four Brothers" for Herman's band, was the weakest of the four soloists. Al Cohn, Stan Getz and Zoot Sims did their best, but too many of the tunes were perfunctory rehashes, hampered by a rhythm section whose members seemed not to have met before. Even the presence of Shelly Manne on drums could not pull things together. The absence of a baritone sax, a component of the original reed team, robbed the foursome of its essential foundation.

Jaco Pastorius, the former bass player with Weather Report, led his own overblown 19-man orchestra at another Avery Fisher Hall event. Billed as the Word of Mouth Big Band, this group offered little in the way of inspired writing during the first half of the program; there was generally too much unison playing. Listening to a tuba player and 18 others performing "Donna Lee" in unison is an amusing experience, but hardly an innovation.

Pastorius too often played virtual solos instead of rhythm parts on his bass, thus inhibiting the overall pulse. The band showed its potential on a gutsy gospel blues piece, but the best moments were provided by the harmonica virtuoso Toots Thielemans, who brings to this instrument a lyricism and tonal beauty one would think impossible, and by an amazingly melodic steel drum master named Othello Molineaux.

The logistics of the evening made it necessary to leave this concert early in time to catch part of the Buddy Rich retrospective at Carnegie Hall. The Rich band, smaller and more cohesive than the Pastorius unit, played briskly on its own and backed Dizzy Gillespie in two numbers. Mel Torme was an ideal partner for Rich; an old friend, he served as narrator, singer, and took over at the drums when Rich indulged in a brief dance routine with Honi Coles. A spirited jam session united such Rich alumni as Sweets Edison, Phil Woods, Zoot Sims and Eddie Bert.

"The Young Lions of Jazz," co-produced by Bruce Lundvall and Nesuhi Ertegun, provided a Carnegie showcase for the theory that the jazz community continues to produce new, forward-looking artists. This was one of the best conceived and organized concerts of the festival so far, with a pool of 17 gifted black soloists. Wynton Marsalis on trumpet, James Newton on flute, the violinist John Blake, Chico Freeman on tenor sax and a daringly original vocalese expert named Bobby McFerrin provided cogent evidence that the future looks bright.

Associated Press

Performing in the Kool Jazz Festival's tribute to the late Lester Young, titled "Salute to Pres," were, from left, saxophonists Al Cohn, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Allen Eager, Buddy Tate and Budd Johnson.

JAZZ REVIEW 7/2

HITTING THE HIGH NOTES AT CARNEGIE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Decisions, decisions. Every day of the Kool Jazz Festival's 10-day duration brings new problems occasioned by the embarrassment of musical riches.

Because of the overlapping schedules, usually involving three concerts each evening, it was necessary, for instance, to pass up the Sarah Vaughan/Dizzy Gillespie offering at Avery Fisher Hall in order to hear the "Salute to Pres," a tribute to the late Lester Young, at Carnegie Hall. The latter turned out to be one of the most rewarding presentations of the week.

STEVEN SHAMES

Papa Joe Jones, grandsire of swing drumming, was able to swing through two numbers during the tribute to the late Lester Young.

Produced and informatively narrated by Ira Gitler, the evening moved seamlessly from early film clips of Young himself ("Jammin' the Blues" and the classic CBS-TV "Sound of Jazz" with Billie Holiday) to recollections of the tenor sax pioneer's life and times, snatches of his own recordings and live music provided by a strikingly authentic orchestra in the image of the old Count Basie band of which Young was a key member. John Lewis, in the Basie role, played aptly elliptical piano in a flawless rhythm section.

Throughout the concert, men who had worked with Basie or in Young's own later combos recalled the classic repertoire of the era: "Ev'ry Tub," "Jumpin' at the Woodside" and Young's own best-known composition "Tickle Toe," for which all six tenor saxophonists demonstrated how many flowers of various shades had bloomed in the President's garden. This unprecedented gathering consisted of Al Cohn, Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Allen Eager (a long-lost figure of the 52nd Street days), Buddy Tate and Budd Johnson.

A poignant moment was the appearance of Papa Joe Jones, the grandsire of swing drumming, who was Young's colleague during the Basie years. Though seriously ailing and walking with a cane, he was able to swing gently through two numbers with Teddy Wilson and Milt Hinton.

The "Salute to Pres" was one of the several saxophone-oriented concerts. A less successful and poorly attended affair at Avery Fisher Hall found the World Saxophone Quartet dividing a recital with the Four Brothers.

Despite the respect it enjoys in "new music" circles, the World

Please see FESTIVAL, Page 11

Los Angeles Times

JAZZMEN HIT THE DECKS IN NEW YORK

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—As the Kool Jazz Festival neared its end (the final concert was to be held Sunday evening), two conclusions became clear: Among the indoor events, those with a specific concept and a producer came off best, and for sheer festive joy, the outdoor celebrations were the happiest of all.

Typically, the annual boat ride, "Jazz on the Hudson," radiated good vibes fore and aft Saturday, as three 90-minute trips got under way on the Staten Island Ferry. Never mind the rain; the two combos were playing under covered decks anyway. Forget the overcrowding; loud speakers carried the music everywhere with fine fidelity.

The sounds were well attuned to the good-time ambiance. Wild Bill Davison's band was lit up by the big, round tones of the leader's cornet and Johnny Mince's clarinet. Marty Napoleon all but tore the upright piano apart with his devastating octaves on "I Want a Little Girl."

One deck below the veteran Kansas City pianist Jay McShann led a similarily jubilant ad hoc band with Count Basie alumni Al Grey on trombone, Buddy Tate on tenor sax and Milt Hinton on bass.

McShann also had been heard unaccompanied Friday in one of a series of intimate recitals staged in a basement room at the New York Sheraton Hotel. His compendium of early blues styles evoked the ghosts of Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson and Meade Lux Lewis.

Earlier occupants of the Sheraton room were Mal Waldron, who played an hourlong continuum of speculative, rhythmically mature sounds, somewhat in the manner of Keith Jarrett. Dolo Coker, who worked in the same room to some 35 customers, deserved better; though not a major creative force, he is one of Los Angeles's best bop-derived pianists.

Count Basie was heard in two settings. Last Monday he made his traditional appearance at the Roseland Ballroom, where fans by the hundreds clustered around the bandstand while others by the dozens danced on the periphery. Friday was the Count's Carnegie Hall night. Sharing the bill with Ella Fitzgerald, he offered essentially the same show, with three vocals by an indifferent male singer. At 78, Basie by now is a national monument; his very appearance as he wheels himself onstage (he cannot walk) is the cue for a standing ovation. And Eric Schneider, his new tenor saxophonist, a volatile and promising youngster, is the fourth "gray boy" (to use Lester Young's term) in the band's increasingly integrated ranks.

Ella Fitzgerald did nothing new or surprising. Looking good, sounding self-possessed as ever, she was guilty of only one lapse: "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" is scarcely jazz festival material.

This very brief concert (less than two hours of music for a $25 top) compared poorly with the longer and splendidly organized "This Time the Ladies." Produced by George Wein, Sylvia Syms and Rick Winter, it was presented Saturday at Avery Fisher Hall. The concept (songs written or co-written by women) was splendidly carried out.

Zoot Sims played his own set ("Close Your Eyes," "Fine and Dandy") and accompanied by Sylvia Syms. Dizzy Gillespie played and sang "Sunny Side of the Street," and backed both Syms and Carmen McRae. The exquisite Irene Wilson song "Some Other Spring" was McRae's high point. Gillespie introduced a new, short, tilted-bell, mellow-sounding horn that he insists will be known as a strumpet.

Carrie Smith stole the show. Tall, statuesque, bright-eyed and vivacious, she revived the Bessie Smith classic "Backwater Blues" and Gladys Shelley's "How Did He Look." Bill Henderson singing "I've Got Your Number" and "Just in Time," and Chris Connor in two songs by Peggy Lee helped to round out a near-perfect evening, backed by an admirable rhythm section composed of Shelly Manne, pianist Mike Renzi and bassist Jay Leonhart. For a finale the entire company joined forces on Nancy Hamilton's "How High The Moon."

Monday, July 5, 1982/Part V 5

Earlier that day at Carnegie Hall Tania Maria, the Brazilian vocalist and febrile pianist, who works almost entirely without words, was the unquestioned star of "Concord Jazz." Her exciting set was preceded by guitarist Charlie Byrd's lightweight Latin trio and was followed by a typical Concord All-Stars session, with Scott Hamilton and the ubiquitous Al Cohn on tenor saxes.

"Musicians for Monk" started Thursday at 11 p.m. at Carnegie Hall and lasted until almost 3 a.m. Despite its title, it was not devoted only to the music of the late Thelonious Monk. To compound the confusion, the Monk tunes played were not even identified. The most rewarding contribution was a surprising duo appearance by Oscar Peterson and Milt Jackson, who played Ellington's "In a Mellotone," Willard Robison's "Old Folks" and a Jackson blues—no Monk at all.

With Max Roach and Walter Bishop as emcees, this disjointed series of jam sessions used many of the same artists heard at various other concerts: Stan Getz, who has been the inspired workhorse of the entire festival; Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock, Al Cohn et al. Didier Lockwood, a French violinist, applied considerable invention but excessive volume to a solo on John Coltrane's "Impressions."

The final concert review and overall observations will appear Tuesday.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

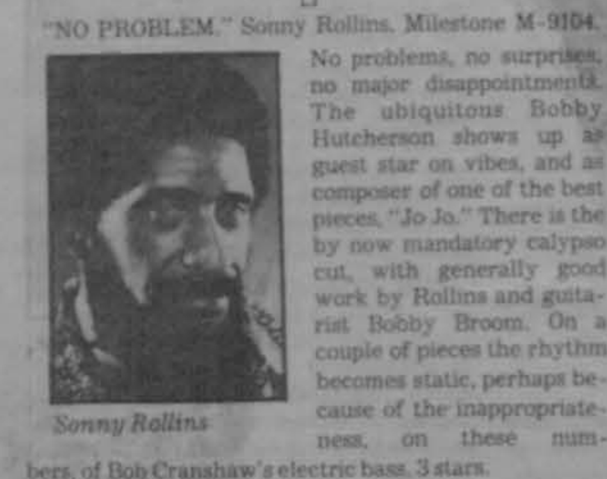
"BIRDS OF A FEATHER." Phil Woods Quartet. Antilles AN-1006. The bright Latinized treatment of Horace Silver's "Nica's Dream" and the haunting requiem for Bill Evans written by Woods, "Goodbye Mr. Evans," are highlights in an otherwise less than spectacular session. Woods' alto romps through a perfervid "Star Eyes." Hal Galper, who has replaced Mike Melillo at the piano, is more than competent. 3 stars.

□

"1965 AL JARREAU." Bainbridge BT 6237. One can understand why Jarreau was disturbed at the belated release (unauthorized, he says) of these monaural cuts, recorded while he was a student at Iowa State, and backed only by piano, bass and drums. Still, the eight somewhat jazz-influenced songs reveal a major talent in its formative stages, with more than a hint of his present-day sound. 3 stars.

□

"NO PROBLEM." Sonny Rollins. Milestone M-9104. No problems, no surprises, no major disappointments. The ubiquitous Bobby Hutcherson shows up as guest star on vibes, and as composer of one of the best pieces, "Jo Jo." There is the by now mandatory calypso cut, with generally good work by Rollins and guitarist Bobby Broom. On a couple of pieces the rhythm becomes static, perhaps because of the inappropriateness, on these numbers, of Bob Cranshaw's electric bass. 3 stars.



Sonny Rollins

□

"AND SOMETIMES VOICES." Clare Fischer. Discovery DS-852. One can't be sure what to expect of this protean composer/keyboarder. The mixture now includes four singers, a hint of humorous quasi-country, Cuban and Mexican touches and a serenely lovely, mantra-like "Canto." "La Ronda" has an ingenious Spanish/English vocal. Brent Fischer, the excellent electric bassist, is the leader's 17-year-old son. 4 stars.

□

"TOOTS THIELEMANS LIVE." Inner City IC 1145. The Belgian virtuoso is best known for his work on the harmonica, which he plays on most cuts (the primitive Mississippi blues groove of "You Are My Blues Machine" is a special joy); but he is first and foremost a guitarist, as "Blue Lady" sensitively demonstrates. Several cuts also offer his unique whistling style. A new version of his celebrated "Bluesette" finds him whistling and playing guitar in unison. The notes tell us nothing about where this was taped, but the rhythm section apparently consists of Dutch jazzmen. 3½ stars.

Toots Thielemans

□

"HOLLYWOOD." Maynard Ferguson. Columbia FC 37713. Ironically, the first cut is called "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough." It was more than enough by itself. This could have been subtitled Ferguson's Foolhardy Funk Fling, or a Daring Dive Into Disco. Since the project involved such men as producer Stanley Clarke, sidemen George Duke, Lee Ritenour et al., the results cannot be attributed to ignorance or incompetence. Even Ferguson, though no newcomer to dubious taste, knows better. With its cast of dozens, and generally trivial tunes and arrangements, this is a lamentable waste of real talent. But of course, it will sell, and does anything else matter? No stars.

□

"TIN ROOF BLUES." Commodore XFL 15354. "That's a Plenty." Commodore XFL 14939. Wild Bill Davison. These are reissued products of 1943 and 1946 sessions, with Davison strongly supported by Pee Wee Russell or Albert Nicholas on clarinet, Eddie Condon on guitar and George Wettling or Dave Tough on drums, among others. Trombonist George Brunis shares leader billing on the "Tin Roof Blues" set, which has excellent liner notes by fellow hornman Richard M. Sudhalter. Producer Milt Gabler wrote the notes for "That's a Plenty." Three½ stars.

KOOL JAZZ FESTIVAL COMES TO AN END

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The 10-day "Kool Jazz Festival N.Y." ground to a halt Sunday in four settings: on two stages at the Performing Arts Center in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.; at Carnegie Hall, where Lionel Hampton presented a jam session similar to that reviewed recently in Hollywood, and at Avery Fisher Hall, scene of a "Tribute to Stan Kenton."

Though the Kenton celebration offered no excitement in compositional terms, the evening was well planned and smoothly executed, much of the credit being due to two former Kenton drummers, Shelly Manne and Mel Lewis.

Manne was the ideal choice as narrator. His anecdotal reminiscences of the Kenton band days were witty and affectionate. For the closing number in each half he sat in with the Lewis band; on Pete Rugolo's "Lament," featuring the one-time Kenton guitarist Laurindo Almeida, he even doubled as conductor.

The Lewis orchestra, its brass section augmented to 11 (the additions were Kenton graduates Eddie Bert and Ernie Royal) is a polished, driving unit that brought new life to old arrangements by Bill Holman, Gerry Mulligan, Shorty Rogers and Kenton.

A premiere of a new Holman suite, "The Tall One," failed to generate much melodic interest and was too long and diffuse to maintain Holman's usual standards.

Guest soloists in the nostalgia parade were Kai Winding, Kenton's trombonist in the 1940s; Bud Shank on alto sax and flute; Maynard Ferguson, whose lung-busting, ear-rending trumpet hasn't changed a bit in 30 years, and Anita O'Day, one of whose four songs was a 1944 film clip. Of the three she sang live, "Body and Soul" was of far more interest than the dreary novelty tune "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine," her hit recording with Kenton.

At a news conference before the concert, producer George Wein announced that his cigarette company underwriter will be back next year with another series of festivals (this year there are 20 nationwide, ending in November in Los Angeles).

Paid attendances at the various New York locations, according to Wein, were between 90,000 and 100,000. Dismissing questions about money, he said, "Why don't people treat these festivals as they would the opera or ballet? What matters is not the grosses but the music, and I'm very, very happy with the way things turned out."

JAZZ

CLORA BRYANT ON TRUMPET

By LEONARD FEATHER

Another in a series of occasional articles on female instrumentalists in the Los Angeles area.

Nobody knows about Clora Bryant. Nobody, that is, except Dizzy Gillespie, who believes she is one of the most underrated jazz trumpet players in Los Angeles or anywhere else; and many fellow musicians who have worked with her, all of whom wonder why she is not internationally known.

Bryant has faced the problems that confront many women musicians; she had to juggle a career and stay with her families (two husbands and two children by each). She has been ignored, on the one hand, when a call goes out for a trumpeter, but has been hired, as a novelty, in groups that play Las Vegas, and with blues groups such as the Johnny Otis Show, of which she is now a member.

"I guess I'm not very aggressive," she says, "but I'm determined." That determination sent her back to school, after a 33-year absence, when she got on the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) and returned to UCLA to get her BA in music. But Reaganomics struck, her grants dried up and she had to drop out this year, 16 credits short of graduation.

Clora Bryant was born May 30, 1929, in Denison, Tex. After her mother died when she was 2, her father raised her in Dallas.

"My brother went in the Army and left his trumpet home, so I began playing it—mainly so I could go to football games and play in the marching band. Then I went to Prairie View College, near Houston, joined the Prairie View Coeds band and toured with them for two years."

Moving to Los Angeles and to UCLA, she gigged with other female bands that came through town: the Sweethearts of Rhythm, the Darlings of Rhythm. Male bands accepted her, though: at the Club Alabama she played in the house combo behind Billie Holiday, Josephine Baker and the comedy team of Redd Foxx and Slappy White.

Her first influences were the sounds she heard on radio: Armstrong, Harry James, Charlie Spivak, Charlie Shavers, Roy Eldridge. "But Dizzy was the one I really tried to emulate. There was a great camaraderie in L.A. in those days, and we'd all sit around listening to his records, and Clifford Brown's. When I got to know Diz well, he was really encouraging. He's like that with everyone, because he's secure enough not to worry about creating competition."

Married to a bassist, she had her first son in 1949, yet through the 1950s she remained active. She was one of the first jazzwomen on TV (with an all-woman quintet, the Sepia Tones), and toured for two years with the Billy Williams Show, playing the big rooms in Miami and Las Vegas.

"I worked at the Lighthouse with Sonny Criss and Hampton Hawes; later I played a Sunday matinee at the High Seas, next door to the Lighthouse. Charlie Parker dropped by to see Max Roach, who was at the Lighthouse, but instead of sitting in there, he borrowed a horn, brought over a bunch of people from next door, and came over to jam with us. Dizzy had told him about me."

Bryant needed national exposure, but her only record was an album for a Los Angeles label that promptly went out of business. The 1960s were slow. For a year or two she was teamed in an act with her brother, Mel, an actor and singer. With the birth of her fourth child, Darrin, now 14, she resolved to stay off the road and pick up whatever free-lance work she could.

Laid up after an accident in 1975, she began composing. Recently, during a tribute to Duke Ellington at UCLA's Royce Hall, she played the piano and sang her own song, "Duke, We Love You," the lyrics of which consisted mainly of a string of Ellington song titles. Her voice is flexible; she has become known for her impersonations of Louis Armstrong and Rose (Chee Chee) Murphy.

Every once in a while something seems to augur the belated breakthrough: an appearance on "The Tonight Show" with the Watts 103rd Street Rhythm Band; a series of gigs playing in the trumpet section of Bill Berry's big band, and with Teddy Edwards' band; the Watts Jazz Festival last summer, where she led an eight-piece combo playing her own compositions and arrangements; gigs with trombonist Benny Powell, with singer Nellie Lutcher.

She even appeared a few years ago at the Hollywood Bowl, performing a brief excerpt from her five-movement suite dedicated to Gillespie.

CON KEYES / Los Angeles Times

Veteran jazz trumpet player Clora Bryant admits she's "not very aggressive, but I'm determined."

"I really think I should go to Japan. Count Basie told me I ought to call his agent and set that up. I've never been overseas except for six weeks with my brother in Australia. It was beautiful but it wasn't jazz; we were just doing an act."

Another of her ambitions, for which she would like first to get her degree, is to organize a private school to teach young blacks about the roots of music. "Most of them don't even know about Duke Ellington or Basie. Those few years I was with CETA, seeing kids in school, I didn't find them responsive to anything except what they were being programmed to listen to on the radio.

"We're really going backward instead of forward. At all my UCLA classes—where I studied Arabic music, Israeli music, took a Dixieland jazz class and just boned up on music in general—I was about the only black person in the class. We need more education dealing with every kind of music at every level, from grade school through college."

After all her years of struggling for recognition, Bryant's spirits remain undampened. "I've had so many unique experiences — sitting in with Lionel Hampton, Duke, Count, jamming in the old Central Avenue clubs with whatever cats were passing through town. I wouldn't trade that experience for anything. Now I just want to pass along what I know and make sure the new generation doesn't lose sight of that great heritage." □

, 1982

24

July 18 1982

JAZZ

SOUNDS ABOUND IN THE BIG APPLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The Kool Jazz Festival packed up its horns and dispersed for parts unknown soon after the Fourth of July. Many of its participants reportedly were bound for Nice, the Hague and other areas of Western Europe, where more than 30 major festivals are taking place this summer. But Manhattan truly never missed a beat, for New York in effect has 365 jazz festivals a year.

Even a brief visit offers overwhelming evidence that the Big Apple remains our planet's pre-eminent jazz cynosure. Critics and cognoscenti swarmed to the festival from all over the world; international media coverage was unprecedented. Japan sent so many emissaries (several representatives of the now-famous monthly Swing Journal and a tour group of fans) that a glance at the first three rows in Carnegie Hall one evening almost convinced me I had been transplanted to Tokyo.

As most of these visitors have long since realized, America's most respected, most exported art form may have been born in Kansas City or New Orleans or any of the other cities that have laid claim to a role in its inception, but for anyone eager to establish an international name, New York City today more than ever is the place where a reputation can be made and consolidated.

A survey of the nightclub and concert scene, in conjunction with an examination of this year's festival schedule, offers irrefutable evidence. As producer George Wein pointed out, New York boasts the greatest collection of so-called "local" musicians (that is, artists based here and in many instances making their income in the studios) who are internationally known. Los Angeles is second; no other metropolis is even in the running.

"The festival," Wein said, "is comparable to a banquet, or a great buffet. You have an unlimited choice and just take your pick."

The gallimaufry of sounds offered this year bore out his contention. From the Dixieland and Kansas City jazz aboard the Staten Island Ferry to the Tomorrowland explorations of the innovative World Saxophone Quartet, everything had a rightful place in the sonic mosaic.

Wein's enthusiastic claim cannot simply be attributed

LEONARD FEATHER

Bassist Milt Hinton at work on Staten Island ferry.

to his role as progenitor of the event. When he launched the Newport Jazz Festival in 1954 in Rhode Island, he was a Boston pianist and promoter guided as much by his deep concern for jazz as by the profit motive. Since the festival was transplanted to New York in 1972, it has grown immeasurably. A ripple effect was felt immediately. The local jazz club scene, which had been in the doldrums, began to pick up. Rock was not out but jazz was emphatically in. Today there are at least 38 clubs in Manhattan alone offering a regular regimen of jazz or related sounds. Many of them took advantage of the presence in town of jazzmen such as Laurindo Almeida, who doubled from Avery Fisher Hall to a two-week gig at the Village West Club; Teddy Wilson, who soon after his reunion with Benny Goodman at Carnegie worked at the Star and Garter, also in the Village, and Buddy Tate, the veteran tenor saxophonist, who was all over town, from Carnegie to the jazz boat ride to Eddie Condon's club on West 54th Street.

Admittedly, it is easier to roll off a litany of names and dates than to invest in a visit; the clubs are widely distributed around town, subways are frightening, and cab fares financially debilitating. This applies both to the clubs and the festival, since some concerts were held in such remote spots as Saratoga, N.Y., three hours' drive from Manhattan, or Purchase, N.Y., an hour by bus or car.

Jazz fans seem only minimally deterred by current economic woes. The price of a pair of tickets in the orchestra for every festival presentation (not counting those at overlapping times) amounted to $803; when inflated cab fares and meals are added (a dinner for two at the Russian Tea Room adjoining Carnegie Hall can add $60 to the evening's outlay), the realization sinks in that New York is not only the most inviting city for music but arguably the most expensive. Clearly, though, it is possible, by choosing your concerts, clubs and restaurants judiciously, to be exposed to a profusion of sounds without risking bankruptcy.

Fortunately, many of the New York clubs that house the most attractive music also offer food that varies from acceptable to exceptional. The Carnegie Tavern, for example, which may well be the best piano room in town, provides reasonably priced dinners and music played on a superb grand piano imported from East Germany; morever, its elegant ambiance commands near-silence in the audience.

My first visit found Ellis Larkins on hand. Rarely seen outside New York, he is a matchless artist who applies his gentle sound and delicate touch to medleys of Ellington or Gershwin. Larkins has since left for a while and Adam Makowicz, the Polish pianist in whose right-hand runs are fascinating traces of Art Tatum, has taken over.

Michael's Pub, on East 55th Street, offers a *pied a terre* to groups seldom heard in any other American jazz club. On a recent night the incumbents were the Dick Hyman Trio, with Joe Puma on guitar and Major Holley on bass.

Hyman is a phenomenon, the compleat pianist's pianist, who has studied and can relay the entire history of jazz piano. Few soloists since Tatum have developed so high a degree of improvisational command and delicacy. Though his technique is astonishing, he never uses it as an end in itself. What emerges may be Fats Waller stride, Teddy Wilson restraint, Scott Joplin rags, Shearing-like block chords, or allusions to his classical training ("Freddy Chopin Blues").

The set ended with a touch of Hyman's dry humor as he sang a Swing Era nonsense ditty, "Flat Foot Floogee." Hyman, who gave a pipe organ recital in a church during the festival, also is an experienced composer who was recently assigned to write the score for the next Woody Allen movie.

Though there were rumors that the Kool marathon had hurt local nightclub business by draining off the audience, one club was smart enough to tie in with it by staging its own minifestival, advertised in the brochures of the main event. Steve Getz, son of the saxophonist Stan Getz, took this initiative in connection with the happenings at Fat Tuesday's, 3rd Avenue at 17th Street, which he manages.

The menu a Fat Tuesday's has changed several times a week lately. For four nights Art Farmer on fluegelhorn, Benny Golson on tenor sax and trombonist Curtis Fuller dominated the small bandstand, re-creating music Golson wrote 20-odd years ago when the three were first united in a short-lived but admirable combo called the Jazztet. The joy of hearing Farmer apply his lyrical sound to "I Remember Clifford" was accentuated by the enthusiasm of an audience that included Dizzy Gillespie, James Moody and Jay McShann. (This aspect of the New York scene, seldom duplicated elsewhere, redounds to everyone's advantage: the hipper the crowd, the better the performance.)

Fat Tuesday's is one of several relatively new clubs that have sprung up in the past year or two. Others, all in the Village, are Lush Life, named for the Billy Strayhorn composition (recently host to Joe Pass, the Cecil Taylor unit and a big band led by Muhal Richard Abrams); the Blue Note (Kenny Burrell, Benny Carter, Chet Baker et al.), and the Knickerbocker Saloon (Cedar Walton, Junior Mance).

Though the Village and the midtown sectors (East and West) are the dominant areas for jazz, the New Yorker is never more than a couple of miles from superior music of one genre or another. Hanratty's, a restaurant on 2nd Avenue at 91st Street, now engages pianists for relatively long stints, with the music conveniently starting at 8:30 p.m.

Johnny Guarnieri, who settled at Hanratty's a month ago, was well qualified to take stock of the bicoastal contrasts. He spent 20 years based in Hollywood, where his most recent job, until last January, kept him in the same room for almost a decade. Now living in a hotel in New Jersey, he commutes to the gig and speaks with unreserved joy about the spirit of New York City.

"There's no question about it," he says. "It's a hundred times more vital here. Everything is happening."

True, up to a point; yet there is a tendency, especially among New York critics, to lump together all West Coast jazz and jazzmen as cool, lazy, laid-back products of their environment. Ironically, the brilliance, exuberance and versatility displayed at various festival events by the veteran Hollywood drummer Shelly Manne drew gasps and raves from the media, as if his talent were a new and surprising discovery. One wonders, too, whether such adjectives as cool or laid-back could be applied to the West Coast big band or the award-winning composer Toshiko Akiyoshi and her husband Lew Tabackin, or to the powerful, dramatic orchestra of Gerald Wilson.

Generalizations are invariably dangerous, whether applied to a geographical area or a specific idiom. The avant-garde, for example, has long borne the stigma of lacking popular appeal. Though such festival presentations of "Jazz and World Music" and the World Jazz Quartet were not big commercial draws, Wein declared himself greatly impressed by the response. "Does this cult following have growth potential?" he asked. "I believe it does."

Possibly to validate his point, Wein has decided that for the last of the 20 Kool-underwritten festivals this year, set to take place in Los Angeles in November, he will concentrate on avant-garde music, dance and films. Los Angeles may not be the World Trade Center of jazz, but if it can be proven capable of supporting this courageous venture, there is hope that the Big Orange may yet be ranked as a close rather than a distant second to the Apple in any theoretical contest for world jazz supremacy. □

UNIQUE VOCALISE OF DIANNE REEVES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Although the Lighthouse Cafe in recent months has drifted away somewhat from its jazz policy, the Hermosa Beach room can still provide an occasional surprise. Not the least of these in recent weeks has been Dianne Reeves, who sang there Friday and Saturday and will return July 30 and 31.

Reeves starts out with several advantages. Tall, striking and personable, she made an immediate impact as the accompanying trio, led by Billy Childs, launched her into a powerful Latin-oriented song, part of which she seemed to be delivering in a mysterious language. Was it Spanish? No, but perhaps Portuguese? Italian, maybe?

None of the above. This was simply one of Reeves' many ingenious uses of vocalise. Like Sarah Vaughan (though in a very different manner), she has brought a personal touch to the sometimes overworked art of wordless singing.

On a more conventional level, Paul Williams' "Everything" proved a splendid vehicle for her unique and highly charged style. Next, a long series of strange, wordless cadenzas turned out to be the introduction to a dazzling and a completely different treatment of "My Funny Valentine." This ran for three slow choruses (perhaps a little too much), with somewhat exaggerated use of melisma (the first syllable of "tiny" was split up into a dozen notes), but Reeves' originality and conviction are such that her excesses for the most part are forgivable.

Touches of West Indian and African rhythms informed her version of Eddie Delbarrio's "Ancient Source." To conclude the set, Reeves harked back into history to swing out on a traditional blues; however, she equipped it with witty lyrics of her own.

In addition to Childs on piano and Oberheim keyboard, she was well supported by Billy Carroll on bass and Joe Heredia on drums. With an album due out soon on Palo Alto Records, Reeves is about as sure a bet for success as is possible in a profession where luck too often counts for more than talent.

LOCKJAW, PRICE AT PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Price is right. She has always been right, ever since those distant days at Shelly's Manne Hole. Right in her choice of songs, just as right in her gamine personality and light, textured tones.

Ruth Price is not the headliner in this week's show at he Parisian Room. The star is Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, he saxophonist, accompanied by the same efficient hythm section that works for Price. Davis, best known hrough his long years of service in the Count Basie anks, possesses what is arguably the most individual nd expressive tenor sax sound extant.

His frequent partner of recent years, Harry (Sweets) dison, is not on hand, but Davis takes care of business personably as ever. His long, serpentine improvised ies often resemble punctuation marks. Who else can nulate an exclamation point or question mark on the ophone?

Davis could stir up more interest if his material were less predictable. A couple of original compositions would have provided a welcome change of pace from "Green Dolphin Street," "Wave" and the like.

Price, on the other hand, has always made it an act of faith to go for the unlikely and relatively unfamiliar. After a weak opening with "It's D'Lovely," one of Cole Porter's few lyrical and melodic bloopers, she recovered rapidly with "Do I Hear a Waltz?" by Stephen Sondheim and Richard Rodgers.

Price can bring her own gentle touch to an old Billie Holiday song, "That Old Devil Called Love," to Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Happy Madness" or to Bobby Troup's "The Meaning of the Blues." She ended on a roller-coaster trip with "Ridin' High," splendidly backed by Lanny Hartley at the piano, Larry Gales on bass and the impeccable Jimmie Smith on drums.

It's a three-star show this week. For openers there's Diana Williams, a ventriloquist. Working with two dummies, she is technically adept, but the male dummy's voice was too muffled, and her material (such as a line about taking home samples from the bank) is in serious need of a rewrite. Still, she represents a pleasant improvement on the scatological comics who for too long were an unavoidable element in the Parisian Room presentations.

The show continues through Sunday.

Edward (Sonny) Stitt, 58, Noted Saxophonist, Dies of Cancer

7/23

By LEONARD FEATHER

Edward (Sonny) Stitt, the renowned alto saxophonist whose style bore an uncanny resemblance to that of the late Charlie (Bird) Parker, died of cancer Thursday in a Washington, D.C., hospital. He was 58.

When Stitt first met Parker, they jammed together in a Kansas City club. When the session was over, Parker said, "You sure sound like me." Stitt was as surprised as Parker at the extraordinary similarity in their innovative styles.

The two alto sax giants' final encounter took place a week before Parker died in 1955. They exchanged a few pleasantries and Parker said, "Man, I'm handing you the keys to the kingdom."

Stitt, whose sound and style had borne such an uncanny and coincidental resemblance to Parker's, had been rushed back from Japan a few days before his death after playing a brief engagement there.

Ironically, one of Stitt's last U.S. appearances took place in an "Alto

Please see STITT, Page 22

STITT: Saxophonist, 58, Dies in Washington, D.C.

Continued from Third Page

Summit" concert during the Kool New York Jazz Festival, for which he was called in on short notice to replace Art Pepper, who died June 15.

Born in Boston on Feb. 2, 1924, Stitt replaced Parker in the Dizzy Gillespie combo in 1946. The following year he won the New Star award in the Esquire jazz poll. Narcotics problems kept him off the scene for three years before he began touring in a sax duo with Gene Ammons.

During the 1950s he became an internationally respected soloist, sometimes playing tenor and baritone as well as alto sax. Featured on concert tours with Jazz at the Philharmonic, he toured Great Britain in 1958.

Overseas Tours

He spent a year with Miles Davis' group and made numerous visits to Europe and Japan with several small combos, one of which reunited him with Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and other pioneers of the bebop movement.

Sonny Stitt

One of his numerous appearances at the Newport Jazz Festival found him in a leading role in a presentation billed as "The Musical Life of Charlie Parker."

Though there were frequent comparisons with Parker, Stitt was an inspired, technically extraordinary artist whose virtuoso control of the saxophone was the envy of his peers.

Over the years he became one of the most prolific recording artists in jazz history, heard on dozens of albums as a leader and on others with Gillespie, Roy Eldridge, Bud Powell and Ammons. He was featured in "Jazz on a Summer's Day," the 1958 film made at the Newport Festival.

Stitt, who lived in Washington, leaves his wife, Pam, a daughter, Katea, 17, and a son, Jason, 12. Funeral arrangements are pending.

. 1982

5/25/82

COLTRANE CLAN KEEPS THE FLAME

By LEONARD FEATHER

RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times

Oran, 15, left, Ravi, 17, Alice, and John, 18, the sons and wife of John Coltrane, set for recital.

Walking through the gates of the quiet, secluded residence in the San Fernando Valley, you are struck by the remoteness of this life, this world, from the New York vortex where the intense creative concepts of John Coltrane came alive and thrived two decades ago.

As you enter the living room in the Woodland Hills home of Alice Coltrane and her three sons, the recollection draws closer and the memory of the seminal saxophonist becomes almost tangible. Covering the entire living room floor are the Persian rugs he bought for the home the Coltranes shared in Huntington, Long Island. "It's almost like walking into the same house," says Alice Coltrane. "We have that same white piano, as well as the concert grand. Over there is the koto he brought from Japan; those are his bagpipes, and this is a *begena*, an Ethiopian harp."

For Alice McLeod Coltrane, the presence of her husband since his death in July, 1967, has had a particular reality. "There were instances, at a time immediately after he left the body, when he did actually return to me in spirit form; there were communications, conversations, and you know what that does to you? There is no real grief. You can't harbor sorrow for someone you know has existed. We don't observe the visible now, yet we never see the last of him. He's always here, always among us, although in another state of existence. It's very beautiful."

Tall, serene, soft-spoken, a deeply spiritual woman, Alice Coltrane has rarely been seen in public performance in the years since her husband's death. After his "leaving," as she terms it, "I began meditating very seriously, and one of the directives in the meditation was to move to California; so I followed the directive, and in 1972 we moved. Even after a year here, when I questioned the children, they said, 'We don't want to go back; it's too cold there, and we have the swimming pool here.'"

As the boys grew (there is also a daughter, Michelle, now 21, who lives in North Hollywood), Alice Coltrane avoided any attempt to force them into music. "Their interest developed out of their own natural appreciation and concern. For a long time I didn't play any records, not even their father's. They were born into a family heritage, but I never insisted on their living up to a name or a tradition."

Now, though, the tradition has taken hold. John Coltrane Jr., 18, who plays bass; Ravi, nearing 17, a soprano saxophonist, and Oran, 15, whose horn is the alto saxophone, will join their mother (playing piano, organ and harp), with Roy Haynes on drums, in a recital Saturday at UCLA's Royce Hall.

"Every piece at the concert will be their father's music," said Alice Coltrane. "This is the only thing I can really convey to them; there's no way for me to have any concrete idea about anyone else's music and feel a consecration to it."

Her total devotion to Coltrane's music symbolizes the vast change in her life for which he was responsible. Born in Detroit in 1937, she grew up as a post-bop pianist strongly under the influence of Bud Powell; at 24, she went on the road for a year with the quartet of vibraphonist Terry Gibbs.

Soon, though, after the strengthening of her friendship with Coltrane, she moved closer to the model concept of his pianist, McCoy Tyner, whom she eventually replaced in the Coltrane quartet.

"It was through John that I began to play the harp. He had one in the Long Island house and used to dream up melodies just playing the harp. So I would sometimes go over to it and make chords. He said, 'Why don't I get a harp just for you?' And the one you see over there is the harp he got for me.

"I admired and tried to emulate him in more ways than I can describe. John showed me how to become a person of true dedication and commitment. His nature was of course highly spiritual; he had total devotion to the Lord, along with his musical involvement. Soon I joined him in an intense exploration of Eastern philosophy, religion, music and meditation. He was instrumental in guiding my appreciation for the universality of all people, of all the arts.

"It was very peaceful at the house in New York. John was such a kind person, a good father who wanted to hold his children and stay close to them. He never cared for parties or any outside associations. Just before he left us, he told me to go on working with music, and although my other work has taken up most of my time, I never stopped playing."

The "other work" is an outgrowth of a period of spiritual reawakening that she underwent in 1968. Alice Coltrane became A.C. Swami Turiyasangitananda. "I took vows and was initiated into the renounced order of *sannyas*, and following a mandate from the Lord, I became founder and director, in 1975, of the Vedantic Center, right next door to here. I have about 25 students. I provide spiritual guidance, teach meditation and the study of the Vedic scriptures, from bhagavad Gita and the Upanishads. Also, from meditation, I received a book of scriptures."

The book is "Endless Wisdom" (Avatar Book Institute, 1981), the contents of which are credited to A.C. Turiyasangitananda, though she points out in the foreword that the scriptures were "rendered to me by the Supreme Lord." The chapters have such titles as "Hu-

Please Turn to Page 53

THE COLTRANES

Continued from 54th Page

manity," "The Inevitable," "Materialism," "Predestination" and "Supreme Affirmations."

Along with her work at the center, there have been annual pilgrimages to India, several LPs for Warner Bros. (the last was "Transfiguration" in 1978), occasional benefit concerts, and time devoted to the musical and spiritual raising of her children: "They attend services once a week, and they meditate. We have music practice sessions together three days a week. The boys can tell you about this."

□

Oran, you're the youngest, so you can't possibly remember your father.

No, but I've seem him on film strips. I pretty much knew, as I grew up, that my parents were musicians, but I really wasn't interested in music. That came to me gradually as I heard more of my father's records. I probably haven't practiced as much as I should, but any time I can, I'll run up and down some scales and try to keep improving my skills.

Ravi, when did you become aware that your father and mother were special people?

I guess when I was 4 or 5 years old. It kind of made me want to be like them—special too.

Do you try for your own interpretation of your father's music, rather than copy it directly?

I try, but it's not easy.

Which of his compositions impressed you the most?

"Giant Steps." But I've never tried to play it; it's too hard. My brothers and I play "Africa" and "A Love Supreme"—those will be on the concert.

John, how did you learn about your father?

My mother started playing records for me when I was 14, but I didn't begin playing until I was 16. By then my brothers were both playing sax, so she got me on the bass. I had a little instruction in school, but mainly my mother taught me.

Are there any particular musicians you learned to admire?

Jimmy Garrison, who played bass in my father's quartet. He used to come by the house in New York; I really liked him.

Now that you're out of high school, are you going on to college?

No, I plan to continue working on my music.

□

"The boys are like their father," said Alice Coltrane, "they don't like to be confined or restricted in any way. I don't think the other two will go to college either.

"More and more nowadays we are talking about their father, and they express concerns about their ideals and goals in music. There was a time when I was just 'I wanna play football' or I want to race cars,' but now it's more crystallized. They seem to have a natural skill, a feeling—and I'm not just speaking as a partial observer, I'm telling you objectively."

The hand of John Coltrane seems never to have stopped guiding his family. "Just two or three years ago," Alice Coltrane recalls, "there was a definite conversation with him, while I was in a meditative state, on the subject of life after death, and living in the particular existence that he's in. I noticed that he did have an instrument—it looked something like a soprano, but much longer and larger—and he was quite absorbed with looking at its structure.

"I asked him, 'Do you think about Earth life?' He said, 'Not much.' I said, 'Do you consider that you might prefer living on Earth as opposed to your life in the afterlife?' And he said, 'No, I wouldn't prefer living on Earth.' So I said, 'Really? Not with all the acceptance, the recognition, the fame?' His reply was, "I prefer the spirit life to the way life is on Earth.'

"But of course his life is very much a part of our lives. I think from now on I may devote a little more time to music and a little less to the center. That is another directive I have received—that I'm supposed to be with the boys. It's more than just watching out for their well being; I have to stay with them and make sure they are growing and developing with their music."

In response to a comment that John Coltrane must be proud, Alice Coltrane Turiyasangitananda smiled and answered: "It's really wonderful. When we're having a rehearsal here, it's just like their father is living again." □

Aug 1

JUGGERNAUT IN A BIG-BAND SESSION

By LEONARD FEATHER

The spring-summer series of Sunday matinees at the Ford Theater, sponsored by the county and the musicians' union trust fund, ended with a big-band session by the Frank Capp-Nat Pierce Orchestra, better known as Juggernaut.

Because several key members are busy working in the "Sophisticated Ladies" stage band, the Juggernaut might have been expected to operate at less than full steam. However, the substitutes for the most part were on a par with the men they replaced. Juggernaut's repertoire, mainly straight-ahead jazz with a strong Count Basie orientation, offers no problems to anyone capable of reading his part and blessed with the ability to swing.

The arrangements, most of them written (or adapted from old Basie records) by pianist Pierce, floated comfortably along the mainstream, with co-leader Capp at the drums. As if the use of such tunes as "Moten Swing," "Shiny Stockings" and "Little Pony" were not enough evidence of the source of inspiration, the personnel included three Basie alumni: trumpters Don Rader and Frank Szabo and trombonist Fred Wesley.

The saxophones were stronger individually than collectively. Dick Spencer, from the "Tonight Show" band, was a powerful presence both as lead alto and soloist. Lanny Morgan, also an alto, was effectively cast in the post-Parker mold on "Lover Man," and the duos by Bob Cooper and Bob Efford on tenor saxes reflected their interacting strengths.

Bill Green, a member of the ensemble since its founding seven years ago, was accorded a rare solo outing on soprano sax in "New York Shuffle," an engaging Pierce chart.

Sandy Graham, filling in for the regular vocalist Ernie Andrews, brought a graceful hint of early Carmen McRae to her ballads. Her uptempo numbers tended to lack lyrical interest. (Surely "Thou Swell" at age 55 has outlived its youthfulness.)

Juggernaut's library of vintage instrumental music, strengthened by its lineup of spirited soloists, sets it apart from the nostalgia dance bands. Capp, Pierce and their cohorts, instead of living in the past, are revitalizing a timeless tradition by imbuing it with the spirit of '82.

The Best of Jazz II: Enter the Giants, 1931-1944 by Humphrey Lyttelton (Taplinger: $10.95; illustrated). Lyttelton, a British trumpeter and journalist, devotes each chapter to a principal swing era soloist—Louis Armstrong, Fats Waller, Art Tatum, Billie Holiday, Jack Teagarden, et al.—relying on his occasional encounters with the artists when they visited England, and even more heavily on records. Each essay is keyed to one or two recordings, analyzed perceptively. There are no musical illustrations, and the brief technical details can be skipped by nonmusical readers without serious loss. This ground has been covered before in innumerable works and Lyttelton often draws on these sources, or on swing-era essays. However, there are new insights, and Lyttelton's style refreshingly lacks pretention. Perhaps because he plays the same instrument, the chapter on Roy Eldridge is particularly enlightening. The discography is inadequate, failing to list record labels or numbers.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AHMAD JAMAL AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ahmad Jamal is back, and judging by the crowd that packed Concerts by the Sea Thursday (he closes Sunday), his long absence from the Redondo Beach rendezvous has been widely regretted.

That the pianist/composer has been leading a combo for more than 30 years is noteworthy; even more significant and reassuring is that while his talent has developed continuously, his audiences have grown in size and enthusiasm. Many in the crowd Thursday appeared to be members of a new generation who are just learning to appreciate his singular artistry.

Years ago Jamal was characterized by a few critics as elliptical and lacking in density. If this was ever the case, certainly it has not been true in recent years, as he has shown a growing mastery of dynamic and technical control.

He can take a basically simple work, like his opening "Firefly," and build it into an edifice of dazzling complexity. He may dart unexpectedly from a pianissimo to a triple forte, as he did in another original composition, "Lament for a Dying Boy," or he may sustain a stubborn left-hand tremolo against cascading right-hand lines, as was the case during "Have You Met Miss Jones."

His ballads display a subtle harmonic sense: In "Polk a Dots and Moonbeams" he found inner voicings that greatly enriched the song's inherent beauty.

Jamal's manner of dealing with a given piece defies prediction. In the charming Andre Previn waltz "It's Good to Have You Home Again," he simply played two choruses, never straying far from the theme. His investigation of "Wave," on the other hand, ran for almost 10 minutes, with long, seemingly unrelated interludes before he returned periodically to a fragment of the tune; then he would back away from it and transplant us into a Jay McShann blues groove. Jamal's brand of music is truly the sound of surprise.

His side men are steeped in the art of accenting and abetting the leader rather than overwhelming him. They are Seldon Newton, a most adept conga player; Payton Crossley, a discreet drummer, and the bassist Sabu Adeyola.

Stanley Turrentine opens Wednesday for a five-day run.

8/3

MELBA JOYCE AT ROOM UPSTAIRS

By LEONARD FEATHER

At Le Cafe, in Sherman Oaks, a small club known as the Room Upstairs continues to present singers, most of them jazz-oriented pop artists, Thursdays through Saturdays.

Friday evening Melba Joyce made the latest of several appearances. A stocky woman with a ready smile, she is given to long, no-vibrato tones that manage to soar without thinning out. Her creamy timbre is appealing; despite occasional intonation problems she can hold her audience, provided the song is substantial enough and the arrangement suitable.

This was not always the case. Her treatment of "Alfie," taken at a fast bossa-nova clip, was out of keeping with both the melody and the lyrics. An old jazz instrumental, Lee Morgan's "Sidewinder," lost more than it gained by the addition of words.

On the other hand, Joyce's updating of "Moody's Mood for Love" built confidently and with its customary humor to a wild, stratospheric ending. An off-the-wall selection was the love theme from "The Pawnbroker," seldom heard as a vocal, with lyrics by John Lawrence. "I Know Love" revealed Joyce's own talent as a writer of words and music.

A reworking of the Al Jarreau lyric to Chick Corea's "Spain" achieved a measure of the dramatic impact of Jarreau's own recording. Joyce was at her most relaxed and affecting during a too-brief vocal duet with her pianist, David Mackay, in "See You Later," a song introduced a decade or so ago by Mackay and the late Vicki Hamilton.

The Mackay trio, with Rick Felice on bass and Mark Pulice on drums, could have used a little more rehearsal; one or two numbers faded out inconclusively. The trio's opening instrumental set a typically gentle Mackay mood.

Coming to the Room Upstairs Wednesday: Pianist Bill Mays and guitarist Peter Sprague. Mackay will return Aug. 12, in a duo performance with flutist Lori Bell.

1982

Jazz Magazine May 1982

JAZZ INFORMATIONS

FEATHER REPOND A ROACH Propos recueillis à Los Angeles par Jean-Louis Ginibre.

A l'issue d'un concert donné au Hollywood Bowl par le nouveau groupe de Miles Davis, Leonard Feather écrivit dans le *Los Angeles Times*, le quotidien pour lequel il travaille, une critique négative. Quelques jours plus tard, Max Roach rédigea une lettre circulaire destinée aux principaux magazines de jazz, critiquant non seulement le compte rendu de Feather mais aussi mettant en doute sa compétence en tant que journaliste et historien. (*Jazzmag*, n° 303, janvier 1982.) Jean-Louis Ginibre, qui vit à Los Angeles, a demandé à Leonard Feather ce qu'il pensait du texte de Max Roach.

Jean-Louis Ginibre Quelle a été votre réaction lorsque vous avez lu la lettre-circulaire de Max Roach ?

Leonard Feather Cela m'a intéressé de lire ses commentaires sur mon compte rendu d'un concert auquel il n'a pas assisté. Je ne sais pas où Max Roach était ce soir-là. En tout cas, il n'était pas au Hollywood Bowl.

Ginibre Max Roach prétend que vous n'avez jamais su admettre que le jazz est « une forme d'art créative »...

Feather Quand Max avait sept ans, j'écoutais et rencontrais Louis Armstrong à Londres et j'étais captivé par son art, superbe. Quand Max avait huit ans, j'écoutais Duke Ellington, qui devint vite une de mes *idoles*. En fait, depuis que Max a atteint sa neuvième année, j'ai, de toutes mes forces, tenté d'attirer l'attention du public sur ces musiciens et sur d'autres grands artistes, en écrivant des articles, en produisant des concerts et des disques, tout cela à une époque où le jazz était, au mieux victime d'une apathie générale, au pire d'une hostilité marquée. En 1982, je suis fasciné par le talent de Wynton Marsalis comme je l'étais par celui de Louis Armstrong il y a un demi-siècle. Mon intérêt pour le jazz n'a jamais faibli.

Ginibre Et Miles Davis...

Feather Le génie de Miles Davis a été le sujet d'un nombre incalculable d'articles écrits par moi, et cela dès que le trompettiste s'installa à New York. Dans une interview, Miles affirma un jour qu'il respectait seulement trois critiques : le regretté Ralph Gleason, Nat Hentoff et Leonard Feather. Miles et moi en avons parlé récemment au cours d'une conversation téléphonique et il n'y a aucune raison pour qu'il ait changé d'avis. Ma réaction concernant un concert n'anéantit pas ma compréhension du langage de Miles et n'annule pas les milliers de mots que j'ai écrits pour vanter son talent.

Ginibre Le texte de Max Roach semble indiquer que vous avez été le seul critique à ne pas apprécier le concert du Hollywood Bowl...

Feather ...Ce qui est, en fait, inexact. Dans le *Herald Examiner*, David Weiss parla d'une « soirée décevante » ; James Liska, dans le *Daily News*, écrivit un compte rendu dévastateur, bien plus négatif que le mien.

Ginibre Ce qui semble indiquer que Los Angeles n'aime pas le nouveau Miles Davis...

Feather Les critiques de New York ne furent pas plus tendres. Richard Sudhalter écrivit : « ...ce fut lamentable, interminablement triste ». Quant à Ira Gitler, il parla, dans *Jazz Times*, d'un « ... orgasme à la recherche d'une éjaculation qui ne vint jamais », ajoutant : « Miles est de retour mais sa tentative d'être *au courant* est plutôt démodée et le sera encore plus dans l'avenir. » Je me demande pourquoi Max Roach ne s'adresse pas individuellement à chacun de ces critiques et me choisit comme bouc émissaire de sa fureur.

Ginibre La dernière fois que Max a présenté son groupe à Los Angeles, votre compte rendu du *Times* n'était guère favorable. Pensez-vous que Max en soit ulcéré et que votre critique du concert de Miles ait été un prétexte à cette attaque personnelle ?

Feather C'est bien possible.

Los Angeles Times

8/5

MILES DAVIS IS ON THE ROAD AGAIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Two months ago, Miles Davis brought his sextet to San Diego for a jazz festival. It was noted here that his performance showed a marked improvement over his unfortunate concert last fall at the Hollywood Bowl, when he was seriously ill.

Tuesday night at the Greek Theater, Davis offered compelling evidence of the resurgence that has brought him back, not only to good health, but to a performance level that could hardly fail to please anyone willing to accept him on his own terms.

The title of the latest Davis album is "We Want Miles!" Of course we do, but all of us want a different Miles. To some, the "Bitches Brew" period represented his artistic apotheosis; others look back longingly to the Davis of "Sketches of Spain" or even farther back to the modal innovations of "Kind of Blue."

RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times

Miles Davis in a solo mood during Bowl concert.

Miles Davis has made it clear, however, that he is proud to have a poor memory. He wants no part of his past, no matter how illustrious. Thus any evaluation now has to resolve the question, compared to what? It would be senseless now to look for a new Wayne Shorter in his present saxophonist, Bill Evans, or to expect Marcus Miller to produce bass lines like Ron Carter's, nor does it seem likely that we will ever again hear Miles playing on a complex chordal basis.

What matters is that he has drawn his funk-rock band into a tight unit. His jagged lines were more cohesive than at any time since his comeback. At one point, there was a brief, keening, melancholy interlude with Miles pointing his Harmon-muted horn at the apron. He should have used the mute more; it is his most personal sound.

On several occasions he wandered over to the electric keyboard, most notably when he supplied a sympathetic background to Evans' flute.

Evans, an uneven soloist, came off best on flute and soprano sax; his tenor was too busy and tonally unattractive.

Al Foster, the drummer, and guitarist Mike Stern are the most valuable side men. Stern ran the gamut from rock to straight jazz phrases and remained always in total control. During his last solo Davis stood very close to him, almost like a doctor checking out his physical movements.

Mino Cinelu offered a propulsive conga interlude. Marcus Miller soloed well on Fender bass in the nursery rhymelike melody "Jean Pierre." Aside from the opening "Fat Time," this was the only recognizable theme; most of what was heard seemed to be the product of collective spontaneity under the leader's catalytic direction.

The concert comprised continuous sets, the first about an hour long and the second, 37 minutes, with Davis on stage and blowing for a healthy proportion of the show—a far cry from the Bowl, when he was hard put to struggle through two 35-minute sets.

Attendance was disappointing—less than half a house.

ALICE COLTRANE WITH THE SONS OF JOHN COLTRANE.

Royce Hall, Los Angeles

ADVERTISED as an "avant garde music concert", this was the first formal public appearance of Alice Coltrane with her three sons. As the heirs of a master architect of modern music, the youngsters might have been expected to stir up a lively interest; however, despite extensive advertising, only 550 of the hall's 1892 seats were filled.

The full quintet opened the programme with three of the senior Coltrane's works: a minor blues, billed as "Twelve-Bar Minor", followed by "The Promise" and "A Love Supreme".

It was immediately apparent that the sons have been influenced (perhaps almost exclusively) by the recordings of their father. Ravi's soprano seemed to be searching for a directiion and a firm identity; his sound is not strong and his ideas lacked focus. He is 17.

Oran, though the youngest of the three (15), showed the most positive evidence of potential importance as a new talent. His sound is clear and firm, despite occasional slight lapses of intonation, and he seems to have a good instinctive feeling for the modal requirements of the compositions.

John Coltrane Jr. (18), who played upright bass, was not featured extensively, but seemed fairly capable of keeping a steady beat and playing appropriate lines.

Alice Coltrane did not feature herself extensively during these numbers, but in "A Love Supreme" she displayed some of her typical water-fall effects, sounding almost harp-like on the piano.

Roy Haynes kept a semi-bop, semi-Elvin Jones beat going through most of this set. Then he and the sons departed while Alice Coltrane played the harp.

Her use of this instrument has always been mysterious. She runs up and down the strings, out of tempo, making little or no use of the harp's pedals. Despite her apparently limited technical knowledge, she managed to achieve a certain hypnotic effect that drew a standing ovatioin from part of the audience.

The sons then returned to play "Africa". By this time it had become clear that their intentions are good but their achievements, up to now, are limited – but again, Oran stood out as the one to watch for.

Perhaps by the time they undertake the international concert tours Alice Coltrane plans for them next year, some of the promise they now seem to show will be realised.

– LEONARD FEATHER

Aug. 1

HE LIT UP THE VAST WASTELAND

GARROWAY'S MANY WORLDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Talk Show Pioneer Kills Self With Shotgun Blast," the headline read. Had been suffering from post-operative complications following open heart surgery, his family said. A kindly, warm but troubled man, his former TV associates told us. But all the reports and reminiscenses that dwelt on Dave Garroway's death concentrated too much on effects and too little on causes.

Once a nationwide wake-up hero, he became the forgotten man, all but ignored when he tried to come back. The media dealt cruelly with this gentle, honest soul who had given TV more than it could ever repay him.

The same executives who piously lamented his passing could surely have restored in him some measure of self-confidence with an assignment at least slightly comparable to the one he lost in 1961, when his wife's suicide was followed by his departure from the "Today" show. Television has desperately needed someone of his unique eloquence and erudition, but the vast wasteland has simply grown vaster than ever.

Garroway was an intellectual introvert caught up in the anti-intellectual, extrovert world of the boob tube. The acuteness of his mind was reflected in an offbeat sense of humor and a diversity of hobbies and interests.

He was a voracious reader. A few years ago he entered the Studio City bookshop owned by Clark Dennis, a major singing star of the 1940s, who had appeared on the old "Garroway at Large" show. "I'm going to a hospital," Garroway said. "What are the biggest books you've got?" He walked out with the Random House Encyclopedia, the Complete Shakespeare, and Webster's International Dictionary. He never told Dennis what hospital he was bound for, or why.

He was fascinated by cars, especially classic automobiles, which he would dismantle and reassemble. Peggy Lee, a close friend since 1947, recalls, "Dave used to pick me up at the airport in a beautiful Jaguar with leopard skin upholstery."

Above all, however, there was his passion for astronomy, which led directly to his third marriage. "I was leading a group of amateur astronomers through the Soviet Union; Dave was along and we took to each other right away," says Sarah Lee Lippincott, longtime director of the Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore College, who became the third Mrs. Garroway in 1980.

Interviewing him in 1975, at a time when we were neighbors, I first saw him by the window of a living room that overlooked Mulholland Drive and the sprawling reaches of the San Fernando Valley. Dave stood peering into a powerful telescope. If television no longer was a medium for figuratively setting his sights on the stars, at least he could do so literally. (He once described himself as "the cat on the hill who peers at night through empty tubes with glass at either end.")

After he had shown me some of the galaxies, Garroway settled down to reminiscing about the glory days, the era of live radio and early television when it was possible to transmit, for the edification of a sensitive and receptive audience, conversation and music of the highest quality, without regard to ratings or pop charts.

Dave Garroway in 1971 photo.

"It was beautiful," he said. "Our radio signal out of Chicago was strong, so we were being picked up by university and high school students as far away as New York and North Carolina, where I had fan clubs.

"At the start, we had commercials, but they dwindled down to a precious one. The program manager told me, 'Well, I don't think this jazz is going over.' Well, our one commercial was Jump Town, a very small Chicago club. Jackie Cain met Roy Kral there; Sarah Vaughan was there; it was a musicians' hangout. We kept Jump Town on for six weeks before the message began to spread. The tide turned, and before long we had more commercials than we could accommodate."

The 1950s were a Garroway decade. On TV he had the "Garroway at Large" show, transplanted to New York, the "Today" show and the elaborate "Wide Wide World." On radio, there were three years of Sunday evening stints on "Monitor." So powerful was his name that he lent it to a series of elegant albums on RCA featuring jazz artists and classic-pop singers.

Dave had a tongue-in-cheek explanation of his lapse from fame: "It was all triggered by an incident on 'Garroway at Large,' when we were on the air live. I made an announcement that went, 'And now we present Maria Firechief in "The Tailbird Suite."'"

Not the least of his agonies was an affliction that was, he told me, akin to Meniere's Disease. "It makes the victim stone deaf to all music. You can hear it, but it has the emotional appeal of pots and pans. Psychoanalysts told me, 'We know this condition exists, but we don't know what to do about it.'

"This went on for more than a year. Then in 1967 I went to the Grammy Awards dinner and Pat Williams' orchestra was playing. Suddenly I said to myself, 'Hey, I can really hear that!' I rushed out, bought a record by Pat Williams, put it on my big stereo, and I was alive again."

After a year with a Boston station in 1968-69, Garroway moved to California with Dave Jr., then 12. He had a commitment for a year's work at KFI radio.

Sylvia O'Gilvie, now an associate producer of "The Jeffersons," was Garroway's secretary during that 1970-71 stint. "He was frustrated and misunderstood the whole time," she recalls. "He felt limited by the station's MOR policy; he couldn't play enough jazz; he wanted to do more and better interviews; and he just disliked California. He was marvelous to work with—kind, considerate, and bright; witty, but very shy. When the year was up, he was relieved, and I left too—I couldn't stay there without him."

That was the last continuing job in Garroway's aborted career. There were guest shots, and commercials that paid well, but nothing that represented any challenge.

No matter how slowly things went, his puckish sense of humor never left him. During the Christmas season of 1974 he sent a long form letter to friends, full of abstruse pseudo-mathematical formulae: "I would like to call your attention to a recent synthesis of mine in magneto-yulo-thermohydrodynamics. With the Garroway QUARK equation, I have freed Christmas! The QUARK can be computed by the simple equation % CA divided by TCB, where CA is the percentage of individual Christmas affection and TCB the total Christmas budget . . . A very merry Christmas. Peace. David." Enclosed with the letter, as received by Clark Dennis, was a check for $2.69. When Dennis told Charlie Andrews, Garroway's longtime writer, Andrews expostulated: "Why, the son of a gun! He only sent me 84 cents!" (My own check, as I recall, was slightly over a dollar.)

The relationship with Sarah Lippincott gave Garroway a new raison d'etre. In 1979 he moved East to be with her, but soon after, sometime before their marriage, he had open-heart surgery. He never recovered completely, but last January he was able to appear on the "Today" 30th anniversary show.

"He was in very good shape for that show; he rose to the occasion and carried the ball beautifully," Sarah Garroway says. "But a month or so later the final illness began, and he was in the hospital from early March, until four days before he died.

"Because of the unsuccessful surgery and his generally bad physical condition, he felt there was just no future."

The Garroway family will see to it that his memory is kept alive. There are two sons: Michael, now director of the Boston Community Music School, and David Jr.; and a daughter, Paris. Sarah Garroway and the children are talking about holding a memorial jazz concert late this fall, helped by some of the artists whose careers he did so much to advance.

It is not likely that any among the millions who ever saw Dave Garroway will easily forget him. But those of us who were fortunate enough to know him away from the small screen have our special memories.

My own goes back to an evening when my wife and I, knowing that he was alone in that house up the hill from us, called to ask if he would like to come over and watch television. He was a great Dietrich fan, and "The Blue Angel" was showing on Channel 28. He sat in front of the set, uttering hardly a word, for the duration of the movie. When it ended he rose, thanked us and left. David was never a man for small talk.

Peggy Lee's recollection is perhaps the most eloquent of all. "I remember walking across the street with him in Chicago, holding his big hand," she says, "and I felt like I was walking with a giant." □

3/7

NEW JAZZ FOCUS OF KOOL FESTIVAL

Los Angeles will have a jazz festival of an unprecedented nature when the Kool Jazz series winds up its season here in November.

According to an announcement by George Wein, the five-day event will be devoted to what he characterizes as "the new music," euphemism for avant-garde and free jazz.

The first concert, to be held Nov. 6 at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, will introduce groups led by Lester Bowie (who recently won the Down Beat critics poll as No. 1 trumpeter), the World Saxophone Quartet and the jazz/funk trio led by guitarist James (Blood) Ulmer.

The following evening, at Perkins Palace, a pianist/composer Muhal Richard Abrams and the multireed player and composer Anthony Braxton will team up for a duo performance. Also scheduled for this concert is the trio Air, featuring Henry Threadgill, Frederick Hopkins and Steve McCall, and the Los Angeles-based quartet led by John Carter on clarinet and Bobby Bradford on trumpet.

On Monday, Nov. 8, there will be a lecture by Braxton, time and location of which will be announced later. Nov. 9 the action will shift to the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, where the award-winning Art Ensemble of Chicago, with its slogan "Great Black Music—Ancient to the Future," will share the bill with the Nicolais Dance Theatre, which combines electronic music, space age costumes, multimedia lighting and choreography.

The final concert, scheduled Nov. 10 at Santa Monica Civic, will involve violinist Leroy Jenkins, leading a group known as Sting; Sound and Space, featuring Roscoe Mitchell; and Laurie Anderson in a montage of slides, films, tapes and music.

Wein explained that he feels the new music has been insufficiently exposed in the Los Angeles area, and that the event, co-sponsored by Kool and the L.A. Philharmonic, will offer an important cross section of music by world renowned innovators in these idioms.

—LEONARD FEATHER

08/82

JAZZ

SLEW OF SINGERS NEW AND OLD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Vocal jazz has taken on such a rich variety of colorations in recent years that the human voice, today more than ever, seems to be the most flexible of all instruments. The following reviews illustrate the broad span of styles and idioms represented in albums released or reissued during the past few weeks.

□

"HELEN MERRILL." EmArcy EXPR 1038. Quincy Jones (then 21) sketched the small combo arrangements and wrote the liner notes (even the original typos have been retained in this Japan-pressed reissue). Clifford Brown, in a rare backup-to-singer role, supplies trumpet obbligatos and several incandescent solos in this, Merrill's first-ever album. Recorded in 1954, it is mellowed wine to the 1982 palate.

With such time-proof selections as Billie Holiday's "Don't Explain," Mel Torme's "Born to Be Blue," Jerome Kern's "Yesterday" and Bob Haggart's "What's New," and with support from Danny Bank on flute and baritone sax, Jimmy Jones on piano, Barry Galbraith on guitar, Oscar Pettiford on cello, and others, Merrill's unique, veiled tones are exquisitely framed. Her reputation ought to be worldwide, but as long as classics such as this album are still with us, it cannot be said that success has escaped her. Five stars.

Helen Merrill

Quincy Jones

Cleo Laine

Dudley Moore

□

"SMILIN' THROUGH." Cleo Laine & Dudley Moore. Finesse FW 38091. Dudley Moore was the pianist in John Dankworth's big band in 1960. Cleo Laine (Dankworth's wife) was the vocalist. That Moore has kept up his piano chops is engagingly demonstrated here. There are Erroll Garner touches in some of his solos, but on the Alec Wilder melody "Be a Child" his sensitivity is evocative of Bill Evans.

Laine is in a subdued and typically alluring mood throughout. Two cuts are vocal duets with Moore: his own scat blues "Strictly for the Birds" (which is strictly for laughs), and the Ray Brown/Tammy Burdett "Soft Shoe." On the latter, Dankworth, who produced the date, plays soprano sax. He also contributed a contemporary tune "Play It Again Sam."

like "All Feets Can Dance," finds him doing all the work himself via overdubbing. Pianist Victor Feldman offers valuable support on several cuts. As a composer, McFerrin has room to grow: "Feline" has a country & Western flavor and "Chicken" is unhip be-bop. Good interaction with Phoebe Snow in her guest appearance on "You've Really Got a Hold on Me." A jubilant, promising debut. Four stars.

□

"LOVE." Jon Hendricks & Co. Muse MR5258. Hendricks' genius as a lyricist has seldom been more convincingly displayed than in "Harlem Airshaft," for which he took the original Duke Ellington record and set words to everything: ensembles, riffs, improvised solos (his wife Judith sings Cootie Williams' trumpet solo, Jon becomes Sam Nanton's trombone, his daughter Michelle duplicates Barney Bigard's clarinet lines). The fourth singer, Bob Gurland, tosses in some astonishingly authentic (wordless) trumpet imitations. The album will be far more meaningful to those familiar with the original themes, by Randy Weston, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Jerome Richardson et al.; for non-initiates, it's still top drawer jazz-as-entertainment. 4½ stars.

□

"HOT NIGHTS." Buddy Greco & Visions. Applause APLP 1004. Greco's latest attempt to align himself with the contemporary AOR scene finds him in good voice, but with settings that are too diffuse for comfort: pop rhythms and synthesizers here, a big college jazz band there. The tunes are a mix of Isley Brothers, Peter Allen's "I Go to Rio" hit, two Greco originals, and two old Sammy Cahn songs, one of which, "It's Magic," is subjected to an atrocious arrangement totally out of keeping with the song's lyrical and melodic intent. Kim Richmond supplies helpful alto sax and flute solos. Two stars.

□

"MIDDLE CLASS WHITE BOY." Mose Allison. Elektra/Musician E1-60125. Allison remodels old songs ("When My Dreamboat Comes Home," Muddy Waters' "Rolling Stone") but lends an old-timey touch to the newer material. Six of the 11 songs are his own, with Allison's home-fried voice backed at times by the crisp sound of his electric keyboard. In the unobtrusive backup combo are Phil Upchurch on guitar, Joe Farrell on tenor sax and flute. In a typical Allison twist, he sings "Tennessee Waltz" in 4/4 time. Four stars.

□

"VOL. 1, MEL TORME." Musicraft NVS-5-8. The first in a projected series of reissues, this set illustrates what a gifted artist Torme was at age 21. One of his best early songs, "County Fair," is included, along with 11 pop songs and standards. The arrangements are Early Hollywood (particularly the lame string interludes); the notes neglect to say who wrote each chart or who plays the occasional instrumental solo. Four stars for Torme but three overall.

□

"HIGH STANDARDS." Jackie Cain & Roy Kral. Concord Jazz CJ-186. The Krals' teamwork is impeccable as ever. Their vocal duet lines are as charming in the three Gershwin standards as in their wordless rerun of Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring." Cain is at her delicate best on two solo cuts, "Star Dust" and "I Watch You Sleep," an attractive theme from the film "Yanks." Sympathetic accompaniment by their own combo, with Paul Johnson on vibes, Dean Johnson on bass and Jeff Brillinger on drums. This is the longest-lasting duo in the jazz/pop world, and arguably the most consistent. Four stars.

□

"DEDICATIONS." Sathima Bea Benjamin. Ekapa 002. The South African singer, wife of the pianist Abdullah Ibrahim (Dollar Brand), spans about a century, starting with three genuine antiques ("Love's Old Sweet Song," "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life" and Johann Strauss Jr.'s "One Day When We Were Young"), but contributing two of her own songs written during a trip back to Cape Town in 1974. One of these, "Africa," makes a mild social statement. Her sound is soothing, her phrasing sensitive. Good backing by an acoustic rhythm section with Onaje Allan Gumbs on piano. 3½ stars. 222 West 23rd St., New York 10011. □

8/10 Los Angeles Times

CONCORD AT CONCORD JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

CONCORD, Calif.—The annual festivals in this friendly city, 28 miles northeast of San Francisco, began in 1969. The record company, Concord Jazz, was launched four years later. In 1975 the festivals were transferred to the handsome new Concord Pavilion, nestled in the foothills of Mt. Diablo.

Carl Jefferson was a key mover and shaker in all three events. Founder of the record company whose artists comprise almost the entire festival roster, he keeps the music as mellifluous as the city's name. This is strictly jacket-and-tie jazz. Given this distinct character, and the bluff, genial tone of Jefferson's emceeing, the ambiance is that of a family reunion.

The show opened Friday with the Bright Stars, a big band from Tokyo. It has been famous for years in Japan as the Gay Stars, but Jefferson hastily and tactfully changed the name. Playing mostly old standards, the band displayed impeccable discipline—perhaps too much discipline, for it was as stiff as the starched white tuxedos that band members wore.

Some Japanese orchestras have come close to capturing the soulful essence of Afro-American music, but a social and cultural chasm was evident here. Nat Pierce relieved the tension when he sat in on piano to play his own arrangement of "Summer," from Vivaldi's "Four Seasons," graced by a lyrical fluegelhorn solo by Hideto Sasaki.

Anli Sugano listlessly sang three ancient pop songs as if she hadn't a clue as to the meaning of the words. She might have been better off singing in Japanese; at least some emotion might have come across.

What Sugano lacked was later pointed up by Tania Maria. Backed by her own incisive piano and a boiling Latin rhythm section, she sang in Portuguese and vocalise, but her message and personality were accessible, ebullient and irresistible. A similar contrast was provided during a short set by Juggernaut, the Frankie Capp-Nat Pierce band that was as loose and self-confident as the Bright Stars were tight and inhibited.

Mel Torme, supported by his superb pianist Mike Renzi and most of the Juggernaut band, closed the Friday show. "Round Midnight," for which he wrote his own ingenious arrangement, was the newest addition to a repertoire that includes Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," the Legrand/Bergman "Pieces of Dreams" and "Porgy and Bess" medley for which he took over at the piano. Singing, playing or writing, Torme remains the ultimate, quintessentially tasteful pop/jazz artist.

Saturday evening, Count Basie repeated his New York performance, reviewed here recently. (The band is at Disneyland through Saturday.) The L.A. Four, as always, performed impeccably, reflecting credit on Bud Shank, Laurindo Almeida, Ray Brown and Jeff Hamilton.

The Concord Jazz All Stars ploughed through the middle of its regular traditionalist and Swing era territory. Cornetist Warren Vache, with his Bix Lives interpretation of "I Cover the Waterfront," took top honors. Dave McKenna, one of the few true originals of mainstream piano, buoyantly transplanted "Bye Bye Blues" into the 1980s.

Sunday's headliners were three elder statesmen of jazz piano. Dave Brubeck's set was enhanced, like his recent Hollywood Bowl appearance, by the interesting echoplex clarinet effects of Bill Smith.

Hank Jones, who came up in the 1940s, has long since transcended his bebop roots. His bristling performance (somewhat hampered by undermiking) accorded generous solo space to Emily Remler, the 25-year-old guitarist, who improves with every hearing. Her strong blues sense is unsullied by any element of funk or fusion, rock or roll.

George Shearing crowned the weekend. Instead of his regular bassist, he had Ray Brown, with whom his only previous personal appearance had been at the Three Deuces on 52nd Street in 1947. Sunday, in a memorable display of mutual respect and admiration, they dreamed up a delightful blues, created spontaneous medleys of Ellington and Monk tunes, and reinvestigated Charlie Parker's "Confirmation." This was a summit meeting of the highest order.

Production and pacing left scarcely any room for complaint throughout the three evenings. The attendance was as gratifying as the music (total gross was $106,538, reportedly a record). Thanks to Carl Jefferson and his capable stable of artists, once again there was concord in Concord.

A QUALITY-CONSCIOUS OJAI JAZZ FEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

OJAI, Calif.—The jazz festival has come full circle. In 1954, when George Wein took over the Newport Casino in Rhode Island, the concerts were held in a modest setting alongside the tennis courts.

Over the decades, the festival locations grew ever bigger, and the musicians, in inverse proportion, became less visible and barely audible; distorted sounds hurled across a ballpark became a grimly non-festive norm.

Saturday and Sunday, in Libbey Park, the second annual Ojai Jazz Festival was staged. In the shade of the park's great sycamore and oak trees, the music, virtually all acoustic, reached clear back to the grassy areas near the concession stands—and even to the adjoining tennis courts. Libbey Park holds a mere 1,200.

The producers opted for quality and diversity. The principal surprise was Dick Cary, whose 11-piece band took the weekend into its unlikeliest corners. He is a composer, arranger, trumpeter and pianist who can move seamlessly from a 1920s Bix Beiderbecke etude to a 1980s work by Cedar Walton.

This is what is known as a rehearsal band, flexing its creative muscles every Monday evening in Los Angeles simply for the joy of interpreting Cary's music and seldom seen in public as a unit. Even Tommy Newsom, assistant conductor of the "Tonight Show" band, is a member, along with the clarinetist Abe Most, and Dick Cathcart, the trumpeter who re-created the solo he played on the sound track of "Pete Kelly's Blues."

Cary avoids the traditional jazz orchestra format by shifting the textures around. Betty O'Hara played trumpet, fluegelhorn and double-bell euphonium in addition to singing "Old Folks" and "Skylark" in a cool, pure voice. Cary himself, after playing trumpet and peckhorn, took to the piano for a lyrical glance at "Echoes of Spring," that most delicate of ballads by Willie (The Lion) Smith.

The Phil Woods Quartet had the misfortune of following Cary. Woods' alto sax was impeccable, but the tunes were unfamiliar. He neglected to introduce them, the night was growing cold and the audience restless.

The Saturday matinee was a mild Dixieland outing, cheapened by the chatter of Wild Bill Davison, whose announcements were a throwback to the unlamented days of Eddie Condon's musician-as-boozer anecdotes. John Best, a smooth-toned trumpeter who suffered a near-fatal fall six months ago, played "Louisiana" and "New Orleans" in a wheelchair and brought a new spirit to the ensemble.

Sunday's festivities involved a dedicated and facile pianist from Poland, Adam Makowicz, who led his own trio in "Walkin'," "Summertime" and one or two originals. A Tatum disciple, he displayed touches of flamboyance, but was held in line by the incomparable bassist Bob Magnusson.

Makowicz's excesses were slight compared to those of Roger Kellaway, who played in both the afternoon and evening sessions. Infatuated with the sound of his own technique, he is given to sudden tone clusters played with his elbows. His "Zuppa Di Blues" began promisingly but overstayed its welcome, wandering from atonalism to blues and gospel with hints of Ravel and Gershwin. Yet Kellaway's less pretentious moments, as in his charming waltz "Bangor" reveal a nonpareil improvisational command.

A swinging combo set found guitarist Herb Ellis and trumpeter Harry (Sweets) Edison clearly enjoying one another's company. They were joined by Les Thompson, who was introduced as "the magnificent harmonica player," surely a contradiction in terms. Thompson, who also made a futile stab at singing, appeared again during the evening program.

The final Sunday set offered encouraging evidence that Jimmy Witherspoon, who underwent serious throat surgery last winter, can still bring to his blues vocals the same tart authenticity that has always been his trademark. He was accompanied by the Dirty Dozen, a raggedy-but-right group of Los Angeles musicians directed by the alto saxophonist Pat Britt.

For all its errors of omission and commission, "Jazz at Ojai" showed an admirable independence in its choice of talent, for which credit is due to producers Fred Hall, Gene Lees and Lynford Stewart.

1982

32

8/16

JAZZ

COREA: A MOVER AND A SHAKER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Time was, in the worlds of jazz and related musics, that each leading figure had a specific image. John Lewis and his Modern Jazz Quartet were immutable for 20 years. The quintets of Horace Silver, Cannonball Adderley and Miles Davis underwent personnel changes only rarely, as did the big bands of Ellington, Kenton and Basie. This stability has extended to their record associations: Each artist was identified with a particular company.

Today we have a radically altered picture. Combos organize and dissolve with dizzying frequency. Many leaders will tour with one group, break it up and then lead an entirely different unit for another short spell. Change is the name of the game. Nowhere is this chameleonic existence better exemplified than in the case of Chick Corea. The Hollywood-based composer and pianist has become a moving target, both in terms of his artistic aims and his global wandering.

"More and more," Corea said, "my life is a series of separate projects. The days of just having one band are over. I've had a variety of images through the years, quite intentionally. If you stay with one thing too long, that becomes your exclusive association in the public's mind. I prefer to keep moving, rather than become solidified into a graspable identity."

Because of this reluctance to be pinned down stylistically, Corea finds it best to avoid any exclusive arrangement with a record firm. "I find that certain companies are more interested in particular types of music, and better qualified to promote it. Right now I have a live jazz album due out on Elektra/Musician, with a small combo and Nancy Wilson; an album leaning toward Spanish-style music, with Paco de Lucia on guitar, which Warner Bros. will release in late August; a double album on ECM, with a trio featuring Miroslav Vitous on bass and Roy Haynes on drums; and some tapes made during my South African concert tour, which Elektra/Musician will put out."

This last venture was a first for Corea. In February and March, he had taken a quintet on a tour of Australia and Hawaii; for the three weeks in South Africa, singer Gayle Moran was added.

"It was very exciting; we were treated very well and played to integrated audiences everywhere. The reactions were so encouraging that I kept writing new music, and we made some new inroads in terms of ensemble playing—the band began to improvise more and more, until we were doing almost free music, and that's what will come out on the album."

Soon afterward, a totally antithetical undertaking found Corea in Miami. "I was commissioned by the Lincoln Center Philharmonic Chamber Society to compose a work for an arts festival put on by the city of Miami. It was completely written out, for a septet—myself, French horn, flute and four strings. This was quite an experience for me, because I'm used to leaving some room for improvisation, but here even my piano part was entirely composed."

CHERYL NUSS / Los Angeles Times

Chick Corea, a well-traveled, multifaceted musician.

After Miami came Munich, for a "Piano Summit." The conclave involved six pianists, mainly classical artists, in a series of four concerts. "This marked my first contact with Friedrich Gulda. Of course, he's famous as a classical pianist, but for many years he has also been an excellent jazzman. He would play a Mozart sonata completely through, all three movements, and go from there into a sort of jazz fugue. He really broke down the barriers, which has always been one of my goals."

The goal was reached during the final day, when in the course of three concerts at one theater, classical pianists from Brazil, Argentina and Greece joined with Gulda and Corea. "We did a lot of two-piano things; some of them improvised. Nicholas Economou, the Greek pianist, and I played Bela Bartok's 'Mikrokosmos.' To close the evening, Economou, Gulda and I presented a three-piano improvisation. The response was unbelievable!"

The next visa on Corea's passport was stamped in the Soviet Union. Although the longstanding cultural exchange that brought many jazz artists to Russia (starting with the Benny Goodman orchestra's Moscow concert in 1962, when Khrushchev was in the audience) has ended, the U.S. ambassador, Arthur Hartman, was able to invite Corea and his frequent partner, the vibraphonist Gary Burton, in an unofficial exchange through the U.S. International Communications Agency.

"We spent four days in Moscow and a day in Leningrad. We were surprised how familiar they were with our records, even though most of them have had to be passed from hand to hand. One of them, an old LP with my Return to Forever group, is about to be released on the Soviet Melodiya label."

Another surprise was the orientation of the Soviet musicians. "The auditorium in Moscow seated about 500; we'd play a bit, then some of the Soviet musicians would play for us, and finally we jammed a couple of tunes together. But I didn't hear any be-boppers, or any avant-garde musicians. I met jazz-rockers, guys who play electric keyboard."

On his way home from Moscow, Corea and Burton stopped off to sub for an ailing Dexter Gordon in a concert in Montreal. Back home now for a brief respite from the intercontinental peregrinations, he has visions of still more attempts to diversify his portfolio. (There will be another reunion with Burton Aug. 31 at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles.)

"I've been toying with the idea of organizing what might be called a music circuit. I had this dream when we conducted an experiment along those lines in Israel, a couple of summers ago, at the first Jerusalem Jazz Festival.

"We didn't have any one group. Paul Horn came in from Canada with his flute. Mike Brecker was there, Gary Burton, Mike Garson and I on pianos, Steve Swallow on bass and John Dentz on drums, as well as Gayle singing.

"We broke this down into all kinds of combinations: one night of various duos, one with Brecker and the rhythm section, and the last evening, which was staged at a big outdoor venue seating about 11,000, we put on a whole program that included everyone. It was quite spontaneous and most fulfilling."

Of all the associations with which Corea has been involved during the past decade, none has been more aesthetically successful than his pairing, off and on, with Burton. "But we've been playing the same repertoire for a long while, and even though it still remains fresh, I'm writing some new music for the two of us with a string quartet; very soon we'll be going out on a concert tour with that instrumentation. Then in October I'll go on tour with Paco de Lucia, doing some of the pieces I recorded with him."

As if all these ventures were not enough, Corea continues to own and operate his successful Mad Hatter Recording Studio in the Griffith Park area of Los Angeles. Within the Mad Hatter's walls was born a combo, the Griffith Park Collection, featuring Freddie Hubbard, heard on two Elektra/Musician albums, one with vocals by Chaka Khan.

Looking in on Corea, at his home or in his studio, you may find him practicing Scriabin, working out on jazz or Bartok or Chopin, perhaps writing some Stravinsky-like etudes.

"Why be just one thing?" he says, Summing up his philosophy: "Whether it's classical, free music, be-bop, electronic, orchestral or whatever, I just don't feel the need to be confined. Miles Davis kept changing, right? That's what I need—freedom of movement." □

33

LOS ANGELES TIMES CALENDAR AUGUST 22, 1982

MILES DAVIS: MAKING A MAN HEALTHY, WEALTHY, WISER

By LEONARD FEATHER

In this corner, weighing 137 pounds, sits the resurgent champion, Miles Dewey Davis III. Comfortable in a wine red gown and slippers, he sips Perrier in his suite at l'Ermitage, one of Beverly Hills' most sumptuous hotels.

It's clear that even the famous Davis rasping vocal cords have cleared up a little. Asked to explain, he first grins and replies, "I had a voice lift," then adds, "I just stopped smoking and drinking. Don't miss it. I drink about four gallons of Perrier a day. Flushes you out. That's all I need."

His relaxed, expansive manner comes as no surprise. Since the near-miraculous recovery of his health, capped last November by his marriage to longtime friend actress Cicely Tyson, Miles Davis has been in better shape, physically, psychologically and musically, than anyone had a right to expect.

The story of his comeback, after almost six years' absence, due mainly to a series of near-catastrophic illnesses, is very familiar—but one aspect of the resurgence has been kept quiet. Now, as they say, it can be told.

Last February, seven months after his return to the public eye, Davis mysteriously canceled a series of West Coast bookings. Skeptics attributed it to a temperament for which he was well known. The facts are very different: For two crucial months it seemed entirely possible that Miles Davis would be unable to lift a horn again.

"I had just returned from Africa," said Cicely Tyson, "and I got a call from the hospital saying that Miles couldn't move his right hand."

Davis: "She didn't tell me until afterward—it would have frightened me too much—but the doctor told her I could never use this arm again. I couldn't even pick anything up; couldn't write. They didn't tell me this either, but I'd had a stroke, and the hospital couldn't do anything."

Tyson: "One of the most difficult things was to convince him that his physician wasn't giving us any answers. I could not sit by and just see Miles there in that condition. Finally I just physically picked him up one Sunday and took him to a Chinese acupuncturist."

"I didn't want to go," Davis said, "but she said, 'Try it. If you don't like it, you're not obliged to go back.' The doctor put needles in here, and here, and here," indicating shoulders, ankles and other acupuncture points.

Within two months the miracle happened. "They had some kind of cast on my hand," he continued. "One night I woke up, picked up the horn and found I could play it. See how strong it is now? Feel this! It's not just back to normal—it's better than normal. And I keep exercising it on the keyboard to keep my circulation good.

"I take some kind of Chinese herbs every morning, in a gelatin form. Makes you strong. Cicely also said I should swim every day. So I swam every day in Peru. She

Please Turn to Page 58

2 Part VI/Tuesday, August 24, 1982

PAQUITO D'RIVERA AT REDONDO PIER

By LEONARD FEATHER

The alto saxophonist Paquito D'Rivera was first heard by American listeners in 1977, when he impressed Dizzy Gillespie and others—among them this reporter—who were visiting Havana on a cruise. He later defected from Irakere, the band in which he had been a principal soloist, arriving in the United States almost two years ago.

Possibly we were overwhelmed by the novelty of hearing a jazz musician under such unusual conditions; yet the enthusiasm was unabated after he cut his first American LP. Thursday, at Concerts by the Sea, second thoughts prevailed.

The blending of Latin, Afro-Cuban and American jazz idioms calls for rhythmic adaptability, a creative urge and, when necessary, discretion. The quintet led by D'Rivera fails to achieve any of these ends. The leader's alto too often was blatant, overblown and at times almost incoherent.

The opener, "On Green Dolphin Street," lasted at least 15 minutes, during which the rhythm section stopped suddenly while D'Rivera inexplicably plunged into "Down by the Riverside" and a series of long cadenzas, quotations from irrelevant sources, squeaks and gurgles. He then switched to timbals during a solo by pianist Hilton Ruiz.

D'Rivera achieved a measure of sensitivity in "Claudia," an interesting composition by fellow Cuban Chucho Valdez. From that point on it was downhill again as "You Are the Sunshine of My Life" was fitted up with mambo and samba interludes and more pointless quotes.

Ruiz seems to be an accomplished pianist, but his solo number was a long, odd grab bag of pop songs and jazz tunes from various eras. Next, D'Rivera picked up a soprano sax, still showing little of the graceful lyricism of which he once seemed capable.

D'Rivera's readiness for prime time as a leader is seriously in question. If he were to pay more dues as a sideman, in the company of Gillespie or others who admire him, the vacuous self-indulgences to which he is currently inclined might ultimately iron themselves out. The combo closed Sunday.

Los Angeles Times 8/27

B.B. KING SURFACES AT THE BEACH

By LEONARD FEATHER

A very special event in Southland jazz history took place Wednesday when Concerts by the Sea celebrated its 10th anniversary by bringing in B.B. King for a five-night booking.

It was the first appearance here for the blues *doyen*, and his first local nightclub gig in seven years. In view of his recent experiments, such as the inclusion of several country and Western songs in the "Love Me Tender" album, a similar in-person shift might have been expected.

Fortunately, King made no such radical changes, staying largely with the formula that has consistently served him and Lucille, his trusty guitar. His songs were mostly anthems that are by now endemic to American musical history: "Ev'ry Day," "Since I Met You Baby," "Don't Answer the Door" and, of course, "The Thrill Is Gone."

Vocally, his perennial blend of urgent intensity and sensuous humor served him as well as ever. Instrumentally, the bent tones, flurrying cadenzas and pleading blue notes were similarly unaltered, though for the first few minutes Lucille seemed to show traces of a sore throat, until the amplification was corrected.

The seven-piece backup band played arrangements of minimal harmonic sophistication, with occasional indifferent horn solos but, surprisingly, an excellent second guitarist in the person of Leon Warren.

King in person still seems to think of himself first and foremost as a great entertainer. Wednesday's first show had everything from comedy raps to a "Happy Birthday" interruption and a shout-along with the crowd. His very special charisma needs to relate to a receptive audience, which could explain why the live albums have been his most consistent sellers through the years.

The Redondo Beach rendezvous will be King's palace through Sunday.

LETTERS

MA

Happy as I am to learn of Davis' miraculous recovery from his debilitating (though self-inflicted) illness, I fear that he is lost to the jazz world anyway. As a venerable pre-bop jazz fan of the Swing-cum-Dixieland persuasion, I was never enamored of Miles's trumpeting from the start.

Subsequently, his musicianship, along with his health and disposition, have declined steadily.

And now this renegade trumpeter, flying in the face of a happy trend back to quality in popular music, has renounced his jazz origins and espoused (ugh!) rock 'n' roll. Was this article ghostwritten for Feather by Robert Hilburn?

MARVIN LEAF
Los Angeles

Miles Davis should cease his insistent put-down of young trumpet and saxophone players because they "copy off Clifford Brown and Fats Navarro, and Dizzy . . . Coltrane and Sonny Rollins."

Copying is the common habit of most players and artists alike, and jazz has reaped permanent benefits from it.

How much did clarinetists Benny Goodman and Barney Bigard, et al., "invent" that didn't owe some debt to the incomparable Jimmy Noone? Jazz piano was irreversibly changed by Earl Hines, and the great Charlie Parker—whom all good alto saxists have copied consciously or not—copied Basie's Lester Young, who copied Frankie Trumbauer. In jazz, almost everybody is somebody else, and what of it?

Miles himself no doubt might have copied Dizzy, Fats or Brown if he'd had the technique to do so. He didn't, and settled for his own relaxed, highly conceptual style.

And many, many musicians have copied him.

ROYAL JOHNSON
Pasadena

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

The healthier Miles Davis and his wife Cicely Tyson.

MILES TO GO

It's good to hear Miles Davis' health is improving. Hopefully, he will start playing jazz again. When your father has enough respect and admiration for the man to name his only son after him, you sort of feel obligated to follow his life and career and always wish him the best.

MILES NAULT
Anaheim

I'm not really a fan of Miles Davis but you don't have to be to recognize the stature and the tremendous contribution he has made and continues to make in the world of jazz. But the thing that brought tears to my eyes was Cicely Tyson's statement ". . . the mind of this man is . . . unlike that of any other human being I have ever met, and I certainly could not stand to watch it go to waste."

I wonder what would have happened if Billie Holiday had a friend like that, or Jimi Hendrix, or John Belushi, or Marilyn Monroe, or Janis Joplin. . . . The list goes on.

CAROLYN BELL PERCY
Los Angeles

A HEALTHIER MILES DAVIS

Continued from First Page

went there to judge a Miss Universe contest."

The visit to Lima found Davis in buoyant spirits. "They had a private health club right on the ocean; indoor pool, outdoor pool. I have to get plenty of exercise to fight off arthritis in these 56-year-old bones."

Complimented on his rebound, Davis replied, "I owe it all to Cicely. If it hadn't been for her, and that doctor, I don't know where I'd have been. After that experience I'll never fear anything, ever again."

Paradoxically, fears on a less significant level still bother him. "Every time I get ready to play a concert, I get butterflies in my stomach; I can't eat the day before, and everything seems like it aches. Once I'm onstage the nervousness disappears, and I gather strength while I'm playing."

For the sake of nerves and health alike, he spends more of his spare time nowadays in Southern California. "Cicely has that place in Malibu—we'll probably move out there next week for a while. It's just a block from the beach."

The amenities of the good life presently include a choice of five residences. The spacious brownstone he has long owned in Manhattan is being remodeled; it will take a year to ready it for reoccupancy. Meanwhile the Davises have two New York apartments, one on Fifth Avenue, the other on the West Side, and a retreat in Montauk on Long Island.

The West Coast has a growing appeal for him. "You could put 50 more years on your life out here—even with the smog, 'cause when you go out on that beach, there's no smog."

His long sabbatical established Davis as the most potent box-office attraction in jazz history. Speaking of his Japanese tour, he said: "I made a lot of money over there. Everywhere, in fact. I'm just now getting back to where I was, you know?"

"You mean you made that kind of money before? Concerts at $100,000 a night?"

"Well, no, not before. Just coming back did that.

JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Cicely Tyson and Miles at keyboard, which he uses as therapy for his hand.

And I came back right—I saved my lip, my ideas are fresh, and I write all the time. Sometimes I'll write a bass figure, sometimes a melody. I like the passacaglia form, you know, when you repeat the same bass line and write a simple melody, maybe four bars—it opens up so many possibilities; the rest you can ad-lib."

The transition of Miles Davis from acceptance by the jazz coterie to mass rock audience appeal has involved a sharp change in his listening habits. The only recordings in sight were by pop groups. Asked about Wynton Marsalis, the hot new trumpeter, he said, "I haven't heard him, and I'm not curious. All the trumpeters copy off of Clifford Brown and Fats Navarro and Dizzy, and the saxophonists copy Coltrane and Wayne Shorter and Sonny Rollins. There's no original players anymore. I know the guys in my band like Marsalis—my saxophonist, Bill Evans, told me about him—but I'd rather hear something with a different approach from what they call jazz.

"I like Journey. I like the Who. I know the new Weather Report must be good, because Joe Zawinul and Wayne are two helluva musicians. But I listen to Stockhausen and Ravel. And singers: They get the most out of a melody. You know I learned how to phrase years ago from Frank Sinatra. I still go to see him, still go backstage and talk to him. And I like Al Jarreau."

Davis' jazz tastes seem to lean in the direction of his original influences: Clark Terry, whom he knew in the 1930s in his East St. Louis hometown, always springs to his lips, along with Gillespie, Roy Eldridge and, perhaps surprisingly, Harry James.

Asked about Freddie Hubbard, he replied, "All technique but no feeling. I like to hear him play, and he does sound a little different than Fats and Brownie, but Brownie had that feeling."

On Woody Shaw: "Now there's a great trumpet player. He can play different from all of them."

But his basic interests today lie in the worlds of Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney, whose latest cassettes lay at his side. He no longer reads the jazz publications, but occasionally sees Rolling Stone. "I like that magazine, but the last time I saw it they had all white guys in it. How about Kool and the Gang? Earth, Wind and Fire? They should write more about people like that. Black people really dominate the music world, but all I see is white people—especially if they have long hair."

His reaction to press reports, many of them negative, after his comeback last year, pointed up the degree to which Miles has mellowed. "You take it as it comes; some bad, some good. I wasn't bothered by your review of my Hollywood Bowl concert—hell, I was so sick that night I could hardly walk."

Most of Miles Davis' friends agree with me that his return to physical well being and artistic renewal is due in very large measure to Cicely Tyson. She is inclined to demur.

"People are saying that I did it; but he had to want to do it. There comes a time in one's life when you begin to realize certain facts about yourself, and it becomes a matter of wanting to continue or letting it end."

"But it took somebody like you to give him that incentive."

"Well, yes, we all need to have some source of energy, some motivating force; but look how many loves Miles has been in and out of. During the time that we were apart—we went together from about 1966 to '69—

at the end of every year I would call him on New Year's Eve and I marveled that he was still here. I used to say, 'Hey, look, you may think it's time for you to go, but The Man Upstairs is not ready for you. You have not com-

MILES' MUSIC

Marvin Leaf, in his venomous letter (Calendar Letters, Aug. 29) regarding Leonard Feather's touching Aug. 22 piece on Miles Davis, manages to insult one of the greatest jazz trumpeters who ever lived, a fine jazz columnist, and all the people who love Miles' music.

I can only suggest that the "venerable" Mr. Leaf remove the cotton from his ears and listen to the seminal "Kind of Blue" and "Round Midnight" albums. There is contained some of the most beautiful art the Western World has been capable of producing.

FREDERICK A. WARREN
Los Angeles

Letters should be brief and must include your full name, address and phone number. Mail to Calendar Letters, Los Angeles Times, Times Mirror Square, Los Angeles 90053.

that led to the implanting of a prosthetic ball-and-socket and withdrawal from the pain-killing drugs necessitated by the hip crisis.

Audiences who found him less than amiable during the years that led to those traumas took delight in accepting Davis as an evil-image cult figure. As Cicely Tyson explains, "He used that facade to protect his vulnerability. Beneath that false surface you see what a sensitive, beautiful person he is. Nobody could play that without having a great depth of soul."

Embarrassed by the flood of endearments, Davis said, "You mean I had a personality lift?"

In a sense, he did. During our four hours together, Miles' conversation was relatively free of the 4- and 12-letter obscenities that had long been his verbal punctuation marks.

Said Tyson, "He told me just the other day that he was finally beginning to realize he doesn't have to resort to those words to make his point clear. He had begun to understand and respect himself as a man, and as a black man with a dignity that he commands and demands. He was the last one to recognize that millions of people all over the world deem him a god. That is a tremendous responsibility. Miles, like many people categorized as geniuses, never even knew his own true worth."

Along with this acceptance of his stature, Miles Davis has expanded his social milieu. Though he still insists that the associates of the earlier years are his only true friends ("mostly fighters and musicians"), through his wife he has been drawn into new circles: directors, actors, diplomats, heads of state, men and women who present a new intellectual challenge. Along with the wealth and mass adulation that have been his since the 1950s, he has a new self-image.

"It's a whole different thing," he said. "Peru was great. You see a lot of diamonds and they're all real. Everything is real, no b.s. They had farms, too, with lots of horses; reminded me of my father's land." (The son of a wealthy dentist and substantial property owner, Davis as a child had been a good horseman, riding around his father's 200-acre ranch.) "It's a nice symbol of your status in this life to know that you can get anything you want. I like clothes, as you know, and shoes. A good band—I've *always* had a good band. I have a production crew that makes my jobs easy; all I have to do is just come on and play. We have nice air, which I love out here; and if I miss New York I can always go back. Yes, it's a good life."

"Your're in great shape now," I commented. "You've been setting trends, revolutionizing music, for 35 years. How much longer do you want to go on?"

Davis smiled broadly: "Are you kidding? Forever!"□

TERI THORNTON SINGS A MELODIC MIX

9/2

By LEONARD FEATHER

Teri Thornton, who in the late 1970s came out of a long retirement to grace the local scene with her sensitive vocal stylings, is now a regular Tuesday and Wednesday presence at the Silver Screen, an attractive jazz room in the Hyatt on the Sunset Strip.

The late Cannonball Adderley once hailed Thornton as "the greatest singer since Ella Fitzgerald." That she has not attained comparable success is due in large measure to the fortuities of the music world. Her sole hit record, "Somewhere in the Night," better known as TV's old "Naked City Theme," remains in her repertoire, still a unique rendition of that lingeringly haunting song.

Her sound is vibrant, her intonation assured, her material a well-balanced mix of Broadway evergreens and her own compositions. The originals display her skill as a shaper of melodies and her wit as a writer of engaging lyrics. "Mama's Shoes" is a blues tale of teenage precocity; "The Streets of New York" and "Los Angeles" show her divided affection for the coasts that have claimed her.

At the Hyatt she works alone, accompanying herself at the piano with an expertise that relies more on rhythmic and harmonic nuances than on technical ostentation. Only once, in "Lush Life," did her chordal sensitivity briefly let her down.

In dealing with a song as well-crafted as "I Concentrate on You," Thornton allows herself just enough rope to display her jazz roots, never enough to hang herself up in gratuitous melodic distortion.

Add to these virtues a poised, elegant personality, and you have all but one of the elements necessary for success. The missing link, of course, is luck.

Tonight and Friday, Que Williams will take over; Saturday and Sunday Heather Gold will be on hand. The room is dark Mondays.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"JAZZ/CLASSICAL UNION." Free Flight. Palo Alto Jazz PA 8024. Free Flight represents the final rupture of a barrier that has been slowly eroding for the past 25 years. This is no self-conscious Third Stream gimmick: the quartet simply recognizes no distinction between jazz (by now a classical form in its own right) and the classics of Chopin, Bach and others that are treated with a unique blend of respect and originality.

Free Flight's key figures are Jim Walker, co-principal flutist with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, whose lifelong exposure to jazz has given him an impeccable improvisational facility, and Milcho Leviev, the Bulgarian emigre who is equally at home writing for symphonies, chamber groups, theater or playing and composing jazz. The others, no less versatile in their disciplines, are Jim Lacefield on acoustic and electric bass and Ralph Humphrey on percussion.

With the exception of the Paganini Caprice No. 5, each of the nine cuts involves a modicum of ad-libbing, yet all are true to the spirit of the basic theme. The music was composed or arranged by Leviev, whose "For Frederic and Bill" (dedicated to Chopin and Bill Evans) is as poignant as his "Con Mucho Gusto" is ebullient. The only pop/jazz standard is Brubeck's 9/8 "Blue Rondo a La Turk," a close approximation of the original.

Wherever one's musical interests lie, this is inspired and essential listening. Five stars.

□

"SECRET FANTASY." Michael Campbell. Palo Alto Jazz PA 8020. Campbell is one of the most engaging new male jazz singers to arrive on records this year. Though there is an occasional hint of Tony Bennett or Mel Torme, he is essentially his own man, and an able lyricist to boot: "Ya Got Me Crazy for Your Love" is an amusing, strutting song, and "Easy Chair," with its melody by John Heard, could easily become a standard. Bassist Heard provides the sole accompaniment on two tracks, one of which, "Round Midnight," comes off well. Campbell supplied both lyrics and music for "Love in 3/4 Time." Accompaniment, mostly by a rhythm section with the occasional help of three horns, is supportive, and there are a few tasteful jazz solos. Four stars.

□

"AN EVENING WITH GEORGE SHEARING AND MEL TORME." Concord Jazz CJ 190. Recorded live at the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, this summit meeting involves three brilliant minds: The third belongs to Brian Torff, the bassist, who also composed the tongue-in-cheek "Manhattan Hoedown," one of the two instrumental tracks (the other is an intriguing, impressionistic classicization of "Good Morning Heartache"). Almost all the tunes stem from the '40s; among them is a welcome revival of Torme's own classic ballad "Born to Be Blue." The only weak spot is the opening cut, "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm," a 1937 ditty that might be described as Bronislaw's failed caper. 4½ stars.

□

"BROKEN SHADOWS." Ornette Coleman. Columbia FC 38029. Of these eight previously unissued 1971-72 cuts, the sharp-shooting "Happy House" (by a septet) and "Country Town Blues," reuniting Coleman's 1959 quartet, best illustrate what he is all about. He is also in good form and good company on "School Work," in which the trumpeter Bobby Bradford again shows his tonal and creative superiority over Don Cherry. Charlie Haden's bass is a rock of strength throughout.

The irritatingly pretentious notes purport to tell us about Coleman's musical theories, variously spelled (or misspelled) "harmolodic" and "harmelodic." Harmolodic modulation, we are told, means "to modulate in range without changing keys." Three famous jazzmen (all players and composers) to whom I read this statement unanimously described it as gobbledygook. But the album's cardinal sin is the release of two cuts on which the vocals, by one Webster Armstrong, are so pathetic that even the annotator calls them "admittedly lackluster." Three stars.

□

"THE GIRLS' SUITE" & "THE PERFUME SUITE." Duke Ellington. Columbia FC 38028. More lost treasures from the CBS vaults. Among the 10 short cuts lumped

Free Flight: no distinction between jazz, classics.

together under female titles are several Ellington originals, unpretentious but charming vehicles for such giants of 1961 as Johnny Hodges, Paul Gonsalves, Lawrence Brown, and a couple of chestnuts ("Peg O' My Heart," "Diane") refurbished with brilliant Ducal textures. The four-part "Perfume Suite" is lower-grade Ellingtonia, with a horrendous vocal by Milt Grayson on "Strange Feeling." 3½ stars.

□

"THE ARIOSO TOUCH." James Williams. Concord Jazz CJ-192. Best known for his four years with Art Blakey, Williams is a powerful composer-pianist whose original title tune shows a McCoy Tyner influence. More boppish is his tribute to a fellow-Memphis pianist, Phineas Newborn, "Phineas: The Living Legend." Rounding out this promising debut set are a blues ("Judge for Yourself") and five standards to which Williams lends a personal harmonic and rhythmic essence. 3½ stars.

□

"WELCOME TO MY LOVE." Dianne Reeves. Palo Alto Jazz PA 8026. It would have been enlightening to hear the results had Reeves' debut album taken a direction comparable to Michael Campbell's (see above), with a similar approach in terms of backup musicians, arrangements and material. Unfortunately, this excellent singer, who makes a stunning in-person impression, has followed an uninspiring course with a typical pop rhythm section. Several of the lyrics are her own, as is one of the melodies. The latter, "Mi Vida," sung wordlessly, achieves a convincing mood. Billy Childs plays keyboards and co-produced with Reeves. Two stars.

□

"AWAY FROM THE CROWD." Charlie Shoemake Sextet. Discovery DS 856. The Los Angeles-based teacher and vibraphonist assembled a cohesive group for this generally spirited session. Six of the eight cuts were recorded in New York with such dependables as Hank Jones on piano, the underrated Tom Harrell on trumpet and Ted Nash on alto sax and flute. Shoemake's wife, Sandi, contributes unpretentiously pleasing vocals on three tunes. Among them is the too-seldom played "He Needs Me," an Arthur Hamilton song from "Pete Kelly's Blues." Four stars.

□

"EARTH JONES." Elvin Jones. Palo Alto Jazz PA 8016. A welcome reunion of the master drummer with saxophonist David Liebman, who worked with him for two years in the early 1970s, and who contributes three of the five original works. The repertoire varies from a charged, outside atmosphere, as in the misterioso dissonances of the title track, to the beboppish groove of "Day and Night" (based on the chords of "Night and Day"). Jones is well served by the masterful and aggressive cornetist Terumasa Hino, the Czech bassist George Mraz and Kenny Kirkland on keyboards. Any Jones set is worth studying for his own amazing diversity and indomitable control. 3½ stars.

□

"PRODIGIOUS PIANO." Bobby Enriquez. GNP Crescendo 2151. The self-styled "Filipino gypsy" holds a black belt in karate, the notes inform us. After hearing what he does to "Billie's Bounce" and "Cherokee," you may be convinced that he also holds one in piano-chopping. His nickname, "The Wild Man," appropriately appears as a subtitle on the cover. If his conception and taste were on a level with his technique, Enriquez's reputation (admittedly growing fast) would be justified. Two stars.

□

CORRECTION: In my interview with Miles Davis Aug. 22 ("Miles Davis: Making a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wiser"), I quoted Cicely Tyson as saying, "Look how many lives Miles has been in and out of." It came out: "Look how many loves. . . " I'm sure nobody who knows Davis will believe this was a typographical error.

MAIL ORDERS ONLY!

9/3

[...]ry FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Flutist Hubert Laws and Mode[rn] Jazz Quartet (shown in montag[e]) share Jazz at the Bowl program.

LAWS BAND, MJQ

ORCHESTRAL OVERKILL VS. A QUARTET'S CARESS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Bigger is not better. The axiom was handily demonstrated Wednesday in the latest of the summer Jazz at the Bowl series produced by George Wein.

Bigger was the Hubert Laws Orchestra, with its six-man brass team, four flutes (including the leader), vibraphone and rhythm section. Laws' career has been marked by some intriguing initiatives. He has been identified with the translation of works by Bach, Mozart, Stravinsky and Satie into new terms that set off his expertise in arrangements that mix rock, jazz and unadulterated classical passages.

The Laws brand of fusion gains whatever strength it possesses from his immaculate artistry. Playing flute, piccolo or altoflute, he displays unimpeachable control, sometimes adhering to the original theme, occasionally improving around it in a manner that does it no damage.

What does the damage is the arranging. Laws has acquired a library of fusion charts that undercut most of his apparently honest objectives. The opening "Goin' Home," based on a traditional theme used in Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, was too cluttered and overwritten to attain the essence of the spiritual from which the work was derived.

A couple of Laws' original compositions, and Don Sebesky's "Morning Star," were less pretentious and more acceptable. But the evening began to slide downhill with "Romeo and Juliet," in a rock-jazz-samba disguise, and reached rock bottom with Ravel's "Bolero," a flatulent work even in its original classical form and now a tiresome joke during which visions of Bo Derek dance through one's head. For an encore, Laws obliged with a jazz chestnut of the 1930s, "Undecided," which at least envinced a touch of humor along with the pseudo-funky beat.

It is a fair assumption that of the 11,406 fans present, more than half were primarily Laws freaks. Top billing and the closing spot went to the Modern Jazz Quartet, making its first appearance here since its recent temporary reorganization (the group disbanded in 1974).

These are the same artists who played this identical jazz chamber music in 1955. John Lewis, the musical director, whose delicate, pointillistic piano could provide an object lesson for Bobby Lyle, Laws' pianist; Percy Heath, a master of both rhythm and solo bass; Milt Jackson, whose vibraphone speaks softly as he carries two small sticks, and that most discrete of drummers, Connie Kay.

From "The Golden Striker" and "One Never Knows" (both part of an early Lewis film score) to the bop pieces by Gillespie, Parker and Monk, this was as reassuring an hour as one could desire.

Only one complaint: Lewis should have taken the trouble to write two or three new works for this tour. Everything played Wednesday has been part of the quartet's repertoire for two or three decades. Still, better the medium tedium of yet another "Billie's Bounce" than the endless unraveling of a fusionized "Bolero."

POP BEAT

JARREAU: FLEXIBLE VOCALIST

There are the great artists who are singers, and there are the singers who entertain. Though these areas often overlap, clearly the first category encompasses mainly the Old Guard: Frank Sinatra, who simply sings the songs and credits the composers and arrangers, is the quintessential leader of the genre.

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times

Al Jarreau

Al Jarreau, who opened Wednesday at the Universal Amphitheater and was reviewed Thursday, is the archetypal vocalist-as-entertainer. In fact, some of the most remarkable moments in the hour-and-a-half performance were his impression of an early-morning disc jockey, his rap about the singer who makes house calls and his devastatingly accurate imitations of drum and conga solos.

Jarreau's vocal strengths are his tonal flexibility (those nasal effects are still used discretely enough not to become irksome), his jazz roots and his ability to hopscotch the world for idioms.

That his popularity has reached enormous proportions (the house was packed and the reaction rabid) can be attributed to this versatility and to the clean-cut image he presents. The white slacks were perfectly creased and his stage presence is animated but never overbearing.

His weakness is a reluctance to relax. "Teach Me Tonight" started out in just the right, easy vein, but the sounds grew louder and cruder, and by the end, perhaps in jest or possibly in earnest, Jarreau was literally on bended knee, as if to prove that he shares more than his initials with Al Jolson.

His company on stage ran to a dozen performers, among them a

Please see POP BEAT, Page 7

9/4

Los Angeles Times

POP BEAT

Continued from First Page

trio of backup singers who added nothing whatever, except possibly that they illustrated the ability to hire backup singers as a prerequisite of financial success.

The three-man horn section (heard on "We're in This Love Together" among others) was used sparingly, with brief solos by Charlie Loper on trombone and Larry Williams on saxes and flute. Alex Acuna's percussion was a powerful force during a Brazilian piece.

Tom Canning, Jarreau's musical director since the old Bla Bla Cafe days, is still on hand. The other keyboarder, Tom Kellock, blended well with trumpeter Jerry Hey in an instrumental interlude on "Spain."

Opening for Jarreau was a combo led by the alto saxophonist David Sanborn, playing works by Marcus Miller and others. Sanborn knows his horn thoroughly, but the funk/rock orientation of the group left little room for emotional variety. The ear-splitting ground-breaking bass drum noises during the final number threatened to necessitate further reconstruction work on the Amphitheater.

Jarreau will be off tonight, making way for a Doobie Brothers special, but returns to close his gig Sunday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

9/5

JAZZ

THE UNCHANGING TONY BENNETT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Can it really have been 20 years since he deposited his heart in San Francisco? Even less believably, 32 since he signed the Columbia Records contract, and now seven years since he ended that affiliation?

Talking freely and without rancor about the vagaries of the music business, Tony Bennett leaves no doubt that his career is not hurting, despite the lack of new recordings. He has a heavy concert schedule (Friday and Saturday he will be at the Hollywood Bowl with John Williams and the Los Angeles Philharmonic). He has retained his taste and integrity; his old records still sell worldwide (four collections are active in the Columbia catalogue); any time he feels the urge for national exposure he can drop in on Carson or Griffin or do a PBS special.

"Television is the great leveler," he says. "I do a few shows, and strangers in airports everywhere I go talk to me like they've known me my whole life.

"Things are really nice for me now. My sons, who are 27 and 29, have been managing me, booking me with symphonies all over America. They have their own office in New York, and after working on my concert dates for a few months, they'll take off and do their own thing. Danny plays guitar and Daegal's a drummer; they have a rock act called Neon, and I really like what they're doing."

A Californian during the 1970s, Bennett has become a New Yorker again. "I'm only out here in Los Angeles," he said "to be close to my daughters."

"Are they married?"

"Well, no, not yet," said Bennett. "One is 12 and the other is 8." (The daughters are by the second of his two ex-wives.)

Possibly because of his sons' rock act and/or a closeness to the daughters, Bennett does not dismiss today's youth music scene out of hand. "There's some dynamite material coming from the contemporary writers. Paul McCartney, for one; and of course Stevie Wonder is a genius—nobody else communicates like him. I'm very flatterd that he wrote a song for me, called 'This Town.' It's about a guy who recalls his upbringing, his dreams, and realizes that some of the ambitions worked for him and others didn't. . . . I went back to my own home town, Astoria, in Queens, and did it for a cable-TV show."

His eclectic tastes are reflected in a collection of off-the-air tapes. "I play a sort of blindfold test game with myself. If I hear something terrific on the radio, I just punch a button and record it. I do this on the ground so I can listen to it on airplanes."

Another in-flight occupation he can indulge in is sketching. By now his reputation as a painter (he signs his works with his real name, Anthony Benedetto) has been almost as widely publicized in recent years as his singing. Though he calls himself a "serious amateur," his oils and acrylics have commanded high prices and have been exhibited in London, Las Vegas and Toronto.

"Painting and sketching are the most therapeutic way I can spend time. I'm happy to say I've never received anything but good reviews. I paint every day and carry a sketchbook with me; for many years I've been working on a book devoted to my travels—sketches and paintings of landscapes, of scenes in New York, Hawaii, San Francisco, Paris, London, and a lot of impressions of musicians. I'm planning to have the best of them collected into a coffee table book."

Like many of the classic pop singers (far more, perhaps, than the record company moguls realize), Bennett has a substantial following among admirers who are younger than his own sons, some even as young as his unmarried daughters. "People have often told me I'd have to change my music and my style, but I just keep on doing what I've always done and it seems to work fine.

"I even have Ralph Sharon, my old pianist and musical director, with me again; he first joined me in 1957 and we stayed together for many years. He's the only guy I know who can start getting applause right in the middle of a solo."

Bennett's predilections lean toward the great keyboard artists. At one time his accompanist was the eminent jazz pianist Tommy Flanagan. Among his most memorable records are two albums he made with the late Bill Evans for his own short-lived Improv label. "I'm proud of the albums we made for that company, but for some reason people thought we were making 'arty' records and we couldn't get distribution. It's a drag to have all the jazz connoisseurs say you've made a beautiful album, and then not be able to get it into the stores."

Tony Bennett as himself

Tony Bennett by himself

He is understandably cynical about the record business and the minds of the men who control it. "I think one of the big mistakes the demographics boys made was to put all the focus on youth. Now the young kids are spending more and more of their money on Atari games instead of putting it in the jukeboxes or buying records. The record people would have been better off concentrating on the old Bing Crosby format of entertaining the whole family."

Asked to name a favorite singer at random, he came up with a somewhat unexpected answer: "The one I really like, of all the singers in pop and jazz today, is Johnny Hartman. He's original, has his own sound; he's relaxed and peaceful, kind of in the old Crosby tradition." (Hartman, at 59, three years Bennett's senior, sang with the Earl Hines and Dizzy Gillespie bands and once recorded an album with John Coltrane. He is a baritone who reflects the influences of Billy Eckstine and Frank Sinatra.)

"I don't think I'll ever get disinterested or blase about popular singing," said Bennett, "because it's such a marvelously diverse art form. Think of the differences between Sinatra and Joao Gilberto and Mel Torme, or Peggy Lee and Ella and Lena—all of them saying their own individual things, yet there's a bond between all of them, like a country unto itself.

"Many years ago, when I was still studying singing,, I was lucky enough to be living right on 52nd Street where all the great music was happening. Billie Holiday was there, and Lester Young, Art Tatum, all the giants.

"My teacher, Miriam Spier, gave me some very valuable advice. She told me not to imitate other singers, but to listen closely to musicians I liked—the way Sinatra was inspired by Tommy Dorsey's trombone. So I spent a lot of time listening to the Tatums and the Stan Getzes, and she was right, of course—I learned from them how to make something original and interesting out of every song, and I never had that stigma of being called an imitator of another singer."

Oddly enough, Bennett's theory has worked in reverse: Lester Young often said that he listened to the lyrics of the songs he played, and to the singers' manner of interpreting them.

"That's true," said Bennett. "I think all the fine musicians sing through the instrument, from Pablo Casals on down. Musicians who respect singers seem to be the best players."

By the same token, of course, singers who studied instrumentalists have gone on to preeminence in their field, and there is no better evidence than is provided by Anthony Benedetto himself. □

9/7

20-YEAR-OLD JAZZ FESTIVAL FINDS HOME

By LEONARD FEATHER

DENVER—The world's most famous and highest-priced jam session, organized by concert promoter Dick Gibson, celebrated its 20th anniversary in mile-high style over the holiday weekend, with 28 hours of improvised sounds distilled by 52 hand-picked jazz veterans.

Over its two decades the Gibson goings-on have moved around Colorado. The musicians convened five times in Aspen, three times in Vail, then from 1971 to '81 settled in at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. This year, for the first time, Gibson transferred his troops to the chandeliered Grand Ballroom of Denver's Fairmont Hotel.

Although theoretically private, the party now is open to anyone able to come up with the $190 tab for the weekend of five sessions. "This is the first year since our party began," Gibson said, "that its price has not increased over the previous year. Obviously, perpetual motion machines, free lunches, world peace and abolishment of taxes are just around the corner."

The crowd nowadays comprises some 500 fans, some of whom have attended almost every year since Gibson, bored by the unhip cultural climate in Colorado, imported a small group of musicians to entertain some of his jazz-starved friends.

Manipulated like a sonic kaleidoscope, forming a new combo for every set, the men consisted almost entirely of Gibson regulars, but there were a few newcomers: former Count Basie drummer Butch Miles, trumpeter Conte Candoli and pianist Paul Smith.

Though New York provides much of the talent, the Los Angeles contingent grows larger by the year. Among the top brass, for example, were Sweets Edison on trumpet and Bill Watrous on trombone; the reed players included Benny Carter, Marshal Royal, Red Holloway and Peanuts Hucko.

Southlanders in the rotating rhythm sections were Dave Frishberg and Ross Tompkins, pianos; John Collins, guitar; Jake Hanna and Shelly Manne, drums, and Ray Brown, bass.

The music has retained its freshness, vitality and unique performer-spectator rapport. For many guests this year, though, the main topic of conversation was the venue itself. Acoustically, the ballroom is ideal; no longer are players or listeners plagued by echoes, distortion or balky microphones.

"After 20 years," said Gibson as the applause died down after a haunting ballad solo by alto saxophonist Phil Woods, "I've finally found the right spot for my party. I hope we stay here forever."

GALLOWAY: SINGER 'BEYOND CATEGORY'

By LEONARD FEATHER

9/23

One of the more puzzling aspects of the show "Sophisticated Ladies," which closed Sunday, was its failure to make more than token use of the talents of Leata Galloway. Except on the evenings when she subbed for Dee Dee Bridgewater, Galloway's role was limited to a vocal on "Solitude," sung during a dance number by Paula Kelly.

Fortunately a series of Monday-night appearances at the Gardenia Restaurant at 7066 Santa Monica Blvd. now offers a chance to observe, in unrestricted splendor, every facet of this dynamic artist.

Galloway, to borrow Duke Ellington's phrase, is beyond category. Listening to her original songs, "Take Me I'm Yours" or "Meet Somebody," co-written with Ron Panvini, you might tag her as a contemporary pop performer. Then again, walking in during "Bluesette" or "Stormy Monday Blues" or her hilarious sendup of "Moody's Mood for Love," and you would be convinced of her jazz purism.

This is one singer who wants it every way, from the rocking "All Night Dinah" to the Ellington medley and "Singers Who Swing and Sway," an arch tribute to the pop stars of her parents' era. She can have it any way she wants it, for Galloway, with well over three octaves at her command, is given to unpredictable switches of range, mood and idiom. She tends to concentrate more on urban life than on love songs, but nothing about her can be taken for granted.

Galloway is uniquely beautiful. One could write separate reviews simply of her bone structure, her hands, even her undulating shoulders.

Her backup trio had the requisite flexibility, with Andy Howe at the piano, Larry Ball on Fender bass and Ken Elliott on drums, deferring to her every idiomatic whim.

A packed house Monday refused to let Galloway go. This very special performer clearly is on the verge of a breakthrough, with TV, movies and a record deal just around the corner. Meanwhile, she will be back at the Gardenia Oct. 1, 2, 4, 8, 9 and 11.

Book Review

Black Musicians—Accent on Anger

By LEONARD FEATHER

Notes and Tones by Arthur Taylor (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan: $16.95, hardcover; Perigee: $7.95, paperback)

Arthur Taylor, a drummer with credits from Miles to Monk, collected most of these 27 taped interviews with black American musicians from 1968-72 while he was an expatriate in Europe. The results are absorbing; some may find them deeply disturbing.

Here are: Miles Davis denouncing promoter George Wein; Kenny Clarke sounding not at all pro-Semitic ("The Jews found (jazz) was a gold mine and they took it over, bought the black people out and bought a lot of their souls along with it"); Dizzy Gillespie on Stan Kenton ("History has wiped him out completely); Ornette Coleman on record deals for which he never received a penny ("All from faggots and homosexual-type people. They scare me to death, man"); Johnny Griffin complaining of a white-controlled press and white power structure.

On the other hand, here are Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis attacking black militants and Betty Carter socking it to the *avant gardist* Sun Ra. ("He has got whitey going for it. He couldn't go uptown and do that to blackie. He would be chased off the stage in Harlem . . . .")

There are many affirmative notes: Ron Carter outlining black achievements; Randy Weston on his ambition to start an art museum in Africa; Gillespie speaking eloquently about his Baha'i faith; Nina Simone and Sonny Rollins on yoga; everyone praising Charlie Parker.

Several times Taylor asks questions such as: Do you find it easier to talk to me than, say, to a journalist? Nina Simone refuses the bait: "If you mean do I feel a rapport with you because you're a musician, the answer is no."

A repeated theme is the black musicians' desire for control of their own careers, coupled with pride, dignity and ambition. Few black readers will be surprised or shocked by the interviews, but many whites will find some of their false assumptions shaken as they read about what it takes for a black artist to survive.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

JAZZ

MANGIONE GETS A CHANCE TO HONK

By LEONARD FEATHER

"When I was a kid," said Charles Frank Mangione, 41, "the 'Top 40' radio was Louis Armstrong, Harry James, Ray Anthony. Every kid in high school had a favorite big band instead of a rock band. Count Basie's 'April in Paris' was a big hit. People were really into instrumental music; there were a lot of honkers around."

Time was when honkers was a pejorative term referring to screaming saxophonists. To Chuck Mangione, the word simply means "Somebody who plays a wind instrument." According to that definition, Mangione with his fluegelhorn may be the most successful honker in today's singer-dominated marketplace.

The composer from Rochester, N.Y., finds himself in a situation that often confronts jazz-rooted musicians who have crossed over into the world of the pop charts. He has all the trappings of success. One of his A & M albums, "Feels So Good," has topped the 2-million mark. There have been two Grammy awards (one for his original movie score for "Children of Sanchez"), an Emmy (for a theme used in the ABC-TV 1980 Lake Placid Olympics coverage) and PBS specials all the way back to "Friends and Love," for which Mangione conducted the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra. That almost unanimously acclaimed blend of jazz, folk, classical and AOR influences, released as an album, launched him on a recording career that spiraled steadily upward.

When his A & M contract expired, Mangione decided it was time for a change. "Love Notes," his first LP under a new contract with CBS, is now out, and while its commercial success is assured, the critical reaction seems to reflect the axiom that once you are solidly established on the charts, you are considered by the music press to have sold out. George Benson, Herbie Mann and many others underwent the same critical contumely.

One national magazine went so far as to equate the new album with "tedious, dispirited emotionalism . . . reminiscent of someone who doesn't know when to stop hugging."

"Well," said Mangione, "I see they spelled my name right. I think it's quite a compliment to love somebody to death. What I like about the album is that in contrast to the big orchestral works I've recorded, it's very much like 'Feels So Good' in that it's by my regular small combo. On albums like 'Friends and Love,' I hardly played my horn at all, whereas in the less formalized setting on 'Love Notes,' I get much more of a chance to honk."

Whatever the reaction to the directions he has taken over the years, Mangione is one of a minority of artists who can pin no blame on any producer but himself. "I'm the only one who determines whether my next album will have 5 or 15 or 50 musicians, or how and what and where and when I'll record. I've never had a producer."

Mangione's music unquestionably is melodic; one complaint lodged against him is that some of his melodies are simple to the point of blandness. He objects: "The average listener might go into a club or concert hall to hear a saxophone player or trumpeter, and by the end of the evening he really hasn't heard anything he can hold on to. On the other hand, if he can remember a song and walk out singing it, that's the essence of communication.

"I remember when I was growing up, Miles Davis was playing standard tunes like 'Stella by Starlight' and 'Round Midnight.' Today he's in an entirely different bag with his electronic music, and his audience nowadays is big, sure, but not like the audience we reach. More people react to melodic content, to sound that doesn't assault you with volume.

"Just look over the list of this week's pop charts and see how many instrumental albums you find, and how many of those few are playing original music by the leader of the band."

The Mangione phenomenon is a curious instance in which a one-time purist jazz improvisor has made a virtual 180-degree turnabout. He insists (as do so many other artists whose careers have made similar adjustments) that his motives are not dominated by dollar signs.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Chuck Mangione and his fluegelhorn: "I write and play whatever I feel inside me at the time."

"In the first place, nobody can make records predicated on what is going to sell, because it's impossible to predict what anyone is going to buy. I read this nonsense all the time—Chuck Mangione sold out, Chuck Mangione did this or that to be more successful.

"Impossible! I can't just push a button and say to myself, 'I'm going to write something that everyone will want.' When I produced a record like 'Feels So Good' or 'Love Notes,' some people are bound to decide that it can't possibly be a valid piece of music, because too many people liked it. I'm as honest as I can be with my music. I write and play whatever I feel inside me at the time."

Mangione actually takes pride in the comment that he now makes music suitable for elevators and doctors' waiting rooms—overlooking, perhaps, the short attention span required in these areas. He shows a curious ambivalence, too, when it comes to measuring success in terms of the charts. On the one hand, he declares flatly: "They shouldn't have any charts, period. It's like turning music into a competition, a race." Yet he seems to take pleasure in reporting, with immediate recall, that 'Love Notes' is No. 8 on the jazz charts.

The invoking of the word jazz leads to another debatable point. "I don't have the time or the desire to defend the word 'jazz.' Some people say I play jazz, others deny it; but I know my roots are in jazz. I grew up listening to it. When I was a kid in Rochester, my parents invited all the visiting stars to our home for dinner; that's how I got to know Clifford Brown and Max Roach, Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan."

Granted all these points, there is a world of difference between the fiery, bop-derived Mangione who toured and recorded with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (1965-67) and the melodic, allegedly soporific Magione who today soothes, lulls, hugs or bores audiences, according to their predilections. Nevertheless, given the right setting (a spontaneous jam, say, with old friends), the jazz spark may still occasionally emerge undimmed.

Whatever one's reservations about the creative level of his current album, its musicality cannot be impugned; compared to some of the vocal trivia nestling alongside it in the trade-paper listings, it must at least be accorded points for musicianship and discipline. That more instrumental music—be-bop or bland or big swing-bad—cannot achieve six- or seven-figure sales may be blamed in large measure on the media, says Mangione, who singles out radio as the prime culprit.

"Everything is formularized. There are no more personalities on radio. When we first started recording, there were people like Sid McCoy in Chicago, and others on stations around the country. You would listen to their programs because you liked the stuff they chose to play."

Mangione is similarly irritated by the atmosphere of fear that prevents recording companies from taking initiatives. "Nobody dares to do anything different; they're all playing it safe, afraid to take chances. I don't m[ean] this in a demeaning way, but why is it that just ab[out] every record seems to have the same two drumme[rs], the same two bass players, the same two guitarists? Everything is overproduced and underconceived."

The economy being what it is, Mangione is happy that at least he can maintain his quintet and tour with it on a year-round basis. His normally equable manner becomes a trifle testy when he compares his accomplishments with those of others.

"People who complain that Chuck Mangione sold out—I wonder how many of them have been out on the road since 1970, like Chuck Mangione, lugging an electric keyboard around on his back, taking it to air freight, playing small nightclubs and losing my shirt just in order to be heard? How many of them mortgaged their houses as I did, just to get my first concert under way? Who else can say that he has just devoted himself to music, and that his only goal in life is that he wants to play?

"It takes a lot of love and devotion to go out there and test the water. I did it, and I'm happy to be one of the few honkers that are making it."

□

"LOVE NOTES." Chuck Mangione. Columbia FC 38101. One can respect Mangione's statement of principles while respectfully disagreeing about the outcome. With the exception of "To the '80s," a relatively lively cut, these five tunes offer nothing in the way of stimulation or substance. Traversing these two sides is comparable to cruising along a smooth, traffic-free highway without curves, with precious little scenery on either side. It's easy traveling, but beware of falling asleep at the wheel. Two stars. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"NEW DEAL RHYTHM BAND." Elf 101. If you are disposed toward 1940s shuffle rhythm and Las Vegas lounge acts, 1950s R&B, Jerry Ranger singing about his uncle in Harlem and other 1930s jazz by well-meaning but uninformed ofays, this Bay Area nostalgia unit is your meat. Nine of the 11 cuts have vocals. Linda Asher's trashing of "There's a Boat That's Leaving Soon for New York" has to be heard to be disbelieved. A few instrumental solos offer momentary surcease, but almost everything else reinforces the theory about good intentions and the road to hell. Half a star.

□

"TELEPATHY." Bobby Shew & Bill Mays. Jazz Hounds JHR 0003. Given the right talent, how simple the process of making a great album can be! Shew on fluegelhorn and Mays at the piano simply improvise on timeproof standards ("Indian Summer," "The Gentle Rain," "You've Changed") and create two totally spontaneous compositions, "Telepathy I & II." The rapport is superlative. But for a few minor fluffs by Shew this would have been a five; as it is, 4½ stars for an album that took less than two hours to produce. Total talent cost: under $1,000. Studio time: $175. Jazz Hounds, 10581 Ashton Ave., Los Angeles 90024.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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9/21

Los Angeles Times

SILVER JUBILEE AT MONTEREY FEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Found: a foolproof way to enjoy a jazz festival—especially if you are just returned from overseas and jet lag has immobilized you: Simply settle in an armchair, tune in KKGO-FM, and as the sounds from Monterey waft in loud and clear, food and drink are at arm's length, and gaps between sets are filled with informative commentary by Jim Gosa.

The Saturday night show, based on a jazz-as-universal-language premise, brought such mature talents as Swedes Arne Domnerus on alto sax, Putte Wickman on clarinet, Bengt Hallbert on piano; the Japanese clarinetist Eiji Kitamura, and the one thorough original, pianist Martial Solal from France. All are in their 50s; the many new sounds and styles being developed overseas by younger players were not represented.

These soloists were excellently suited to the Monterey mainstream mold. An all-Swedish group led by Domnerus brought new life to the 1927 chestnut "Struttin' With Some Barbecue." A conventional bebop Filipino quartette was enlivened by Rita Soriano, whose vocals had a pleasant Dinah Washingtonian nasality.

The evening ended with an excess of Latin sounds. Tito Puente's band belongs in the ballroom, not on the jazz concert stage. Adding an 8-year-old timbale player to its ranks was a crowd-pleaser, but it wasn't enough.

Sunday's matinee, with the California High School All-Star Jazz Band as centerpiece, was a delight as always. All praise to Bill Berry for using Duke Ellington's music as a role model for these brilliant teen-agers. As Berry took the band through Duke's "Jack the Bear," it seemed likely that Jimmy Blanton himself would have envied the technical and creative resources of the young bassist Larry Grenadier.

Later the orchestra was effectively teamed with such pros as Clark Terry and Bob Brookn with two former high school winners, Patrice Rushen, the latter tempor fusion to play some spirited jazz in C rey Silver Suite." Catingub's comp successful than his alto sax playing, w a harsh, grating sound.

Martial Solal returned to conduct a own partly classical "Suite for All St an admirable job of interpreting a obviously very demanding; it was als almost endless—28 minutes.

The Dick Grove Composers' Jazz C ing of students from his music schc made a most imposing debut in works his proteges.

Sunday evening Gail Wynters sang occasionally recalling Esther Phillips certain mannerisms and learned her on three of the six songs), Wynter valuable new jazz voice.

Free Flight, the jazz-cum-class joined at one point by Ron McCrc "Straight No Chaser" in unison with The Red Rodney/Ira Sullivan Quint mances often praised here in nightcl as did Joe Williams. Woody Herma the evening in superlative form.

Throughout the festival, the hc Lewis, Mundell Lowe, Rufus Reid, S Terry) provided sympathetic suppc participants.

All in all, though it fell short of have expected for a silver jubilee c one of the better Monterey years.

9/27

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

Manhattan Transfer members, from left, Tim Hauser, Janis Siegel and Cheryl Bentyne, with Alan Paul, front, at the Greek Theater.

POP MUSIC REVIEW

TRANSFER: IT'S GETTING OLDER, AND ALSO BETTER

Manhattan Transfer will celebrate its 10th anniversary as a unit Friday. (The only non-founder member is Cheryl Bentyne, who joined in May, 1979.)

Over the years it has evolved from a lightweight, entertaining group into one that has raised its musical sights, with frequent incursions into genuine jazz. Its success has been due to an alliance of comedy and novelty values with serious musical explorations.

Friday the Transfer opened at the Greek Theater for a three-day run. Those who were present opening night were denied a special privilege, for Jon Hendricks, who recently appeared on Janis Siegel's solo debut album, was scheduled to be seen as a special guest Saturday and Sunday.

Even without Hendricks on hand, his presence was subliminally felt when the quartet sang "Corner Pocket," a Hendricks-Don Wolf lyric fitted to an old Count Basie band number. This was an example of the kind of thing the quartet does best, taking basically sound material and bringing a new dimension to it.

Such gems were scattered throughout the program: "Body and Soul," adapted from Coleman Hawkins' tenor sax solo and never showing its age (43 years), "Jennine," "Four Brothers," and Siegel's climactically leading the foursome through her incomparable arrangement of "Birdland." Bentyne's solo number "Company" was another bright moment.

There's another, less fertile side to the Transfer's personality, expressed when the source is inferior and the attitude seemingly condescending. The theatricality of the smoke-screen effects on "Twilight Zone," the bubbles in "Blue Champagne," the triviality of "Java Jive" and most of all Tim Hauser's pseudo-hip, desperately unfunny "Eldorado Caddy" routine are the price one has to pay for the Transfer's more creative efforts. Still, the balance remains firmly on the plus side.

Surprisingly, the evening's first standing ovation was accorded to the instrumental interlude, a hyperkinetic quintet offering led by Yaron Gershovsky at the keyboard.

Please see TRANSFER, Page 4

TRANSFER AT GREEK

Continued from First Page

During the second half a big band was added; many of the members, we were told, were on hand at the Transfer's birth a decade ago. Though their participation was helpful, the essential value of the show lies in the singular blend, congenial personality and generally high musical level reached by four singers who, at their best, remain the preeminent combo in their admittedly none-too-crowded field. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ

ISRAEL FESTIVAL: COREA INFLUENCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last of Two Articles

How does a country only 34 years old deal with a music that originated at the turn of the century? The overriding impression during a visit to the Israel Jazz Festival was that in the local jazz community there is an eagerness to identify with present-day developments, almost to deal with the form as though only its recent manifestations are of any significance. The jazz that prevailed in the decades before Israel was born seems to be of minimal interest to the aficionados in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem.

Michael Handelzalc, a Tel Aviv theater critic who also concerns himself with jazz, observed: "The young people here today are listening to Chick Corea. The bass players are trying to sound like Jaco Pastorius. To them, the Swing Era sounds are just an unneeded reminder of something their parents listened to—or even their grandparents."

Corea is indeed a symbol of what the Israeli musicians and fans find relevant and stimulating. His popularity is based on personal contact: After a solo piano tour in Israel in 1980, the big breakthrough came when he returned last year with such contemporaries as Gary Burton, Paul Horn, Michael Brecker and Corea's singer, Gayle Moran.

"Chick was a big hit here," said Handelzalc. "His success confirmed the interest in modern sounds and helped pave the way for this year's festival."

Corea's visits, of course, were by no means without precedent. Jazz artists have been going to Israel since the state's early years; according to most reports it was Lionel Hampton, touring with his big band, who made the first big impression. Later visitors were Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz and Ella Fitzgerald, but for some years there was a lull, with American imports almost at a standstill.

One of the most successful initiatives was undertaken last year by the Argentine-born, Hollywood-based composer and pianist Lalo Schifrin. Armed with some of his motion picture and television scores, Schifrin set out for Israel along with three jazz colleagues, flutist Sam Most, drummer Earl Palmer and bassist Richard Davis.

"Zubin Mehta brought me there to perform with the Israel Philharmonic," says Schifrin. "When I played some basically classical works into which some jazz was incorporated, the response was unbelievable. We'd also open the second half of each concert with a jazz set by just my combo.

"The interest at the intellectual level was extraordinary. I was invited to give a dissertation at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and all my sidemen gave workshop classes."

Schifrin hopes to return next year together with Gillespie, in whose quintet he played piano 20 years ago.

Not all jazz in Israel is brought in from overseas. Among the musicians who took part in the recent festival was a much discussed local group known as Platina. Led by Aron Kaminsky, a respected drummer, and featuring Roman Kunzman, a flute and sax virtuoso who immigrated to Israel from the Soviet Union, the combo has been working together since 1971.

Kaminsky is one of several Israeli jazzmen who have had American experience: For a couple of months in 1979 he was one of three Israeli members of the group accompanying Manhattan Transfer. One of the others was Jaroslav Jakubovic, a saxophonist who also worked for a while with Bette Midler. After a year with the Transfer, Jakubovic returned to Israel, where he now leads a quintet in Tel Aviv.

The third member, Yaron Gershovsky, was brought into Manhattan Transfer three years ago as keyboard player and later took over from Jakubovic as musical director, a job he still holds.

Now 32, Gershovsky was born and raised in Tel Aviv, where he made an early success on the domestic scene. "I was busy writing arrangements, doing studio work and TV and radio; in fact, I found things too easy. There's only one TV channel, so if you happen to be on it, you're a big celebrity.

"I decided to go to the Berklee College of Music in Boston, where I studied from 1974 to 1977. After graduating I got into New York studio work. I wrote part of the music for a movie, 'The American Game,' for which Richie Havens sang the title song, and I played some gigs with Havens. Later I spent six months with (avant-garde saxophonist) Pharoah Sanders, which was a challenging experience."

Berklee College is a sort of dream world for aspiring Israeli musicians. Adam Baruch, head of the Israeli Jazz Society, an organization of fans and musicians that holds parties and jam sessions, told me with pride that his country presently is represented by seven students at the Boston jazz college.

Israel has virtually no jazz club activity; even in Tel Aviv there is only one club offering jazz one night a week. Big bands are few and work sporadically. The Tel Aviv Jazz Orchestra, a 17-piece ensemble, was recently organized by pianist David Krivoshei, who was in New York playing mainly Israeli music for several years. The band was heard during one of the preliminary concerts in the Hilton Ballroom during last month's festival, with Nurit Galron as guest vocalist.

Galron is one of those novelties who just could catch on. In her mid-20s, she has a superior command of style and phrasing and is represented on a couple of CBS-Israel albums. Perhaps her oddest achievement has been a Hebrew-language version (the lyrics were written for her by an Israeli friend) of the Annie Ross hit "Twisted."

Because Israel's native culture seems remote from the Afro-American roots of the music, it may seem unlikely that the country will contribute any major creative talent to the increasingly international jazz scene. Yet the same premise might be applied to Japan, where nevertheless a remarkable number of thoroughly qualified jazzmen began coming to prominence about 15 years ago, several of whom have immigrated to the United States. If Tokyo could send us Toshiko Akiyoshi, and the various instrumentalists now featured as sidemen in several leading American jazz groups, Tel Aviv might well respond some day in kind. □

L.A. TIMES

JAZZ SUN SEP - 6 1982

GIGGING AROUND THE HOLY LAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

TEL AVIV—Israel remains on the front pages with stories of invasion and inflation, of crises and cabinet meetings. Yet it seems to go about its daily social life in a manner astonishingly close to normal. The undimmed national concern for the arts took on a unique character this month as the Israel Festival 1982 spawned an offshoot, an eight-day "Jazz 'N Blues" festival that brought a parade of artists never before seen here.

Ca 57

In this minuscule country, one-night stands are no problem. The 26 artists are headquartered at the Tel Aviv Hilton, a Miami-on-the-Mediterranean luxury beachfront hotel. Of the various venues, none is as far away from Tel Aviv as Philadelphia from New York.

The tour, during which several musicians are giving workshops for local student performers, was brought here by the Kinneret Foundation. Kinneret's president is a Washington-based promoter named Charles Fishman, who lined up the jazz talent for the Israel Festival and for the Jazz Department of the Rubin Academy of Music in Jerusalem. (Yes, Israel has fallen in line among the countries that recognize jazz as a serious subject for education.)

The events by the day:

TUESDAY

The first concert on the tour offers a stunning indication of how the settings will inspire the artists. It is held in an oceanside amphitheater at Caesaria, about 40 miles up the coast toward Haifa.

The amphitheater, we are told, was built by Herod the Great, who died in 4 BC. Nero trod these grounds. Rebuilt 20 years ago, it now has great arced rows of stone benches, with a handsome stage across which are ranged enough of the contemporary amplifiers and other electronic equipment to offer the perfect paradox.

Three of the combos are heard—the pianist-singer Les McCann, trumpeter Allan Vizzutti's quintet, and the Billy Cobham Quartet. Given the beauty of the amphitheater, the excellence of the sound, and the sight of a sun setting behind them in the Mediterranean, the musicians are inspired: "If you can't play in a setting like this," said McCann, "you'll never play anywhere."

Attendance was about 1,500, less than half a house, which Fishman blames on poor publicity.

WEDNESDAY

A gig tonight in an amphitheater near Beit Shan. The small town, said to be 6,000 years old, is not far south of the Sea of Galilee. The theater, in its original 1,800-year-old state, seems to be in a forest, miles from anywhere. Aside from the stage lights during sound check

Please Turn to Page 58

Los Angeles Times

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Adler, mouth organ master, in action at Playhouse.

COOK-ADLER

Continued from First Page

Mind" or "It's Better With a Band," the latter written by her musical director Wally Harper.

Occasionally Cook may tend to overdramatize dated, lightweight lyrics, as in the 60-year-old "Carolina in the Morning." She was more at east with "If Love Were All," a fey Noel Coward song, vintage 1929. Finally, on "A Foggy Day," she was joined briefly by her supporting act, Larry Adler.

Adler's own set, which ran slightly longer than Cook's, offered an all too rare glimpse, for an American audience, of a unique performer who, blacklisted during the McCarthy years, took up residence in England.

Adler, who still insists on calling his harmonica a mouth organ, succeeds in legitimizing the instrument by making it sound variously like a flute (in "Summertime"), violin ("Hora Staccato") or, during the chordal passages, an accordion. His repertoire is a strange mix of overworked classics ("Clair de Lune," the "Meditation" from "Thais"), an original film theme he wrote for "Genevieve" and one attempt at a quasi-jazz piece, "I Got Rhythm," filled with snippets of arbitrarily inserted quotes from other songs. He closed with "Rhapsody in Blue," his fingers moving like butterfly wings on his "tin sandwich."

Adler has mastered the instrument like nobody else. His performance was further enlivened by his skill as a raconteur: He reminisced wittily about Ruth Etting, Paul Whiteman and others from the years of his early fame. Wally Harper, doubling as Adler's pianist, moved smoothly through the pop-to-classic variations.

This well-balanced show will be at the Westwood through Sunday, with two performances Saturday at 7 and 10 p.m., two on Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

COOK'S TOUR 9/30 OF THE GOOD OLD SONGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Barbara Cook, as the reaction Tuesday at the Westwood Playhouse made unmistakably clear, has a loyal following, perhaps made up largely of former New Yorkers who remember her as a musical comedy ingenue of the 1950s and '60s. A decade ago, finding herself beyond the debutante stage, she made the transition to cabarets and concerts.

For this first-time viewer, she made a striking impression. A tall, slightly overweight but attractive blonde, Cook is the kind of singer for whom the word *chanteuse* should be reserved. Her strong, flexible, legitimate soprano has a Devonshire-cream texture that seems happiest with early Gershwin or Berlin, yet she has no trouble adapting to "New York State of

Please see COOK-ADLER, Page 5

Barbara Cook, now a chanteuse, at the Westwood Playhouse.

10/5

Los Angeles Times

HEARD, RANIER, FERGUSON AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Man for man, the most captivating new jazz combo in town is the trio known as Heard, Ranier & Ferguson, heard over the weekend at Carmelo's. Though they don't exactly roll off the tongue like Earth, Wind & Fire, these are certainly names to remember.

The organizer was John Heard, whose keen, stinging sound on bass is central to each performance. Whether introducing the theme, playing an ingenious interlude in unison with the piano, keeping faultless time or ad-libbing a solo, Heard leaves no doubt about the vital role he plays in the group's success.

Group is the key word, for this is much more than a run-of-the-mill piano-bass-drums threesome. The members have worked out arrangements that lift every tune above the nightclub jam session norm. The routines are succinct; at the set caught, no fewer than nine tunes were played, from widely diverse sources.

"Isfahan" and "Lush Life," both by Billy Strayhorn, the early bossa nova "No More Blues," pianist Tom Ranier's "Prisms" and Chick Corea's "Tones for Joan's Bones" reflected the unconventional repertoire.

How do you explain a Tom Ranier? On this last tune he played nimble parallel two-hand lines worthy of Oscar Peterson. He followed it with a slow, relaxed "Limehouse Blues," for which drummer Sherman Ferguson's solo on brushes sustained the easy beat. Ranier then picked up a clarinet and swung his way buoyantly through "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You."

Back at the piano, Ranier paid a two-part tribute to the late Bill Evans, evoking much of the latter's lyricism and harmonic subtlety. Next he reached for a tenor sax and, at a tempo defying the speed of sound, played "Anthropology" in an incredible unison chorus with Heard.

The trio does not depend simply on Ranier's versatility for its impact. Each of the three men contributes invaluably to the excitement and creative drive that emanates from the bandstand.

Heard, Ranier & Ferguson will be back soon; exactly when is uncertain, since the schedule at Carmelo's was thrown into a tumult Thursday when the club threatened to drop its music policy. The idea lasted one night, Friday, when nothing was heard but the sound of silence. Differences among the owners were then resolved.

Chuck Piscitello is still in charge of booking talent, as he has been since June, 1979, when he began to convert the room from an obscure restaurant into a nationally known jazz rendezvous.

FRENCH COUPLE AT SUNSET GARDENS

By LEONARD FEATHER 10/13

Two of our most valuable French imports, Louis and Monique Aldebert, have been part of the Southland scene for 14 years. After much dues-paying they have at long last secured a record contract (they will tape their first LP next month for Discovery Records), and are currently ensconced Wednesdays through Saturdays at the Sunset Gardens, an attractive, skylighted French restaurant at 6530 Sunset Blvd.

The Aldeberts have become much more than a Parisian answer to Jackie and Roy. In a typical set, they will open with Monique, a striking redhead, seated on a high stool next to the grand piano where Louis, open-shirted and neatly bearded, broods his way through a Michel Legrand standard.

Then the singing begins: Monique, in her own song, "Now," written with John Pisano, sung to a gently hummed vocal obligato by Louis. Her sound is light and supple, her phrasing jazz-inflected. The set soon becomes trilingual as they indulge in vocalese (Chick Corea's "La Fiesta" as a unison scat vehicle) and French (Monique supplying her own lyrics to Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Triste" and "Ana Luisa").

Occasionally, too, there will be a French standard such as "I Will Wait for You" or "Autumn Leaves," then their own original, "What Good Is Life Without a Friend," in English, with barely a hint of an accent.

The economics of the music business can be a curse. If they were dealing in funk, junk or punk, the Aldeberts could probably carry their own backup combo and a ton of electronic equipment. But because their world is that of intimate, sensitive music, appealing to specialized and more sophisticated tastes, even a bass player would be an unaffordable addition. This places a burden on Louis Aldebert, who is not a stride pianist with an all-purpose left hand.

What they can offer at the Sunset Gardens is a hint of what will be heard on their album, for which at least five musicians will be used. But even when it's just the two of them against the world, their light, cheerful blend makes for some of the easiest listening in town. They will remain in this room indefinitely.

HENDRICKS AT CONCERTS BY SEA

Sat. Oct. 9

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jon Hendricks has been the dean of the vocal jazz scene for so long that Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, the trio in which he made his octave-jump to fame, is now a distant memory. In fact, the group flourished before some of his present fans were born.

Nevertheless, Jon Hendricks & Company, the quartet that opened Thursday at Concerts by the Sea, is patterned along similar lines. The premise always has placed heavy demands on the leader, who has set lyrics to old records by Ellington and Basie—not just to the ensembles, but to each note of every improvised solo.

Aided by his wife Judith, his daughter Michelle, and Bob Gurland, Hendricks brings these pieces to life with humor and authority. This two-woman, two-man band comes unbelievably close to re-creating the sound and feeling of the originals.

The first set Thursday was somewhat too fragmented. The quartet sang only three numbers, then was not reunited until a half-hour later, returning to sing a medley of early Hendricks hits. In the interim, however, Hendricks was on stage alone much of the time. He brought social relevance and wit to his own political-comment song "Tell Me the Truth." At his best, he can show an ingenuity for constructing cleverly rhymed and meaningful words matched by hardly anyone since Johnny Mercer's golden days.

Bob Gurland's trumpet imitation on "Fast Living Blues" is so lifelike that standing outside, you might well believe an actual horn was on stage. Michelle Hendricks exhibited her charming, smoky sound on "Never Never Land" from "Peter Pan."

The foursome is accompanied by David Leonhardt, a very capable, bop-rooted pianist; by Murray Wall on bass and the latest addition, drummer Doug Sides.

Hendricks & Company closes Sunday.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THE EARLY YEARS." Roy Eldridge. Columbia C 2-38033. "ALL THE CATS JOIN IN." Roy Eldridge. MCA 1355. Now 71 and retired, Eldridge was as vital a figure in the evolution of jazz trumpet in the 1930s as Louis Armstrong had been in the '20s and as Dizzy Gillespie would be in the '40s. The biting power of his sound and the emotional impact of his solos can be heard in full swing on both records, but the Columbia, a two-LP set, covers a far wider range both in time (1935-49) and in settings: He is heard as a 24-year-old sideman in Teddy Hill's band, then in seven impassioned cuts with his own combo, in one Teddy Wilson track with a superb Billie Holiday vocal, and in three Mildred Bailey items on which both he and the singer transcend vacuous material.

The last two sides stem from Eldridge's two incumbencies (1941-42 and 1949) in the Gene Krupa Orchestra. Ten of the 12 cuts are unissued masters. Despite dated arrangements and vocal interruptions, of which only Anita O'Day's are of value (would you believe "The Marines' Hymn" with vocal by Johnny Desmond?), Eldridge rides high and mighty in his contributions, short (he has only 15 seconds on "Massachusetts") or long ("Rockin' Chair," "After You've Gone").

The 10 cuts on the MCA find Eldridge leading a big band during the 1943-46 period. There are many luminous moments, but given the variety of contexts on the Columbia, and the longer, carefully researched notes, it is by far the more indispensable. For Eldridge, five stars; for what surrounds him, four and three stars, respectively.

□

"PATHS, PRINTS." Jan Garbarek. ECM 1-1223. The eerie, ethereal quality of Garbarek's saxophone and compositions, which in recent years have come to symbolize Norwegian music, is at the opposite end of the spectrum vis a vis the hard-funk energy sounds of Blood Ulmer or of Ornette Coleman's Prime Time. It is almost totally bereft of energy; the tune called "Considering the Snail" could as well have been titled "Imitating the Snail." This may be a new musical language, but the dreary drone in which it speaks has become tiresomely predictable. One star.

□

"OFF THE TOP." Jimmy Smith. Elektra/Musician 60175. George Benson and Stanley Turrentine make a surprise appearance playing straight jazz in the eminently listenable title track. With Smith's organ as centerpiece, Ron Carter's bass and Grady Tate on drums emboldening the rhythm section, this is one of the most successful examples in recent years of the organ-combo genre that was fashionable in the '60s. It's worth buying if only as a reminder of where George Benson's heart is. Four stars.

□

"SOLO/QUARTET." Bobby Hutcherson. Contemporary 14008. The A side finds Hutcherson in a one-man band role, overdubbing vibes, xylophone, chimes, bells and, as a good substitute for a normal bass line, bass marimba. The execution of this tintinnabulous blend comes off better than the compositions. "Gotcha," a four-bar phrase repeated endlessly, falls prey to a law of diminishing emotional returns. The B side is played by a crisply cohesive quartet, with McCoy Tyner in a rare sideman role, playing in a mood of uncharacteristic relaxation on "My Foolish Heart" and supporting Hutcherson's vibes energetically on the other three pieces. 3½ stars.

Roy Eldridge, 71, a vital figure in the evolution of the jazz trumpet.

□

"NEW YORK CITY R&B." Cecil Taylor/Buell Neidlinger. Jazz Mann 5032. Neidlinger, a superb classical and jazz bassist, is the centrifugal force in "O.P.," his tone and time perfect while Taylor's piano attempts to bridge atonality and the blues. Of the three other cuts, two are free-jazz explorations, though one is completely unplanned and the other was virtually orchestrated by Taylor for rhythm section and Archie Shepp's tenor sax. Finally there is a curious octet track in which the mainstream jazz world (Clark Terry and "Things Ain't What They Used to Be") attempts to converge with the avant-garde. This 1961 album (with notes written in 1971 by producer Nat Hentoff) is uneven but historically important. Three stars.

□

"TWO HANDED STRIDE." Judy Carmichael. Progressive 7065. Carmichael is a 28-year-old pianist from Costa Mesa who, unlike almost any other 28-year-old today, is hooked on stride piano. Playing eight tunes written long before her birth, she shows a commanding knowledge of the genre, Fats Waller style. Her combo has a strong Basie flavor: Freddie Greene on guitar, Basie alumni Marshal Royal on alto and Harold Jones on drums, plus bassist Red Callender. The only fault is the album's extreme brevity: only 29 minutes all told. 3½ stars. □

LOS ANGELES TIMES

CALENDAR

OCTOBER 17, 1982

The acclaimed director of "Harold and Maude," "Shampoo," "Coming Home" and "Being There" has fallen on hard times. There was the failure of "Second Hand Hearts," and his current release, "Lookin' to Get Out," also is shaping up as a disaster. Ashby has heard rumors that he is burned out, incompetent, even dying.

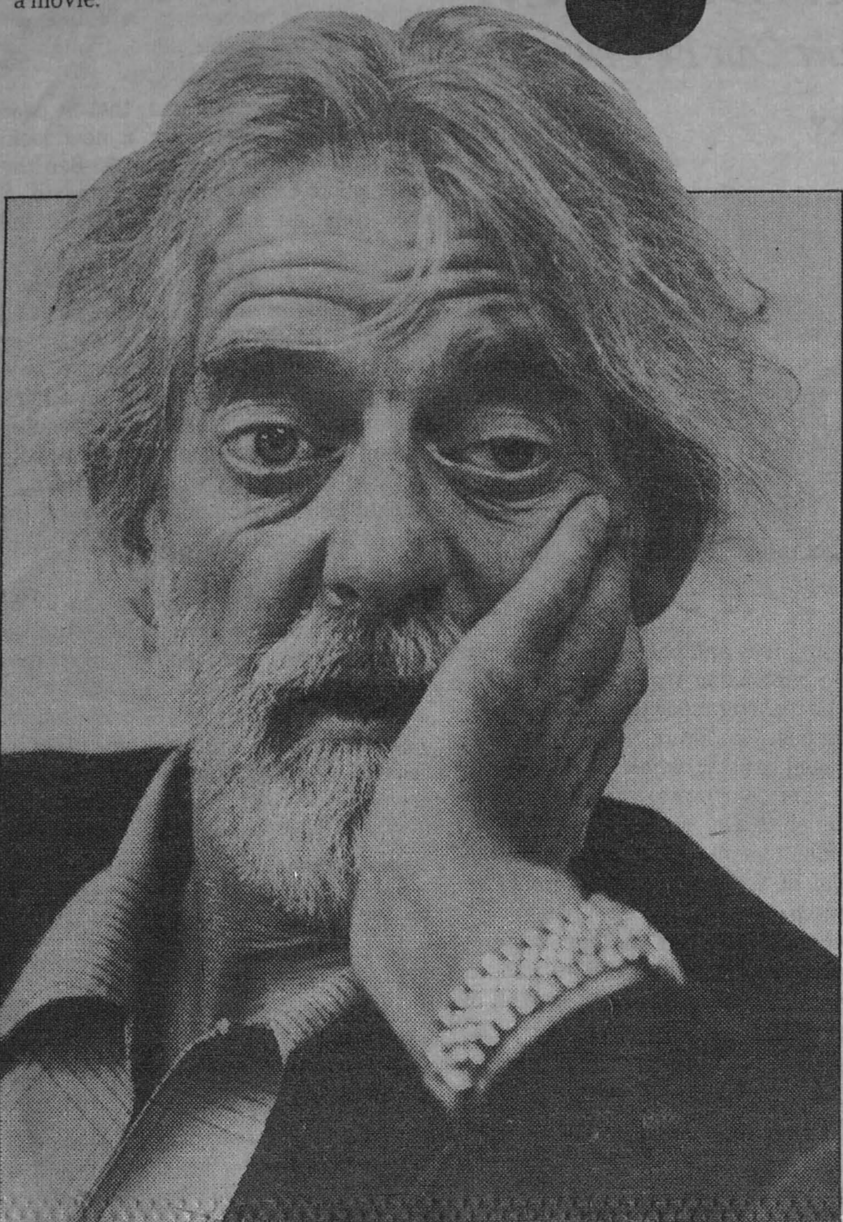
By DALE POLLOCK

Whatever happened to Hal Ashby

Hal Ashby is known in Hollywood as a classy film director. His best work, as demonstrated in "Shampoo," Warren Beatty's sexual salon odyssey, and "Being There," a telling fable about the influence of television that marked Peter Sellers' last great performance, is provocative and stylish.

Since he began making movies in 1970 with "The Landlord," Ashby has been one of the most consistent directors working in Hollywood. Although all his films have been made for major studios, he has remained fiercely independent, working within the system without really being part of it.

But for the last three years, Hal Ashby seems to have disappeared. Since the successful premiere of "Being There" in late 1979, two of the films he has made—"Second Hand Hearts" and "Lookin' to Get Out" —have failed to gain a national release. There have been ugly rumors that Ashby was in ill health, burned out by drugs, incapable of completing a movie.



TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

And a director whose movies always enjoyed critical if not box-office success has been the victim of particularly damning reviews for "Lookin' " (see critical excerpts on Page 23) and its predecessor, "Second Hand Hearts," which was released in 1981 for less than two weeks in only six cities.

There is an image in "Lookin' to Get Out," Ashby's ninth film, that poignantly summarizes his plight. Jon Voight and Burt Young play two New York hustlers, and during an argument, Young turns on the TV set. Ashby appears on the screen, as if he might be on a talk show—but there is no sound. Voight turns off the set and Ashby disappears. Young turns it back on, but Ashby remains silent, spouting words that no one can hear.

Even Ashby agrees that these have not been the best of times for him. No one has heard what he has to say because hardly anyone has seen his films.

"This has been as heavy a period in my life as I ever want to have," the bearded, wispy-haired film maker said in a recent series of interviews at his Malibu home and a Hollywood sound studio where he was mixing his latest film, "Time Is on Our Side," a documentary (due for release next February) of the 1981 Rolling Stones concert tour.

Ashby recalled a recent conversation that he had with his old friend Jack Nicholson, who also starred in his 1973 film, "The Last Detail." Nicholson told him, "You know, some people think you're dying." Ashby responded with his peculiar, high-pitched, maniacal laugh. "Dying?" Ashby asked, incredulous. "Yes!" shouted Nicholson. Ashby reflected for a moment. "I never got swamped by so much damn work in my life," he explained, "but I didn't know it killed me."

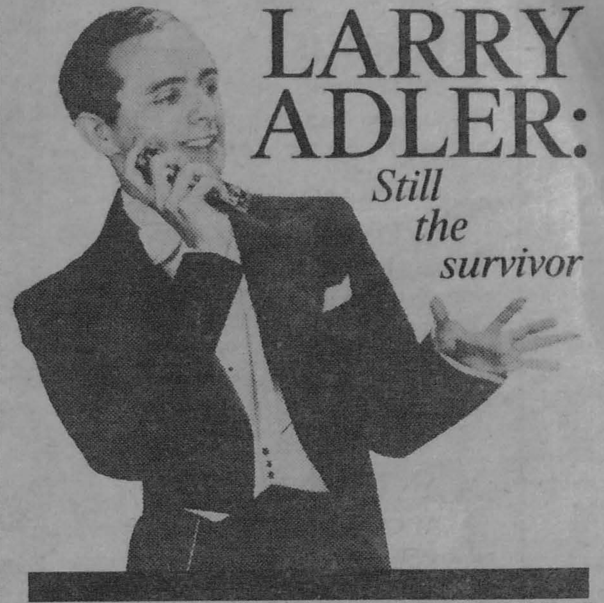
□

Hal Ashby is alive and well in Malibu. His gaunt face and sunken cheeks show the ravages of more than his 50 years. But he is vigorous, alert and energetic, dressed in loose-fitting clothes and a rumpled blue corduroy jacket with elegantly embroidered dragons on the sleeves.

Ashby claims that he hasn't disappeared, he isn't dying, and, rather than being unable to complete a film, he has finished four in four years, an output that few other contemporary Hollywood directors have equaled.

As for the drug rumors, Ashby says the accusations stem from his admitted marijuana smoking. "I hear all this stuff, but I personally don't get alarm-

Please Turn to Page 23



LARRY ADLER: *Still the survivor*

Adler and his "mouth organ" in 1943, at a happier time before the days of the blacklist.

By LEONARD FEATHER

One night during Larry Adler's recent week at the Westwood Playhouse, Elizabeth Taylor and Sammy and Altovise Davis came in with a party of friends. After Adler, 68, mentioned that he had once worked with a 10-year-old prodigy who was in the audience that night, he picked up his harmonica and began "Birth of the Blues." Davis, now a 56-year-old boy wonder, started singing from his seat, then joined Adler onstage for a duet. The house erupted into pandemonium.

It was a reminder not just of the caliber of the talent, but of the respect and admiration Adler has enjoyed during an amazing career that was brightened by encounters with giants of 20th-Century music, from Ravel to Gershwin, then darkened by the notorious episode that led to his becoming a classic example of the blacklist's power.

In almost no time, his income plummeted from $250,000 a year (in 1940s dollars) to zero. But Adler is a survivor; by moving to England, where he has lived since 1949, he was able to make a living again, albeit on a more modest level.

"I was lucky," he says. "Other people like John Garfield and Edward G. Robinson had nowhere to go. I think the blacklist literally killed Garfield and quite a few other people."

Adler has broken countless barriers for the once lowly "mouth organ," as he still calls it. Original works were written for him by Vaughan Williams ("Romance for Mouth Organ, Piano and Strings," recorded for RCA), and by Darius Milhaud ("Suite for Mouth Organ and Orchestra," in 1943). Aram Khachaturian once accepted a commission from him, but wrote only a few pages before his death. Adler's influence was such that the harmonica, long regarded by the American Federation of Musicians as a mere toy, finally was accepted in 1947 as an instrument whose players could join the union.

His career goes back to his childhood in Baltimore; soon after appearing in Ziegfeld's "Smiles" in 1931, he was a national name. In 1934, in "Many Happy Returns," his first feature film, he was backed by Duke Ellington's orchestra.

He was in Gus Edwards' act at the Palace when Frank Trumbauer, the legendary saxophonist with Paul Whiteman, took him backstage at New York's Roxy Theater to play for Whiteman. "He listened and then said, 'Let me hear you play "Rhapsody in Blue."' I was too embarrassed to say I couldn't handle it, so I told him 'I don't like it.' Whiteman turned to this fellow sitting next to him and said,

Please Turn to Page 84

LARRY ADLER: STILL THE SURVIVOR

Continued from First Page

'How do you like that, George? He doesn't like your "Rhapsody." '

"But I met Gershwin again in 1934, at a farewell party before my first trip to England, and we played the 'Rhapsody' together. At the same party, I played with Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Johnny Green and Vernon Duke."

Through the 1930s Adler was a global star, touring England ("I met my first wife on Coronation Day in 1937"), Australia, South Africa. In 1935, while he was playing the Alhambra in Paris, word reached him that Maurice Ravel, who had read about Adler's performance of the "Bolero," wanted to hear him play it.

"I was taken to Ravel's home in a Paris suburb. I didn't dare stand in front of him and play it, so I brought the record.

"He was critical. 'Why do you play it so fast?' 'Why do you make cuts?' Later, I asked him to autograph my record, but he insisted on keeping it; besides, he said, holding up his shaking hands, 'I have palsy; I haven't written a note of music in five years and I can't sign my name.'

"Two days later, I received a call from the friend who had taken me out there. 'The maestro is in my shop. Come over.' There was Ravel, all bundled up—it was a warm day, but he wore an overcoat and scarf as if it were freezing. He had sat in his room, painfully signed his name, and brought the record into Paris to give to me."

In 1941, Adler suggested to his friend, the dancer Paul Draper, that they try a joint recital. "My agent told me I was crazy. Who would pay to see a mouth organist and a tap dancer? But we got great reviews, so Columbia Concerts took us on. We continued as a team and got to be, I believe, the highest-paid concert attraction in America. We'd play the L.A. Philharmonic, or the San Francisco Opera House, and sell them out for two or three nights. This went on until 1948, when the trouble started."

The trouble was triggered by his (and Draper's) political naivete. As he concedes: "Paul and I were involved with every left-wing movement going, raising money and making speeches. We supported Henry Wallace for President in 1948—so did the Communists, but that never affected my judgment of him, which perhaps wasn't very bright of me."

Hearing that Draper and Adler were set for a recital in Greenwich, Conn., a local woman, Mrs. Hester McCullough, wrote to the Greenwich paper protesting their appearance and calling the pair pro-Communist. She repeated the charges in a letter to columnist Igor Cassini (then known as Cholly Knickerbocker), who published them and made Adler and Draper his special targets.

The Greenwich concert did take place, but Adler and Draper sued McCullough. In depositions under oath for the trial, they declared that they were not Communists. "In those days, to be considered a Communist was tantamount to being a traitor to your country. The case lasted five weeks; amazingly, we didn't lose it, but got a hung jury."

Still, the effect of the national publicity was inescapable. The artistry of Adler and Draper now became irrelevant; all that counted was the stain on their reputations.

Adler was not only politically foolish but incurably stubborn. Arnold Forster, head of the Anti-Defamation League, trying to help him, said: "Well, Adler, what's it going to be—principle or expediency? I told him he knew the answer, and he said there was nothing he could do for me."

Adler's American career was at a dead end. "The William Morris agency told me that unless I made a public statement that I wasn't and never had been a Communist, even contracts I had were not going to be honored. I had months of big hotel bookings, but they said, 'We can't use you. If you want to sue, go ahead and sue.' This happened time after time."

Radio, TV and the concert halls also were shut off. Throughout the 1950s, there were periodic attempts to bring him back from England. In 1952, he tried a concert at Town Hall, but the impresario Sol Hurok told him: "Larry, I can't book a tour; my board of directors said you're too hot to handle." In 1954 in New Orleans, and in '55 in Las Vegas, the American Legion, he says, threatened to picket if he opened. He did not open.

"After that, nobody even tried to book me here. Then in 1959, Art d'Lugoff offered me a date at his Village Gate. I was hired for four weeks and stayed 17. I went back there in '60 and '61. In '62, I was commissioned to write the score for a film, 'The Hook,' with Kirk Douglas. No major studio would use me, but this involved an independent producer, Bill Perlberg, who had once been my agent.

"I came out here to Los Angeles to do it, and the New York Times ran a story with a headline: 'Larry Adler Breaks the Blacklist.' That was publicity I didn't want, but no harm came from it."

Adler's first big movie score, "Genevieve" (in England in 1953), had been nominated for an Oscar, but his name was removed from the credits. "I was on the credits all over the world, except in America. My brother Jerry (also a mouth-organ player) went to the Oscar ceremony, and if 'Genevieve' had won for best score, he was going to jump up and say that I wrote it."

Over the years, Adler's reputation in Britain grew continually. "The greatest thrill I ever had was playing the piece Vaughan Williams wrote for me, in 1952, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting at the Promenade Concert Series. The next year, Arthur Benjamin composed a concerto for me; then Malcolm Arnold wrote one."

In England, and occasionally in the United States, Adler displayed his considerable gifts as a witty writer on a variety of subjects. He once wrote a series of pieces for the Chicago Sun on his trip to Africa with Jack Benny. In the New Statesman and the New York Times, he discussed his political problems; he wrote book reviews for The Observer, and currently does a weekly column for a London magazine. A longtime gourmet, he has written scores of restaurant reviews.

While he was busying himself with his dual pen-to-paper and hand-to-mouth career, the memory of the McCarthy era had begun to fade in the United States, yet Sol Hurok in 1962 could only secure him eight concerts over a three-month span. "Hurok told me an odd thing: He said, 'Larry, American concert committees are run by Republican ladies with very long memories.' "

When did Adler come back here and feel really at ease, as if it were all behind him?

"I never have, really. But at one point I started to do symphony concerts, and things loosened up. Throughout the 1970s, I guess I played with every major symphony in the U.S."

Does he believe that what happened in the '50s may take place again?

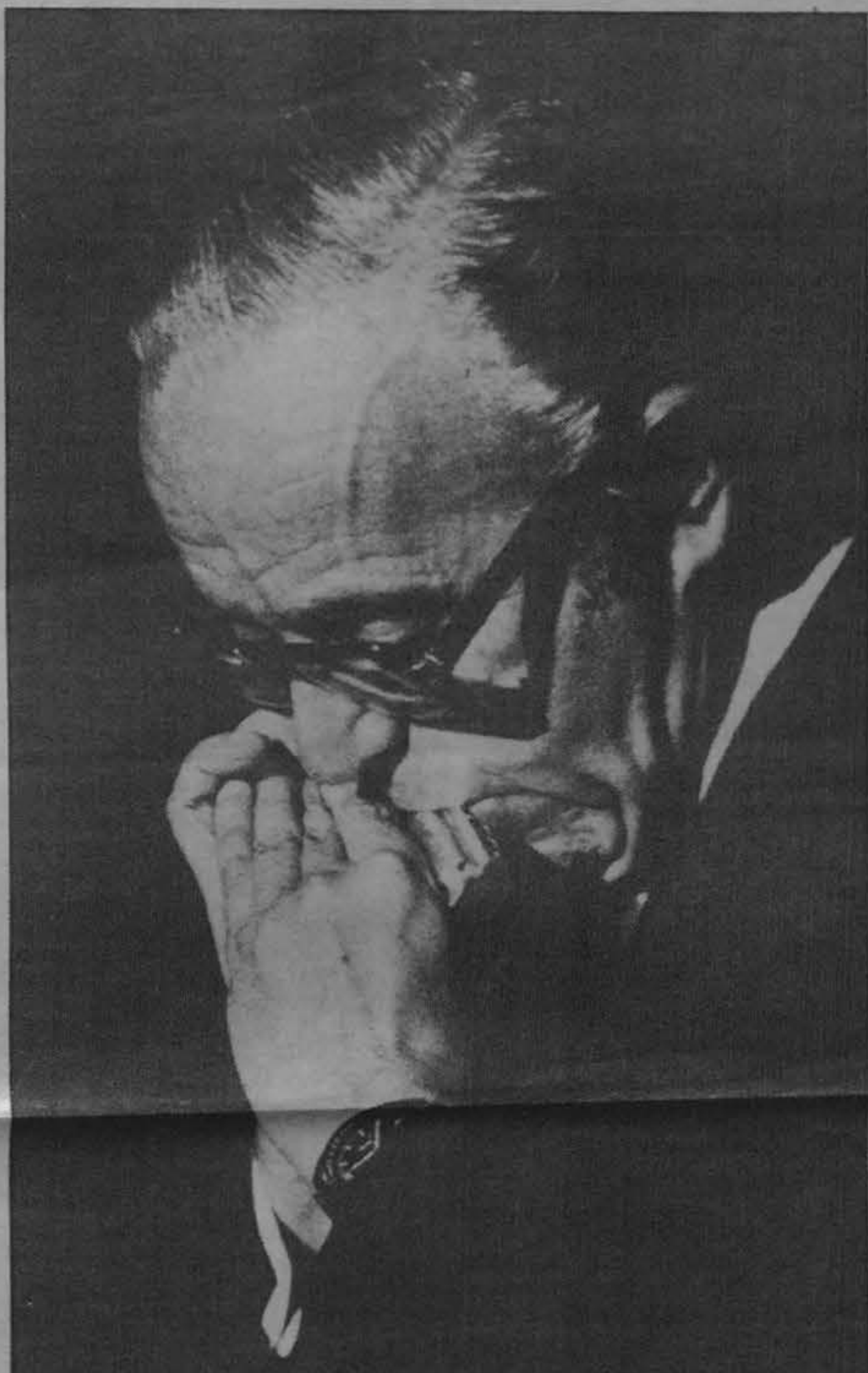
"I think it could, and one of the signs of that is what happened to Ed Asner (whose series, "Lou Grant," was canceled, some say, because of his political views). That worries me."

Adler looks back with equanimity on the shattering and rebuilding of his professional life. "I didn't undergo hardship in the sense of starving. Sure, all my money went defending the case—I had a couple of hundred thousand bucks when it started, and I was broke when the lawyers got through with me—but I sometimes think of what happened to people who really suffered.

"One night Edward G. Robinson stopped me in the street and made me read his testimony to the House Un-American Activities Committee. We stood in a doorway and he broke down and cried. He said something a lot of people were saying to me: 'I went through it; you have to do the same thing. Say whatever the hell they want you to say, but get back to work—that's more important than anything.' It's a hard argument to contest, but I just couldn't do it." (Victor Navasky, in "Naming Names," his history of the blacklist, wrote, "Robinson, after much negotiating and self-abnegation, went back to work.")

"If I had my own life to relive," says Larry Adler, "the only thing I'd change is, I wouldn't have sued the lady (Mrs. McCullough). I should have sued the newspapers. By suing her, I made her a martyr—this brave American housewife defending America against the Communists.

"Still, I never asked for pity, nor did I deserve it. I worked; I kept my name going, and I stood up for my principles and my rights. On the whole, I think I did pretty well." □



GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Larry Adler has broken countless barriers for the once-lowly "mouth organ."

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times 10/18

Herb Alpert playing at the Universal Amphitheater, his first public performance in seven years.

ALPERT BACK IN THE SPOTLIGHT

By LEONARD FEATHER

"This is a fabulous song," said Herb Alpert early in his show Saturday at the Universal Amphitheater as he introduced "Push and Pull." The song, far from fabulous, was conventional and did not even seem entirely original, if you happen to remember the opening phrase from "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" (Cole Porter, 1928).

During the second half, Alpert played "Magic Man." Damned if the hint of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" didn't show up again. It was that kind of an evening: long on Latin-sounding riffs and short on creativity.

Absent from the spotlight for seven years, Alpert remains a good journeyman trumpeter (though a couple of times one of the two other brassmen, Bob Findley, outclassed him), an unpretentious vocalist who sang in convincing Spanish on a tune from his new album, and an amiable fellow who communicated well with the capacity crowd.

Mrs. Alpert, a k a Lani Hall, sang a duet with him, then took over for a couple of numbers on her own. "Isn't she fabulous?" said Alpert. Well, perhaps that's not the word: capable or pleasant, let's say, with a charming personality.

The band (10 men including the leader) boasts three authentic Mexicans and one Cuban, in addition to two old-timers from the Tijuana Brass days: Julius Wechter on marimba (they played his "Spanish Flea") and John Pisano on guitar, whose "So What's New?" was also a part of the medley of 1960s hits.

The evening opened curiously, with a tape of what sounded like a very old Harry James record. The second half was launched by the screening of a delightful old John and Faith Hubley animated short, "Tijuana Taxi," with a TJB sound track.

Alpert has taken his share of critical drubbings from the purists, who sometimes have questioned the authenticity of his Mexican and other Latinesque efforts. The truth is that his music is aimed at a mass audience and should be judged as entertainment. On that level, its success is indisputable. Musically, at its best, the band is agreeable and innocuous; at its worst, overloud and corny.

"You're a fabulous audience," Alpert told his listeners at 10:48 p.m., just before the encore. Well, not necessarily; after all, when you're a superstar and have been off the scene for seven years, anything less than a standing ovation would have been something of a surprise.

10/20

A CHANGE OF PACE FOR KATHY GRIGGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

You have to hand it to someone like Kathy Griggs. There she is, a singer with no bandstand, squeezed into a small space behind pianist Karen Hernandez, trying to contend with what is arguably the noisiest audience in town, at the Money Tree in Toluca Lake.

Drawing herself up to her full 5-foot-11, Griggs rises above it all and sings as if everybody were paying attention. Possibly 30% of the crowd actually came in to hear her; the other 70% is there to make life difficult for the 30%.

The mere opportunity to work indoors is something of a novelty for this beautiful and modishly gowned singer. Since 1976 she has been a regular member of the Teddy Buckner Band in an open-air venue at Disneyland.

The Money Tree job marks a change of pace also in that her accompaniment is provided by a modern jazz trio instead of by a traditional New Orleans band. This enabled her to tackle a series of standard songs for which pianist Hernandez, bassist Eugene (Senator) Wright and drummer Jimmie Smith offered appropriate support.

Griggs, though no pace-setting stylistic originator, invests most of her songs with a genuine jazz flavor that works well for her in "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You," and particularly in her closing "Steamroller Blues."

The Hernandez Trio played a spirited opening set. Any listening experience with this funkily swinging pianist is a true serendipity trip: She comes up with "Yellow Days," "Since I Fell for You" and other unlikely items. Tuesdays, by the way, there is no singer and the trio gets to play the evening on its own. Griggs returns tonight for another four-day engagement.

Early arrival and a seat at or near the piano bar will assure you of a chance to hear what's going on.

DAVID BENOIT GROUP PERFORMS AT DONTE'S

David Benoit, who is making a series of appearances at Donte's, has been earning a modicum of airplay recently on the strength of his new album, "Stages."

The record is a rather elaborate and commercialized venture with the leader playing various keyboards, aided by horns, strings, guest singers and whatever else it takes to garner sales. The more modest unit at the club has Benoit playing piano and Fender Rhodes, with just guitar, bass and drums.

On one number, "Hermosa Skyline," alto saxophonist Ron Brown was added to re-create the solo he played on the album. He is a notch above Ray Beckenstein, but his presence temporarily lent the group a slick character somewhat reminiscent of Spyro Gyra.

The balance of the set consisted of one pop standard (Cole Porter's "I Love You"), several fusion pieces, his Brazilian-flavored "Some Other Sunset," for which Jim Fox switched from electric to acoustic guitar, and his most attractive composition, the lyrical and sensitive "I Remember Bill Evans." Although Benoit announced that this would feature guitarist Fox, the latter merely noodled in the background.

The rhythm section, propelled by Tony Morales on drums and Bob Feldman on Fender bass, is well equipped to deal with the occasional transitions into straight-ahead jazz. The group's versatility was best illustrated when, midway through the closing "Can You Imagine?" the quartet shifted gears from fusion to 4/4.

Benoit, for the most part invests his tunes and arrangements with enough originality to mark him as one of the most promising figures in that gray area between jazz and rock. He'll be back tonight at Donte's.

—LEONARD FEATHER

AMERICAN NEWS from Leonard Feather

Gene Roland, the versatile and prolific composer-arranger who worked for many of the best big bands as player or writer, died August 11 in New York City of cancer of the liver. He was 60.

It was Roland who originated the 'Four Brothers' sax sound in the mid-'40s before Woody Herman's band popularised it. Born in Dallas, Texas, Roland studied at North Texas State Teachers' College, where he roomed with Jimmy Giuffre. He and Giuffre later led an Air Force band.

Roland joined Stan Kenton in 1944 and maintained an off-and-on relationship with him for many years, originally on trumpet, and in 1960 on mellophonium and soprano sax. He wrote the entire ADVENTURES IN BLUES album for Kenton.

Roland freelanced as an arranger with Lionel Hampton, Charlie Barnet, Claude Thornhill, Count Basie and Harry James. Between 1956 and '58, playing with Woody Herman, he wrote 65 charts for the band. In the mid-'70s Roland led his own 21-piece band in New York.

● **Earl Hines**, back after six months' retirement, is leading a new group, without his longtime vocalist Marva Josie. The singer now is **John 'Buddy' Connor**. Others in the combo are **Hadley Caliman** (formerly with Freddie Hubbard) on reeds, **Calvy Keys** (guitar), **Eddie Moore** (drums) and **Rafael Grinage** (cello/bass).

● **Paquito d'Rivera**, the multi-reed player and flutist who defected from Cuba after playing with the Havana-based Irakere band, has been touring the US with his own combo.

● Contrary to previous reports, **Toshiko** and **Lew Tabackin** will not break up their West Coast orchestra when they move to New York. They have several West Coast college dates booked in October, and after taking up residence in Manhattan they will continue to reunite with their California sidemen at least until early '83. Meanwhile Toshiko is planning another album with the big band, and recently made an appearance at Donte's with her trio (**Joey Baron**, drums; **Tony Dumas**, bass). While at Donte's she was filmed in the club for a documentary movie that is being made by independent producer **Renee Cho**.

● **Ronald Shannon Jackson and the Decoding Company** have been signed to Antilles Records. The funk jazz/free punk group will have its first album for the label ready for release in a few weeks.

● A four-hour series of jazz shows, very unusual for American TV, was screened by the Los Angeles educational station KCET September 4. It included a one-hour show featuring **Freddie Hubbard** in a recording session; a rerun of an **Ella Fitzgerald** show taped in 1980; a 30-minute program starring bassist **Bob Magnusson's Road Word Ahead**, with **Bill Mays** (piano), **Peter Sprague** (guitar) and **Jim Plank** (drums); and a one-hour program taped with **Lionel Hampton** and an all-star personnel at the Kennedy Center in Washington.

● **Peggy Lee** will make her Broadway stage debut next spring in an autobiographical musical called *Peg*. She wrote the book and lyrics for the 23 songs in the musical that will encompass her childhood, singing career and marriage to the late guitarist Dave Barbour. The music is by **Paul Horner**, who has written mostly for English revues and TV shows.

DANEL—ELEGANCE AND VOCAL CONTROL

10/21

By LEONARD FEATHER

The cabaret singer is a species not easily defined. Most are female; many are elegantly gowned. Often they sing about romantic places—Paris, Rio, Hong Kong—many of which they have in fact visited. They tend to be at least bi- if not trilingual. Vocally, they may remind you of anyone from Edith Piaf to Mabel Mercer to Eartha Kitt.

All these characteristics apply to Adrienne Danel, a statuesque and exotic woman whose fact sheet assures you that she changes gowns for each show, three times a night, six nights a week. Danel recently moved into the lounge of the former Senor Pico's in Century City, now known as The Princess (after the cruise line that bought it).

Danel, a second-generation singer (her father is Billy Daniels), has the strong and dramatic sound often found in this genre. Not surprisingly, she sings the theme from "Love Boat," but apart from this aberration, she stays mainly with the New York East Side staples, switching to virtually accent-free French for "La Vie en Rose." She is accompanied by John Rodby at the piano.

Her set, only half an hour long, could have used more ballads along the lines of "Indian Summer," to which she brought a welcome warmth. In "Could I Leave You," she displayed her ability to deal with an ingenious lyric matched to a well-conceived melody.

Danel's theatrical flair leaves no doubt that she has had acting experience (her TV credits include "Battlestar Galactica"). In this intimate room she seems almost larger than life, but her elegance and vocal control are a pertinent and appealing blend. The management evidently agrees, since she was booked in for a six-month stay, of which only four weeks have elapsed.

To see all 18 gowns, one has only to show up Tuesday through Saturday for the 9:30, 10:30 and 11:30 p.m. performances.

CHICK COREA: FOREVER THE CHAMELEON 10/25

By LEONARD FEATHER

The venue selected for Chick Corea's concert Friday evening was scarcely less a conversation piece than the event itself. The Beverly Theater, on Wilshire Boulevard at Canon Drive, is a 50-year-old former movie house (originally the Warner-Beverly). The art-deco style and comfortable seats, with a full bar in place of the candy counter, added up to an agreeable ambiance. All 1,450 seats were occupied for the two shows.

Corea continues to enjoy such a chameleonic life that the question often arises: Which Chick Corea are we about to hear? On this occasion the be-bopper of the Griffith Park Collection albums was absent, as was the jazz composer whose "Three Quartets" in early 1981 brought us his most creative album in recent years. Instead, we had a Latinesque group, with the leader playing mainly electric keyboard and synthesizers, and Paco De Lucia on acoustic flamenco guitar.

GEORGE ROSE / Los Angeles Times

Chick Corea stressed synthesizers and Latin sounds at his concert Friday night at the Beverly Theater.

De Lucia's formidable technique and passionate sense of drama found him on his own (and at his best) for the opening number; teamed with Fender bassist Carlos Benavent for the second, then joined by the full quintet, with Steve Kujala on reeds.

A certain sameness pervaded these first three pieces, all in a minor mode. Not until 40 minutes into the concert, during De Lucia's own "Chiquito," was a more cheerful mood established.

Corea then dismissed the band, turned to the piano, and played several prepared short originals, mostly from his "Children's Song" series. The high point of this set was an ad-lib interlude, for which he was joined by Kujala on flute. Their leap-frog runs and flurries and twists and turns provided the kind of stimulating interplay that was not often apparent before or after.

The group returned, but without De Lucia, whose absence made for a less cluttered ensemble sound. Corea's "Quintet No. 3" was one of the most diversified and inventive compositions, with the synthesizer delivering horror-movie sounds and sundry other unpredictable effects.

De Lucia was onstage again for "Touchstone," the title number of the recent Corea album. This striking piece, part of which used a tango beat, involved some of the evening's most attractive textural blends.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge the

Please see CHICK COREA, Page 6

CHICK COREA

Continued from First Page

concert on a comparative basis with the "Touchstone" album, but those of us who have heard it could hardly be unconscious of the conspicuous absences. Gayle Moran, who contributed voice tracks to the title tune, was not present; neither were the altosaxophone (Lee Konitz), violin and cello that added colorful dimensions to "Duende."

Leaving the hall, one observer commented: "Chick Corea is too eclectic for his own good." This implicitly robs Corea of the right to change his instrumentation, or direction, whenever he sees fit. That obviously is his prerogative, just as it is ours to determine which Chick Corea we prefer to hear. Personally, I'll take the "Three Quartets" route.

McFERRIN'S 'VOCALISTIC' FIREWORKS

By LEONARD FEATHER

It seemed that everything possible had been accomplished in the world of jazz singing: ballads, scat, bop, vocalese, the works. Then Bobby McFerrin came along.

A trained musician, McFerrin (who closed Sunday at Concerts by the Sea) takes chances nobody else has even dared to think about. He has compared his romance with the vocal art to the thrill of hang gliding —"You've got faith in this big kite in back of you. For me, it's the same way with singing."

There ought to be a new word for what McFerrin does with his voice. Let's call it vocalistics. At one point or another he resorted to imitations of various unidentifiable instruments, scatting, humming, chirping, rumbling like the roar of the ocean, double-talking and chicken squawking. He sang everything from Chick Corea's "Spain" to Eddie Harris' "Freedom Jazz Dance."

Once or twice, as in "Summertime" and "Moondance," he used orthodox lyrics, but it never lasted long. In fact, during one song his sound and style were so compelling that when he threw out the words and resumed his vocalistic, the mood was slightly cracked, though not broken.

McFerrin is a kinetically visual performer whose animated manner makes him even more effective in person than on his recent album. For 20 minutes he disposed of his "big kite" (consisting of Smith Dobson, piano; Jeff Carney, bass, and Bobby Rosenstein, drums) and work a cappella. Drawing the audience into his act, he divided the crowd into three segments and had them singing triads.

Entertainment too often is the archenemy of pure artistry, but McFerrin has found the perfect balance. He is without question the most successfully adventurous new singer on the contemporary jazz scene.

Opening for him was Brad Sanders, a young comedian who dealt perceptively with TV game shows, transsexuals, black English, country & Western music and a few other topics.

48

JAZZ 10/24

NEWTON, CARTER: 'NEW MUSIC' SWING

By LEONARD FEATHER

James Newton and John Carter have several common claims. Both can point to recent victories in the music polls: Newton was voted the No. 1 jazz flutist in a Down Beat tally of jazz critics, and Carter in the same poll for the last two years was chosen as the clarinetist most deserving of wider recognition.

Perhaps more significantly, both Newton and Carter, for all their academic, instrumental and compositional credits, are all but unknown to the general public. Will any reader who owns an album by either of them please raise his right hand? Ah, just as I suspected.

The reason is simple: They are both apostles of the so-called "new music," much of which leans toward the avant-garde, none of which is likely to be heard even on the jazz radio stations. Classically trained, they are equipped to handle any commercial assignment but prefer to stay with the more demanding, experimental forms they believe in.

The two men, who both live in Southern California, will be heard Nov. 7 at the Beverly Theater in Los Angeles' Kool Jazz Festival in a quintet led by Carter.

"It doesn't appeal to me to spend time in the studios, playing music I don't care for," says the Los Angeles-born Newton. "I find it much more healthy to develop a strong personal identity on the flute, and as a composer. I do all kinds of music, from mainstream traditional albums to chamber groups, sometimes with a strong classical influence."

Carter says: "When I came to Los Angeles in 1960, I had aspirations for getting into a studio situation. I was playing saxes, flute and oboe as well as clarinet, and I had spent 10 years teaching a high school band back home in Fort Worth, Tex. But I soon saw that this was not the kind of situation that would be right for me, so I resumed teaching. I spent 20 years in the Los Angeles school system as a music teacher and just quit recently to concentrate on performing, producing records or whatever else I feel like doing."

Carter, who graduated from high school at 15, from college at 19, still feels the urge to teach but plans now to start his own private Wind College, in partnership with Newton, the saxophonist Charles Owens, the tuba and bass virtuoso Red Callender and the trumpeter Bobby Bradford, who has been playing with Carter off and on since 1964 and will be featured at the coming concert.

JUDY GRAEME

John Carter, left, and James Newton, apostles of "new music," will be at the Kool Jazz Festival Nov. 7.

The decision to tough it out in Los Angeles, never a city hospitable to artistic innovations (Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker were greeted with outright hostility when they brought the bebop revolution here in the 1940s), is facilitated by the support both men have gained overseas.

"Although I live here," Newton says, "I only spend 20% of my time here, 40% on the East Coast and 40% in Europe. John and I went to Europe in 1978 and were amazed to find out how much acceptance there was for modern music. Within a year my picture was on the cover of both the French jazz magazines. I have yet to be on the cover of any American publication. It's tough to come back home and see how bad conditions are."

"I go to Europe four or five times a year," Carter says. "It's been a tremendous help to me."

"The positive things over there," Newton added, "have begun to carry over into the United States, so I now find more opportunities at home—which makes me happy, because I really prefer to work in the States."

Carter, 53, and Newton, 28, have a father-and-son, or more accurately guru-and-student relationship. Over the years, Newton says, he has derived immense benefit from their friendship and collaboration: "John has helped me conceptually and has steered me toward a fuller understanding of the traditions of our music. You have to get that kind of knowledge from a master, and John Carter has been helping me ever since 1974, when he first invited me to be a guest soloist with his group."

Both men originally were multi-instrumentalists. Newton was fascinated by the flute when he heard it played by a woman soloist during the incidental music for the play, "Death of a Salesman." He promptly laid aside his saxophones and bass clarinet, developing into one of the most formidable and versatile flute virtuosos.

Many of his compositions have been recorded, invariably for small, independent companies whose products are hard to find. Carter similarly is represented on such labels as Black Saint, Moers Music, Indian Navigation and most recently his own company, Ibedon.

Though both men are composers of unquestionable skill and originality, they have had to turn to Europe for commissions. "However," Newton says, "certain healthy things are happening. The Carnegie Hall board of directors recently decided to start a series of jazz chamber music concerts, and they called to ask me to be the first artist to do something. I was quite surprised and felt this to be a real honor. Perhaps it will spread to Los Angeles and other cities."

Newton has never heard a word, he says, from the New American Orchestra, the 84-piece Los Angeles-based ensemble whose stated aim is to offer opportunities to just such young, unheard composers and instrumentalists. "They probably don't know who I am," says the award-winning flutist, smiling faintly. "There might be a good chance they're not even interested in who I am.

"There are a lot of black composers, here and all around the country, whose works are really crying out to be heard. It goes back to that stigma that affects us: It is so much easier for a lot of people to view a black person as an entertainer rather than as an artist. I simply do not think of myself as an entertainer and am not interested in compromising myself to please a mass audience. If we all concentrated on turning into entertainers, the music would soon become paralyzed."

Despite such reservations, both Newton and Carter find a good omen in the Kool concert and in the almost exclusively avant-garde festival of which it will be a part. Never before has a major promoter in a big urban center (George Wein is presenting the events in association with the Los Angeles Philharmonic) put his big promotional guns to work on behalf of artists generally deemed too inaccessible to reach a wide audience.

"I'm very optimistic," Carter says. "I have to be, because it's my country, and I want to believe the public's coming around gradually to the realization that this is the music of our country. Of course, this awareness has to be spread throughout the educational system. The teachers themselves have to be taught that jazz, in all its forms, is our national music, rather than Western European music."

Newton agrees. "The irony of it is that jazz is America's gift to the world, and this is realized every place on earth except America. It has helped to shape the music of this century, from classical composers such as Ravel and Milhaud to pop music in India.

"I think it was Edgar Varese who said that an artist is never ahead of his time, but it takes awhile for the audience to catch up with what he is doing. It seems to me that is finally beginning to happen." □

FATHER-DAUGHTER TEAM AT JAZZ CLUB

By LEONARD FEATHER

After almost two years on the road as Ella Fitzgerald's pianist, Jimmy Rowles recently discovered another compatible female partner. To find her he did not have to look beyond his own living room: She is Stacy Rowles, his 27-year-old trumpet-playing daughter.

Recently they played a series of dates in the Silver Screen Jazz Club, a comfortable retreat in the Hyatt Hotel on Sunset Boulevard. Adjusting herself to the room's ambiance, the junior Rowles muted her horn during the two sets caught, opening up only when she switched to the mellower tones of the fluegelhorn.

She is a soloist of rare adaptability, whose familiarity with such graceful sounds as "I Fall in Love Too Easily" and "Old Folks" can be credited to parental influence. Her rhythmic ease and melodic warmth, however, are due to a talent she has honed through years of study and careful listening to all the right people.

Jimmy Rowles works under a dual handicap: The piano at the Hyatt was unworthy of him, and there was no bass player. Still, soloing on tunes by Lee Morgan, Wayne Shorter and Duke Ellington, and particularly on a Sweets Edison blues, he displayed the harmonically rich and personal style that established his reputation during the Big Band days.

The Rowleses, aided by a bassist, will be at the Money Tree in Toluca Lake for the next three Sundays and Mondays.

JAZZ

10/81

PIANOCORDER: A HIGH-TECH TONIC

By LEONARD FEATHER

The other day, at the Superscope Studio in Chatsworth, something astonishing happened.

I heard Oscar Peterson, in a mood of total inspiration, playing "Body and Soul" and a dozen other standard songs. Every dynamic nuance was typical of him; on "Indiana" his technical flourishes were awesome. Yet Peterson was not there; neither was he on a phonograph record or conventional cassette player. Moreover, the sound of his piano was totally unadulterated by any vestige of surface noise.

A little later I underwent an experience that was positively eerie. This time it was George Shearing, also not present, playing "September in the Rain" with three hands, even though personal inspection long ago made me fully aware that he has the normal complement.

Best of all, I could watch the magisterial keyboard artistry of these two men, follow with eyes and ears their near-perpetual motion as the chords and cadenzas flew by.

This was my introduction to the Pianocorder, a marvel of the computer age that makes the old-fashioned player piano seem like just what it was—a limited, mechanical-sounding contraption that could never quite reproduce contrasts between soft and loud, weak and strong, crescendo and diminuendo.

James Turner, who produced the two sessions (some 45 minutes with each pianist), explained the system: "When it's played back through the Pianocorder, the

Joseph Tushinsky, left, and pianist George Shearing at Pianocorder, a computer-age creation.

solos are re-created on the piano exactly as they were performed."

Indeed they were. Watching the keys jump up and down as Peterson or Shearing took charge, I realized that for the first time I was hearing the actual sound of a piano genius reproduced on a large-as-life scale. The system, in fact, can even move a step or two upward, to larger than life, as Shearing demonstrated by overdubbing the bass-line additional left hand, or as Turner illustrated by playing the Peterson version of "Indiana" at a speed 15% faster, without altering the pitch. The result of this latter ploy could make Peterson, listening to his own solo revved up to a speed-of-sound tempo, become frustratedly jealous of himself. There is also a 15% slowdown potential, enabling the student to watch just how his keyboard idols execute those incredible improvisations.

The creation of the Pianocorder is an apocalyptically new chapter in a story that goes back to the turn of the century. Its direct ancestor was a device invented by one Edwin Welte, who in 1903 marketed something called the Vorsetzer (literally, in-front-sitter). Using electrical impulses to measure the strength with which each key was hit, it was placed in front of the keyboard, producing sounds that were a marked improvement on the late 19th-Century piano rolls. But the Vorsetzer never took over from the old-fashioned "Pianola" with its foot-pumping pneumatics and air pressure system.

By the early 1920s the phonograph record had begun to displace the piano roll, and with the phenomenal upsurge of radio as additional home entertainment, the reproducing-piano industry was all but defunct by the 1930s, remaining only in the homes of antiquarian collectors.

Then came Joseph S. Tushinsky. Some 25 years ago, after coming across some old piano roll catalogues, he determined to find one of the long-forgotten Vorsetzers. Many months of searching, even a trip to the former home of the Welte factory in Germany, unearthed nothing. At the last minute, as he was about to leave for home, his patience paid off: In the attic of a house in Berlin, an old man, a plumber, had a broken-down model. Tushinsky bought it on the spot for $300, took it home, had it completely restored, and over the years amassed a collection of more than 18,000 piano rolls.

Now 72, Tushinsky is president of the Superscope company that produces both the Pianocorder and the Marantz pianos that incorporate it. A former trumpeter, he once played in the NBC Symphony under Arturo Toscanini, later became producer and conductor for the Carnegie Hall Light Opera, then a producer of Hollywood musicals. He made a fortune in the 1950s by acquiring the U.S. distribution rights for Sony, which he retained for 25 years.

While collecting his player piano library, he began to wonder: Why not a digital tape recording system instead of those clumsy perforated paper rolls? Experiments along those lines, he found out in the early 1970s, were under way, and Tushinsky's firm soon became involved in them. Superscope's engineers developed a method for incorporating expression capabilities far beyond the limits of the old player piano. With additional research, a way was found of recording a new live performance and playing it back instantly.

How is it done? The piano pedals and keyboard are connected, with the help of specially designed switches, to a computerized "logic circuit board" (rest easy, this is about as technical as the explanation will get). Taking this input, the logic board converts it to digital signals that are recorded on magnetic tape in a standard cassette. (The Peterson and the Shearing collections look like your regular tape-recorder cassettes.)

When the cassette is played, the signals are decoded by the logic board; the pedals and keys are set in action through electronic relays, and the variety of the signals makes all those incredible variations possible—the loud, the soft, the legato, staccato, etc.

The Pianocorder has been on the market since 1978, in three different forms. The Marantz piano has the whole works built in; it's yours for a mere $4,000. Second, you can have the gadget installed in your own piano, at a cost of $2,500 to $3,000. Third, priced at $1,200, there is the Marantz Pianocorder Vorsetzer Reproducer, which requires no permanent installation; in a matter of minutes you can attach it to any piano, but the catch is that those magical invisible fingers, and the keys themselves, are covered by the Vorsetzer, thereby eliminating the fun (and education) of watching.

Because a vast accumulation of old piano rolls has been transferred to the new system, a great variety of material is available. Ragtime and jazz artists were recording for player pianos before they made the first phonograph records. Ragtime, in fact, was closely identified with the "pianola" around 1900. Scott Joplin (playing his "Maple Leaf Rag"), Jelly Roll Morton, Eubie Blake and J. Lawrence Cook (who at one time simulated for piano rolls the solos of even the inimitable Art Tatum) are in the Marantz/Pianocorder listings.

James P. Johnson was another pioneer in this field: among others, his "Caprice Rag" was committed to perforated paper in 1917. It is now in the catalogue on a cassette that also includes solos by Lucky Roberts, Clarence Williams and Fats Waller. There are many other items by Waller and several by Earl (Fatha) Hines, whose famous QRS piano rolls in the 1920s were later transferred to LP recordings.

These cassettes taken from early rolls do not, of course, have the dynamic response of the new works. To date only six cassettes have been specially recorded to take full advantage of the computerized system. They are by Peterson, Shearing, Steve Allen, Liberace, Roger Williams and Peter Nero. Jim Turner plans to record some of the great classical artists of our time, as well as additional jazz and pop stars.

Pianocorders have been installed in a few bars and restaurants in Los Angeles, New York, the Midwest, and at a couple of restaurants in Europe. There is even a singalong gadget that can show lyrics on a long horizontal screen above the piano.

It doesn't seem probable that this luxury product will soon become an indispensable addition to home music libraries; but let us bear in mind that the first television sets were marketed at prohibitively high prices. Today may be to the Pianocorder what 1947 was for TV. Meanwhile, if we are fortunate and Jim Turner is diligent in his talent hunt, we may find that the potential presence at our keyboard of, say, Keith Jarrett, Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Teddy Wilson, McCoy Tyner, JoAnne Brackeen and others of their caliber will become powerful sales inducements.

Oscar Peterson hit the right key when, after completing his session at the Superscope Studio, he exclaimed, in a mixture of incredulity and regret, "My God, if only Art Tatum had had a chance at this!" □

AMERICAN NEWS

from Leonard Feather

Oscar Peterson will soon be heard 'live' on the Pianocorder reproducing system, an electronic player-piano that captures an artist's performance as it was originally played and recreates it via digital tape cassettes. Peterson recorded a 45-minute cassette entitled BODY AND SOUL for the company's Contemporary Artists series.

● **Art Pepper** will be the subject of a posthumous release when one of his last recorded performances will be issued on RealTime Records. Drummer John Dentz produced the session in Hollywood last March 23. Others on the date were Joe Farrell (tenor), George Cables (piano) and Tony Dumas (bass).

● **Ronald Shannon Jackson and The Decoding Society**, known in jazz and new rock circles as disciples of Ornette Coleman's 'harmolodic' system, are featured on a new album, MAN DANCE, on Antilles. The group consists of Henry Scott, a new member (trumpet), Vernon Reid (guitars, banjo), two electric bassists, Melvin Gibbs and Reverend Bruce Johnson, and on reeds Zane Massey, whose father, the late Cal Massey, had several compositions recorded by Charlie Parker and John Coltrane.

● British-born pianists **George Shearing** and **Marian McPartland** will make a rare joint appearance, along with Polish pianist **Adam Makowitz**, playing together on three grand pianos at the third annual 'Mayport And All That Jazz' festival, to be held at Metropolitan Park in Jacksonville, Florida.

The Mayport event will comprise 13 hours of non-stop jazz with **Dizzy Gillespie, Della Reese, Maynard Ferguson, the Billy Taylor Trio** and the **New Orleans Excelsior Brass Band.**

Also to be heard at the festival will be the former Count Basie drummer **Duffy Jackson**, now living in Miami, and leading his own group **Illuminations.**

● Four famous American reedmen — **Benny Carter, Jerome Richardson, Ray Pizzi** and **Plas Johnson** — joined forces with an all-star group of Swedish musicians for a Los Angeles record session produced by a Swedish company. The Swedes, who were all in town prior to their appearance at the Monterey Jazz Festival, were Arne Domnerus (alto), Jan Allan (trumpet), Putte Wickman (clarinet), Bengt Hallberg (piano), Rune Gustafson (guitar), Magnas Person (drums) and George Riedel (bass).

● **Ron Carter** and guitarist **Jim Hall** are teaming their talents for a two-week period at the Village West in New York in late October and early November — their first appearance together since the early '70s. At the same club, veteran swing pianist **Teddy Wilson** has recently been playing (mid-October) with his son **Theodore Jr** on bass, and **Helen Merrill** has been booked to play a week in December backed by **Torrie Zito** (piano) and **Rufus Reid** (bass).

Ron Carter

● **Joe Bushkin**, the former name band pianist who has been in semi-retirement for many years, has been making a rare New York appearance at the Cafe Carlyle during most of October, playing piano, trumpet and flugelhorn. With him are **Phil Flanagan** (bass), **Jake Hanna** (drums) and **Howard Alden** (guitar).

● **Max Geldray**, who claims to have been the first jazz harmonica player, recorded a session in Hollywood with two guitarists, **John Pisano** and **Barry Zweig**, and bassist **Jim Hughart**. The group was patterned along the lines of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, with whom Geldray played in the '30s.

● **The New American Orchestra**, the 84-piece ensemble directed by **Jack Elliott** in Los Angeles, opens its season with a November 13 concert at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, for which the guest artists will be **Chuck Findley, Stan Freeman, Endre Granat, Shelly Manne** and **Bill Perkins.** Compositions to be played include works by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, Les Hooper, Eddie Karam, Roger Kellaway, Mike Patterson and David Raksin. Also set for concerts are **Bob James** and **Grover Washington Jr** in a tribute to Dr Martin Luther King Jr on January 15; **Milcho Leviev** (with **Free Flight**) and **Dr L Subramaniam** introducing their own compositions, March 14; and an April 2 concert for which **Ray Brown, The Modern Jazz Quartet, Tom Scott** and **Joe Sample** will be heard. Newly commissioned compositions by Sample, **John Lewis**, Scott and **Michael Gibbs** will be presented.

● **Philly Joe Jones**'s group, known as **Dameronia**, dedicated to the music of the late **Tadd Dameron**, will play a concert November 12 at the State University of New Jersey. Featured in the group will be **Johnny Coles** (trumpet/flugelhorn), **Frank Wess** (alto/tenor/flute), **Charles Davis** (tenor/flute), **Cecil Payne** (bass), **Britt Woodman** (trombone), **Walter Davis Jr** (piano), **Larry Ridley** (bass), Jones himself on drums, and **Don Sickler** (trumpet), who is also musical director.

● Bassists **Red Mitchell** and **Herb Mickman** (with Mitchell doubling on piano) teamed up for an appearance at Pasquale's, the seaside club in Malibu, California. The **Harold Land Quintet** with **Oscar Brashear**, which is enjoying success with its current album XOCIA'S DANCE, has also been set to play two weekends at the same club.

● The latest father-and-son team is that of bassist **Bob Magnusson** and his father **Daniel Magnusson**, clarinetist with the San Diego Symphony. They recorded an album for Discovery with **Bill Mays** (piano), **Peter Sprague** (guitar) and **Jim Plank** (drums). Bob Magnusson and Plank also recorded for Discovery, along with pianist **Bob Florence**, for an album featuring the jazz-oriented pop singer **Sue Raney.**

Also on Discovery is **Spike Robinson**, a new tenor sax star from Colorado, who taped an LP with **Ray Brown, Victor Feldman** and **John Guerin.**

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1015

NEWPORT JAZZ STARS AT AMBASSADOR

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the 1940s they called it swing music; today it's known as mainstream jazz. By any name, it rarely takes up a full evening in a concert hall these days, particularly in its small combo form. Tuesday at the Ambassador in Pasadena, the Newport Jazz Festival All Stars showed that the genre is still alive, though perhaps not kicking with the zest of yore.

It is a music that ignores generation gaps: In this sextet were Scott Hamilton, 28, tenor sax; Oliver Jackson, 48, drums; and Slam Stewart, 68, bass. The others are in their 50s: Ruby Braff, cornet and musical director; Ed Hubble, trombone, and pianist George Wein, who was doing this kind of thing for a living in Boston before he became a festival producer.

Though he is the guiding force behind this group, organized last month for a cross-country tour, Wein kept a low profile, playing modestly agreeable piano with an occasional Earl Hines touch, and taking a couple of unpretentious vocals. He left almost all the announcing to Braff, who, as it turned out, was the savior of the program.

Today, with so many of the old masters gone or retired, Braff's ability to conjure up the spirit of Louis Armstrong is doubly welcome. His tone is crystal pure, his taste impeccable, his melodic sense variously evocative of Satchmo and Bobby Hackett. His duet with Wein on "In a Sentimental Mood" came early in the show, and nothing that followed, not even Hamilton's languorous "Star Dust," could top it.

Oliver Jackson opened the second half with a discreet, adroit solo before the horns joined him one at a time. Stewart went through a couple of comedy routines with his perennial voice-and-bass unison; this became a little tiresome the second time around, but his sound and time-keeping in the rhythm section were admirable.

Hubble, a trombonist more or less in the Jack Teagarden tradition, switched to baritone horn for "Ain't Misbehavin'." Like the evening as a whole, he satisfied without often inspiring. It was as if the musicians' tuxedos symbolized a certain formality; they seldom really let loose. But Braff alone made the trip worthwhile. He may well be the last of a vanishing breed.

58

DAVID NADIEN

ELENA BARERE

LAMAR ALSOP

BEVERLY LAURIDSEN

EDDIE GOMEZ

AL FOSTER

TERRY CLARKE

GLEN VELEZ

Produced by Eddie Daniels and Roger Kellaway
Assistant producer: Deborah Rothrock
Executive producers: Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen
Digitally recorded by Ed Rak at Clinton Studios, NYC on the Mitsubishi X-850 32-track Digital Recorder
Recorded December 16-19, 1987 and January 4, 1988
Assisted by Joe Martin
Additional recording by Josiah Gluck at Clinton Studios, NYC
Digitally mixed and edited by Josiah Gluck at The Review Room, NYC on the Sony PCM 1630 Digital Audio System
Assisted by Michael Landy
Direct Metal mastered by Ted Jensen at Sterling Sound, NYC on the Neve Digital Transfer Console
A & R: Jack Cortner

This album is dedicated to my teacher Joe Allard who opened my ears to sound

---

Very special thanks to Roger Kellaway who poured his heart into this music.

Thanks to Jack Cortner; Leonard Feather; Josiah Gluck; Dick Waller; Katherine Hoover; Chris Putnam; Duke DuBois; my clarinet friends—Everett Matson, Michael Kontaxes, Neil Smith of Boosey & Hawkes, and Bernard Portnoy; Harry Klane and Ed Krupski of Mitsubishi Pro Audio.

Thanks to Jorjana Kellaway.

Very special thanks to Deborah for her loving support and great ears.

Special thanks to Larry Rosen and Dave Grusin for letting us "go for the music!"

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GRP Records Creative Director: Andy Baltimore
GRP Records Production Coordinator: Suzanne Sherman
Eddie Daniels exclusively plays Buffet Prestige R-13 Clarinets and Vandoren Reeds.

ROGER KELLAWAY

THE DIGITAL MASTER COMPANY

grp DIGITAL MASTER GR-1050

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Eddie Daniels' swift rise to eminence among jazz clarinetists has been one of the most remarkable (and heartening) events of the late 1980's.

Thanks to the encouragement of Dave Grusin and Larry Rosen, and thanks to his resolute decision to concentrate on this horn, virtually forsaking all others, he has reminded the music world of the amazing potential inherent in the clarinet.

That Daniels is determined not to be lodged in any one limited area is obvious. An examination of his track record shows that he began this new stage of his career with an orchestral album, "Breakthrough" (GR-1024), following it with the intimate Charlie Parker tribute, "To Bird With Love" (GR-1034). The present venture is unlike either of its predecessors.

Roger Kellaway, who made a token appearance on the "Bird" set, playing on just one cut, now becomes Daniels' virtual partner, as co-organizer of the string quartet ensemble and as composer of all but one of the original works. "Memos from Paradise" (the title cut is a four part suite running just over 30 minutes) is an astonishing exercise in virtuosity (on the part of Daniels, Kellaway and their associates) and of brilliantly creative writing that constitutes yet another step forward in Kellaway's many-splendored career.

Daniels and Kellaway began their partnership by chance, when the promoter Jack Kleinsinger decided to present them as a duo in a concert at New York University in 1986.

"There was an immediate rapport," Daniels recalls. "We had the same intuition, the same feeling for music; we were like instant brothers."

Kellaway concurs: "It's most interesting to play with someone who is capable, as Eddie is, of starting a piece of improvisation with no fixed point of view, no particular note or harmonic idea in mind. There's a certain intimacy we can achieve—you'll hear it particularly when we stretch out in the cadenza on 'Flight of the Dove,' the last movement of 'Memos From Paradise'."

After that first encounter, the two men played a few other duo dates; then Daniels commissioned Kellaway to write "Memos From Paradise" for an engagement they played in 1987 at Fat Tuesday's in New York. The concept of expanding to a full album was the next logical move.

Kellaway has long been admired by his peers for a rare sensitivity as a composer/arranger for strings. In 1969 he began appearing and recording with his "Cello Quartet," consisting of a rhythm section and the great classical cellist Edgar Lustgarten. The group disbanded after Lustgarten's untimely death in 1979. During the 1970s Kellaway also wrote the arrangements for a "Supersax Plays Bird With Strings" album and was involved in several other ventures that displayed his skill in this area.

"It was important to find string players who could interpret and phrase the way we wanted," Daniels says. "David Nadien, who was concertmaster for the New York Philharmonic and is considered the premier violinist in New York, is a genius. We selected the other members of the quartet very carefully; then David would listen to me playing a lick, try to emulate it on the violin, and then show the rest of the quartet how to bow it so that it was jazz-oriented and never stiff."

The program opens with "Spectralight," of which Daniels observes: "My concept is that the opening cut on an album has to be high energy, so this tune fits the bill. It's short, it's concise, and it shows the string quartet in the kind of jazz context that's never been used effectively before."

Daniels is heard introducing the melody, mainly in downward-moving two bar phrases, brilliantly interwoven with the strings. Roger's solo, and a contrapuntal section, lead into a boppish passage reminiscent of Gillespie's "Hot House." Everything else played by Daniels here is improvised. As Eddie observed, Kellaway's motive in many of the written passages was to use the clarinet above the string section in the manner of a lead alto sax heading up a saxophone team.

"Dreaming," for which Kellaway switched from acoustic to electric keyboard, is the only Daniels original in the set; Kellaway wrote the arrangement for the strings. "I composed this a year or so ago," Eddie recalls, "and was waiting for the right opportunity to use it."

Eddie Gomez, the Puerto Rico-born bass giant, is superbly showcased. Note how sensitively Daniels ends the piece in the chalumeau register.

"Heartline," another Kellaway original, is introduced by shimmering strings moving into a fast waltz meter. "I doubled on alto flute here" says Eddie. "It sounds sort of like a French horn behind the clarinet."

"Love of My Life," one of Kellaway's most movingly tender ballad works, is played simply by clarinet, Fender Rhodes, bass and drums. "We were going to add strings to this," Daniels says, "but it sounded so pretty with just the rhythm section, and makes such a good change of pace, that we decided to leave it as it was."

"Homecoming" offers another vivid illustration of clarinet and strings bopping together in a high energy performance along the same lines as "Spectralight." David Nadien plays the line in a duet passage with the clarinet.

Kellaway's feelings about mysticism and spirituality were kindled by an experience in 1985 when he visited Israel with Dizzy Gillespie. "That was a major turning point for me, and I think you'll find that everything I write from now on will be related to my attitude toward mysticism and spiritual unity."

These feelings are clearly reflected in "Memos From Paradise." Whereas the previous tracks are to one degree or another jazz flavored, this four part work moves more often in the direction of chamber music. As Kellaway puts it, "Back in the '70's when I was on a tour with Joni Mitchell, I found out that a lot of disc jockeys around the country had my cello quartet albums, and I realized that quite a few people are interested in both jazz *and* classical music. The idea is still a hard sell, and I guess GRP is the only company we could have gone to with something like this large-form work."

The first movement, "Seventh Heaven," with its almost subliminal use of the strings in the opening passages, is, as its title implies, in 7/4 time. "After practicing enough," Daniels recalls, "I learned to play in seven so that it didn't feel strange; in fact, it has a natural flow when you get used to it." There are hints of the blues in Daniels' magnificent upper register work here.

"Capriccio Twilight" is the most jazz-directed movement, with inspired cooperation between Daniels and Gomez. "The movement made me feel particularly good," Eddie says, "because it has such a naturally happy feeling." Kellaway's straight-ahead jazz solo is another plus factor.

"Impressions From Ancient Dreams" begins with LaMar Alsop's viola; then Beverly Lauridsen's cello picks it up. "Roger's way of orchestrating it was to have one instrument flow into the next," Daniels says. Kellaway adds: "This movement comes out of a melodic style that is totally new to me, at least in this lifetime. I'd never written a melody like that. It uses an ancient Jewish scale or mode, one of the old prayer modes, which is an exciting new area for me."

"Flight of the Dove" employs elements from the previous movements, with effective use of Glen Velez's percussion. Daniels elucidates: "The cadenza toward the end is basically improvised, but instead of totally free improvisation we refer back to material that has been exposed earlier. It was very hard for me, in that part of 'Flight of the Dove,' going up those scale passages to the very high notes, and down again, and trying to make it all sound smooth."

Kellaway says: "Eddie can do anything! It's very exciting to be able to write for someone who has no limitations. And it sort of cracked me up, too, that when I was first studying how to write for strings, we were told there were certain things you couldn't do, because the strings would not interpret them right. Well, David Nadien is a real stickler for phrasing, and when I heard these musicians play it was just unbelievable."

He is right, of course, on both levels. Daniels has by now been accepted as a true phenomenon; the string section here performs work that called for talent, both in conception and execution, beyond all normal boundaries.

In inviting the listener to share in this aural experience, it seems appropriate (in the light of Kellaway's revelation) to quote from the Apocrypha, those ancient books that formed part of the sacred literature of the Alexandrian Jews:

"Unto you is paradise opened."

—Leonard Feather

11/7

JAZZ

BETTY O'HARA'S HORNS OF PLENTY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Another in a series of occasional articles on female instrumentalists in the Los Angeles area.

You don't find many musicians around nowadays who can play jazz on the double-bell euphonium. Even fewer are those who can also play trumpet, cornet, piccolo-trumpet, fluegelhorn, trombone, valve trombone, sing, compose and arrange. It may very well be, in fact, that Betty O'Hara has herself a monopoly.

Virtually self-taught on all those instruments, she started playing in high school in Earl Park, Ind. "I just borrowed a trumpet and figured out the basics. Later someone gave me a few lessons. After starting to improvise while playing square dances, I began trying to write arrangements.

"When I finished high school, I went on a USO tour with an all-girl band, playing trumpet and trombone, singing and writing some of the charts."

Living in Hartford, Conn., she met the veteran jazz trumpeter Dick Cary, in whose Los Angeles band she now plays, and whom she names as a major influence. "Also, a big part of my musical education was the five-year stretch playing second trumpet with the Hartford Symphony."

Moving to California in 1960, O'Hara (nee Betty Dit-tus) married Barrett O'Hara, who [illegible] "After that I didn't work much ur[illegible] got to be of school age, then I res[illegible] jobs."

O'Hara's unique adaptability was [illegible] when she tagged along on her hus[illegible] with Billy Vaughn's band. "One of t[illegible] go home, so I borrowed a valve tro[illegible] the tenor sax parts on it for nine [illegible] Okinawa. The next year, Barrett [illegible] with Vaughn, and this time I got to [illegible] of the band, playing trumpet." Th[illegible] lent their conjugal musical talent[illegible] Crosby, Abe Most and Dick Cary.

O'Hara has made her way bel[illegible] guarded studio scene, playing th[illegible]

Betty O'Hara

the ABC-TV series "The Greatest American Hero" and working on the movie "Private Benjamin."

In her jazz work she has been tagged as a traditionalist, playing the Sacramento Dixieland Jubilee and various old-time jazz clubs in the San Fernando Valley; however, she insists (and her work bears out the contention) that she is equally interested in more modern forms. "My original inspirations were Bobby Hackett on cornet, Clark Terry on fluegelhorn, Bob Brookmeyer and Rob McConnell — he's the leader of the Canadian Boss Brass orchestra—on valve trombones."

The most illustrious examples of her work have been heard since she began gigging in 1980 with Maiden Voyage, the all-female jazz orchestra, appearing at the Concord Jazz Festival, the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, and on the "Tonight" show, where the band played her own composition "Pretty Good for a Girl."

"That's a title I used because it's an expression I used to hear all the time years ago. People don't say it so much anymore—in fact, it's mostly good nowadays for a laugh."

Her experience as a woman has involved very few obstacles. "The only insult I can remember is the time when a contractor said he wouldn't hire me 'because a woman in the band makes it look bad.' Of course, every job you land becomes a sort of audition, but if you play capably, you do find acceptance."

Acceptance, yes; albums, no. With the exception of one brief appearance on a session a few years ago for a small company, this remarkable woman, a gifted soloist on every horn she plays, a singer of singular charm, and a promising arranger, has yet to be recognized by the recording industry. □

11/29 Los Angeles Times

CLUB DATE FROM EDWARDS, CANDOLI

By LEONARD FEATHER

The billing outside Carmelo's Friday evening read: "Teddy Edwards, Conte Candoli and Friends." The friends, it turned out, were Art Hillery, a pianist long familiar on the local scene; Billy Higgins, no less a permanent Southland presence, on drums; and a newer name, Gregory Cohen, on bass.

Edwards and Candoli have been playing club dates of this kind off and on for five or six years, with interruptions occasioned by Edwards' long sojourns in Europe. Candoli seldom travels, since he has been for 14 years a regular member of Doc Severinsen's "Tonight Show" orchestra.

Edwards' vibrant sound on tenor saxophone, blending well with Candoli's trumpet, offers unpretentious jazz of the straight-down-the-middle variety. The two men are products of an era that once was considered ultramodern and progressive, but has since become absorbed into the mainstream.

Over the years, however, both men have added touches that lend a slightly fresher character to their work. Edwards surprised here and there with a growl, twisting and turning his phrases unpredictably, and Candoli's lines seemed longer, more fully matured than in his early days.

The rhythm section was more than merely supportive; all three members contributed solos that attested to their creative control.

What the group needs is a real library, stocked with demanding material. The Edwards' originals played consisted only of first and last choruses. It would be a challenge to all hands if he could follow the lead of, say, Red Rodney and Ira Sullivan, who escaped from the conventions of yesteryear by creating a series of full-fledged, harmonically intriguing charts.

Although more can be attempted with a five-man ensemble than Edwards and Candoli are aiming for at present, what is already being done offers an energetic reminder of two perennial and indomitable talents.

[illegible] and fluegelhorn, and [illegible] percussion of Ray Armando, this unit is close to perfection in its genre. The results are reinforced by a well-balanced set of inspired and inspiring compositions: Land's own "To Lydia With Love" and "Dark Mood," the title song written by his son, Harold Land Jr.; Brashear's engaging "Daisy Forever" and Charles Tolliver's ballad "Ah, I See." This will be an album to keep in mind when Grammy voting time rolls around. Five stars.

□

"GARLAND." Dr. L. Subramaniam, featuring Svend Asmussen. Storyville SLP 4075. The title number provides an enlightening contrast between the styles of the Indian violinist and his Danish counterpart. The theme, in a seven-beat cycle, and the solos, strictly four-beat, also are intriguingly varied. Subramaniam displays his romantic side, with a gypsy flavor, in "Offering of Love," then jumps into his fusion bag for "That Dream." Asmussen's arrangement of a Swedish traditional theme is a little too folksy. Both soloists double on acoustic and electric violins. 3½ stars.

□

"TRIBUTE TO FROG." Jesper Thilo/Clark Terry. Storyville SLP 4072. Terry's trumpet is paired with a Swedish tenor-sax virtuoso whose roots are in the Swing Era (his ballad style evokes Ben Webster, whose nickname was Frog). The material is familiar ("Cotton Tail," "Body and Soul," etc.), and Terry again runs around the track with his mumbling scat singing, this time in tandem with Richard Boone. Fine Copenhagen-based rhythm section, with expatriate Kenny Drew at the piano. Three stars.

□

"SUMMER SERENADE." Benny Carter. Storyville SLP 4047. The above-mentioned Boone and Drew reappear, with Ed Thigpen on drums and a Danish bassist, in a casual session framing Carter's perennially elegant alto in seven standards, four of them his own. "Blue Star" is one of his most exquisite melodies; "All That Jazz," with vapid Al Stillman lyrics sung by Boone, is one of his lesser efforts. "Like Someone in Love" is wrongly labeled as "Almost Like Being in Love." For Carter, any time, four stars.

□

"OVERTONES." Al Cohn. Concord Jazz CJ-194. Painting his tenor sax lines in bold strokes, Cohn is in admirable form and in splendid company. The surprise is his son, Joe Cohn, a splendid guitarist who also functions, at times, virtually as a second horn. The well-diversified program includes four Cohn originals and one by Hank Jones, pianist on this date. With George Duvivier's bass and the drummer Akira Tana rounding out a cooking rhythm team, this is a vital, engaging set of performances. Four stars.

The Marxmanship of Albert

by LEONARD FEATHER

Albert Marx differs from John Hammond and Norman Granz in one respect: he is less well known. Like both men, though, he has shown extraordinary insight and foresight in the discovery and recording of major musical talents. Like both, he has strongly liberal political and racial views. Like Hammond, he was born into great wealth, but chose to rebel and make his own career as a producer.

Marx has the longest track record of the three. Hammond made his first session in 1932; Granz began recording his JATP concerts in 1944. Marx began his career in 1929, when he joined the American Recording Corp., producers of Brunswick, Perfect and other labels.

"My parents were very supportive," says Marx, as we sat reminiscing in his handsome 52 year old Los Angeles home. "My father would have liked me to go into his company—he had one of the biggest textile firms in the country—but when I said I wanted to skip college and go directly into the record business, I had his blessing."

Born in 1911, Marx began collecting records at 12. "My mother sent me to Carnegie Hall on Saturdays to hear Walter Damrosch. I was a freak for Debussy, Ravel, Delius, Bartok, and bought records of all their music. It was 'Black and Tan Fantasy' that turned me on to Duke Ellington. I became a follower of Duke, Louis, Bix and all of jazz. Soon after Duke opened at the Cotton Club, my father let me go there as a birthday present."

Living on a big estate with his family in New Rochelle, Marx graduated from high school and began seeking out a record company that would hire him. "I was turned down by Victor, but I kept walking and walking. I reached 1776 Broadway, headquarters of the American Recording Corp. A man named Harry Gray hired me and said I had to learn every part of the record business. He sent me to Scranton, Pa., where I got up at 4 a.m. daily to work in a pressing plant. After three months, he said, 'Okay, now we're going to let you sell records to the stores.' They gave me the worst possible territories, but it was all valuable experience. Gray finally said, 'Now you're ready to learn about the recording studio.' "

Marx promptly found that he had an ear for talent. "A guy named Leo Reisman had a society band at the Central Park Casino, where I liked to take my girl friends to dance. The band did nothing for me, but the pianist was impressive. I told him to put a little band of his own together, rehearse it and audition for us.

"He did, and his name was Eddy Duchin. Harry let me pick the material; my first choices were 'Stormy Weather' and on the back side 'Night and Day.' Instant hit!

"Soon someone called me from Ithaca, N.Y. about a pianist he wanted to bring in to make a test. In those days there was no union rule to stop you, so we brought him in, and I couldn't believe what I heard. I told the engineer to heat up a couple of waxes. Harry Smith, the engineer, said, 'This is the greatest thing I've ever heard! The guy that had brough him in said, 'Look, if you put this out, will you pay him something?' I asked what he thought would be fair and he suggested $10 a tune. And that's how Art Tatum got to make his first solo session.

"Later this same guy called and said 'I have something else for you—a big band.' He came in and recorded this band, but Harry Gray told me, 'This time you've gone too far. I'll pass.' So they took the band down to Victor, and Victor recorded them. It was Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra."

After four years at ARC (1929-33), Marx worked at the Rockwell-O'Keefe agency as a talent scout. A great Ray Noble fan, he spent two hours playing Noble's English 78s for Tommy Rockwell, who soon decided to bring Noble over to form an all-star American orchestra.

Along with his career, Marx enjoyed a high society life among the musical swells. He was a good friend of George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers and John Green; he was close to the Dorsey Brothers, with whom he went out for excursions on his father's boat. Victor Young, another early friend, had shared an office with him at Brunswick.

In 1938, when Benny Goodman planned his Carnegie Hall concert, Marx arranged to put a telephone line into the hall, simply in order to have a recording of the concert for his private pleasure. The records languished on a shelf for 12 years until, rediscovered, they were issued on LP by Columbia and created a sensation. The album was elected to the NARAS Hall of Fame in 1975.

When the Rockwell-O'Keefe job ended, Marx went to work for his father's company, but after five years became tired of it, and was attracted by a report that he could buy into Musicraft. This small, mainly classical company, formed in 1937, was moving into the pop field. From 1944, when Marx began recording for Musicraft, a great new era opened up. At this same time there were only four companies of any consequence in the entire industry: RCA Victor, Columbia (which included Brunswick and other ARC material), Decca, and Capitol.

Under Marx's guidance, Musicraft became a legendary label. Teddy Wilson cut a series of sessions with Charlie Shavers, Red Norvo, Maxine Sullivan, Buck Clayton, Ben Webster et al. Marx signed Duke Ellington, recording such memorable sides as "Trumpets No End" and "The Beautiful Indians." He did several sessions with an amazing band led by Georgie Auld; on one date Erroll Musicraft, since Marx not long ago reacquired the rights to the name and the catalogue.)

Marx was also impressed when Stuff Smith, who wanted to record a song he had written, brought along a young singer to demonstate it. He was, in fact, less impressed with the song than the singer, Sarah Vaughan, who at that time had made only two sessions I had produced for Continental. Marx recorded Sarah with Stuff, with Wilson and with Auld, but most notably he signed her as an artist in her own right for her classic 1946-7 dates, also reissued now.

In 1948 Musicraft was hampered by the second recording ban. Problems were also created, Marx says, by "two idiots at the top of the company who insisted on building a record plant in Ossining, N.Y. They pressed records so bad that they were always being returned. That's what really did the company in."

The Musicraft era over, Marx moved to Los Angeles, where he launched his own Discovery Reocrds. Some of his projects were the Red Norvo Trio (with

Scott Windus

Marx with pianist Mike Wofford.

Tal Farlow and Charles Mingus), a smaller Georgie Auld group, and a Dizzy Gillespie session with strings.

Marx sold Discovery in 1952, but did not lose much time in becoming active again. Constantly on the lookout for talent that pleased his discerning ear, he started Trend Records in 1954. This time the ventures were the Dave Pell Octet, Claude Thornhill, and the Hi Los, and such singers as Bobby Short and Ernie Andrews, the latter backed by Benny Carter's orchestra.

"My timing was wrong," he now says. "Trend was operating at a period when it was very difficult to get distributors to pay; so it went under.

"After that, I became an independent producer. I made sessions that were released on CBS, ABC, Command, Vanguard, Jubilee, and Epic among others."

His most important association during that time was with Gerald Wilson. Though the composer/bandleader was among the most respected artists in orchestral jazz, he had not recorded his orchestra in about seven years when Marx began an association that continues to this day. The sessions [illegible] date for Discovery—the second incarnation of Discovery, which Marx had reactivated in 1977.

Clare Fischer, another close friend and colleague of Marx, also recorded for him in the '60s for Pacific Jazz. During that time Marx started several publishing companies to put out the works of Fischer, Wilson and others.

The new Discovery, which ended Marx's long interregnum as an independent producer, has earned distinction through a broadly diversified spectrum that has included several orchestras: Wilson, Allyn Ferguson, Bob Florence, Marty Paich. ("I like bands that create excitement.")

His taste in singers is reflected in releases by Lorez Alexandria, Ernie Andrews and Bill Henderson. Instrumental sessions have featured his old friend Clare Fischer; Shelly Manne; Paul Humphrey, and various items acquired from other labels. Some of the 1960s works of Ben Webster, Duke Ellington, Shorty Rogers and others were leased from Warner Brothers. Woody Herman's product from his own defunct Mars company has found its way back through Discovery.

Mike Wofford is one of Marx's proudest discoveries. "All my life things have just happened for me—I keep running into these great people who need to be recorded. I found Mike Wofford 15 years ago, produced an album with him and sold it to Columbia. Then I took him to Orrin Keepnews' label, Milestone; so I had two dates with Mike before I started taping him for Discovery."

Another recent project is the reissue of some unique Artie Shaw sessions, made by Marx for Musicraft in 1945. Some of them have vocals by Mel Torme (with or without his Mel-Tones). Others have a large orchestra with strings.

Marx's appetite for talent is insatiable. The rumor that he goes to bed with a Walkman clasped to his ears is correct. He says he listens to every tape that is sent to him.

Marx is a frequent presence on the night club and concert scene with his congenial and enthusiastic wife, Patricia. (Two of his three previous wives were well known band singers: Helen Ward, 1936-41, who sang with Benny Goodman, and the ex-Charlie Barnet vocalist Harriet Clark, who was Mrs. Marx from 1948-75.)

Marx has always been heavily into sports, particularly sailing (he once represented the U.S. in Bermuda), tennis and golf. Over the years he has enjoyed less active hobbies; his home has thousands of albums in every conceivable nook and cranny. Behind the cars in a three car garage are several thousand classical and jazz LPs. At one time he owned 10,000 78s. His collection of miniature cars numbered 11,000. He has amassed a priceless library of sheet music going back to 1915.

Being around Albert Marx is an invigorating experience. You sense his undiminished love of the music that has been his life, his love and his career.

"I've had a wonderful life," he said as our evening together ended. "I've enjoyed every minute of it."

Nothing was wrong with that statement except that it should have been in the present tense.

■

BOB CHAMBERLIN / Los Angeles Times

Trumpeter Lester Bowie performs at Dorothy Chandler Pavilion.

'NEW' JAZZ DIRECTIONS AT PAVILION

11/8

By LEONARD FEATHER

Plans for the Kool Jazz Festival in its Los Angeles incarnation have been widely praised for stepping off the beaten pop path, eliminating "safe" acts and offering "new directions in sound and rhythm."

Los Angeles has never given extensive exposure to avant-garde music in large halls, and the time seemed ripe. Suddenly an audience exists for experimental sounds, though evidently it is not yet sizable enough to fill the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, where only 1,750 of the adventurous and curious took their places Saturday evening. The program was put together by Marty Khan, who was entrusted with this task by producer George Wein.

Lester Bowie, the trumpeter who opened with his Root to the Source quintet, is one of the most talented and successful creative artists to have emerged from the Art Ensemble of Chicago. What happened Saturday, however, did little to reenforce his reputation as an innovator.

His group, with a rhythm section and a lackluster saxophonist, started tentatively while Bowie played slow, lingering phrases. Some 15 minutes later he plunged into his celebrated version of "The Great Pretender" in what seemed like a mocking glance at New Orleans sounds of the 1920s rather than authentic re-creation. Only Bowie himself played with true conviction.

As the set progressed, disparate elements came into play: Avery

Please see AVANT-GARDE, Page 3

INSIDE CALENDAR

MUSIC: Glendale Symphony by Albert Goldberg. Page 5.
RADIO: AM/FM Highlights. Page 8.
TV: Today's programming. Pages 6 and 7.
Howard Rosenberg. Page 6.

Stages serves up classic Ionesco a la carte. See Sylvie Drake review, Page 4.

SNOOKY YOUNG IN RARE APPEARANCE

11/16

By LEONARD FEATHER

Eugene (Snooky) Young is too modest for his own good. Normally he is content to sit in the brass section of the "Tonight Show" band and play his parts (he has been there since 1962), although anyone familiar with his work knows that he is a solo trumpeter of rare ability.

In one of his infrequent public appearances, Young was at Carmelo's on a recent evening, leading a sextet. Though the band used no written music, it had obviously rehearsed some head arrangements, since the opening and closing choruses of each tune displayed a crisp, tight ensemble blend.

Young is a mainstreamer whose influences go back to Louis Armstrong and Roy Eldridge. His early experience in name bands included stints with everyone from Jimmie Lunceford and Count Basie to Benny Carter and Gerald Wilson, but even at that time he often played lead horn and soloed only now and then, so hearing him stretch out in a small combo, either on open horn or with a plunger mute, was a special pleasure.

The combo at Carmelo's, with Tommy Peterson on tenor saxophone and Bruce Paulson on trombone, was notable mostly for the leader's contribution and for that of an exceptional rhythm section. Judging by the implacable beat that drove this group, it was not surprising to note that the bassist was Ray Brown. With Ross Tompkins on piano and Ed Shaughnessy on drums, Brown was in just the right cooking company.

The material was somewhat conventional—mostly familiar standards—but in the hands of Young & Co. it became something special. Tompkins had a lyrical solo outing on "Street of Dreams" and the band sang a good-humored unison vocal on Dizzy Gillespie's "Ow."

With the exception of Ray Brown, all the members of this ebullient group are Young's colleagues in the "Tonight Show" band. He has not yet set another club date, but the good news is that he now has the urge to face a live audience more often. Stay tuned.

59

Los Angeles Times

AVANT-GARDE JAZZ

Continued from First Page

Brooks, a poet, declaimed at length about James Brown, Malcolm X, Marcus Garvey, and the fact that Richard Pryor can never replace Walter Cronkite. There were protests from the audience of "Cut this out" and "We came to hear music."

Bowie also had three singers: David Peaston, a pompous tenor whose "Everything Must Change" lent a special irony to the title of the song; Fontella Bass, who sang ersatz 1940s Dinah Washington-style blues; and her mother, Martha Bass, whose treatment of "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" was hand-me-down 1950s Mahalia Jackson.

Was this mishmash seriously supposed to be avant-garde? Or was Khan putting one over on the gullible public?

The World Saxophone Quartet provided the evening's most appropriate and stimulating music. Swinging savagely without benefit of a rhythm section, they spun ingeniously voiced webs of sonic imagery. They even have a sense of humor, as tenor saxophonist Julius Hemphill showed in a riff-based, harmonically oblique blues.

Oliver Lake on alto sax, David Murray on tenor and Hamiet Bluiett on baritone sax extended their horns beyond the instruments' normal registers. In Bluiett's case it would have been rewarding to hear more of the natural sound of his baritone, although the split tones, piccolo effects and toneless clicking sounds were imaginatively used.

The group's set ran only 45 minutes, extended by a brief encore. It could well have used another 15 minutes, and certainly deserved the standing ovation that instead had been accorded to Bowie.

The James (Blood) Ulmer trio closed the program. That Ulmer has been called "the greatest guitarist since Jimi Hendrix" says less about Ulmer than about the scale of values of those who make such claims.

Instead of new sounds, he offers confections of R&B and funk. His guitar playing recently led a world-renowned jazz guitarist to remark that his 13-year-old son can do whatever Ulmer is doing. Ulmer also sings, as does his bassist Amin Ali. Words fail me, and I failed to understand their words.

There should be a name for this kind of thing: retro-garde music. These are new directions? For a number of his listeners the only direction in which this combo pointed was toward the exit.

Los Angeles Times

CALENDAR

Television Listings

Tuesday, November 9, 1982

Part VI

LIVE FROM NEW YORK, IT'S 'SOPHISTICATED LADIES'

IN LOS ANGELES

By LEONARD FEATHER

First things first: The "Sophisticated Ladies" show did, indeed, make history as the first such performance ever offered live on pay television. It came across on home screens smaller than life, but large as the giant figure of Duke Ellington himself in terms of its impact as bright, fast-paced entertainment.

One reservation, however: It was *not* the Broadway show viewers had been promised. Except for Phyllis Hyman and Calvin McRae, all the current principals in the New York production declined to take part, fearing that the pay scales offered might serve as a precedent for future pay-TV events. As a result, West Coast artists were flown in to replace them, and Los Angeles viewers who had seen the local version saw much of the same show again.

Moreover, neither Gregory Hines nor his brother Maurice, who had replaced him on the New York stage, took part in the telecast. This was a major loss, though the enlargement of Hinton Battle's role made it less conspicuous.

In the early days of TV, it was pointed out that nothing could replace the pleasure of going out for an evening to see a film on a full-sized screen. An even stronger argument might be made in comparing the spectacle on TV of something that could be seen and heard live at the Lunt-Fontanne Theater. But there were compensatory differences.

Home viewers saw a pre-show that was missed by the theatergoers. There were interviews with Mercer Ellington, with his daughter Mercedes (who dances in the show), with the various producers, and with Tony Bennett; and we saw priceless old film clips of the Duke himself, talking and leading his nonpareil orchestra. Before the show and during intermission, Robert Guillaume emceed the superficial but occasionally informative backstage interviews.

Another advantage was the camerawork. During a dance number such as "The Mooche," the closeups were more revealing than a front-row orchestra seat.

The sound quality, with the help of a simulcast on KNOB, was as good at the receiving end as the balance at the point of origin; in short, first-rate.

During his interview, Mercer Ellington pointed out that nine members of his present orchestra actually played with Duke. This rejuvenated ensemble was not often seen during the telecast, and the instrumental number played during intermission, "Diminuendo in Blue," was rushed through at an unseemly tempo. Pianist Lloyd Mayers, trombonist Britt Woodman and a couple of others had brief moments on camera.

One can hardly complain about this, for "Sophisticated Ladies" is as much as anything else a visual spectacle. Hinton Battle and Paula Kelly are fine singers but primarily superb dancers. Leata Galloway's vocal on "Solitude" during Kelly's dance was an intelligent blend of visual and aural values.

Vocally, Phyllis Hyman was the preeminent presence. A stunning six-footer, Hyman lit up the screen and filled the speakers with jazz-informed phrases whenever she appeared. Everything she sang, ballads and rhythm songs alike, had the ring of Ellingtonian truth to it. The Duke would have been proud, just as he would have taken pride in the way his son has kept the flame glowing, and in the extent to which his own reputation has grown during the eight years since his death.

"Sophisticated Ladies" has been praised as a glorious tribute to him, and denounced as a trivialization that stresses his songwriting while ignoring his serious instrumental compositions.

The truth lies somewhere in between. If the public grows hipper, perhaps someday we shall find his 50-minute Carnegie Hall masterpiece "Black, Brown & Beige" on the small screen. But then, what would the producers do for choreography?

JIM WILSON

Paula Kelly, above, during "Sophisticated Ladies" pay telecast direct from a Broadway theater.

IN NEW YORK

By JOHN C. MAHONEY

NEW YORK—Capturing a live Broadway musical for television is exactly as complicated as it sounds, particularly when the cast is picketing across the street. And that was the situation leading up to Friday night's performance of "Sophisticated Ladies," which played to 150,000 homes throughout the country in addition to its New York theater audience. The performance capped a week of intense work and strife.

Countdown activity for the first live pay telecast of a Broadway musical began after Tuesday's performance, when a crew of 40 stagehands and technicians moved into the Lunt-Fontanne Theater to work for 26 hours to prepare for the pay-TV presentation.

Meanwhile, most of the current Broadway cast, miffed over the salaries offered them by the TV producers and apprehensive about the cable broadcast's negative impact on the show's future on Broadway, moved out of the theater to man picket lines.

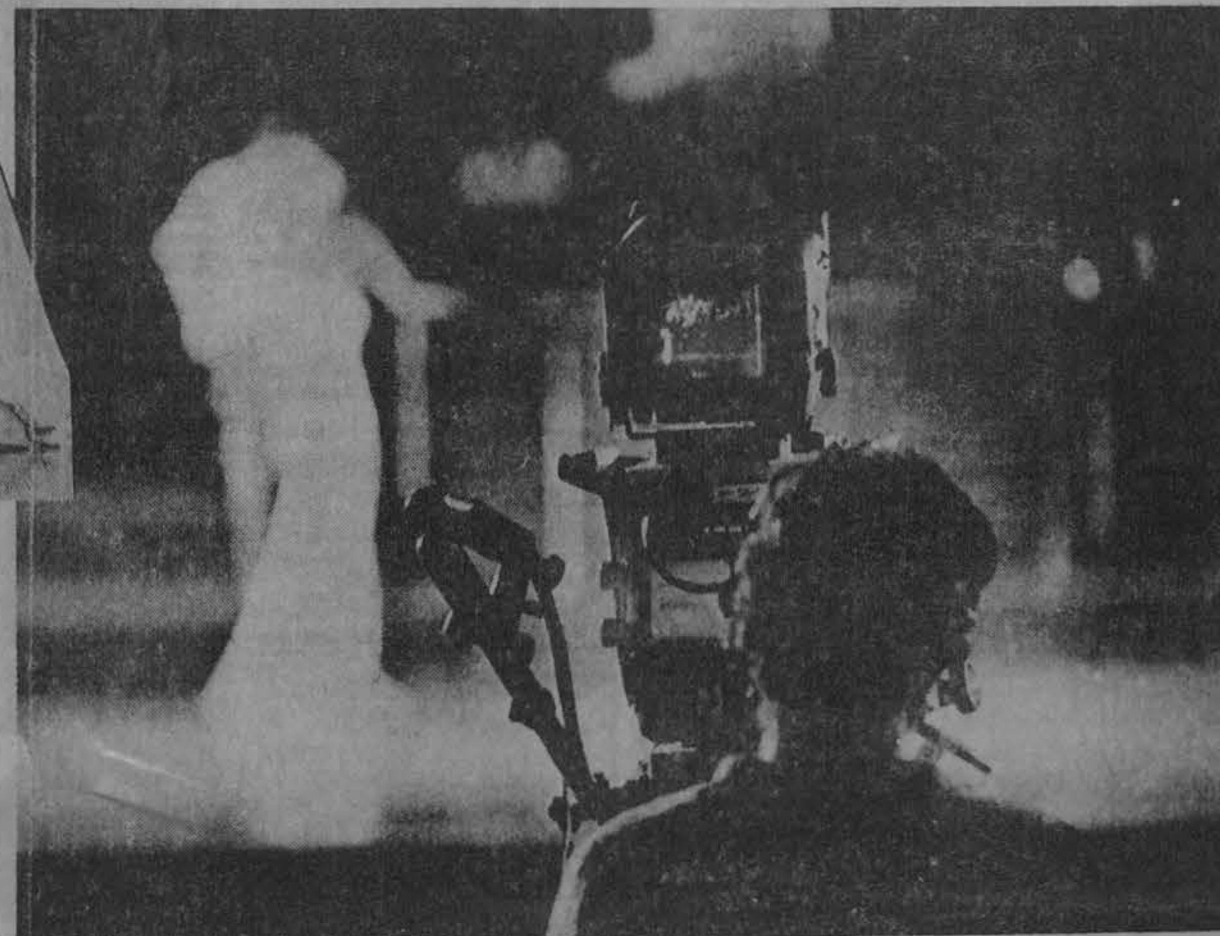
By Wednesday morning, eight TV cameras were in position to rehearse a specially (and hurriedly) assembled company comprised of members of the original Broadway "Sophisticated Ladies" ensemble and the Los Angeles Shubert Theater cast.

Broadway purists labeled the TV company "second stringers" and the protesting Broadway performers repeatedly referred to them as "the Los Angeles company." But the TV cast included the Tony-winning featured player Hinton Battle, ascending to the star's spot; Drama Desk-award nominee Gregg Burge, and Terri Klausner, all resuming their original roles. The new company also featured Paula Kelly, arguably a bigger name nationally than anyone in the current Broadway ensemble.

(The Broadway show's five producers participated in the Black Tie Network production, presented by Oak Media Development Corp. of San Diego as a pay-for-view event in a potential 1.5 million cable-serviced homes, excluding such blacked-out cities as New York and San Francisco, San Diego, Boston and Detroit, where road companies are or had been projected. The 150,000 homes viewing the telecast (10% of the potential audience) paid $15 apiece to see it, reported Bruce Brandwen, president of Black Tie Network.)

On Thursday afternoon, during a band rehearsal break, the producers met the press to go on record about the dispute. Said Brandwen, who

Please see 'SOPHISTICATED,' Page 8



Emcee

NOTED JAZZ critic Leonard Feather, of North Hollywood, handled the emcee chores on a recent star-studded "Jazz Cruise" on the S.S. Rotterdam. Feather introduced appearances by the Woody Herman Band, Stan Getz, and "Wild Bill" Davis. The eager crew of jazz enthusiasts included Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Berk, founders of the famed Berklee College of Music, where Feather delivered the 1974 Commencement Address.

'SOPHISTICATED'

Continued from First Page

also served as executive producer, "We negotiated for the full Broadway company in good faith and they rejected our offer, so we ended up getting what we wanted in the first place." Brandwen, 34, and also president of the Campus Entertainment Network, worked for a year and a half to put the complicated deal together.

Phyllis Hyman, whom Brandwen believes will be the biggest star to have emerged from the show, was one of the two members of the current Broadway cast participating in the telecast. The other was Calvin McRae, who had reasons for needing the money. Since January, he has been a pre-med student at City College of New York. McRae was guaranteed $3,600 for the three days of rehearsals and broadcast, but made considerably more for his med-school tuition kitty with overtime and turnaround pay guarantees.

The best performance of this fresh new company was probably the Thursday-night camera rehearsal, which found old and new friends performing for one another's joyous response, although the first act ran from 7 p.m. to well after 10. Musical director Mercer Ellington's bucktoothed grin best summed up the spirit of the evening.

The technical rehearsal resumed the next morning, followed by a matinee performance, taped for protection. By evening, many in the company were fighting exhaustion. The invited audience for the 10 p.m. overture consisted of cable-network executives and [illegible]ir families and friends, a somewhat cooler audience than the one whose participation had made the matinee rehearsal taping such a success.

The Broadway "Ladies" cast, augmented by allies from the companies of "Evita" and "42nd Street," arrived opposite the theater after 9:30 p.m. The audience was already in the house and the pre-show interviews by Robert Guillaume already were being broadcast. The picketers were standing across the street, obstructed by the trucks and trailers involved in the demolition of the Helen Hayes and Morosco theaters, and their chants could not be heard.

At 10 p.m. the curtain rose. It was in every sense an unobstructed Broadway show performance, unless one happened to be seated behind the center two (of five) main-floor stationary camera mounts. With the exception of the electric Gregg Burge, who had an uncanny sense for detecting the live cameras and developed something of a relationship with the "creepy peepies" in the wings, the company performed to that live audience. The portable cameras made only two brief appearances onstage.to cover Hinton Battle's dance solos.

NBC staff announcer Bill Wendell was recruited to warm up the audience and to hold them in their seats during the 10-minute intermission, during which Guillaume interviewed the stars backstage.

A dozen cables serpentined out of the freight doors of the Lunt-Fontanne on 46th Street and over to a quintet of production trucks corraled in the parking lot between the Hotel Edison and the Church of Scientology. In the largest rig, TV director Clark Jones, a veteran of 30 years of live music and dance specials, and the musical's director, Michael Smuin, called the camera shots.

In one large black truck, the 24-track audio mix would be Dolby-encoded and relayed directly to the satellite along with important backup protection. At the same time, the video signal was microwaved via the Empire State Building to New Jersey, where it linked up with the satellite.

The curtain descended just past midnight. The company members wandered uncomfortably among the tables of assembled cable-TV executives at the post-performance party at the Milford Plaza Grand Ballroom.

Phyllis Hyman made the only star entrance of the evening, except for Duke Ellington's sister, Ruth Ellington, in her trademark white Dynel wig.

Calvin McRae swept in and out of the party, with plenty of studying left to do for his midterms at CCNY. Three performances later he reported that everything was back to normal with the "Sophisticated Ladies" Broadway company. "It's Equity that screwed this whole thing up. They should have had a contract to cover this long ago. The cast shouldn't have been in a position of pushing it."

An exhausted Paula Kelly arrived late at the party and fell into Robert Guillaume's arms. "We did it! We did it on love, but it was some hard love, baby!"

SCEGLIAMO DIECI GRANDI CANZONI

Passando in rassegna quasi 35 mila titoli che negli ultimi sessant'anni hanno avuto un certo successo, il piu' autorevole critico americano di jazz ha fermato la sua attenzione su questi «songs», resi per lui indimenticabili dalle interpretazioni di molti celebri jazzisti. Si può essere d'accordo? E se provassimo a farlo anche noi?

di Leonard Feather

Come potrebbe testimoniare Eubie Blake, che da qualche mese si è inoltrato nel suo centesimo anno di vita, la canzone popolare, nella forma da noi conosciuta, esiste da molto tempo. Dire quando, esattamente, questo genere musicale abbia definito i suoi contorni per divenire squisitamente americana, è oggetto di controversia; tuttavia si può dire con buona approssimazione che questo fatto si colloca poco dopo il volgere del secolo.

La professione del compositore di canzoni ha compiuto un significativo passo avanti nel 1914, con la costituzione dell'Ascap (la società degli autori, dei compositori e degli editori americana). In quel tempo, chi avesse voluto ascoltare una nuova canzone aveva però un problema: l'unico modo per farlo era di entrare in un teatro di varietà o acquistare uno spartito in un negozio di musica. Negli anni Venti, si verificò una piccola rivoluzione, perché le canzoni cominciarono ad arrivare a domicilio sulle onde delle radio, e potevano essere conservate in una libreria incise su un disco fonografico.

Questi mezzi di diffusione ebbero una grande espansione soprattutto quando dai palcoscenici di Broadway risuonarono le straordinarie composizioni dei Gershwin, dei Porter e dei Berlin. Nel 1927, poi, quando Jolson si mise a cantare con un ginocchio piegato, anche dagli schermi cinematografici cominciò ad arrivarci della musica.

Stando a quanto ha scritto James T. Maher nella prefazione al libro di Alec Wilder *American Popular Song: The Great Innovators, 1900-1950* (Oxford University Press), verso la fine della prima metà di questo secolo una lunga era nella storia della canzone americana si stava concludendo: «Tutti i grandi innovatori erano all'opera da molti anni, e parecchi fra loro erano già morti... Stava per iniziare l'era del rock».

Penso che sia eccessivo presentare l'avvento del rock come una sorta di «crepuscolo degli dei». In verità, riferendosi al 1950 come all'anno conclusivo di un'era, Alec Wilder ha praticamente chiuso la porta in faccia ai Burt Bacharach e agli Stephen Sondheim del periodo successivo, che pure è significativo. Inoltre, riferendosi alla canzone popolare come a un prodotto esclusivamente statunitense, egli ha praticamente messo fuori gioco tutti i compositori non nordamericani: da Antonio Carlos Jobim e Luis Bonfa fino a Lennon e McCartney.

Billie Holiday. *La sua arte nell'interpretare in modo jazzistico le più celebri canzoni è stata inarrivabile.*

Secondo la stima fatta da Maher, fra il 1900 e il 1950 sono state depositate, ai fini della tutela del diritto d'autore, circa 300.000 canzoni. Poiché, però, dopo di allora l'industria della canzone è venuta ingigantendosi, chissà che quella cifra non abbia oggi raggiunto il milione. O magari i due milioni. Chi, in ogni caso, avrebbe potuto ascoltare tutte quelle canzoni?

Le osservazioni di cui sopra servono per preparare il lettore a una mossa audace, anche se niente affatto avventata. Mi accingo infatti a indicare dieci canzoni che per me sono state particolarmente significative tra le migliaia in cui mi sono imbattuto nel corso della mia intera vita di ascoltatore: una carriera che posso fare risalire al tempo, davvero lontano, in cui sentii per la prima volta *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Spinto da un lettore di Los Angeles, che mi ha sottoposto una sua lista delle dieci canzoni da lui giudicate migliori, io ho passato le ultime settimane consultando dei *reference books*, in cui ho segnato quasi 35000 canzoni che negli ultimi sessant'anni hanno avuto un certo successo. Escludendo i classici blues, che costituiscono un *corpus* musicale a parte, ci sono poche canzoni, composte prima del 1920, che sembrano valide secondo gli attuali parametri melodici, armonici e lirici (con riferimento cioè ai testi lirici), anche se ho notato che *Poor Butterfly*, di Raymond Hubbell, che fa parte ancora oggi del repertorio di Sarah Vaughan, è stata scritta nel 1916.

Ovviamente, nessun giudizio di valore artistico può essere assoluto, ed è impossibile essere del tutto obiettivi. La prova conclusiva ►

55

11/17

Los Angeles Times

MILT JACKSON IN CARMELO'S GIG

By LEONARD FEATHER

Before leaving Monday for his tour of Japan, Milt Jackson stopped off for two nights at Carmelo's. No visit by the elder statesman of be-bop vibraphone is less than eventful, but this occasion was particularly noteworthy.

Ever since the 1974 breakup of the Modern Jazz Quartette, Jackson had hoped to have his own regular combo, but due to economic pressures he was usually obliged to pick up local rhythm sections in each city. That problem seems at last to have been resolved, enabling him to present a group of his peers with whom he can work out some organized ensembles.

Saturday evening he was flanked by Ron Eschete on guitar, Mickey Roker on drums and Ray Brown on bass. Sunday, Cedar Walton, who like Roker will be a regular with Jackson from now on, joined the group on piano, in place of Eschete. The interaction was equally effective on both nights. Eschete, whose solos were gently amplified, played chordal accents that nudged Jackson into spiraling peaks of inspiration. Walton, a mature and versatile pianist, is also a brilliant composer whose contributions to the group no doubt will include some of his original works.

For the present, the repertoire consisted of blues, such as Jackson's "Bags' Groove," and standards. Ray Brown reduced the audience to total silence with a superlative unaccompanied version of "Sambade Orfeu." His basic value, though, lies in the take-charge style of his contribution to the rhythm section. (For the Japanese tour Jackson will have Walton, Roker and another eminent bassist, Bob Cranshaw.)

The overriding impression at Carmelo's, particularly on the ballads, was that be-bop, a music once reviled as unmusical and dissonant, is the epitome of melodic consonance in the hands and mallets of an artist such as Jackson. It's not that he was ever anything less, but his listeners' ears have mellowed with time.

MULTIMEDIA ACT CLOSES JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Los Angeles Kool Jazz Festival came to an end Wednesday at the Santa Monica Civic with its only sold-out house—a feat achieved, ironically, through the drawing power of Laurie Anderson, whose multimedia presentation basically has nothing to do with jazz.

This was unmistakably an Anderson crowd. During the two preceding sets by instrumental groups, the lobby was packed with her fans, milling around, ignoring the music and awaiting her performance.

Anderson's show is a unique mixture of monologues and sound effects: buzzers buzzing, owls hooting, bells ringing, instrumental interludes by two riffing saxophonists and vocal devices, some achieved with electronic help from a Vocorder. She varied the pitch and tone of her voice, sometimes to a deep masculine sound, creating an oddly androgynous effect.

On the screen behind her, a series of slides and films provided visual accents: moon craters, astronauts, the Statue of Liberty, abstract patterns, moving shapes and faces. Her poems were cryptic, occasionally funny or touching, and not always decipherable. Later she played a violin on which the bow had been strung with pre-recorded tape instead of horse hair, enabling her to extract from it some eerie noises.

Anderson has assembled an innovative act, laced with enough entertainment and wit to compensate for the excessive gimmickry.

Violinist Leroy Jenkins preceded Anderson, leading his sextet known as Sting. The group is electric but rarely indulges in high-energy rhythms of the funk variety. Jenkins is a virtuoso performer whose approaches shift unpredictably from monotonous riffs to highly charged improvisation.

He was backed by two guitarists, electric bass, drums and by a talented second violinist, Terry Jenoure, who doubled as a singer. Jenkins sometimes sang in unison with her; one of the numbers had a curiously Broadway show-tune flavor.

The opening act, Sound and Space, featured saxophonist Roscoe Mitchell (conspicuously out of tune for the first few minutes) in a set that was heavy on pretension and wordless singing. Most egregious was a piece played by three low-register instruments, one of which appeared to be a bass saxophone, another a sarrusophone and the third an upright bass more than eight feet high. The performer, Brian Smith, had to stand three feet off the floor to play it. That it sounded much like any ordinary bass reflected this group's reliance on eccentricity for its own sake.

The four-concert series, despite attempts to enlarge the audience by introducing a dance ensemble and other incongruities, wound up with a total of 7,500 paid admissions out of a possible 10,400. Next time around, it might pay simply to upgrade the quality of the music.

MAIDEN VOYAGE PLAYS AT HOP SINGH'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage, a regrettably infrequent contributor to the alleged big band revival, played at Hop Singh's Friday.

Patterson has never relied on the novelty of leading a female orchestra. Foremost on the agenda are the quality of the music, the spirit and accuracy of the interpretation and the talent of the soloists.

After a rather conventional dance band-style arrangement of "The Song Is You," the band had to wait while Judy Carter, a comedian and magician, monopolized the bandstand. She is talented, but stayed on much too long. The funniest line in her act was delivered not by Carter but by Patterson, when Carter asked to play accordion with the band. "We have a bumper sticker," Patterson retorted, "that says 'Use an Accordion, Go to Jail.'"

When the orchestra finally returned, the sax section shone as always, with numerous doubles such as the three flutes and two clarinets in a Tom Kubis piece, "Samba Nice."

Th- six trumpeters distinguished themselves, especially Betty O'Hara, singing and playing in her own arrangement of Hoagy Carmichael's "I Get Along Without You Very Well." Stacy Rowles was featured in Brad Dechter's arrangement of "Spaces," and Anne Petereit on a Cedar Walton tune, "Bolivia," arranged by Dick Cary.

Kathy Rubbico at the piano showed a truly visceral powe- and the current drummer, Jeannette Wrate, may well be the band's best to date.

Patterson continues to grow as a soloist. Her soprano sax on the funk number "What You Say" was splendidly designed, building to a bold and stirring climax. Her alto was lyrical on "Don't Say Goodby."

The bass player wore a beard. Not to worry; it was just Jim Lacefield, subbing for the regular (female) bassist, who is out on the road. Her absence symbolized the problems these women have to face. The lead trumpeter, Louise Baranger, recently had to put in six weeks on tour with Harry James, while Maiden Voyage, with its repertoire of first-rate contemporary music, remained out of whack. In the words of the old blues, it's a downright dirty shame.

56

LOS ANGELES TIMES

JAZZ

FOR GEORGE WEIN, LIFE IS A FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

On a recent evening at an auditorium in Pasadena, George Wein was onstage, playing incisive and convincing mainstream jazz piano, and singing buoyantly in a style that recalled his idol, Fats Waller. Surrounding him were five musicians representative of the same era, among them cornetist Ruby Braff, who played with him in a Boston club Wein owned 30 years ago.

Wein was in his glory. Talking about it the next evening, he said: "This tour is a ball for me—it's relaxing and it gives me a freedom I don't often enjoy. Today, on the other hand, was strictly business: I had appointments and phone calls all day long, planning for festivals all over the world."

That George Theodore Wein has this dual identity is our good fortune. Much of the success of his career as an impresario, which began in 1954 with the first Newport Jazz Festival, can be credited not only to his shrewd business sense and organizational ability, but to his background as a musician. Because he can relate to the artists and their temperaments and needs, he enjoys a measure of respect among jazzmen that more than cancels out the occasional complaint sometimes lodged against him by nit-picking critics.

The jazz world today, somewhat like the political spectrum, is divided into a left wing, a center, and a right wing. For the most part Wein's festivals have kept close to the safe middle ground. There have been occasional forays into left field—the avant-garde, free jazz, new music, call it what you will—but not until last week, in Los Angeles, did he devote an entire festival to these developments.

Before he reached this point there were many detours, involving his commercial sponsorship and the delicate balance that has to be maintained in satisfying audiences of every stripe.

"The story really goes back to 1962," he says, "when we began the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival in Cincinnati. It was a pure jazz event for seven or eight years: then in the late '60s we started to add big commercial names—first Ike & Tina Turner, then the Staple Singers, and Gladys Knight & The Pips.

"Then we moved the festival to the new River Front Stadium, and instead of 8,000 or 10,000 we were drawing crowds of 40,000. It became a very big celebration for the city, one of the most important black celebrations in America."

In other words, the audience by now was basically all-black?

"Yes, but it hadn't started out that way. It started with groups like Jimmy Smith, Herbie Mann, and some of the jazz-funk groups, and we drew a mixed black-and-white audience. But with soul attractions added it became essentially a black event.

"Some young black people in the Kool organization, who were involved in community relations in minority areas, told us they would like to be associated with the Ohio Valley Jazz Festival. We had still kept that name, even though by now it was predominantly an R&B or soul show rather than a jazz festival."

The Kool involvement led to a five-year contract and the proliferation of festivals in various cities—all billed as jazz festivals but actually including little or nothing for the jazz purists. It was in high dudgeon time for the critics (and I admit to having been among them), who resented the attachment of the jazz tag to concerts that were not geared to tastes of true aficionados.

Wein had had Schlitz as a previous sponsor. The beer company began subsidizing him during the Newport days, and went along with him when the festival moved from Rhode Island to New York in 1972.

When Schlitz eventually ended its backing of Newport/New York, in 1980, Wein suggested to Kool that they take it over. It was agreed that the name would be changed from Newport to Kool Jazz Festival.

"The Kool people immediately saw the kind of national press coverage a real jazz festival could generate. They saw us honored by Mayor Koch at Gracie Mansion; they saw their name on TV screens, and realized that this was a more productive image for them than the soul festivals."

George Wein, impresario of jazz festivals, says that today jazz has to be subsidized like the opera.

Because of this media acceptance, Kool and Wein arranged for a near-total change of direction. The cigarette company subsidized festivals in 20 cities, all but three of them pure jazz. In 1983 the few soul nights left will be abandoned entirely in the attempt to reach as broad a public as possible, black and white.

The last of these 20 events was scheduled for Los Angeles, where Wein already was associated with the annual Playboy Jazz Festival, as well as with a summer jazz series at the Hollywood Bowl and other concerts at the Music Center. "To try still another festival with the same kinds of artists wouldn't have made sense. That's how we came up with the idea of doing the new music, avant-garde, whatever you want to call it."

To assemble his final festival of the year, Wein delegated authority to Marty Khan's Outward Visions Inc. "These days, with 30 festivals a year to put on, I need help. That's why I have co-producers in New York; my health can't take more than that."

Khan, an avant-garde specialist, liked the challenge of bringing new sounds to an untested market. Wein's advertising budget was so heavy that even had all four concerts sold out (they didn't) there would have been a heavy deficit; but at least the point was proved that an audience for experimental sound does exist.

Can the new music, by its very nature, ever become accessible to a mass audience?

"I don't know. I have very mixed feelings about it," Wein said. "Look back to the 1940s—jazz was still a dirty word. Then in the '50s you had the Brubecks and the Mulligans, the Modern Jazz Quartet, Horace Silver, Art Blakey, and suddenly people would go to a club or festival and walk out with a sound in their ears that they could relate to.

"Our problem is that Lester Bowie and some of the other new people give interviews saying their music is as visual as it is aural. That may be fine for them, but I don't know whether it's good for the music, which of course is strictly an aural expression.

"I don't think these artists necessarily represent the shape of things to come, but I respect the spirit in which they are working. Nothing ever develops in any art form without a giant to take the lead. Armstrong, Ellington, Charlie Parker showed the way, but there is no one giant today to whom everyone looks up. Cecil Taylor is a leader, but not *the* leader. You need someone who will enable the musicians and the public alike to find a guiding spirit. Maybe that's why it's not catching on with a larger audience.

"I don't know the future of this music. Only the public can decide that; but because of the interest shown in it by the press, it's our obligation to present it. We're supposed to be representing the whole world of jazz, and we can't have validity if we don't cover the entire spectrum."

With this objective in mind, Wein also is concerned that not only has the left wing been slow in gaining a foothold, but that the right or traditionalist forms have been underrepresented at his concerts. These genres—mainly New Orleans, Dixieland and Swing Era combo music—have been used in his annual Nice festivals since 1974, but his only attempt to re-create the concept in the United States, at two festivals in Hawaii, failed to bring an adequate response.

"We need more of this music. I'm going to try to correct the situation, maybe by doing jazz parties similar to those Dick Gibson stages every year in Colorado. Obviously, there are not as many of these giant artists around as they used to be, and they deserve the exposure."

Wein will be under no pressure from his sponsor concerning the artistic slant of his presentations. By the same token, he exerts no influence on events in which Kool has become involved to which Wein lends his name as co-sponsor but which he does not actually produce. Among these are the free festival every summer in Chicago and one in Detroit. (Kool, reportedly seeking out other such ventures, might be well advised to take a close look at the Women's Jazz Festival in Kansas City, which has been struggling to keep above water financially.)

Subsidy, says Wein, is vital to the survival of his operation. "Jazz now has to be supported like the opera or symphony. Let me explain in dollars and cents. Say you have a hall that seats 2,500 and your average ticket is $15—that's a high price, actually. So you can gross $37,500. The hall costs $10,000, advertising $7,000, transportation and salaries for my staff several thousand more. So the most you can spend for talent is around $15,000. But for that money you cannot buy anything that will fill a 2,500 seat house. So where are you?

"Without the subsidy, forget it. I would have to retire, or maybe just do the New York festival, and my European things where I'm sponsored by the cities."

Clearly, Wein has not reached his present eminence without facing up to these hazards as a realist, a businessman and a musician. He has good reason to exult in his achievements.

"I'm no longer the kid who came out of Boston playing piano. I have a big business now. We have made festivals a worldwide phenomenon, and along the way we've made jazz a good word, a respectable word. The musician has a status now that he couldn't achieve when we started out. If I've accomplished anything during my my life in music, that's what I'd say is the contribution I'm most proud of." □

KEITH JARRETT
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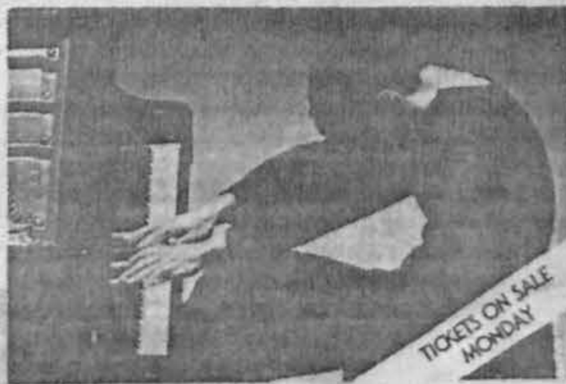

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A STEPHEN CLOUD PRESENTATION

JAZZ

PERUSING THE DOWN BEAT POLL

By LEONARD FEATHER

It has long been taken for granted that artistic achievement and commercial success are two separate goals. That Mozart died broke, and Bartok heartbroken and unfulfilled, has not prevented posterity from recognizing their achievements.

In jazz, as in all the arts, popularity is by no means proof of aesthetic supremacy. This has often been reflected in the music-magazine polls, as could be discerned in the results, just announced, of the 47th annual Down Beat magazine readers' poll.

Polls by their very nature are suspect, since they involved on an apples-versus-oranges basis. In one category this year, clarinet, the first three places were occupied by a Swing Era musician, an avant-gardist and a be-bopper. To pit against one another performers whose backgrounds are as different as their objectives would seem to invalidate the whole electoral process. Nevertheless, it is intriguing to watch the gradual ascents and descents of artists in the polls while their careers, in terms of both musical and economic achievement, may have taken a very different course.

Does talent have any bearing on the results? Yes. All the winners this year are accomplished performers; only a handful of second-rate musicians have ever won a Down Beat readers' poll. Oddly enough, in the same publication's critics' poll, some of the winners gained a short-lived cult following and are all but forgotten today. (Is anyone here familiar with Mike Westbrook, Jay Cameron, Charles Davis or Lester Lashley? They all won the critics' poll in the "Talent Deserving of Wider Recognition" division.)

Do magazine readers vote on the basis of continuity and loyalty? Yes and no. In the trumpet section, for example, the winner for well over two decades was always either Dizzy Gillespie or Miles Davis, then more recently Freddie Hubbard. This year, the 21-year-old Wynton Marsalis leapfrogged over all three of them to become the No. 1 trumpeter.

Wynton Marsalis, Down Beat reader's poll Jazz Musician of the Year.

Toshiko Akiyoshi, voted No. 1 composer, arranger and big band leader.

The victory was threefold, since Marsalis was also elected Jazz Musician of the Year and his LP, "Wynton Marsalis," Jazz Album of the Year. Yet other signals indicate that once victory is achieved, it is easily sustained.

The Marsalis phenomenon, in fact, is an exception; very few musicians reach this peak of acceptance so precipitately. Maturity often counts. One musician who was a winner in the first Down Beat poll in 1936 won again this year: Benny Goodman, at 73, remains the most esteemed clarinetist. (Avant-gardist Anthony Braxton won last year but placed this time; the bopper who showed was Buddy De Franco.)

Who are these aficionados who restored Goodman to the top slot? Certainly there can be virtually no overlap with the 1936 votes; anyone who selected him then presumably has abandoned Down Beat and moved on to the Wall Street Journal or some senior-citizens publication. The average age of today's Down Bea reader is about 25; one wonders how much Benny Goodman he has actually heard, live or on records.

Goodman is by no means the only hardy survivor. Sarah Vaughan has been on top as female vocalist intermittently since 1947; Oscar Peterson has been the pianist of preference frequently since 1949. Other victors this year, with the dates of their first wins in parentheses, are Jimmy Smith, organ (1970); Phi Woods, alto sax (1975), Joe Pass, guitar (1975).

For decades the instrumental categories of the Dow Beat readers' poll were an exclusively male province. I took the gifts of Toshiko Akiyoshi to shatter tha monopoly. This year, as last year, she was involved in unique multiple triumph. Akiyoshi, the readers now te us (and they are right), is the jazz world's foremos composer, also the No. 1 arranger; the orchestra sh co-leads with her husband Lew Tabackin is the top bi band, and Tabackin is the No. 1 flutist.

Is jazz territory still the exclusive preserve o Americans? Obviously not. In addition to Akiyoshi, thi year we had Austria's Joe Zawinul, winner on synthe sizer; Belgium's Toots Thielemans, harmonica virtuos and No. 1 in the miscellaneous instrument category Stephane Grappelli, a year older than Benny Goodma but still No. 1 on violin (the runner up was anothe Frenchman, Jean-Luc Ponty), Brazil's Airto Moreira the percussionist, and of course Oscar Peterson fron Canada. Aside from Peterson, the poll always wa entirely American until the last decade or so.

DOWN BEAT POLL

Continued from 39th Page

was even possible to win with as few as 123 votes, the number it took the Police to win Rock/Blues Album of the Year. That isn't much in a country with a population of 225 million.

Finally, do musicians really care about polls? Yes and no. Certainly Sonny Rollins will accept with pride the plaque for his tenor sax victory; Weather Report must be pleased at having again been voted the best jazz combo, and Chick Corea satisfied that the readers again rate him the foremost electric keyboard artist. Art Pepper's widow may find solace in the fact that Pepper has now been elected to the Down Beat Hall of Fame, a category often reserved for recently deceased musicians.

Some jazzmen, have little sympathy for the popularity poll system even when they are winners. I shall never forget the immortal words of Buddy De Franco when I told him he had been voted No. 1 on clarinet. It must have been a long time ago, because his reply was: "That and a dime will get me a ride on the subway." □

EVANS, HUBBARD AND HALL

"THE INTERPLAY SESSIONS." Bill Evans. Milestone 47066. The first record in this two-LP set is a reissue of the superb Evans quintet date with Freddie Hubbard and Jim Hall. On the second disc, also a 1962 date but hitherto unissued, Zoot Sims replaces Hubbard, and the tunes are Evans' originals instead of standards. The whole is slightly less than the sum of illustrious parts, and it is discomforting to read in the notes how much editing was needed to assemble acceptable takes on these selections. On balance, four stars.

—L.F.

JAZZ

McFERRIN: KING OF VOCALISTICS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Words fail the critic who attempts to characterize Bobby McFerrin.

The generic term for wordless singing is vocalise. When Jon Hendricks popularized the art of putting lyrics to recorded instrumental solos, a variation was coined: vocalese. Neither term quite fits McFerrin, nor does he qualify simply as a scat singer.

A talent such as his, with its multiple devices —humming, bopping, panting in rhythm, laughing, squealing, grunting, making just about any sound of which the human voice is capable—deserves its own name: Let's call it vocalistics.

Enthusiastic, articulate, a skilled and schooled musician, McFerrin at 32 has had less than four years' experience as a stand-up singer. Recently, during a gig at Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach, he explained how he reached his present stature as the most talked-about (and surely the most promising) new singer in jazz, truly a voice for the '80s.

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times

Bobby McFerrin

"I was born in New York on March 11, 1950, but the family came out to Los Angeles when I was 8. My father, Robert McFerrin, who had been singing with the Metropolitan Opera, came out here to dub the singing parts for Sidney Poitier in the movie 'Porgy and Bess.' "

The younger Robert already had to his credit three years of formal music at Juilliard. Two years after settling in California, he took up the clarinet. "I got very good very fast—I was in third chair when I joined, but I never stopped practicing, and within three weeks they had me playing first chair.

"Clarinet is a great instrument, and I might have had a career with it, but I had terrible teeth and the orthodontist told me, 'You can't play clarinet anymore. Try the flute.' I was crushed, but I tried the flute and hated it.

"There was always a piano around the house. I fooled around with it but never practiced; my excuse was that I'd eventually be a great pianist in my 70s, because by that time I'd have been playing long enough to develop a good technique."

During the years of halfhearted piano playing, McFerrin sensed that something was missing. "Many times I wished I could bend notes on the keyboard —which, of course, is what a singer can do very easily, but that didn't occur to me at the time."

At 18, he began exercising his musicianship by plunging into a serious regimen of arranging. "I was doing all kinds of writing, for small combos, big bands —in fact, I was writing so much that my mom was worried about me, thinking I was going to ruin my eyes and my health. I'd be up all night at the piano, never sleeping until I'd completed any ideas that came to mind."

Toward the end of this period McFerrin became absorbed in jazz, as a consequence of hearing Miles Davis' catalytic fusion album "Bitches' Brew." In 1971, listening to Davis' group at Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood, he was fascinated by the piano explorations of Keith Jarrett.

"Keith took such wonderful chances," he recalls. "Until that time I had thought of myself as mainly a composer and arranger, but Keith turned me around."

Then studying at Sacramento State College, McFerrin later transferred to Cerritos College in Norwalk, where he wrote arrangements for the school band. For the next seven years he was a professional keyboard player. "I played piano, organ and synthesizer with the Ice Follies, worked with Top 40-type bands—Holiday Inns and gigs like that. During that time I met Debbie; I gave up the road, we got married and I went back to school for a while."

The turning point was a mysterious incident—McFerrin describes it as a "revelation"—that changed the course of his life. He was in Salt Lake City, walking home from a rehearsal with a dance class for which he was working as accompanist when, he says, "A voice that seemed to come from out of nowhere said to me, 'Why don't you sing?' As soon as I got home, I called the Salt Lake Hilton, and the next day I auditioned for a job playing and singing at the piano bar. I think I knew the lyrics to all of five songs at the time, but when I landed the gig, I managed to keep it by learning one new number a day."

The next crucial year was 1979, when McFerrin was first in New Orleans with a combo called the Astral Project ("I finally got to be a stand-up singer with that group") and then in San Francisco. There, a trio he was leading in a North Beach room came to the attention of Linda Goldstein, a singer and aspiring manager. A year later Goldstein ran into him again and signed him up.

There were other good friends and helpers, among them Bill Cosby, who had heard McFerrin with Hendricks and arranged for him to appear solo at the 1980 Playboy Festival. During the next year McFerrin became a conversation piece at jazz conventions from Berkeley to Manhattan. At the 1981 Kool Jazz Festival New York, he was part of a recital billed as "The Art of Jazz Singing." Amid fierce competition—Joe Williams and Carmen McRae among others—he was the sensation of the concert, singing almost every tune wordlessly. The following day he arrived home just in time for the birth, in San Francisco, of Taylor Jon (for Hendricks) McFerrin.

The Kool triumph, coupled with some demo records heard by Bruce Lundvall, led logically to a contract with the latter's new Elektra/Musician label. The first album, though it does not capture the full essence of a McFerrin performance (much of which is visual), offers a reasonable representation of his ability to be self-sufficient: There are no horns, strings or synthesizers, and at times he is entirely unaccompanied or adds voices by overdubbing.

McFerrin has firm, mature ideas about the image he wants, and about his future direction. "I don't appreciate being branded as an instrumental impersonator. People who call me that don't get the point of what I'm trying to do, which is to restore the vocal instrument to its stature as the first, original instrument. I've heard people say that the dream of all vocalists is to imitate a horn. Well, that's not my dream. I want to be a good vocalist.

"Teaching is another avenue I want to follow up. I've been doing some at colleges, masters classes. I want to develop my own choir and write choral music, sacred and secular.

"I'll more than likely end up in academia, doing just that. I mean, I can't see myself as a traveling vocalist for more than another 10 years or so; if I'm going to be raising a family that's no way to live. It's a great experience visiting new places, enjoying the cultures of various countries. That part is fascinating, but the 12-hour plane trips I can do without."

Since our interview McFerrin has completed a brief European tour, playing the Berlin Jazz Festival, where ecstatic critics called him the "Stimmwunder" (wonder voice); this week he is on a second overseas trek that takes in club and concert dates in London, and a vocal "summit meeting" with such singers as Urszula Dudziak and Jeanne Lee in Baden-Baden.

"I've been absolutely flooded with offers for him from all over Europe," says Goldstein, who is not a hype-inclined manager. She also points out that a Grover Washington album with McFerrin as guest singer on one track is due out this week on Elektra/Asylum. The title of that cut, by the way, could hardly be more appropriate at this time in his life: "Things Are Getting Better." □

DONEGAN IN TOP FORM AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

"If talent were oil," said Lynn Carey, "Dorothy Donegan would be a national resource." She then turned over the microphone Thursday evening at Donte's to her father, Macdonald Carey. He introduced Donegan, who proceeded to justify the praise heaped on her by the young singer.

The first two numbers had vocals by Lynn Carey (reviewed here during a recent appearance), but it was difficult to avoid concentrating on Donegan's piano accompaniment. Even in this subordinate role, her astonishing technique and wealth of ideas stood out like pearls in an oyster bed.

Donegan's solo set, accompanied by Shelly Berger on bass and Kevin Tulius on drums, offered renewed evidence of a talent that too long has been overlooked. Her articulation attested to her Chicago Conservatory training; technically, she may bring to mind her two idols, Art Tatum and Vladimir Horowitz.

Her left hand, which often takes over on its own for long stretches, is an object lesson in itself. When her bass tremolos were pitted against brilliant right-hand cascades in "Here's That Rainy Day," the results were riveting. "Body and Soul," complete with verse, took on vivid new life, and "After Hours" brought new luster to a funky 40-year-old blues.

Though you may notice flashes here and there of Tatum, Erroll Garner and others, she is essentially her own woman, determined to be viewed not only as a great artist but also as an entertainer. About halfway through the set, ostentation, comedy songs and vocal impressions began to take precedence over taste and musicality. Granted, her showmanship is masterful, calculated to bring a standing ovation, but it may well be the desire to present herself in this manner that has mitigated against fuller acceptance of her artistry.

Donegan simply refuses to take herself seriously for too long. True, even Tatum made occasional use of humorous quotations, but Donegan, at least for this listener, goes so far overboard with the clowning that by the time she is through, some of the original impact of a superb jazz piano recital has been vitiated. Nevertheless, she deserves better than an occasional club engagement in town and should be presented regularly on the concert stages of this country.

It was sad to hear the closing speech in which she announced her imminent departure for some dates overseas because, as she said, not enough work is available at home.

Pianist David Benoit, using the same bassist and drummer, backed Lynn Carey for her opening set. Coming to Donte's Monday: Mayuto and his combo.

12/5

JAZZ ALBUM REVIEWS

JOHN LEWIS: SOME FRESH OLD THEMES

By LEONARD FEATHER

"KANSAS CITY BREAKS." John Lewis Group. Essence FW 38187. Though the themes have long been familiar (several are from Lewis' film scores), they never grow stale; the arrangements and the instrumentation of this sextet lend a strongly personal new touch to "Django," "Sasha's March" and the rest. The blend of violinist Joe Kennedy and flutist Frank Wess (both also lyrical soloists) gives the combo its character, along with brilliant support by Shelly Manne in an outstanding rhythm section. Lewis's elegant piano is best showcased in the beguiling waltz "Milano." Five stars.

□

"TRIO MUSIC." Chick Corea-Miroslav Vitous-Roy Haynes. ECM 2-1232. In this uncluttered setting, with a master bassist and a long-respected drummer, the most appealing aspects of Corea's protean talents come into focus. On the first disc he plays one set-piece, unaccompanied, and seven trio or duo improvisations; the second record finds the threesome exploring seven Thelonious Monk compositions, with Corea inserting slightly Monkish touches into his readings of "Round Midnight," "Hackensack" and the like. 4½ stars.

□

"SEVEN COME ELEVEN." Benny Goodman. Columbia 38265. George Benson's semilegendary session with Goodman, taped in 1975, has at last seen the light of day. Both men play superbly, but Benson, heard on four of the 11 cuts, has only a minute to solo on each. The late Joe Venuti, on two other unissued tracks, fares even less well, with about 30 seconds on a "Limehouse Blues" and "Slipped Disc" that should have been at least doubled in length. Some fine combo jazz here, but why go back to 78 r.p.m. durations 34 years into the LP era? Four stars.

□

"KEYSTONE 3." Art Blakey Jazz Messengers. Concord Jazz CH-196. The inexhaustible master of hard-bop drums had both trumpeter Wynton Marsalis and his brother Branford (on alto sax) on this live session last January. Wynton's own tune "Waterfalls" finds both brothers in formidable form, as do most of the other cuts. The dynamic volatility of Curtis Fuller's piece "A La Mode" symbolizes the spirit of this sextet, which ranks among the best of Blakey's long career. The notes claim that pianist Donald Brown "literally dances" through the rhythm section, but I have it on good authority that he played the whole session sitting down. Five stars.

□

"FARMER'S MARKET BARBECUE." Count Basie. Pablo 2310-874. As is his wont nowadays, Basie plays no more piano than he cares to, but other solos abound, and the selection of tunes (mostly written by past and present members of the orchestra) is a little more varied than usual. Four of the eight pieces are played by a reduced band, cut down from 16 to 11 men. Among them are "Lester Leaps In" and "Jumpin' at the Woodside," and the 10½-minute title number. They are none the worse for it. 3½ stars.

□

"GIANT STEPS." Tommy Flanagan. Enja 4022. An interesting premise: This trio LP, a tribute to John Coltrane, consists of Coltrane originals first recorded by Flanagan as a sideman with him in 1959. His piano has made its own giant steps since then, and on such slight themes as "Cousin Mary" (a blues) and "Mr. P.C." (minor blues), the music is essentially Flanagan's, except for the opening and closing theme statements. But in "Naima" Coltrane's melody shows its durability, as do the chord changes through which Flanagan steers his way adeptly in the title tune. Four stars.

□

"CRAZY AND MIXED UP." Sarah Vaughan. Pablo 2312-137. Nothing is extraordinary here except the liner notes by Norman Granz, who with undisguised sarcasm explains why Sarah Vaughan, rather than Granz, produced this set herself. He points out that she chose the cover "and the apt title." Well! It's a pleasant enough LP with a couple of unfamiliar songs (David Rose's "The Island," Roland Hanna's "Seasons") and a good rhythm section, but with only 33½ minutes of music and so many other great Vaughans to choose from, it will not become one of her most in-demand products. Three stars.

□

"TRADITION IN TRANSITION." Chico Freeman. Elektra/Asylum 60313. Freeman's "Mys-Story" is fresh and inventive, with a Latin touch, sparked by the leader's tenor and Clyde Criner's piano. Other cuts offer touches of early Monk, hits of each Ornette, and themes based on short, uneventful, unengaging phrases, with too little of Freeman at his best. He plays flute on only two tunes, one of which is a minute long. The trumpeter, Wallace Roney, is technically capable but lacks emotional impact. 2½ stars. □

12/5

NARROWING HORIZONS

"TWO OF A KIND." Earl Klugh and Bob James. Capitol SMAS 12244. There is a curious irony here. Both musicians have been associated in the public mind with jazz—James, in fact, first came to prominence as Sarah Vaughan's pianist before he turned to more lucrative pursuits such as providing Grover Washington, Stanley Turrentine et al. with arrangements that diluted their personalities but multiplied their sales.

Klugh, playing acoustic guitar, has given the impression, almost from the start of his career as a recording group leader, that he prefers caution to creation. In this set, he and James are trapped in a formula that defies categorization. Certainly it does not qualify as valid jazz or rock; in essence it's an innocuous pop set. But the irony remains: It is being reviewed in the trade papers as a jazz record and a "top album pick," which may help the reputation of jazz in a twisted way by giving the impression that jazz records can sell in the hundreds of thousands.

The tunes (by James or Klugh, except for one co-written by Harvey Mason and Michael Lang) are vaguely Latin, in the Brazilian rather than Cuban sense. Klugh's "Sandstorm" is an attractive, minor theme that makes for competent, simple commercial music. "Wes" presumably is a tribute to the late Wes Montgomery, though Klugh apparently makes no attempt to simulate his style. The four other cuts fall into the class for which are reserved such adjectives as pleasant, innocuous or agreeable, but I wouldn't want to get trapped in an elevator with them.

What hurts most about productions of this nature is that one knows the performers are capable of doing so much more, but are narrowing their horizons deliberately. There is absolutely nothing here that seems likely to be remembered a few years from now, or possibly even a few months.

—LEONARD FEATHER

12/5

Bebop to funk: a horn of plenty

MILES DAVIS by Ian Carr (Morrow: $12)

His career effectively goes back to 1945, when, at 19, he was teamed on records for the first time with Charlie Parker. Ever since, Miles Davis has had an impact on music unique not only for its creativity, but also for the number of occasions when his innovations have altered the entire course of jazz.

In order to gain a clear literary perspective on those developments it was necessary to turn to a writer who is himself a musician, and who is broad-minded enough to judge the vastly

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

different facets of Davis' evolution, both as trumpeter and as seminal force. Ian Carr, a Scottish-born, England-based journalist and trumpeter, emerges in this brilliantly detailed study as the right man for the job.

Davis has been idolized as a pioneer of black music; at the same time he has been accused, wrongly, of an anti-white stance. Carr deals with this and every other aspect of Davis' attitudes, as well as with the suffering he endured at the hands of policemen, among others. Since Carr apparently had little or no direct contact with his subject, his insight into the the man and his music is astonishing. He also deals sensitively with the drug problem that sidelined Davis for several years during the 1950s.

The details of childhood and adolescence, when Davis grew up as the son of a well-to-do dentist and property owner, cover territory explored endlessly before, but even here there are new insights: "Miles was intellectually precocious and had an almost photographic memory. 'I taught my sister mathematics. If I had a book, I could look at it and remember the whole page. That's the reason I used to take care of band payrolls; I could remember all the tabs. . . .' " Because of this, Carr infers, Davis, usually the youngest member of the bands in which he then worked, often was the guiding light, director and organizer.

The various musical stages—bebop, cool, orchestral, modal, and finally electronic funk—which Carr examines phase by phase, are subjected to a scrutiny apparently inspired by his disbelief in the "I am better than you are because I was born after you" theory. As he points out, "The values of technology simply do not work in art. Shaw's plays did not invalidate Shakespeare's; Miles's great sextet recordings of 1958 and 1959 did not invalidate his quintet albums of 1956. . . ."

During the last pages of the main text, Carr notes that Davis' music during the 1970s involved radical new elements that were "non-western rather than specifically African"; however, he does find a greater Africanization in the general approach. He concludes that Davis' importance and influence "are so great than an account of his career from 1945 to 1975 amounts to a history of the main events that have taken place in jazz during the period." Because the book was written before Davis' 1981 re-emergence, his current direction is not discussed.

There is an appendix; Davis solos from 1949 to 1968 are transcribed. Carr provides valuable tools to facilitate understanding an artist whose music often has been as enigmatic as his personality.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

at 669-1000.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THE SEXTET," Cannonball Adderley. Milestone 9106. Taped live in Tokyo and San Francisco, the six powerful works, previously unreleased in three versions, are by Yusef Lateef, whose flute was a valuable component of the band; Bobby Timmons and Victor Feldman, who had played piano with earlier Adderley combos; the late Oscar Pettiford, and Nat Adderley, whose cornet on "Never Say Yes," along with his brother's ebullient alto, remind us what a stomping combo this was, and, not incidentally, how much Joe Zawinul's piano contributed to it. Four stars.

□

"FACE TO FACE," Oscar Peterson-Freddie Hubbard. Pablo 2310-876. The most recorded pianist in jazz history squares off against the most recorded trumpeter of the 1980s. Both sides win. The display of chops is phenomenal; in such stimulating company (Peterson, Joe Pass, bassist Niels Pedersen and the British drummer Martin Drew), Hubbard could not hold back. The material is predictable: Victor Young's "Portrait of Jenny" (about equal to Hubbard's Columbia version), another Young standard, "Weaver of Dreams," and a prestissimo blues, along with 14 minutes of Miles Davis' "All Blues." Four stars.

□

"TO THEM—TO US," Jaki Byard. Soul Note SN 1025. Eclectic pianist Byard is all on his own in this album. The original title tune is long, largo and somewhat abstract. The choice of material is odd: "Ode to Billy Joe," rhythmically jerky, and Mangione's "Land of Make Believe," heavy on the ostinato. It would be more rewarding to hear an album of his own work, backed by a rhythm section. 2½ stars.

12/5

A FARRAGO OF VOCABLES

Or, How to Learn a Jumble of Often Useless Words

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the last 10 months or so, my vocabulary has been distending diurnally. In fact, this year even the lowliest scullion, in the act of gustation while her slumgullion inspissated in her firkin, could accumulate a farrago of vocables—but would she be fribbling her time away?

If the above paragraph speaks with forked tongue, blame it on the Page-A-Day wall calendar. After arriving last Christmas as a gift, it became a mixed blessing when I tore off a leaf daily and was confronted by a new word, complete with pronunciation, definition, and an example of its use: Inspissate (in spis' at) v.t., v.i. to thicken, as by evaporation. The chili inspissated after several hours of simmering.

Within a few weeks I found that the words fell into three categories: those I was familiar with (how dare these diarists assume our ignorance of the meaning of bedlam, ostentatious or subterfuge?), those that would be handy if only I could commit them to memory (the old-dogs-new-tricks gambit) and those unlikely to be needed or used by anyone this side of William F. Buckley.

Even assuming I could get a handle on that second group, the chances of working them into a sentence seemed remote. Imagine yourself at a cocktail party, casually tossing this off: "I thought the anabasis of the Israelis in Lebanon showed their pervicacity, didn't you?" Or, to trigger a lively debate, "Do you think mithridatism should be legalized?"

Failing oral usage, you can try it in writing, words having always tended to be more abstruse in print than in conversation. Still, there is a danger of giving the impression that you are infatuated with the sound of your own unintelligibility.

If I were to write: "The lovers were bound together like amplectant vines," chances are that eight out of 10 readers would be puzzled, a ninth might be curious enough to consult Webster's Third New International, and the 10th would be the omniscient Mr. Buckley himself. Am-plek-tent: (adj.) Bot. twining around or clasping some other body, as a tendril. That was our Sept. 5 word.

By the same token, if I were to observe that "An autumn sunset transformed the skyscrapers into rutilant towers" (Sept. 27), who among us would immediately dig that the towers were glowing or glittering with a ruddy or golden light? Only the calendar-compilers, I suspect.

Some of these odd adjectives, verbs and nouns can be deciphered if you ever took Latin or Greek. I had never seen *febrifuge* (Sept. 20), but could have figured out that here we had a medicine or agent that serves to dispel fever. "Medieval doctors boiled willow branches to brew a febrifuge that had the same effect as an aspirin." (Aha! We learn a little history along with our language classes.)

Other words hardly seem worth the trouble of memorizing: "Cactuses on the sill recalled her arenaceous Arizona home." When *sandy* says the same thing more clearly, arenaceous is about as useful as a spall in the heel.

Spall (Oct. 9) is one of those occasional shorter words that crop up in the diary to relieve the polysyllabic monotony. It's a chip or splinter, as of stone or ore. Moit (watch for it Dec. 8) is a foreign particle found in wool, as a burr, twig, seed etc. With a moit in your sweater and a spall in you shoe, you could be in deep trouble.

Watch out also for nitid: Bright, lustrous—"Nitid stars spangled the clear December sky." Using that in conversation you might draw a baffled response: How does one knit a star? Also coming in December is yean: to bring forth young, as a sheep or goat. The example has a mellifluous lilt: "Late that spring the ewe yeaned her last lamb."

Pleasing too is the back formation sapid: "The disgruntled dieter was allowed to eat nothing more sapid than Jell-O." Had he been permitted to consume something less insipid, he might well have been gruntled.

I leave you with three definitions: anabasis is a march from the coast into the interior, as that described by Xenophon. Pervicacious people are willful and stubborn. Mithraditism is the production of immunity to a poison by taking the poison in gradually increased doses: "Ancient kings used mithraditism to foil assassins." For any other unexplained items, I leave you in the hands of Webster, thus freeing myself to memorize the contents of a fast-growing pile of small sheets of white paper. Let's not call this a realistic ambition, but rather just another of my oneiric (Aug. 3) velleities (Sept. 10). □

12/11

Los Angeles Times

GALLIMAUFRY AT THE PARISIAN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

This week's show at the Parisian Room has something for everyone: an instrumental trio, a singer, a comedian and a guest soloist. Wednesday evening, the first set ran more than two hours.

Art Hillery, at the piano, took the resident trio through its paces in an unspectacular but agreeable warm-up set, with Richard Reid on bass and the dependably cooking Jimmie Smith on drums.

Brad Sanders, the young comic who followed, took to the stage in a three-piece suit and said, "Excuse the way I'm dressed. I can't afford jeans." That was about as funny as he got. For the most part, the audience received his routine in stony silence. Unlike previous comics in this room, Sanders is clean and inoffensive, but that just isn't enough.

Eddie Harris was next, playing vigorous rhythm songs and warmly appealing ballads on his tenor sax. The high point was "St. Thomas," which he introduced and concluded in an extraordinary manner: With a microphone clipped to the bell of his sax, he produced a series of infectious rhythmic clicks simply by pressing down the keys without producing any tones. The resultant sound was not unlike a conga drum solo.

Harris ended with a wild workout on "Oleo," first backed by the trio, then unaccompanied and airborne for several suspenseful minutes, and lastly sung in a strange, warbling and yodeling scat style. His mix of musicianship and entertainment is somewhat casual but effective.

Finally, Gloria Lynne, a perennially underrated singer, offered another reminder of her splendid taste, cool vibrato and jazz-inclined phrasing. "Just the Way You Are" was the only recent song in a performance that leaned toward seasoned material: "June Night," "The Touch of Your Lips" and, best of all, a poignant rendition of the Oscar Hammerstein-Jerome Kern ballad "The Folks Who Live on the Hill." Lanny Hartley replaced Hillery at the piano for this consistently rewarding set.

The show closes Sunday. Opening Thursday: Marlena Shaw.

22 Part VI/Friday, December 17, 1982

BAROQUE JAZZ ENSEMBLE AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Baroque Jazz Ensemble has been gigging together off and on for 10 years in schools, colleges, parks and nightclubs. Tuesday evening, the group played a one-night stand at Carmelo's.

What would you expect from a combo with this name? No doubt music of the 17th and 18th centuries, presumably with a jazz coloration. Ira Schulman, the founder and still leader, probably has kept some of these themes in his library, but on this occasion he kept them under wraps.

Of the seven compositions offered during the set, two were jazz originals, a minor blues with Schulman on soprano sax, and Ernie Wilkins' "Kansas City Shout," during which the leader switched to tenor. Next came Chopin's "Prelude" and Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Princess," not exactly Baroque by any yardstick, and both treated as conventional jazz pieces, on flute and tenor respectively.

Two pop standards, "I Can't Get Started" and the inevitable "Autumn Leaves," the latter as a piano solo by Marty Rosen, were followed by Bill Holman's "Horn of the Fish," on which Schulman fielded some of his best work by playing clarinet.

The combo no longer has harpist Dorothy Ashby, whose presence lent it a spark of originality. Why doesn't Schulman gamble and go for Baroque? If he elects not to justify the title, why not just call it the Ira Schulman Quartet?

Nomenclature aside, the men (all members of the original group) provided unpretentious middle-of-the-road jazz, with Nick Martinis on drums and the somewhat hard-to-hear bass of Bob Saravia, whose amplifier was not functioning.

Schulman's incorporation of jazz and classical elements no longer is novel; apart from this, the success that other groups have enjoyed with this form of fusion, particularly Free Flight with its brilliant soloist and carefully arranged repertoire, leaves him at a disadvantage.

If he wants to live up to the concept, let there be a modicum of Bach, Handel et al in every set. Schulman is a capable enough artist to do justice to the musical literature he espoused when the Baroque Jazz Ensemble got under way.

12/14

Los Angeles Times

JARRETT PLAYS, RECITES AT PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER

Notes and comments on a Saturday evening at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion:

8:20 p.m.: Keith Jarrett arrives on stage, greets capacity crowd with fighter's handclasp, sits at the piano to begin his improvised continuum.

8:22: In mid-solo, Jarrett crouches, stands up, sits up. Plays long, impressionistic, pastoral passage. Briefly becomes Chopin.

8:25: Suddenly begins thumping floor with one sandal or the other, or both. Thumps bear no relation to meter or tempo. Holds head up at 60-degree angle, turns it on 180-degree axis. Moans, as if carried away by own genius.

8:31: Going into bass ostinato, sustains it for several minutes along with dazzling atonal cadenzas.

8:40: That moment has arrived and Jarrett has found the interior of the piano, plucks a few strings and, for good measure, bangs the lid of the keyboard.

8:50: Another lengthy ostinato; I begin to wonder whether his left hand is stuck to the keys with Krazy Glue.

9 p.m.: At long last, a brief interlude that becomes intensely rhythmic. It turns out to be finale of first half.

9:22: Jarrett has switched from purple to green sweater. Precedes second half with convoluted speech, the gist of which seems to be that during his current tour, the audiences, in their infinite wisdom, have been able to discern what is behind the notes. Recites poem by Rainer Rilke.

9:27: Second continuum start. Disconcerting manifestations of theatricality are marginally less conspicuous, but still off-putting.

9:40: Jarrett is almost George Gershwin for about two minutes.

9:47: A dashing, Cecil Taylor-series of flourishes, and it's all over but the standing ovation.

9:48: To show us he is not only a genius but a regular fella like the rest of us, Jarrett plays "Over the Rainbow."

9:50: Another ovation, and he reads a short poem. (Rilke again? He doesn't say.)

Afterthoughts: Why does each Jarrett recital become less fascinating and more tedious than that of the previous year? Why the sense of *deja entendu?* Why are his audiences overwhelmingly white? Why has he almost totally renounced anything that could be characterized as jazz? What, in fact, could be lost by showing us the Jarrett we knew and admired when he played in the stimulating company of Charlie Haden, Paul Motian and Dewey Redman? And by the way, what *is* behind the notes?

62

12/12/82

JAZZ

LITERATURE FOR HOLIDAY READING

By LEONARD FEATHER

This has been a relatively uneventful year in jazz literature. Few books of consequence were published in the United States; two of them dealt with the same subject, Miles Davis.

The rush to be first on the street with a book about women in jazz produced one just published, a second due shortly, while a third, ironically, is now in limbo because the author, Marian McPartland, was busy doing a thorough research job while the two other women jumped the gun on her.

Books on jazz, particularly biographies, have had a poor track record. Even the various Duke Ellington tomes, among them his own "Music Is My Mistress," met with disappointing sales. One independent New York publisher, Da Capo Press, taking over books that have not sold well enough for the bigger houses to keep them in print, has reissued works on or by Ellington, Fats Waller, Sidney Bechet, Artie Shaw, John Coltrane and Charlie Parker, as well as some of the impeccable "New Yorker" essays of Whitney Balliett.

Pressed to name two of this year's books as the least expendable and most worthy as Christmas gifts, I would select "Benny Carter: A Life In Music" in two volumes (Scarecrow Press/Institute of Jazz Studies: $45) and "Miles Davis: A Critical Biography" by Ian Carr (Morrow: $12).

The Benny Carter project differed in intent and effect from either Davis volume. The hefty price is justified, for in effect there are three books here. The first, an exhaustively thorough biography, and the second, a series of analyses of the cultural, social, racial and interpersonal conditions under which Carter matured, appear in alternating chapters throughout Volume I. The principal author, Prof. Morroe Berger, was far closer to Carter than any writer has ever been to Davis. From 1969, when he first came to know his subject, until Berger's sudden death in 1981, he and the protean composer-saxophonist-trumpeter-band leader were warm friends. Carter often lectured and performed at Princeton, where Berger, an expert on Middle Eastern affairs, was a professor of sociology.

Because Carter has been a respected figure since the early 1930s, when his recordings earned him an international following, this first volume, to a greater extent than any other work of its kind, is a historically valuable study as well as a penetrating examination of the conditions under which men like Carter overcame impossible obstacles to achieve recognition and prestige. The chapters dealing with Carter's years as a writer for films and TV in Hollywood (starting out in the early 1940s, when all such work was almost totally out off bounds for black composers) constitute a definitive statement on that painful era.

The third book, technically Volume II of the Carter saga, was written by Prof. Berger's son, Edward. It is essentially a reference work, documenting every record Carter ever made, with analytical commentary, as well as every tune he played on every occasion when Berger could track down the details. If you need to know what songs Carter's band played Dec. 18, 1975, in Istanbul, or how this differed from his recital Jan. 14, 1976, in Amman, Jordan, Ed Berger has these and a thousand other answers.

There are also master lists of compositions and arrangements by Carter, stating who performed them and when; an alphabetical listing of artists and all the Carter music they played or sang; lists of sound tracks he wrote, and a chronology of his every song and/or arrangement. This volume, of course, is highly esoteric, but the first book alone is worth the price for its uniquely scholarly inspection of the life and times of a uniquely fascinating human being.

Ian Carr's success in his Miles Davis enterprises is doubly commendable in that he had no direct contact with his subject and is based in England. Balancing these difficulties, Carr is an experienced trumpeter, leader of an award-winning group called Nucleus, and thus was able to gain an insider's perspective.

Every aspect of the Davis phenomenon is examined with a fellow-musician's sensitivity. He traces the story back to Miles I (grandfather of the trumpeter), who was born six years after the Emancipation and who forbade his son, Miles II, to play music, "because the only place a Negro could play was in barrelhouses." Miles I became "the most efficient double entry column bookkeeper in Arkansas before the coming of the adding machines, and white men came to his home under cover of night for him to fix their books . . . . No white man wanted it known that his accounts were being done by a Negro."

The first Miles Davis, after acquiring 1,000 acres of land, sent Miles II to college to study dentistry. Miles II soon became a substantial landowner himself along with his thriving dental practice. Thus Miles III grew up as a

member of the black bourgeoisie—which did not prevent him, as a boy, from being chased down the streets of a predominantly white neighborhood where his family lived, while a white man shouted "Nigger! Nigger!"

The musical life of Miles III is traced by Carr with the utmost care, enabling the reader to understand the several musical revolutions for which he was directly responsible and find illuminating clues to the supposedly enigmatic Davis personality. Davis' four-year battle with drug addiction during the 1950s is discussed without sensationalism. The details of his stormy relationships with wives and other women do not interfere with an essentially musical story.

A valuable bonus is the section in which Davis' improvisations are reproduced, from "Godchild" (January, 1949) to "Petits Machins" (May, 1968). It is fascinating to listen to these solos and follow them visually, though Carr should have included some analytical comments. There is also a discography, from Davis' first session in 1945 with a singer named Rubberlegs Williams to his comeback session in 1981.

"Round About Midnight: A Portrait of Miles Davis" by Eric Nisenson (Dial Press, paperback, $10.98) is considerably shorter. The author had some personal contact with his subject (which Davis, when I asked him, claimed not to recall). Nisenson writes insightfully, but without the help of a musical expertise such as Carr's. Both writers are occasionally careless about facts that could easily have been checked. Both attempt to explain Davis' decision to make the transition from jazz into electric fusion music, Carr more factually and convincingly pointing out the economic factors involved.

Of the books about women mentioned above, only "American Women in Jazz" by Sally Placksin (Wideview, paperback, $9.95), is now available. Placksin deals with the invaluable contributions made by the blues singers, by Mary Lou Williams and countless other instrumentalists, among them many horn players who were subjected to far more sex discrimination than the pianists.

The book is flawed by its self-limiting title (Toshiko Akiyoshi and Marian McPartland are given short shrift; the Brazilian pianist Tania Maria, the British saxophonist Kathleen Stobart and other gifted non-Americans are not even mentioned), and by some careless fact-gathering. Placksin has Lil Armstrong, the black pianist, playing in a white New Orleans band in 1923, among other impossible data.

Perhaps she was in a hurry to get her book out ahead of others, such as "Stormy Weather" by Linda Dahl, due to be issued soon by Chelsea House. Dahl is at least as inaccurate as Placksin; in one paragraph about Dinah Washington I found four factual errors. (However, I was dealing with uncorrected page proofs.) If you just can't wait for a book on jazz women, Placksin will have to do, but Dahl is the better writer, gives Akiyoshi et al. their due, and, unlike Placksin, wastes no space on remote, insignificant figures in pop bands.

First choice for the coffee-table book of the year is "Black Beauty, White Heat" by Frank Driggs and Harris Lewine (William Morrow, $39.95), a lavishly produced collection of rare photographs and other visual memorabilia, fleshed out with 75,000 words of a generally accurate and accessible text by Driggs, a veteran record producer. The period covered is 1919-1950.

Billy Taylor's "Jazz Piano: A Jazz History" (William C. Brown, Dubuque, Iowa, paperback, $9.95) is adapted from Dr. Taylor's series along the same lines broadcast via National Public Radio. There is much more to this undertaking than a series of dry analyses of solos. Carefully researched, technically and historically accurate, this should stand as the best work to date in its field. □

SCATTING ALONG WITH ANITA O'DAY

1/4/83

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Silver Screen Jazz Room, an intimate spot in the Hyatt Hotel on the Sunset Strip, was graced over the weekend with the presence of Anita O'Day, who has been plying her jazz vocal trade longer than any chanteuse this side of Ella Fitzgerald.

Two characteristics stand out in a typical O'Day performance: spontaneity and a sense of humor. Although certain tunes, such as "Honeysuckle Rose," now follow a long-established pattern, much of what happens is spur-of-the-moment creativity, just as surely as if her voice were an improvising horn. If the lyrics get in the way of this freedom, she will alter them, or abandon them entirely in favor of a little scatting.

The humor takes the form of a refusal to view anything seriously. This worked splendidly in the treatment of Ferde Grofe's "On The Trail," introduced with a puckish 6/8 passage for which she gave wordless responses to a series of phrases stated by the flutist, Roger Neumann. On the other hand, it tended to downgrade "Emily," the lovely Johnny Mandel waltz, sung casually, and with references to the fact that this is the name of her dog and of her record company. This set would have benefited from the inclusion of one serious song such as "Lush Life," which she can do most effectively when the mood hits her.

In any event, the O'Day sound, a distinctive element in jazz for four decades, remains entirely her own, and no matter what occasional flaws may be detected —slight intonation lapses, or a disconcerting tendency to turn her back to the audience every now and then, as if the combo needed a conductor—she remains inimitably and engagingly herself.

Along with Neumann on flute and tenor sax, the backup group included Dick Shreve, piano; the excellent Bob Maize on bass and John Poole, drums.

O'Day, who looked slender and cheerful, will be back at the Hyatt Saturday, and predictions are impossible: You may hear one of the greatest sets she has sung in a long time or possibly not. In dealing with a singer who takes so many chances, the listener is obliged to do the same. On the whole, it's a reasonable risk.

The Hollywood Reporter

$5

52nd Anniversary Issue

The Star Makers

The Altruistic Star Maker: John Hammond

Of all the catalysts who have devoted their lives to star making in the music industry, none has a more astonishing track record than John Henry Hammond Jr. At 71, he can look back on more than a half-century of overlapping careers as a record producer, jazz critic and civil rights activist. His accomplishments are remarkable for their total lack of personal profit motivation; Hammond has generated enormous profits for the record companies with which he has been associated, but most of this has been accomplished in a spirit of genuine altruism.

BY LEONARD FEATHER Had it not been for him, we might never have heard of Billie Holiday or Count Basie. Without his help, Benny Goodman might not have been dubbed King of Swing and, indeed, the entire swing era phenomenon might not have materialized. The boogie woogie piano style evolved into a national fad during the late 1930s due to Hammond's persistence in tracking down an obscure recording. Much later, he gave Aretha Franklin, Dob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen their first breaks.

What forces drove Hammond to these accomplishments? As he told the story in his autobiography, "John Hammond on Record" (Ridge Press/Summit Books), he rebelled against his social background and found the two principal motivations when he was exposed to the sound of jazz, and when he became aware of racism in America. The two discoveries naturally dovetailed; through his efforts, some of the barriers of segregation were broken down in music and elsewhere. Early on he joined the NAACP, became a vp, but quit in 1967 because he found the organization too conservative.

John Hammond and Leonard Feather

Born into wealth, he was a descendant of the Vanderbilts on his mother's side and was raised in a vast mansion on East 91st Street, which had 16 servants. His father was a banker and lawyer. Hammond, who studied at Hotchkiss and Yale, also attended Juilliard and became a capable violist. He had been exposed to improvised music when, at 12, he heard an American band in London. During his late teens he began secretly frequenting Harlem clubs and theatres.

At 21 he left the family home to live in Greenwich Village. "I did not revolt against the system," he says, "I simply refused to be a part of it." He acquired ownership of a theatre in the Village, where he presented shows featuring black bands. His career as a record producer began when in September of 1931 he persuaded Columbia Records to let him record, at his own expense, a black pianist named Garland Wilson.

Bob Dylan, Benny Goodman and John Hammond

Also in 1931, Hammond was fascinated by a record called "Honky Tonk Train Blues," with a pulsing eight-to-the-bar piano beat, known in black circles as boogie-woogie. The artist was Meade Lux Lewis. Hammond searched in vain for him, then almost five years later found him working in a Chicago car wash. He arranged for Lewis to record a new version.

Other boogie-woogie pianists such as Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson then came to prominence, with Hammond's help, and before long the term "boogie-woogie" had been popularized, commercialized and bastardized by such performers as the Andrews Sisters. Hammond featured the original boogie-woogie pioneers in his memorable "From Spirituals to Swing" concerts in 1938 and '39 at Carnegie Hall.

Always an ardent integrationist, Hammond brought black and white musicians together at a time when it was totally unacceptable in American society. He served as disc jockey and producer of live jazz shows on WEVD, using interracial combos, in 1932. When the station refused to pay the musicians, Hammond gave them $10 each out of his own pocket.

Domestic media interest in jazz was so limited that most of Hammond's reportage was seen in British publications such as the Melody Maker and the Gramophone. He wrote for Down Beat for a few years, and was music critic for the Brooklyn Eagle from 1933-35, when no other daily newspaper had any jazz coverage. Around this time he helped edit a house organ for the music publisher Irving Mills, for whom he also supervised a series of classic sessions with Red Norvo and other swing era giants. Music aside, Hammond went South to cover the Scottsboro trial, then a national cause celebre with heavy racist overtones, for the Nation and the New Republic.

Because of the dismal state of the recording industry in the United States, Hammond produced some of ⟶

← his best 1930s dates specially for British release; among them were some of Benny Goodman's dates with pickup groups. Later Goodman formed his orchestra, with considerable help from Hammond, who brought Gene Krupa and Jess Stacy into the band. Later he encouraged Goodman to use Teddy Wilson; this led to the birth of the Goodman Trio, the first interracial group ever to appear regularly in public.

One night in 1936 Hammond heard, on his car radio, a small band broadcasting from the Reno Club in Kansas City. "I couldn't believe my ears," he recalls. After listening for many more nights he went to Kansas City, heard the Count Basie band and its legendary soloists such as Lester Young, Hot Lips Page and singer Jimmy Rushing. With the help of Hammond and his booking agent friend Willard Alexander (who still handles Basie today), the personnel was enlarged, brought to New York, and Basie was soon on his way to worldwide fame.

Hammond also discovered Lionel Hampton, leading an octet in a Los Angeles club; he took Benny Goodman to hear him, and the Goodman Trio soon became the Goodman Quartet. In 1939, prompted by pianist Mary Lou Williams, he brought to Goodman's attention a brilliant young guitarist named Charlie Christian, who soon revolutionized guitar playing with his amplified solos in the Goodman Sextet.

Among Hammond's most durable accomplishments as a star maker were the precedential recordings he produced with Teddy Wilson, featuring Billie Holiday, while he was associate recording director for Columbia in the late 1930s.

Leaving Columbia in 1943, he became coeditor and publisher of Music and Rhythm, a jazz magazine. Later he wrote for several New York daily newspapers. But the discovery and recording of new talent was his first love. After producing for Keynote and Majestic, he was vp of Mercury from 1947-52, then created the "Jazz Classics" series for Vanguard from 1953-58.

In 1960 he was back at Columbia, where he remained for 20 years. Ironically, some of the artists he launched during that time made their first (and some would say best) records under his supervision but went on to greater commercial success in the hands of others. Typical cases were those of Aretha Franklin (who achieved her first great hits after leaving Columbia to join Atlantic), Bob Dylan, and George Benson.

Since his contract with Columbia expired, Hammond at long last has started his own company. He talked the other day, with typical enthusiasm, about the first releases on John Hammond Records, due out in late October: "We have a two-LP Allan Ginsberg set that's a real shocker. Dylan is on it, the Clash, and others. And there's a great gospel album by Marion Williams."

Jazz releases will follow, among them one by Adam Makowicz, the Polish pianist whom Hammond helped establish in the United States, and a two-piano session with Dick Hyman and Roger Kellaway. The LPs will be distributed by CBS.

Hammond adds: "Then there's this 16-year-old singer, Josie Aiello — sort of a young Barbra Streisand. I'm really excited about her. You know, there's so much marvelous talent around."

There always has been, but it has taken men of John Hammond's perception and resourcefulness to enable the world to hear it. ★

Composer, record producer and jazz historian Leonard Feather is the author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" (Horizon Press) and jazz critic for the Los Angeles Times.

The Book Report

Benny Carter: A Distinguished, All-Around Musician

Benny Carter: A Life in American Music, *by Morroe Berger, Edward Berger and James Patrick (Scarecrow Press & Institute of Jazz Studies: $45).*

Morroe Berger was professor of sociology at Princeton from 1952 until his death last year. An expert on the Middle East, race relations and the sociology of the arts, he began writing about jazz in the 1940s, and in 1969 became a close friend of Benny Carter, the consummate Los Angeles musician, whom he invited to Princeton as lecturer and performer.

The first book of this two-volume work goes into minute detail about the career of Carter—composer, arranger, bandleader, alto saxophonist, trumpeter and writer of music for films and TV—arguably, the most distinguished all-around artist to emerge from the world of jazz. But Morroe Berger, author of the first volume, does not stop there; other chapters flesh out the story with scholarly essays on topics related to Carter's life and times.

These interludes deal with pre-jazz black music, with Harlem and its clubs, with men such as Irving Mills and John Hammond, whose lives impinged on Carter's, with jazz in relation to dance music, Hollywood, racism, radio, records, television, and with the academic establishment in which Carter, helped by Berger, became a participant.

The story thus becomes a melody with a series of complex counterpoints. We follow Carter from San Juan Hill ("the jungles" of West 63rd Street) where he was raised, to Harlem, and watch his rise from respected sideman (with Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb et al) to internationally known bandleader. At 28 he left for France, and soon afterward for London to become a staff arranger for the BBC Dance Orchestra. In 1936 in London, he gave his first concert; he did not appear on a concert stage in America until 1952.

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

Berger develops the portrait of an artist who, born poor and black, was soon able to leave poverty behind him by dint of sheer talent. "Afro-Americans in the 1960s and '70s," Carter told Berger, "Became more conscious of race through the civil rights movement . . . I myself never had an identity problem . . . I know exactly who I am and I've always known it."

He has displayed that identity, not only through music, but also through his quiet fights for integration. In the 1940s, neighbors twice tried to evict him from homes in "white" Los Angeles neighborhoods. He won. In the 1950s he was in the vanguard of the movement to unify the segregated black Los Angeles musicians' union and the white local. He won.

The second volume, by Berger's son Edward, is an astonishingly detailed reference work: a discography from 1928-81, a master list of Carter compositions and arrangements and of everyone who has ever recorded one, film and TV chronologies and more. Ed Berger relieves the dryness of such data by appending relevant critical comments.

In a work of this scope, the very brief sample of Carter's scoring for a reed section (eight bars from a 49-year-old record) and the minimal reproductions of his solos (there are no examples at all of his trumpet work) are inadequate. This technical chapter by James Patrick is the only weakness in a splendid work that outstrips anything else yet undertaken in the historiography of jazz.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

HAROLD LAND IS A DAY AT THE BEACH

12/18

By LEONARD FEATHER

Harold Land is at Concerts by the Sea through Sunday, leading almost the same group heard on his recent, widely acclaimed album "Xocia's Dance," the title number of which was written by his talented son, Harold Land Jr.

The word "almost" in the preceding sentence is important. Vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson, who lent so much vivid color and panache to the album, is absent. So is George Cables, a probing piano soloist and buoyant accompanist.

In Cables' chair is the junior Land, who has worked with his father often over the years. He is a spirited and inventive artist, but Thursday evening his comping in the rhythm section on the faster numbers was repetitive to the point of monotony. This was most noticeable in the opening tune, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," which ran to a very excessive 20 minutes. During that period he repeated an essentially unchanging three-chord figure more than 100 times. His solos, however, especially on the slower tunes, were up to his customary standards.

Land Sr. displayed his perennial blend of traditional and contemporary characteristics. Few tenor saxophonists have maintained their emotional commitment and updated their concepts over so long a time span. He was at his brilliant best on the tender, Latin-flavored "To Lydia With Love," and on an attractive ballad, "Rapture," introduced with an ominous vamp played by the younger Land with bassist John Heard.

Both these tunes were composed by the leader, and both featured Oscar Brashear on fluegelhorn rather than trumpet, playing with an appealing lyricism to which the mellower horn lends itself more readily. Rounding out the group was Billy Higgins, a drummer so sensitive to his colleagues that if any of them were to sneeze, he would beat out "Gesundheit" at the identical moment. On the closing piece, "Step Right Up to the Bottom," Higgins delivered a solo that was witty and never pretentious.

Despite some lulls when the songs ran overlong, the group stacked up as an exemplary unit in the post-hard bop mold. Land Sr. may have been touched, but not twisted out of shape, by the John Coltrane influence. Though one of the tunes in this set was by Coltrane ("Blues for You"), it consisted, aside from the brief thematic statements, simply of blowing on the standard 12-bar form.

Coming Thursday to the Redondo Beach club: Donald Byrd.

65

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Pianist Dorothy Donegan: "You need to communicate rather than educate."

JAZZ

DONEGAN: AN INCURABLE HAM

By LEONARD FEATHER

It has been said, by fellow-pianists who should know, that Dorothy Donegan is her own worst enemy.

Long respected by musicians who are aware of her true potential, she has been pursued and inhibited by an image that has had the effect of limiting what could have been an illustrious career as a concert artist, in either classical music or jazz, or both.

Donegan's problem, the symptoms of which have been evident throughout her professional life, is that she has never appeared to take herself seriously. She may play 20 minutes or so of superlative music, her technique and articulation beyond reproach, her ideas scintillating. Suddenly, in midstream, everything will change.

A compelling blues will give way abruptly to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," or she may burst out into song, either in her own style (and, as she is the first to admit, she is no Ella Fitzgerald) or in an impression of someone like Billie Holiday. She may indulge in odd facial gestures and leg movements, and will kid around with the bass player and the drummer. By the time Donegan is through, much of the audience has forgotten the impeccable musician and remembers only a brash, sometimes vulgar comic.

'I tried big band work, but I didn't adjust well to that context, because I always wanted to solo. I'm not a follower; I guess you could call me a maverick.'

The other day Donegan, a big, friendly woman with a sometimes self-deprecating manner, discussed her situation.

"I guess I am sort of hammy, but in clubs, and in places like Las Vegas and Atlantic City, you have to do some of that kind of thing. You need to communicate rather than educate."

Donegan, of course, is by no means the only jazz performer to have made concessions to show business. Dizzy Gillespie for years has spent almost as much time talking, singing, dancing and conga-drumming as he has devoted to the trumpet; the difference is that he was already established as an award-winning instrumentalist. Herbie Hancock has compartmentalized his life into genuine jazz outings and commercial ventures, confining his electronic gimmickry and vocal effects to the latter area.

Donegan found herself locked into the show-biz identification before any opportunity arose to present herself as a serious artist. "Sometimes," she concedes, "I'll be playing the piano and somebody will ask me to do the imitations. I say to myself, my goodness, I just don't seem to be able to get away from it."

The root of the problem goes back to a time when black artists faced difficulties that were all but impossible to circumvent. Born in Chicago, Donegan had extensive classical training at the Chicago Conservatory. It was her ambition to become a classical pianist, but because in those days the doors were barely ajar for blacks in the concert hall, she wound up playing jazz.

Here she ran into another racial obstacle: "If you worked downtown at a white club, they'd expect you to sing. Whites assumed we could all sing."

Before long she was swept into another square area, Hollywood, making an early film musical with Eleanor Powell, then moving to New York to appear in a Broadway show. Like another pianist of the day, Hazel Scott, she gained popularity playing boogie-woogie piano and swinging the classics at such clubs as the Embers. Unlike Scott, who had a strong sex-appeal value and moved on to high-echelon, big-money stardom, Donegan found herself branded as a comedienne of the keyboard, almost a jazz Victor Borge.

What makes her situation doubly regrettable is the unique ear training she enjoyed as a youngster. "I learned a lot just listening to the blues players in my aunt's restaurant in St. Louis; that was how I started to play extemporaneously. At one time I was offered a job replacing Mary Lou Williams in Andy Kirk's band, but I thought I'd better stay home with my mother. I could gig around Chicago for $2 or $3 a night and get by on that.

"I listened to Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace Ballroom. Then there was Rozelle Gayle, a fine pianist who was a friend and disciple of Art Tatum. One night Rozelle brought Tatum to my place and Art climbed three flights of stairs to hear me. Later on we went to all the bars and basements where Art would jam all night and I'd try to steal what I heard.

"Tatum showed me things; he'd tell me to play more *leggiero*—more lightly—and he'd say, 'If it don't fit, don't force it.' Oh yes, he was a great influence."

Like Tatum, Donegan always worked solo or with a trio. "I tried big band work, but I didn't adjust well to that context, because I always wanted to solo. I'm not a follower; I guess you could call me a maverick."

Despite the necessity to make a living playing in nightclubs, she claims she has not given up on her classical ambitions. "That's what I wanted first of all, and as soon as I pay a few more bills, I'm going to wean the jazz down to 25%. I realize that may affect my jazz playing, because the more classical work you do, the more you lose the feeling for jazz. The touch becomes different, more European.

"I actually started dong the symphony bit in 1974, when I gave a Grieg concerto performance with the New Orleans Philharmonic. Right after that, I moved to California and decided to go back to school. I've studied at USC and UCLA and still take classes wherever and whenever I can. I've attended master classes at the University of Maryland.

"I practice concert music all the time. I don't need to practice jazz; all I need is a good rhythm section—which, like a good man, is hard to find. Right now I'm doing two Mozart concerti, and I'm working on a Rachmaninoff. They're coming along pretty well. I keep saying to myself, gee, Horowitz deserves all the money he makes, because this is truly dedication."

In the concert field she names Vladimir Horowitz as one of her idols, along with Pierre Boulez, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and "a wonderful little boy, 13 years old, from Greece—I heard him at the University of Maryland. I love Earl Wild, too—he's also played a little jazz, you know. He suggested me for a jazz series at the University of Maryland next year."

The extent of her kidding around onstage, Donegan claims, varies according to the ambiance and the country. She is due to give a classical recital, on the bill with other concert artists, next February in Munich, where, she swears, there will be absolutely no vaudeville. In Denmark, she usually asks the crowd: "Which do you want? The music or the show?" Usually she winds up doing both.

"In Paris, on the other hand, they all want the show. They have Arabs and Indians and people from all over the place, and I'm working in a sort of lobby—it looks almost like an airport—so in order to attract their attention I have to give them a show."

Has she ever lost jobs because she is a woman?

"Lost 'em?" she echoes with a sardonic

Please Turn to Page 88

80

JAZZ ALBUM

By LEONARD FE

"BLACKROCK." James Blood
38285. The guitarist has a new
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Mustafa Abdul Musawwir. Ulme
what admiring critics have
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"PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIS
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Duvivier and drummer Charli
companions. 3½ stars.

□

"JAZZICAL." Mike Garson.
This three-way fusion is an oft

Los Angeles Times 12/15/82

Book Review

Historical Perspective of Women in Jazz

By LEONARD FEATHER

American Women in Jazz by Sally Placksin (Seaview: $18.95, hardcover, $9.95, paperback)

A conspicuous omission in the literature of jazz is now rectified. Ironically, three volumes dealing with the contributions of women have been in the works recently (one by the pianist Marian McPartland); this one is the first published.

"American Women in Jazz" is an oddly self-limiting title. Because of it, there is no chapter on McPartland, and none on Toshiko Akiyoshi, the most gifted and influential composer and bandleader of the last decade. Yet Placksin devotes ample space to a pianist named Edythe Turnham (1890-1950), who may be a female counterpart to the cornetist Buddy Bolden, since there is no recorded evidence of her putative contribution.

Others are equally obscure: Fagle Liebman, who runs a bookstore in Miami but played drums with Ada Leonard's orchestra in the 1940s; Flo Dreyer, a trumpeter who, like Liebman, is semiretired from music. Placksin apparently started her project too late to interview the pioneer pianist/composer Mary Lou Williams, who died last year.

Subdivided by decades, the essays offer valuable insights on blues singers of the 1920s and on dozens of instrumentalists whose careers were impeded by their sex (often also by their race).

Among the impediments: limitation of women to instruments deemed "ladylike" (mainly piano); segregation into all-female bands. Yet some jazzwomen, stubbornly fighting the prejudices, achieved moderately successful careers in predominantly male groups.

In the 1940s, such bands as the International Sweethearts of Rhythm worked for a pittance under demeaning conditions. Today, there are conscious efforts to treat women more fairly and bring them into the mainstream. Placksin's final chapter, dealing with such present-day figures as the saxophonists Ann Patterson, Jane Ira Bloom and Fostina Dixon, brings the improving situation clearly into focus.

There is some careless fact-mangling. John Kirby died in 1952, not 1943. If Lil Armstrong really worked with the white New Orleans Rhythm Kings, that would have been amazing for a black woman in 1923. (Also illegal.) Louis Armstrong stormed Europe a year before, not a year after, Duke Ellington. And so on. But for every such slip, one finds a plethora of fascinating and presumably correct details.

After so many books about jazz and heroin (Parker, Pepper, O'Day), it is a pleasant relief to have one dealing with heroines and jazz.

Feather is a Times jazz critic.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"BLACKROCK." James Blood Ulmer. Columbia BL 38285. The guitarist has a new name, which appears parenthetically 11 times on the back cover: Damu Mustafa Abdul Musawwir. Ulmer has been praised for what admiring critics have called his abrasive jazz/rock/funk, hard rock, savage rhythm riffs, jagged melodies and sonic distortion. Ironically, these are precisely the reasons his group sounds so determinedly ugly, sacrificing harmony, melody and rhythmic subtlety for relentless energy. By any name, Ulmer will never tell us in a whole album what Charlie Christian, 40 years ago, could express in 32 bars. One star.

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"PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST." Joe Albany. Elektra/Musician 60161. The veteran be-bop pianist, who has been making comebacks off and on for 30 years (a film about his drug-ravaged life became an award-winning documentary), is mainly on a ballad kick here, and it suits him well: "Too Late Now," "Autumn in New York" and the like, along with Monk's "Ruby My Dear" and a rambling blues. Guitarist Al Gafa, bassist George Duvivier and drummer Charli Persip are compatible companions. 3½ stars.

□

"JAZZICAL." Mike Garson. Jazz Hounds JHR 0005. This three-way fusion is an often effective synthesis of jazz, funk rhythms and classical music. Garson blends his own compositions with those of Liszt, Schumann and Chopin, writing skillfully for the string quartet. His friend and mentor Chick Corea contributed a poem and, on two cuts, the sound of his Mini-Moog synthesizer. Garson, in his notes, correctly points out that a natural amalgamation can be effected along these lines. 3½ stars.

□

"HOME AGAIN." Stanley Turrentine. Elektra 60201. The mind boggles at the thought of how much time and money was expended on a project such as this. At one time or another no less than seven keyboard players were involved, not to mention the singers, percussionists, guitarists, etc. Irene Cara's vocal on "You Can't Take My Love" is a slightly redeeming feature. In the final analysis, how much does all this overproduction tell us about what a splendid saxophonist Turrentine is, or was? One star. □

DOROTHY DONEGAN

Continued from 84th Page

laugh. "There have been times when, because I was a woman, I never *got* 'em!"

Dorothy Donegan ranks with Oscar Peterson and a handful of others among the giants of keyboard jazz, yet her name is absent from almost all of the jazz history books. The exception is an enlightening essay in Sally Placksin's recent book, "American Women in Jazz." Critics in the daily press have pointed out that history's neglect of her talent is due to her insistence on remaining an entertainer.

She has recorded for many labels, but most of the albums have been deleted. What is needed is the attention of a reputable record company with a strong jazz association; and with it, a determination on Donegan's part to comport herself in a manner that will leave her free to enjoy the acclaim she should have received from the beginning. □

12/21/82

Los Angeles Times

MORGANA KING, GODMOTHER OF JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

"And now here she is, the one and only Godmother of Jazz, Morgana King."

With these words, Pat (Pasquale) Senatore, the bassist who owns the beachfront club that bears his nickname, introduced the singer who, as his oblique reference implied, gained prominence as an actress by playing Marlon Brando's wife in the two "Godfather" movies.

King is nothing if not distinctive. Her jazz coloratura-soprano sound is given to sudden upward leaps far above her normal range. At these points her tonal quality thins out, lacking the rich, expressive power of which she is capable.

At times the device works, but more than once it seemed contrived, reducing the impact. King's quality in the middle and lower registers is cool, calm and calls for no ornamentation.

Her taste in material has always been impeccable. After opening with an obscure but engaging song of the 1940s, "Gentleman Friend," she switched to standards, making a medley of "My Funny Valentine" and "You Are Too Beautiful," and a dual Fats Waller tribute out of "Ain't Misbehavin' " and "Honeysuckle Rose."

Her musicianly flair for melodic alterations works well for her, especially in the scat excursions. "Quiet Nights" was sung in what seemed to be very passable Portuguese.

String accompaniment, though underrehearsed, was ideal: Jimmy Rowles at the piano, with Senatore on bass, Ralph Penland on drums and Luis Conte on percussion. This group played an opening set with a surprise addition: Rowles' gifted daughter, Stacy, playing fluegelhorn.

The most rewarding moments in King's set were two request numbers, sung without mannerisms: "Summertime," and best of all, the concluding "Lazy Afternoon." She sang this a cappella, and as the room fell silent, the only other sound was provided by the gentle lapping of waves against the Malibu shore, heard through the open glass doors at the back of the club. Where else but at Pasquale's can you find such a sublime obbligato?

Los Angeles Times 12/25/82

BROWN'S BLUESY CHRISTMAS PRESENT

By LEONARD FEATHER

This week's show at the Parisian Room (through Sunday) is a rare Christmas gift for anyone in search of blues nostalgia.

The main attraction is Charles Brown, a name that will ring a bell—in fact, jingle bells—for anyone who has been listening long enough to remember "Merry Christmas Baby." That was the seasonal blues he recorded as a member of Johnny Moore's Three Blazers some 35 years ago.

A former music teacher from Texas City, Tex., Brown is past 60 now, but his once-influential singing and odd, scattershot piano style have changed little over the years. He is a true original, his timbre and laid-back phrasing as distinctive as that of the other pioneers, from Jimmy Rushing to Joe Williams.

It was a cold night, but the warm, eternal flame of the blues kept the room heated from the moment Brown dug into "Going Down Slow" through the loping back beat of "Bad, Bad Whiskey," and then moved into his first big hit, "Driftin' Blues" (which he kiddingly claimed to have written at the age of 12).

After calling off a litany of 1940s blues names to remind us of the era that spawned him, Brown segued into "Merry Christmas Baby," and with the talented guitarist Terry Evans switching from a straight jazz style to a B.B. King groove, time rolled back and Brown had the capacity crowd in his pocket.

The house trio, with Art Hillery at the organ, Frank Wilson on drums and guitarist Evans, also played some blues. After an interlude of topical comedy by Reynaldo Rey (filling in for this week's comic, Robin Harris, who arrived late), there was a brief but compelling set by Mickey Champion. This small, unprepossessing woman, who has been around awhile, dispensed with the microphone after her first song and proceeded to stroll down the club's center aisle, working wonders without benefit of amplification. She learned her blues the old-fashioned way—she screams it.

George Kirby will be appearing over the New Year's weekend.

12/26

ALBUM BRIEFS

"LORD YOU'VE BEEN MIGHTY GOOD TO ME." Marion Williams. John Hammond FW 37598. At long last John Hammond, jazz history's most legendary talent discoverer, has his own label. It is off to a jubilant start as Marion Williams provides some of the most uplifting gospel sounds since the halcyon days of Mahalia Jackson (or of Clara Ward, in whose group Williams was the lead singer). As Hammond observes, when Williams leans toward the blues "no living female blues singers approaches her authority." Half of the songs are traditional ("The Old Rugged Cross" etc.). The two country-Western tracks are an acquired taste, though they fail to bring Williams down to the level of the backup group with its fiddle and pedal steel guitar. Fours stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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"LITTLE JAZZ BIRD." Meredith d'Ambrosio. Palo Alto Jazz PA 8019. This gentle, warm, low-key singer is a sort of contralto Blossom Dearie, or a latter-day Jeri Southern. Like Dearie, she seeks out recherche songs with strong lyrics. She is not merely supported, but strengthened, by Manny Albam's writing for string quartet, by Phil Woods' clarinet and alto sax, and, on Dave Frishberg's "Our Love Rolls On," simply by her own self-sufficient piano. (Hank Jones plays on most tracks.) Three-and-a-half stars.

—L.F.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Joyce Collins: "I used to be a snob about singers."

Is a Dope" while Henderson sang "My Funny Valentine," or Henderson would introduce "Angel Eyes," to which she would add "This Masquerade" as a counterpoint. (Both items are on Henderson's "Street of Dreams" album on Discovery.)

"It's funny," she says, "I used to be a snob about singers—never listened to them, thought they were corny. I mean, I knew Ella and Sarah were great, but I was too busy listening to bebop. Then a date took me to hear Peggy Lee at the Fairmont in San Francisco, and she was so wonderful my whole attitude changed.

"For a while people would come up to me and compliment me on my singing, and instead of accepting it, I'd say to myself, 'Don't they know I'm a jazz pianist?' But now I love it."

Collins now works often as a leader in her own right. She is proud of an album, "Moment to Moment," also on Discovery, in which she leads a quartet, with Jack Sheldon on trumpet, singing on six of the nine tunes. But she has continued to play dates with Henderson, and it was through him, just two years ago, that she made her first, very belated New York appearance.

"We played three weeks at Michael's Pub. The excitement was unreal—I felt like I was in another country. We went back there last year. Both times, the reviews were fantastic."

Collins' experience as an educator began at Los Angeles City College. Presently, at Dick Grove's school, she teaches jazz piano, along with a class in piano accompaniment, "with an emphasis on accompanying oneself. I don't think there's another class like that around.

"I love the balance of teaching and performing. The students are wonderfully open-minded."

Things are, in short, cooking for Joyce Collins, and recently frosting was added to the cake, in the form of a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. "It was a grant to perform music by women jazz composers. The more I researched it, the better I enjoyed it. I gave a series locally on KPFK, and now they want me to repeat it on National Public Radio."

Thanks to Joyce Collins' initiative years ago in passing herself off as J. Collins, she was introduced to a few fans who heard her since-deleted first album. Now, thanks to a career that has finally come into full bloom, she will be heard by millions on NPR, introducing listeners to the music of Lil Hardin Armstrong, Mary Lou Williams and all their spiritual descendants. The audiences could not ask for an abler or more enthusiastic teacher. □

68

JAZZ 12/26

PIANIST COLLINS FINDS HER VOICE

Another in a series of occasional articles on female instrumentalists in the Los Angeles area.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Joyce Collins knew, as well as the next woman, about sex prejudice in jazz. Armed with this awareness, she found a delightful way to circumvent it.

"I was living in Laurel Canyon when my house burned down; I used part of the insurance money to finance my own album. I called Ray Brown, whom I didn't even know; he agreed to play on the date, and so did Frank Butler, one of my favorite drummers. We made the album and I mailed the tape, with a letter signed J. Collins, to Orrin Keepnews at Riverside Records.

"A while later I ran into Nat Adderley, who was a Riverside artist, and told him about my project. He said, 'Was that you? I was in Orrin's office when they got the tape. They think you're black, and they think you're a man and they want to sign you.' The next day, I waltzed into Keepnews' office and said, 'Hi, I'm J. Collins.' And that's how I made my record debut."

That, however, was by no means Collins' professional bow. The cheerful redhead from Battle Mountain, Nev., recalls that a Fats Waller record tuned in her ears to jazz; she began playing gigs during her high school years in Reno. She enrolled at the College of the Pacific in Stockton, where, she says, "If you were caught playing jazz in the practice room, you were kicked out. My students at the Dick Grove School, where I teach regularly now, find that hard to believe."

Fortunately, Dave Brubeck, hearing her in Stockton, encouraged her to move to San Francisco, where she gained the playing and composing experience working with the dance band at San Francisco State College. She wound up marrying the boss, band director Bob Searle, but her jazz career has far outlasted the marriage.

Frankie Carle brought her from San Francisco to Los Angeles to play second piano in his orchestra; soon after, she worked with Alvino Rey's band, with Bob Cooper's Quartet at the Lighthouse, and led her own trio in Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Las Vegas, London and Paris.

"Things got a little slow for jazz in the late '60s, and I started working as rehearsal pianist for a jazz-rock vocal group called the Unusual We. I wound up conducting for them in Las Vegas, which made me, as far as I know, the first woman to conduct a show band in Vegas."

Next came a long-lasting job that kept her busy though far from prominent: She led a combo playing warm-up music for the audience at "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." For a while she toured with flutist Paul Horn's groups.

Sensing a resurgence in jazz, Collins began the association for which she is best known today, as partner of singer Bill Henderson in a combo that also includes Dave Mackay on electric keyboard.

"We started working together in 1975 and made our first album, called 'Live at the Times'—that was a club in Studio City. It was while I was with Bill that I began making a serious commitment to singing."

Collins' best-remembered vocal achievements are the ingenious duets that found her singing "The Gentleman

12/31

Los Angeles Times

VARRO & CO. KEEP DIXIELAND SPIRIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

A tradition at Carmelo's since early 1981 has been the appearance, on the last Tuesday of each month, of a septet playing music that was already traditional when bebop was in flower.

The leader and pianist is Johnny Varro, taking time off from his nightly solo gig at Gatsby's. Though he is a product of the old school, his technique and long, well-developed lines reflect the advances of the post-swing era.

This is a Dixieland band in terms of its repertoire and the freewheeling ensembles that open and close each tune. No other night in the month will give Carmelo's patrons a taste of "Wabash Blues" or "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me."

Since no group in the genre can be any stronger than its trumpet lead, Varro is fortunate to have Betty O'Hara in this role. A gently melodic player with a sound and style that evoke memories of Bobby Hackett, she is equally at home improvising on the double-bell euphonium.

Sharing the front line are Lee Gifford, a trombonist who, though he tends to bite off more than he can chew technically, is a handy man with a plunger mute; Mahlon Clark, a fair clarinetist in the Benny Goodman mold, and Sam Most, whose boppish 16th notes on tenor sax at first sounded out of place, though by the end of the set they seemed to provide a refreshing sense of contrast.

Leroy Vinnegar, whose bass has graced combos of every stripe, pumped out two-beat rhythms when they were called for. Ted Hawke's drums, though not ideally suited to this setting, were inconspicuously supportive for the most part.

Varro's wife, Micki, a full-voiced interpreter of swing standards, was ill-served when her husband played "Crazy Rhythm" in two keys, neither of which fit her, but in "Ain't Misbehavin'" she fit the group's agreeable period ambiance.

Dixieland music, heard nowadays principally at the monthly meetings of societies dedicated to its preservation, remains as valid as the creative urge with which it is performed. In Varro & Co. the spirit clearly lives on.

Poster from Western States Black Research Center, Mayme Clayton

Poster from Lena Horne's first movie, "Bronze Venus," 1938.

EARLY LENA HORNE SEEN IN VISTA RETROSPECTIVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

This evening's Lena Horne retrospective at the Vista Theater, 4473 Sunset Drive, will consist of the often-revived 1942 feature, "Stormy Weather;" a 13-minute short called "Boogie Woogie Dream," filmed in New York in 1941, and one rare item, "Bronze Venus," in which Horne made her screen debut in 1938.

"Bronze Venus" was originally released as "The Duke Is Tops." The role of Duke Davis (played by Ralph Cooper) is larger than that of Ethel (Lena Horne), who is mainly limited to segments near the beginning and toward the end.

This shoestring production, filmed in 10 days for the black circuit of movie houses, has a wafer-thin story line that finds Cooper as producer of "Sepia Scandals," a small-town revue starring Horne. Seeing a chance for her to move to New York and hit the big time without him, Cooper sacrifices their partnership. Much of the ensuing footage involves a touring medicine show with which he becomes active after the breakup.

Lena Horne at 20, a slightly chubby but winsome young woman, is conspicuously less svelte and sophisticated than she would be when the two other films were made. She sings a couple of numbers, one of which, "I Know You Remember," is a passable indication of a talent in its embryonic stages.

Much of the footage is expended on song-and-dance routines by a procession of artists among whom only the dancer Marie Bryant stands out. The dialogue and black-and-white photography are, to put it generously, dated.

"Boogie Woogie Dream," though brief, offers a glimpse of a more mature Lena as she looked during her stint at New York's Cafe Soci-

Please see LENA, Page 2

Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, left, and Lena Horne in the full-scale production "Stormy Weather."

LENA HORNE FILMS

Continued from First Page

ety. The setting is a simulation of that club. Backed by the piano team of Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, and by Teddy Wilson's sextet, she sings a blues, "Unlucky Woman."

"Stormy Weather" is a full-scale, all-black Hollywood production that managed, despite its racial stereotypes, to offer Horne a valid musical and visual setting. Well photographed, it has a rousing finale in which she is joined by Cab Calloway, Fats Waller, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson and the Nicholas Brothers, who dance up and down a flight of stairs spectacularly.

"Boogie Woogie Dream," followed by "Bronze Venus," will be screened at 5:45 p.m. and again at 9:05 p.m. "Stormy Weather" will be seen only at 7:30 p.m.

"Bronze Venus" credits: Producer Harry M. Popkin. Director William Nolte. Screenplay Phil Dunham. Music Harvey Brooks and Bill Ellison, arranged by Phil Moore. Camera Robert Cline. Editor Art Brooks. With Lena Horne, Ralph Cooper, Laurence Criner, Monte Hawley, Marie Bryant, the Basin Street Boys, the Cats and the Fiddle.

FEATHER AWARDS

Continued from 52nd Page

10—John Lewis. "Kansas City Breaks." Essence FW 38187. Lewis presents his best combo since the Modern Jazz Quartet, due particularly to the presence of Joe Kennedy on violin and Frank Wess on flute.

11—"Wynton Marsalis." Columbia FL 37574. With, among others, Branford Marsalis, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Tony Williams.

12—Oscar Peterson-Stephane Grappelli. "Skol." Pablo Live 2308-232. Recorded live in Copenhagen, with Joe Pass, Mickey Roker and Niels Pedersen. Worth owning if only for the haunting revival of Django Reinhardt's "Nuages."

Why no vocal albums? Sheer chance. If there were room, I would include the reissue of Helen Merrill's sublime collaboration with Clifford Brown & Co., reissued on EmArcy EXP 1038.

Happy 1983 to all; and to you, Eubie Blake, on behalf of all my readers, five weeks ahead of time, may we be the first to wish you a memorable 100th birthday. □

Anthony Davis is recognized as an important innovator of the 1980s.

Singled out as combo of the year, Free Flight mixes classical and jazz elements in its musical concept, taking a new route to a familiar destination.

GOLDEN FEATHER AWARDS

THE HIGH AND SOUR NOTES OF '82

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last year's report on the state of jazz was upbeat, the outlook sanguine. This time around, the note might best be described as one of thanks (that the situation got no worse than it did) with a counterpoint of cautious optimism.

On the positive side, it was the most eventful year in history for jazz festivals. Aided by the indispensable support of a commercial sponsor, George Wein was able to organize 20 such strings of presentations, most of them a week long, in major urban centers. True, there had been dozens of so-called Kool Jazz Festivals before, but many of them were soul-cum-R&B affairs masquerading as jazz. This time around, Wein not only hired authentic jazz artists but varied the festivals considerably from one city to the next.

The figures are staggering: During the year Wein was involved with 456 concerts at 150 locations (204 of these were free-admission events), entailing 2,000 gigs for musicians. Total paid attendance was 650,000. Eleven cultural organizations were co-sponsors, among them five major symphonies.

Overseas, as usual, festivals proliferated during the peak sum[illegible] fall season. Time and again [illegible] were heard to complain (or boast) that they now spend an average of three, six or even nine months abroad, mainly in Europe and Japan.

On the negative side, it was at best an uneven year for the jazz nightclubs. New York was not severely affected, but in Los Angeles there were ominous signs as talented performers, working at some of the best rooms in town, played to half-empty houses. One club cut down from a six- to a four-day week for its attractions; another reportedly has been up for sale but can find no buyers. The point may well arrive soon at which the almost continuous availability of festivals, or of single concerts in large halls (for which the promoters can afford much more generous payments) could ultimately drive the bistros out of business.

Howard Rumsey, proprietor of one of the country's best rooms, Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach, says: "Since September things have really fallen apart—it wound up being our sparest year in a decade. But we expect things to pick up in '83. One reason is that the artists are becoming more realistic about giving us a break on their salaries."

It was a depressing year for necrologists. The final bars were sounded for Thelonious Monk, Vido Musso, Don DeMicheal, Lightnin' Hopkins, Sonny Greer, Gabor Szabo, Charlie Spivak, Floyd Smith, Monk Montgomery, Jimmy Jones, Murray McEachern, Ann Richards, Cal Tjader, Art Pepper, Sonny Stitt, Wingy Manone, Al Rinker, Gene Roland, and the 17-year-old John Coltrane Jr.

On the record front, it was a buyer's-market year. A plethora of new releases and important reissues could be found on an unprecedented variety of labels. More and more musicians and singers, unable to connect with a major company, started their own labels, mainly for sale where they work, or by mail order.

My checklist shows that review copies of 643 jazz albums arrived between late December 1981 and last week. This is as encouraging for the artists as it is frustrating for the critic, who can never hope to give his full attention to more than a limited number of these contenders. Given this problem, it is entirely possible that my choices for the Golden Dozen (listed below) failed to take into account certain items that deserved to make the list.

The disparity between sales and artistic merit has never been broader. Some of the top sellers on the jazz charts are not only musically jejune, but in many instances do not qualify as authentic jazz; meanwhile, several on my list below may be lucky to sell, eventually, 5,000 or 10,000. A rare exception is Wynton Marsalis. Because Columbia put its promotional efforts solidly behind him, the 21-year-old trumpeter's album has reached a worldwide sale in the six-figure range and remained on the jazz charts for 39 weeks.

Marsalis was among the recipients of last year's Golden Feather awards, as Young Man of the Year. Others were guitarist Emily Remler (Young Woman), Miles Davis (Man), pianist-singer Tania Maria (Woman), and Rob McConnell (Band). Given these names, and the names of winners in several previous years, coupled with the fact that I try to avoid repetitions, why do so few names stand out as worthy of acknowledgment this time around?

One cannot expect a series of giants to emerge every 12 months. How many Weather Reports, Toshiko Akiyoshis, Lew Tabackins, Freddie Hubbards can jazz produce? The calendar year 1982 simply had no counterpart for the Marsalis phenomenon. Miles Davis is sui generis. In several categories, no one creative force immediately leapt to mind. Nevertheless, a few Golden Feathers will be distributed, to this trimmed-down list of recipients:

Composer/Pianist of the Year: Anthony Davis. A 31-year-old former Yale music student, son of a professor of English and Afro-American studies, Davis is a writer, performer and lecturer of growing stature and is fast establishing himself as one of the important innovators of the 1980s. The LP listed below is among the most accessible as well as the most skillful of his albums. More recent, and no less worthy of inspection, is his "I've Known Rivers," a trio album with the accomplished young flutist James Newton and an innovative cellist, Abdul Wadud.

Singer of the Year: Bobby McFerrin. An alumnus of the Jon Hendricks group, McFerrin has struck out on his own with a style so different that I coined a term for it: vocalistics. With only one album to his credit (Elektra/Musician 60023), he is an irreverent, intelligent artist who may well be winning music-magazine polls a year or two from now.

Combo of the Year: Free Flight. The concept of mixing classical and jazz elements is about as new as the Charleston, but this quartet has found a new route to a familiar destination, thanks to the classical and jazz credentials of its two principal figures, the pianist-composer Milcho Leviev and the flutist James Walker.

Medium of the Year: Cable television. No one person deserves an award here; what needs to be acknowledged is a trend, among producers for this latest of the visual media, to cater to specialized audiences. There have already been several programs of the kind rarely seen even on the educational channels. A series called "America's Music," now under way, and including such projects as two 90-minute blues shows, also will be aimed at the cable and videocassette markets.

ALBUMS: THE GOLDEN DOZEN

1—Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. "Keystone 3." Concord Jazz CJ 196. The indestructible drummer leads one of his best sextets, with Wynton and Branford Marsalis prominently featured.

2—JoAnne Brackeen. "Special Identity." Antilles, AN 101. Seven complex, original compositions by a pianist who, in her 40s, is gaining the recognition that should have been accorded her long ago. With Eddie Gomez, bass, and Jack DeJohnette, drums.

3—Anthony Davis. "Episteme." Gramavision GR 8101. Davis as composer draws on a broad range of sources, using odd meters and showing the influence of Balinese gamelan music. With George Lewis, trombone; Jay Hoggard and Warren Smith on mallet instruments, et al.

4—Duke Ellington. "The Symphonic Ellington." Trend TR 529. A forest of giant trees, all now cut down by death or retirement: Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, Cootie Williams, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges, Harry Carney and Paul Gonsalves are all heard, as members of jazz history's supreme orchestra, in a unique collaboration with musicians (mostly string sections) from symphony orchestras in Paris, Hamburg, Stockholm and Milan.

Recorded during 1963, the album comprises four works, of which only one was written for the occasion. The others are updates of earlier concert pieces: the delightful three-movement "Night Creature," first played in 1955 by the Symphony of the Air; the 1950 "Harlem" suite, commissioned for the NBC Symphony when Toscanini was its conductor; and "Non-Violent Integration," written in 1949 for the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Originally recorded for Reprise, from whom Trend has leased it, this is an extraordinary sampling of Ellington's creativity in unconventional settings.

5—"Free Flight." Palo Alto PA 8024. Compositions by Chopin, Leviev, Paganini, Brubeck and Bach. See "Combo of the Year" comments above.

6—Chico Freeman. "Destiny's Dance." Contemporary 14008. With Bobby Hutcherson, Wynton Marsalis and others. Superlative contributions by the leader as tenor saxophonist, bass clarinetist and composer.

7—"The Griffith Park Collection." Elektra/Musician El-60025. With Chick Corea, Freddie Hubbard, Joe Henderson, Stanley Clarke and drummer-producer Lenny White.

8—Herbie Hancock-Ron Carter-Tony Williams. "Third Plane." Milestone M-9105. Produced in 1978 by bassist Carter, belatedly issued this year.

9—Harold Land. "Xocia's Dance." Muse MR 5272. The tenor sax giant has never made an inferior album and has seldom, if ever, recorded one superior to this. With Oscar Brashear, Bobby Hutcherson, George Cables, John Heard, Billy Higgins and Ray Armando.

Please Turn to Page 54

CEDAR WALTON AT MEMORY LANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Memory Lane, 2328 W. Santa Barbara Ave. at Arlington Avenue, was one of the more reliable local rooms for jazz combos and singers in the 1960s and early '70s. After a long fallow period it began to come back to life a year ago when Marla Gibbs, the "Jeffersons" actress, acquired the club and gradually renovated the talent policy.

Cedar Walton, the vibrant pianist and resourceful composer, opened Thursday for a brief run (through Sunday). Long respected as a post-bop soloist whose playing exudes strength and assurance, Walton customarily leads a quartet with tenor sax, bass and drums —hardly the most original of setups, but when he plays harmony parts under the sax melody statements, the combo takes on a personal character.

The set began shakily, with the melodic charm of Walton's "Midnight Waltz" hampered by an overresonant piano. Billy Higgins, Walton's drummer off and on since 1970, was on an extravagant kick that tended to drown out another frequent Walton colleague, the Trinidad-born bassist David Williams. Completing the group was Harold Land, reviewed here recently as leader of his own group. The long drum solo during this opening tune was not unlike offering a big dish of dessert as an appetizer.

The only other Walton composition to grace the hour was "Bolivia," a funky blues vamp followed by a cheerful melody. Walton's comping under Land's solo was not as discreet as is his custom, but his solo was masterful, with chordal passages vaguely reminiscent of Ahmad Jamal.

For the rest, it was Pacific Standard tune time: "I Didn't Know What Time It Was," and a Thelonious Monk medley that segued from "Blue Monk" to a prestissimo "Rhythmaning" in which Higgins revealed the full force of his witty, swinging character both as section component and master of cymbal soloing. Williams, however, was an unlit candle.

Walton, a consummate artist under the right conditions, needs an instrument and an organized group worthy of him; moreover, a composer of his gifts should devote more time to displaying his own material.

1/27

FRESH FOURSOME AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dave Liebman, the soprano saxophonist, and John Abercrombie, the guitarist, are products of the post-John Coltrane generation. Both came up through the 1970s ranks in rock groups (Ten Wheel Drive and Billy Cobham respectively) and with jazz combos (Myles Davis, Jack De Johnett).

Tuesday and Wednesday at Carmelo's a conflux of influences was at work when they co-led a quartet whose other members were Peter Donald on drums and Joel DiBartolo on bass. Their paths have crossed in other groups from time to time, but they had not worked previously as a foursome.

The group leaned toward jazz of the outside variety. On a standard tune, Liebman would lead the way through a long, sinuous vamp, based on no discernible theme or harmonic pattern, before playing an approximation of the melody, followed by long, oblique variations on its chords, and ending with a repeat of the introduction.

This formula was followed on "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and later on Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way." Liebman's intense, sometimes brilliant and hyperkinetic lines were marred at times by intonation lapses. Abercrombie is a dextrous guitarist whose ideas were somewhat muffled by his cavernous tone.

A tune by Ralph Towner, entitled "Ralph's Piano Waltz" (there was no piano, and any waltz beat was all but indistinguishable) suffered from excessively busy rhythm and the group's evident lack of rehearsal. "Embraceable You," for which Liebman switched to a mellow alto flute, provided the most engaging moments of the set, with a splendid solo by DiBartolo.

Are the days dwindling down to a precious few at Carmelo's? The swan song, under the present regime will be rendered Monday by Curt Berg's big band. What will happen after that remains uncertain; at present, it appears that the room will close for at least a few days.

1/10/83

PIANO PHENOM FROM JAPAN AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The New Year has started out on a triumphant major chord. Friday and Saturday evening at Donte's, the Bobby Shew-Makoto Ozone Quintet offered ringing evidence that we can remain optimistic about the emergence of young jazz talent.

Shew will forgive us for dealing with him briefly. As has been said here before, he is a master of the trumpet and fluegelhorn in a style that reflects the impact of Gillespie, Clifford Brown and Blue Mitchell. His use of the double-bell "Shew-horn," enabling him to switch back and forth between open and muted phrases in mid-solo, is much more than a mere novelty.

Ozone, 21, was discovered by Shew in Boston, where he came from Kobe, Japan, in 1980 to study jazz at the Berklee College of Music. As the song says, a man can go to college, a man can go to school; if he hasn't got the rhythm, he's an educated fool. Ozone has it all. From his first chorus on "No Greater Love" it was clear that on every level—technique, flow of ideas, crisp articulation, and a funky jazz sensitivity—he is at least a near genius.

He idolizes Oscar Peterson, as was evident in his superbly executed two-hand unison lines; but there is much more to Ozone than a Peterson derivative. Nor do you learn to play "Lush Life" with so sensitive an understanding of that difficult song unless, for instance, your father was also a jazz pianist and you grew up around this music, which happens to be the case with Ozone.

This was not the only surprise in Shew's group. John Patatucci, a 23-year-old bassist who has suddenly come into wide demand locally, is an astonishingly limber performer both as section mate and soloist. With Carl Burnett on drums the rhythm section cooked up a brush fire on Sonny Rollins' "Oleo."

Completing the quintet was Justo Almario on tenor sax, technically adroit and capable of creative ideas, though given to occasional multi-note indulgences.

Before returning to Boston next week, Ozone can be heard Tuesday at Carmelo's with Phil Wilson, and will be back at Donte's Thursday with the same rhythm section. Anyone within driving distance will be richly rewarded.

JAZZ

MUSICIANS CALL THEIR OWN SHOTS FOR 1983

By LEONARD FEATHER

The advent of a new year inevitably brings its share of predictions, of trends foreseen and weather forecast, usually with no more assurance of accuracy than can be guaranteed by messengers of the occult, whose prognoses may be read in the checkout-counter magazines.

Accordingly, there will be no attempt here to play Nostradamus. Instead, the random sampling that follows is an indication of certain events already in the planning stages, according to the artists interrogated.

DIZZY GILLESPIE:

"I'm going to diversify in 1983. In particular, I plan to make a series of recordings with other trumpet players.

"I've already recorded, when I was in Helsinki recently, an album for release in the United States on which I teamed up with Artoru Sandoval, the great Cuban trumpeter from the group Irakere. We had a Finnish rhythm section working with us.

"I also expect to make an album with the classical trumpeter Maurice Andre. I want to have Michel Legrand do some of the writing for this project. One side will be a suite in four movements entitled 'Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter.' The other side will be another suite, with movements called 'Morning, Noon, Afternoon and Night.' I'm hoping to have Robert Farnon, J.J. Johnson, Tom McIntosh and Gerald Wilson write the music.

"I'm also doing several concerts with various symphony orchestras all through Italy. I won't give up my small group—they'll be working with me on some of these concerts, in addition to the symphony orchestras."

MILES DAVIS:

"I'm just finishing up an album with my regular group, plus John Scofield on guitar. I'm also going into the studio with Gil Evans. It's been a hell of a long time since we made an album together—about 20 years—but we were never out of touch."

LEW TABACKIN:

"It's been just two months since Toshiko and I moved back to New York, after living in California for 10 years. I feel I'll be able to take advantage of a much more active jazz scene here. In addition to being able to do more small-group work locally, I'm within an hour's flying distance of so many other cities where I can work, which was impossible in Los Angeles. So during 1983 we'll be doing a greater variety of work, and probably by April we'll be starting an East Coast version of our big band, with New York-based musicians."

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI:

"Meanwhile, we'll be doing some dates up until March with the same orchestra we had in California; they will fly from the West Coast to wherever our dates are booked.

"One completely new idea I have for 1983 is to get a really outstanding lyric writer—possibly Loonis McGlohon—to set lyrics to some of my compositions, whichever ones seem to lend themselves to having words added. Then I'd like to get a great singer, someone like Cleo Laine, and present a concert at which some of these pieces will be sung for the first time."

Dizzy Gillespie will make an LP with classical trumpeter Maurice Andre.

CHERYL NUSS / Los Angeles Times

Chick Corea plans to team up with classical pianist Friedrich Gulda.

Herbie Hancock is Europe-bound for a TV project with Billy Cobham.

FREDDIE HUBBARD:

"What I really want and hope to do during 1983 is get something going, in concerts and on records, with a big band. I'm tired of making albums and playing club dates with a small combo.

"I've been appearing with large orchestras in Europe, and don't see why I can't do the same thing here. I have a good library of arrangements, by Claus Ogerman and some talented younger writers, so I'm ready as soon as the dates can be set up.

"As usual, I'll be spending a fair proportion of the year overseas. I'm booked to go to Europe in March with my group, and in July with some all-star band for a series of jazz festival bookings. I may also join up with Art Blakey and some of his other alumni for some Japanese dates.

"I'm now putting together, for publication, a book of my own music; and I plan to expand my activity in the educational area. I've already given several master classes at colleges, and enjoy it.

"Most important of all, I want to spend my time playing what I believe in. Just to keep going financially, I had to make some records that I really wasn't that happy about, but I'd like to believe that won't be necessary any longer."

NORMAN GRANZ:

"I have some exciting plans for Pablo Records. In March, I'll be releasing an album Michel Legrand produced, featuring Phil Woods on alto sax and clarinet, Zoot Sims on tenor and some great trumpet work by Joe Wilder.

"I'll be recording another Count Basie album in April. I'm sticking for the most part with the people who have passed the test of time. When will there ever be another Basie? Another Oscar Peterson, another Ella?

"I'll be involved with some new plans of Oscar's, by the way. He is writing an African suite, and he's enlarging his old 'Canadiana Suite,' which he recorded back in the 1960s with his trio. He wants to re-record it, using a full orchestra.

"I'm also digging into the vaults and coming up with a wealth of unissued material by Cannonball Adderley, J.J. Johnson, Stan Getz, Don Byas, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Roy Eldridge and Lester Young.

"In other words, I'll continue to present the best, whether it's old or current. I don't believe in this constant stress on difference and novelty for its own sake; I believe that maturity counts. With all due respect to Wynton Marsalis, it takes many years to reach the level of innovation and consistency that was established by a Louis Armstrong, a Roy Eldridge, a Dizzy Gillespie. The values they created still hold good."

CHICK COREA:

"I'm working on the creation of a library for a new edition of Return to Forever, with Al DiMeola on guitar, Stanley Clarke on bass and Lenny White on drums. We'll be on tour in March and April.

"In June, I'll be doing some more concerts with the trio that played on my recent ECM album, with Roy Haynes on drums and Miroslav Vitous on bass.

"In addition, I plan to write some new music for the sextet—that's me and Gary Burton on vibes and the string quartet. An album by that group, recorded during our last tour, will be out on ECM soon.

"Later in the year I'll be moving into two challenging realms. I'm going to team up with Friedrich Gulda for a recital, with the Concertgebouw orchestra in Amsterdam, of the Mozart Double Piano Concerto in E Flat. We'll do several other two-piano concerts, for which each of us will write a new work. Along with the classical pieces there will be some improvisation, some jazz.

"The other new venture will be my first concerto for piano and orchestra, which I hope to have finished by January of 1984."

HERBIE HANCOCK:

"I'm leaving shortly for Zurich, where Billy Cobham, the drummer, is producing a big TV project, explaining various aspects of contemporary culture. It's not exactly a documentary, but rather an informative program that will entertain everyone, including children.

"Dates have been set up for me to tour with a jazz group: Japan in May, the United States in June and in Europe in July. I hope to have Ron Carter, Tony Williams and Wynton and Branford Marsalis. I expect to go back to Japan in August, with a different group.

"I have a pop album that I'm finishing up now, recorded at home in my garage with my newly rented 24-track equipment. I'll start on another pop LP in September. I'll also make an acoustic jazz album, maybe live during one of the tours. That pretty much covers the year, I guess, except that I hope to do some more concerts with Oscar Peterson, like the one we did last July at the Hollywood Bowl—each of us playing with our own groups, then playing several numbers as a two-piano team.

"That took guts for me, because you don't compete with anybody like Oscar; but it's fun to play acoustic solo piano. Throughout my whole musical life I've never leaned that way, having always been involved with groups, but I'd like to feel that solo work can also be my turf."

If one conclusion can be drawn from these musicians' various plans, it is that jazzmen who are firmly established finally have reached a plateau at which they can call their own shots and virtually plan their lives a year in advance. This is a healthy sign indeed, and one that bodes well for the jazz world in 1983.□

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MUSIC CENTER PAVILION

JAZZ ALBUM REVIEWS

PRICELESS GEMS FROM BILL EVANS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"CALIFORNIA HERE I COME." Bill Evans. Verve VE2-2545. The Evans legend survives through discoveries of unissued gems such as this. Taped live at the Village Vanguard, it stems from the period (1967) when he had Philly Joe Jones on drums and the awesome Eddie Gomez on bass.

Evans' piano voicings and rhythmic finesse (on several cuts he swings formidably) are applied to a dozen old jazz and pop tunes and three originals, "G Waltz," "Very Early" (also a waltz) and "Turn Out the Stars." A priceless addition to discographical annals. Five stars.

□

"THE ARTISTRY OF MARK MURPHY." Muse MR5286. As always, Murphy shows flawless taste in his selection of musicians (notably Tom Harrell, trumpet, and Gene Bertoncini, guitar) and of material, which consists mainly of jazz-derived works on the first side (Murphy has set his own ingenious lyrics to George Wallington's "Godchild") and tasteful standards on the B side ("I Remember Clifford," "Close Enough for Love").

Muse does Murphy a disservice by overselling; the notes repeatedly invoke such names as Picasso and Matisse, though he is by no means a genius. An accompanying press release says: "Bobby McFerrin is a Jon Hendricks clone while Murphy stands alone." Nonsense. In an odd parallel, Murphy himself oversells at times in his sincerer-than-thou readings; still, this is one of his better albums. 3½ stars.

□

"TWO GENERATIONS OF MUSIC." Bob Magnusson. Trend TR-528. A significant credit for Gordon Brisker, who composed (or, in the case of the group of Icelandic folk songs, arranged) all the music for jazz bassist Magnusson and his classical clarinetist father, Daniel Magnusson. In his comments, Brisker uses the terms neo-romantic, atonal, boppish, polyonal counterpoint, 12-tone, free jazz; however, this heavy load of elements does not weight the works down. The Sonata for Clarinet and Rhythm Section would have sounded warmer had a classically trained jazz clarinetist played these same notes. Nevertheless, it's an intriguing experiment in classical chamber jazz. Four stars.

□

"THE THREE R'S." Red Rodney, Richie Cole, Ricky Ford. Muse MR 5290. There are kicking, cooking moments in this boppish date, many of them supplied by the emotionally charged tenor sax of Ford. Rodney's tone and fluency have improved since this 1979 date. The potent rhythm team of Roland Hanna, piano, George Duvivier on bass and Grady Tate on drums lifts the results above the run of the mill, though the 1960ish material offers no surprises. Three stars.

□

"ONCE IN A LIFETIME." Tony Williams. Verve VE2-2541. Recorded not long after Williams left Miles Davis, these four sides (originally on Polydor albums) illustrate a noble though flawed attempt to blend the energy of '60s rock with the complexities of avant-garde jazz. When you forage through the hype of the lengthy notes, certain statements are a tipoff as to why this potentially powerful trio with John McLaughlin on guitar and the late Larry Young on organ didn't quite get it together here. This is a rapid-fire, mood-shifting, profoundly ear-splitting group, as the writer says, with poor balance and rampant distortion (in McLaughlin's own words, "the sound was terrible"), and with vocals by Williams that are "wispy, off-pitch, and not a little affected." Two stars.

□

"PETER ERSKINE." Contemporary 14010. Erskine goes off in several directions for his leader debut, as drummer and composer. Intense, complex rhythmic substructures dominate in his "Leroy Street." Wayne Shorter's "E.S.P." hints at '60s Miles Davis. Erskine's own "All's Well That Ends" is a fusion cut with Weather Reportish overtones, and "Change of Mind," a loping blues, has an imposing tenor trip by composer Bob Mintzer. In subdued contrast is "My Ship," a vehicle for Randy Brecker's lyrical fluegelhorn. 3½ stars.

□

"SOMEDAY." Joe Farrell. Real Time RT-308. Same session, same day, sans Pepper. Again the whole production is lackluster, with absolutely no surprises in either the material ("Round Midnight," "Green Dolphin Street" and the like) or the interpretation, though Farrell and Cables do have some better moments on "Epistrophy." 2½ stars.

□

"REEL LIFE." Sonny Rollins. Milestone M-9108. Many artists eventually have to deal with this problem: after the umpteenth album, what to do next? Rollins, who has been recording as a leader since 1951, is backed here by two electric guitars, electric bass and drums, in a too often predictable project: one calypso, one blues (minor this time), one ballad, etc., and no arrangements. This giant of jazz deserves a setting worthy of his stature, perhaps an orchestral ensemble with an arranger who can offer fresh ideas. 2½ stars.

ERNESTINE ANDERSON AT THE PARISIAN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ernestine Anderson, this week's enticement to the Parisian Room (through Sunday), has a long, consistent track record as a swingingly assertive exponent of rhythm songs and a sensitive, soulful interpreter of ballads.

Thursday evening it was necessary to sit through too many expendable preliminaries before she took to the stage. A trio composed of Marvin Jenkins, piano; Larry Gales, bass, and Kenny Dixon, drums, played a conventional opening set. Next came a comedian, Robin Harris, ready with his stock of one-liners about herpes and other topics guaranteed to induce tedium.

One wonders why this club, where music has always been responsible for the business it attracts, continues year in and year out to delay its star attractions in this manner. Moreover, when Harris was through, the trio offered yet another instrumental number.

Finally, an hour and 10 minutes into the show, it was Anderson time. Opening with "All I Need Is You" (not the standard love song but a fast piece with the same title), she moved into a facile "Feelin' Groovy," then indulged in a modest, modified scat outing on "I Thought About You." Her warmth and sensitivity have happily resisted the passage of the years.

An old-timey, sentimental song, "I'll Never Pass This Way Again," was the closest she came to a ballad mood in a performance that moved gradually toward a blues feeling with "Teach Me Tonight," a somewhat overextended "Stormy Monday" and the familiar title song of her album "Never Make Your Move Too Soon," laced with raunchy touches and sardonic recitatives.

Jenkins' sometimes muddy accompaniment lacked the punch and articulation of Monty Alexander, who played on the album; however, the entire group felt the spirit when George Kirby, invited up out of the audience, traded choruses with Anderson for a hilarious "Lady Be Good." (But don't expect him back again tonight.)

Opening Thursday: A blues show with Jimmy Witherspoon and Pee Wee Crayton.

LOWE STILL HIGH ON JAZZ CIRCUIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

1/25

Great jazz men who make their living in the movies or television too often are pigeonholed as studio musicians. In the case of Mundell Lowe, for whom jazz has never lost its significance, this is eminently unfair. Though gainfully employed as the guitarist on the Merv Griffin Show, Lowe has displayed his jazz expertise annually at the Monterey Jazz Festival and occasionally at such gigs as the one he worked Wednesday at Donte's.

Lowe does not aspire to vast outbursts of energy in the now-fashionable Blood Ulmer manner; he may follow a passage of legato single-note lines with a series of elegant chords. His dynamic range is deliberately limited, yet rhythmic and melodic sparks suffuse every solo.

He leans to familiar old songs (isn't it time for a 10-year moratorium on "Autumn Leaves"?), though as an experienced writer with such movie score credits as "Billy Jack," he would do well to incorporate more of his own compositions.

For the first few numbers, Ted Hawke played drums and Frank Collett piano; but for the last 10 minutes they dropped out, leaving Lowe on stage with the bassist Monty Budwig. Less was more. The guitar-bass coupling, a formidable format in these talented hands, was applied to "Old Folks" and to an early Dizzy Gillespie tune called "Ow." Lowe may look impassive, but he sounds impassioned, which is all that matters.

During the second set, Collett, who had been coasting, redeemed himself with a medley of two exquisite ballads, "Close Enough for Love" and "Django."

Los Angeles Times 1/19/83

FELDMAN PLAYS CHOPIN AT LE CAFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Frederic Chopin (1810-1849) was a child prodigy who played in public before reaching his teens. This is also true of Victor Feldman (born in 1934), who in a sense is a present-day counterpart of Chopin, a brilliant pianist and composer.

For his performance Friday evening in the Room Upstairs at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, Feldman played a series of works by Chopin. The use of classical compositions by jazzmen has always suggested three options: They may be performed as conceived, or subjected to a tongue-in-cheek process known as "jazzing the classics," or they may be accorded variations that show respect for the original while adding rhythmic nuances and improvisations on the harmonic pattern.

Only in the opening B-flat-minor waltz, which he played solo, did Feldman lean partly toward the first choice. For the other works he was backed by his 17-year-old son Trevor on drums and by the phenomenal bassist John Patitucci.

Because most 19th-Century classical music employed the same basic harmonic system used in mainstream jazz, the results sounded as though they could have been written by Feldman himself. The C-sharp-minor Waltz had a Bill Evans flavor, the Nocturne in B was played mainly as a mambo, the Nocturne in F was a heavy, high pressure reading, the Mazurka kept reminding me of Richard Rodgers' "Dancing on the Ceiling."

Feldman and his cohorts played splendidly, but if he wanted to give us Chopin, he should have remembered the late Art Tatum, whose versions of Dvorak's "Humoresque" and Massenet's "Elegie" moved seamlessly from the originals to the subtlest of variations.

The Feldman set was neither a true celebration nor a desecration of Chopin, but rather an aberration. As a trained classical pianist, he should have given us a little more of what Chopin put on paper and could have retained more of the original spirit throughout. His second set, which found Feldman playing his own compositions, was more comfortable and distinctly more satisfying.

Dave Frishberg will be at the Room Upstairs Friday and Saturday.

14 Part VI/Friday, January 21, 1983

CARMELO JAZZ CLUB PERFORMANCES CANCELED

There is bad news for jazz fans. Carmelo's, the popular club in Sherman Oaks, will undergo a policy change after Jan. 31.

The Mel Lewis Orchestra, which had been booked to play the room Sunday and Monday, has been canceled, as have all commitments beyond the end of this month. Jaws, in all probability, will be out.

Chuck Piscitello, who in June, 1979, launched the music policy for the room, is looking for a new place to handle; meanwhile, his sister-in-law, Tomasina Piscitello, and nephew Chuck Jr. are hoping to find a buyer for Carmelo's.

The club almost closed last September after a disagreement among these owners, but the jazz was resumed after only one night without music.

Ironically, the original owner, Carmelo Piscitello, Tomasina's husband, had enlarged the club by taking over an adjoining room on Van Nuys Boulevard, but Carmelo's death last summer, and various technical difficulties, led to serious delays and financial problems.

The end of jazz at the club could leave Donte's in North Hollywood as the standard-bearer for modern sounds in the Valley. —LEONARD FEATHER

1/24

POIGNANCY AND WIT FROM DAVE FRISHBERG

By LEONARD FEATHER

"I write songs," David Frishberg said Friday at Le Cafe, "for which there is no use." This was the prologue to a lyric he wrote for Bob Brookmeyer's song "Useless Waltz," but Frishberg's remark had a sort of twisted logic.

Seated at the piano unaccompanied, for a solid hour, he held the small, packed room in his thrall with a parade of original works—some set to melodies by others, but all with his own words—for which no use can be found except among those who opt for the witty, the elegant, the urbane, the deftly turned phrase, the ingenious internal rhyme.

Several were unfamiliar: the hilarious "My Attorney Bernie" and the hysterical "Marooned in a Blizzard of Lies," each line of which was a sanctimonious cliche gleaned from everyday conversation: "We must have lunch real soon," "Your secret's safe with me."

There is more than just devastating fun in Frishberg's poetry. His poignant facet emerged in "Dear Departed Past." ("Can one feel a real nostalgia for a time and place one never even knew?", he asks rhetorically; purely for him, the answer is affirmative.) Would that all our yesterdays were as bright as the portraits he sketched, or that our tomorrows could be one-tenth as benign.

Interspersed between his songs are loping piano solos in a down-home yet harmonically hip style. The gracious medley of Ellington, Strayhorn and Johnny Hodges attested to his deep involvement with the roots of jazz.

Frishberg, whose melodies are as pertinent as his verbal inventions, is the most engaging artist in his genre since Johnny Mercer, telling you more about the craft of songwriting than the combined efforts of the entire Top 40 in any given week's charts. He will be at the Gardenia Room in Hollywood next Monday. Miss him at your peril.

JAZZ

THE BAKED-POTATO BOYS ARE RED HOT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Harvey Mason and Lee Ritenour are the two busiest, and arguably the most world-renowned, of a small clique of musicians who might best be called "the Baked Potato Generation."

The Baked Potato is a North Hollywood club so small that pianist Don Randi, who owns it, needs a shoe-horn to squeeze in more than 70 customers. During the mid-1970s it became a talent cradle where young musicians, confined to lucrative studio work by day, would relax at night playing, for union scale, the jazz fusion music that offered them a chance to stretch out musically.

Buddy Rich is better known to TV audiences, but around the world Harvey Mason is a pervasive influence. "I can't begin to tell you," says Lee Ritenour, "how many drummers I've worked with in country after country who show the influence of Harvey's style."

"The first time I heard Lee," says Mason, "I said I thought he was a great guitarist, and if he ever needed a drummer, he could call me, and if he needed a pianist, I was sure Dave Grusin would love to join him too."

Coming from a senior colleague (Ritenour was 22 and Mason 27), this was a compliment not to be ignored. The three soon began recommending one another for sessions, and for at least 200 happy Tuesday nights, starting in 1974, they worked at the Baked Potato, often with Ernie Watts on reeds and flute and Abe Laboriel on bass.

When Dave Grusin moved to New York, his place at the Baked Potato was taken over by Patrice Rushen, and later by Grusin's brother Don. When Mason became busy, Alex Acuna came in on drums.

Born in Atlantic City, a drummer from age 4 under his father's guidance, Mason came to Los Angeles totally equipped: studies of theory, percussion, mallet instruments, first at Berklee in Boston, then a full scholarship to the New England Conservatory, where he graduated

TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Guitarist Lee Ritenour, left, and drummer Harvey Mason, a mutual admiration society.

with a Bachelor of Education degree. A brief tour of jazz duty (four months with Erroll Garner, a year with the George Shearing Quintet) preceded his Hollywood studio career.

Ritenour, after studying guitar with several classical and jazz teachers, similarly put in sideman dues (Afro Blues Quintet, Sergio Mendes) before easing into worlds of teaching (at USC) and playing studio jobs by the thousand.

The paths of these two have converged, separated and rejoined as their individual fame grew. They have played on, produced or co-produced one another's albums, gigged in each other's groups, and recorded for more pop singers, bands and combos than the most tireless discographer could keep track of.

The average fan observes in Mason or Ritenour a popular and versatile performer. This is merely the tip of the iceberg. When either of them makes an album, he may be involved on four or five distinct levels, earning performing fees, producer royalties, publisher income (most successful jazz musicians today have their own publishing business), composer royalties, artist royalties. The potential revenue is vast, but along with success comes heavy responsibilities and overhead expenses.

Ritenour's employees during a recent tour included two managers (one is an attorney), a road manager, a light man, a sound man, and a technical crew of three; to these were added several Japanese to drive a truck and perform various other functions, so that the eight-piece band was about half the size of the accompanying staff.

Typical of the physically grueling but musically and financially gratifying lives they lead was a recent Mason-Ritenour tour of the Far East. Ritenour was the leader, though the material performed was drawn from a new Mason album as well as from "Rit. II," co-produced by the pair.

The attitude towards these visiting Americans was one of virtual hero worship. "In Japan, where we played nine concerts, they were happy to see us back together again," said Ritenour. "This was my seventh time in Japan with one group or another, and it was Harvey's sixth visit; so we both have a built in audience."

There was an ironic contrast between their acceptance by the public at large and the treatment they received at the government level, where at times, in Ritenour's words, "we were made to feel like schoolchildren."

"Singapore was the strangest," said Mason. "It was a real controlled situation. The morning of the concert, we had to go through immigration and pass our official test to show that we wouldn't have an adverse influence on the people. They were mainly worried about the length of everyone's hair. Eric Tagg, the lead vocalist, and Lee had the longest hair. You can't have hair over your ears or your collar; that is the law. Also, you can't wear T-shirts with so-called suggestive overtones.

"So they rolled up Lee's hair to make it look shorter; he wound up looking some biblical character. But the state official still wasn't satisfied."

Ritenour said: "The promoter was with us, and he said, 'Well, he's already shortened his hair, and it's a good-looking band that won't offend anybody. So the promoter said, 'You're leaving tomorrow night, right? Well, be sure to keep your hair up over your ears during the concert, and if you ever want to come back to Singapore, you'll have to get it cut short.'

"The audience all had short hair. Everything is terribly strict: heavy fines if you're caught jaywalking,

Please Turn to Page 82

THE BAKED-POTATO BOYS ARE RED HOT

Continued from 80th Page

or spitting, or littering. I must say the city was incredibly beautiful, but that sense of control upset me. I'm not a big flag-waver, but when you go through stuff like that you realize how lucky we are."

Singapore also produced a surprise of a different nature: "Fans would come up with our records to sign," said Ritenour, "and they had strange, different covers—it turned out they were pirated, and you could buy them for $2."

Bangkok presented no problems. "They had signs warning about long hair, using indecent language and so on, but everything went fine: the king of Thailand, who is a longtime jazz fan and saxophonist, sees to it that musicians are treated well, and that pirating our records is forbidden."

Things went a little awry in Hong Kong. Mason said: "Lee and the bass player, Nathan East, had cordless instruments, and they'd usually surprise the audience by coming through the back of the hall, near the end of the concert, and begin a song while they were marching down the aisle. Well, when the concert began in Hong Kong the crowd rushed to stage, and at the end of the show Lee almost got mobbed."

("After that," said Ritenour, "I wouldn't go out in the house unless I took along Phil Perry, one of the backup singers, for protection: he weighs 250 pounds.")

"Some of the Japanese audiences were much quieter, just clapping politely," said Mason, "but even there, the response was the most I've ever seen in all my visits. They were especially wild in Osaka, where they pushed the guards aside and leaped up on the stage."

The audiences, Mason and Ritenour agree, are less fickle than at home. "In the U.S.," said Ritenour, "you turn on the radio and you hear Top 40, or rock 'n' roll, or R&B, or jazz. In Manila or Tokyo I could hear my own record, or Dave's or Harvey's and Hubert Laws', and then right afterward a Police or Genesis record. Music is just one big umbrella, and anything they like belongs under it."

In balancing their program, this broad-mindedness had to be taken into account. "Some of my older fans were sitting in the front rows," said Ritenour, "so we played several of our older, more jazz-oriented numbers. But we had to bear in mind that the pop success of such projects as the first 'Rit' album, which Harvey produced, makes these worldwide trips possible. Luckily, once we get there, we find we can combine the various elements and please everybody."

Both men insist that they are as strongly committed to their recent work as to anything that preceded it. "People ask me whether I'm selling out," said Ritenour. "I believe it's only selling out if you put something on a record that you don't believe in. Is Ray Parker Jr. selling out because he records simple R&B? No—that's Ray Parker. Is Jackson Browne selling out? Chick Corea?"

Mason shares these views. As a producer he has made two albums in Japan with Casiopea, a top pop group, garnering huge sales. In the United States, he has produced everyone from Seawind and Shirley Brown to Esther Phillips and Kenji Omura. To succeed with such ventures requires a special mix of shrewd business sense and an unshakable faith in the value of the undertaking. Those who tend to shrug off men like Mason and Ritenour would do well to keep this in mind.

It took more than mere avarice to bring these two chameleonic individualists from $26 a night at the Baked Potato to the international fame they have earned—not to mention the millions of dollars worth of album and concert ticket sales they generate annually.

One curious postscript: Harvey Mason is an Arista artist, Ritenour is with Elektra, and their colleagues are dispersed among various other companies. How do they manage to work together?

The fact is that exclusivity has become a farce. Scarcely an album appears that does not include several credit lines reading: "Joe Doakes appears through the courtesy of . . . Records." Without such courtesies, most musicians today would be hard put to find a combo of their peers with whom to work. Musically as well as commercially, thanks to all this mutual courtesy, the Ritenours and Masons are enjoying the best of at least two worlds. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"DARN THAT DREAM." Art Pepper/Joe Farrell. Real Time RT 309. This digital set was cut less than three months before Pepper's death. He is heard on only three of the six tracks, and even his solo specialty, "Darn That Dream," is uninspired. Joe Farrell has one subpar item to himself, and the normally brilliant George Cables is surprisingly weak in his two piano pieces. Producer-drummer John Dentz's too-prominent accents interfere with the flow on "Section-8 Blues." Two stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

FOR THE RECORD

Some negative remarks I made in last week's Joe Farrell LP review ("same session, same day, sans Pepper . . . production lackluster . . . no surprises in material or interpretation") appeared to refer to a Peter Erskine album review that preceded it. In fact, they referred to an Art Pepper/Joe Farrell album, which mistakenly was omitted, and appears above.

□

"BLUES FOREVER." Muhal Richard Abrams. Black Saint BSR 0061. "Blues Forever" finds pianist Abrams writing for an 11-piece ensemble but the compositions land closer to the chamber-music sphere than an orthodox big-band sound. The record, thankfully, lacks the severe abstractions that have characterized much of Abrams' recent work but the emphasis here still falls on fragmented textures and harmonic voicings. Yet it's when the group kicks into traditional jazz forms—be it the all-too-brief Ellington tribute "Du King" or the extended title track—that "Blues Forever" really comes to life. The first-rate performances and Abrams' writing skills make for intriguing listening much of the time but you can't help wishing he would exercise his talents on a full album of material derived from the jazz tradition. Three stars.

—DON SNOWDEN

□

"SHADOWFAX." Windham Hill C-1022. Classifying this album is a tougher task than appreciating it. It is not free, folk or funk, not classical and minimally jazz, and not primarily improvised, though some cuts have a strong, loose rhythmic pulse. Pastoral, bucolic, exotic, now and then Indian or Oriental touches lend the music its odd character. The main force seems to be Chuck Greenberg, who produced, shared the composing with guitarist G.E. Stinson, and played lyricon and soprano sax. Emil Richards is on hand with trunkfuls of percussion and mallet instruments. Windham Hill is developing more of an individual character than any other label since ECM. Four stars.

~~—D.S.~~ L.F.

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picture studio code-named Nova. The announcement, it appears, has been the easiest part of the venture, considering myriad Hollywood types the Nova powers-that-be have perused in search of an executive to head up the studio creatively.

Among the studio executives recently eyed: Alan Ladd Jr. (The Ladd Co.), Mark Canton (Warner Bros.), Frank Mancuso (Paramount), Michael Eisner (Paramount) and former United Artists production head Paula Weinstein.

Producer Larry Gordon, who was seen recently breakfasting with Columbia Chairman Francis T. Vincent Jr. in New York, is also said to be in the running. Columbia President Guy McElwaine's name also has surfaced lately, but he is considered highly unlikely to shift positions.

Newest entries in the job search appear to be entertainment lawyers, among them, Eric Weissman, Tom Pollock and Ken Ziffren.

FEATHER SCHOLARSHIP AWARDEES

The first three $1,000 scholarships to the Duke Ellington School of Arts in Washington, D.C., have been awarded from the Leonard Feather Scholarship Fund, established in 1981 to help young artists. Winners are singer Lisa Frazier Jones, composer Jamie Kowalski and trumpeter/saxophonist Tyrone Williams.

2/4

Los Angeles Times

20 YEARS LATER, A JAZZ FESTIVAL IN LAS VEGAS

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the first time in 20 years, a major jazz festival will take place in Las Vegas. Sponsored by Las Vegas Events Inc., and presented in conjunction with the Las Vegas Jazz Society, concerts will be staged June 11 and 12 at the new Cashman Field, with a capacity of 10,000.

Amelia Montgomery, executive director of the Jazz Society and widow of its founder, Monk Montgomery, has been setting talent for the programs, which will run from 2 to 10 p.m. both days.

The roster for June 11 will include the Monty Alexander Trio, Clark Terry's combo, singer Marlena Shaw, Stanley Turrentine's group and a trio led by organist Jimmy Smith, as well as the 17-piece orchestra of trombonist Bill Watrous.

On June 12, two big orchestras will appear: Maiden Voyage, the all-female ensemble led by saxophonist Ann Patterson, and the Buddy Rich Big Band. Others set are Carmen McRae, Spyro Gyra and singer Mike Campbell.

Tickets will be obtainable March 1; meanwhile, for further information, call the Las Vegas Jazz Society at (702) 734-8556.

2/4

ETHEREAL OCTET AT MULBERRY STREET

By LEONARD FEATHER

When the food is Italian and the music Brazilian, it makes for a delicate brew. This becomes evident once a month at Mulberry Street in Studio City, when the guitarist Oscar Castro Neves offers his coterie of followers what is arguably the most ethereal music in town.

The eight-piece ensemble is built around the leader's exquisite guitar and a woodwind quartet whose members collectively play some 20 instruments from the piccolo, flute, oboe, clarinet and saxophone families. No less important is the role of Barbara Korn, a pure-toned French-horn artist who shows that this clinker-prone instrument is safe in her delicate hands.

Though the unit has a clearly identifiable sound (most of the arrangements are by Castro Neves), the surprises are continuous: a re-working of Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez," voiced for English horn, flute, clarinet and bass clarinet; Korn leading the way through the Tchaikovsky "Romeo and Juliet" theme; a bass flute passage on "Estate" (Summer) by Phil Ayling; various other brief solos by the winds and by the ubiquitous bassist John Patitucci; a cheerful samba written by the versatile oboe soloist Glen Garrett (partly in 11/4 time)—these and a dozen other delights graced the first set.

Despite the pervasive Brazilian rhythms, the repertoire draws on a heady blend of North and South American and European sources. Even Stevie Wonder is there, right alongside Jobim. Alan Broadbent wrote the closing "Sopranissimo," with its whirling climactic chorus for four soprano saxes.

With Ron Powell's congas, the group is complete, though on certain tunes a regular drummer could provide insurance against a too-laid-back, Southern California feeling. This quibble aside, the Castro Neves group is a total delight. He will be at Mulberry Street tonight as half of a guitar duo with John Pisano; the woodwinds will return later and will soon make their recording debut. Perhaps the theory (advanced earlier by this reviewer) that this octet is just too good for present-day tastes will finally be given the lie.

LOS ANGELES TIMES **CALENDAR** JANUARY 30, 1983

THE LEGEND. SHE NEVER KNEW HER FATHER OR EVEN WHERE SHE WAS BORN. AND HER REAL AMBITION WAS TO BE A DANCER LIKE SNAKEHIPS TUCKER.

By LEONARD FEATHER

She is one of the elite few for whom a single name on a marquee would suffice almost anywhere in the world.

Next year she will round out half a century on stage. If she cared to, she could line every wall of her Beverly Hills home with the medals, trophies, plaques, Grammys and honorary doctorates that have greeted her from 1937, when she won the first-ever Down Beat poll for best female vocalist, clear through to the Kennedy Center Award of 1980.

She has done almost everything almost everywhere, from the ballrooms of Harlem to the Hollywood Bowl. (Even in the air—hers was the first jazz voice at 35,000 feet when she and her rhythm section entertained recently to celebrate an airline's installation of a bar aboard its jets.)

Yet Ella Fitzgerald simply has not come to terms with the fact of superstardom. In all of show business, where mammoth ego seems to be a right, you would be hard put to find anyone more diffident about success.

"Did I do all right?" she may say, hurrying offstage during a tumultuous standing ovation in Columbus or Copenhagen. "Do they really like me?"

Totally in awe of her peers, she has a sense of everyone's importance but her own. Recalling with pride Tony Bennett's annual Christmas visits to her home, plus her own presence at Peggy Lee's New Year's Eve parties, she seems unaware that other singers (along with architects, brain surgeons and heads of state) are themselves reverential toward the First Lady of Song. Guitarist Joe Pass, who will be playing duos with her Friday at the Universal Amphitheater, says, "Although she's so relaxed and easy to play for, I feel nervous, out of place with her—I mean, she's a legend, like Louis Armstrong. She's part of history."

□

History might not have known about her but for a series of benign accidents. Her life has been studded with negatives: the death of her mother during the early teen years, aborting her career at a crucial moment; the death at 37 of Chick Webb, the band leader who had been her adoptive father and mentor; two marriages that failed; a long battle with her weight, and in 1971 a physical crisis that threatened her eyesight.

The positives have outweighed these traumas: her first hit, "A Tisket a Tasket," recorded with Webb's band May 2, 1938, just a week after her 20th birthday; her business relationship with Norman Granz, a benign Svengali who expanded her scope from the bistros and bebop songs to concert halls, symphony orchestras and sophisticated songbook albums; her luxurious alliances with Ellington, Armstrong, Basie, Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass, and, most famous of all, the Memorex TV commercial that earned her six-figure fees and millions of new fans worldwide.

NANCY OHANIAN

ELLA

Ella Fitzgerald, born in Newport News, Va., never knew her native town or her real father. As a child she moved with her mother and a stepfather to Yonkers, N.Y.

"I never considered myself a singer; my real ambition was to dance, so I'd try to imitate Snakehips Tucker. But my mother had records by Mamie Smith, the Mills Brothers, the Boswell Sisters—Connee Boswell became my favorite. I began singing her songs.

"I had a warm family life. Growing up in a mixed neighborhood I had mostly Italian friends. First time I ran into a prejudice thing, a boy came in from another school, and he called me 'nigger.' Well, I pushed him, he fell down, and the other kids thought I had hit him—so I became a heroine at the school! They made him apologize, and after that everyone looked up to me, thought I was real bad. I was about 11."

Ella learned to read music in order to gain a credit ("You had to take art or music, and I knew I was no artist"), but the knowledge never really stuck. She envies singers (Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae) who read much more fluently. "I had private piano lessons, too, but my mother soon realized I was playing the same lessons over and over. Five dollars was a lot of money in those days, so she stopped the lessons.

"To make extra money, I used to take numbers. For a while I worked as a lookout for the best-looking house on the street—what do they call them now?—sporting houses. I'd watch, and knock on the door to let the girls know if the police were coming! Oh yes, I had a very interesting young life."

After she had won a few amateur-hour contests, word reached CBS, where she was set for an appearance with an early king of radio, Arthur Tracy, known as "The Street Singer." "But suddenly my mother died and I wasn't of age and nobody could sign for me, so the whole deal fell through."

One week after a professional bow in February, 1935 (a week

Please Turn to Page 6

BEST OF THE BEST 1982 MOVIES

It was a very good year, or at least not a rotten year, according to the nation's movie critics. Surveying their best-10 lists for 1982, Calendar found this consensus: (1) "Tootsie," (2) "E.T.," (3) "Diner," (4) "The Verdict," (5) "Das Boot," (6) "Diva," (7) "Missing," (8) "Shoot the Moon," (9) "Gandhi," (10) "An Officer and a Gentleman." The 10 worst films: "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," "Conan the Barbarian," "Inchon!," "Making Love," "Megaforce," "Monsignor," "The Pirate Movie," "Porky's," "Summer Lovers," "The Toy." Page 25.

NEW GERMAN PAINTING INVADES UCLA

Taking over UCLA's Wight Galleries is "New Figuration: Contemporary Art From West Germany," an exhibition of about 60 paintings by 15 West German artists that provides a solid scrutiny of the Germanic rendition of Neo-Expressionism. Times art critic William Wilson says that "most of the artists are virtuosos of technique, psychology and art history in some combination, and thereby hangs the tale of curious neutrality achieved at the end of much flailing of brush, brooding of mind and anguish of soul." Page 86.

new thing to the people."

In 1948, spotted in the audience at one of Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, she was lured onstage, promptly won Granz over, and by 1950 was touring with him regularly.

"That was the real turning point in my life," Ella says wistfully. "Norman felt I had more to offer than the bop, so he started our songbooks—albums of Cole Porter, Ellington, Gershwin, Berlin, Rodgers & Hart."

"First," Granz said, "I managed Ella unofficially; from 1954 on it was official. A year or so afterward, I made a deal to get her out of her Decca contract so I could begin recording her on my own Verve label, which is where the songbooks began."

Granz has an irascible side; Ella says she has learned to live with it. "The idea was, get him to do the talking for me and I'd do the singing. I needed that. Sometimes we'd argue and wouldn't speak for weeks on end, and he'd give me messages through a third party, but now I accept him as he is, or I may just speak my mind.

"We're all like a big family now—Norman and I and Joe Pass and Oscar Peterson and Basie—that's another thing that makes life so pleasant." The big family, all under contract to Granz's Pablo Records, has recorded together in every conceivable permutation.

□

Early in her Granz years, Ella married bassist Ray Brown and they adopted a son, Ray Jr. "It was a good marriage, but it's hard for two people in show business. You have to learn to really understand somebody." The Browns, divorced in 1952, have remained friends and occasionally work together.

Ray Brown Jr., who plays drums and guitar, leads a Seattle-based combo. ("They say he sings now—in the country style—but I haven't heard him.") Ella's reaction upon first seeing her son's wife—whom she had not met before the wedding ceremony—mirrors her open heart and mind. "I was waiting for this little colored girl to come down the aisle, and I looked and saw this redhead! I think she's Scottish or Irish. A very sweet girl. They were supposed to come down last Christmas, but he had a job in Portland, so I said, as long as he's working and staying out of trouble, that's fine."

After her divorce from Ray Brown, Ella did not want for a love life. For four years, along with her home in Beverly Hills, she maintained an apartment in Copenhagen—"because I had a romance there. I had to learn to speak my Danish, to go shopping."

She is intrigued by languages; as she observed once, "We say people are foolish because they don't speak English, but we're the ones who are stupid, because that's all we speak.

"I had an academic course at school and I learned Latin. That was when I thought I wanted to be a doctor. And growing up in an Italian neighborhood I learned Italian, including the use of the hands!

"Judy Camarotta, who's my good friend and traveling companion, is teaching me Spanish, and I hope to do a Latin album. My stepfather, who was Portuguese, wanted to send me to a Portuguese school. He tried to teach me Portuguese himself, but all I wanted to do was play, and he got disgusted with me. I sure wish I had stuck with it. But when I was home

Ella Fitzgerald with rhythm section, from left, Keter Betts, Bob Durham and Paul Smith performing at 35,000 feet on an airline's inaugural pub flight.

after the eye problem I studied it, so I can sing the Brazilian songs pretty well now."

Clearly her thirst for knowledge carries over into music. "I like to feel that every day I learn something new. A new song is an inspiration, or a new way to work. In London I did part of the show with just Joe Pass. When the two of us started improvising, he would catch every little thing I did. We're going to try some duo things at the Universal concert."

A milestone in her career was the debut performance with a symphony orchestra. "It began because Arthur Fiedler, who liked to hear me doing Cole Porter's 'Too Darn Hot,' said he would like to get the lady who sang that song and have her do it with the Boston Pops. Well, Boston was the town where 'A Tisket a Tasket' had broken, so it was like a great homecoming for me.

"I've been able since then to diversify all I want—dozens of symphony orchestras, big bands, a trio, or just Oscar Peterson or Joe Pass; and even if you do the same song with all these different settings it will give you the feeling of variety.

"I had a great experience a month ago in Vancouver. We played a little club, and it was just the way it used to be, like the old days, when you're right out there with the people. I had a *ball!* I miss that intimacy when I play the big pavilions, where the sound echoes back at you."

□

The big pavilions, of course, bring in the money, but Ella is far beyond the stage of needing to worry about finances. With Granz's help she became a millionaire many years ago, and he feels that even the six months a year she now works may be excessive—"but she just loves to sing, and nobody's going to stop her."

Next to songbooks, cookbooks are her passion; they are stacked up by the score in at least three rooms. "I've got them from all over the world. It's fascinating—like reading love stories—you find yourself comparing what different cooks will do with the same meats. Doreen, my housekeeper, makes fish like nobody else—she rolls it and cooks it in dill, with a special sauce."

Ella's gourmet tastes have to be balanced against a weight problem, though presently this is well under control. A photo on the wall, taken in 1958 with Sarah Vaughan, offered a startling reminder of how much weight she has lost.

"While I was in Europe recently I lost 22 pounds; over there, I just have two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, and I don't eat before going to work, because it interferes with my breath control. Sassy (Vaughan) is the only one who can eat and go right out and sing."

Her principal social concern is child abuse. Working with youngsters at the Ella Fitzgerald Child Care Center in Watts, she brings them presents every Christmas.

Altogether, the Ella Fitzgerald story clearly is not the kind of which movies are made. What do you do with a woman who doesn't smoke, only drinks an occasional glass of wine, and was never on drugs? Film biographies, books and monuments are not built with such fragile clay.

Precisely for that reason, I suggested, Ella should write her own book, to set straight a record already distorted by the flood of books by or about Anita O'Day, Billie Holiday, Art Pepper, Charlie Parker, Hampton Hawes and the like.

Something stopped her in 1971, when, soon after recuperating from a cataract operation on her left eye, the right eye hemorrhaged. Granz found a doctor in Boston with whose help, in the form of laser treatment, she retained much of her vision. "I have two great doctors—the other is here in L.A.—and I do see 20/20 in one eye now, so I'm very fortunate." It upsets her, though, that photographers continually harass her. "If they shoot close to where I had that hemorrhage, the moment that flashbulb hits, it's as if someone punched me in the eye.

"The only time I really lost my temper was one night in Pennsylvania. We were doing a benefit for the musicians' union—they were trying to bring the symphony back—and this fellow kept following me. I said, 'Please, don't put the flash in my face!' He kept right on, and I started taking the camera from him and trying to hit him. I felt so bad afterward, because people like that don't mean any harm."

Has the First Lady heard any singers lately who impressed her?

"I liked Phoebe Snow—before; but now she's changed. There was something about her; she had a lot of feeling. I heard a combo of young boys in Finland, a bossa nova group; they all play and sing, and they were out of sight! I told Norman I'd like to see them get a break. And I heard a girl in Washington called Shirley Horn—you know her?"

(I do indeed; Horn, 48, a pianist/singer, began leading her own trio almost 30 years ago.)

□

At home, Fitzgerald leads a relaxed life in an expansive, handsomely appointed home, surrounded by a housekeeper, two dogs, and such visitors as a married niece to whom she has always been close.

"Yes, it seems like if you don't write about your sex life or some tragedies, nobody wants to read a book; but I'd like to write mine as an inspiration to young people coming up. People always assume you started in the church, or you just got a lucky break; but it isn't where you came from, it's where you're going that counts, and how your attitude is, and not getting discouraged.

"I've had some wonderful love affairs and some that didn't work out. I don't want to dwell on that and I don't want to put people down, but I think all the fabulous places I've been, the wonderful things that happened for me, the great people I've met—that ought to make a story."

'I've had some wonderful love affairs and some that didn't work out. I don't want to dwell on that and I don't want to put people down, but I think all the fabulous places I've been, the wonderful things that happened for me, the great people I've met—that ought to make a story.'

The Fitzgerald saga could indeed be an enriching addition to musical and social history. It could also be highly anecdotal. "One moment I treasure," Ella recalls, "is a visit to Columbia, S.C., where I sang for thousands of kids, 4 to 14. They sang along with me on 'Old MacDonald,' and everyone seemed to have a ball. After the show a TV interviewer asked some of them what they thought.

"Some of them had never heard of me, of course. And one little boy said, 'Well, I liked her singing all right, but she didn't break no glass.' " □

Calendar Movies, Page 25

ELLA: THE FIRST LADY OF SONG

Continued from First Page

at the Harlem Opera House), a friend sneaked her into Chick Webb's dressing room: "I sang the only three songs I knew—all the things I'd heard Connee Boswell do—and Chick, who had a boy singer and didn't want a girl, grudgingly said, 'Well, we're playing Yale tomorrow. Get on the band bus and if they like you there, you've got a job.' "

The world should be grateful that they liked her at Yale. Ella, a skinny 16-year-old in a gown that the Harlem chorus girls had pooled their funds to buy for her, joined the band.

"I still didn't take anything seriously. The fellers used to heckle me, try and make a lady out of me. We'd go up to Boston. I'd get out of the bus, and the first thing I wanted to do was play baseball. Later on I tried to play accordion, but I couldn't carry it, and the fellers in the band got tired of lugging it around, so that was the end of that."

Ella's broadcasts with the Webb band from Harlem's legendary Savoy Ballroom induced him to include her on a record date. A year later she had a mild hit with "You'll Have to Swing It" (a k a "Mr. Paganini"), and by the time "A Tisket a Tasket" hit, her reputation was outstripping Webb's. Her lilting swing and easy phrasing could lend meaning to the most trivial nonsense song.

Her initial salary was $12.50 a week, then $15 at the Savoy, eventually $50. When Jimmie Lunceford offered her $75 to join his band, Webb upped the ante to $125. After Webb's death, when the band was kept together under her name, she endured two years of confusion; band leading was not her bag.

Sometimes life imitates soap operas: "I went and got married on a bet. I was that stupid; the guy bet me I wouldn't marry him. The guys in the band were all crying when I told them." (When I asked her first husband's name, there was a 10-second pause before she recalled it.) "I got an annulment and the judge told me, 'You just keep singing "A Tisket a Tasket" and leave these men alone.' "

After the Fitzgerald-Webb band broke up in 1941, there were several years of tours—with a vocal group, on her own, or teamed with name bands. "My greatest experience was learning about bebop by traveling with Dizzy Gillespie's band. In those days you could go and jam after the job. That's how 'Lady Be Good' got started—Dizzy had me do it with him on a radio jam session; Decca Records heard it and let me record it. Dave Garroway, God bless him, played it on his show in Chicago, and within three months we played the State-Lake and the Orpheum and the Chicago Theater! It was a whole

Los Angeles Times

FOUR-PART SERIES

KCET'S 'JAZZBEAT' PROVIDES QUALITY

By LEONARD FEATHER

KCET, true to its reputation for offering music of quality, is presenting "Jazzbeat," a four-part series of 30-minute programs to be aired Saturdays from 8 to 8:30 p.m., simulcast on KKGO-FM 105.

Pianist Bill Mays is the common denominator. He and bassist Red Mitchell constitute the entire cast of the first two shows (Saturday and Feb. 12). On Feb. 19 and Feb. 26, he will be teamed with bassist Bob Magnusson, guitarist Peter Sprague and drummer Jim Plank, fellow members of the San Diego-based group known as Road Work Ahead.

The first program is your basic, casual low-key jazz show, with the pair devoting their time and affection to the works of Thelonious Monk. Mays, after proudly plugging his 1898 Steinway C grand piano, delves into "Monk's Mood" and "Well You Needn't," while Mitchell, a Stockholm-based virtuoso, variously plays harmonically rooted lines and loose melodic embroidery. Either way, it works beautifully.

"Round Midnight" comes a mite logy, but "I Mean You" is a most striking example of Mays' ability to adapt Monk's eccentricities to his own more orthodox technique and fingering. The Feb. 12 show reunites the couple for standards by Charlie Parker and others.

"Road Work Ahead Performs Four by Four," the Feb. 19 program, offers an original work by each member. Sprague's sprightly jazz samba, "The Elf," dedicated to Chick Corea, and Magnusson's "Blues off the Cuff" stand out in a generally engaging set. Sprague's finesse and creativity are dazzling.

"Road Work Ahead Performs Carnival Suite," to be aired Feb. 26, is a repeat of a segment from KCET's highly praised "Jazz Night" last September. Shelly Manne is the articulate host for both these half-hours.

Technically the series is impeccable. Jim Washburn directed the duo programs and was executive producer for all four. Bruce Franchini directed the Road Work Ahead shows.

Los Angeles Times
2 Part VI/Friday, February 4, 1983

BIG BANDS WORK TO STAY VIABLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The 19-piece orchestra led by Curt Berg Monday at Carmelo's is typical of the big bands that struggle to remain viable in the Valley.

The personnel varies, according to whether or not the members are busy with more lucrative jobs. Monday, during the first set, there were several substitutes; in fact, it is questionable whether any set lineup exists, since the band had not worked a gig in more than six months. Obviously, you do not find a tightly meshed ensemble under such irregular working conditions.

Berg, a composer/arranger and trombonist, launched his set with "Mickey Rat," a calculatedly disjointed piece with suspended rhythms, changes of meter and touches of Dixieland. Later works showcasing Tom Peterson on tenor sax and John Morell on guitar were better organized, and the orchestra finally burst into living color with Randy Aldcroft's "Breakfast Wine."

The set's most distinctive moments, however, consisted of three tunes by the Brazilian composer Moacir Santos. John Mitchell's baritone sax lit up a lyrical waltz "Adriana," the brass section flexed its power on "Maracutu Cute" and the percussionists supplied apt rhythmic convolutions for "Bluish Men."

Berg's may have been the last big bands to play at Carmelo's for some time. The new policy will be limited, at least for the present, to small combos and singers (Ernie Andrews tonight and Saturday). The room will be dark Sundays.

IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

The classical flute of Jim Walker, left, plus jazz pianist Milcho Leviev equals half of Free Flight.

JAZZ

FREE FLIGHT COOKS UP A CLASSICAL JAM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Biases and preconceptions have always abounded in the world of music—at least as long as we have had music critics. Sometimes these prejudicial attitudes prevail among the musicians themselves. No case is more typical than that of Milcho Leviev and Jim Walker, the principal soloists in a remarkable quartet known as Free Flight.

Walker's classical credentials are impeccable. He played with Pierre Monteux's school for conductors, with the Premier Woodwind Quartet and the Pittsburgh Symphony before being taken on, in 1979, by the Los Angeles Philharmonic, where in his capacity as co-principal flutist he is a frequent soloist and has played in chamber music recitals.

"When he asked to sit in with me," says Leviev, "I tried to be polite, but I thought to myself, here's a classical musician, how's he going to fit in, this straight cat from the Philharmonic? I was totally skeptical."

Leviev's credits are no less imposing in the world of jazz. In Sofia, he wrote the music for "A Hot Noon," the first Bulgarian jazz film score. Arriving in the United States in 1971, he went directly from the airport to a rehearsal with Don Ellis' big band. Later he worked with Willie Bobo's Latin jazz combo and toured internationally with Art Pepper's quartet.

"To me," said Walker, "Milcho represented the typical, brilliant improvising jazz musician. A friend, Michael Davenport, who's now our manager, suggested to me that I needed a gimmick to capitalize on my flute-playing potential—that I could be a jazzer or something. That's why I asked to play with Milcho."

Both men, of course, were totally wrong in their attitudes toward one another, as Free Flight has compellingly proved.

The other half of the Walker story: "My father was quite a good saxophonist; I grew up listening to jazz exclusively, and my ending up as a classical flutist was sort of a fluke.

"I was born in Muncie, Ind., on Bix Beiderbecke's birthday—March 10—in 1944. We moved to Kentucky when I was 2. In high school and college I played sax in the school dance bands and in rock 'n' roll groups, but when I was about 21 I went pretty much into straight classical work. A dozen years later I started making up for lost time. I've done some serious listening to Miles Davis and Coltrane; I always had a lot of creative ideas in my head, but never practiced improvisation."

So much for Leviev's image of Walker as a "straight cat" from the Philharmonic.

The Leviev story: He received his training at the Bulgarian State Conservatory in Sofia; in 1959, at 21, he won a medal in a Vienna Youth Festival composition contest. Before long he was known as his country's foremost composer, leader of a large orchestra on radio and television. One of his classical film scores, "Detour," won first prize at the 1968 Moscow Film Festival. His "Music for Big Band and Symphony Orchestra" was performed in 1980 in Sofia. At the Chandler Pavilion on March 14 his "Sympho-Jazz Sketches for Flute, Piano, Bass, Drums and Orchestra" will be introduced by the New American Orchestra in tandem with Free Flight.

So much for Walker's picture of Leviev as just a jazz musician.

After Walker had sat in with Leviev and the barriers between them started to break down, Walker soon renewed the collaboration. "I had a recital to do in Orange County. Bill Mays had written a suite that I felt I could play; it involved a little improvising. I gave the part to a local symphony pianist who couldn't handle it, so I called Milcho to do just this one piece."

"It was then," said Leviev, "that I realized Jim had this improvisational potential. A few months later the idea for a quartet began to evolve.

"I said to Jim, 'We are both from the classical world and both play jazz; we need a bass player and drummer who are similarly equipped.' Luckily we found Jim Lacefield, a fine bassist who studied at North Texas State University, where they have a splendid all-around music department.

"We tried several drummers—Peter Erskine, from Weather Report, played on our first album; but we settled down with Ralph Humphrey, who has played with everyone from Don Ellis to Frank Zappa and was co-founder of the curriculum at the Percussion Institute of Technology. He's probably the greatest drummer in the world at playing odd time signatures such as 7/4 and 33/16, which all of us love to explore."

The name Free Flight was Michael Davenport's idea. "I didn't like it at first," said Leviev, "because it's redundant; obviously all flight is free."

"We played our first date around November, 1980, at the Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach," Walker recalled. "We found that we could take flute sonatas and other classical works, add drums, and keep the bass line pretty much as it was conceived. Milcho deserves the credit for conceiving the arrangements both of the classical works and the jazz-derived pieces such as Dave Brubeck's 'Blue Rondo a la Turk' and his own compositions, 'For Frederic and Bill'—dedicated to Chopin and Bill Evans—and 'Con Mucho Gusto.' We found them entirely compatible in a recital that also included our 'Bach's Groove,' based on the Badinerie from Orchestra Suite No. 12, the Paganini 'Caprice No. 5,' and the Chopin Etude, Opus 10 No. 6.

"It's all part of one great musical family. You remember the Swingle Singers, that wonderful vocal group in Paris in the 1960s? They recorded a whole album of works by Bach, and what they were singing corresponded note for note to what Bach wrote; even the string bass lines were unchanged, just played in quarter notes. With the voices, the bassist and a drummer, they had a whole new concept that was still essentially the work of Bach."

Much of what Walker heard vocally in the Swingle Singers can be found in a comparably pure instrumental form when Free Flight plays. Because the group's integration of rhythmic and improvised elements seemed entirely natural, and because the essence of each theme was respected whether the writer was Paganini or Debussy or Leviev, audiences soon accepted the Leviev-Walker concept as something infinitely more substantial than the jazzing-the-classic novelties of yesteryear.

For a year or two the group played only West Coast clubs and a few festivals: Monterey, Playboy, Berkeley. "We lost a gig at the Hollywood Bowl, where we were supposed to play opposite the Modern Jazz Quartet," Walker said, "but I had to be in Europe with the Philharmonic. But I must say that is the best orchestra in the world to work for. There are two principal flutists—the other is Anne Giles—and both of us are allowed to flex our muscles in terms of outside ambitions."

The past year or so has seen Free Flight's fortunes take wing. Early in 1982 the quartet's circles of admirers multiplied when they taped an LP for a new label, Palo Alto Jazz. That it failed to win the Grammy nomination it surely deserved may be attributed to the elitist attitude of New York voters. "They basically believe that nothing important comes from the West Coast," said Leviev.

A little over a year ago, Walker and Leviev went to the Sofia Jazz Festival to perform as a duo. "He's an incredible hero there," said Walker in awe. "Even though we arrived at the wrong time, a day late, there were TV cameras and hundreds of fans waiting for him at the airport."

No less gratifying was Free Flight's recent appearance on the Tonight Show. Johnny Carson was so impressed that he invited the group to return the following night—a double header without precedent in the show's history.

Evidently 1983 will be the breakthrough year. Tonight Free Flight has a concert at George Pinesse Auditorium (Wilshire Boulevard Temple); earlier this week the group taped a 30-minute special at KCET for public television. A three-week college concert tour is set for mid-February through early March. Best of all, on July 29 and 30, in an unprecedented conjunction of Walker's dual careers, Free Flight will join forces with the Los Angeles Philharmonic to perform an original work commissioned for the orchestra and composed by Roger Kellaway, with Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. □

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1983 CALENDAR—PAGE 61

FESTIVITIES MARK 100 FOR EUBIE BLAKE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—Measured by any yardstick in the world of the arts, it was an unprecedented day.

For the record books: Monday, Feb. 7, 1983, James Hubert Blake became the first musician in history to achieve both an international reputation and 100 years of life.

The celebrations never stopped during the entire 24 hours. From midnight Sunday until midnight Monday, a procession of fellow artists and worshipful fans paraded through St. Peter's Church, where Father John Gensel, pastor to the jazz community, presided over the public festivities.

The main event, however, was a two-hour private concert held during the afternoon at the 1,600-capacity Shubert Theater and piped, by a special telephone hookup, to Eubie's home in Brooklyn.

It would be a pleasure to report that the beloved centenarian enjoyed every moment of it. It would also be sadly untrue.

The poignant fact is that everybody seemed to be celebrating except Eubie Blake himself. The sound system reportedly did not work well in his home; neither did his hearing aid. Some of the medication he has been taking since he was stricken with pneumonia two weeks ago leaves him drowsy most of the time. He heard very little of the Shubert festivities.

Those who attended St. Peter's had reason to pray for Eubie. Last year he was well enough to celebrate his 99th birthday in public and even play piano on television. But this year, he is a very sick, frail man, down to barely 100 pounds. His mind, however, remains alert. As he said, just the other day, "If I'd known I was going to live this long, I'd have taken better care of myself."

"If he hadn't gone to Washington for that premature party," said one old friend at the theater, "he'd be here to share our happiness today." Blake accepted an invitation, for a

Please see EUBIE'S, Page 4

IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

Adelaide Hall, who sang with Blake in some of his early shows, belts out a song during N.Y. tribute.

EUBIE'S 100TH

Continued from First Page

very large fee, to be honored Jan. 19 at the Kennedy Center. The rigors of the trip to and from Washington apparently were too much for him. Besides, he had never quite recovered from the death last June of his helpmeet, manager and wife of 36 years, Marion Tyler Blake. He has scarcely touched the piano since then, and not once in public.

What the ragtime patriarch himself cannot now do, however, was re-created in fine, affectionate style by the players, singers, and dancers on Monday. Under the skilled guidance of ragtime pianist/promoter/host Max Morath, they presented as diversified and comprehensive a show as has ever been compressed into two short hours.

The pace never lagged, from the opening "Tan Manhattan" by two tap-dancers billed as the Copasetics, to a finale that brought the entire company on stage for "I'm Just Wild About Eubie" at super-Charleston tempo. Of the 24 acts, all but the last two performed only a single number. The effect was a sped-up history of black show business back to the turn of the century.

Every stage of Eubie Blake's career as a writer was represented, from "Charleston Rag," which he composed in 1899 before he had even learned to read music, to a manuscript found recently by the pianist Dick Hyman on a hunt through the Blake basement. Entitled "It Was Well Worth the While" (the lyrics just added by Sammy Cahn), the song was sung and played by Hyman, who assured us that Eubie has dozens more such hidden treasures.

Pianists aside, there was even a saxophone quartet playing a quirky, unaccompanied piece, "Dictys on 7th Avenue," composed as Blake's thesis when, at age 67, he graduated from New York University with his degree in music.

Maurice Hines tossed in his 1950s nostalgia singing "You've Got to Git the Gittin While the Gittin's Good." Bobby Short added his East Side panache on "You're Lucky to Me," and the tall, sensuous Lynn Godfrey perched atop the piano, kicked up her long legs and sang "Daddy Won't You Please Come Home" in a style best described as 1921 Brownskin Vamp. (A song heard earlier in the program was "If You've Never Been Vamped by a Brownskin, You've Never Been Vamped at All," written by Blake.)

Scattered through the proceedings were the mandatory interruptions of speeches and the reading of telegrams from President Reagan, New York Gov. Mario Cuomo, Ira Gershwin, Alberta Hunter, Zubin Mehta and others. New York City Mayor Edward Koch, armed with a medal for Eubie, made a succinctly witty speech.

Then the matinee reached its peak. Adelaide Hall, a handsome woman in her late 70s, who owed her stage debut to the 62-year-old Noble Sissle-Eubie Blake show "Shuffle Along," brought the crowd to its feet for the first time with her medley of songs from that show and from "Blackbirds of 1928." Her pure sound is undimmed, her manner regal. For this brief appearance she flew from London, where she has lived for many years.

Nothing, it seemed, could top Hall, but the Eubie Blake Children's Chorus, 43 strong and almost all black, came close. Under the direction of Rosetta Lenoir, they sang "We Are Americans, Too," followed by "Memories of You," after which they helped blow out the 100 candles on the birthday cake. It was a sensible and sensitive touch to save the best-remembered of all Blake's songs to be rendered in simple unison by singers 85 to 90-odd years his junior. He has said of these dedicated amateurs that he is confident that his spirit will live on through them.

If this was not the happiest of birthdays for Blake, at least someday soon he may be well enough to listen to a tape and hear reflected in these performances the love and respect he has engendered throughout an 85-year career.

In April, 1973, Blake was a guest on my Los Angeles radio program; he had made his first plane trip a few weeks before. I asked him whether, at 90, he felt like trying for 100.

After a brief pause, he answered: "Well, Leonard, I'll settle for just four more good years."

He outdid himself on that estimate. Let's hope he can continue to beat the odds.

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PLAYBOY JAZZ FEST PLANS ANNOUNCED

By LEONARD FEATHER

Wednesday morning, as he does every year about this time, producer George Wein ambled to a microphone at the Hugh Hefner mansion and announced to the assembled media multitudes his plans for this year's Playboy Jazz Festival.

Like the four that preceded it, the presentation will consist of two marathon sessions at the Hollywood Bowl, both starting at 2:30, and running until 11 and 10:30 p.m. respectively. The schedule shapes up as a good cross section of most facets of jazz, except that the avant-garde will not be represented.

Three or four big bands will be heard: those of Buddy Rich and Gerald Wilson on June 18; Count Basie and possibly Carla Bley on June 19. Combos will include the Modern Jazz Quartet, Spyro Gyra and Sphere (playing music by Thelonious Monk) on June 18; Benny Carter, Hubert Laws, the Crusaders, Mongo Santamaria and the World's Greatest Jazz Band on June 19.

Coincidentally, two Brazilian women pianists are set for the first night: Eliane Elias, who will appear with a group known as Steps Ahead, and singer/pianist Tania Maria.

Rounding out the bills will be VSOP II, featuring Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams, Ron Carter, Wynton and Branford Marsalis and guest singer Bobby McFerrin on June 18; and, on June 19, a young singer named Dianne Reeves will appear with Patrice Rushen, Tom Scott and others in a combo billed as the Playboy Jazz Stars of the '80s. Also scheduled that day is Joe Williams. As he has at three previous festivals, Bill Cosby will emcee.

The $30 box seats are already sold out. Other seating is available at $19.50, $15, $12.50 and $7 per concert per day. Advance order forms are available from Playboy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 90069. After March 25, tickets will be available at Ticketron, Charge-Line and Mutual agencies.

Sun. Feb. 13 1983

JAZZ

UNIQUE MOMENTS FROM NEWPORT

By LEONARD FEATHER

"NEWPORT." Columbia C2-38262. How soon does dry rot (real or imagined) begin to destroy an art form? Surely a symphony, great play or novel written in 1958 or 1963, when these records were made, is as valid now as then; yet what jazz fans under 35 will pay the slightest attention to these unreleased highlights taped when Newport was still in Rhode Island?

The styles of five decades are represented, from Pee Wee Russell's querulous 1920s clarinet to the Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Bill Evans sounds of the '50s, the Brubeck and Monk of the '60s. Here are jazzmen on their last legs (a pathetic Lester Young trying to jump the blues), on their first legs (Gabor Szabo and Joe Zawinul, both recent arrivals in America), and others who sound today pretty much the way they did then: Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims, Clark Terry, Bud Freeman, Teddy Wilson and an inspired Ruby Braff.

There are unique moments that became a part of history: Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden and Bobby Hackett joining forces on "Rockin' Chair," then Satchmo teaming with an international band of musicians from 16 European countries. Benny Goodman leads one of his most atypical big bands with Doc Severinsen, Buddy Tate, Kenny Burrell, Roland Hanna and his then-vocalist, Jimmy Rushing.

The entire Ellington orchestra is on hand for a highly charged "Black and Tan Fantasy." There are also two cuts by Ellington alumni combos, one a glorious "Chelsea Bridge" with its composer, Billy Strayhorn, at the piano, and Ben Webster on tenor sax. Sad to note, all eight alumni are dead, except for Cootie Williams, who is retired.

Why all this material was never released before is anybody's guess, but Columbia and producer Jim Fishel should be credited for making available so many classics that have no chance whatever of becoming best sellers. 4 stars.

□

"ELLA A NICE." Pablo Live 2308-234. Taped in a Nice theater during a 1971 concert (held against the advice of her eye doctor and Norman Granz), this belated release finds Ella in empyrean form. Backed by a flawless trio (Tommy Flanagan, piano; Ed Thigpen, drums; Frank de la Rosa, bass), she sings mostly medleys: four Gershwins, four Porters, three Ellingtons, and a bossa nova mixture in which she shakes the Brazilian songs every which way *and* loose. From the total command of the opening "Night and Day" to the "Put a Little Love in Your Heart" finale, it's a blockbuster. Nifty touch: liner notes in French. 5 stars.

□

"WHAT IT IS TO BE FRANK." Bill Kirchner Nonet. Sea Breeze 2010. A former composer/arranger for the Smithsonian Institution's jazz program, Kirchner, 29, wrote several of the charts in addition to playing saxes, flute and clarinet in this succinctly meshed three-reeds, three-brass, three-rhythm group. His own beguiling waltz, "Theme for Gregory," shares honors with trumpeter/arranger Bill Warfield's treatments of Clifford Brown's "Daahoud" and "On the Sunny Side of the Street," the latter twisted attractively out of shape. Aspiring neither to deep soul nor excessive energy, the band performs impeccably in this refreshingly different program. 4½ stars.

□

"REAL JAZZ FOR THE FOLKS WHO FEEL JAZZ." David Lahm. Palo Alto 8027. Lahm, a composer and pianist whose mother was the lyricist Dorothy Fields, shoots off in many directions, the personnel and apparent aim of the groups varying from cut to cut. The two duo tunes (with David Friedman on vibes) and the quintet's "You're a Blossom" are harmonically intriguing. "Shazam," based on Chick Corea's "Captain Marvel," is a breathless workout for singer Janet Lawson. An uneven but promising debut. 3½ stars.

□

"PERSONAL CHOICE." Marian McPartland. Concord Jazz 202. McPartland has traveled a long, spiraling road from quasi-traditional through swing and bop to modality and her present plateau of harmonic/rhythmic/melodic elegance. Laid-back single note lines are among her specialties, but the chorded passages on Dave Brubeck's "In Your Own Sweet Way" outswing the composer's original by a city mile. First-rate backing by Jake Hanna and Steve La Spina. Quality before quantity (total music time: 32½ minutes), but still a valuable set. 4 stars.

□

"SEASONS." Saheb Sarbib Quartet. Soul Note 1048. Sarbib, an admirable bassist who doubles on piano, leads a quartet often reminiscent of the early Ornette Coleman foursome. He also writes such jagged, attention-hooking themes as "Aries' Dance" and "Jumpin' Jack," but they are used so briefly that if you sneeze you will miss them. The rest is a thunderstorm of improvisational intensity in what has been called the stuck-pig school of ad-libbing. Mark Whitecage, on alto, shows how closely he has listened to Coleman. Drummer Paul Motian helps build the extraordinary tension. 2½ stars. □

81

TRIO HAMPERS PHYLLISS BAILEY

2/14

By LEONARD FEATHER

The extent to which a singer's success or failure can be governed by the nature and ability of the accompaniment was graphically illustrated Friday at the Gardenia restaurant in Hollywood when Phylliss Bailey appeared, backed by pianist Larry Farrow's trio.

Credit the attractively lanky Bailey with a relaxed presence and a repertoire that takes in five or six decades, using sounds associated with everyone from Ethel Waters ("My Handy Man") to Billy Joel. Her

Please see PHYLLISS BAILEY, Page 5

PHYLLISS BAILEY

Continued from Page 3

timbre is agreeable, her versatility commendable, taking her from jazz to contemporary pop.

In a set that ran 65 minutes (45 would have been just fine), Bailey set up too many of her songs with disposable raps. All that chatter addressed to "the ladies in the audience" or the gentlemen or whatever, is old-hat Las Vegas lounge jive.

The chief problem, however, was the trio. On certain up tempos bassist Kevin Brandon overwhelmed the group with his electric-shock beats, as if he were the leader and Bailey merely a backup singer; on the other hand, a slow piece such as the old Billie Holiday tune "Good Morning Heartache" cried out for an upright bass played with a bow. As for the drummer, Quentin Dennard, there were moments when he brought to mind the "mechanical sideman" percussion gadget employed by a cocktail pianist during the dinner hour. The combo at times seemed more combatant than competent.

Bailey has a day job as a boom operator at Universal; though she showed much promise Friday, this is not the moment to plunge into show business full time. She will be at Maria's Memory Lane Thursday through Sunday, possibly with a different rhythm section.

2/17

Los Angeles Times

'JAZZ ALIVE!'

POST-BOP BAND THAT THRIVES ON DRIVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the past two weeks, National Public Radio has been scouring the Southland with truck and tape for a series of broadcasts in its "Jazz Alive!" show, produced by Tim Owens and emceed by Ben Sidran.

Donte's was the last stop on the schedule when a group known as the Seventh Avenue Band stepped up to the microphones. This is a hard driving post-bop unit to which every member contributes original compositions, with results as stimulating as they are diversified.

The quintet has what might be called a New York sound, conveying a sense of urgency without haste. The front line, however, consists of a saxophonist from Colombia named Justo Almario, and a cornetist from Chicago, Bob Ojeda, who acknowledges his debt to Ira Sullivan.

An Ojeda composition, "Blue Light," opened the set. His cornet later revealed its capacity for warmth during an old pop song, "My Foolish Heart." Backed only by the pianist, Tom Garvin, Ojeda traveled like an inquisitive tourist investigating the highways of the melody with frequent detours.

John Patitucci, who seems to be the only bass player in town these days (is there any band that doesn't use him?), delivered several solos with typical celerity and sensitivity. His contribution as composer was "Brain Damage," which, contrary to its inept title, was a lyrical vehicle for Almario on soprano sax and an idyllic Garvin interlude.

Mike Stephans, the drummer and nominal leader, ties it all together by anchoring the well unified rhythm section.

Garvin's somewhat abstract piece "Ebullition" was introduced by Almario, who for two or three minutes played Rollins-like tenor supported only by Stephans. Shifting gears as if the men suddenly realized they had forgotten to play the tune, the band reached its boiling point in a series of scalding solos, followed by a speed-of-sound unison between Patitucci and the left hand of pianist Garvin.

The Seventh Avenue Band will be back at Donte's Tuesday. Other attractions scheduled are Ron Eschete, Monday, and David Benoit, Thursday.

LINDA HOPKINS AND TRIO

Monday night found the "Jazz Alive!" crew working at the Westwood Playhouse, where blues/jazz singer Linda Hopkins and the excellent trio of Heard-Ranier-Ferguson shared the stage.

Hopkins, renowned for her role as Bessie Smith in "Me and Bessie," stuck mainly to her staples—blues standards and tunes from the '30s, '40s and '50s. She delivered such well-worn numbers as "Every Day I Have the Blues" and "A Good Man Is Hard to Find" with a captivating spirit and gusto that drew spontaneous shouts from the audience.

Employing an immensely powerful voice with a wide vibrato, Hopkins paid tribute to Valentine's Day with an uptempo, cabaret-style "Funny Valentine," climaxing with a pencil-thin, very high falsetto. She followed with "Counting All My Tears," a slow, earthy blues. Her gospel-ish closer was a medley including "Shake a Hand," during which many came down front to shake hers.

Bassist John Heard, pianist-reedman Tom Ranier and drummer Sherman Ferguson opened with a sparkling and varied set of straight-ahead jazz tunes. Typical was an impressionistic version of Chick Corea's "Tones for Joan's Bones" which moved through several phases: Ranier played a slow melody with oom-pah bass figures while Heard and Ferguson wailed at a furious gallop, then things slowed as a calmer melody was rendered by Heard and Ranier simultaneously before Ranier soloed in a trio format.

The trio was joined by three distinctive guests, who also returned to back Hopkins. Guitarist Calvin Newborn played a very intense, physical "Centerpiece," cornetist Bill Berry offered a sublime "Limehouse Blues" and Red Holloway's biting and buoyant alto was spotlighted on "Wee."

—ZAN STEWART

2-21

COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA: THE SOUND OF REPETITION

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Count Basie Orchestra is the Smithsonian Institution of jazz, a repository of so many essentials of our musical tradition that to carp at any of its performances smacks of *lesse majeste*. Yet Basie's concert Saturday evening, played before a packed house at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena (he closes there tonight), was so similar in form, content and delivery to another such night at the same location, reviewed here in October, 1981, that it was possible to predict almost everything that took place, even the time at which it would occur.

Recently, the band was summoned for a rehearsal. Certain members, bored with the monotony of one-night stands, looked forward eagerly to trying out some fresh material. As it turned out, they were merely called in to acquaint the new drummer with the old charts.

The drummer, by the way, is Dennis Mackerel, fresh from the University of Las Vegas band and recommended to Basie by Joe Williams. He was born, as trombonist Grover Mitchell pointed out, "the year I joined the band—1962." Mackerel cruised through his parts with prodigious drive and finesse, fortifying a rhythm section that includes the supple bassist Cleveland Eaton and, of course, the guitarist Freddie Green, who joined the band 25 years before Mackerel was born.

The only other change, occasioned by the death of saxophonist Bobby Plater, is a new alto sax man, Chris Woods, who played a poised if lukewarm blues piece. Danny Turner, who now has the lead alto chair.

Please see COUNT BASIE, Page 7

Los Angeles Times

COUNT BASIE

Continued from First Page

was impressive in "Easy Living."

Still using his golf-cart wheelchair for locomotion, Basie eased himself on and off the piano stool and took several solos in that baffling display of elliptical genius that makes one wonder why the identical phrases played by any lesser mortal never achieved the same emotional impact. Halfway toward his 79th birthday, he is neither as limber nor as fleet of finger as the commanding maestro of yesteryear, yet his cheerful introductory choruses were among the evening's saving graces.

Some of the band members have worn well, but too many have taken on the sound of repetition in an art form supposedly dedicated to the sound of surprise. Among the newer works, only Sam Nestico's "Warm Breeze" stood out.

The teamwork was unimpeachable, but the chief sources of strength were the solo interludes, particularly those by the impassioned young tenor saxophonist Eric Schneider, by Eric Dixon on both flute and tenor sax, and by the trumpeters Sonny Cohn and Dale Carley. Trombonist Booty Wood, playing with a plunger mute, upheld the Tricky Sam tradition all too briefly.

Bob Summers' perfunctory solo on the three-piece-suit arrangement of "There'll Never Be Another You" was trundled out at its customary spot in the show, as was trombonist Dennis Wilson's "Lament," apparently his only solo in the book.

If any one element symbolized the change time has wrought, it was the extended visit of Dennis Roland. An etiolated pop singer, he remained on stage for five songs, in a spot once given distinction by the presence of Jimmy Rushing, Joe Williams, Bill Henderson and Marlena Shaw. Will he ever determine that the time has come to pack his suitcase and move on down the line?

Roland aside, there is nothing wrong with this still awesome ensemble that a massive vitamin injection, in the form of a dozen or more stimulating, original new arrangements, will not cure. Perhaps the hour is not far off: The band is due to tape a new album tomorrow, before playing at the Grammy Awards banquet Wednesday.

PENNI GLADSTONE / Los Angeles Times

Count Basie, at the piano, performing with his orchestra at the Ambassador Auditorium.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Eubie Blake at age 98.

celebrated song, "Memories of You," but was hastily acquainted with it backstage. Gibson, in announcing their duo number, said, "When Jon Faddis was born, Eubie Blake was 70 years old." Their filmed performance of the ballad was a touching and exquisitely wrought collaboration.

By then, Eubie Blake was well into his grand renaissance. It had begun, in effect, when John Hammond brought him out of semiretirement (interlarded with ragtime conventions and occasional reunions with Sissle.) In 1968-69, Hammond produced a two-record set for Columbia, "The 86 Years of Eubie Blake." It was a virtual reprise of his entire musical career, reaching back to "Charleston Rag," and involving a couple of guest appearances by Sissle. Eubie took special pleasure in explaining, "I didn't *write* 'Charleston Rag' in 1899. That was when I *composed* it. I didn't learn how to write music until 1915."

The album triggered a new life for Eubie. As Al Rose observed, "Suddenly he was a celebrity all over again. His fans could follow his action in 'Mississippi Rag,' the 'Rag Times' of California's Maple Leaf Club, and 'The Rag Timer' in Canada. He turned up in Time and Newsweek. Eventually Marion, who among her other self-imposed duties kept the archives and the scrapbooks, could no longer keep track of Eubie in print. Sacks of fan mail had to be dealt with. He loved it."

By 1972, Eubie had started his own record company. It was in November of that year that I was amazed to see him sipping coffee at a Berlin restaurant along with other participants in the jazz festival. Eubie had never forgotten reading about an event in 1903, when a director of the Smithsonian Institute had plunged his "flying machine" off a barge into the icy waters of the Potomac. Even though the Wright Brothers were airborne nine days later, it was the first experiment that stayed in Eubie's mind, and he steadfastly refused to fly for the next 69 years.

"Eubie!" I said. "How on earth did you get here?" The reply was an explanation of which ship he took across the Atlantic, what train across Spain into France and what second train to Berlin. The whole journey had taken nine days and, of course, had to be duplicated in reverse a few days later. But the sound of that applause in the Berlin hall made it all worth while. Anyone a third of Eubie's age would have been exhausted.

Just six months later, having since turned 90, Eubie changed his mind, cast fear aside and made his maiden air voyage, from New York City to Buffalo to cut some piano rolls. From that time on his visits to California (he had often taken a train to visit friends here) all were made by air.

He continued to defy both predictability and convention. When we asked him how he could maintain such a heavy smoking habit at his age, he would reply, "I may be lucky. Just because I can get away with it doesn't mean I'd advise young people to do it."

The 1970s were the glory years of maximum exposure. He appeared on the "Tonight" show in January, 1973, and was invited back often by Johnny Carson. His rambling reminiscences at this point were more fascinating than his playing, which had begun to lose its accuracy with the advance of years and the inroads of arthritis. Carson and others presumably viewed this gentle, amiable old man as a quaint nonagenarian rather than as a contributor to musical history.

The appearances and salutes (Eubie Blake Day in his native Baltimore, "Memories of You" with Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops) ground to a halt with the death of Marion last June. He wrote me a poignant note acknowledging my condolences: "Life will never be the same without her, but I will try to carry on. I'm still holding you to your word to be here next February."

February came and I came, but Eubie, stricken with pneumonia, was incommunicado at the Brooklyn home he and Marion had shared since their 1945 marriage. Among the few friends allowed to visit him were a New York couple, Phoebe and Lou Jacobs. Lou was the only outsider at the Blake house (along with a nurse, a housekeeper and Marion's niece) during the two-hour tribute at the Shubert Theater on Blake's birthday, piped to his menage by special telephone line.

"I was there for 3½ hours," says Jacobs, "and he'd try to listen, but his energy was gone and he'd keep nodding off. Still, he was aware of the honors being showered on him. He had been eating a little, but not enough. One of the brightest moments of that sad-happy day came with the arrival of a big bunch of yellow roses from Bill Cosby—100 of them. Eubie's face lit up."

Phoebe Jacobs added, "He had taken a vow to reach that hundred mark. Even after the blow of losing Marion, he still swore he'd make it. Well, he had a beautiful life and gave joy to millions of people and I just know that happiness he radiated stayed with him till the end." □

83

L.A. TIMES 2/20/83

JAZZ

MEMORIES OF YOU, EUBIE BLAKE

By LEONARD FEATHER

When the life of a patriarch in the arts comes to an end, obituary writers tend to reach for the cliche that his death marks the end of an era. This simply wasn't true of Eubie Blake.

Blake's case was unique. Ragtime, which he quite obviously represented, came up in an era that he predated by at least a decade and even postdated, in effect, by about 60 years, since the original ragtime craze gave way to the jazz age during World War I.

James Hubert Blake was extraordinary, from the first day to the last. It is common knowledge that he was born the son of two former slaves, but there was a special irony in the date of his death: It was Lincoln's birthday.

He was a proud man entirely without vainglory. When he talked, with candor but with a total absence of bitterness, about the world of black show business that nurtured him, he took pleasure in noting that he and his partner Noble Sissle were always careful to dress elegantly. At a time when most black artists were expected to dress and comport themselves like scare-crows, this was an achievement to remember. (Sissle, who was Eubie's songwriting and vaudeville partner from 1915 and who shared all the credits for "Shuffle Along," died in 1975.)

Eubie Blake not only was no burnt-cork minstrel but was the predecessor of a highly touted later figure who qualified for that description, Al Jolson. Most history books list Jolson's "The Jazz Singer," with bathetic pseudo-impression of a black man, as the first talking picture. The fact is that in 1922 Lee De Forest, a sound film pioneer, put together a talking movie in which Blake and Sissle were featured, and were the only black act. As Blake observed in his biography ("Eubie Blake," by Al Rose, Schirmer, 1979), "At the time I didn't think too much about the whole thing, but then as time went on I realized that we made show business history that day. The first Negro act in talking pictures: The first film music!"

Eubie's career in sound films thus became another precedent setter. He was seen later in a Vitaphone short subject in 1927, led an orchestra supporting Bill Bojangles Robinson in the feature film "Harlem Is Heaven" (1932), showed up in a one-reeler with the diminutive Nicholas Brothers in 1932 and as late as 1976 played a small acting role in the film "Scott Joplin," starring Billy Dee Williams. Who else could claim to have made sound films 54 years apart?

Probably his most exquisite performance on film, one that symbolized the grace with which he spanned the decades, was unmentioned in the obituaries because it has yet to be released. In September of 1976, Eubie and his gracious wife/manager, Marion, attended Dick Gibson's annual jazz party at the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. Gibson had the idea of teaming Blake, the oldest participant, with Jon Faddis, the youngest.

Faddis, then 23, was unfamiliar with Blake's most

L.A. TIMES Feb. 20 1983 (syndicated)

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"CONCORD JAZZ ALL STARS AT THE NORTH SEA JAZZ FESTIVAL, VOL. 2." Concord Jazz 205. Live at the Hague, Carl Jefferson's virtual house band takes turns, Al Cohn soloing on tenor in fine fettle, Warren Vache bringing his cornet "Out of Nowhere," guitarist Cal Collins jumping the blues. Only the choice of material lowers the rating; these pros are mature enough to meet a challenge more demanding than the 9,687th round robin on "In a Mellotone." 3½ stars.

□

"FOR THE SECOND TIME." Count Basie Kansas City 3. Pablo 2310-878. Four standards, four originals or blues, by members of the nobility who, if they come up with few surprises, still can do no wrong and leave no swinging unswung: Basie, Ray Brown, Louie Bellson. "If I Could Be With You" reminds us that two-fisted stride was not beyond Bill Basie's scope in 1975, when this date was taped in Las Vegas. 3 stars.

□

"PARADISE SQUAT." Count Basie. Verve 2-2542. These 1952 sessions stem from an odd period, when Basie had just reorganized his orchestra after 18 months leading a combo. Even at this early stage, the revived band had a potent library of originals by Neal Hefti, Ernie Wilkins, Sy Oliver, Buck Clayton, and a gallery of individualist hornblowers: Paul Quinichette, Lockjaw Davis, Marshall Royal on saxes, Joe Newman on trumpet. Oscar Peterson sits in on three cuts, but "Extended Blues" has Basie on organ and Peterson on piano, not vice versa as listed. Aside from one or two dumb vocal ballads, this is an undated package, valuable musically and historically. 4 stars.

□

"OLD FRIENDS, NEW FRIENDS." Paul Robertson. Palo Alto Jazz 8013. Robertson is a lawyer, businessman and president of the money market fund in Palo Alto that gave rise to the record company. He plays capable bebop alto and flute and is aided by the splendid trumpeter Tom Harrell, with a cohesive San Francisco rhythm section. Nothing new or surprising here, but nothing incompetent. Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring" is mislabeled as John Coltrane's "Giant Steps" and vice versa. 3 stars. □

VAUGHAN, TORME WIN VOCAL AWARDS

2/25

By LEONARD FEATHER

This year's National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences' jazz awards left little or no cause for complaint. There was particular reason to rejoice in both the vocal categories, since Sarah Vaughan and Mel Torme, both of whom should have collected a roomful of Grammys by now, became winners for the first time.

Ironically, Vaughan, who in the 25 years of the academy's history has made at least a dozen award-worthy albums of pure jazz, finally won with an LP that was not aimed at the jazz audience. "Gershwin Live!" is a classical album and should have been so classified.

There was a touch of irony also in Torme's victory, since last year he said, "It is just not in the cards for me to win. How can you beat the power of a Warner Bros.?" Luckily for us and for him, bloc voting is by no means as potent a force as he believed; this time a Warner Bros. record (by Joe Williams) was one of the four that lost out to Torme's superb collaboration with George Shearing. Three others—Mark Murphy, Dave Frishberg, Bill Henderson—all were nominated despite being on small independent labels.

In other categories, victory went to repeaters: It was the third Grammy for Phil Woods, the fourth for Manhattan Transfer and the eighth for Count Basie, who won his first in 1958, the year the awards were inaugurated. Miles Davis had won twice previously.

Pat Metheny's award for "Offramp," a fusion performance, was one of several crossover wins for jazz artists. Ernie Watts, still a part-time jazzman, scored with his "Chariots of Fire" track for best pop instrumental performance.

The only upset was occasioned by Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown. The veteran blues artist, who has been recording since the 1940s and who once worked as a country and Western singer in Nashville, defeated Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, Johnny Otis and others in the traditional blues category.

DENNISES KEEPING ALIVE BYGONE ERA

3/1

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is hard to recall a time when Matt Dennis and his wife, Ginny Maxey, were not a part of the local nightclub whirl, their act liberally scattered with original Dennis melodies.

Friday at the Hyatt on Sunset Boulevard they turned the audience on, and the clock backward. Maxey, a small blonde with a cool, graceful timbre, sang occasional duets, with Dennis in unison or harmony, but both of them, aided by bassist Ray Leatherwood, had ample time to stretch out individually. Dennis, though his voice is understated, brings out all the nuances in the lyrics of Tom Adair, who collaborated on most of their biggest hits.

It was 1941 Hit Parade time in the first set: "Everything Happens to Me," "Let's Get Away From It All," the exquisite "Violets for Your Furs," "Will You Still Be Mine?" (updated with such lines as "When there's a topless Disneyland . . .").

Accompanying himself at the piano with a hint of Fats Waller, Dennis acquitted himself brilliantly in the one instrumental solo, "Cheek to Cheek."

Adair, still active as a scriptwriter at Disney, was a master of the urbane lyric, dovetailing with the harmonically hip Dennis melodies. Only one of their recent songs was included. Entitled "Each Time Is the First Time," it was recorded in a typically music-business paradox for a Japanese company and is unavailable here.

The Dennises are an elegant, gentle reminder of an era when quality took precedence over the platinum-sales syndrome. Of course, that era had its share of trivia too, as "And the Angels Sing" all too vividly reminded us. But when you hear lines like "I've mortgaged all my castles in the air" (from an Adair lyric) you can relate to the reaction that they just don't write songs like that any more.

This week's Hyatt diet: Ron Anthony, tonight; Tani Jones, Wednesday; Que Williams, Thursday; Shelly Manne, Friday, and Miriam Cutler, Saturday. Show time is at 9 p.m. and the parking is easy.

RANEY SINGS CARMICHAEL AT BRUNCH

3/2

By LEONARD FEATHER

It almost requires the services of a detective to track down an in-person performance by Sue Raney. Lately, however, she has begun to emerge a little more often from the constant studio chores that have kept her away from the public eye and ear. One such rare, Raney day was Sunday, when a jazz brunch was held at the Burbank Airport Hilton. This smoothly organized affair was staged by Mrs. Bill Berry (wife of the cornetist who led the combo for this occasion) on behalf of the Valley Committee for the Los Angeles Philharmonic. The theme was "Echoes of Hoagy Carmichael."

Raney and Carmichael make for perfect chemistry. Backed only by a trio with routines sketched by pianist Bob Florence, she applied her warm sound, jazz-inflected phrasing and never-excessive melodic variations to nine songs, beginning with "In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening" (lyrics by Johnny Mercer), proceeding through such models of mature writing as "Heart and Soul," "The Nearness of You" (embellished with a light bossa beat, in long meter), and building to one of the top 10 songs of all time, "Skylark" (Mercer again).

A slim, strikingly attractive blonde, Raney has been the in-singer strictly among fellow singers, for too many years. If she were to record an album with, say, Oscar Peterson or Jimmy Rowles and an all-star group, music pundits who have ignored her would suddenly vault her toward the top of the critics' polls.

Jazz brunches play a useful role in drawing out audiences who shun night life; they also enable musicians to show that daylight doesn't faze them in the least. We need more of them, and more Raney days.

SALE OF PARISIAN ROOM ANNOUNCED

By LEONARD FEATHER 3/3

The jazz community, already reeling amid news of economic woes at several local clubs, suffered another hard blow when it was announced Tuesday that the Parisian Room had closed and that the building, at Washington Boulevard and La Brea Avenue, had been sold.

Ernie France, who opened the room in 1937 as a drive-in and cocktail lounge, is seriously ill with hepatitis in Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. According to his brother and business associate, Irwin France, the club had been in financial difficulties for some time. Singer O.C. Smith, who closed Sunday, was the last to work there.

The Parisian Room began to make its name as a music rendezvous when organist Perri Lee opened in 1964 for a four-year run. Saxophonist Red Holloway, who joined her group in 1967, took over the following year as musical director.

Under his guidance the club played host to Dizzy Gillespie, Horace Silver, Joe Williams, Harold Nicholas, Freddie Hubbard, Esther Phillips, Carmen McRae, Les McCann, Louie Bellson, Art Blakey and scores of other established favorites. Holloway ended his association with the club last July.

With the demise of the Parisian Room, the Los Angeles area is left with only one club, Concerts by the Sea, that hires high-priced, nationally known combos and bands with any regularity. Hop Singh's in Marina del Rey opened in 1981 with a partial jazz policy but has hired few jazz acts during the past year. The decline in the jazz club situation is attributed by some observers to the proliferation of successful jazz concerts and festivals at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Hollywood Bowl and other large venues.

2/27/83

JAZZ

FROM INDIA WITH NEO-FUSION VIOLIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

A critic in Norway referred to him as "an Eastern Yehudi Menuhin." In San Francisco, a review hailed him "as the greatest of the Indian classical violinists . . . both Paganini and poet." Among the several awards he has won is the title of "Violin Chakravarti" (Emperor Among Violinists), conferred on him by the governor of Madras, where he was born.

These and innumerable other expressions of admiration have been heaped on a compact, intense, quiet-mannered former child prodigy by the name of Dr. Lakshminarayana Subramaniam. It is not a name you would normally look for on a record label or concert program alongside those of Herbie Hancock, Hubert Laws, Larry Coryell or Maynard Ferguson; yet the lives of these and other eminent jazz artists have intersected with that of the South Indian violin virtuoso in the development of a challenging, idiom-fusing career.

"I have become involved in so many different musical genres," says Subramaniam, "that I don't like to hear the expression jazz-rock applied to what I do. I prefer to use the term 'neo-fusion.' "

Subramaniam, 35, has become the first Indian musician to bring his concepts successfully into American popular music and jazz circles, with results that have broken down boundaries and attracted audiences from all corners of the musical community.

Though he continues to travel internationally, California has remained his home base since he arrived here in 1973 to study Western classical music under a full scholarship at the California Institute of the Arts, where he also taught South Indian music.

Mani, as his friends call him, has talents that extend beyond playing and composition; they reach into the technical area of invention. He has developed several new violins, with five or six strings and 13 sympathetic strings (these are the strings that produce resonances without being struck, plucked or bowed). Such pursuits aside, his time has been taken up lately by preparations for a new milestone in his evolution as a composer. He will introduce his "Double Concerto for Violin, Flute and Orchestra" March 14 at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion with the New American Orchestra. The flute soloist will be Hubert Laws.

Before he left India, Subramanian was working with the most famous musicians in that country, and, unlike many artists who gravitate toward the United States as if it were some elusive pop-jazz grail, he says: "I was not really interested in American jazz or influenced by it, but concerned myself mainly with expanding my knowledge of composition."

For a six-year span before he left India, the choice lay not between classical and popular music, but between music and medicine. "At school I was very outstanding in all my studies, and my father decided I should become a doctor. I went to Loyola College in Madras for pre-college studies, then to Madras Medical College. During those years I continued playing on radio and recordings and in concerts. I graduated in 1971 but never did practice medicine."

His father, one of India's master violinists (now a teacher in Glendale), and his mother, who played the vina and sang, both were powerful influences. Around 1950, the father secured a job in Ceylon (now known as Sri Lanka) as a music professor, and it was there that Mani began to play, along with an elder brother, L. Vaidyanathan (now playing and writing film scores in Madras), and a younger brother, L. Shankar, who became well known as a member of John McLaughlin's Shakti and who now lives in England.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Lakshminarayana Subramaniam seems to have found a middle ground for music making in the U.S.

"I began my concert career at 8," says Subramaniam. "After a serious outbreak of riots in Ceylon, the family returned to India in 1958, where my brothers and I often performed as a violin trio."

Despite the time taken up by his medical studies, Subramaniam became solidly established on the concert stage and began a recording career that now encompasses 35 albums. The decision to move to Los Angeles was a matter of options: He could also have attended Ithaca College in New York on another scholarship, but the opportunities for both studying and teaching at CalArts seemed more desirable.

He dipped his bow into fusion waters as a result of a concert tour on which Ravi Shankar opened for George Harrison. "We had 15 Indian musicians as well as Emil Richards, Tom Scott and other Americans. Toward the end of certain shows, we all got together and started improvising.

"George became interested in me and produced a classical album, but that was when he was involved with Apple Records and went through a lot of changes, so the record never came out."

The next few years produced a series of provocative alliances. After Larry Coryell, the guitarist, and Stu Goldberg, the keyboard player, invited him to compose for them, Subramaniam found himself on an album with them in Germany.

During a visit to Denmark, where he was well known as a classical musician, the veteran Danish jazz violinist Svend Asmussen visited one of Mani's concerts. A mutual admiration led to the collaborative album "Garland," taped in 1978 but issued only recently in the United States on Storyville. One of the tunes, "Offering of Love," with its basically Western harmony embellished by Gypsy and Indian touches, intrigued Maynard Ferguson, who recorded it with a string ensemble from the New York Philharmonic.

The true turning point came about through the intercession of Dick Bock, the record and movie producer (Subramaniam wrote the score for a Bock documentary). Bock introduced him to Albert Marx, owner of Trend Records, suggesting an album that would cross-pollinate Indian concepts and contemporary jazz. The result was "Fantasy Without Limits," with pianist Milcho Leviev, saxophonist Frank Morgan and vibraphonist Emil Richards, among others.

With its ferocious polyrhythms and complex meters (one composition had a five-and-three-quarters-beats cycle), the album justified its title and pleased Subramanian, who says: "This was my first real neo-fusion venture." This reporter cited it among the 10 best albums in 1980.

Success snowballed. Word of this unconventional talent reached the Crusaders, who were looking for a new artist for their just-founded record label. The album "Blossom," on Crusaders Records, found Subramaniam not only reunited with Goldberg, Coryell, Richards and saxophonist John Handy, but also, on a few tracks, supported by Herbie Hancock or George Cables at the piano.

"Blossom" was one of several Crusaders-related ventures; the violinist guested on pianist Joe Sample's album "Voices in the Rain" and played with the Crusaders at several festivals.

How does Subramanian achieve his meeting of the minds with Western musicians?

"I try to reach a point where, instead of pulling them totally to my side, or moving over to theirs, I reach a compatible middle ground. We also take other elements—Western classical, romantic touches; and in addition to writing harmony along Western lines, I write some pieces in a certain mode, in which case I will simply say, 'Play anything you like on a D 7th' or whatever it may be. Perhaps that is why I have been compared so often to John Coltrane, whose interest in Indian music produced results that were achieved in a similar manner."

Soon after the Chandler Pavilion premiere, he will leave for New York to offer, on April 2, a concert of Karnatic (classical Indian) music at Lincoln Centre. Later this year he will be busy writing his "Olympic Symphony," which the New American Orchestra has commissioned for a debut during the Olympics in April, 1984.

Time and again we have heard the cliche about East and West and the inability of the twain to meet. There is, however, another stanza to this poem that is particularly relevant today:

" . . . But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, Nor Birth.

"When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth!"

Lakshminarayana Subramaniam has shown us that whether the second strong man be Harrison or Hancock or Handy, under his own sensitive guidance, Rudyard Kipling's "Ballad of East and West" takes on a fresh and durable validity. □

AMERICAN NEWS

from Leonard Feather

ANDY KIRK, now 84, **Buddy Tate** and **Jay McShann** were the recipients of the first three 'Jazz Heritage Awards' as innovators of the Kansas City style. The awards were made by the Mayor of Kansas City on behalf of the city's Jazz Commission, as the preliminary event in the annual National Association of Jazz Educators conference, which was held in Kansas City in mid-January. McShann was also set to perform with his group for educators attending the conference.

● **Jackie & Roy Kral**, America's longest-lasting vocal duo, taped their own one-hour TV special to be heard nationally via public broadcasting. They have also arranged to make an appearance this summer with the **Syracuse Symphony Orchestra.** The pair, who have been working together since 1948 and were married in 1949, are currently recording for Concord Jazz.

● Violinist **Dr L Subramaniam**, whose first album for Fantasy will be released shortly, has composed an extended work, *Double Concerto for Violin and Flute*, which he will introduce on March 14, with himself and **Hubert Laws**, along with the **New American Orchestra**, at the Music Center in Los Angeles.

● **James Newton**, the award-winning flutist, is back home in Los Angeles after recording an album for Gramavision in New York. On the session with him were **Anthony Davis**, who also contributed one of the compositions (the rest were all by Newton), **Slide Hampton, Jay Hoggard,** violinist **John Blake, Cecil McBee** and **Billy Hart.**

● **Lonnie Liston Smith** has returned to records on **Bob Thiele**'s Teresa Gramophone label. With him on his first LP under the new deal are his brother, vocalist/flutist **Donald Smith, David Hubbard** (soprano), **Yogi Horton** (drums), **Steve Thornton** (percussion) and **Marcus Miller** (best known as **Miles Davis**'s bass player) in the multiple roles of bassist, guitarist, background vocalist, Prophet 5 player and composer of three of the tunes.

● The first three recipients of $1000 scholarships to the **Duke Ellington** School of the Arts in Washington DC have been awarded from the **Leonard Feather** Scholarship Fund. The fund, launched in 1981 at a testimonial dinner and concert honoring the Los Angeles *Times* jazz critic, was established to help deserving young artists.

The first to receive the scholarships are singer **Liza Frazier Jones,** composer **Jamie Kowalski** and trumpeter/saxophonist **Tyrone Williams.** Three more recipients will be announced in January of each year.

● **Nat Adderley** will shortly make his first California appearance leading his own quintet. He has been playing nightclub dates with **Sonny Fortune** (saxophone), **Larry Willis** (piano), **Jimmy Cobb** (drums) and **Walter Booker**, the bassist with whom he toured for seven years with the late **Cannonball Adderley**'s quintet.

● **Chico Freeman** is off on a six-week tour of India and Pakistan, with a combo that includes **Wallace Roney** (trumpet), **Kenny Barron** (piano), **Clarence Seay** (bass) and **Ronnie Burrage** (drums).

● Carmelo's, the Sherman Oaks jazz club, dropped its music policy on January 31.

● Drummer **Greg Fields** has left the **Count Basie** orchestra. His replacement at the moment is **Dennis Mackrel**, a 21-year-old prodigy from Las Vegas. Meanwhile, the lead alto saxophone chair of the late **Bobby Plater** has been taken over by **Chris Woods.**

● For the first time in 20 years, a major jazz festival will take place in Las Vegas in June. Sponsored by Las Vegas Events Inc, and presented in conjunction with the Las Vegas Jazz Society, the two days of concerts will be staged at Cashman Field, with a capacity of 10,000.

Mrs Amelia Montgomery, executive director of the Jazz Society and widow of its founder **Monk Montgomery**, has been setting talent for the programs, which will run from 2 pm to 10 pm both days. On Saturday, June 11, the roster will include the **Monty Alexander Trio, Clark Terry's** combo, singer **Marlena Shaw, Stanley Turrentine**'s group, and a trio led by organist **Jimmy Smith**, and the 17-piece orchestra of trombonist **Bill Watrous.**

On Sunday, June 12, two big orchestras will appear: **Maiden Voyage**, the all-female ensemble led by saxophonist **Ann Patterson**, and the **Buddy Rich Big Band.** Others set are **Carmen McRae, Spyro Gyra** and singer **Mike Campbell.**

● National Public Radio taped a series of West Coast jazz programs for its *Jazz Alive* series for which special dates were set at leading Los Angeles jazz clubs. **Benny Powell**, who has been living in New York, returned to Los Angeles to play one of these dates at Concerts By The Sea with **Herman Riley** (tenor), **Gildo Mahones** (piano), **Herbie Lewis** (bass) and **John Harris** (drums).

Other sessions presented **Joe Farrell, Clare Fischer, Victor Feldman** and **John Wood**, all on different nights at Pasquale's; **Leslie Drayton**'s big band at the Santa Monica club At My Place; **Phil Upchurch** at the Baked Potato; and several nights at Donte's with **Bobby Shew, Plas Johnson, Lanny Morgan, Mike Campbell** and others; also a concert at the Westwood Playhouse with **Linda Hopkins**, the **John Heard-Tom Ranier-Sherman Ferguson** trio, **Bill Berry, Red Holloway** and **Calvin Newborn.**

● **Mercer Ellington**, whose orchestra closed recently when *Sophisticated Ladies* ended its run on Broadway, is writing the music for an off-Broadway show, *Mass for Organ, Trumpet and Others*. The Ellington Orchestra has also been set for a joint appearance soon with the **Philadelphia Symphony**

Buddy Rich.

3/6

QUINCY JONES: NO CATEGORY CAN HOLD HIM

By LEONARD FEATHER

There is presently so much cause for celebration in Quincy Jones' life that one is hard put to decide where to start outlining the plot.

Consider his birthday. On March 14 he will turn 50. In Seattle, where the Chicago-born Jones spent his teen years, a threefold civic celebration is planned: Friday, a luncheon with Gov. John Spellman and other Washington State dignitaries; Saturday, a gala benefit concert for the students of Garfield High, his alma mater, at the Paramount Theatre, with Jones conducting 40 musicians from the Seattle Symphony, a 40-voice choir, Ray Charles and Ernestine Anderson (both of whom sang in Jones' high school band when he was 15); Sunday, a smaller-ensemble concert at Seattle Center Arena, primarily for a youth audience, with tickets at $5.

Consider his supremacy in the pop charts. Last week the country's No. 1 single was the Patti Austin-James Ingram duet, "Baby, Come to Me," produced by Quincy Jones for his own Qwest label. This week it was replaced by Michael Jackson's "Billie Jean," produced by Quincy Jones, on Epic. Still riding along in the Top 100 are Donna Summer's "The Women in Me," on Geffen, Michael Jackson's "The Girl Is Mine," and a brand-new entry, "Beat It," also by Jackson, all from the gold mine called Quincy Jones Productions.

As if this were not enough, the LP charts last week also were topped by Jones, via Jackson's album "Thriller." "Michael's got every No. 1 record," said Jones in a tone of well-modulated pride. "Pop album, pop single, R&B album, R&B single, and dance album."

Other achievements lie ahead for the about-to-be quinquagenarian, who looks all of 38. In May he will receive an honorary doctorate from what is now the Berklee College of Music. (When Quincy studied there in 1951, it was a struggling new outfit known as Schillinger House.)

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Quincy Jones has produced a raft of records now riding high on pop charts.

It is all slightly numbing to those of us who have watched this dapper, informal, colloquial cat climb the ladder of success whose rungs, chronologically, brought him from trumpet player (in Lionel Hampton's orchestra) to composer-arranger, band leader, recording executive (as vice president of Mercury he set a racial precedent for a major company), movie and TV music writer, and now, overlapping with many of these other careers but certainly most stunning from the commercial viewpoint, to the most famous producer-musician in the business.

"Producing was never my long-range objective," he says. "I have been doing it, officially or unofficially, since 1953, when I supervised a Clifford Brown-Art Farmer date in Stockholm.

"I had my first pop hit in 1963 at Mercury, when I made 'It's My Party' with Lesley Gore, who was 16. It went straight to No. 1. I did feel I had a certain song sense. But producing is only the logical outgrowth of everything I had done before: conducting, arranging, backing singers, selecting songs, finding and developing talent, all prepare you to produce."

As a producer in the internecine pop world, Jones takes aim with sedulous care at the bull's-eye. "We are in a situation where about 6,000 albums come out every year, and you are trying to be one of the three or four that can really make it into the multimillion sales bracket. That's a serious game. It's tough out there. Tough, man.

"The record business is the only profession I know where the product is consumed before it is purchased. You can hear it on the radio free, and you have to connect so strong that you want to buy it and bring it home. At the movies, you pay before you go in to see them."

Mention of movies brought to mind the hiatus in this aspect of Jones' life. "That's right, I haven't written for a picture since 'The Wiz' in 1979. I miss film writing; but for my next shot at it, I want to be involved in everything, from the blank page—story, production, the whole works, not just composing the score.

"The best thing that came out of 'The Wiz' was that I met and worked with Michael Jackson, who made his screen debut in it, and he started talking to me about producing an album for him. I felt there was a side to his singing that hadn't been fully brought out, and we found it on the first album together, 'Off the Wall.' He's one of the greatest people I've ever worked with; so mature, and interested in every branch of music."

"Off the Wall" was a press agent's as well as statistician's dream album. It yielded an unprecedented four Top-10 singles (two of them, 'Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough" and "Rock With You," reached the No. 1 position), and has sold 7 million copies worldwide, 5 million in the United States.

In the two years since the release of "Off the Wall," Jones' stature as a show-business tycoon has grown to the point where his various production and music publishing operations now employ a staff of 16. The principal figure in his organization is Ed Eckstine, 29, general manager and vice president of Qwest and Quincy Jones Productions. "I've known him since before he was born," says Jones. Theirs is a second generation association: In 1961 Quincy Jones' orchestra backed Ed's father, Billy Eckstine, in a "Live at Basin Street" album for Mercury.

Jones' recollections of his jazz bandleading days are tinged with a genuine nostalgia. He brought to our interview a huge blowup of a celebrated photograph showing him and his band, in period costumes, as they appeared in a Paris theater for the Harold Arlen blues opera, "Free and Easy," in 1960. In the orchestra were Clark Terry, Jerome Richardson, Phil Woods, Melba Liston, Jimmy Cleveland and others who would remain part of the jazz establishment. But somewhere along the way Jones realized that you don't get to sell 7 million records with rehashes of "Airmail Special" and "Lester Leaps In."

He hastens to point out, though, that the umbilical cord has never been completely severed. In every LP he has made as an orchestra leader, at least one cut has been jazz-oriented; on "The Dude," his last band album, there was an instrumental cut, "Velas," a framework for the guitar, harmonica and whistling of his perennial friend from Belgium, Jean (Toots) Thielemans.

Nevertheless, the primary thrust of the Jones empire is toward sales, sales and more sales. The Qwest stable now includes Patti Austin, James Ingram, Lena Horne (whose album astonished both Lena and Quincy by capturing two Grammys last year) and Ernie Watts, the saxophonist whose "Chariots of Fire" won a Grammy last month as best pop instrumental performance.

There was to have been another name added to this list, but even a Quincy Jones is not invulnerable to problems. Four weeks ago he excitedly told me details of a proposed dual album by Frank Sinatra and Lena Horne. It was to run to two or possibly three LPs. An incredible all-star band of musicians was lined up—Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Jackson, Herbie Hancock, Gerry Mulligan, George Benson, and a battery of arrangers such as Dave Grusin, Marty and David Paich and Tom Scott. The sessions were set for four days last week: the two before and the two after Grammy Awards day.

Suddenly and somewhat mysteriously, it was announced that all plans were off because Horne had, according to Jones, "a cyst in her throat." But Horne sang flawlessly during the Grammy telecast, and during that evening her manager would ony acknowledge to me that she had suffered "a bad cold."

Jones said that "both Frank and Lena seemed to love the idea, and I still think it's going to happen eventually—probably in June or July, after Lena finishes her tour."

Between now and then, Jones may take the opportunity to go to Paris: "I want to spend about a month at the IRCAM—that's the most modern computer center in the world, directed by Pierre Boulez. There's so much I could learn there." (If it happens, this would not be his first sojourn as a student in Paris. Living there in 1958, he studied with the late Nadia Boulanger.)

"I think science is going to play a huge part in the sounds of the future, and this can be achieved in a creative manner. For instance, there's a thing now called the emulator—we used it on some of Michael's new album, including 'Billie Jean'—that analyzes the characteristics of the human voice, enabling it to do things that stretch the paths of normal human capabilities. A soprano can sing a written line and descend way down

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"COOKIN' ON ALL BURNERS." Tal Farlow. Concord Jazz 204. There is nothing unpredictable in Farlow's repertoire; however, what he does with the harmonic lines of "World on a String," "If I Should Lose You" and the rest reaffirms his stature as one of the classicist-modernists of jazz guitar. The best cut is "Just Friends," in which, by converting it to a 64-bar waltz, he demonstrates how to teach an old song new licks. Good backing by bass, drums and pianist James Williams. 3½ stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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"ASPHALT GARDEN." George Howard. Palo Alto 8035. The title of one song here is the tip-off: "Is This Commercial Enough for You?" Howard, in addition to playing soprano sax and several other instruments, composed or arranged the music for this slick funk date; the results indicate that perhaps Palo Alto has decided to nurture its own Grover Washington. The relevant question should be: "Is this artistic enough for you?" and the answer a definite maybe not. 1 star.

—L.F.

3/6

Jazz Gallery 1 by Burt Goldblatt (Newbold: $18.95, paperback). Frank Driggs' recent "Black Beauty, White Heat" gave the pictorial story of jazz from 1919 to 1950. Goldblatt picks up where Driggs left off, displaying his photographs, mostly taken in the '50s and '60s, and never published before. Photos are laid out, one or two to a page, with brief annotations that often consist of another jazzman reminiscing about the musician in the picture at hand. Goldblatt shows an understanding of his subjects; reproduction is good on the whole, although occasionally a little dark. Names are misspelled here and there and Billie Holiday is wrongly credited with a Don Ellis recording collaboration (it was Ray Ellis). But as a photographer who translates the personalities of the jazz community into black-and-white, Goldblatt is an artist on their own level. —LEONARD FEATHER

3/9

DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER AT PLAYBOY CLUB

By LEONARD FEATHER

There are three faces to Dee Dee Bridgewater. One of them, remembered by those who heard her in the early 1970s, is that of a promising jazz singer who spent two years with the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis Orchestra. A second is that of the Broadway stage star who won a Tony Award for her performance in "The Wiz."

The third image, for Southlanders only, relates to her appearance last year as one of the principals in the Hollywood cast of "Sophisticated Ladies."

At the Playboy Club's Living Room, Bridgewater is attempting to link these three phases by presenting a something-for-everyone show that cannot, by its very intent, be completely satisfying to one and all.

Give her credit for surmounting, with good grace, such obstacles as a mike that balked, a bad cold from which she had barely recovered and a trio that had trouble hearing itself. Kudos, too, for a smooth reading of "Home," one of the "Wiz" songs.

For the most part, though, we had here a pop-pourri that never quite showed the true face of a potentially important artist. Her original lyric to George Duke's melody "For the Girls" came close, with agreeable interludes involving interplay with her sidemen, pianist/conductor Kevin Bassinson, bassist Domenic Genova and drummer Tony Morales.

Of course, there was an Ellington medley: an "I Got It Bad" that was less stylish than stylized, a curious "In a Sentimental Mood" that lagged far behind the beat and the inevitable "A Train," wrongly credited to Duke Ellington (surely the music world's most undercredited composer is Billy Strayhorn). In this club, at least, wouldn't it have been more apt, and original, if she had scatted a couple of choruses of "Cotton Tail"?

Bridgewater has so much going for her—the face and figure, the flashes of power and conviction—that it would take only a more thoughtful choice of material to remove an impression that seemed blandly anticlimactic in the light of her past accomplishments. She closes Saturday.

Leonard Feather (C) looks over a score in thie 1944 picture with Woody Herman (L) and Red Norvo (R).

MOSE ALLISON AT BLUE PARROT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mose Allison, the unreconstructed country boy who refuses to believe that the blues may be a lost art, is in these environs again. Over the weekend he tried out his vocal cords and keyboard chops at the Blue Parrot, the increasingly popular restaurant and nightclub in La Jolla.

Except that the beard is white and the hair may have thinned a trifle more, there is nothing to an Allison performance that was not observable a decade or two or three ago. At the Blue Parrot his catalogue ran to 14 numbers, the first two of which were piano solos. With his unorthodox, urgent sound and personalized harmonic voicings, he may remind you of Thelonious Monk, but only in the sense that he is the eternal maverick, eschewing more rules than he observes.

When he sings, the story may be a self-written bucolic piece about his city home or his country memories. He has philosophies and philippics to spare. He may ask, "How much truth can a man stand?" or complain, "Look what you made me do," or boast, "I'm nobody today, but I was somebody last night." It's all done with that grits-and-gravy Southern-fried honesty that has always made Mose Mose.

The sources of his wisdom are infinite: In a single set he drew upon Duke Ellington, Hank Williams, Nat King Cole, Willie Dixon, Charles Brown and that distinguished songwriter and former governor of Louisiana, Jimmie Davis, who, during his 1940 election campaign, composed "You Are My Sunshine."

Allison was accompanied with taste and discretion by Ronnie Free on drums and Gunter Biggs on bass, both local San Diego musicians. He will switch sidemen when he opens a four-day run at Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach next Thursday.

Meanwhile, at the Blue Parrot, owner Sunny McKay (formerly of Donte's) continues to bring in attractions from Los Angeles and points east. Tonight it's Zoot Sims with Shelly Manne's trio; later this month Don Menza and Joe Farrell will take their turns.

The Lighthouse in Hermosa Beach featured this all-star group – (L to R) the late Frank Rosolino, Sonny Clarke, Conte Candoli, Leonard Feather (visiting critic), leader Howard Rumsey, Stan Levy and Bob Cooper.

Jones (Cont'd)

underneath the bass voice, or the bass singer can come up and sing over the soprano.

"I think in the 1990s the fusion of all the genres of music will be more complete than we ever dreamed possible; but it will be science tempered by soul. Regular musical instruments won't be rendered obsolete. Nothing in the world can ever replace the sound of string on string, that rosin, that human touch. It's just that we will, so to speak, expand the musical alphabet from 26 letters to 1,300. We'll have this gigantic vocabulary to work with, giving the palette more primary and secondary colors. We'll be able to develop delicious new blends, mixing some of these synthetic colors with strings and so forth."

Will there still be such terms as black music?

"You know," said Jones, "the last photograph Duke Ellington signed for me bore the inscription: 'May you always continue to decategorize American music.' And that's what it's all about.

"The most satisfying aspect of the Grammy program was that it showed the broadest scope of music I've seen in many years. You can't define black music as any one thing. On that one program you had Count Basie, Ray Charles, Little Richard, Lena Horne, Leontyne Price, Miles Davis, Marvin Gaye. To me that is the only way to define black music: It has to be all-inclusive.

"A while back I was invited to receive an award from the Atlanta branch of the NAACP. Leontyne was there, singing 'Lift Up Your Voice and Sing' with no microphone. We were standing up behind our chairs on the dais, singing, but soon everyone dropped out and let her sing alone, because man, she was like a trumpet.

"You could feel her blackness in her voice, but also the classical context—she expressed every part of herself. Now I don't think we need to be so concerned about calling it by some name. It was just plain beautiful music." □

3/13

JAZZ

ELOQUENT INTENSITY FROM TANIA MARIA

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Come With Me." Tania Maria. Concord Jazz Picante CJP-200.

Music business types will call this a "hot" album because it is bound to rack up healthy sales figures. Musicians will use the same term, but for another reason: Tania Maria and her combo are hot in the best and most calorific sense. The intensity of her singing and her self-accompanying piano are matched by the ferocious attack of a superlative rhythm section.

In her third and best American album, Tania Maria displays her most successful ventures to date as a composer. Seven of the eight compositions are her own, and on the three that are sung in English, the lyrics were supplied by Regina Werneck, wife of the Brasilian guitarist Oscar Castro Neves.

The sole cut in Portuguese is "Euzinha," performed mainly as a recitative. As always, however, the lady's most eloquent language is the one that uses no words at all. Her vocalese on "Sangria," the fiery opening track, and on "Lost in Amazonia," are typical of her loyal dedication to the universal language of scat. Three numbers find her engaged in multiple overdubbing.

Ironically, the only weak track is the one oldie, "Embraceable You," in which she seems less than completely at ease both in her playing and singing. It is a happier paradox that Concord Jazz, well known for its policy of relying heavily on pop and jazz standards, has found its potential best seller by turning to an artist who demonstrates the value and vitality of brand new material. 4½ stars. □

NEW AMERICAN ORCHESTRA AT PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER

They call it the New American Orchestra, and the three newly commissioned works it presented Monday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion were subsidized by the big American bucks of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. So, of course, they were composed by a Frenchman, a Bulgarian and an Indian.

Call me irresponsibly chauvinistic, but was it truly logical to tie Michel Colombier's impressionistic writing to the saxophone of Ernie Watts? Would it have been out of line to have Quincy Jones, who produced Watts' recent Grammy Award-winning album, write a new piece that probably would have been better aligned to his talents?

Those who expected to hear the Watts who jammed with the Rolling Stones, and others who wanted the Watts of "Chariots of Fire," must have been equally nonplused. Colombier is a master painter of sounds, but they rarely interacted successfully with the soloist's soprano or tenor sax. Only once, three minutes before the end, did Watts express his own personality freely on the horn. Nor did he help matters by ambling onstage in rolled-up shirt sleeves and fidgeting around waiting for his cue.

"Sympho-Jazz Sketches," with Free Flight, was another matter. Composer/pianist Milcho Leviev's attempts to integrate his combo into the 84-piece orchestra was too successful. The group was all but swallowed up and was not really heard as the compact unit it normally is. Still, the piccolo and various flutes of Jim Walker, the acoustic and electric bass of Jim Lacefield and the drums of Ralph Humphrey were significant elements in a volatile, generally exciting and brilliantly scored work, reaching climactically toward a 7/4 finale that had the string section clapping in rhythm. Next time around, Leviev ought to present his quartet in a more clearly stated concerto grosso form. Inexcusably, the members of the group were neither mentioned in the program nor individually introduced.

HARRY FISHER

Free Flight flutist Jim Walker during a solo.

The "Concerto for Violin, Flute and Orchestra," composed and performed by L. Subramaniam with Hubert Laws as his playing partner, began awkwardly as Laws had trouble crossing his legs and seemed generally ill at ease. He was squatting on a platform with the violinist, his tamboura playing wife, S. Vijayshree, whose droning remained all but inaudible, and a mridangam player. The problems dissipated themselves during several passages when the composer and Laws indulged in furious multinoted exchanges.

Subramaniam reached his full potential in a slow, haunting gypsy theme during the second movement. It would be a great mistake to typecast him as an Indian musician trying to Americanize himself. True, some of the writing was surprisingly Western, just as some of his playing smacks more of country and western than of jazz in its time feeling. He is a master soloist, sometimes a trifle too busy for his own good, but his writing for the most part succeeded in ignoring and transcending whatever boundary lines exist between Eastern and Western composition.

Coming April 2: The orchestra presents, among others, three honest-to-goodness American composers, John Lewis (with the Modern Jazz Quartet), Joe Sample and Ray Brown.

Academy screenings

The screenings of 47 films, each with one or more nominations for artistic achievement, for members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, have begun Feb. 25 and continue through March 20, in the Samuel Goldwyn Theatre at the Academy's Beverly Hills headquarters. Attendance will be limited to members of the Academy.

Feather on 'Music'

Musicologist Leonard Feather has been set by producers Sandra Turbow and Herb Silvers of Skylark Prods. Ltd. and Savoy Prods. as a special consultant for the jazz and swing episodes of their 22-part series of 90-minute TV specials titled "America's Music."

OBITUARIES

Cindi Wood, 52, actress and fashion model, died Feb. 27 after a long illness. She worked with the Ford Model Agency in New York until 1961 when she signed a contract with MGM. She had starring roles in "The Hoodlum Priest" and "The Great Imposter." She is survived by her mother, a sister and a son.

Marge Decker Neill, 71, screenwriter and story analyst, died Feb. ... after a lengthy illness. She bega... career in the publicity depart... Paramount and Columbi... became a story analyst... tury-Fox. In 1951 she... play for "To Pl... starred Clark G... wyck. She is...

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JAZZ

HOLIDAY FOR TRUMPETER TERRY

By LEONARD FEATHER

PARADISE VALLEY, Ariz.—Clark Terry is convinced that this rainbow-like town, nestled between Phoenix and Scottsdale, must have been named for him. Last weekend, at the sixth annual Paradise Valley Jazz Party, he was the guest of honor. The event is unlikely to be forgotten by the 300 fans who, for $110 each, listened to 15 hours of totally inspiring music.

The scene was a banquet hall at the Camelback Inn, in the center of 130 acres of rambling bungalows, tennis courts, swimming pools, golf courses, cacti and great flower beds in riotous colors. Musicians strolling outside between sets marveled at a collection of bronze sculptures by Ed Dwight, from his "Evolution of Jazz" series, or examined samples of bassist-cameraman Milt Hinton's photographic studies, a display that covered a 50-year span.

Ambiance aside, Terry (who received his honorary doctorate of music in 1978 from the University of New Hampshire) found himself in the most congenial possible company. Among the 21 peer artists present were old friends and new such as the bass virtuoso Brian Torff, 28, and the 77-year-old trumpeter Doc Cheatham. Between these extremes were trumpeter Joe Newman, trombonists Al Grey and Bill Watrous, saxophonists Bob Wilber, Buddy Tate, Al Cohn and Bud Shank, guitarists Herb Ellis and Cal Collins, pianists Jay McShann, Ray Bryant and Roger Kellaway, drummers Alan Dawson and Bobby Rosengarden.

"Clark deserves every honor there is," said Kellaway, now a composer for movies, TV and the stage. "In my New York days I played for 2½ years in the quintet he and Bob Brookmeyer led, and I never met anyone with a sweeter disposition—which is reflected in his playing. I'd do anything in the world for him."

Don Miller, the businessman-aficionado who with his wife Sue organizes the parties here, said: "People don't realize what a tough time Clark has been through." The story behind his remark goes back to last September, when Terry, for reasons never explained, began to experience excruciating back pains. "I was laid up for four months," he says. "I went to 10 different doctors who had 10 different ideas. Most of them wanted to perform surgery, but I told them to go to hell."

Aided by various forms of therapy, Terry agonizingly made his way from lying flat on his back to sitting up to walking a little with the aid of crutches.

"Then I was booked into the Blue Note in New York. On the night of my birthday, Dec. 14, I hobbled into the club on my crutches and found a regular who's who of jazz on hand to greet me. It was the first time I'd picked up my horns in three or four months, but somehow all the muscles worked. What's more, by the end of the week I was able to move around with just a cane. Goes to show you that work is the best therapy."

Terry finally made his way back to a

Trumpet great Clark Terry, next to his bronze likeness, was the guest of honor at a jazz festival in Arizona.

normal ambulatory condition, but the tribute here in Paradise Valley, his full fledged coming out party, was a milestone in a career rich in distinguished achievements.

Born in St. Louis in 1920, Terry was the first source of inspiration for a local tyro named Miles Davis, who was 15 when he met the then 20-year-old Terry. "Elwood Buchanan, a beer-drinking buddy of mine who was giving Miles lessons, told me about him. Miles was on a wide vibrato Harry James kick, but we steered him into that pure, straight tone later on." Davis has always insisted that Terry was his mentor and main influence.

After a delay caused by a long hitch in the all-black Navy Band at Great Lakes in Chicago, Clark Terry's career got into high gear, with many big band credits: a short stint with Lionel Hampton, a longer one with Charlie Barnet (alongside him in the trumpet section was a 20-year-old youth named Carl (Doc) Severinsen), three years with Count Basie (the big band and the 1950 small combo). It was during his eight years with Duke Ellington, through 1959, that Terry won his spurs as a worldwide virtuoso stylist.

After one final big band tour, with Quincy Jones in Europe, Terry settled in New York as one of the very few black musicians ever employed on the NBC staff. "It gave me a great chance to play everything—classical concerts, pop, jazz, rock, the works."

Mainly he was on "The Tonight Show" from its Jack Paar days. Later, when Skitch Henderson was Johnny Carson's *chef d'orchestre*, Terry gained some prominence as a featured soloist. He was on a loose leash, taking frequent leaves of absence to play jazz jobs. When the leadership passed from Milton DeLugg (Henderson's successor) to Doc Severinsen, Terry's role diminished. He had a hit record, "Mumbles" (with Oscar Peterson), exhibiting his outrageously funny style of double-talk scat singing, but was not invited to sing it on the show until much later, when he performed it as a guest soloist. He quit the studio life for good in 1972 when "The Tonight Show" moved to California.

By that time he had made serious headway in the world of jazz education. Because of his nonpareil talent and easy disposition, he is admired and respected by young people. His playing/lecturing sessions at schools and colleges include courses in jazz history, rehearsal technique, ensemble playing, trumpet and fluegelhorn technique.

He has organized and directed several youth bands. "In the early '60s I put together a Harlem youth band; picked kids up virtually off the street and bought them horns." Mounting such a project today presents special problems, however. "I lined up a youth band for a European tour in 1981, and had serious trouble finding qualified blacks. I wound up with only four—one was the saxophonist Branford Marsalis—and a singer. It's partly economics, because these kids lack the facilities, but also due to the black bourgeoisie's attitude. To this day, black parents discourage their children from getting into jazz. Too many youngsters, black and white, know about all the rock groups but have hardly even heard of Duke Ellington."

Terry hopes that blacks will be attracted in more encouraging numbers when he devotes a full week this summer to "Clark Terry's Great Plains Jazz Camp," at Emporia State University in Kansas, June 12-17. There will be an all-star faculty, guest artists, big bands, even a workshop for band directors.

Meanwhile, he continues putting back the pieces of his life that seemed almost literally to have been shattered when his back gave out last year. Judging by the playing at the party, not an iota of his talent was lost along the way.

In planning the party around him, Don Miller had more in mind than the 15 hours of superlative, free-swinging music offered over the two days. The first surprise arrived Saturday evening in the person of Gov. Bruce Babbitt of Arizona, who declared Terry an honorary citizen of the Grand Canyon State.

Sunday afternoon Miller introduced sculptor Ed Dwight, who spoke about his affection for jazz in general and of Clark Terry in particular, whereupon a bronze bust of the guest of honor was unveiled and presented to him. Aside from the fact that Terry had killed time during the illness by growing a beard, it is an extraordinary likeness. (Dwight, who in 1961 became the first black selected for the astronaut program, later resigned from NASA, joined IBM in Boulder, Colo., then became a full-time artist.)

Toward the end of the closing set Sunday evening Miller ushered in another surprise guest, Cindy Bowman, an aspiring trumpeter who met and studied with Terry during her high school years and who is now a freshman at Scottsdale Community College, brought up her horn and nervously trod her way through a duet with her idol on "Satin Doll."

After the final chord had faded and the guests had dispersed, Terry sat surrounded by the Millers and a few other close friends, reflecting on an unprecedented weekend. "It's wonderful to work with kids and hear them mature," he said. "That's the most gratifying part of everything that I'm involved in today.

"I've had a good life in music, and when I help these young people out, I feel I'm putting a little something back into it." □

89

Jazz Times Mar. '83

BOOK REPORT

Ira Sabin

Benny Carter: A Life In American Music

MORROE BERGER, EDWARD BERGER, JAMES PATRICK

Vol. I, 422 pp., and Vol. 2, 417 pp., Scarecrow Press and The Institute of Jazz Studies, Rutgers University, $45.00

This is an exemplary illustration of how a jazz biography should be (but almost never before has been) written. As Benny Carter notes in his foreword: "In the preparation of this book Morroe Berger gave me ten years of his life. His death at age 63 on April 7, 1981 was untimely; the loss of a great mind is always untimely."

Professor Berger of Princeton University was a sociologist and an expert in several areas: the Arab World, Madame de Stael, race relations, literature; but he had written his 1947 master's thesis at Columbia University on jazz. His first meeting with Carter in 1969 led to a close and warm friendship, to many appearances by Carter as lecturer and performer at Princeton, and to an honorary Doctor of Humanities degree awarded to Carter in 1974. The following year Berger went along with Carter and his combo on a State Dept. sponsored tour of the Middle East.

In other words, this book is based on Berger's long, thorough and brilliantly perceptive analysis of his subject; it involved endless interviews and research, countless hours spent ploughing through old scrapbooks and newspapers. But Berger set his sights on something beyond Carter's personal story. As he observes in his first chapter that Carter's distinguished career "has touched upon many social as well as musical aspects of America in this century . . . jazz in relation to other forms of popular music . . . the place of social dancing and the advent of jazz arrangements; issues concerning the formation of popular taste among the different social classes and groups in a free-enterprise economic system; the business aspects of big bands; race relations and the place of musicians—black and white—in our society; the significant role of the mass media in music and social life; jazz in relation to established cultural institutions. This book touches all of these issues as they have impinged on Carter's career in music as well as upon his character and personality."

To achieve this objective, Berger in the first book more or less alternates between chapters dealing directly with Carter's story and interludes that dwell on people, events, social and racial issues of the day. The first such interlude centers on pre-jazz black music, with long essays on the composers Will Marion Cook, J. Rosamund Johnson and Will Vodery, all of whom were prominent in the early 20th century.

Berger's examination of these side issues is valuable in helping to set Carter's story in a correct and enlightening perspective; but he never loses sight of the central figure writing in vast detail about Carter's extraordinary career both in and away from jazz, as nonpareil alto saxophonist, lyrical trumpeter, composer and arranger (since 1927), bandleader off and on in the 1930's and '40s, motion picture and television writer for most of the '50s and '60s, elder statesman, lecturer, performer and writer on into the '80s.

This is, in short, a scholarly enterprise focusing on a unique musician whose career has spanned well over a half century of musical history. For the technically inclined, there is one chapter, written by James Patrick, entitled "The Making of an Arranger and Soloist." Patrick makes some vital points about the role of form, rhythm and of elements in jazz playing and writing, but his documented examples of Carter's work are too few and, for the most part, too old (the only reprint of a Carter score for saxophone section is 50 years old and eight bars long). Patrick should have included one or two complete choruses of a recent Carter solo, one entire arrangement, and at least one reproduction of his trumpet improvisation.

Book II of this immense project is a reference work, assembled with incredible patience and in unprecedented detail by Berger's son Edward. Included are a chronology of Carter's life, master lists of his arrangements, an index of artists who have recorded his compositions and/or charts, a basic list of LPs, a filmography of Carter's movie writing career from 1943 (*Stormy Weather*), and a list of his TV credits, starting with *M Squad* in 1958. The younger Berger clearly has inherited his father's passion for completeness and dedication.

The only problem with this extraordinary work is that of finding it. Scarecrow evidently has not relied much on retail outlets in the past, having concentrated on academic books sold direct to libraries. Anyone who has trouble tracking it down should write to Edward Berger at Bradley Hall, Rutgers, State University of New Jersey, Newark, NJ 07102. The reward will justify the wait, for this book is completely worthy of its subject, and that is the highest praise one could accord it.

■LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

THERE'S ALTO IN RICHIE COLE'S MADNESS

Saxophonist Richie Cole chooses to call his quartet Alto Madness. Madness it is not, though there are indeed moments of intermittent eccentricity. Cole's qualifications as one of the latest generation of improvisers in the bop tradition are modified only by his occasional tendency to reach for a comedic effect, sometimes a quotation from an extraneous source. He might argue, however, that even Charlie Parker was given to such whimsical indulgences.

What mattered most last Friday at McCabe's in Santa Monica was that Cole maintained his customary rhythmic momentum and that his choice of material was as intriguing as his selection of sidemen. You might not expect the "I Love Lucy" theme to provide a solid basis for jazz, but Cole and his henchmen make it work. More interesting, however, were the old Tadd Dameron song, "Our Delight," an early Miles Davis piece called "Boplicity" and several Cole originals.

Dick Hindman has developed into a neo-bop pianist of rare ability/agility. His best solos came close to stealing the show. Scott Morris on drums and Marshall Hawkins on bass continue to stoke Cole.

Halfway through "Four Brothers," this swinging journey turned an unexpected corner when Manhattan Transfer stomped onstage. Stripped of the need for theatrical effects and novelty songs, they were vocally and visually in prime form, interacting here and there with Cole, who even got in a few vocal licks. "Body and Soul," "Doodlin'" and "Route 66," by now staples of their repertoire, communicated the buoyant enjoyment of their work that helped establish this as the renaissance combo of vocal-group jazz.

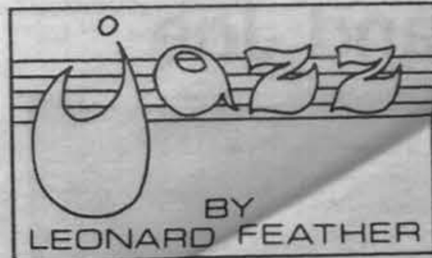
That the Transfer came across even more engagingly in this intimate setting than they ever did at the Greek Theater last year implied a significant conclusion: Rooms of this size, too many of which are currently struggling to survive, are urgently needed for the continued presentation of live music at its best.

—LEONARD FEATHER

INSIDE CALENDAR

[JA]ZZ: Richie Cole reviewed by Leonard Feather on Page 4.
[M]USIC: Pianist Leon Bates reviewed by Benjamin Epstein. Page 3.
"Mikado" reviewed by John Henken. Page 5.
POP: Jonathan Richman reviewed by Craig Lee. Page 4.
RADIO: AM/FM Highlights. Page 11.
STAGE: Stage Watch by Sylvie Drake. Page 2.
TELEVISION: Today's programs. Pages 9, 12.

OVERTURE MARCH 1983



Questions I try not to become tired of answering:

How did you get to be a jazz critic?

By accident. Introduced to jazz through American records I had bought while at high school in London (originally it was Louis Armstrong's *West End Blues* that lit the flame for me), I wrote a Letter to the Editor, published in the London *Melody Maker*, that turned out to be controversial: I asked why all jazz was in 4/4 time and none in 3/4.

Readers thought I must be a little addled imagining such a thing as a jazz waltz. The editor admonished me in print: "Asking for a jazz waltz is like wanting a red piece of blue chalk." Then he invited me to meet him, and asked whether I would like to write an article for the paper. I became a regular contributor to that and other publications, went to New York as a visitor and eventually became a resident.

How do you define jazz?

Very evasively.

Aren't all critics failed musicians?

By no means. Some of the best jazz writing has been done by the pianists Billy Taylor and Marian McPartland and the British saxophonist Benny Green. Personally, I would rather be thought of as a musician who is a failed critic.

I was writing music and lyrics before the *Melody Maker* association began, and am prouder of some of the music I wrote in the 1940s and '50s (including, I might add, a couple of jazz waltzes) than of much of my early journalistic output. I have been an ASCAP member for four decades and a member of Locals 802 and 47 for many years.

A few of the more gifted critics have no empirical background (show me a more perceptive writer than Whitney Balliett). On the other hand, an inside knowledge of your subject can (but doesn't necessarily) serve a valuable purpose, that of enabling you to know what you are talking about.

I am writing this thesis on John Coltrane for my degree, and would like to know, how do I become a critic?

Would that I could explain. In my early days "jazz critic" was almost a contradiction in terms, but now they proliferate like hemidemisemiquavers in a Coltrane chorus. My serious advice: first become a stockbroker or brain surgeon, thus qualifying yourself to write without pay as a hobby.

If you wish to improve at your craft, buy a newly published book, *The Otis Ferguson Reader* ($10 to December Press, 3093 Dato, Highland Park, IL 60035). Some 35 of the 75 pieces are about jazz, and nobody has since taken up the subject with finer grace and style. The author wrote about jazz from 1936 until 1941 and was killed in World War II. If your heart is set on entering this profession, let Ferguson be your guide.

'JAZZ ALIVE!' WILL DIE IN SEPTEMBER

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Jazz Alive!" the unique, award-winning National Public Radio series that has been bringing the jazz world's greatest musicians to an audience of millions since October, 1977, will be dropped at the end of September.

John Bos, director of arts and performance programs for NPR, blames the move on a huge cut in government funds that had been provided to subsidize the show, which has been heard nationally on 226 stations.

All 13 employees of the program are being dismissed effective April 17, among them "Jazz Alive's" producer Tim Owens, though he may stay on for two months as a consultant.

According to present plans, two final shows will be taped, one by the Modern Jazz Quartet at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion next Saturday, and another by the Wynton Marsalis group in New York the same week.

Subsequently, "Jazz Alive!," which has held hundreds of sessions everywhere from San Francisco to Nice, will continue until September by using tapes of already-recorded shows. During that time, Ben Sidran, who took over from Billy Taylor last year as the program's host, will remain on hand.

Bos says if a commercial sponsor can be found, there may be hope of keeping the series going. The program, which won a George Foster Peabody Award in 1982, has been unanimously praised by jazz authorities for its wide-ranging choice of programming, which has covered every idiom from traditional jazz to avant-garde.

LOS ANGELES TIMES Sun. Mar. 27 1983 (syndicated)

JAZZ

MJQ: THE QUARTET THAT WOULDN'T DIE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Modern Jazz Quartet refused to lie down and expire. More correctly, the public just declined to let it die.

A perennial symbol of delicate chamber jazz, the group was organized in 1952, masterminded by the composer and pianist John Lewis. Except for a change of drummers in 1955 (Kenny Clarke was replaced by Connie Kay), the personnel remained stable throughout the quartet's original incarnation. The group feeling and spiritual unity of the quartet was unprecedented: Lewis, the vibraphonist Milt (Bags) Jackson, bassist Percy Heath and Kay were one notion indivisible.

This situation changed when Jackson, champing at the bit, became eager to prove his ability to become a leader on his own. His decision to leave the group in July, 1974, came at a moment when the quartet was at a peak of global acceptance. Lewis decided that there could be no replacement. A unit that had established a unique pattern of grace and lyricism in jazz disbanded apparently forever.

There was a single farewell concert a few months later, but the members then proceeded along their individual paths. Lewis began his long and happy association as a teacher at City College of New York; Heath formed a group with his brothers, saxophonist Jimmy and drummer Albert; Kay free-lanced around New York and settled into a steady gig at Eddie Condon's.

Jackson's desire to form his own quartet on a permanent basis never materialized. He picked up local rhythm sections from city to city, successfully toured the international concert and festival circuit, and teamed often with bassist Ray Brown (who, coincidentally, is now the Modern Jazz Quartet's manager).

Eventually, though, the four musicians responded to a mounting clamor of calls, at home and abroad, for a class reunion. The first took place in 1976; another tour was assembled in 1981, and since then these incomparable artists, though they continue to pursue their other interests from time to time, have remained together almost as much as they have been apart.

"We have no problems today with the quartet," said Lewis the other day. "The demands are such that we could work with it all year round if we care to. I've even taken a leave of absence from my teaching duties at the college. But I hope to do some nightclub work with my other combo if some opportunities arise."

The John Lewis group, as the other combo is called, is a sextet, different in size and concept from the quartet

Composer John Lewis has formed a sextet, the John Lewis Group (whose album is shown above), but the Modern Jazz Quartet still lives.

and providing an even more attractive framework, in scope and range, for Lewis' compositions, as its sole album ("Kansas City Breaks" on Finesse Records) makes abundantly clear. The principal soloists, aside from Lewis, are Joe Kennedy, the violinist, and Frank Wess on flute, backed by guitar, bass and drums.

Nevertheless, it is primarily with the long-esteemed sound of the Modern Jazz Quartet in mind that Lewis has resumed his role as composer. "I realize we have to play some new pieces, and I'm working on that. But I also remember that in the early days I had to write fast, and the quartet had to learn our pieces quickly. Since then, I have had time to re-examine some of my work, extend and recompose part of it. As a result, you may hear numbers I wrote years ago that are in effect different compositions, because of the extent to which I have redone them.

"We're having a good time with the group. We're all older now; we have evolved and grown—Bags is very relaxed and enjoys what we're doing. In fact, the rapport has never been better. You know what I think the reason is? We're doing it because we *like* to do it and *want* to do it, not just because we *have* to do it."

Lewis' more demanding role as an orchestral writer has not been neglected. He was a pioneer in the 1960s movement somewhat awkwardly dubbed Third Stream music (actually it was a logical confluence of two established musical worlds, classical and jazz, a concept by no means without precedent). His works for large orchestra, and his association with Gunther Schuller in the ambitious but short-lived ensemble known as Orchestra U.S.A., were significant facets of his career. In addition to some of the finest motion picture music ever heard, for such films as "Odds Against Tomorrow," "One Never Knows" and "No Sun in Venice," Lewis' credits have included TV specials, occasional stage work (he wrote music for a William Inge play, "Natural Affection," on Broadway) and the score for the documentary film "Critics for People," which won first prize at the San Francisco Film Festival in 1975.

This ambitious aspect of his writing will resurface Saturday, when, at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles, he will offer the American premiere of "In a Dubrovnik Way," performed by the Modern Jazz Quartet and the string section of the New American Orchestra.

"It's not the first performance," he points out. "It was played just once before, in Zagreb."

"Dubrovnik is a very beautiful Renaissance seaside city on the Adriatic. Mirjana and I spent the summer there the year after we were married." (Lewis' affection for Yugoslavia stems from his 1961 marriage to a native of Zagreb; they live on New York's East Side with their teen-age son and daughter.) "I wrote this piece about five years ago. It offers impressions of the town as I visualize it: First there is a medium-tempo movement, describing a busy morning in Dubrovnik; the second movement has a very, very slow, 3 a.m. feeling, and the third depicts a bustling afternoon."

Soon after the Los Angeles concert, Lewis, Jackson, Heath and Kay will head east to fulfill a concert schedule in England and Switzerland, followed by a similar tour of the United States. "Then in July and August we'll be taking the children and spending our usual two months in the South of France." For many years the Lewises have owned a home near Nice.

Not long afterward it will be time to think about the Monterey Jazz Festival, of which Lewis has been the musical director almost from the beginning. He shares the responsibility for selecting the talent, but leaves much of it to Jimmy Lyons, who founded the festival.

Asked about the criticisms that have been leveled against the festival for its somewhat conservative slant, he hedged, but volunteered that the presence of certain artists this year would afford him particular pleasure. He is an admirer of Anthony Davis, the enormously gifted and eclectic composer/pianist whose following has been largely confined to avant-garde circles. Another of Lewis' predilections is for the voice of Shirley Horn, a long-established but still little-known singer and pianist in Washington who is also greatly admired by Ella Fitzgerald. "As for soloists," he added, "I think it would be good to see Sonny Rollins—he's one of the true giants, and he hasn't played the festival in a long time."

John Lewis' life today seems to be in better order than at any point since the experience, shattering to him at the time, of the Modern Jazz Quartet's breakup. He works no more or less than he cares to, can turn once again to his original quartet framework within which to paint his baroque sketches and blues innovations, and can logically expect new and rewarding results from the group that made "Kansas City Breaks."

If time allows, he may return intermittently to the academic setting he finds so rewarding and resume his courses at City College of New York. All in all, he has the best of several readily accessible worlds. The one-time pianist in Dizzy Gillespie's big bebop jazz band (1947) has broadened his horizons inestimably to become one of the true Renaissance men of 20th-Century music. □

62

WEDNESDAY EXTRA

March 30, 1983

KANSAS CITY
JACKSON COUNTY STAR

Downtown • Midtown • Westport • Plaza • Country Club • Brookside • Waldo • East Side • West Side • South Kansas City

A stalwart of the jazz scene recalls old KC

By Robert C. Trussell
staff writer

Until his first visit to Kansas City in the late 1930s, Leonard Feather had never heard of Count Basie.

Louis Armstrong took the young Englishman, who was sweltering in the Midwestern summer heat, to the Reno Club on 12th Street where they heard a nine-piece band that failed to impress Mr. Feather.

The band was led by a youthful Mr. Basie, who went on to impress quite a few people around the world. But at the time, Mr. Feather recalled, Mr. Basie's band lacked polish. The visitor simply did not like what he heard.

"Please make it clear that I did later on," Mr. Feather said last week. The noted jazz critic and historian was in Kansas City for the sixth annual Women's Jazz Festival—an event he has attended each year.

Mr. Feather said his visit here in the '30s was made possible by Mr. Armstrong, who invited him to accompany the Armstrong band on a Midwest tour. At the time Mr. Feather was covering the New York jazz scene for *Melody Maker* magazine in London.

"I was doing stories about anything that happened to me," he recalled. "It was quite unusual for an Englishman visiting the U.S. to look into jazz."

See Jazz, pg. 4, col. 3

Leonard Feather

(staff photo by Dan White)

Neighbors fight to save city advisers

But some officials say it's time to cut Community Services

By Robert C. Trussell
staff writer

Community groups are mounting a campaign to fight a budget recommendation that would eliminate nine of the 10 employees in the Kansas City Community Services Department who act as liaisons between City Hall and neighborhoods.

The neighborhood specialists work in the department's Community Development Division, assisting in activities ranging from painting programs to vacant lot cleanups. They are viewed by many community groups as essential to organizing neighborhood self-help programs and revitalization efforts.

But some city officials believe the time has come for that function to be transferred from city government to a neighborhood organization that has developed a level of expertise equal to that of City Hall. Some suggest the city could, for example, contract with a neighborhood group to provide services to other groups for less money.

But some neighborhood leaders fear that in the hands of an outside agency, Community Services functions may not be administered as fairly as they have been by the city.

"I don't think the city should contract with any one group," said Icelean Clark, president of the Oak Park Neighborhood Association. "Some of these agencies would use it as a political football."

The City Council must approve a new budget before May 1, the beginning of the fiscal year.

Community leaders made plans after a meeting of the council's Finance and Audit Committee last week to urge neighborhood groups throughout the city to lobby their council representatives to retain six neighborhood specialists.

"There are a lot of new (neighborhood groups) forming who don't know where to go," said Lorene House, president of the Blue Valley Neighborhood Association.

Bill Cole, president of the Chaumiere Neighborhood Association in Kansas City, North, said the neighborhood specialists are invaluable to new groups because they are familiar with community organizations throughout the city.

"I think you'll find as time goes by there'll be more and more of them," said Mr. Cole. "I hope in some way you can see to keep these people in the budget."

Councilman Jerry Riffel said he was concerned about the department's performance. He noted that the department had been slow to decide how to use $40,000 appropriated last year for a worthy neighborhood project. The city manager's office

See Community, pg. 4, col. 3

Land Trust can't reveal appraisals, says official

Board member contends land values change too quickly

By Marian J. Barber
special to The Star

The newest member of the board of the Land Trust of Jackson County said Monday the board cannot comply with demands that it publish the appraised value of property that is turned over to it because of delinquent taxes.

To do so would neglect the board's responsibility to the taxpayers, said Willie McCann, a real estate appraiser who represents the Kansas City School District on the board. He was appointed in February.

Members of three community coalitions recently proposed that the City Council try to force the trust to publish values to make it easier for neighborhood residents to bid on tax-delinquent properties. Fifteen candidates for city government agreed with the coalitions.

Currently a lot is not appraised until an initial bid is made. State law requires that if the bid is not at least two-thirds of the appraised value, it must be rejected and a new bid requested. The appraised value is not revealed until the bidding process is over.

Mr. McCann said the board's first responsibility is to sell the property and return it to the tax rolls. The second is to get the greatest possible amount of money for the land because the money defrays the taxes due. Because land values change, publishing a fixed value months before a sale could result in the trust getting less money than it should, he said.

As a hypothetical example, a Downtown lot sold by the Trust last week for $43,000 might have brought more had plans been announced for major development in the area, he said.

"Let's suppose that they had announced a Hyatt (hotel) next door a week ago. That would definitely have changed the value," he said.

As it was, the trust got $6,000 more than two-thirds of the $55,000 at which the land was appraised, he noted.

A more concrete example, he said, is the area around Troost Avenue and 47th Street.

"All that activity with the fast-food places coming in . . . has really kicked the values up," he said.

In those cases the trust, if bound by a published appraisal, would have had to accept a bid less than two-thirds of current value. But changes can also work to the advantage of buyers, Mr. McCann said.

Residential lots near his home in east Kansas City cost less than they used to because of recent industrial development in the area.

"And suppose somebody put in a landfill and dioxin was suspected. What would that do to values?" he asked. "Some of these things sound far out, but we have to take them into account.".

Mr. McCann said he and the other two members of the Land Trust board would gladly sell many lots to neighboring homeowners at minimal prices. But to do so by publishing values would set a precedent that could be costly in cases like the $43,000 Downtown site.

"We've got to consider all the taxpayers, rather than just the one who happens to live next door to a piece of property," he explained. "Every dollar we make is a dollar saved for them (all taxpayers)."

GO TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASSICS

First of two articles.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Inflation has clearly peaked, even in the record business. The most encouraging evidence takes the form of 40 classic albums, spanning a vital period from 1949 through 1962, all newly reissued by the Fantasy company on its Riverside and Prestige labels at a suggested list price of $5.98.

Along with the original covers, notes and labels, the albums have wraparound bands with brief updated information about the artists. Since I had long been familiar with most of the material and thus was not obliged to sit and listen for 30 hours non-stop, it was possible (with the aid of memory and two marathon re-listening sessions) to assemble the following complete, alphabetized set of reviews.

The ratings are based on value as collectors' items. Musically worthy but historically expendable sets have been rated slightly lower than those considered indispensable to every library.

"10 TO 4 AT THE 5-SPOT." Pepper Adams. Riverside OJC-031. Adams in 1958 was almost the only be-bop baritone sax constituent. All his colleagues except pianist Bobby Timmons are fellow Detroiters, notably Donald Byrd (then a competent bop trumpeter) and Elvin Jones. The nightclub recording quality is indifferent, the material conventional (except for a pleasant Byrd ballad, "Yourna"), but Adams' sinewy sound was almost as engaging then as now. Three stars.

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET LIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO." Riverside OJC-035. "THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER." Cannonball Adderley with Milt Jackson. Riverside OJC-032. Recorded live at the Jazz Workshop, the first set was a debut album for Adderley's new quintet, with his brother Nat on cornet. The pianist, Bobby Timmons, composed the opening "This Here," a perfect prototype of the jazz/funk/gospel/blues/waltz genre popularized by this combo. Notes by Ralph J. Gleason underline the spirit and excitement of this period. Five stars.

The album with Milt Jackson is a more conventional blowing date, but Cannonball's impeccable swinging alto sax on the title tune (an old-timey 16-bar theme a la "Jada" or "Doxy") reminds us that his death in 1975 robbed jazz of a unique driving force. Four stars.

"GENE AMMONS ALL-STAR SESSIONS." Prestige OJC-014. "THE HAPPY BLUES." Gene Ammons. OJC-013. The all-star LP incorporates four dates led by the muscular tenor saxophonist in 1950, '51 and '55. On one side he is paired with Sonny Stitt, playing endless variations of the blues. The other side finds him leading a sextet with Art Farmer, Lou Donaldson and others in elongated versions of "I Got Rhythm" and, again, the blues.

A similar combo is heard on "The Happy Blues," a jubilant jam session but typical of the slapdash, totally unorganized manner in which so many jazzmen were obliged to record then (on a minimum budget, without a penny for arrangements). 3½ stars.

"CARAVAN." Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. Riverside OJC-038. Blakey bands are judged like fine wines, and 1962 was a vintage year. With Freddie Hubbard and Wayne Shorter in the front line (both contributing significantly as composers), Curtis Fuller on trombone (his pensive treatment of "Skylark" lights up the second side) and Cedar Walton at the piano, this was a nonpareil representation of the hard bop idiom. Completing the group was a solid ex-Coltrane bassist, Reggie Workman. As composer of "Thermo" and ballad soloist on "In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning," Hubbard, then 24, was in pristine form. Five stars.

"CLIFFORD BROWN MEMORIAL." Prestige OJC-017. Brown (1930-1956) a trumpeter whose lyricism, warmth and creativity were almost unequaled, is heard on the A side as a sideman with composer/pianist Tadd Dameron in a June, 1953, session produced by Ira Gitler, who also wrote the helpful notes. Overleaf Brown co-leads a band with Art Farmer, along with six of the leading swinging Swedes of that era, on a date produced in Stockholm by the 20-year-old Quincy Jones. A sine qua non for all students of jazz trumpet. Five stars. (Art Farmer can also be heard on "Two Trumpets," with Donald Byrd, on Prestige OJC-018, a four-star set.)

"KENNY BURRELL." Prestige OJC-019. A relative newcomer to New York, Burrell, like his rhythm section (Tommy Flanagan, Elvin Jones, Doug Watkins) was from Detroit. Completing the combo is Cecil Payne on baritone sax. There is evidence that Burrell would emerge as one of the guitarists who best blended the influences of be-bop, the blues and Charlie Christian. Four stars.

"COLTRANE." Prestige OJC-021. "SOULTRANE." John Coltrane-Red Garland. Prestige OJC-020. The album named for him was John Coltrane's first as a leader, in May, 1957. Billed as "a major voice in the Miles Davis Quintet—the *new* tenor saxophone *star*," he leads a sextet and quartet in the pre-revolutionary late-bop mold. His sound and rhythmic approach on tenor sax (not to mention the conservative variations on "Violets for Your Furs") are worlds away from the mystical, modal, Indianesque soprano sax that would establish him as a vital figure six years later. Sahib Shihab plays aggressive baritone sax, with Mal Waldron and Red Garland splitting the piano work. Five stars.

"Soultrane," taped 9 months later, is valuable, but tells us nothing about Coltrane or Garland that cannot be discerned on the earlier set. Four stars.

"DIG." Miles Davis featuring Sonny Rollins. Prestige OJC-005. "THE MUSINGS OF MILES." OJC-004. "MILES DAVIS ALL STAR SEXTET/QUINTET." OJC-012. "THE NEW MILES DAVIS QUINTET," OJC-006. "Dig," in October of 1951, was Davis' first long-play record. This new chance to stretch out (the cuts run from 5½ to 9½ minutes) offered the clearest example up to that point of his intensely expressive personality. He was well supported by Sonny Rollins, Jackie McLean, and a cooking rhythm section with Walter Bishop, Tommy Potter and Art Blakey. Five stars.

The other albums stem respectively from June, August and November of 1955. "Musings" is just Miles and a rhythm section, with too many clinkers, poor intonation and dismal recording. Two stars.

The sextet date had Milt Jackson, McLean, Ray Bryant, Percy Heath and Art Taylor; Davis is in far better form. Four stars.

The last album introduces Davis' regular combo of that time, with John Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. The group was poorly organized, but Miles' Harmon-muted sound on "No Greater Love" and even some passages by the fledgling Coltrane horn lend this session a special historical meaning. Five stars.

"OUTWARD BOUND." Eric Dolphy featuring Freddie Hubbard. New Jazz OJC-022. "OUT THERE." Eric Dolphy Quartet. New Jazz OJC 023. Both albums were made in 1960, a few months before Ornette Coleman's seminal "Free Jazz," in which Dolphy (1928-1964) and Hubbard were key figures. Like Coleman's, Dolphy's music differed from the standard jazz of the 1950s, sometimes in instrumentation (on the second album he plays clarinet, bass clarinet, flute and alto sax; Ron Carter plays cello), as well as in idiom (be-bop is left in limbo) and in repertoire (no more endless workouts on the blues or "I Got Rhythm").

Hubbard, then 22, was the Wynton Marsalis of that day. Dolphy's alto on "Feathers" shows that avant-garde beauty is no contradiction in terms. His flute and bass clarinet are unorthodox, the latter not always in tune. As a composer, he leans to Monkish dissonances, as in "G.W.," or to the brink of atonality. Despite the resemblance to Coleman's just-established music, these sessions were adventurous, succeeding brilliantly here and failing nobly there. 4½-stars each.

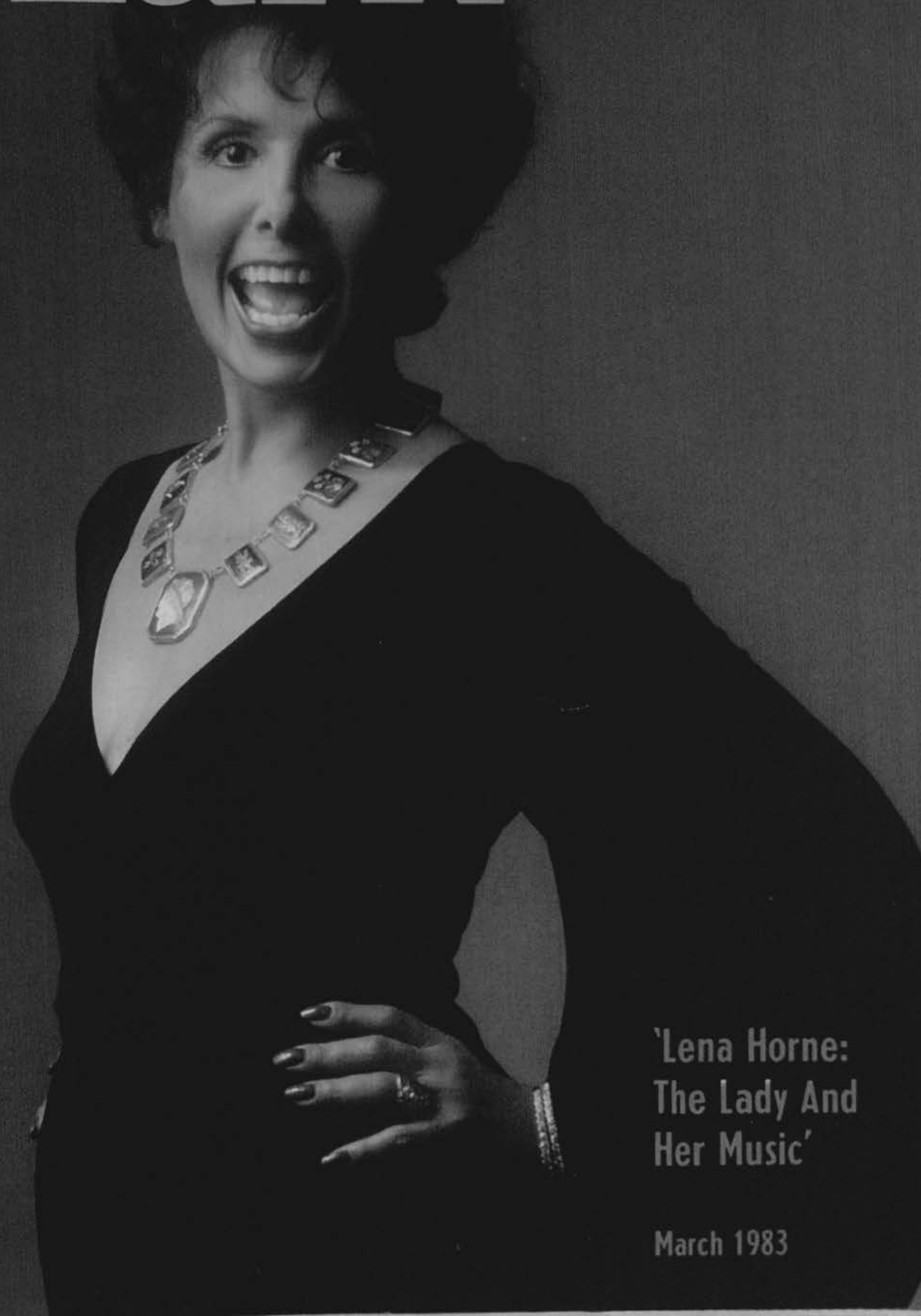
"JAZZ CONTRASTS." Kenny Dorham. Riverside OJC-028. Dorham (1924-1972), though no giant, was one of the most buoyant and mature of the post-Gillespie trumpeters. Here he is backed on three cuts by a bop group with Sonny Rollins, Hank Jones, Oscar Pettiford and on the other three ("My Old Flame," "But Beautiful" and Clifford Brown's "Larue") by a harpist, which according to the notes, makes these numbers "rather unique." If they were "rather unique," was the harpist slightly pregnant for these listenable but not memorable performances? Two stars.□

From left, Kenny Burrell, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Cannonball Adderley are among the artists featured in newly reissued classic albums.

93

Ozark March 1983

Ozark



'Lena Horne: The Lady And Her Music'

March 1983

Los Angeles Times 4/4

MUSICAL SURVIVAL OF THE ORCHESTRA

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the fourth and final concert of its fourth and non-final season, the New American Orchestra had all available media bases covered. Saturday's program at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion was broadcast on KKGO and was taped for future airing on National Public Radio's "Jazz Alive."

Of the four newly commissioned works introduced Saturday, two could as easily have been performed by the Philharmonic, but the two compositions that followed intermission called on the orchestra's particular qualifications, principally the capacity for displaying individual expression.

"Interviews for Orchestra," by Michael Gibbs, a composer in residence at Berklee College of Music in Boston, was correct, competently written and made no use whatever of the orchestra's special abilities. Conducted by John Berkman, the "Interviews" seemed to have been written as if by a reporter under orders from his editor not to risk provoking his readers.

"An American Rhapsody," composed by Joe Sample, orchestrated by Udi Harpaz and Sample, with the composer at the piano, was guaranteed, we were assured by music director Jack Elliott, to reveal "an unexposed side of Joe." One wonders how many of Sample's albums Elliott has listened to, for this was essentially the same skillful but emotionally bland genre.

Melodically, there were touches of Scott Joplin and George Gershwin, with a dash of Duke Ellington, but rhythmically nothing of consequence happened. During Sample's several solo passages he could have been ad libbing or simply playing a prepared passage; it was hard to tell. It is difficult to understand why he has not seen fit to retain at least occasional glimpses of the swinging, jazz-rooted Sample of yesteryear. Would this alienate his commercial audience? More likely it would relieve the tedium.

The only "unexposed side" revealed by the "Rhapsody" was the surprising presence, as conductor, of Sid Garris, better known as a businessman and a key figure in the Crusaders organization. He proved himself as much at ease on the podium as he is behind a desk.

Ray Brown's "Afterthoughts" was a sometimes somber, generally well-tailored framework for the veteran master of the upright bass. Composed by Brown, it consisted of three movements, the first and third of which were orchestrated by Richard Hazard, the second by Eddie Karam.

The audience reaction to a passage when Brown eased into a loping four beat offered belated evidence of what this orchestra, in the final analysis, is all about. Brown's pizzicato or arco improvisation and Hazard's string embellishments worked well together. At one point in the second movement conductor Elliott seemed to be lost, but whatever went down soon came back up.

PENNI GLADSTONE / Los Angeles Times

On bass is Ray Brown, with Jack Elliott conducting the New American Orchestra in a concert.

The evening's principal guests, the Modern Jazz Quartette, opened with yet another arrangement of "Django," of which John Lewis must have as many versions as Sammy Davis has rings. Using only the string section, Lewis offered renewed evidence of the inherent beauty of this 28-year-old tribute to the Belgian guitarist.

A new three-movement Lewis piece, "In a Dubrovnik Way," provided a welcome challenge to the foursome. Milt Jackson's stately solo in the second movement, Lewis with his impeccable single note piano lines, and Percy Heath's solid underpinning reminded us that this is the ne plus ultra of the chamber jazz combos. Only the stiffness of Connie Kay's drums held the group back once in a while.

The Foundation for New American Music, parent organization of the NAO, has increased its audience, but private funding was down 33% this season while costs went up 20%. With the foundation's grant from Connecticut General Life Insurance due to expire at the end of next year, there may be trouble ahead if sufficient private and corporate support cannot be found. Despite occasional lapses of judgment, the Orchestra is certainly achieving enough artistic objectives to justify its survival.

CONCERT TO BENEFIT AILING KAI WINDING

4/5

A benefit concert will be held all day April 17 at Local 47, the Musicians' Union at 817 Vine St., to raise urgently needed funds for Kai Winding, the veteran trombonist, who has been gravely ill in New York with a brain tumor.

Trumpeter Clark Terry will fly in from New York to play a major role in the proceedings. Others expected to be present include many of Winding's early associates from the days when he worked with Benny Goodman, Stan Kenton and his longtime trombone-playing partner J.J. Johnson.

Winding, who resided in Los Angeles during the early and mid-1970s as a staff member of the Mort Lindsey Band on the Merv Griffin TV show, had been living in Spain and touring extensively in Europe in recent years, returning to New York when his illness required surgery.

Another benefit held recently at the Musicians' Union netted $3,800 for the ailing pianist Dolo Coker, according to Sam Russell, the organizer of both events.

—LEONARD FEATHER

RED MITCHELL BRINGS HIS BASS HOME

4/5

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is a long trek from Stockholm to Sherman Oaks, particularly if you are lugging a bass fiddle along. Fortunately Red Mitchell, a Swedish resident for 14 years, is getting to spend more and more time back home these days and had to come from New York for his gig last weekend at Le Cafe.

A popular Angeleno in the 1950s and '60s, Mitchell was best known for his partnership with the late Hampton Hawes. At Le Cafe Friday, he worked in tandem with Herb Mickman. Since both men double on bass and piano, the result was a stimulating and diversified set.

Mitchell began at the piano, playing and singing a couple of his own tunes, one of which reflected, sincerely but not very originally, his concern for peace and brotherhood. He was at pains to point out that an expatriate is not an ex-patriot; this remark was capped by his playing of "America the Beautiful," which happens to have a chord pattern well suited to jazz.

Playing bass, backed by Mickman's competent piano, Mitchell displayed his undiminished virtuosity. For a finale, Mickman picked up his big ax, and the duo scored a two-bass hit with a contrapuntal rendition of "The Man I Love."

Mitchell later played "Body and Soul," an appropriate choice, since he is to the bass what Coleman Hawkins was to the tenor sax, a bona fide innovator. For evidence, check him out Thursday or Friday at Carmelo's, where he will be accompanied by pianist Bill Mays.

'84

Los Angeles Times 4/7/83

JAZZ PIANIST DISPLAYS RARE TALENT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Phenomenon is a word we toss around too lightly. It should be reserved for special occasions and very rare artistry.

Tuesday evening at Pasquale's in Malibu, Michel Petrucciani's manager carried him to the piano, where he played without accompaniment some of the most profoundly moving music we have heard since Bill Evans died.

Petrucciani is a romanticist who wanders seamlessly from unidentifiable works to a cooking blues ("Memphis Green") written by Charles Lloyd, who discovered him, then on to Miles Davis' "Nardis" and exquisite variations on "A Child Is Born" and "I Can't Get Started." Throughout this near-continuum of intensity and dedication, the audience sat spellbound.

Why was he carried to the piano? Petrucciani, born 20 years ago in Toulon, France, weighs 50 pounds and is less than a meter in height. He suffers from a rare calcium-deficiency disease. A special elevator attachment enables him to reach the sustaining pedal with his diminutive legs.

It would be foolish and patronizing to praise him on the basis of his physical problem. Any pianist of normal height, playing this melange of modal, rhythmic, unceasingly probing concepts, would be greeted as a major discovery.

Whether he is caressing an original composition such as "To Erlinda," written for his wife, or finding new harmonic avenues down old familiar paths, there is nothing abnormal about this remarkable youth except the abnormal maturity of his gifts.

By the time he returns to Pasquale's April 29 and 30, the word will have spread and the room will be packed. Michel Petrucciani brings a new meaning to the word "stature" in jazz.

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times

Michel Petrucciani, a 3-foot-tall jazz pianist.

2 Part VI/Wednesday, April 13, 1983

JAZZ REVIEW

BIG BAND SOUND IS BACK AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Things are once again what they used to be at Carmelo's. After a change of ownership, with Ruth Hoover now at the helm, the full-scale jazz policy has been resumed, including the Monday night big band sessions that were conspicuously absent last month.

Bob Florence, the composer and pianist whose 18-man ensemble had not been heard in the room since January, was back again Monday, and not even the Academy Awards night could prevent him from attracting a sizable crowd as he ran through a series of busy, colorful and flawlessly interpreted charts. (At the end of the set, he offered his listeners an Oscar for "Best Supporting Audience.")

Florence is given to odd titles such as "Afternoon of a Prawn" and "Nobody's Human." The latter exemplified his talent for achieving liftoff with what might seem an unwieldy instrumentation.

There are six saxophones—basically two altos, two tenors and two baritones—but Florence makes use of flute and clarinet doubles to eliminate any chance of monotony. The section is composed entirely of hard-driving soloists, among whom Lanny Morgan on alto and the torpedo-damning tenor of Pete Christlieb were preeminent during the set.

The band swings consistently, thanks almost entirely to the superlative drumming of Nick Ceroli. Florence plays a minor role on electric keyboard and Joel di Bartolo, though playing an upright bass, sounded a trifle too thin and electric to bring the requisite bottom to the team.

Steve Huffsteter on fluegelhorn and Chauncey Welsch on trombone were vital contributors to the powerful brass section of this richly textured band, certainly one of the most compelling mainstream outfits now operative in the Southland.

Coming Monday: Dave Wells, leading a band known as Trombone City.

CLASSIC ALBUMS: THE LIST GOES ON

By LEONARD FEATHER

The series of Original Jazz Classics continues on its alphabetical way. They are all newly available bargain ($5.98 list) albums.

"NEW JAZZ CONCEPTIONS." Bill Evans Trio. Riverside OJC 025. "EXPLORATIONS." Bill Evans Trio. OJC 037. If ever there was a pianist who played strictly for his own aesthetic satisfaction, it was Evans. We are all fortunate eavesdroppers.

He was doubling as a sideman with clarinetist Tony Scott when he taped "Conceptions," his first album as a leader, in September, 1956. His tours with Miles Davis lay ahead, but even at this early stage the tenderness, harmonic sensitivity and gently rhythmic conceits were in evidence. Among the four Evans originals are an embryonic (78 seconds) "Waltz for Debbie" and a damnably tricky-rhythmed "Five." 4½ stars.

The second set is post-Davis: Evans still had Paul Motian on drums, but in place of Teddy Kotick, his bassist was Scott La Faro, who provided a watershed moment in bass history. (He died the next year at 25.) The choice of songs defied improvement: John Carisi's "Israel," Miles Davis' "Nardis," sublimations of "Beautiful Love," "Haunted Heart" (a forgotten Arthur Schwartz show tune) and even a refreshingly new look at "Sweet and Lovely." The evidence is rich and clear: Here was a pianist who would rank among the geniuses of the decade then dawning. Five stars.

"STAN GETZ AND HIS FOUR BROTHERS." Prestige OJC 008. Of the two sessions here, the first involved five tenor saxes: Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Allen Eager, Brew Moore. This has been called a legendary session, but what becomes a legend most? Durability. Our 1983 ears tell us that the recording (1949 quality), the balance, the rhythm section were all flawed, and that trying to harmonize five horns all within the narrow range of one horn (Gerry Mulligan and Al Cohn shared the writing) is like squeezing five Al Hirts into a phone booth. The four succeeding cuts, made in 1952, are superior on every level: only Sims and Cohn are left, along with Kai Winding on trombone and a truly swinging rhythm team of George Wallington, Art Blakey and Percy Heath. Among the tunes: Sims' "Red Door" and "Zootcase." A split decision: Three stars for the first session, 4½ for the second.

"THE HAWK FLIES HIGH." Coleman Hawkins. Riverside OJC 027. Hawkins (1904-1969) for many years was the only tenor saxophonist who exerted a worldwide influence. His full-blooded sound (especially on his own jubilant song "Sancticity") and his memorable way with a ballad ("Laura") are in splendid company here. Hawkins, though a Swing-Era product, elected to work with the great beboppers: among them are trumpeter Idrees Sulieman, who wrote "Juicy Fruit"; pianist Hank Jones, composer of "Chant," and trombonist J.J. Johnson, at his muted best in "Chant." Simple, functional charts. No collection should be

CLASSIC JAZZ REISSUES

Continued from 71st Page

group into a virtual replica of the already tired Shearing Quintet. Except for the three cuts with Latin percussionists added, the result has all the rhythmic uplift of a wet towel; moreover, the cuts are too short and one hears not nearly enough of Wes. At least this shows that Shearing is playing incomparably better today than in 1961. Two stars.

"MULLIGAN PLAYS MULLIGAN." Gerry Mulligan. Prestige OJC 003. Before Mulligan moved to California and struck it rich with a pianoless quartet, he led the 10-piece band heard on the A side. His compositions, arrangements and baritone sax were extraordinary by 1951 standards, but the recorded sound and balance reduce the impact for today's listener. The B side is a long sextet jam on the blues, notable for the tenor sax of Allen Eager. 3½ stars.

"SONNY ROLLINS." Prestige OJC 011. "SONNY ROLLINS QUARTET." Prestige OJC 007. "THE SOUND OF SONNY." Sonny Rollins. Riverside OJC 029. These three LPs might well be assembled under the generic title "Growth of a Genius." Rollins was 21 when "I Know" was taped as an afterthought on a Miles Davis session—his first-ever record as a leader. (Miles became a sideman, sitting in on piano.) This and two other sessions, one teaming him in 1953 with the Modern Jazz Quartet, make up the first album, in which the 13 tracks are too short for comfort. 3½ stars.

The second album was made in December, 1955, with Ray Bryant, Max Roach and a bassist named George Morrow, whose weak solo is the only flaw in "There Are Such Things," a formidable example of Rollins' mastery of the ballad form. Four stars.

The Riverside set, dating from June 1957, squeezes in nine songs, but most are of reasonable length. Here is Sonny typically grappling with a silly pop tune ("Toot Toot, Tootsie"), Sonny playing unaccompanied ("It Could Happen to You") and tossing in one original ("Cutie"). His control and creativity established him around that time as the most exciting new voice on tenor sax. 4½ stars.

"SONNY STITT." Prestige OJC 009. The names and dates tell it all: Stitt on tenor, J.J. Johnson, trombone, Bud Powell, Max Roach, Curly Russell, 1949 and 1950. These men were seminal forces in bebop, and the leading exponents were at the height of their inspirational powers. John Lewis replaces Powell on one of the three dates. For this time-capsule collection, an unequivocal five stars.

"BILLY TAYLOR TRIO WITH CANDIDO." Prestige OJC 015. Taylor has advanced incalculably as composer, pianist, educator, radio and TV personality, but the Taylor on these September, 1954, sides, even with the help of Candido's bongos and congas, was a neophyte just finding his way in a bebop world. It's all polite and adroit, but short on emotional depth. Two stars.

Taylor also appears as a sideman with Mundell Lowe on "Blues for Tomorrow" (Riverside OJC 030), an odd mishmash of what seem to be leftover cuts from various sessions led by Herbie Mann, Sonny Rollins, Bobby Jaspar, and one after-hour blues led by nobody in particular (Thelonious Monk, whose date it was, had left the studio). Nothing of unforgettable historic moment here. Two stars. □

without at least one Hawkins album. Five stars.

"KELLY BLUE." Wynton Kelly. Riverside OJC 033. Kelly, who died at 39 in 1971, was a pianist whose clarity and exuberance lit up the combos of Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis. He leads a sextet on two cuts here, with Nat Adderley, Benny Golson and the late Bobby Jaspar on flute; the four piano-bass-drums numbers are more conventional. Kelly was a capable writer in the typical combo style of this period (1959), as the sextet's "Keep It Moving" illustrates. 3½ stars.

"CONCORDE." Modern Jazz Quartet. Prestige OJC 002. MILT JACKSON QUARTET. Prestige OJC 001. "Concorde" finds John Lewis teamed with Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Connie Kay for the first time on record; in 1983, 28 years later, the four still reunite frequently. Lewis shaped this into the most accessible and creative chamber jazz combo of the day. The title tune, a mini-fugue, and the Gershwin medley typify the group's unique togetherness. Horace Silver replaces Lewis on the set under Jackson's name (also 1955), but the approach, despite Silver's slightly more assertive articulation, still is remarkably similar. Five stars all around.

"THELONIOUS MONK." Prestige OJC 016. "MONK PLAYS DUKE ELLINGTON." Riverside OJC 024. "BRILLIANT CORNERS." Thelonious Monk. Riverside OJC 026. "MONK WITH JOHN COLTRANE." Jazzland OJC 039. Monk's heterodox, angular piano never changed, but as a writer he had only a few creative years, mainly during his stint (1947-52) with Blue Note Records. On the above albums (products, respectively, of 1953-54, '55, '56 and '57), he is in heavy company: Rollins on the first and third, Coltrane and Hawkins on the fourth. He had already slipped into the habit of recording retreads of earlier triumphs, rarely improving on the originals.

Monk has been likened to Ellington as a pianist, but the resemblance is glancing, and the compatibility of the songs to his keyboard style uneven. The set with Coltrane has a slight edge, though the Blue Note versions of "Ruby My Dear" and "Epistrophy" were preferable. 4½ stars. For the Ellington set, four; for the others, three.

"THE WES MONTGOMERY TRIO." Riverside OJC 034. "THE INCREDIBLE JAZZ GUITAR OF WES MONTGOMERY." OJC 336. "GEORGE SHEARING & THE MONTGOMERY BROTHERS." Jazzland OJC 040. Wes Montgomery (1925-1968) was the guitar phenomenon of 1960 as Charlie Christian had been around 1940.

The first introduces his own 1959 Indianapolis-based trio, with organ and drums; a dull instrumentation to which his solos bring unexpected fervor. Three stars. Next comes a 1960 studio date with Tommy Flanagan at the piano and the Heath brothers, Percy and Tootie, on bass and drums. Wes is a standout and the material is superior. Of the eight tunes, four are originals; "West Coast Blues" is an infectious blues waltz. 4½ stars.

The Shearing date was a spoiled opportunity. Instead of elevating himself to the level of Wes (and his brothers Monk and Buddy Montgomery, who played bass and vibes), he turned the

Please Turn to Page 72

ADDERLEY MEMORIAL CONCERT 4/9

Those empty seats Thursday night at the Wadsworth Theatre (fewer than 400 were occupied) were doubly regrettable. Because this was the seventh annual Cannonball Adderley Memorial concert, organized by UCLA's Center for Afro-American Studies, profits for the scholarship fund were far below expectations. Moreover, despite poor organization and some dull spots, this was a generally satisfying evening of unspectacular, unadulterated jazz.

The best music of the evening came when Nat Adderley's Quintet, playing original music by the pianist, Larry Willis, and by the cornetist-leader, played a set that evoked memories of Cannonball's last pre-electric era. A short suite, notable for the bowed bass of Walter Booker, and a piece showcasing the powerful alto sax of Sonny Fortune, shared honors with the fluid, perfectly constructed solos of Adderley, who also served as a witty announcer.

Jimmy Smith, who has had a monopoly on the "World's Greatest Jazz Organist" title for about 28 years, steered a loosely knit combo through a program comprised mainly of blues at various tempos. Phil Upchurch played admirable guitar; Smith shone on "Old Folks" and Buck Clarke kept a strong conga beat alive.

Red Holloway's tenor sax solos were succinct, well constructed and controlled. Ernie Watts, who followed him, also on tenor, in a take-charge mood, seems determined to play longer and louder than any man in the house. He even took over when the Adderley sidemen returned to join forces with Smith for a conventional closing jam. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

4/20/83

COMBOS, BIG BANDS IN STEPPING STONE

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Jazz for Stepping Stone '83" provided healthy helpings of combo music and big-band jazz Saturday at Lincoln Junior High School auditorium in Santa Monica. The concert was one of a monthly series to benefit the Stepping Stone Youth Crisis Shelter.

Dick Cary and his Dixielanders was the unfortunate misnomer applied to the opening group. To associate these seven versatile, mainstream musicians with echoes of F. Scott Fitzgerald is not unlike calling Weather Report a bebop quintet.

Betty O'Hara continues to defy classification. Singing "Easy Living," playing valve trombone and later trumpet, she topped herself in a duet with Ashley Alexander for which both played double bell euphoniums. They were joined on peckhorn by Cary, who darted around mainly between trumpet and piano. Eddie Miller and Dick Hafer, in a brisk tenor sax duet, rounded out this most digestible set.

Bill Berry, leading his L.A. Big Band, dug deep into the Duke Ellington archives for such half-forgotten works as "Rockabye River" and "Paris Blues." Mel Wanzo employed his plunger trombone technique to "Sonnet for Sister Kate," from the Ellington-Strayhorn Shakespearean suite.

Nothing, in fact, was missing from this sensitive replication of the master except for one case of miscasting: Pianist Ross Tompkins enacted a part logically suited to, say, Jimmy Rowles.

The next concert in this series will be May 21 with Tommy Newsom and some of his "Tonight Show" colleagues, plus a rare appearance by one of the best big bands, Maiden Voyage.

JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

WEATHER REPORT BLOWS UP A STORM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Weather Report stormed on stage Friday night at the Universal Amphitheatre, played without intermission from 8:30 until 10:05, and kept returning for encores during the next 40 minutes. This sonic extravaganza, which must have left audience and performers alike limp with exhaustion, reestablished beyond doubt the quintet's preeminence in its field—or more correctly, its monopoly of a field of one, since no other group in contemporary music is even comparable.

Weather Report is a unique mixture of simplicity—some of the tunes start with long strings of quarter notes or brief, choppy phrases—and the fiery complexity established by five feverishly intense artists.

First seen in public last June with the present personnel, this has developed into the best integrated and most spellbinding of all the groups Zawinul (he is now known simply by the one name) and Wayne Shorter have fronted over the last 12 years. Its sounds are synthesized but never synthetic. At times it is hard to tell one keyboard from another, or an instrumental from a vocal effect (the latter were provided mainly by Zawinul on a vocoder, producing a grating, unpleasant kazoo-like sound).

Though still essentially a high-energy ensemble band with a strong accent on percussion, Weather Report today is a more effective vehicle than ever both for Shorter's saxophones (his born-again tenor, heard frequently, casts an even deeper spell than his soprano) and for the dazzling synthesizer programming of Zawinul.

The drummers, Omar Hakim and Jose Rossi, interact instead of interfering with one another; Rossi doubles on everything from marimba to concertina. With Victor Bailey on bass, the rhythm department outswings any edition of Weather Report within recent memory.

The program took in almost all of the new "Procession" album as well as some new works. Of the several encores, the first inevitably included "Birdland." The second was a stunning duo performance in which Shorter, on soprano, began alone and was soon joined by Zawinul in a breathtaking display of spontaneous creation. It was anticlimactic to follow this with "Where the Moon Goes," which obviously sounded different without Manhattan Transfer, in whose company the combo played it on the new record.

On a scale of 10, Weather Report played at a 9.9 level; blame the decimal point deduction simply on those vocal distortions.

GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Keyboardist Zawinul led Weather Report's sonic excellence Friday at Universal Amphitheatre.

97

4/18

NAT ADDERLEY IS BACK AND L.A. HAS HIM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The good news for jazz students is that Nat Adderley is back. Back in person, on records, even on the road; back at home and abroad, leading his own acoustic and hard-driving quintet.

Of course, he was never really away, but for a long while after his brother Julian (Cannonball) Adderley died in 1975 and his group disbanded, the saxophonist's cornet-playing cadet was in a semi-limbo, due mainly to to his absence from New York and the recording world.

Currently he is in Los Angeles, working a few concerts and club jobs (tonight, the group will play Pasquale's in Malibu), and plugging his new album.

"It's an ideal situation for me," said Adderley during a conversation over a Thai dinner in Hollywood. "I'm with a small jazz company run by a research scientist who just loves jazz. It's in the grand tradition of the little labels.

"I started my band 2½ years ago, and tried to deal with a major label, which shall remain nameless. In those companies you're told what to do and shown how to play by a producer. Well, what I want to play has nothing to do with producers. They were looking at the Chuck Mangione syndrome. We actually did begin recording one album, with an arranger and a producer and all that; but I just couldn't do it—we didn't get past the first tune."

Adderley's invisibility on the forefront of the jazz scene has been due in large measure to his long residencies at home in Florida (he lives at Lakeland, between Tampa and Orlando) and a series of overseas jaunts. He toured Japan with trombonist J. J. Johnson, took a group to Australia for a month and last year to England under what he describes as "very weird circumstances."

The cycle began when Art Pepper, the saxophonist, died last June. "Art was supposed to play at the Kool Jazz Festival in New York. George Wein had my group working at one of the other concerts. He asked me if I'd allow my rhythm section to play with Sonny Stitt, who came in to replace Art. So they played the gig with Sonny. A couple of weeks later I had a call from England. A promoter wanted me to go over there for a tour to replace Sonny Stitt, who had just died!

"Superstition got to me and I said no; but we finally did go, and it went well—in fact, we'll be back in Europe this year. Probably Japan too, because some Japanese promoters liked what they heard when we played New York."

The Australian tour was a unique experience. "We did nine concerts, but spent almost a week doing high school seminars. They were busing in these kids at noon, filling a whole auditorium. Yes, they really teach our music in Australian elementary and high schools, and the kids are surprisingly erudite. It's ironic that here in America we study European classical music.

"With that in mind, I went to the City Council in Lakeland, where I was given a grant to set up a little art school and give our kids a chance to learn about our music. I don't get paid, but when I'm home it gives me something rewarding and fulfilling to do."

BOB CHAMBERLIN / Los Angeles Times

Nat Adderley: "I don't think (my brother) ever received the respect he deserved; he was tainted with the stigma of commercial success."

If Adderley can afford to take substantial time off, his success as a composer is largely responsible. Of the dozens of original works he wrote for the old Cannonball Adderley Quintet, the best known by far is "Work Song," of which there are at least 180 different recorded versions. He writes less nowadays, because, as he says: "Everyone in my band is a writer, and I want it to sound diversified rather than highly stylized, as it would if we played only my pieces."

Over the years since he first came to the spotlight, Adderley has watched with perceptive interest the rise of newcomers and, in his view, the fall of others in the trumpet world. Of the 21-year-old Wynton Marsalis, he says: "I have never heard a trumpet player with better instrumental technique."

His views on Miles Davis, one of his original idols, have changed sharply. "I always admired Miles as a creative player with a distinctive sound; his superlative identity lay in what he played and in the whole conception underlying it. What he has done in recent years is erase his own identity. He no longer has the sound of Miles, he doesn't approach music in the same creative sense, so I see no reason to continue to hold in esteem a man who refuses to do what he can do better than anyone else.

"I don't believe in saying negative things about other musicians, but Miles makes outlandish statements about what other people are playing. If he doesn't want people to talk about him, then he should quit criticizing everybody else; I have made up my mind to tell the truth. And the truth is that on the Grammy Awards program, there was Miles playing the piano with one hand and the trumpet with the other, and he wasn't saying a damn thing with either one."

If Nat Adderley is satisfied with the course his career is now taking, Nat Adderley Jr. can be ecstatic. Born in 1955, extensively educated at Juilliard and the Manhattan School of Music, the younger Nat is now outstripping his father by far in terms of commercial success. As musical director for the Mandrells and partner in a production company, he has enjoyed an extremely lucrative association with Luther Vandross (two albums were million-sellers), and has worked on similarly grand projects in the pop world with Aretha Franklin, Dionne Warwick and Angela Bofill.

Clearly that sort of musical life would not satisfy the senior Nat, regardless of the financial rewards. At present he is content simply to have his own combo and to be in demand for dates at home and abroad.

Not coincidentally, Adderley's sidemen, with the obvious exception of the saxophonist (Sonny Fortune), all are former members of groups led by his brother. Drummer Jimmy Cobb toured with Cannonball and Nat in 1957, bassist Walter Booker was a bastion of the later Cannonball Quintet during its final seven years, and pianist Larry Willis worked with the same combo briefly in 1971.

Mention of Nat's brother led to a perhaps inevitable and sensitive question: Has anyone come close to taking Julian's place, either as musician or personality?

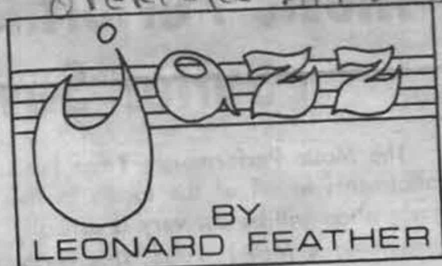
"First of all," said Nat, "I don't think Julian ever received the respect he deserved; he was tainted with the stigma of commercial success. Too many writers didn't listen to the music he created; they were worried about the fact that he had a hit record.

"The fact is that Julian was a complete originator. Last year, when I was doing a clinic at Florida State University, a sax teacher showed me something I had never realized. He had all these solos of Julian's transcribed in a book, and he pointed out to me that during an entire album, Julian never once repeated himself. Even Charlie Parker and John Coltrane played licks that they repeated, but Julian approached everything differently.

"Julian was not thought of as one of the great innovators like Parker or Coltrane; he did not formulate a particular style in the sense that they did. But he was a totally creative player; and as for his ability to communicate with an audience, I've never heard anyone in our business with a command of the English language such as he had."

Nat's evaluation of his brother's place in history requires only one amplification: If anyone has approached Cannonball's level of eloquence, either as performer or spokesman, it is Nathaniel Adderley himself.□

OVERTURE APRIL '83



Ellington's Music Commemorated? Or Desecrated?

Is Duke Ellington's mighty contribution to the music of this century being commemorated? Or simply desecrated?

The question crossed my mind last month while I watched, on KCET, a

series of long pledge breaks surrounded by "Ellington: The Music Lives On," a two-hour alleged tribute to an artist I have admired since my childhood.

Of course, it wasn't all bad. Cicely Tyson was a gracious hostess; a few of the vocals, particularly Patti Labelle's *Come Sunday* and Karen Akers' *Solitude*, came off well. But the moments that haunt me are Tammy Grimes' incredibly inept *Sophisticated Lady*, and a male singer whose name conveniently escapes me, doing *Satin Doll* — Duke's (or Strayhorn's) least important song, Johnny Mercer's only bad lyric, with a mediocre male vocalist to boot. Even on a network show these and other numbers would have been inexcusable, but on Public TV, supposedly aimed at artistic targets, they were a disgrace.

Instrumental Masterworks

The real trouble is that Ellington more and more is recalled as a writer of popular songs, rather than as the composer of instrumental masterworks: *Black, Brown & Beige, The Liberian Suite, Afro-Eurasian Eclipse*, and dozens more. Ellington was the Stravinsky of jazz, not its Michael Jackson. Why doesn't some oil company or bank come up with the grant money for *that* kind of an Ellington program?

Trivilization NOT Irreversible

The trivilization of Ellington's memory is NOT irreversible. Among those who are concerned with the preservation of Duke's most significant legacy are Mercer Ellington, who has kept the orchestra going for these past nine years; Cress Courtney, longtime manager of the orchestra; and George Wein, under whose auspices a "Black, Brown & Beige" concert with Mercer, the orchestra and others, will be presented in late June as part of the Kool Jazz Festival in New York. Perhaps, after all, there is hope.

OVERTURE APRIL '83

'Love-In for Dolo'

"Spoon" listens as Boots Robinson blows alto. Emcee and jazz critic Leonard Feather comps at the piano with Ted Hawk (drums).

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JAZZ REVIEW

LOVE AND PEACE'S COLTRANE MEMORIES

By LEONARD FEATHER

Elvin Jones was resplendent in a fire-engine red jacket and ruffled white shirt. McCoy Tyner, conservatively clothed, was an articulate speaker who actually told the audience audibly what composition it was hearing.

For these extramusical elements, the reunion Wednesday at Concerts by the Sea was mildly noteworthy. For nostalgiaphiles, it was more significant that almost two decades had elapsed since the drummer and pianist constituted half of the seminal John Coltrane Quartet. The other two members (Coltrane and Jimmy Garrison), having left us, were replaced by Pat LaBarbara and bassist Richard Davis. The group is now billed as Love and Peace.

Love was more in evidence than peace. The opener, "E.J.'s Blues," was a high-energy, high-technique explosion. LaBarbara's tenor sax is still cast clearly in the Coltrane mold and Tyner continues to breathe fire with the swirling density of his chording.

LaBarbara departed, allowing Tyner, Jones and Davis to devote 10 minutes to "Manha de Carnaval," again with thick chunks of keyboard sound somewhat muddied by overamplification.

LaBarbara returned to switch the mood with "It's Easy to Remember." This 1935 Rodgers and Hart song, recorded by Coltrane, Tyner and Jones in 1961, provided a calming contrast after the preceding storms of intensity.

Finally, a traditional Japanese folk song afforded Jones a chance to work out with his perennially awesome power, but LaBarbara, now on soprano sax with a thin, oboelike sound, blew his way to the borders of boredom.

This summit meeting will remain through Saturday. "A Love Supreme" it isn't, and no giant steps were taken. What was offered Wednesday was essentially a reminder that the echoes of the Coltrane Quartet die hard.

L.A. TIMES 4/23/83

A BIG PIANIST IN A SMALL PACKAGE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The biggest new talent in piano jazz this year will also turn out to have been the smallest.

Big, because he brings to his keyboard artistry the harmonic subtlety of a Bill Evans melded with the rhythmic dynamism of a McCoy Tyner, and has created from these and other elements a style of his own.

Small, because Michel Petrucciani, who was 20 years old last Dec. 28, stands all of three feet tall and weighs 50

JAZZ

pounds. He is the embodiment of what is known in Latin as *multum in parvo.*

Nothing about Petrucciani seems entirely believable. A couple of years ago, he knew scarcely a word of English except for a well-known two-word obscenity. Today he speaks not only fluently, but fast, in a high-pitched voice, with a scattering of colloquialisms that add a delightful spice to any conversation.

In a conventional family situation, well known to movie screenplay writers, the father is a classical musician who is horrified when his son turns to jazz. Petrucciani's case was a little different: His father is a jazz musician; however, he wanted the son to become a classical soloist.

"It's a weird story, man," said Michel Petrucciani as we sat in his dressing room at Pasquale's in Malibu. (He will perform there again Friday and Saturday, before moving into Sherman Oaks to work next Sunday and May 2 at Le Cafe.) "When I was a kid, I listened to jazz all the time. My father plays jazz guitar, so I heard Wes Montgomery, Tal Farlow, Kenny Burrell on records." He also plays piano and had plenty of albums by Bill Evans, Oscar Peterson, Bud Powell and, of course, Thelonious Monk.

Because of his name, it has sometimes been assumed that Petrucciani is Italian. "My father was born in France and now lives there in Toulon." But his father was Sicilian. He was a tailor and didn't like it, so he just took a walk, literally, all the way north to the border and into France.

"I was born in Orange, France, but I lived for 10 years in Montelimar, near Avignon. I studied classical music there for seven years, but we also had a family band with my father on piano, my brother on bass, and I played drums, just for fun.

"I finally decided to quit classical music. I told my father, 'Listen, man, I wanna stop studying this stuff because the people in it are too pretentious; their hearts are not into it, and it's really music for the bourgeoisie.' He told me, 'No way are you going to stop it,' and I said, 'No way will I continue.' So when my teacher came around, I told her off. My father got really mad, but what the hell, people like Mozart and Beethoven and those guys, they were jazzmen in the sense that they improvised, so I just wanted to improvise too."

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times

Michel Petrucciani at Pasquale's: He likes the way things are going.

Discussing his physical condition, Petrucciani is so disarmingly casual that the listener has trouble discerning the underlying courage. "Oh, yeah, I was born this way—it's a very rare disease which people call 'glass bones.' I was born without any calcium in my bones; this stopped my growth and made everything extremely brittle. But my hands are normal, and for the last three years I've slowly been getting better."

Gabreal Franklin, Petrucciani's manager, is a little less cursory. "The medical name for Michel's condition is osteogenesis imperfecta. Growing up, he had about 160 breaks of one bone or another. By 'getting well,' he means that in three years he's only had about five fractures. It's still important not to hug him or squeeze his hands too hard."

Does he have difficulty getting around? "Not really," says Michel with a shrug. "I can walk fast with the help of my sticks, and my wife carries me a lot. We're celebrating our first anniversary April 30."

The two met in Big Sur, where Petrucciani has lived since his fortuitous move to the United States. "I had this good friend, Tox Drohar, a drummer, who played with us and our traveling trio for a few years. When he moved back to America, he kept telling me I had to come

Please Turn to Page 64

4/24

Analyze or personalize: the best notes

JELLY ROLL, JABBO AND FATS:
NINETEEN PORTRAITS IN JAZZ
by Whitney Balliett
(Oxford: $16.95; 224 pp.)

In a chapter on pianist Ellis Larkins in his new book, Whitney Balliett describes the ideal piano accompaniment by a singer as "an indispensable second voice." "Jelly Roll, Jabbo and Fats" shows once again that Balliett is himself the ideal accompanist to jazz. His writings in the New Yorker have for a long period of time, and with undiminished invention and accuracy, provided for the best American music an indispensable second voice.

This, his 11th collection of jazz writings, is bound to please the reader who hasn't yet come to care for jazz, and sure to deepen the delight of the already convinced. For in this loose history of the music, in a series of 19 portraits of jazz musicians, Balliett tells informative, stirring, poignant, funny, acute and respectful stories of the people who make a magnificent music.

Reviewed by Robert Dawidoff

Something about jazz lames most writing about it. You can find out many things from jazz writing, but you seldom find the music itself or anything to enhance the stories this storytelling music has told. Criticism has mostly promulgated academic historical and musicological explanation or made a profession of being an aficionado of the music and the hip style or cultural politics it crystallizes.

Balliett's first chapter, on the serious French jazz critics Hugues Panassie and Charles Delaunay, delicately explores the nature of jazz writing. He shows how these intellectual Frenchmen came to care for jazz, to study and to foster it, and how Panassie fell victim to a stubborn, limited view of it, while Delaunay did not. Balliett knows that jazz seduces and can ever beggar the intellect; he accepts the implied challenge to do better himself.

Balliett's subjects in this book include: Jelly Roll Morton, Sidney Bechet, three New York drummers (Tommy Benford, Freddie Moore, Sonny Greer), Jabbo Smith, Doc Cheatham, Fats Waller, Dick Wellstood, Vic Dickenson, Lester Young, Ellis Larkins, Erroll Garner, Dave McKenna, Michael Moore, Lee Konitz and Ornette Coleman. That is to say, his subjects make a history, several histories, of jazz. They also represent a fair sampling of instruments and styles.

The lineage of jazz is traced in several ways, one of them a close attention to a variety of jazz teachers. Freaks of genius get equal play with the uses of tradition. Although Balliett has his own particular enthusiasms, they are suggested rather than enforced; he has favorites but doesn't play them. Black and white players of this Afro-American music have their due. Obscure and famous, survivors and casualties, good natured and evil tempered, the flamboyant and the withdrawn, reading and non-reading, self-conscious and informal, hot, businesslike, messianic and cool, the human beings are here. The complexity of musicians, no less than the complexity of music, makes Balliett's subject.

Few people write as well about anything as Balliett writes about jazz. He has his style down. It is sometimes mannered (as he says of trombone player Vic Dickenson: "Like all great lyrical workers, he sometimes slides into a slough in which he depends on patterns—his triplets, growls and smears—that he has long since perfected . . . but he also manages to surprise you in almost every solo . . .") but always refreshed by his uncluttered love for the music. Balliett has the authority of his ear, as generous as it is keen.

Balliett has also developed a style that incorporates the beauties he finds in and about jazz. Writing about Fats Waller, he quotes at length from Eudora Welty's descriptions of Waller in her story "Powerhouse." Her memorable writing and his keep happy company. He knows how to choose the very word: *supernal* for Louis Armstrong—once you look it up, it sticks. Balliett has learned the vocabularies of jazz, the dialects of musicians, fans and critics alike and suspended them; they float in his style, each speaking a piece of the story in proper lingo.

Balliett follows the bass player Michael Moore's father's advice: "You know the right notes, now learn the best notes." Witness Balliett on Sidney Bechet: "As an improviser, Bechet used the chords of a song but also followed the melody, which kept reappearing, like sunlight on a forest floor."

A Balliett portrait will include an ingenious and deceptively simple opening, sometimes finding the subject in the middle of performing, sometimes introducing him with courteous ceremony, sometimes just starting: "Very little about the tenor saxophonist Lester Young was unoriginal." Then there are the Balliett lists, long entrancing lists of names, all exemplifying a certain style or standard, some well known and others tantalizingly new.

Balliett also estimates the nature and importance of his subject, his records and his luck. He writes about the person, paying careful attention to his style, dress, manner, appetites, how he has aged, what he is like to be with, especially how he talks, what he says, his voice, his stories. Each personal foray is really a foray into the music, because Balliett figures the music is in the musicians.

In his fascinating essay on Jabbo Smith, the great trumpet player whose early success was followed by decades of obscurity, Balliett describes Smith's style, comparing it to the dominant style of Louis Armstrong, who was "lyrical and poetic; he tacked along in the sun behind the beat, and he created arching supernal melodies. He was able to say beautifully everything he had in his mind." In contrast, "Smith's style was never completely balanced. He kept poking at his technical boundaries, playing high notes and wild intervals and 32nd-note runs that had never been played before." In New York, Smith's playing had been "sly and sinuous and lyrical. . . . He preferred the silver forests around high C, and his high notes, almost all of them quick and glancing, gave his playing a subtle urgency." Armstrong was impossible to beat and hard to overcome, but Balliett restores a great musician to the conditions, enabling and defeating, of his creativity. Without what he calls the "Freudian two-stop," he prompts the reader to ponder curious twists of artistic fate in a serious and undogmatic way.

A world of connections opens out from this book. The details create each portrait, tell each story and linger, thriving in the spidery air people breathe into one another's lives, the atmosphere of human history. The stories Balliett tells with such art enhance the music. Like Ellis Larkins accompanying a singer, Balliett works his faultless, feeling way: "He embraces the singer without touching him and leads without pointing."

Dawidoff teaches at the Claremont Graduate School.

Illustration by Sandra Dionisi

Improvise or collectivize: the odd combo

RED AND HOT: THE FATE OF JAZZ
IN THE SOVIET UNION, 1917-1980
by S. Frederick Starr
(Oxford: $16.95; 368 pp., illustrated)

One would not have suspected that jazz had ever flourished in the Soviet Union long enough to provide a pamphlet, let alone this painstakingly researched volume, by a sociologist who speaks fluent Russian, plays fluent clarinet (a co-founder of Louisiana Repertory Jazz Ensemble) and is newly named president of Oberlin College.

The incompatibility of jazz, with its essential freedom of expression, and totalitarianism of the left or right has long been a fact of life. As Starr points out, a quoted diatribe by Joseph Goebbels on the ugliness of jazz could as easily have been written for Izvestia.

Yet the Soviet authorities have blown hot and cold, variously attacking the music as a product of decadent Western culture and then establishing a State Jazz Orchestra of the U.S.S.R.

In deciding (on alternate Thursdays)

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

that jazz was true proletarian music, the Soviets had support from American leftists. Starr quotes Charles Edward Smith, of the Daily Worker, who contrasted legitimate jazz with a popular music Smith claimed "was brought out to hoodwink the masses and divert them from revolutionary class struggles."

Another contradiction involved Soviet anti-Semitism and the predominance of Jews among the most successful jazzmen in the U.S.S.R., including Leonid Utesov; Alexander Tsfasman, a pianist whose band enjoyed a resounding success in the 1930s, and Eddie Rosner, whom Louis Armstrong met in Italy and dubbed "the white Armstrong."

These and others were lucky for a while, but none could feel totally safe. During the purges a number of jazzmen vanished into Stalin's forced labor camps or were shot; Vera Dneprova, leader of an all-female jazz band in Moscow, was arrested without explanation and sentenced to 10 years at hard labor.

Starr traces frustrating difficulties for Soviet musicians trying to gain access to instruments, printed music, records and broadcasts. My "Jazz Club U.S.A." programs for the Voice of America, followed by Willis Conover's perennial and vastly influential "Music U.S.A.," helped them keep up with events. There was a trickle of Soviet jazz literature, some unofficial and much of it censored. Only during the Khrushchev years did hot-and-cold-war conditions improve.

Starr fails to discuss at length successful visits to the U.S.S.R. by, among others, Duke Ellington, Earl Hines, the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band. Only the 1962 Benny Goodman tour and Charles Lloyd's less official 1967 Estonia visit are given more than passing mention.

Soviet ideology and Marxist theory to the contrary, jazz, it seems, can always pierce holes in the Iron Curtain. The sacrifices made in its name by citizens of the U.S.S.R. are the basis for this unique and valuable document, one that says even more about the society it deals with than about the music itself.

Feather is The Times' jazz critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

RETURN TO FOREVER MAKES ITS RETURN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Financial notes: Chick Corea was solidly sold out for both Friday and Saturday at the Universal Amphitheatre, where the quartet known as Return to Forever was reunited after seven heart-wrenching years apart.

Musical notes: Seldom has so much talent been put to so little use. Here were four skilled artists who have displayed dazzling abilities in other contexts, now catering to the lowest instincts of a rowdy, at times semi-hysterical audience, at a volume level close to the threshold of pain.

This, of course, was in no way a revival of the original 1971 Return to Forever, whose members included Airto and Flora Purim, one of whose most engaging songs was "Light as a Feather." Quite the contrary: This was the mid-1970s incarnation, with Corea on his artillery of keyboards, Lennie White on drums, Stanley Clarke on bass and Al di Meola on guitar; their theme song, had they chosen to write one, could have been called "Subtle as a Steamroller."

Corea's overall track record is estimable. One need only think back to his recent trio album on ECM, his superlative "Three Quartet" set on Warner Bros., his two-piano tours with Herbie Hancock or even the conventional but agreeable Griffith Park Collection, to be aware of his scope and versatility. As his renewed Return to Forever churned its egregious way through "Overture," "Caprice," "Prelude" and "Phantom," it was hard to accept that this was the same musician. Nor was it easy to believe that they could hear one another, spread dozens of feet apart across the stage.

There was surcease 45 minutes into the show when Corea said, "Now we'd like to play some acoustic music." But how acoustic was Stanley Clarke's heavily amplified upright bass? At least Corea played, in "No Mystery" and "Romantic Warrior," some distinguishable and distinctive piano, and Di Meola renounced his relentless barrages of electrified 16th notes in favor of a few meaningful observations on acoustic guitar.

After which, the deluge once again. If the reaction Corea earned Friday night could be accorded to his more sensitive ventures, this would have been an encouraging evening instead of a depressing experience, as low on creativity as it was high on decibels.

JAZZ REVIEW 4/30

TIME TUNNEL SURFACES AT VINE STREET GRILL

"We don't think these songs are old-fashioned," said Miriam Cutler at one point Wednesday evening at the Vine Street Bar and Grill. She and her vocal and instrumental group, Swingstreet, had just boogied their way through Louis Jordan's "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie."

Her comment was made innocently and with apparent conviction. In this respect, Swingstreet is remarkable: Its material, much of which seemed ephemeral decades ago, is presented with an antic innocence that suggests we have been taken back through a time tunnel.

Aside from two originals by Cutler, the songs constituted a mildly diverting trip through the 1930s and '40s. "How High the Moon" was sung a cappella. Jimbo Ross showed his considerable solo prowess in a floating viola chorus on "After You've Gone," strong enough to justify forgiving him his vocal.

A readjustment of priorities, to remind us that the swing era also produced hundreds of masterpieces by Gershwin, Porter, Ellington and John Green, would provide a welcome balance for the Cutler class of '83. The show closes tonight. —LEONARD FEATHER

102

JAZZ

ZAWINUL, SHORTER SOUND THE FUTURE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Most weather reports change daily. In the world governed by Josef Zawinul and Wayne Shorter, meteorological shifts occur only every two or three years. A significant upheaval took place last year when the co-leaders of this pre-eminent quintet took to the stage with a group that was, but for themselves, entirely new.

The latest Weather Report, according to audiences and reviewers in recent months, is the most galvanic and creative of them all. The other day, relaxing after completion of several weeks on the road, Shorter and Zawinul took stock of their new, improved product.

As always, Zawinul (who in the past couple of years has used only one name, thus aligning himself with Liberace and Hildegarde) was responsible for 90% of the talking, his accent and speech patterns a delightful mixture of his native Vienna and sprinklings of jazz/black-talk slang. Shorter, his voice softer and opinions laid-back in tone yet strong in conviction, spoke first only because his partner had not yet arrived.

"The new musicians embody the elements of two generations," Shorter said. "Our drummer, Omar Hakim, often talks about his father, who played trombone in Dizzy Gillespie's big band in the 1940s. When Omar studied, his father would cheer him on, getting that drive out of him that he heard in Diz's band. That's why the culture Omar came up in enables him to combine today's complex rhythms with that straight-ahead 4/4 swing. Our other percussionist, Jose Rossy, from Puerto Rico, brings a special brand of musicianship: You can put a whole bunch of notes in front of him and he'll read everything, then memorize it in a flash."

Zawinul, walking in at that moment, added: "These kids grew up with our music. They've been out there with the electronics since they were children. Remember, when Weather Report started and our first album came out in 1971, Omar and our new bassist, Victor Bailey, were 11, and Jose was 16. They relate to the end of that previous pre-electronic period; they're part of that evolutionary generation of kids born in the late 1950s and early '60s.

"Victor, like Omar, is a second-generation musician; he's a nephew of Donald Bailey, a great drummer who's played with everyone from Jimmy Smith to Freddie Hubbard, and his father, Morris, who played tenor sax and drums, was responsible for a great deal of that Philadelphia R&B sound. So Omar and Victor have the enthusiasm for today's ideas and a respect for what went before.

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Weather Report co-leaders Josef Zawinul, left, and Wayne Shorter.

"The Bailey family is multitalented. Donald is a great harmonica player; I want him to do a solo guest-star thing with us." (The blend is not as unlikely as it might seem; Jose Rossy doubles in this band on the no-less-improbable concertina.)

A strong force for unity and creativity on the present combo, Zawinul said, will be its members' accessibility to one another. "We've never had a band all living in the same place. I'm still in Pasadena, Wayne's in Studio City, Rossy lives out here too, and Omar and Victor are just about to move here. Now you're going to hear a band, my friend! We can meet and rehearse two or three times a week—and I mean all the time, not just before we go out on tour."

"Being close together," Shorter said, "will give us a chance to know and understand one another better. The other evening, backstage, I heard Omar play a song he's working on for Roberta Flack. Right there I found out something new about him. He's an amazingly talented player, singer, composer, plays guitar, and listens all day long to all kinds of music."

Among the limitless brands of music purveyed by Weather Report are some unprecedented effects transmitted by Zawinul via the emulator, which he views as a digital supersynthesizer. "My emulator has every sound imaginable stored in it. I even have Wayne's sound in it, more perfect than he can play it himself. You know how the tone of a tenor sax changes when you get down to the bottom register? Man, on this thing you get the most consistent sax sound you ever heard.

"I didn't have a piano onstage last night, because I have that exact sound in the emulator, digitalized precisely like the piano. And I have my own little *kalimbas* and homemade instruments in that marvelous storehouse of sounds. I get sounds like nobody else has; I don't like no standardized stuff."

Given his vast battery of keyboards and synthesizers and emulator, it would seem logical for him to prove his self-sufficiency by taping a solo LP. He concurs: "The last one I made was in 1969; it's about time. I have six tunes ready to record.

"You know what else we want to do? Play concerts with just the two of us. I would love to have just Wayne and me play the opening for the Olympics."

Shorter said, "I'll have to get out my violin books—I use violin books to improve my saxophone proficiency. I gotta be like a violin, because if I don't keep up my proficiency, I'll just keep telling the same story over and over. I want to be ready and have it all together for our duet adventure."

Still another project envisioned by Shorter is an album with a group of his own. During the 1960s a superb series of LPs, often with a Brazilian flavor, appeared under his name on Blue Note.

"I want to make one album writing my own tunes and arrangements, and then do one with Milton Nascimento, using his songs. He's doing something different now that sounds entirely international rather than just Brazilian."

The sounds limned by Shorter and Zawinul, separately or as twin generators of a unique ensemble, owe little to any other idiom. They are too powerfully themselves to reflect any outside influence, nor do they influence others extensively, since what they distill is literally inimitable.

"You know what really bugs me?" Zawinul said. "Jazz disc jockeys playing these dumb records where a horn blows a melody, then everyone takes a chorus, then they trade fours and go back to the melody—it's that same stale formula. I am a jazz musician; I love jazz as much as anything else in the world, but I have to turn that stuff off, because it bores me to death."

Having heard this sample of Zawinul in the role of critic, I asked how he himself felt as the object of criticism.

"I'm not bothered by it either way. If you start believing in reviews, good or bad, you will be influenced and can't be yourself. You'll be like Floyd Patterson, who started believing he had a glass jaw, and after that he just kept getting knocked out. Sure, a good review makes me happy, but I don't take it all that seriously.

"When I was with Art Blakey in the early '60s," Shorter said, "he used to tell me, 'Don't let 'em throw you! Just be ready for that stuff!' Then while I was with Miles Davis, John Coltrane died, and the reviewers used to write things about here comes the young Coltrane. It was a concern, but I didn't let it bother me the way some people thought it might."

Zawinul said, "The only thing that makes me real mad is if something is printed that's inaccurate. Like one time Down Beat called us an offspring of the Miles Davis group." (He is right. If anything, Shorter and Zawinul were an input rather than an offspring. They composed the title tunes for Davis' albums "Nefertiti" and "In a Silent Way," respectively; both men took part as composers and players in the seminal "Bitches Brew" album.) "When somebody implies that we are nothing but a cheap offshoot," Zawinul said, "then I want to knock that somebody out. Beyond that, however, an opinion is just an opinion."

What lies ahead for Weather Report? Among other recording ventures they are working on a second collaboration with Manhattan Transfer on the standard tune "Easy Living." They have lined up extensive tours of Europe during which, on their first visit in 2½ years, they will introduce the Continent to their new young sidemen. They will make their first-ever visit to Israel in June, and predictably there will be a return to Japan.

Their reputation precedes them. Readers of the European magazine Jazz Forum and Japan's Swing Journal have repeatedly voted them the world's No. 1 small group.

"This is our life; whatever else we are into, Weather Report is our story," Zawinul said. "We want to be around with this band longer than anyone. We just want to build it and build it and build it and keep seeing what happens—and never get stuck in a rut.

"A year or two ago our manager said to me, 'Why don't you write another "Birdland"?' Man, that was a real spiritual turnoff. By the way, he is no longer our manager." □

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103

Jazz Pianists, Part 1

FOR THE RECORD

Six Greats Discuss The Recordings That Meant The Most To Them

By Leonard Feather

MANY YEARS AGO, in a long defunct magazine called *Metronome*, I initiated a series of articles in which musicians were called on to offer their opinions of various recordings played for them during an interview. Because they were given no information about the records they were to hear, these articles, later continued in *Downbeat*, were known as the Blindfold Test.

The main purpose behind these features has always been to elicit the honest views of the performers themselves, since it has always been my conviction that they are better qualified to pass judgment than most critics, particularly those critics who have no musical qualifications. The articles produced many memorable quotes by everyone from Duke Ellington to Miles Davis.

Jazz Pianists For The Record, my new bimonthly series for *Keyboard*, will be based on the same essential assumption: that the opinions of the musicians themselves should be given great weight, and that knowing which recordings are meaningful to them not only will tell us a great deal about their views, but also will provide a valuable guide to those who read them.

In explaining this project to the participants, I made the following points clear: They were free to choose their favorite four or five records, or records that had influenced them the most; they could select either single tunes or albums; and they need not confine themselves to piano recordings. As it turned out, at least for the first set of answers in this series, there was a somewhat surprisingly high proportion of non-piano items among the selections.

The respondents sometimes had difficulty in pinning down a specific performance, preferring to point to an artist's entire oeuvre; in such instances I made no attempt to persuade them to be more specific.

Dave Brubeck

Dave Brubeck's reply reflected the length and depth of his jazz roots. Although his public image basically remains associated with the jazz quartet with which he established himself as a world figure from 1951 through its demise in 1967, Brubeck obviously is a composer with a broad range of credits. For the past 20 years he has been deeply concerned with writing extended concert works: cantatas such as *The Gates Of Justice*, *Truth Is Fallen*, and *Song Of Bethlehem*; an oratorio, *The Light In The Wilderness*; and a work he characterizes as an ethnic panoramic tone poem, *They All Sang Yankee Doodle*, performed in 1975 by the New Haven Symphony and, a little later, with the composer at the piano, by the Dallas Symphony.

Brubeck delighted jazz fans with a musical show, *The New Ambassadors*, written in collaboration with his lyricist wife Iola Brubeck. Although the entire show never reached Broadway as he had hoped, excerpts were performed in 1961 at the Monterey Jazz Festival and recorded for Columbia, with a cast that included Louis Armstrong, Carmen McRae, and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross.

"I was probably not yet in my teens," Brubeck recalls, "when I heard Bob Skinner, a young Bay Area pianist and childhood friend, reading the music of Bix Beiderbecke's 'In A Mist,' probably transcribed from Bix's piano solo recording. This was the most harmonically advanced piece I had heard in jazz. Later I heard the record, [now on *Jazz Piano Anthology*, Columbia, PG-32355], which I feel helped influence the whole harmonic direction jazz was to take."

Brubeck was in his late teens when he was first exposed to the sound of Art Tatum. "I particularly remember 'Tiger Rag,' 'Lullaby Of The Leaves,' 'Humoresque,' 'Tea For Two' [all on *Art Tatum Masterpieces*, MCA, 2-4019], and 'Aunt Hagar's Blues' [on *Solo Masterpieces, Vol. 4*, Pablo, 2310789]. They still stand out as the most awesome examples of jazz piano I have ever heard. There were many fine Tatum records in later years, but nothing ever quite surpasses the first hearing of genius.

"The Duke Ellington orchestra of the late 1930s and early '40s was most influential on me, with such compositions as 'Jack The Bear' [on *Duke Ellington — Carnegie Hall*, Prestige (dist. by Fantasy), 34004], 'Warm Valley' [*Best Of Duke Ellington*, Capitol, N-16172], 'Jumpin' Punkins' [*Carnegie Hall*], 'Cotton Tail' [*This Is Duke Ellington*, RCA, VPM-6042], 'Blue Serge' [*Carnegie Hall Concerts*, Prestige, 24075], 'The Flaming Sword' [out of print], and 'Conga Brava' [out of print]. Of course, I first heard them as 78s, but they were later released on some of Duke's RCA LPs."

Jelly Roll Morton's "New Orleans Joys" [on *Jelly Roll Morton Plays Jelly Roll*, Olympic (dist. by Everest, 2020 Ave. Of The Stars, Concourse Level, Century City, CA 90067), 7131] demonstrated, for Brubeck, "the art of playing behind the beat, and a freedom within the beat that seemed to set the stage for another of my favorite pianists, Erroll Garner. It was hard for me to choose between Jelly Roll and Fats Waller, because the very first record I ever bought was Fats' 'There's Honey On The Moon Tonight' and 'Let's Be Fair And Square In Love' [out of print]. That was around 1934, and I've loved Fats ever since."

Brubeck's final choice was a recording of the Denis-Roosevelt expedition into the Belgian Congo [out of print]. "This was the first ethno-musicological type of field recording I'd ever heard," he remembers. "The album opened the gates for exploration into polyrhythms and the vast musical resources of Africa, India, the Middle East, and Eastern Europe. It said in so many beats that most early jazz had not reached back far enough into its complicated rhythmic roots."

Anthony Davis

Anthony Davis, currently one of the most discussed and widely admired composer/pianists on the New York scene, is of a younger generation than Brubeck; their choices overlapped only once. Born in 1951 in Patterson, New Jersey, Davis, like Brubeck, went through a period of extensive classical studies. It was while he was a music major at Yale that Davis started to experiment with improvised music. Since 1977 he has been working in New York, recording a series of original works that reflect his philosophy.

"I think of my music as an extension of classical music," he explains. "It is primarily of a compositional nature. It limits me to be labelled as a jazz musician. I believe my heritage from such artists as Ellington and [bassist] Charles Mingus is important. But what I am doing would be better classified as creative music rather than jazz."

Davis' first selections: "It was the New

Leonard Feather is the author of the monumental Encyclopedia Of Jazz *series, the book* Inside Bebop, *and many magazine articles and columns. Among his other credits are stints as radio commentator, lecturer, adviser to jazz festivals, and arranger, lyricist, and composer of jazz tunes. His contributions to* Keyboard *include an article on big band jazz pianists (May/June '76) and remembrances of Duke Ellington (Nov. '78), Stan Kenton (Nov. '79), and Bill Evans (Dec. '80).*

104

JAZZ REVIEW

LOYALISTS CATCH PHIL WOODS QUARTET

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is all too typical of the Los Angeles jazz club situation that an artist of the rare caliber of Phil Woods can pass through town, almost unnoticed by everyone but for the couple of hundred observant loyalists who turned up Friday to catch his quartet in a one-night stand at Hop Singh's.

Except that Hal Galper replaced Mike Melillo at the piano a year or two back, this is the same group Woods has been fronting since February, 1974. Galper, like his predecessor, is an incisive section mate and a thoughtful, creative soloist; there were hints of Thelonious Monk's quirky intervals in his solo number, "Just a Gigolo."

Woods, though capable of soft and sinuous balladry, devoted most of the set to demonstrations of the more tumultuous, fiery side of his alto saxophone personality. His talent as a composer was submerged; most of the time was devoted to a program of compositions by fellow jazzmen: "Strictly Confidential" by Bud Powell; Wayne Shorter's "Fall"; Neal Hefti's "Repetition," and the soaring Randy Weston waltz "Little Niles."

Steve Gilmore continues to develop as an "ideagenous" bassist, in both solo and section roles, while drummer Bill Goodwin anchors the group well with a relatively limited battery of equipment.

An opening set was provided by Dwayne Smith on piano and Art Johnson on guitar.

Hop Singh's on-again but mostly off-again jazz policy will be resumed Friday with a visit by Bill Holman's big band.

DAILY NEWS 5/9

RADIO ROUTE: Jazz critic and historian Leonard Feather has left his Sunday morning at 8 slot at KKGO for a more civilized 10 p.m. start time on Mondays at KCRW (89.9 FM). Feather's hour-long broadcast starts May 16.

— RICHARD S. GINELL and A. JAMES LISKA

JAZZ REVIEW 5/4

GIBBS, DE FRANCO SHOW TEAMWORK

By LEONARD FEATHER

Musical virtuosity per se is no artistic advantage. To hear "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" or even "Cherokee" played faster than the speed of sound may offer minimal reward to the listener who seeks quality before quantity.

When, however, two giants are teamed who display technique, inspiration and empathy, a heady excitement can be generated. Such was the groove established Sunday at Carmelo's by Terry Gibbs and Buddy de Franco, who since 1980 have been intermittent partners in bebop.

Their choice of tunes is basic and has scarcely changed since the last visit. Quintet pieces ("Triste" or "Yesterdays") alternate with numbers showcasing one or the other co-leader. De Franco will start "Sophisticated Lady" or "We'll Be Together Again" hewing close to the melody, doubling it up during the second chorus and shifting implacably to quadruple gear in the third, while sedulously building the melodic and rhythmic tension. As has been evident since the big band days, his command of the clarinet is total, his maturity complete.

Gibbs, though perhaps less subtle than De Franco harmonically, is the perfect counterpart, displaying his vitally extroverted side even on ballads such as "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?"

On most of their Los Angeles gigs the two employ a rhythm section composed of Frank Collett at the piano, Andy Simpkins on bass and Jimmie Smith on drums.

This week's lineup at Carmelo's includes Supersax, who will man the stand Friday and Saturday.

JAZZ

14 PAY TRIBUTE TO EVANS ON THE 88

By LEONARD FEATHER

"BILL EVANS—A TRIBUTE." Various artists. Palo Alto 8028-2.

Unique is the literal word for this two-record set. For the first time in recorded history, 14 exponents of the same instrument pay posthumous homage to a master artist, seven by interpreting one of his compositions, six others by expressing their respect for him through a standard tune. The 14th, Denny Zeitlin, plays his own work, "Quiet Now," which Evans himself recorded three times.

The results are not a series of pianistic Evans impressions. Though many of the soloists name Evans as a major influence (Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Richie Beirach, Andy Laverne), at least one, Teddy Wilson, was an influence on him. Others simply admire him and offer respects in their own styles. Evans would be enthralled to hear what McCoy Tyner has done with his "We Will Meet Again," or JoAnne Brackeen with his "Song for Helen" (the LP was co-produced by Helen Keane, Evans' manager, and Dr. Herb Wong). But he would have been no less delighted with Dave Frishberg's "Night and Day" or Dave McKenna's "Emily." He might have expected a little more lyricism in George Shearing's version of the best-known Evans standard, "Waltz for Debby."

The general level reflects the admiration these diverse stylists felt for Evans. It is no coincidence that at the end of his "How Deep Is the Ocean" Jimmy Rowles adds a quote from "There Will Never Be Another You." Never indeed. 4½ stars.

□

"SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON." Donald Byrd with Clare Fischer & Strings. Discovery DS-869. Can you believe this? Here is Donald Byrd in a New York studio, 26 years ago, playing "Dearly Beloved," "Stardust" and 10 others, with sumptuous strings and wind arrangements by Fischer. If he was no Clifford Brown, at least he had taste and a pleasing timbre. Long buried by Warner Bros., this was disinterred by Discovery's tireless discoverer, Albert Marx. 3½ stars.

□

"RON McCROBY PLAYS PUCCULO." Concord Jazz CJ-208. What Ron McCroby actually does is whistle. As a novelty and technical tour de force this is amazing; moreover, his choice of tunes is admirable—Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring" and "Daahoud," Miles Davis' "Boplicity" (wrongly credited in the notes to Charlie Parker), etc. As a listening experience, however, this is too much like eight helpings of vanilla ice cream, especially since the only actual horn present to offset the whistling is a flute, played by Sam Most. A baritone sax or trombone would have provided the needed contrast. Three stars.

□

"NEW WEAVE." Rare Silk. Polydor 810-028. On "Lush Life" this 75% female vocal quartet sounds like Singers Unlimited, except that the intonation and balance are off. They also mispronounce *distingue* (doesn't everyone?). The group's intentions are splendid, and when the blend works, or where the instrumental support helps (Randy Brecker's solo on "Red Clay," Gary Bartz's alto sax on "Sugar"), this has enough simple, well designed moments to rate 3½ stars.

□

"TWO OF THE FEW." Oscar Peterson/Milt Jackson. Pablo 2310/881. This partnership began on the spur of the moment during an all-star benefit concert at last year's New York jazz festival. It works because both artists are master craftsmen, because Peterson is a rhythm section unto himself, and because Jackson and this relaxed groove suit one another ideally. Even with no special material (five old warhorses such as "Lady Be Good," "If I Had You," and three blues), they amply justify the implications of the title tune. Five stars.

□

"AFTER THE RAIN." Michel Legrand. Pablo 2312-139. Though this is one of the more casual of Legrand's occasional forays into jazz, his compositions are agreeable —especially a lilting waltz, "Orson's Theme"—and his role as pianist and organist is modest enough to suggest he is aware that he and Oscar Peterson are on different levels. The five original pieces draw considerable strength from the tenor sax of Zoot Sims, the lyrical fluegelhorn of Joe Wilder, and particularly Phil Woods, who in addition to his voluptuous alto sax doubles strikingly on clarinet in "Martina." Four stars.

□

"A DREAM COMES TRUE." Lillian Terry/Tommy Flanagan. Soul Note 1047. Unlike Rare Silk (see above), Terry does not mispronounce *distingue*. Nor is this the only indication of class; she has the taste to select songs by Billy Strayhorn ("Star Crossed Lovers" as well as "Lush Life"), Benny Golson and the like, and to sweeten the pot, she selected Tommy Flanagan, who distinguishes himself here both as accompanist and soloist, enfolding Terry's pure, unaffected renditions of seven peerless jazz standards. Terry's other credits—Cairo-born, Italy-based, she has been a model, translator for the U.N., and director/producer/emcee for radio and TV. An extraordinary woman with a warm and mellow sound, she has not yet sung in the United States. Five stars.

□

"MIGHTY LIGHTS." Jane Ira Bloom. Enja 4044. Bloom's soprano sax is firmly planted in the 1980s, though two of her three colleagues, bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Ed Blackwell, were Ornette Coleman associates ca. 1960. The pianist is Fred Hersch, heard to advantage on "The Man With Glasses," dedicated to Bill Evans. Bloom, who wrote all the music except "Lost in the Stars," is a commanding and insightful improviser. Four stars.

□

"REVUE." World Saxophone Quartet. Black Saint 0056. This group is more revolutionary in the 1980s than Woody Herman's Four Brothers were in the '40s, inasmuch as it's all done without a rhythm section. The unit works in a twilight world between improvisation and arrangement, between the loosely casual and the technically accurate.

"Slide," composed by Julius Hemphill, is virtually all ensemble, yet it sustains a free, jubilantly swinging mood throughout. Hamiet Bluiett's "I Heard That" is a funky, funny, droning blues. "Little Samba" is not a samba, nor is it all saxes: an uncredited flute can be heard throughout, it would seem. The group has its gloomy moments ("Affairs of the Heart"), but for the most part this is among the most stimulatingly original and successful new small-band ventures of recent years. 4½ stars.

□

"PECK KELLEY JAM." Peck Kelley with Dick Shannon Quartet. Commodore XF 2-17017. Heard under blindfold test conditions, this would earn a 1 or a 2; it's just the legend that gets the five stars. Kelley (1899-1981) is the only jazzman who ever achieved fame by refusing to be heard. He wouldn't leave Houston, wouldn't record (this 1957 jam, though taped, was not supposed to be released), and turned down job offers from everyone—Paul Whiteman, Bob Crosby, Rudy Vallee. Jack Teagarden, who worked in Kelley's band around 1922, sang his praises endlessly.

Perhaps it was all true back then, but in 1957 Kelley comes across as a technically superior pianist, very competent, but far from the quasi-Art Tatum level claimed for him by his champions. He plays the wrong chord changes on "Sweet Lorraine" and is far less harmonically sophisticated than we had been led to expect. We should nevertheless be grateful to Shannon, the clarinetist who organized this session, that a 60-year-old mystery has at last been unraveled.

GRATED EXPECTATIONS

After reading Leonard Feather's review of Return to Forever's concert at the Universal Amphitheatre; I came away wondering what exactly he expected to see and hear. ("Return to Forever Makes Its Return," Calendar, April 25). I'm afraid RTF is not very well known for songs like "Light as a Feather," at least not in the form that took the stage Friday night.

"Seldom has so much talent been put to so little use," Feather writes. To be able to watch Corea, White, Di Meola and Clarke meld their musical talents together almost letter-perfectly, yet still keep the feel of spontaneity and experimentation alive, is one heck of a joy to witness. Geez, Mr. Feather, if you want "solo acoustic Corea," go see "solo acoustic Corea."

CHRIS CRINER
Santa Ana

106

JAZZ TIMES May '83

WOMENS JAZZ FEST '83

by Leonard Feather

The sixth annual Women's Jazz Festival included, like its predecessors, a variety of events: an opening concert featuring Marian McPartland and Tommy Flanagan, who distinguished themselves singly and collectively; bands, combos and vocal ensembles from various colleges; the "Top New Talent" concert, in which, among others, this year's winner of the national combo contest was presented (a quintet known as Joyspring); various clinics and workshops; the customary jam sessions predominantly featuring female musicians; my own presentation of old films spotlighting jazzwomen; and the main concert, held on the fifth night, Sunday, at the Music Hall.

The star of this show was Anita O'Day, in splendid form, and the opening act was a 20 piece vocal jazz ensemble from the University of Northern Colorado, directed by Gene Aitken. It was the All-Stars, however, that seemed to me most worthy of special attention.

Every year a group of female instrumentalists is hand picked to play its own show. More often that not they are musicians who have seldom or never worked together before. The results have been mixed, sometimes showing the participants' lack of familiarity with one another's styles; but on this occasion, with Amy Duncan as leader, pianist and composer/arranger, everything fell into place.

Marian McPartland opened this year's festival Raymond Ross

Duncan, a small woman whose hands can barely stretch an octave, proved to be the ideal choice for her role. A cooking, inventive pianist, articulate announcer and capable small combo arranger, she also displayed, when the moment came for it, a welcome sense of humor.

The front line illustrated the diversity of the sources from which musicians have to be drawn for this unique event. Carol Chaikin, featured on soprano sax in her own composition "Dawn's Silence, is a Berklee graduate who recently moved back to New York after few years in Los Angeles (she was a ·d section member in Ann Patterson's iden Voyage). Throughout the set revealed passion, technical assurance ı creative force that should ish her in short order as an artist of front rank both on alto and soprano.

Chaikin is in her early 20s. Teamed with her was Nadine Jansen, who admits to 54 and says she has been in the business 39 years. This is a classic instance of a career that took a wrong direction. Jansen spent many years with such groups as Horace Heidt, the Mary Kay trio and the like, playing lounges, and using as her gimmick a solo in which she played piano with her left hand and trumpet or flugelhorn with her right (a technique, oddly enough, now being employed by Miles Davis). Jansen, however, is much more than a novelty act, as she displayed when she sang and played "I Thought About You" (including a brief piano-and-horn passage): she is a lyrical soloist who could fit into any brass section or any contemporary combo.

Duncan sensibly placed her set so that each member was more or less the centerpiece of at least one tune. Barbara Borden, the excellent drummer who had been heard earlier in the festival with the dynamic Bay Area combo Alive!, had her own outing on Duncan's composition "Super-Taco," which found the composer in an impressive modal groove.

Brandy Herbert, who replaced Emily Remler at the last minute, is a splendid guitarist with a strong southwestern influence. Born in Dallas, now living in San Antonio, she appropriately used as her featured vehicle as old Crusaders number, "Put It Where You Want It," establishing and developing a fine, funky mood.

Bassist Carole Brown, who works in New York with String Fever and with the Kit McClure big band, spun out interesting melodic lines in her solo on "Whisper Not." Finally, Duncan had the ingenious idea of reviving an old song from "Oklahoma" called "Everything's Up To Date In Kansas City." This started out as a straightforward, swinging interpretation, but halfway through insanity took over as Duncan went into a dance, and the band gave what seemed to be a riotous impression of Sun Ra (to which Duncan then added her own moments of keyboard chaos).

Not surprisingly, this delightful finale brought a standing ovation, but the all stars deserve credit for much more than their touch of comedy. One can only hope that Duncan and the others will all find themselves more in demand on the strength of this remarkable performance.

For the record, Joyspring was a pleasant but rather tame group with Ellen Rowe on piano and flute, Dina Alexander on trumpet and flugelhorn, a charming singer named Teri Doide, Liz Vochecowicz on drums and a male bassist, Rick Shaw.

At the same Friday concert, Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz gave a duo set that managed miraculously to avoid ever lapsing into monotony. The choice of material was excellent, including Jordan's own words to the Charlie Parker line "Quasimodo" (based on "Embraceable You"); her very slow, soulful reading of "Am I Blue?", and Swartz's solo specialty "Round Midnight," which reconfirmed his stature as one of the eminent bassists of the younger generation.

Another surprise on the same program was the addition of Ann Patterson and Carol Chaikin on saxophones as guest soloist with Alive!, playing Cedar Walton's "Africa."

Overall, the festival was not as strong as those in the earlier years, when money for big name attractions was more easily obtained. Nevertheless, the proportion of good-to-exceptional music was high enough to reflect credit, as always, on Dianne Gregg, and Carol Comer, the two principal movers and shakers among the many hard working women who make this event possible. ■

5/13/83

JAZZ REVIEW

SAX MAN GOLSON AT MEMORY LANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Marla's Memory Lane Supper Club, owned by Marla ("The Jeffersons") Gibbs, has achieved the unusual accomplishment of altering its address without changing its location. When last reviewed here it was at 2323 Santa Barbara Ave. To find it now, you have to look for 2323 Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd.

Typical of the club's shift toward a full-scale jazz policy were four recent nights hosted by drummer "Tootie" Heath, whose guest soloists were Bobby Hutcherson, singer Connie Williams, guitarist Kenny Burrell and the show heard for review with saxophonist Benny Golson on deck.

An accomplished composer and arranger, Golson spent several frustrating years in the studio grist mills before bringing his tenor sax out of mothballs. He is now writing less and enjoying it more, as his first set Sunday, before a packed and enthusiastic house, made abundantly clear.

He has an individual, prickly sound that works well at a medium or bright pace but sounds vaguely old-fashioned at slower tempos. His own "Caribbean Runabout" mined the Calypso vein vigorously, building the tension through several choruses that suggested he was ready to give Sonny Rollins a runabout for his money.

Golson's most popular song, "Killer Joe," is by now so well known that pianist Gildo Mahones' opening vamp brought immediate applause, but the composer's performance was less than consistent. He seemed surprisingly nervous playing the theme, and was not even always in tune; but once the melodic formalities were out of the way, the quartet was off and cooking, rounding the bends like Sunny's Halo.

Memory Lane's schedule calls for Willie Bobo and comedian Brad Sanders now through Sunday; Monday-night jam sessions; Latin jazz on Wednesdays, and matinees by the Leslie Drayton Orchestra every Sunday this month at 4 p.m. With the adjoining restaurant as crowded as the main room, Marla Gibbs seems to be well on her way to compensating for the loss of the Parisian Room.

MOVIE REVIEWS

AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE TO MONK

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Music in Monk Time," a portrait of Thelonious Monk which screened Friday evening at the Country Club in Reseda, surely is the best jazz film in at least 25 years.

Produced by Stephen Rice and Paul Matthews, directed by John Goodhue, this is an affectionate tribute, exquisitely expressed in words and music. Rare old black-and-white footage of the pianist playing his own compositions on Norwegian and French TV is interspersed with commentary and performances by Jon Hendricks (the ideal choice as narrator), Carmen McRae (singing "Round Midnight"), Dizzy Gillespie, and Monk's former sidemen, Charlie Rouse, Larry Gales, Ben Riley and Monk's drummer son, T.S. Monk.

Camera work and sound are almost flawless, and the entire mood is one of respect and dignity, laced with touches of humor that suggest a parallel to Monk's music.

"Music in Monk Time," which will probably be seen soon on cable television, is an event not to be missed by any dedicated jazz fan.

'JAZZ IN THE CINEMA'

"Jazz in the Cinema," presented Tuesday at the Vagabond Theater on Wilshire Boulevard, was an odd mixture of fascination and frustration, of historic moments briefly grasped and great talent pathetically wasted.

Tom Cooper, owner of the Vagabond (seen momentarily on screen in his days as a pop vocalist), did not select this material carefully. The 60-minute "Jazz Ball," a compilation of shorts and soundies, belied its title. Despite a splendid 1933 Duke Ellington sequence (the band playing "Rockin' in Rhythm," Ivie Anderson singing "Stormy Weather"), much of the footage was devoted to the likes of Hal Kemp, Henry Busse, Russ Morgan, and embarrassingly corny sequences by Red Nichols and Lawrence Welk.

Also an hour long was "Jivin' in Bebop," a crudely made 1947 feature built around Dizzy Gillespie's big band. Though worth seeing for glimpses of Helen Humes (out of sync), Milt Jackson and a 21-year-old Ray Brown, it was a poor representation of the band, ruined by endless interruptions for amateurish dance numbers.

In "Bubbling Over," a 20-minute short, not a single black stereotype was overlooked: Shiftless, lazy, ignorant blacks were portrayed in a humiliating storyline while the star, Ethel Waters, swallowed her pride and sang "Darkies Never Cry . . . Darkies Never Dream." That was Hollywood, folks, in 1934.

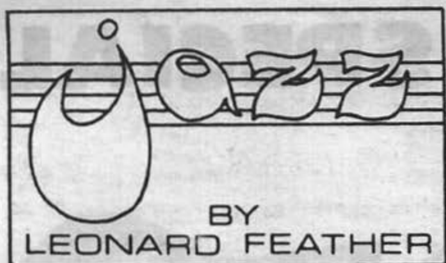
The only film that showed jazzmen as human beings, rather than clowns or novelty acts, was a documentary about Shelly Manne made in 1965 by some USC students. Would that the same dignity had been accorded to Fats Waller. Seen singing and jiving, he hardly got to play piano at all in his 1941 short.

NAT ADDERLEY ON THE MOVE

"ON THE MOVE." Nat Adderley Quintet. Theresa TR 117. Recorded live at Keystone Corner in San Francisco, this session unites the old Cannonball Adderley Quintet vibes with a more contemporary element established by Sonny Fortune's alto sax. Among the five pieces, Larry Willis' moodily modal "Malandro" and Adderley's Monkish "Little Boy With the Sad Eyes" stand out. The other Willis original, "To Wisdom the Prize," is resourcefully outlined as a bowed bass solo by Walter Booker. Four stars. —LEONARD FEATHER

5/15

OVERTURE May 1983



Gloomy Jazz Club Scene
Part I

The closing a couple of months ago of the Parisian Room, one of Los Angeles' longest established jazz rooms and one of the very few that used East Coast-based artists as well as local talent, led to gloomy speculation about the future of the Southland club scene.

It is common knowledge that Howard Rumsey, the most respected and resourceful of all the local bonifaces, has been in financial trouble at his Concerts by the Sea. Carmelo's almost went under recently, but was saved when a change of ownership resulted in quick restoration of the steady jazz policy. In fact, it is impossible to single out one establishment where business is thriving consistently.

Who is to blame? Is it all due to Reaganomics? Are the musicians or their agents making outrageous demands? Is rock finally drowning out the sound of jazz?

None of these factors is really responsible. The economy has not prevented such events as the Playboy Jazz Festival from drawing a capacity crowd to the Hollywood Bowl. Red Holloway, who booked the talent for the Parisian Room for many years, assures me that when Esther Phillips demanded $6,500 for a six-day stint (the highest price in the club's history), the room turned a healthy profit because she was a powerful attraction and the door price could be raised.

(Next month I will present my analysis of the problem and a possible solution.)

Pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi and husband Lew Tabackin's band was the most exciting development of the 1970s jazz scene in Los Angeles.

and Donte's; blacks populated the Parisian Room until its recent closure and presently congregate at Memory Lane. Gerald Wilson, who leads one of the most original and richly textured orchestras in today's jazz world, has never been heard at a Valley or Hollywood club since Shelly's Manne Hole closed a decade ago.

Too many musicians are honored most often away from home. Benny Carter overcame many obstacles as a transplanted New Yorker (since 1943), eventually achieving success and the respect of his peers as a composer for films and TV; but as an alto saxophonist, though he leads a quartet now and then locally, an odd paradox has persisted. Whenever he has been able to organize a band during the last six years it has been for a tour of Japan or Europe.

Southern California's conservatism when faced with new artistic developments has been a fact of local life ever since Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker, the founding geniuses of bebop, brought their group to Hollywood in 1945, only to face apathetic audiences and hostile critics. Ornette Coleman made his first LPs in Hollywood in 1958, but it was not until he moved to New York a year later that he was hailed as a new Messiah.

The situation has changed only slightly. Last year a festival of avant-garde music was presented here under the aegis of George Wein. Business varied from fair to good, but the performers inlcuded Laurie Anderson, funk guitarist Blood Ulmer, and others whose relationship to the avant garde was debatable.

The New American Orchestra was founded in 1978 on the premise that we needed a large ensemble capable of mixing classical disciplines with the values of jazz. This 84-piece orchestra had to struggle against financial difficulties in commissioning new works or booking rehearsal time. The organization was in a constant state of economic stress until relief came in the form of a subsidy from, appropriately, a life insurance company.

Although Jack Elliott and his original partner, Allyn Ferguson, who withdrew in 1980, have had few direct personal links with jazz, and despite the paucity of jazz content in many of the works presented, nevertheless, each season at the Chandler Pavilion the orchestra has given exposure to such soloists and composers as John Lewis, Gerry Mulligan, Bill Holman, Roger Kellaway, Ray Brown, Joe Sample, Freddie Hubbard, Phil Woods, Hubert Laws and the innovative quartet Free Flight.

There is no counterpart for the New American

Carmen McRae

Freddie Hubbard

Orchestra in New York or any other city. By the same token, we can be proud that Los Angeles has KKGO, now 25 years old as a jazz station, not to mention several other outlets throughout the Southland where jazz predominates. New Yorkers cannot boast a single all-jazz radio station and must tune in to a New Jersey outpost.

If this survey has dealt with Los Angeles as though it were a synonym for Southern California, the reason is simple: very little of importance has happened elsewhere. Last year there was a small, unsuccessful jazz festival in Santa Barbara. San Diego has presented events billed as jazz festivals, but for several years the concerts consisted mainly of soul and R&B acts. (Since last year it has been a full-scale, uncompromising jazz event.)

Aside from occasional concerts at various college campuses, no area outside Los Angeles has made much more than a token contribution to the welfare of Southland jazz. Gripe though we may, and compare with New York though we must, Los Angeles aficionados breathe enough healthy jazz-filled air to compensate for the smog of funk and fusion. □

5/15

JAZZ

THE SOUTHLAND KEEPS THE BEAT

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's impossible to discuss the state of jazz in Southern California without referring to the state of the musical economy. The two subjects are inextricably intertwined.

Though New York indisputably has long been the hub of the jazz universe, Los Angeles, where 90% of the Southland's jazz activity is centered, has shown healthy signs of upward mobility during the past decade or two. In 1981, the Playboy Jazz Festival attracted two consecutive capacity houses to the Hollywood Bowl; 35,000 fans and $500,000 at the box office attested to the existence of a very substantial jazz audience. Much of it, though, had not previously been tapped, simply because no previous promoter had been willing to risk the huge investment Playboy made in talent, advertising and promotion.

The flow of creative juices in the Southland community had been limited only by clogged financial arteries. If we suffered from tired musical blood, the problem was solved by a transfusion of expensive talent from New York and other areas.

Los Angeles is home base for countless renowned artists: Freddie Hubbard, Herbie Hancock, Shelly Manne, Ray Brown, Chick Corea, Jimmy Smith, Joe Pass, Weather Report, and almost all the principal singers: Fitzgerald, Vaughan, Lee, McRae, O'Day, Torme. They live here, true, but did they develop here? For the most part their creativity had evolved in the Apple, in Harlem or on 52nd Street, or in the Broadway theaters and the downtown hotels. This is not to imply that Southern California cannot provide a fertile breeding ground. Gerald Wilson has been a pre-eminent figure leaving this region. Other groups that were nourished and flourished here were the Nat King Cole Trio, the Chico Hamilton Quintet, the Stan Kenton Orchestra of the mid-1960s (short lived due to financial pressures), and the controversial big band led in the '70s by the late Don Ellis.

It has been fashionable among the New York critics to associate Southern California with a laid-back style not conducive to creativity. The above facts, however, speak for themselves. Granted, many young artists living here fall prey to the lure of lucrative studio work. Some are swallowed up, losing the urge to innovate. Others, buoyed by the security of their studio jobs, embark on more aesthetically rewarding ventures.

The case of the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band provided the best symbol of Southland achievement during the last decade. The composer/pianist moved here in 1972 with her saxophonist husband, who was then a member of "The Tonight Show" band. Tabackin used this financial protection while forming, with Akiyoshi, an orchestra of the kind they had been

STATE OF THE ARTS

unable to mount back East (again money was a factor: it had been too expensive to rent rehearsal halls in New York). Many of the band's sidemen were studio musicians like Tabackin who took part in the venture because they were fascinated by Akiyoshi's music.

The couple established this as the most exciting new orchestra of the 1970s, winning numerous magazine polls and recording a series of stunning albums. However, by 1982, dissatisfied with the lack of local work and unwilling to play clubs for union scale, the Tabackins packed it in. Since October they have been living in New York, though they have reunited with their West Coast sidemen from time to time. (Next month in New York they will unveil their new band of East Coast jazzmen.)

One of the problems Tabackin and Akiyoshi faced was the absence of a centralized jazz scene. The common complaint that Los Angeles is too spread out for close social interaction proved all too valid. Moreover, because the Tabackins, like many non-black musicians, lived in the Valley, while most blacks lived in Los Angeles, there was little integration in the band.

The free interchange of ideas among all ethnic groups cannot help but stimulate the growth of the music, but segregation has remained a pervasive fact of life here. White musicians and patrons predominate at Carmelo's

JAZZ REVIEW 5/21

MEREDITH D'AMBROSIO IN LOCAL DEBUT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Most of the entertainment at the Room Upstairs, an adjunct of Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, is tailored to fit the intimacy of the room. This policy was carried to the extreme Thursday when Meredith D'Ambrosio made her Southland debut, accompanied only by herself at the piano.

D'Ambrosio has just enough voice for this cheek-by-jowl ambiance, rarely even reaching a mezzo-forte. What she lacks in lung power is counterbalanced to some extent by her admirable taste in songs.

Most of the selections in her first set were songs about spring: "It Might as Well Be Spring," "Spring Is Here" and the like. Among the exceptions were "September Song," an early Sarah Vaughan opus called "My Gentleman Friend" and Dave Frishberg's "Our Love Rolls On."

After a while, the low-key, laid-back atmosphere overlapped into dullness, aggravated by the limitations of D'Ambrosio's piano. For those who have heard her latest album, it was impossible to avoid mental comparisons, since the record surrounds her with the strengths of pianist Hank Jones, a string quartet and other delights.

Next time around, she would be well advised to invest at least in a bass player, assume a standing posture and, if Jones is unavailable, find one of the many other accomplished pianists who are versed in the subtle art of backup.

JAZZ 5/22

SPONSORS NEEDED TO REVIVE 'ALIVE!'

By LEONARD FEATHER

The jazz world has been up in arms since it was announced that "Jazz Alive!," National Public Radio's award-winning series that has done much to compensate for the shortage of jazz on commercial radio, will go off the air Sept. 30.

Launched in October, 1977, as a weekly two-hour show, the program has attracted millions of fans with its documentation of events at concert halls, festivals and clubs, fortified by commentary and interviews.

For the first five years the series was hosted by Dr. Billy Taylor, the pianist, composer and musicologist, whose contribution was invariably articulate and informative. Taylor was replaced last October by Ben Sidran. A pianist, singer and composer with many albums to his credit, Sidran is a knowledgeable journalist and sociologist whose book "Black Talk," published in 1971, was widely acclaimed.

According to its producer, Tim Owens, who has been with the program since the beginning, "Jazz Alive!" has become the most heavily carried of all NPR shows except for the morning and evening news broadcasts, "Morning Edition" and "All Things Considered."

Why, then, is it being dropped, and why have almost all of its employees been fired?

"What mystifies me," says Owens, "is that here we have a program dedicated to a distinctly American music, a show that has had profound influence on public radio, that won the George Foster Peabody Award in 1981; yet it is being dropped while classical programs, consisting of music basically European in origin, are being stepped up."

Former NPR President Frank Mankiewicz, who stepped down May 10 to assume fund-raising and congressional-liaison duties, denied Owens' figures and claims. "We're cutting everything, including classical," he said in a rebuttal. "In fact, we cut off 'The Sunday Show,' which was almost all classical. We had $3 million chopped out of our overall budget, and another big cut is due."

Asked why jazz was set for total elimination while classical music was being retained, Mankiewicz said, "If it were up to me, I'd drop all the classical stuff. But it's up to our board. We have a very democratic organization. About two-thirds of our stations are classical music stations and one-third are jazz. Jazz may have a large audience, but only on the stations that carry it." (Owens insists that 83% of the NPR member stations, including some that are considered primarily classical, carry "Jazz Alive.")

"Jazz Alive!'s" Tim Owens with Dexter Gordon.

"I'm hoping we can generate some money from foundations or corporations to keep 'Jazz Alive' alive," Mankiewicz added. "If we could get, say, three underwriters to put up $200,000 apiece a year, we could go back on the air. It costs that much because sending teams out to tape remote events is terribly expensive."

Owens, who is still with NPR on a retainer until the program folds at the end of September, is now searching for such organizations. Despite its profound influence and devoted audience, this would seem to be the only hope for keeping "Jazz Alive" alive.

Over the years "Jazz Alive!" has accumulated such a mass of music, all of it preserved on tape, that there is a tremendous potential: If necessary clearances were obtained and the musicians paid, a series of albums could be released that would constitute virtually a complete cross section of jazz in every form it has taken during the last five or six years.

The old cliche that a list "reads like a who's who" comes close to the truth. Owens has a mailing list of 1,200 musicians whom he has notified, at one time or another, of impending broadcasts of shows they had taped.

The big band sounds have been represented by Basie, Mercer Ellington, Bellson, Akiyoshi/Tabackin, Louis Bellson, Frank Foster (whose band took part in the show that won the Peabody Award). Combos have included George Benson, Eubie Blake, Art Blakey, Willie Bobo, Dave Brubeck, Kenny Burrell, and so on down the alphabet. Nor has the avant-garde been neglected: The Art Ensemble of Chicago, Anthony Braxton, Air, Arthur Blythe and the World Saxophone Quartet have all taken part. The blues have been sung by everyone from Mose Allison to the late Muddy Waters.

What will be missed most of all, I suspect, is the annual New Year's Eve celebration, for which the shows were not live-on-tape but live, taking audiences from club to club and city to city, moving westward so that the New Year can be heard as it is hailed in each time zone. These shows, which have run annually since Dec. 31, 1977, starting around 9:30 p.m. EST and running until 4 or 5 a.m. EST, were undoubtedly the longest continuous live national radio programs in jazz history.

Because of the cost of sending recording crews out to cover these events—not to mention similar undertakings as far afield as the jazz festival in Nice—"Jazz Alive!" admittedly has been an expensive venture. Owens estimates the annual budget at $550,000; Mankiewicz insists the figure exceeds $600,000.

Whatever the precise statistics, the series has made an unprecedented impact. A National Public Radio survey conducted during the second quarter of 1982 found that jazz was the fastest-growing format on the public radio system, and that since the start of 1980, jazz programming on public radio had grown twice as fast as classical programming. This survey was distributed last fall to participants in NPR's program planning meetings.

The departure of Mankiewicz will not affect the fate of "Jazz Alive!" Whether or not he believes in jazz as staunchly as he claims, or in the show itself, is now moot; "Jazz Alive!" has been officially canceled by the board of directors, and unless the outside sponsorship can be found, that will be the end of the story. The lack of commitment to an American art form, one that has made profound cultural inroads all over the world, is a national disgrace.

The final irony is that after Sept. 30 American musicians once again will find that if they want their music to be heard live on radio, they will have a better chance by moving to Japan, Denmark or any of the other countries where such broadcasts are commonplace. The story of jazz as a prophet without honor in its own country dies hard.

□

In my article last Sunday, missing words changed the sense of the following paragraph: "Gerald Wilson has been a preeminent figure as composer/arranger/bandleader for some 25 years, rarely leaving this region. Other groups that were nourished and flourished here were the Nat King Cole Trio, the Chico Hamilton Quintet, the Stan Kenton Orchestra and Kenton's side venture, the Los Angeles Neophonic Orchestra of the mid-1960s (short-lived due to financial pressures), and the controversial big band led in the late '70s by the late Don Ellis." □

AMERICAN NEWS

from Leonard Feather

PECK KELLEY, the legendary pianist praised by musicians who heard him in Texas but supposedly never heard on records, will at last be presented to the world when **Milt Gabler** releases, on his Commodore label, some tapes recorded in Houston in June 1957. **Dick Shannon**, a clarinetist who worked in the last edition of Kelley's 'Peck's Bad Boys' band, was responsible for bringing the recordings to Gabler's attention.

Kelley, born in Texas around 1900, was a great favorite of **Jack Teagarden**, who was one of Peck's sidemen in 1921-2.

● **Stevie Ray Vaughn**, a Texas blues singer and guitarist, is the latest discovery of the indomitable **John Hammond**, who introduced the world to **Count Basie, Billie Holiday** and many others. An album recorded by Vaughn in Austin, Texas is being mixed by Hammond and will be released soon on Epic. Vaughn, well known as **David Bowie**'s lead guitarist, was a big hit at last year's Montreux Jazz Festival.

● **Miles Davis**, whose new album STAR PEOPLE is out now, will play a concert at the Hollywood Bowl on July 20.

● **Codona**, a new group with an unusual instrumentation, has been recorded for ECM. It draws its name from the first two letters of the three members' names: **Colin Walcott**, who plays sitar, tabla, hammered dulcimer and other instruments, as well as singing; **Don Cherry**, trumpet, organ, doussn' gouni; and **Nana Vasconcelos**, berimbau, percussion and voice.

● **Kai Winding**'s condition is reported as very serious but not terminal after an operation for a brain tumor. He is now back in New York after recuperating in the Bahamas.

● **Frank Strozier** and drummer **Jim Schapperoew** have joined forces in a quartet and have recorded an album with **Clint Houston** (bass) and **Andy LaVerne** (piano). Currently they are gigging with **Kenny Barron** in place of LaVerne, and on some of their dates **George Coleman, Pepper Adams** or **Clifford Jordan** will perform with them as a guest artist.

● **Makoto Ozone**, the brilliant young pianist now studying at Berklee College in Boston, is being sought after by many concert and festival producers for dates after his graduation from Berklee next May. He reportedly will play at the Kool Jazz Festival in New York, and possibly at the Berlin Festival in November. Ozone, 21, was a sensation during his recent visit to California where he played with **Bobby Shew** and with **Phil Wilson.**

IL PAPA, DE-DA-DA

A UNIQUE venture involving the unlikely combination of **Benard Ighner, Sarah Vaughan** and **the Pope** has reached fruition as the result of an initiative that involved Italian promoter **Gigi Campi**. Around the time of the San Remo Jazz Festival (April 8-10), an album was recorded of nine songs for which the lyrics were written by **Jean Paul** (a pseudonym for Pope John Paul II) and translated into English by **Gene Lees**, best known for the lyrics of *Quiet Nights* and other Brazilian songs. Music for the songs has been written by **Tito Fontana**, who will also write the arrangements, and **Sante Palumbo.**

Ighner will sing three of the songs, Sarah Vaughan three others, and the remaining three will be vocal duets. An international group is being assembled to provide the accompaniment, probably including **Toots Thielemans, Idrees Sulieman, Astor Piazzola, Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis, Tony Coe** and **Gianni Basso.**

Topping off this extraordinary event will be a live performance, which will take place June 12 from the Vatican, and which will be aired internationally by satellite.

JAZZ ALIVE!, R.I.P.

JAZZ ALIVE!, the enormously popular radio series that has been bringing virtually all the greatest jazz musicians to an audience of millions since October 1977, is being dropped at the end of September.

John Bos, Director of Arts and Performance Programs for National Public Radio, blames this drastic move on a cut in government funds that had been used to subsidise the show, which has been heard on 226 radio stations all over the country.

According to present plans, the last two shows to be taped will be by the **Modern Jazz Quartet** in Los Angeles on April 2, and another by the **Wynton Marsalis** group in New York the same weekend. After that, *Jazz Alive!* will continue until September, using tapes of already-recorded shows.

Bos says that if he can find a commercial sponsor, such as a wine company, there may be some hope of keeping the series going.

● The US State Department is sponsoring a five-week tour of Africa with **Ronald Shannon Jackson & The Decoding Society**. The tour will be a cultural exchange as part of the Arts America Programme. Countries which the band will be visiting include Morocco, Burundi, Cameroun, Zimbabwe and Zambia.

● Jazz and swing-era musicians will play a prominent role in a major movie, *Swing Shift*, now in production, with

Milt Jackson.

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Leonard Feather's

Before & After

It has long been obvious that musicians have two different sets of reactions and comments on recordings by their peers; one when they are unaware whom they are listening to, another after learning the artist and what they have heard. That is the premise for this series.

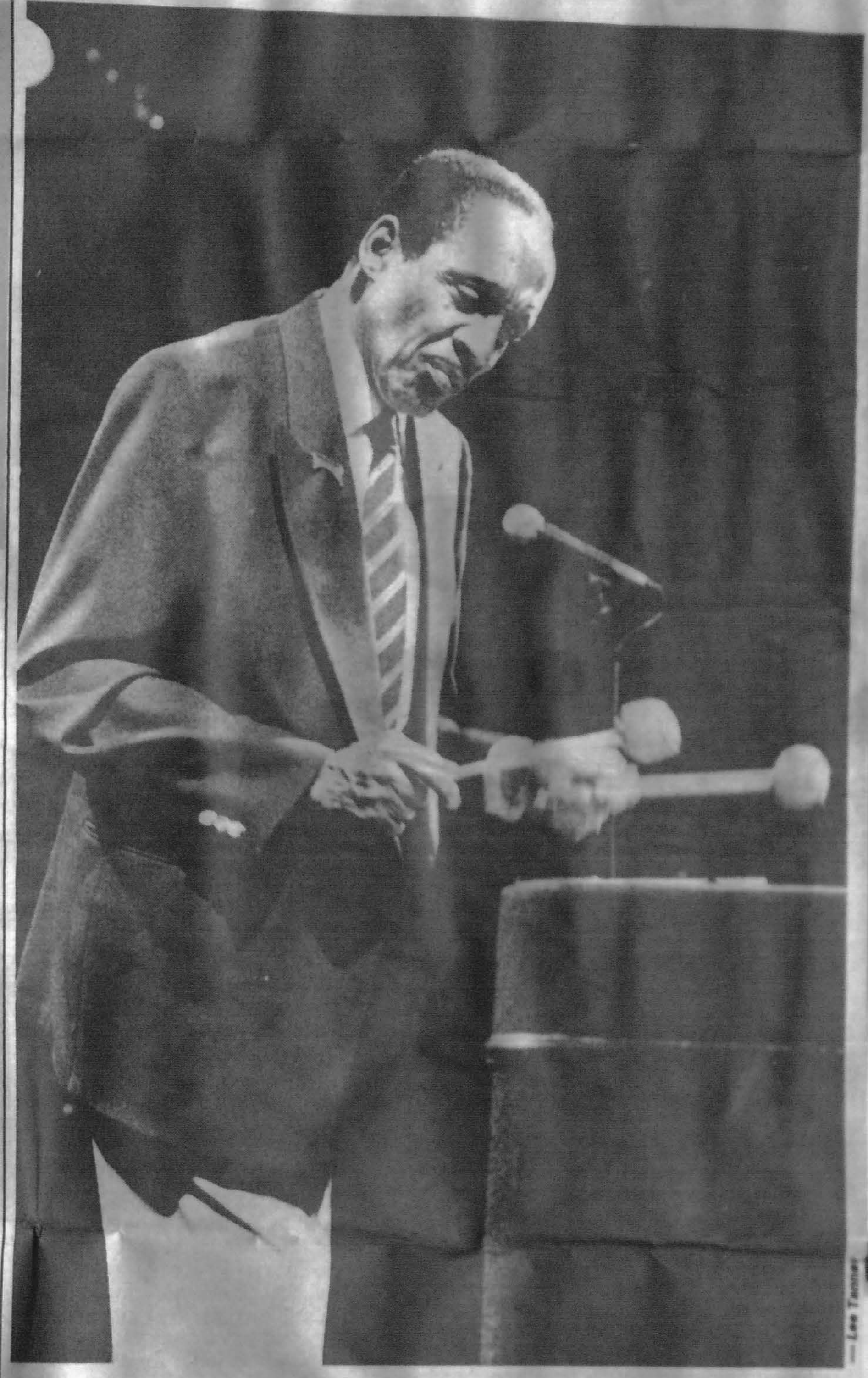
This month's musician: Milt Jackson

Milt Jackson visited the West Coast recently for a two week booking at Catalina's in Hollywood. The group he led was quite extraordinary: Cedar Walton, John Clayton and Billy Higgins. It was typical of the groups Bags has fronted during his many years as an intermittent leader; loosely swinging, creative, cohesive.

Amazingly, Milt now spends a substantial segment of each year doing exactly what he was doing in 1952: playing with John Lewis in the Modern Jazz Quartet. The only change in all that time has been the replacement of the original drummer, Kenny Clarke, by Connie Kay in 1955.

Though the MJQ disbanded in 1974, largely because Bags was eager to strike out on his own, the group has been together again much of the time since 1981.

Bags today is playing as well as ever; to say "better than ever" would be to imply, unfairly, that there was room for improvement.



— Lee Tanner

1) **BOBBY HUTCHERSON.** *Recorda-Me* (from *Color Schemes*, Landmark.) Hutcherson, marimba.

Before: That sounded like Bobby Hutcherson — also, he's one of the very few that's recorded a marimba. Cal Tjader *may* be the other, I'm not sure. Was that a tune Kenny Dorham was on years ago?

LF: I'll tell you in a minute ... Did you say you were going to play marimba yourself, but changed your mind?

MJ: Oh, I *did* play marimba! My high school teacher encouraged me to take it up, to give me something to do in class. I had finished my drum course and had half a semester to go. That's how I got into the vibes. What I said was, I was going to record it at one time, but then when Bobby came out with a recording of it, I didn't, because I figured it'd be sort of anticlimactic — because there's a limit to what you can do on it, and he does just about everything it's possible to do.

After: So that was Joe Henderson's tune, not Kenny Dorham's?

Oh, okay, maybe I heard it with Horace.

That gets five stars, without question.

2) **VICTOR FELDMAN.** *Bebop* (from *The Arrival of Victor Feldman*, Contemporary.) 1958. Feldman, vibes.

Before: I don't know about that one, you got me. The ensemble part sounded a little like Gary, but not the solo part. Who else would play that fast, Dave Pike? It's really difficult to identify the sound or style of the artist because of that speed.

That's a good one. I'd give it three and a half.

LF: What about the bass player and the drummer?

MJ: The bass player was good. Nice fast tempo!

After: Oh yeah! I never even thought about Victor.

LF: It was Scott La Faro on bass, Stan Levey on drums.

MJ: He's the only one left.

LF: Yeah, he's a photographer now.

3) **JAY HOGGARD.** *Pleasant Memory* (from *The Young Lions*, Elektra/Musician.) Hoggard, vibes, balaphon, composer.

Before: Parts of it were sort of abstract, what I'd consider free form, I don't know.

LF: Did it sound at all composed, or all improvised, or what?

MJ: Parts of it were very melodic. I guess I'm just geared to certain things. I like music that has a form to it; this didn't have too much of a pattern. Two stars, maybe, for that.

After: Oh yeah, I know Jay. We played on one or two concerts together, if they'd have a vibes summit. There was one at the Appollo a couple years ago.

He does play on the inside too, so it's not a putdown or anything. I just prefer music when I can understand all of it, if possible.

4) **TERRY GIBBS, BUDDY DE FRANCO.** *Giant Steps* (from *Chicago Fire*, Contemporary.) John Campbell, piano; Gerry Gibba, drums; Todd Coolman, bass.

Before: That was Terry (chuckles). I know Terry's playing. With Buddy De Franco. I took Terry's place with Woody Herman in 1949. I used to try to get him to slow down, relax, when he was playing a ballad. He would just — go! This is the most relaxed I've heard his playing in a long time.

Buddy De Franco — it's strange. We worked together in 1948 in a club in Philadelphia, along with John Levy and Tal Farlow. Buddy's always been a good player.

Was that Lou Levy on piano? I don't know who the pianist was.

That was a good one, four stars.

Somebody finally played that tune slow enough so you could hear the changes go by. When Coltrane first recorded it, it was so fast, it was difficult to follow the changes. But of course he wailed right through it like it was nothing.

After: Well, I didn't know the rest of them, but it's a good sounding group.

5) **BENNY GOODMAN.** *Limehouse Blues* (from *Seven Come Eleven*, Columbia.) Peter Appleyard, vibes. Hank Jones, piano; Joe Venuti, violin; Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Slam Stewart, bass, et al. Recorded 1975.

Before: That's one of the good old goodies, as they say, with Red Norvo playing with Benny Goodman. I'm not sure about anybody on that except Benny and Red.

I like the album. That was back in the days of swing, before bebop came along. That was the music of the day. That deserved a four; I like music that swings.

After: That *did* sound like Hank! But I wasn't sure.

I know Peter. I thought that was Joe Venuti too, because the only other one back then was Stuff Smith, and I knew it wasn't him. Yeah, Joe took the second solo, after Benny.

6) **GARY BURTON.** *Was It So Long Ago?* (from *Times Like These*, GRP.) Michael Brecker, tenor; Burton, vibes, composer.

Before: You got me on that one, I don't recognize anyone. I do like the album though, and the melody was very pretty; as you know, I'm partial to melodies. I thought it sounded like Gary, but it really was difficult to distinguish.

The only other vibe player I can recognize right away, other than Bobby, is Cal Tjader. He has a distinctive style of playing. But first of all, there's not that many. It's a very limited instrument, in terms of what you can do with it.

LF: The vibrato is all you can change, right?

MJ: Right. For me, that's what makes the instrument worthwhile, is the vibrato. 'Cause you know that also comes from singing years ago.

I'd give it three and a half for the melody. I didn't care much for the tenor saxophone.

After: Michael Brecker? I'm not that familiar with his style of playing.

7) **LIONEL HAMPTON.** *Cherokee* (from *Hamp and Getz*, Verve). Stan Getz, tenor saxophone; Lou Levy, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums. Recorded 1955.

Before: Ah yes, that was the original, of course, Lionel Hampton. Along with Stan Getz. His style is definitely unmistakable.

LF: Any idea when that might have been made?

MJ: It couldn't have been *too* far back, because I don't remember them making real early recordings. I'd say that it was fairly recent, in the last four or five years maybe.

The rhythm section sounded pretty good, I didn't recognize them.

Stan is still playing great. We played the Charlie Parker festival at the Bicentennial in Paris with Hank Jones, Percy and Max Roach.

LF: Was that when you all got the medal?

MJ: Yes. A very nice occasion. Stan is supposed to be quite ill, but to me he's playing better than ever.

I'd give that five stars.

After: Well, they all still sound good. It goes to show you ... the music that we played, as opposed to the abstract, always sounds fresh.

I have a cassette I carry around, one of them is the band we had in '47 with Dizzy at the Down Beat. That music is as fresh as if we'd just played it.

JAZZ REVIEW

5/24

MAIDEN VOYAGE A MUSICAL PARADOX

By LEONARD FEATHER

The most puzzling paradox on the Southland music scene is that one of the most stimulating and inventive of all the newer big bands, Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage, also is one of the least often employed.

The 17-woman ensemble was on hand Saturday at Lincoln Junior High School auditorium in Santa Monica to play a concert in the series for the Stepping Stone Youth Crisis Shelter. Though it was the orchestra's first job in several months, the regular soloists were reassembled and the performance level did justice to the material, which ranged from a Nan Shwartz arrangement of Miles Davis' "All Blues" to a new piece, "Love Song," captivatingly sung and arranged and played on valve trombone by Betty O'Hara.

A Ladd McIntosh arrangement of the Herbie Hancock song that gave this band its name was a riot of tone colors, with the reed section switching from bassoon to flute, clarinet, English horn and eventually to five flutes. Ann Patterson's alto sax feature was the luminescent arrangement of "Summer of '42," written by Tommy Newsom. (The latter, incidentally, had opened the concert with a pleasant, free swinging set by a sextet, highlighted by his own tenor sax and by Bob Enevoldsen's valve trombone.)

Stacy Rowles' fluegelhorn feature, "Blue," achieved a sensitivity and warmth that might have been envied by Conte Candoli, whose "Darn That Game" with Newsom was stiff and uninspired. Sprinkled through the orchestra's set were contributions by pianist Kathy Rubbico, trumpeters Jodi Gladstone and Ann Petereit. Judy Chilnik's vibes and percussion played an engaging role in lending a personal character to the ensemble.

Maiden Voyage turned out to be the final fling for Stepping Stones. Because of disappointing business, a concert scheduled for June with Don Menza has been canceled.

JAZZ REVIEW

5/27

LES THOMPSON AND HIS MOUTH ORGAN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Barry Zweig, a local studio and free-lance guitarist who has been heard in tandem with John Pisano and other fellow plectrists, led a somewhat different group Wednesday at Donte's.

The difference was immediately evident when on the opening tune, "No Greater Love," the melody as well as the first three ad-lib choruses were played not by Zweig but by Les Thompson, the veteran jazz harmonica player.

There are certain instruments whose tone quality, for some listeners, is an automatic turnoff. The bagpipes are at the head of this family, followed closely by the accordion and the harmonica. What little can be done with Thompson's mouth organ, as even the most biased listener will concede, is achieved expertly.

He plays long, be-boppish lines that might fall acceptably on the ear if delivered by a saxophone or trumpet. The harmonica becomes more agreeable when a ballad is undertaken: Thompson's "Sophisticated Lady" was easier to take by far than "Bye-Bye Blackbird."

Zweig, who granted himself insufficient time, is a no-nonsense, straight-ahead soloist capable of hard, cooking single-note concepts and of deftly interspersed chords. Often, after setting a firm groove, he would yield the floor to bassist Frank de la Rosa or to the solidly dependable drummer Jake Hanna.

This was a run-of-the-mill jam session involving no arrangements, no rehearsals and, ergo, no original material. Zweig will be back Wednesday with a similar group.

Business was slack Wednesday, but there are signs of a Donte's renaissance. Last weekend the room was packed when the Frank Capp/Nat Pierce Juggernaut took over. This orchestra will return June 17 and 18, followed by Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band June 24 and 25.

JAZZ

HANCOCK: MASTER OF ELECTRIC MUSIC

By LEONARD FEATHER

It has been said, perhaps waggishly but with serious undertones, that the impact of electronics on the world of music may soon make it mandatory for an instrumentalist to acquire a degree in engineering.

The case of Herbie Hancock indicates the extent to which an alert, multifaceted mind can adjust itself to this situation. Hancock is not only a master of electronics, he is ready for the computer revolution. In the garage-turned-studio at his West Hollywood home he has at least a dozen synthesizers, a computer and enough recording equipment to enable him to make his albums at home (he recently completed an all-electronic LP for Columbia).

The explanation for his qualifications goes back to his childhood. "Ever since I was a kid, I had an interest in science. I used to go to these shops that had model airplanes and boats and try to build the simpler ones. I would take watches apart and try, without much success, to put them back together.

"When I went to Grinnell University, my first major was electrical engineering; I chose it because of my good grades in math and science. Donald Byrd, who heard me in Chicago and brought me to New York when I was 20, turned me on to electronic music and other types of 20th-Century classical music—Edgar Varese, John Cage, Elliott Carter.

"Then I heard Stockhausen's 'Song of Youth,' in 1962, and fell in love with it. Around that time I met (drummer) Tony Williams, who was already into a lot of electronic music, and turned me on to some new sounds." (Williams was 17 and Hancock 23 when they joined Miles Davis' quintet in 1963.)

Toward the end of Hancock's 5½-year stint with Davis, he walked into the studio and was confronted by an electric keyboard. "Play it," ordered Davis. "That was my first time touching an electric instrument. But my initial exposure to synthesizers didn't come about until 1971."

Hancock's manager, David Rubinson, advised him that synthesizers were gaining popularity in the rock field. "We were doing an album called 'Crossings,' and Dave suggested we bring in this guy, Patrick Gleeson, to add some synthesizer sounds on one cut. Well, what he did just blew my mind. I had him work on the rest of the album, then asked him to travel with my band. A year and a half later, in the 'Headhunters' LP, I began using a synthesizer myself.

"In those days, in order to program a synthesizer, you had to take a patch cord and transfer it from one section into another in order to change sounds. Today most synthesizers don't have to be programmed that way; you simply push a few buttons, move some slides or some pots to alter the sound. What makes it even easier is that once you get the sound you want, you can push the store button; the synthesizer, which has a computer and a memory, stores it in its memory bank. You can then change all the buttons to something entirely different, but the moment you want that particular sound back, you just push the original number. Nowadays some synthesizers store up to 120 programs."

An even more sophisticated development is the polyphonic synthesizer—according to Hancock, the eight-voice modular Oberheim was used by Miles Davis for startling effects on his recent album.

"You can program each module separately until by playing a single note on the keyboard you can produce an eight-part chord."

One question occurs to the uninformed but inquisitive mind: Why do Hancock, Joe Zawinul and others require so many different synthesizers? Hancock's arsenal includes an Arp, a Clavitar, an Oberheim, a Clavitron, a Rhodes, a Chroma, an Alpha-Syntauri, an Emulator (Emu), a Fairlight, a Moog and on and on.

"The answer is that each one has subtly different characteristics. The first popular synthesizer was a mini-Moog, which had a filter no other manufacturer seemed able to reproduce. It has a punch and power, an immediacy in its sound that everybody wants to have.

"If I hear a certain sound in my head, I'll search

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Herbie Hancock is optimistic about the future sounds of electronic music: "We're only at 1983; this stuff is . . . going to get better and better."

around and try to find it on a particular instrument. Perhaps I'll want the Oberheim for a cello sound, the Rhodes Chroma for bass effects and the Arp 2600 for flute."

The Emulator, or Emu, has taken the electronic process a step further in sophistication. It is a digital synthesizer. To draw a very rough parallel, what stereo was to mono, digital is to analog. "The emulator," Hancock explains, "has a memory; you plug a mike into the back, put it in the record mode and it samples all the components of a given sound. The result doesn't just sound like a certain instrument; in effect it is that instrument. Emulator is a brand name; the Fairlight, which is also a digital synthesizer, does the same thing."

Given all these electronic marvels, given the ability to simulate the sound of any instrument or any human voice, would it follow that the time may arrive when all the conventional musical instruments, from saxophone to piano to bagpipe, will have been rendered expendable? Hancock vigorously denies the possibility.

"You see, no matter what the synthesizers do, you have to have a sound, a source, deriving from an instrument or voice, in order for it to be synthesized or emulated.

"You can take any sound, and even if it's a very short one like this (Hancock hit a glass on the table), if it's long enough to have any determinable pitch, you can find a certain point in its duration, extend it by putting a loop in it and create new sounds, actually play a chord with it. It may be only a few microseconds long, but through this technology, you can manipulate it. It's comparable to taking something under a microscope, blowing it up many times in size and finding new elements in it."

The versatility of electronic sound has created a paradox. One would logically expect the newly accessible range of sounds to be applicable to any form of music, thereby enlarging and enhancing it; yet up to the present these developments, having made tremendous inroads in pop and rock, have almost never been employed in mainstream jazz, bebop or any related fields. Why not?

"I was never asked that question before, and it's a great question. My first response is that the playing of bebop and other forms of improvised jazz is so sensitive that the technology is just beginning to acquire the capacity for expressing that degree of sensitivity. It hasn't been adaptable to all the change of tone quality and dynamics.

"When synthesizers were being used extensively for rock, I don't think it could be compared in sensitivity to improvised jazz. A lot if it was very loud—on purpose; I'm not using that adjective in a negative way, because the players wanted it to be loud and immediate. I also noticed that a lot of rock musicians rarely used dynamics; their keyboard players don't know how to employ dynamics—it's not even part of their vocabulary."

Yet Hancock himself, as he has shown in his acoustic performances, has this ability to deal with dynamics and subtlety. The question still remains: why not?

"There's two reasons. First: I've been playing acoustic piano for 36 years. For the first 13 years of my classical training, from age 7 to 20, I hadn't even recorded my first album yet. On the other hand, I have been playing synthesizers for only 13 years, so my experience and ability are relatively limited.

"Look at the length of our tradition in acoustic instruments. The piano is almost 300 years old. When I was born, so much was already known about how to teach it, how to play it and master the techniques. So all this was handed down to me."

The second reason is more technical: as Hancock points out, most of the instruments in the electronic field up to this point have not been touch-sensitive. "In playing bebop, I make extensive use of touch, of dynamics related to how I hit the keys. On a synthesizer, the keys are only switches; you turn on and you turn off, but dynamics are only obtainable through a volume control and a pedal. There are things you can do that are not feasible on a traditional piano—such as bending a note—but when it comes to accents, to changes of articulation, you are limited."

This problem is now being eliminated by the arrival of touch-sensitive electronic keyboards, among which Hancock points with pride to his Rhodes Chroma. "I can program it so that if I hit a key it will do exactly what I want. But even then, this touch sensitivity has to be programmed.

"It's strange; on a piano, if you hit it hard, it's gonna sound loud, and if you touch it lightly, it's gonna be soft. With the Chroma, you can program it to do just the opposite.

"Other companies, such as the one that makes the Prophet synthesizer, are beginning to produce touch-sensitive instruments. The Fairlight, too, is touch-sensitive."

Hancock draws an analogy between playing an electronic instrument and manipulating an automobile. "The ordinary piano has hammers; you put pressure against it, a string is hit and the note bounces back; you're driving it like you'd drive a car, and you can feel the road. But synthesizers don't work that way; can you imagine driving a car by pushing a bunch of buttons and not being able to feel the road?"

The solution lies in inducing some characteristic in the synthesizer "to make it feel as though you're moving something—to make it comfortable and natural for someone like me with my long background as an acoustic piano player. People brought up on synthesizers don't have a problem; they don't miss that, but I do."

Having weighed the pros and cons, Hancock looks with a sanguine eye toward the sound wave of the future. "We're only at 1983; this stuff is all real new, but mark my words, it's gonna get better and better."

Having said that, he left his hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of equipment in his studio and, along with Wynton and Branford Marsalis, Ron Carter and Tony Williams, took off for Japan on the first leg of a three-month tour. This acoustic group will be at the Hollywood Bowl Playboy Jazz Festival on June 18. "I also have an album due out soon that's acoustic all the way. Just because I'm so interested in the future," he explains, "it doesn't mean I'm giving up any skills I've acquired in the past."

But the synthesizer album of bebop standards still remains on the drawing board. □

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113

L.A. TIMES June 7 1983

JAZZ REVIEW

THE 5 FACETS OF GEORGE SHEARING

By LEONARD FEATHER

When an artist's career can be measured not in years but in decades, it is not uncommon to find a tendency to coast, to rest on the laurels of achievements long past. George Shearing is not one to rely on nostalgia for ticket sales. Every time around he brings something fresh and engaging in material, performance and even—now and then—in personnel.

Saturday at Pasadena City College Auditorium, a delighted audience witnessed five facets of his talent. Primarily there was Shearing the pianist, in a duet with his rocket-powered Canadian bassist, Don Thompson, who can play the melody of Sonny Rollins' "Oleo" in unison with the piano, deliver an astonishing solo, then settle back while Shearing turns the tune into a minuet. Thompson, who is no less sensitive to the demands of a lovely ballad such as "The Things We Did Last Summer," makes an invaluable new partner for his fellow Briton.

As if not satisfied to be playing more lyrically and ebulliently than ever, Shearing offers his recently developed personality as vocalist. Whether playing it straight with a grainy-voiced "Fly Me to the Moon" or singing a hilarious satire on "You're the Top" retitled "You're the Pits," he is in pleasingly unpretentious command.

Third is Shearing the raconteur. If he wants to tell a story ending with an outrageous pun about a Mediterranean flute fry, why not indulge him? Can Victor Borge play John Coltrane's "Giant Steps"?

Fourth is the composer and fifth the piano duetist. These aspects were combined when Thompson put down his bass to join in for a witty two-keyboard "Lullaby of Birdland" that was half fugue, half jazz. This was on the evening's five piano duo pieces, all of them revealing a smart blend of technique, ideas and empathy. Two of them, "Summer Song" and "Stratford Stomp," were composed by Thompson.

Los Angeles Times

DISNEYLAND

Continued from First Page

passed on it in order to catch others with overlapping schedules. Maynard Ferguson's band on the Space Stage at Tomorrowland was similarly inaccessible if one wanted to accommodate Joe Pass, Woody Herman and Sarah Vaughan.

Bill Watrous, who shared the Space Stage with Ferguson, had the earliest hours, with a 6 p.m. opening set. As the only trombonist now leading a major jazz orchestra, he makes an imposing front man, capable of sheer delicacy on a ballad but more often likely to tear into a sputtering strand of ad-lib ideas at a staggering tempo.

The Watrous sidemen are stronger in ensemble work than as individuals; however, at one point a pair of saxophonists, on tenor and soprano respectively, engaged in a tense, locked-horns battle while the rhythm section fell silent. The set ended with a commanding Tom Kubis arrangement of Chick Corea's "Night Sprite."

At the nearby Tomorrowland Terrace, Paquito d'Rivera, the alto saxophonist, led his quintet through a series of Latin pieces, some imported from his native Cuba and none more than conventional. During his three years in this country d'Rivera has assimilated almost too well; there is not enough in him today of the indigenous spirit that marked his earlier appearances. His sound, though this may have been the fault of the P.A. system, tended to a slight coarseness.

At the Plaza Gardens, playing for an audience of enchanted young people who squatted on the dance floor (nobody danced), Akiyoshi conducted her orchestra in several of the original works that have established her as the most resourceful new composer in the big band field since the glory days of Gil Evans.

Her co-leader and husband, the tenor saxophonist and flutist Lew Tabackin, easily the band's most gifted soloist, yielded the floor to several competent colleagues on the opening blues, "Tuning Up," and to the trombonist Hart Smith on "American Ballad." It was a melancholy thought that this was the band's final gig; one can only hope that its Manhattan counterpart will do equal justice to Akiyoshi's music.

At the Golden Horseshoe, the only indoor venue, the 19th-Century music hall stage and decor contrasted startlingly with Tom Ranier's electric keyboards. Ranier, who doubles on clarinet, is the partner of bassist John Heard and drummer Sherman Ferguson in a tightly knit trio. Both Ferguson, whose announcements sounded as though he were talking through a bullhorn, and Melba Joyce, who sang a couple of numbers with the trio, suffered from the cross fire of a sound man with unsound tactics.

Joe Pass, during a solo guitar recital in the same room, had the same problem. The brilliance of his sound was reduced to a tinny whining. A brief visit to his final set found conditions improved and Pass at his optimum level, reminding us of the theory that technique and content are inseparable, and that Pass has employed an all but limitless technique to make his ideas fascinatingly listenable. Content, in his case, does not refer to repertoire; it is his custom to take some old song such as "Sweet Georgia Brown," "If," "Misty" or the blues, and make something rewardingly fresh out of it.

After catching a few familiar New Orleans morsels by Teddy Buckner and his always charming vocalist Kathy Griggs at the French Market, it was time for the River Stage. Wafting its sound across Disneyland's own Mississippi to the faithful ranged along the opposite bank were Woody Herman and his Young Thundering Herd. Herman hit 70 just two weeks ago today, and doubtless hit it on the nose without missing a beat.

His selections leaned more than normally toward the long-tested; thus we had blues lame and ancient ("I've Got News For You") followed by blues younger and timeless ("Greasy Sack Blues"). Herman seemed to be in a pensive mood as he applied his low register, mellow clarinet to "As Times Goes By," then segued to "Mood Indigo." He concluded on a note of triumph with Gary Anderson's audacious rearrangement of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man."

Alternating on the River Stage was Sarah Vaughan. Given her distance from the crowd, she could have made good use of a full orchestra, though the customarily reliable support was offered by her pianist, Mike Wofford, with Andy Simpkins on bass and Harold Jones on drums.

Vaughan opened with an unidentified, wordless number, followed it with "Fascinating Rhythm," also partially scatted, and eased into "I've Got The World on a String," for which she again lapsed into shoo-be-doo. Not until the fourth song, an exquisite, very slow treatment of "I'm Glad There Is You," did she rely exclusively on the English language. Hooray for English.

Observing the character, ages and reactions of the audiences throughout this enriching evening, it was encouraging to reflect that these listeners were exposed to artists of the caliber of Vaughan, Pass, Watrous and Akiyoshi, listeners whose normal musical diet may consist of Styx, Toto, Pink Floyd or even Merle Haggard. Disneyland deserves our unbounded admiration for its role over the past 20 years in bringing jazz to millions who are all too seldom made aware of its beauty and accessibility.

114

5/30

JAZZ REVIEW

A HARVEST OF HARMONY AT DISNEYLAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

There was more to Disneyland's weekend than the reopening of Fantasyland. In a sense, another fantasy became reality when the park, with its long backlog of memorable jazz occasions, offered a spectacular musical spectrum to a projected 100,000 customers (Saturday's total alone was 56,000).

Sonny Anderson, as jazz talent booker for Disneyland since the mid-1960s, has become the George Wein of Anaheim. Saturday and Sunday, he deployed Clare Fischer and Salsa Picante to dispense Latin jazz during the early afternoon at Tomorrowland Terrace. The evening became an international festival, an embarrassment of riffed riches, not to mention a trial by foot leather.

Every corner of the park resounded to idioms ranging from the New Orleans traditionalism of Teddy Buckner (a Disneyland regular for 16 years) to the 1980s sounds of Cuban defector Paquito d'Rivera and of Toshiko Akiyoshi, still Japan's preeminent gift to American jazz, presenting the swan song of the band she and her husband, Lew Tabackin, have led for the past decade. (Next month they will unveil, in New York, their new East Coast ensemble.)

In order to catch more than a glimpse of the principal attractions Saturday, it was necessary to take a class in logistics, secure a map of the park and make certain sacrifices. Having reviewed the Phil Woods Quartet just weeks ago, I reluctantly

Please see DISNEYLAND, Page 3

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

Trombonist/bandleader Bill Watrous at Disneyland's jazz weekend. The lineup also included singer Sarah Vaughan, the Woody Herman, Maynard Ferguson and Akiyoshi-Tabackin big bands, saxmen Phil Woods and Paquito d'Rivera and guitarist Joe Pass.

6/5

DONNA PAUL

Phil Wilson and Makato Ozone, an odd couple who collaborate well.

JAZZ

RAREFIED AIRS IN THE OZONE

By LEONARD FEATHER

PHIL WILSON & MAKOTO LIVE! Shiah SM 113.

It can safely be predicted that Makoto Ozone, the 21-year-old phenomenon from Kobe, Japan, will very shortly make the giant step from virtual unknown to world figure.

Ozone, a jazz pianist like his father, will graduate soon from Berklee College of Music in Boston, where his teachers have included the composer and trombonist Phil Wilson. Playing as if he had spent his entire life absorbing all the elements of jazz, he is a virtual encyclopedia of styles, but his taste, rhythmic sensitivity and humor have put this eclecticism to flawless use.

Wilson, a long established master of the horn, contributes some brilliant moments, but is inclined to multinoted excesses in which technique outreaches feeling. Trombone and piano are an odd couple for an entire album, yet because of Ozone's immense power and creative drive, the partnership works well much of the time.

The repertoire symbolizes the album's scope: The last two tracks are "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gave to Me," a Dixieland chestnut, and John Coltrane's "Giant Steps," in which both men play long unaccompanied passes. Wilson contributed a harmonically engaging original, "These Are the Days." They are indeed, when they can produce new talents of Ozone's caliber. It's *oh-zon-eh*, by the way—pronounced genius. Four-and-a-half stars, and a special star for Lennie Peterson, who drew one of the wildest cover designs in record jacket history.

Available at $10 from Whale Prod., 162 Broadsound Ave., Revere, Mass. 02151.

JAMES NEWTON. Gramavision GR 8205. Though his music uses fuguelike devices, counterpoint and atonality, Newton acknowledges traditional jazz sources such as Monk and Mingus as the inspiration for his writing. Three of the five works are his own; the pianist Anthony Davis contributed one short piece, and Billy Strayhorn's "Day Dream" is mainly a vehicle for Newton's elegiac flute and for John Blake's exotic, resourceful violin. With Jay Hoggard on vibes and, on one cut, Slide Hampton on trombone, the album sets a deliberate course and follows it indomitably into the future. 5 stars.

□

SILVERWARE. Demetri Pagalidis. Mark 56 853. An unknown bass trombonist, on an unknown label, has produced a big-band album that has it all: melodic subtlety, harmonic finesse, rhythmic drive. Credit Tom Kubis, who wrote the 10 charts, mostly originals, three with a Brazilian flavor. His "In the Mood" is a gem of success by avoidance: mercifully, we hear almost nothing of the actual melody. Kubis, playing tenor sax, is one of several assured soloists, but the most impressive are a lyrical fluegelhornist, Dan McGurn, and a parallel-lines demon, Tom Ranier, at the piano. 4 stars. Box 1, Anaheim 92805.

□

STORM. Maynard Ferguson. Nautilus NR 57. "Hit in the Head," one of the Nick Lane originals here, would make a good symbolic phrase for the band's hyperkinetic approach to music. Production and digital recording are expert, the leader and Lane have moments of restraint in "Go With the Flo" (sic), and Ferguson's attempt to sing "As Time Goes By" is good for a laugh, intended or not. In short, this is everything the Pagalidis album is not, and vice versa. For the storm-prone, 3 stars.

□

IN THE DIGITAL MOOD. Glenn Miller Orchestra. GRP A-1002. Caveat emptor: This is neither the original Miller band nor the current touring group of young musicians using Miller's name. Instead, it's a group of New York studio musicians. In fact, the emptor may be better off, since the ensembles are crisp, the sound splendid, and some of the instrumental solists (Jimmy Maxwell, George Masso) are superior to the originals. Mel Torme makes an extremely brief (12-second) appearance, whistling. Of course, whether "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Kalamazoo" are sung by Julius La Rosa in 1983 or Tex Beneke in 1942, the material is irremediable, and there's the rub. 2 stars.

□

LITTLE BIG HORN. Gerry Mulligan. GRP A-1003. The surprise here is the participation of Dave Grusin, who not only was teamed with Mulligan on the arrangements of the latter's tunes but also plays keyboards and (on the attractive "Under a Star") synthesizer. "Another Kind of Sunday," with its loping beat and Mulligan's grizzly baritone sax, and the energetic title number are backed up by a horn section. When Mulligan sings (on "I Never Was a Young Man," to his own lyrics and melody), he indicates that he could give Maynard Ferguson voice lessons. 4½ stars.

□

PREVIOUSLY UNAVAILABLE. Michael Franks. John Hammond BFW 38664. Franks cut these sides in 1973; they were available briefly on a label called Brut, then disappeared. There is remarkably little difference between his sound and songs then and now; the same imagery, the same folksy timbre. He is well backed by an assortment of Hollywood studio musicians: Tom Scott, Dave Paich, Larry Bunker et al. The cocaine references in "Dobro Ladies" and "Can't Seem to Shake This Rock 'n' Roll" are gratuitous. 3½ stars. □

JAZZ REVIEW

ELOISE LAWS: A DISAPPOINTMENT

By LEONARD FEATHER

A long line of customers stood on the pier outside Concerts by the Sea Wednesday evening, eager to see the latest in a series of benefit concerts designed to pull the club out of the red. Organized by the Friends of Howard Rumsey (with help from the Playboy Festival), the evening, with Eloise Laws as the main draw, was a financial triumph and a musical disenchantment.

Laws is a strikingly attractive woman with a commandingly powerful voice and an ingratiating personality, both of which are effectively destroyed by her group, her arrangements and her material. Along with a saxophone, keyboard, bass, guitar and drums, she has two backup singers, one of whom is her sister, Debra.

It has always been a mystery to me what purpose is served by hiring two supporting vocalists whose roles are confined mainly to repeating lines in the trite lyrics, or to adding a "la la" here and an "ooh ooh" there. Even more baffling is Eloise Laws' choice of songs. They range from the acceptable to the intolerable.

In the former category was a new piece, "The Very First Time," sung with a welcome measure of restraint. Outnumbering such tunes by far were trivia on the order of "You're Incredible," "Baby You Lie" and a monumentally trashy "What Goes Up," sung as a duet with a sloppily dressed guest named Paul Goodman.

Another low point arrived when Debra Laws took over the lead for two numbers, the first of which she described as "country rock." Like her sister, she is a capable artist who sings below her potential.

It is saddening to hear a talent of Eloise Laws' dimensions wasted in this manner, and doubly depressing to hear this sort of thing taking place at a respected jazz club.

6/12

JAZZ

CRUSADING TAKES ITS TOLL ON GROUP

By LEONARD FEATHER

First of two parts.

They have had five group names: the Swingsters (1952), the Modern Jazz Sextet (1954), the Night Hawks (1958), the Jazz Crusaders (1961) and, since 1970, simply the Crusaders. Under the last two names, or under the names of three key members—Joe Sample, the pianist; Wilton Felder, the saxophonist and bassist, and Nesbert (Stix) Hooper, the drummer—they have accumulated a track record of 46 albums. One of these, "Street Life," on MCA in 1979, went platinum; nowadays almost anything they touch turns to gold.

The story of the Crusaders, beginning with a group of teen-age musicians around Houston's 5th Ward, is as complex as it is successful. The original Swingsters, reed-heavy with six saxes, drums, bass and piano, worked school dances around town, but the essential founding members were Hooper, Felder, Sample, trombonist Wayne Henderson, Hubert Laws on sax and flute, and a bassist named Henry Wilson.

As they will be seen at the Hollywood Bowl next Sunday in the Playboy Jazz Festival, the Crusaders will include only two original members, Sample and Felder. Laws dropped out in 1960, a year before the Jazz Crusaders made their recording debut on Pacific Jazz. Henderson left in 1976 to become an independent producer. Last January, Hooper, the group's senior citizen (he was born in 1938, the others in '39 or '40), also quit to go out on his own as drummer/composer/leader/producer.

"Stix's departure was something I was totally shocked about," said Sample, reviewing the traumatic events of the last few months in the Crusaders' evolution. "Of course, like any group that has been together over a long period of time, we have had misunderstandings, but there was no hostility, no anger. I wouldn't say there was any incompatibility; our problems, with Stix and earlier with Wayne, stemmed from disagreements about the technique of getting the work accomplished, of deciding how to move from one step to the next.

"Ever since we left Texas and came out here to Los Angeles in 1958, there have been differences in outlook, even in religion—Wilton is a Jehovah's Witness, as is Wayne; I was raised in the Catholic faith, and so forth. We didn't really have trouble in that area; in any case, the force that kept us together as a unit for so many years was our common enthusiasm for making the same kind of music."

By mutual agreement, the music purveyed by the Crusaders evolved from its original Gulf Coast jazz-and-blues blend to a more generally acceptable popularized style with R&B/funk overtones. This coincided with the quintet's decision to drop the word "jazz" from its billing in order to avoid giving the public a sense that this was where the music stopped. (Ironically, since the name change their albums have appeared with increasing frequency in the jazz charts; they are in international demand for jazz festivals.)

Is there any possibility that, in view of the latest defection, the Crusaders will cease to exist as an organized unit?

The soft-spoken Sample hesitated momentarily before answering: "I can't see the band actually stopping. There's more of a retirement factor than a breaking up factor. As Wilton gets older, as I get older, we may become a little tired of continuing to assume the burden involved in keeping a group alive and healthy. It requires an incredible amount of work, beyond the actual playing and composing. It calls for a great deal of travel, and even if you love traveling, sooner or later it can wear you out.

"I'm still a young man and, as far as I'm concerned, I want the Crusaders to keep going. As a matter of fact, we have just finished some basic tracks for a new album, and we've been thinking about the sweetening process—whether to add horns or whatever."

Since Hooper's decision to withdraw, Sample and Felder have listened to at least a hundred eagerly auditioning musicians to fill not only the drum chair but other jobs in the slightly enlarged group. As of this moment the Crusaders consist of Sample, Felder, guitarists Barry Finnerty and the newly added David T. Walker, and three other newcomers: Andre Fischer, nephew of the composer/pianist Clare Fischer, on drums (Fischer was formerly with Rufus and Chaka Khan); Hector Andrade on percussion, and John Patitucci on bass.

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Joe Sample: "As long as I can sit down at the piano and improvise or compose, I'll be happy."

"We have had a tremendous problem finding compatible players," Sample said, "because of the vast span of knowledge they have to have of different kinds of music. For example, I can go and play with B.B. King, write songs for him and sound quite authentic in that setting; then I can turn around and work with Clark Terry in a straight-ahead jazz groove. We need players who have that kind of adaptability.

"We think we have a find in John Patitucci. He's only 23, he has a lot to learn, but looks like he is willing to put in the dues. On drums, after listening to more than 40 musicians, all of them really superior players, we found that the one who understood us the most sensitively was Andre Fischer. We have a good balance between our guitarists, with Walker for the R&B or soul sound and Finnerty for more of a jazz flavor.

"Except for a couple of tracks that Fischer played on, none of these guys will be on the new album; that was recorded before we started looking for new men."

Sample's most recent album as a leader, "The Hunter," co-produced with Felder, is an exemplary illustration of his facility for blending classical, jazz and R&B elements. The opening piano sequence on the title song sounds like a light classical piece, in sharp contrast to the incisive passages with rhythm section that follow. Another of Sample's most inventive works, "Blue Ballet," involves no improvisation, having been entirely written out for himself, guitar, bass, drums and a variety of woodwinds played by John Phillips.

"The Hunter," with its synthesizer programming, its horn section and careful preparation, with extensive overdubbing, could not be characterized by any accepted yardstick as a jazz album, yet it has risen to fourth place in Billboard's jazz chart. Sample is unfazed; he is less concerned with categorization than creation.

"As long as I can sit down at the piano and improvise or compose, I'll be happy and I'll feel totally free."

The freedom he cherishes extends to other areas of his life. An active outdoor sportsman, he is into skiing, hunting, fishing and driving his Jeep. He and his wife and 12-year-old son divide their time between their Beverly Hills condominium and a spacious two-story log and stone house on Mammoth Lake, which he helped design in 1973.

One of the definitions of a crusade is: "Any remedial activity pursued with zeal and enthusiasm." By that standard, Joe Sample remains as firmly committed a crusader today as in 1958, when the Modern Jazz Sextet took off from Houston to look for a gig in Los Angeles. □

(Next week: Wilton Felder.)

1/16

AMERICAN NEWS

from Leonard Feather

CLARK TERRY'S PARADISE TRIP

DR CLARK TERRY is convinced that the rainbow-like town of Paradise Valley, Arizona, nestled between Phoenix and Scottsdale, must have been named for him. He was recently the guest of honor at the sixth annual Paradise Valley Jazz Party, an event unlikely to be forgotten by the 300 fans who, for $110 each, listened to 15 hours of totally inspiring music.

The scene was a banquet hall at the Camelback Inn, in the center of some 130 acres of rambling bungalows, tennis courts, swimming pools, golf courses, cacti and great flowerbeds in riotous colors. Musicians strolling outside between sets marveled at a collection of bronze sculptures by **Ed Dwight**, from his 'Evolution of Jazz' series, or examined samples of bassist-cameraman **Milt Hinton's** photographic studies, a display that covered a 50-year span.

Dr Terry – he received his honorary doctorate of music in 1978 from the University of New Hampshire – found himself in the most congenial of company. Among the old friends and new present were bass virtuoso **Brian Torff**, 28, and the 77-year-old **Doc Cheatham**. Between these extremes were **Joe Newman, Al Grey, Bill Watrous, Bob Wilber, Buddy Tate, Al Cohn, Bud Shank, Herb Ellis, Cal Collins, Jay McShann, Ray Bryant, Roger Kellaway, Alan Dawson** and **Bobby Rosengarden.**

'Clark deserves every honor there is,' said Kellaway. 'In my New York days I played for two and a half years in the quintet he and **Bob Brookmeyer** led, and I never met anyone with a sweeter disposition – which is reflected in his playing. I'd do anything in the world for him.'

Don Miller, the businessman-aficionado who with his wife **Sue** organises the Party, said, 'People don't realise what a tough time Clark has been through.' The story behind this remark goes back to last September, when Terry, for reasons never explained, began to experience excruciating back pains. 'I was laid up for four months,' he says. 'I went to 10 different doctors who had 10 different ideas. Most of them wanted to perform surgery, but I told them to go to hell.'

Aided by various forms of therapy, Terry agonisingly made his way to walking a little with the aid of crutches. 'Then I was booked into the Blue Note in New York. On the night of my birthday, December 14, I hobbled into the club on my crutches and found a regular who's who of jazz on hand to greet me. It was the first time I'd picked up my horn in three or four months, but somehow all the muscles worked. What's more, by the end of the week I was able to move around with just a cane. Goes to show you that work is the best therapy.'

Born in St Louis, Terry was the first source of inspiration for a local tyro named **Miles Davis**, who was 15 when he met the 20-year-old Terry. '**Elwood Buchanan**, a beer-drinking buddy of mine, who was giving Miles lessons, told me about him. Miles was on a wide-vibrato **Harry James** kick, but we steered him into that pure, straight tone later on.' Davis has always insisted that Terry was his mentor and main influence.

After a long hitch in the all-black Navy Band at Great Lakes in Chicago, Terry's career got into high gear, with many big band credits: a short stint with **Lionel Hampton**, a longer one with **Charlie Barnet** (alongside him in the trumpet section was a 20-year-old youth named **Carl 'Doc' Severinsen**), three years with **Count Basie** (the big band and the 1950 small combo). It was during his eight years with **Duke Ellington**, through 1959, that Terry won his spurs as a worldwide virtuoso stylist.

After one final big band tour, with **Quincy Jones** in Europe, Terry settled in New York as one of the very few black musicians ever employed on the NBC staff. 'It gave me a great chance to play everything – classical concerts, pop, jazz, rock, the works.'

Mainly he was on the *Tonight* show from its **Jack Paar** days. Later, when **Skitch Henderson** was **Johnny Carson's** chef d'orchestre, Terry gained some prominence as a featured soloist. He was on a loose leash, taking frequent leaves of absence to play jazz jobs. When the leadership passed from **Milton DeLugg** (Henderson's successor) to Severinsen, Terry's role diminished. He had a hit record, *Mumbles* (with **Oscar Peterson**), exhibiting his outrageously funny style of double-talk scat singing, but was not invited to sing it on the show until much later, when he performed it as a guest. He quit the studio life for good in 1972 when the *Tonight* show moved to California.

By that time he had made serious headway in the world of jazz education. Because of his nonpareil talent and easy disposition, he is admired and respected by young people. His playing/lecturing sessions at schools and colleges include courses in jazz history and technique.

He has also organised and directed several youth bands. 'In the early '60s I put together a Harlem youth band; picked kids up virtually off the street and bought them horns.' Mounting such a project today presents special problems, however. 'I lined up a youth band for a European tour in 1981, and had serious trouble finding qualified blacks. I wound up with

continued on page 7

PLAYBOY
JAZZ FESTIVAL
1983

$4

118

THE CLASS OF '59

Before fusion, synthesizers, sitars and the bossa nova—even before the Hollywood Bowl—there was Playboy's Chicago Jazz Festival.

by Leonard Feather

It was the best of times, it was the most of times. Never before in the 60-year history of jazz had so many black, white and gray eminences been gathered together under one roof to celebrate America's genuine classical music in all its multifarious forms.

"Goin' to Chicago," hollered little five-by-five Jimmy Rushing, "sorry that I can't take you." His sorrow was shared by millions.

It all began at 8 P.M., Friday evening, August 7, 1959; later came matinee and evening performances on August 8 and 9. The place: the Chicago Stadium, where the regular 26,000 seating capacity had been trimmed to 19,000 by blocking off one end of the oval for the construction of a revolving stage (similar to the one at the Hollywood Bowl today) to avoid time-consuming setups and ensure the music would be as nearly continuous as possible. The event: The inaugural Playboy Jazz Festival.

It stands out in my memory clear as a Milt Jackson bell tone, for I was not only present at the festival but also an offstage participant, having been given the honorary title of program director. I was just midway through my five-year association with *Playboy*, where I worked as the jazz feature writer and reported the results of the magazine's annual jazz poll.

MORT SAHL & HUGH HEFNER

The festival figures, particularly by 1959 standards, were astonishing. There were five concerts. The first, Friday evening, was a benefit for the Urban League at $25 a pop. At the Saturday and Sunday shows, the preinflationary entry price was a mere $5.50. Altogether, 68,069 fans paid $245,680 (that's closer to a million in 1983 dollars) to hear an ear-bending, mind-blowing concatenation of performances that constituted a cross section of the best and the brightest in 1959 jazz.

"It's amazing how wide the range was," recalls Mort Sahl, who emceed every show with a unique brand of wit and jazz knowledge that has yet to be surpassed. "It seems to me people were a lot more tolerant then, and their tastes were more varied. They were real appreciators who didn't turn their backs on something that was a notch away from their norm."

Don Gold, today *Playboy*'s managing editor but then a young arrival who had left *Down Beat* to work as *Playboy*'s jazz promotion director, remembers the extravagant emphasis on quality: "Everything was done on a typical Hugh Hefner spare-no-expense basis. I was just told to book anyone of importance, maintaining the best possible balance of styles."

As the first American indoor jazz festival, the Chicago convention was a bellwether affair. At that time, the history of jazz festivals was limited; like so many other aspects of jazz history, it derived its impetus from overseas.

Just as the first serious jazz magazines had appeared in France and other European countries, and the first intelligent books on jazz in Belgium and

6/17/83

CALENDAR

LORI SHEPLER / Los Angeles Times

Ever the showman, Frank Sinatra knows how to keep the music playing during a performance at the Universal Amphitheatre.

POP MUSIC REVIEW

SINATRA HITS HIGH NOTES, AND LOW ONES

By LEONARD FEATHER

To say that Frank Sinatra was in fine voice Wednesday evening at the Universal Amphitheatre is somewhat like announcing that at midnight Big Ben struck 12. It is, to quote a current fad expression, a given.

Not only a given, but a taken for granted. It is high time someone set down in print a fact many of us have known but state too seldom: Sinatra is quite simply the best male popular singer on this planet or, presumably, any planet. He was in such total command on this occasion that comments about his supposed adjustment to the inroads of time no longer seem appropriate, if they ever were.

During "At Long Last Love," he tossed in a note a sixth higher than was actually called for by Cole Porter's melody. As for

Please see SINATRA, Page 25

Los Angeles Times

SINATRA CONCERT

Continued from First Page

the lower register, the two "saloon songs" performed in duo with guitarist Tony Mottola gave ample evidence that this, too, remains under thorough control.

The performance began with Irving Berlin's "Change Partners and Dance With Me," nominated for an Academy Award in 1938. Later we heard "How Do You Keep the Music Playing?," a sublime song by Michel Legrand and the Bergmans, nominated for an Academy Award this year—and Sinatra cursed out the academy for failing to give it the Oscar.

This was one of only three songs of the present generation. "New York, New York" was introduced in the mocking manner he sometimes uses for songs he is beginning to tire of—the first words out of his mouth were "Chicago, Milwaukee," followed by "I Left My Heart in Union City." But then he sang the song arrow-straight. There was also "Here's to the Band," his finale, an autobiographical tribute to his association with gifted musicians during the last four decades.

His admiration for the gifted instrumentalists was a pervasive element. As always, every song received both composer and arranger credits, except for "These Foolish Things," the English composers of which didn't come to mind. (They are Eric Maschwitz and Jack Strachey.) This was sung with the backing only of his pianist and musical director, Joe Parnello.

Others whom Sinatra graciously gave their moments in the spotlight were Tony Mottola, featured in a lyrical solo on Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez," and trumpeter Charlie Turner, whose "The Very Thought of You" was delivered with a hair too much early Harry James bravura. Even the short trombone solo on "I've Got You Under My Skin" (introduced as "a request from my dermatologist") was duly credited to Dick Noel.

Completing the combo within the large but stringless orchestra were bassist Gene Cherico and drummer Irv Cottler, both veterans of the Sinatra entourage.

Aside from the three songs noted, everything was vintage pop. Clearly the era that gave us Sinatra also brought a rich lode of great melodies and wonderfully crafted lyrics, and, just as clearly, Sinatra delighted in showing, for an audience that included a fair sprinkling of younger fans, that this was the golden age of popular songwriting. The only number that has outlived its usefulness is "The Lady Is a Tramp," one of Lorenz Hart's most contrived lyrics.

Buddy Rich opened with a short (25 minutes) set by his admirable band. Unlike Sinatra, Rich does not believe in spreading the credits around. He opened with "Don't Rain on My Parade," but neither Joe Roccisano, who arranged it, nor any of the subsequent composers or arrangers or soloists received credit.

Only recently recovered from serious heart surgery, Rich played with the same youthful fire he exhibited as a colleague of Sinatra in the 1942 Tommy Dorsey Orchestra. At 65, two years the singer's junior, he remains one of the indestructible phenomena of jazz.

The show began at 8:30 p.m. and was over at 10:15, but music of this quality, even in small doses, leaves you with a happy, sated feeling that all is right with the world. Sinatra and Rich close Sunday.

SONNY ROLLINS

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

CHICAGO STADIUM

the first official ambassador and sending him overseas at the head of a Big Band touring the Middle East and Latin America in the spring and fall of 1956. It was a time, too, when Norman Granz and others were able to tour their all-star packages at home and abroad. It was a time when giants stalked the earth: At the Chicago Stadium, we had many whose continued presence on today's scene offers reassurance of the durability of jazz.

Gillespie, Count Basie, Miles Davis, Joe Williams, Oscar Peterson, Ahmad Jamal, Sonny Rollins, J.J. Johnson, Ella Fitzgerald and Bud Freeman, among others, were doing pretty much then what they're doing now. But after 24 years, it's shocking how much tall timber has been felled: Of the 16 men who appeared in Duke Ellington's orchestra on August 8, 1959, nine are dead, two are retired and just one man, trombonist Britt Woodman—who recently rejoined the orchestra under Mercer Ellington's direction—is still playing. Of Miles Davis's five sidemen, only drummer Jimmy Cobb survives; John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Wynton Kelly and Paul Chambers have all gone on. The bell tolled for Louis Armstrong, the Assunto Brothers (Dukes of Dixieland), Jimmy Rushing, Earl Bostic, Jack Teagarden, George Brunis, Dave Lambert, Pee Wee Russell, George Wettling, Coleman Hawkins, Red Nichols. Of all these members of the Class of '59, only Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong rounded out their three-score years and ten.

In 1959, when this incredible array of creative artists assembled under Playboy's auspices, there was a certain magic in the air. Everybody knew that jazz was growing fast in box-office appeal, but no one was fully aware of its true potential. "You had people mingling backstage—Duke, Stan, Basie, Dizzy, everyone," says Sahl. "It was like the pits at Le Mans. There was an excitement, a sense of fellowship. I'd never seen anything like it."

Because of the prevailing good vibes, everyone was keyed up to optimum performance pitch. Ella Fitzgerald drew the festival's only standing ovation. "Think of the best you had ever heard from her," wrote *Down Beat* editor Gene Lees, "and double it. It was one of the most electrifying performances of her entire career." Ella had flown all the way from Monaco, where she had just given a command performance for Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

Ella had been a global name for 20 years, but others were just reaching their first peaks of fame: Nina Simone,

JAZZ REVIEW

FIFTH PLAYBOY FESTIVAL HAS ITS ACTS TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

The statistics were imposing: nine acts, more than eight hours of music, a crowd of 15,544—only 2,200 short of the Hollywood Bowl's capacity. The fifth annual Playboy Jazz Festival was on its well-oiled way.

True, it was Spyro Gyra that drew the most turbulent audience reaction Saturday, but one fusion act does not a jazz festival make. The rest of the day provided a judicious balance of be-bop, Latin and contemporary sounds, with three big bands thrown in for very good measure.

Gerald Wilson's orchestra, in an all-too-rare personal appearance, offered a wisely chosen cross section of the authoritative composer/arranger's achievements over the past 20 years. The exotic side of Wilson was on display in "Lomelin," a dazzling showcase for Oscar Brashear's trumpet, and "Viva Tirado," used as a closing theme.

Among the Wilson regulars on hand were Harold Land Sr. and Jr. on tenor sax and piano, respectively, and Jerome Richardson in firm command on soprano sax and flute. Trumpeter Snooky Young and tenor saxophonist Ernie Watts were borrowed from the Doc Severinsen orchestra, the former putting his plunger mute to telling use on "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," Watts in fine fettle on "Jessica."

Severinsen, like Wilson, is too seldom seen in public leading his crew. In an 11-tune set he offered evidence that his can be one of the most dynamic of all the big jazz bands, though the proof is seldom audible on the "Tonight Show." The most admirable soloist was Severinsen himself. His version of " 'Round Midnight," played as a eulogy for the late Kai Winding, was a flawless blend of lyricism, creativity, breadth and richness of sound. Severinsen also unleashed the talent of Pete Christlieb (solo on Tommy Newsom's impassioned arrangement of "Body and Soul," and in a tenor-sax battle with Ernie Watts on John Bambridge's "B-Flat City.")

Please see A BLEND, Page 5

A BLEND OF ALL THAT JAZZ AT FESTIVAL

Continued from First Page

This ensemble is so fully packed with potential that several soloists were shortchanged. However, Dick Spencer's alto and Ross Tompkins' piano were heard from briefly. Severinsen certainly should arrange a full-length concert for this long underrated team.

The concert's third big band was supplied by Arizona State University. Playing a warmup set at 2:30 p.m., directed by Chuck Marohnic, it lacked a distinctive personality, trying to cover all bases with a bop tune, a funk piece, a short suite and a blues; nevertheless the ensemble displayed a team spirit of the kind one has learned to expect from the best college groups.

Charles Rouse, Thelonious Monk's saxophonist for many years, took a quartet known as Sphere through a set of Monk's songs, with a more orthodox pianist, Kenny Barron, in Monk's chair. The result was typical 1957 combo jazz, no less, no more. The Modern Jazz Quartet, too delicate for so vast a setting, was placed in double jeopardy by having to follow the sound and fury of Spyro Gyra.

Though her double-talk vocals are still infectious, pianist Tania Maria's Brazilian brio has lost a little of its finesse. Her rhythm section and even Maria herself played heavily. Has success gone to her hands?

Another female Brazilian pianist, Eliane Elias, appeared as a valuable member of the group Steps Ahead, whose principal members are the agile vibraphonist Mike Mainieri and versatile but sometimes overweening saxophonist Michael Brecker.

The big finale spot went to VSOP II, consisting of Herbie Hancock, Wynton Marsalis, Branford Marsalis, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. The addition of Bobby McFerrin's wordless singing was tantamount to a third horn.

This was not a newsworthy concert compared to, say, the US Festival. Not a single alleged death from an overdose was reported, nor was there even one drug arrest. People were even listening to the music. Some used plates for dinner. Like most jazz festivals, it was a shamelessly civilized affair.

Sunday's program will be reviewed Tuesday.

JAZZ

GETTING BACK TO BASSIST

By LEONARD FEATHER

Like his perennial partner Joe Sample (profiled last week), and his former Crusaders colleagues Stix Hooper and Wayne Henderson, Wilton Felder leads a multifaceted life in the worlds of music and business. His facets are even more numerous than theirs; at present he is active as soprano and tenor saxophonist, electric bassist, composer, combo leader, co-director with Sample of the Crusaders, and producer.

"Gentle Fire," the latest Felder album, is typical of the Crusaders Productions output. Sample is on hand, sharing producer credits with Felder and keyboard duties with Bobby Lyle. The six songs (all but one by Felder) are underpinned by a solid (verging on stolid) rhythmic beat. Felder and Sample are chefs who prepare and mix their ingredients with a canny feeling for what will suit the palate of their potential customers. Orchestrally, nothing is casual or spur-of-the-moment. Felder does play ad lib here and there, but if any fire burns in him, it is, as the title suggests, gentle indeed. Sample, too, seems reined in during his solos.

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Wilton Felder says, "Bass today has become the foundation that leads and directs traffic, so to speak."

A balding beanpole, soft-spoken and self-confident, Felder explains his policy: "Joe and I have both been a part of the jazz world and a part of the recording industry. I find that there is a lot to be said for the values of both. It's possible to be free, yet have some type of discipline, in order to reach a wider audience.

"Last year I remember seeing a public TV show dealing with Louis Armstrong, and I listened really hard to the way Satchmo and his men were playing. I found something in there that I'd like to retain in our own work. They were playing jazz, no doubt about that, but it was not to the point where everyone had total freedom. Each person knew exactly what his own role was, and there was a sense of discipline along with a feeling of spontaneity. We want to capture that same mixture of freedom and organization."

Wilton Felder:

'It's possible to be free, yet have some type of discipline, to reach a wider audience.'

In selecting musicians for the recently revised Crusaders, Felder found a conspicuous gap between the attitudes of the older and younger musicians. "The majority of the older men know how a given performance is supposed to feel, but they find it's hard to adapt what they feel so that it will reach the younger listeners. On the other hand, the young players have the chops, the technical expertise, but they don't have the knowledge of what something feels like and what they should do with the knowledge they've acquired.

"We really need players with a thorough background in the music of all eras. If we decide to go back and play in the Art Tatum manner, then in the next two seconds shift gears to Weather Report, the problem lies in finding people who are equipped to make that drastic change."

Felder's comments seem curious in the light of what has come out of the Crusaders' horns and pens of late. Nothing can be heard that is strongly suggestive of either Tatum or Weather Report. The material, something equipped with solo singing or group vocal backups, is easy to follow, requires no intense attention and falls for the most part into the category of chart-oriented pop music.

Evidently Felder would not go along with the premise that commercial and artistic objectives too often conflict and collide. "What we are trying to do," he said, "is write songs that will touch a varied audience—the jazz lovers as well as persons who know very little about jazz. In the Crusaders album on which we're working now, there's a song called 'Mr. Cool' that has, for me, the feeling of Duke Ellington's orchestra. We'll also have a ballad on the album that is reminiscent of that time. This is a primary ingredient of music, one that we don't want to lose."

Felder's frequent use of the term *jazz* seemed surprising in view of the Crusaders' removal of the term from the group's name. Questioned on this point, he explained: "Labels can help, but they can hinder. We would prefer to have people listen to the music and decide for themselves how they feel about it, without being influenced by the fact that it has the *jazz* tag on it.

"A lot of people who listen to our records now began to check into it because they didn't find it packaged in the jazz rack at the record store, but rather in the front section, next to the Rolling Stones, etc."

Some observers who have followed the Crusaders' progress attribute much of their success to the solid underpinning supplied by Felder's bass. On records, ever since he took up bass as a double, his saxophone parts have been overdubbed.

Asked why he opted for this seemingly improbable auxiliary activity, he explained that the Crusaders had always had a problem finding the right bassist. "We kept changing around, a different bass player on almost every album, until at one point we really didn't have a bassist at all. That's when I switched over. The bass had always interested me; I like to hear a certain type of feeling underneath what we play. Bass today has become a leading voice—in effect, the No. 1 rhythm instrument, the foundation that leads and directs traffic, so to speak."

Before Felder took over, the Crusaders used only upright bass players. Why did he not decide to move in that direction?

"Because I tried upright, and my chops were just terrible. My hands wouldn't blister properly and my tone was awful. Upright is still one of my favorite instruments; there's no substitute for it."

The saxophone remains his first love. He points to the influence of John Coltrane, Joe Henderson, Cannonball Adderley, Wayne Shorter and Sonny Rollins. "Among the newer players, I've been impressed with Arthur Blythe, and I greatly admire Michael Brecker for his technique and his compositions. There's a saxophonist in L.A. named John Phillips who has been doing some great work with Abraham Laboriel's band, Koinonia."

One aspect of the "Gentle Fire" album caught my attention. I noticed that the title tune was credited to Wilton Felder Sr. and Wilton Felder Jr.

"Yes, my son is 21 and we've recorded three lyrics of his. He's undecided as to whether he wants to be a musician, but he's busy learning the fundamentals. If he decides to go ahead, he'll have to have a real understanding of what it's about, and not do it just for the glory of being out there."

"What instrument does he play?"

"Bass."

Perhaps the solution to a long-standing difficulty may lie right under the Felder family roof. The time may come when Felder Sr., with a little help from Felder Jr., may no longer have to resort to overdubbing his saxophone solos. □

121

Jazz Pianists, Part 2

FOR THE RECORD

Six Greats Discuss The Recordings That Meant The Most To Them

By Leonard Feather

EVERY ONE OF US IN the music world has been influenced by records. Performers, writers, and non-performing fans all have had their tastes molded by sounds from the past and present, on LPs and vintage 78 discs. In this sense we each have something in common with the great virtuosos; we have each derived pleasure from the massive catalog of recordings at our disposal.

In the first installment of this bimonthly series, which appeared in the May '83 issue of *Keyboard*, six masters of jazz piano — Dave Brubeck, Anthony Davis, Chick Corea, Marian McPartland, Horace Silver, and Josef Zawinul — let us in on their choices for the four or five records that most influenced them. The titles they mentioned included individual tracks as well as entire albums, and often touched on classical recordings or performances by artists playing instruments other than the piano. No one seemed eager to be tied to such a small number of choices, but even within this necessary constraint, they were able to give us some interesting insights into their artistic personalities by revealing the kinds of music that helped define their individual styles.

As the author and interviewer of this series, it occurred to me that some of you may be interested in my own choices. Just to set the record straight, so to speak, I might begin my own list with the disc that triggered my entire involvement with jazz — as record collector, composer, writer, and fumbling pianist. I have since [illegible] that this record, Louis Armstrong's "West End Blues," with an awe-inspiring piano solo by the late Earl Hines, played a similar role in the lives of other musicians. This wonderful performance is still available with other Armstrong-Hines masterpieces on *The Louis Armstrong Story, Vol. 3* [Columbia, CL-853].

Recordings by the Ellington orchestra soon entered my library in abundance. Many of the early 78s I acquired during my high school years are now incorporated in *This Is Duke Ellington* [RCA, 2-VPM-6042].

Around that same time I also discovered the irresistible finesse and swing of violinist Joe Venuti's chamber music jazz. Usually he was teamed with the first celebrated jazz guitarist, Eddie Lang. Their best work is still around on *Stringing The Blues* [Columbia Special Products, JC2 24].

Recordings with Teddy Wilson in a series of small band dates, often with vocals by Billie Holiday, made a deep impact on my thinking. Dozens of these singles are combined in the three-record series, *The Billie Holiday Story* [Columbia, PG-32121, 32124, and 32127].

Finally, though I could never dream to emulate him, I was totally captivated by the first series of Art Tatum solos, cited in the May issue by Dave Brubeck and Marian McPartland, on *Art Tatum Masterpieces, Volume 1* [MCA, 2-4019].

Though these were five powerful early influences, I am reluctant to omit Fats Waller and the bands of Count Basie and Jimmie Lunceford. But enough of my reminiscences. Let us move on to the business at hand.

Noted jazz critic Leonard Feather is the author of the landmark Encyclopedia Of Jazz *series, the book* Inside Bebop, *and many magazine articles and columns. He has also distinguished himself as a radio commentator, lecturer, adviser to jazz festivals, and arranger, lyricist, and composer of jazz tunes. In addition to his Piano Giants Of Jazz column, which ran from May '77 through Sept. '80, his contributions to* Keyboard *include an article on big-band jazz pianists (May/June '76), remembrances of Duke Ellington (Nov. '78), Stan Kenton (Nov. '79), and Bill Evans (Dec. '80), and part one of this For The Record series (May '83).*

George Shearing

Recollection of my adolescence in London naturally brought to mind George Shearing, whom I first heard when he sat in at a "Rhythm Club" meeting, where British fans gathered to listen to recent records and occasional live music. Shearing at that time was only beginning to show the elements of a style. For the most part, he revealed at that meeting how intently he had been listening to the 78s of Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller, and such boogie-woogie pioneers as Meade Lux Lewis.

Wilson was among his first choices for this series — specifically, a solo piano version of "Don't Blame Me," recorded in 1937 [now available on *Statements And Improvisations*, Smithsonian Collection (Box 10230, Des Moines, IA 50336), R005]. "I selected this," he says, "for Teddy's marvelous touch, beautiful serenity, and total relaxation. After I first heard this in the late '30s, a doctor friend of mine in England reminded me of it by trying to play it. I think I came closer than he did, but I'd still rather listen to Teddy."

Shearing joins the Tatum fan club, selecting "Humoresque" [MCA, 2-4019] and calling him "probably the most complete jazz pianist. This track displays him in rubato and stride modes. My most vivid recollection is of forever trying to come as close to the sound and ambience of this recording as possible, and failing most of the time."

Shearing's next choice was Dave McKenna's *Solo Piano* [ABC Paramount, ABC-104, out of print]. "Whenever I hear the uptempo tunes on this album," he says, "I snap out of even a severe down mood. I feel sure few people could take offense at my calling Dave probably the best jazz pianist around today. Some may feel a lack of variety in Dave's playing, but this is more than made up for by his crystal clear touch and wonderful beat."

The Jimmie Lunceford band's "'T'ain't Whatcha Do" was recorded in 1939 and is out of print. To Shearing, Lunceford's ensemble was "not only one of the most precise bands of its day, but a wonderful show band. I first heard this record while playing with an all-blind band in England, and was astounded by riff being piled on riff on riff, generating an ever-increasing degree of excitement. Speaking of the all-blind band, we wrestled — rather unsuccessfully — with the Lunceford 'Stratosphere,' the most difficult arrangement in our books." (The Lunceford recording of "Stratosphere" is now available on *Jazz Heritage: Jimmie's Legacy*, MCA, 1320.)

Jumping forward four decades, George picked Rob McConnell's orchestra for its version of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," now on the album *Present Perfect* [Pausa (Box 10069, Glendale, CA 91209), 7067]. "The purity of sound, the cleanness and precision of the ensemble in a busy arrangement, are this track's main strengths," he points out. "There is even a quadruple time, rather humorous quote from [baritone saxophonist] Gerry Mulligan's 'Jeru.' I'd like to thank Rob, by the way, for the use of his bassist." (McConnell's former bassist, Don Thompson, now plays in the Shearing duo.)

Les McCann

Les McCann's image has varied over the years. While in the service he won a Navy talent contest as a singer, but during the 1960s he came to prominence playing piano, leading a trio, and only occasionally singing. He had his biggest hit record in 1969, as vocalist, pianist, and co-leader with saxophonist Eddie Harris on *Swiss Movement* [Atlantic, 1537].

JAZZ REVIEW 6/21/83

ARTISTRY AND AUDIENCE APPEAL AT PLAYBOY FEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

There was plenty of reason for jubilation Sunday evening when the second night of the Playboy Jazz Festival ended amid pandemonic crowd reaction. At the same time, there was much over which to be deeply disturbed.

True, the two-day Hollywood Bowl gala broke records with a $545,000 gross. At 17,126 admissions, Sunday's house was only 600 short of capacity.

But the groups that drew the greatest response were those most removed from unhyphenated jazz. They were a quartet billed as Playboy Stars of the '80s (with Ernie Watts and Patrice Rushen); Hubert Laws with his brother Ronnie, guitarist Roland Bautista and emcee Bill Cosby sitting in on percussion, who would have stopped the show had the revolving stage not prevented them; and the Crusaders, who wound up the festival in an orgy of guest vocalists and backup soul singers.

With the exception of Wilton Felder, the artists in these groups played below their potential. Hubert Laws, one of the foremost living flutists, has amassed a backlog of albums with arrangements that are at once artistic and commercial. There was too little evidence Sunday of his level of achievement.

The moments that best reconciled artistry and audience appeal were provided by Joe Williams. Backed by his alma mater, the Count Basie Orchestra, he sang almost nothing but blues, and as he conjured up the rich legacy of the idiom, every ghost from every ghetto and every long-gone giant in the annals of the blues, suddenly inhabited the amphithea-

Please see PLAYBOY, Page 6

MARSHA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

Benny Carter Quartet at Playboy Jazz Festival with Carter playing "Lover Man" solo on sax.

PLAYBOY: ARTISTRY,

Continued from First Page

ter. Williams has sung these same verses thousands of times, but the litany of all that is poignant, evil, jealous, mean and tragicomic in blues lore had a very special magic Sunday night.

That Count Basie allowed his regular singer, Dennis Rowland, to appear immediately before Williams served only to accentuate the unique and inimitable character of Williams' contribution. The instrumental numbers by the band followed a predictable pattern, with a compelling blues by the newest member, Chris Woods on alto sax.

It was quite a day for alto saxes. Benny Carter played a solo on "Lover Man" that was at once improvisation and perfectly crafted sculpture. Sam Furness, the alto player with Mongo Santamaria's Band, was open and hearty, helping the group to attain a Latinized Art Blakey sound. A touching moment was the guest appearance with Santamaria of percussionist Willie Bobo. Though seriously ill, he took to the stage for a Father's Day vocal duet entitled "Father and Son" with his 15-year-old son Eric.

Still another admirable alto was Steve Slagle, with the 10-piece band of Carla Bley. The Bley group reflects the leader's personality. Although she plays the organ, the instrument she handles best is tongue-in-cheek: After announcing that she would play a theme from her score for a French movie, she conducted the band in an ancient tango called "La Paloma," which Harry James recorded when Bley was 2 years old. Bley has retrenched from her early avant-gardisms, leaning to attractively accessible music with chaotic interludes.

The World's Greatest Jazz Band isn't. Aside from its presumptuous name, its kickoff performance typified the spirited Dixieland idiom that has been second nature for several decades to trumpeter Yank Lawson, bassist Bob Haggart and the five other veterans.

This brought to mind the unsettling thought that had

AUDIENCE APPEAL

sprung up Saturday when VSOP displayed its loyalty to the verities of jazz. How many Wynton and Branford Marsalises will there be a decade from now to fill out a jazz festival, when the pioneers are no longer around? Can the colleges establish a jazz farm system? What we heard over the weekend indicated that something along these lines is sorely needed.

CALENDAR 6-26-83

JAZZ

MEMORY LANE BUCKS THE ODDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The jazz club business, we hear, is on the skids. Four well-known rooms in Southern California allegedly are in economic chaos. The famous Parisian Room has folded. Talent is expensive, money is tight, customers are reluctant.

Why, at this time of all times, did Marla Gibbs decide to buy a failing nightclub-cum-restaurant in Los Angeles?

Tens of millions have seen her since 1975 as Florence, the maid, on "The Jeffersons," a role that has rendered her secure enough to make this seemingly reckless venture possible. In late 1981 she bought the building at Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard and Arlington Avenue that houses Memory Lane, the city's oldest surviving jazz supper club.

Sitting in the living room of her home in the Los Feliz Hills overlooking Hollywood, her lively, talkative personality not unlike Florence's, Gibbs enthusiastically outlined the circumstances that led to this latest business venture. (She had previously opened the Crossroads Arts Academy, a performing arts school for young people, in the predominantly black Central Los Angeles area.)

"When I originally came out to Los Angeles, my sister, Frieda Rentie, who's an actress too, told me: 'As soon as you get off the plane, tell the taxi driver to take you to Memory Lane.' That was about 1961, when Frieda was working there as a hostess."

After moving permanently to Los Angeles in 1969, Gibbs developed a friendship and close association with Horace Tapscott, a pianist, composer and key figure in the Union of God's Musicians and Artists Ascension, an organization devoted to the advancement of black musicians, poets, writers and others. She formed a group called Friends of UGMAA, and began to organize fund-raising events and concerts.

"I went back to Memory Lane one night to stage an affair, and was appalled to see the way it was going downhill. Now I already had the building where we'd started the Arts Academy, and I had thought of starting a recording studio and a jazz club there. But Larry Hearn, the owner of Memory Lane, came by my table and asked what I was doing. I told him, 'Well actually, I'm getting ready to start a club,' and he said, 'Why don't you buy this one?' It turned out he wasn't kidding—he had been looking to get out.

"I wasn't interested at the time, because I had already bought the building

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Actress Marla Gibbs of "Jeffersons" fame also owns Memory Lane, the city's oldest surviving jazz club.

where we now have the Arts Academy. But soon after the visit to Memory Lane I got hit with an earthquake ordinance. I'd already sunk about $100,000 in the building, and it would have been too expensive to comply with the ordinance, so I went back to Larry Hearn and we worked out a deal.

"I really didn't have the money to buy the club at that point. Still, I really depend on God a lot, and I figured if He wanted me here, He was gonna provide the money. So I talked to my accountant, and somehow it all started to flow. You know, I never yet bought a house in this city and had the down payment at the time I made the offer. I always figure if it's all right, it'll flow."

Seeking out talent was no problem. "I didn't find them, they found me! O.C. Smith, a fine singer, was my first attraction. Horace Tapscott has worked the room several times. Cedar Walton, the pianist, called from New York and arranged to bring in a group. Albert (Tootie) Heath, of the Heath Brothers, came in with Kenny Burrell, Bobby Hutcherson and Benny Golson. Ernie Andrews is a marvelous singer and does great business. I've talked to Dizzy Gillespie and we hope to work out a deal with him. Everybody is rallying around."

Actually Memory Lane is two rooms, an American-style restaurant and a club where the show is presented. In the latter, for the past several years, the jazz policy had been dropped and the club had become a singers' room. Gibbs says: "I want it to be a singers' and musicians' room, and I'd like to get back to that old formula where the club offers you a complete show. Not only musicians, but a singer, a comedian—we've already had a great show with George Kirby—and a tap-dancer: The one and only Bunny Briggs was here recently, along with Olivette Miller, the jazz harpist. Right now we're booked up solidly through October."

Gibbs' investments were multifarious: the liquor license, taken over from Hearn; the purchase of a piano, repair work on the rooms, a new sound system, lights, advertising, broadcast commercials and salaries for a dozen employees. Her big problem is having enough left over for a talent budget. "I had one bandleader who's worked here several times and never made money for me or himself. When he complained, I said, 'Baby, what do you expect from me? I have the notes, the lights, the gas, the waiters and waitresses, the chef; the liquor and food, all bought whether anyone's in the place or not; and my room only holds about 170 tops, so what can I do?'

"We are trying to rebuild an interest in this community, generate funds back into it. With this in mind, I decided to open for lunch. I've had ministers and priests and politicians in here for lunch, and some for dinner and the show too; so all phases of the community are beginning to come together. Everybody's starting to feel very warm about it."

Some of Gibbs' help has come from within her family. Her son Jordan, 25, formerly an engineer on "The Jeffersons," does fashion shows and has presented designer showcases at the club. "My younger son Dorian, who's 20, is usually there in the morning, doing the inventory. My daughter Angela, who's 28, helps out too, but she's mainly involved with the Arts Academy.

"I'm getting a lot of help, but I realize that no small business can expect to turn a profit in the first two years. As long as I'm working on 'The Jeffersons,' or any television show where I can make some money, I can afford to explore and nurture this dream that I've had.

"I'm still putting money into the place, to the tune of $8,000 a month, but that's an improvement—it's down from $16,000. We see healthy signs—I'm getting all the people who used to come here 10, 15 years ago.

"I have to build back a reputation for Memory Lane. When someone comes into town and you tell them, 'Oh, you like jazz? I've got a great place for you to go,' then if you walk in and you hear rock music—well, they won't trust you any more.

"I didn't go into this thing just to make money; I went in with a goal, and if you reach your goal the money will be there; you don't have to chase after it. This thing is like a baby—it's got to be fed and diapered and the whole thing. From the way things look right now, it's a pretty healthy baby.

"As the Bible says, it is, was and ever shall be; so it's time for 'it was' again." Gibbs laughed heartily at her own optimism, and it was impossible not to believe in her faith, her courage and her ability to engender friends, fidelity and—with a little help from the Lord—finances. □

124

JAZZ REVIEW

N.Y. Mayor Ed Koch, on drums, is flanked by promoter George Wein, left, drummer Roy Haynes and trumpeter Chuck Mangione.

BIG APPLE IS JAZZED TO THE CORE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—If ever any question existed as to whether this city, more than any other, is enabling jazz to thrive and survive, now is the time to eliminate the last vestige of doubt.

New Orleans? That was yesteryear. Chicago? Forget it. Los Angeles? Compared to the Big Apple it's small potatoes—especially now that New York's always frantic activities are being multiplied by the presence of the Kool Jazz Festival.

Originally a local affair, in Newport, R.I., from 1954 and since 1972 on a larger basis in New York, the Kool Jazz Festival has become a world event. This year more than ever one senses the impact, particularly in the media. Press representatives from five continents are on hand. Radio and TV coverage is ubiquitous. At the box offices, ticket demand is running an unprecedented pace. At J.F.K., a planeload of fans arrived on an annual pilgrimage from Japan.

This is the seventh and longest (11 days) in a series of Kool jazz festivals, all assembled by George Wein and his growing phalanx of associate producers, taking place in 22 American cities. The sounds began in Washington, D.C., June 4 and do not wind down until Nov. 12 in Milwaukee. (Los Angeles will have its turn Oct. 1 to 5.)

What constitutes the official festival here is imposing enough in itself—49 events at nine locations, 20 of which are in large venues such as Carnegie, Avery Fisher and Town Hall. But the fringe benefits alone are enough to dazzle any visitor.

You are immersed in jazz in the unlikeliest of places. Along with your mutton at a 100-year-old

Please see JAZZ, Page 5

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ: N.Y. FESTIVAL IS A WORLD EVENT

Continued from First Page

chophouse, you are served Charlie Parker on the PA system. Nowhere else in the world is there this sense of total community of interest in jazz as the central, pulsing art of a major metropolis.

As a prologue, the Village Gate staged a six-hour tribute Thursday night to the memory of Kai Winding, the distinguished trombonist who died recently. Scores of imminent jazzmen donated their services to help Mrs. Winding defray medical expenses.

The Gate is like no other jazz club. Try the room upstairs and you may find Gerry Mulligan, Don Elliott, Dizzy Gillespie and others in battle royal. At street level, pianist Junior Mance and a bassist supply the mainstream-to-bebop sounds. Meanwhile, the sprawling basement area is packed with fans; it was in this room that some of the main events took place.

One only has to spend half an hour shaking hands with old friends at the Gate in order to realize how much the non-New Yorker misses. The proportion of jazz science based here is overwhelming. "I go to Europe every once in a while," said Mance, "but I haven't seen Los Angeles in 15 years."

J.J. Johnson, often called the father of bebop trombone, flew in from Los Angeles just for this one night to pay tribute to Winding, his partner and long time colleague in the 1950s. Gathering around him a backup team of six celebrated trombonists, he kept the humid room at fever pitch, sharing honors with Slide Hampton, Bob Brookmeyer, Curtis Fuller and the rest.

The set ended emotionally as Eleanor Winding, Kai's widow, took to the bandstand and held Johnson in a grateful embrace. A sense that the festival proper was about to get under way gathered momentum Friday when TV crews and a group of musicians, fans and invited friends descended on Gracie Mansion for a picnic presided over by Mayor Ed Koch.

Introduced by Wein, Koch took a brief drum lesson from Roy Haynes, a veteran Charlie Parker alumnus. "If the Musicians' Union will take me," he declared, "I'm available." In a speech-cum-proclamation, Koch then reminded us that this was the sixth annual jazz party he had staged on the Gracie Mansion lawn.

A representative of the tobacco company that is underwriting the festivals got in his verbal licks before Wein and, in an excess of civic chauvinism, welcomed us to "The jazz capital of the world—the city where people formulate and exchange ideas." His pride and prejudice, of course, were fully justified.

New York's nightclubs, far from suffering from the

competition engendered by this spate of concerts, are welcoming the influx of jazz-oriented visitors. The festival, in fact, is helping sponsor a series of mainly avant-garde presentations at Soundscape, a loft on West 52nd Street near 10th Avenue.

A substantial quantity of music is being made available free, outdoors. Saturday, near Lincoln Square, the area in front of the late Thelonious Monk's residence was officially changed, amid appropriate melodic demonstrations of the composer's works, to Thelonious Sphere Monk Circle.

Monk's family had moved into the neighborhood in 1922 when a group of dwellings known as the Henry Phipps Houses became the first model tenements built in the city with reasonable rents intended exclusively for blacks. It was here, at 243 West 63rd St., that Monk wrote "Round Midnight" and his other classics.

The speech making was pompous and the poetry inane, but Barry Harris, playing an upright piano perched on a Jazzmobile truck in front of the Monk residence, offered an acutely accurate impression of Monk's idiosyncratic songs.

At the 299-seat Carnegie Recital Hall, adjoining the main hall, Ralph Sutton inaugurated a series of solo piano recitals. This was a period interlude in two senses: because of the room's fine acoustics no microphones were used, and because Sutton, 60, is a diehard traditionalist, his program consisted largely of stride pieces in the form of confident salutes to Fats Waller and other 1930s' figures, with an impressionistic nod to Bix Beiderbecke in the latter's "In the Dark."

The Ella Fitzgerald-Joe Pass concert at Carnegie Hall provided no surprises but many delights. After Fitzgerald sang the first half backed by the Paul Smith Trio, Pass took over for a set of magisterial guitar solos before the singer joined him to interpret Ellington and others in a display of their long established empathy.

125

7/3

JAZZ

TATUM'S LEGACY REIGNS SUPREME

By LEONARD FEATHER

"TATUM." Art Tatum. Pausa PR 9017.

Not many historians question Art Tatum's supremacy as the ultimate jazz pianist and, beyond that, the most inspired and technically awesome instrumentalist in the annals of jazz, the deity toward whom all his peers bowed. Few will contest that this Pausa album is of special importance.

Originally made for Capitol but long unavailable, the set comprises seven 1952 trio cuts (with Everett Barksdale, guitar, and Slam Stewart, bass) and four piano solos, three of which have never been issued before: "Tenderly," "How High the Moon," "Makin' Whoopee." The other piano solo is "Goin' Home," based on the well-known theme from Dvorak's "New World" Symphony.

Tatum always made it clear that such works as this (and Rubinstein's Melody in F, played here by the trio) lent themselves well harmonically to treatment in his idiom. He also left no doubt that the trio, while creating imperishable music, had a great deal of fun in doing so. It is customary to award five stars to any Tatum, but this is the time for an exception: make it 5½.

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"THE BEST OF ART TATUM." Pablo 2310-887. A reissue of six combo and four solo cuts already available on Pablo. The pairings with such horn masters as Benny Carter, Buddy de Franco, Ben Webster and Roy Eldridge are especially felicitous. 5 stars.

□

SUE RANEY. Discovery DS 875. As Morgan Ames tells us in her articulate liner notes, Raney "doesn't sell us; it sounds like she just showed up and the songs fell out." The ten songs are by Johnny Mandel; the generally estimable lyrics are by Peggy Lee, Paul Francis Webster, Johnny Mercer, even Morgan Ames. Here is classic pop music sung with radiant charm, backed simply by pianist Bob Florence's trio (a quartet when, in "Cinnamon and Clove," he overdubs a Rhodes keyboard). 4 stars.

□

"TIME REMEMBERS ONE TIME ONCE." Denny Zeitlin/Charlie Haden. ECM 239. Zeitlin, still living a double life as psychiatrist and pianist, clearly is a connoisseur of every genre from bebop to free jazz. The sources here are Brazilian (Luiz Eca's "The Dolphin"), pop (Cole Porter), jazz (Coleman, Coltrane) and original (Zeitlin's title piece and two works by his partner, the consummate bassist Charlie Haden). A splendidly conceived program by two longtime perfectionists. 4½ stars.

□

STEPS AHEAD. Elektra/Musician 60168. The tenor sax-vibraphone unison (by Michael Brecker and Mike Mainieri) outlines Mainieri's amiable melody in "Islands." Pianist Eliane Elias (a k a Mrs. Randy Brecker) makes an impressive recording debut, declarative yet discreet. The writing throughout the album is intriguing; note the convoluted beat, from jazz to rock to samba, in Brecker's "Both Sides of the Coin." Peter Erskine on drums and the brilliant bassist Eddie Gomez round out an imposing rhythm section. 4 stars.

Works by Art Tatum, in new LPs, still provide joyful music years after they were recorded.

□

" 'S'WONDERFUL." Harry Edison All Stars. Pablo 2308-237. The Shelly Manne Trio (with Monty Budwig and Mike Wofford) supports "Sweets" Edison and Zoot Sims in a carefree mainstream session taped live at Club House 33 in Tokyo. "Sunday" has some of the brightest spots, with Sims switching from tenor to soprano sax and Edison muting his trademark trumpet. More original material, such as Edison's "Elegante" with its light Latin beat, would have raised the interest level, but no album in which Sweets blows the blues on his famous "Centerpiece" theme can rate less than 3 stars.

□

"LIGHT BLUE: ARTHUR BLYTHE PLAYS THELONIOUS." Columbia FC 38661. The timbre and personality of Blythe's alto sax are logically attuned to the off-the-wall eccentricities of Thelonious Monk's tunes. In this set of six Monk pieces (among them a couple of such lesser-known works as the poignant "Coming on the Hudson"), the results at times become more Blythe than Monk; on the title tune he tears himself loose from the chord pattern as well as from the melody.

The instrumentation has an unorthodoxy that would have pleased Monk: cello (Abdul Wadud's solo on "Off Minor" has a violinesque vitality), tuba, guitar and drums. "Epistrophy," perennially an upbeat number, gets a slower, more Latinized retooling, with Blythe bending the notes as Monk's piano could not, and with an oddly out of character delicacy in Kelvyn Bell's guitar. 5 stars.

□

"JOURNEY TO A RAINBOW." Chuck Mangione. Columbia 38686. The surprise is "Buttercorn Lady," which Mangione wrote and recorded as the title number of an album with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, of which he was a member in 1966. This agreeable calypso item is the best in a group slightly above the level of Mangione's last few efforts. "Please Stay the Night," a melancholy theme, would have made a more effective statement had Mangione muted his horn. Chris Vadala has several effective interludes on flutes and saxophones. 2½ stars.

□

"A RAY BROWN THREE." Brown, Monty Alexander, Sam Most. Concord Jazz CJ 213. A modest and successful configuration: bass, piano and flute. Empathy abounds as the three virtuosi make their way through old standards and one charming Alexander original, "Jamento." Brown's bowed solo lifts "Too Late Now" to the top of the heap. Most and Alexander, singly and in counterpoint, even make something fresh out of "There Is No Greater Love." 3½ stars.

126

INSIDE CALENDAR

FILM: Women film makers take top prizes in Nissan/Datsun FOCUS contest. Page 10.

JAZZ: Kool Jazz Festival in New York reviewed by Leonard Feather on Page 12.

RADIO: AM/FM Highlights. Page 16.

RESTAURANTS: Orient Express reviewed by Colman Andrews on Page 15.

TV: Today's programs. Pages 16 and 17.

Mark Bringelson and Delle Bolton in "Strider," at the Cast Theatre—a play worth the wait, says Lawrence Christon in Stage Beat. Page 2.

Los Angeles Times

Wednesday, June 29, 1983

JAZZ REVIEW

AKIYOSHI, TABACKIN IN TOP FORM

By AMY DUNCAN

NEW YORK—The Carnegie Hall debut of the Toshiko Akiyoshi/Lew Tabackin Big Band highlighted the Kool Jazz Festival's big-band program here Saturday. Its afternoon performance was followed by a tribute to Duke Ellington in the evening, with Mercer Ellington and the Orchestra, a gaggle of Ellington alumni and various—and questionable—guest artists.

Akiyoshi and Tabackin moved from Los Angeles to New York last November, and had to re-form their 10-year-old, 16-piece band practically from the ground up. Only drummer Joey Baron and trombonist Hart Smith remain from the Los Angeles band.

In spite of this challenging task, the couple managed to put together one of the most thrilling programs in the Kool Festival. The new band was in top form and played with polish and feeling.

Akiyoshi presented several new compositions, demonstrating once again that she is indeed the top composer/arranger in jazz today. Her "Two Faces of a Nation," a two-part look at Germany that deals with the duality of good and evil in human nature (in this case the good of pre-war Germany and the evil of Nazi Germany), is a brilliant piece of writing that gradually builds to a bloodcurdling climax.

Tabackin, especially in this piece, proved himself to be not only the top-notch flutist that critics have recognized him to be but also a giant on tenor sax deserving of much more recognition on that instrument. The addition of Japanese *tsuzumi* players and voices to "Kogun" and "Relaxing at Zell-Am-See" was both startling and wonderful—it is remarkable how Akiyoshi takes these sounds, which are strange to American jazz ears, and makes them an integral part of her music.

The concert opened with a

Please see KOOL, Page 5

KOOL JAZZ FEST

Continued from First Page

charming set by a Japanese duo, pianist Masahiko Sato and vocalist/*biwa* player Junko Handa. (The *biwa* is a reedy Japanese string instrument plucked and strummed with a large triangular, fanlike pick). The two combined traditional Japanese music with some contemporary approaches that provided the perfect introduction to Akiyoshi's music.

The Ellington concert did not fare so well. As is too often the case with such tributes, the musicians were ill-prepared, and much of the concert came across as sloppy and haphazard. A handful of Ellington alumni, including trumpeter Clark Terry, trombonist Britt Woodman and saxophonists Norris Turney and Harold Ashby, added a bit of nostalgia but that's about all in spite of the frenetic efforts of musical director Aaron Bell to get things cooking.

Worse yet was the inclusion in the program of Tammy Grimes, who demonstrated her lack of knowledge of Ellington's music on an embarrassingly inept version of "Sophisticated Lady." Vocal trio Sister Sledge really didn't sing badly, but why pass over the many fine vocal jazz groups for a pop group? The best of the lot was soprano Kathleen Battle, who sang prettily on "Creole Love Song" and "Prelude to a Kiss."

The evening was happily redeemed by Ellington's "Black, Brown and Beige: A Tone Parallel to the History of the American Negro," which hadn't been performed in its entirety since its premiere at Carnegie Hall in 1943. Mercer Ellington's orchestra did a more-than-adequate rendering of this extended work, with its lovely "Come Sunday" theme weaving in and out of the fabric of the piece. Alto saxophonist Harold (Geezil) Minerve did justice to his turn with that theme, originally played by Johnny Hodges at the 1943 concert.

Duncan covers jazz for the Christian Science Monitor.

JAZZ REVIEW

PIANO TRIBUTE A KOOL FESTIVAL HIGH

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The Kool Jazz Festival's parade of sounds in every conceivable configuration has been a delight for jazz fans in general, but, in particular, a source of joy for followers of piano music.

Wednesday evening at Carnegie Hall, a tribute to Bill Evans fielded eight of the 14 pianists heard on a recent album patterned along similar lines. The narration by Nat Hentoff and Eddie Gomez offered only a partial sense of continuity; such vital developments in Evans' career as his association with Miles Davis went unmentioned.

The first half of the show found all eight pianists appearing unaccompanied. Those who played Evans' compositions made the best impressions: George Shearing in "Waltz for Debby" as well as his own "To Bill Evans," which sounded like "Waltz for Debby Part Two"; JoAnne Brackeen in the incisive "Song for Helen," and McCoy Tyner in "We Will Meet Again."

Of the others, John Lewis seemed to be in need of a rhythm section, which he acquired later in the show; Teddy Wilson ambled listlessly through "Tea for Two," sounding like a wan imitation of our swing era idol, and Dave McKenna lent a lissome Evans coloration to Johnny Mandel's "Emily."

Associated Press

McCoy Tyner

In the second half, the addition of non-pianists brought some crystalline moments: Jimmy Rowles in exquisite form paired with the elegant ballad sounds of Zoot Sims and Kenny Burrell; and Freddie Hubbard revisiting "Interplay," an Evans tune that he recorded with the pianist 20 years ago (on this occasion he was backed by Tyner). Warren Bernhardt suggested a studio musician's impression of Evans. The saxophonist Lee Konitz played one non-Evans tune without accompaniment and a second with bass and drums; his presence was unexplained.

Capping everything was Evans himself, seen in four film clips that trace his evolution from 1958 to shortly before his death. His recording of "I Loves You Porgy," which closed the program, was the emotional high point of the evening.

The previous night, also at Carnegie Hall, Oscar Peterson was presented in four settings: solo, duo with Milt Jackson on vibes, trio with the great Danish bassist Niels Pedersen and the English drummer Martin Drew, finally a quartet with Jackson returning. The latter's sparser statements dovetailed well with Peterson's awesome technical display.

In a short concert Monday at Carnegie Recital Hall, the 20-year-old French pianist Michel Petrucciani made a triumphant local debut. An hour with this 50-pound, three-foot-tall, crippled genius is more satisfying and certainly more boredom-proof than 20 minutes with Keith Jarrett. Petrucciani wanders unpredictably in and out of standard tunes and originals, with welcome touches of humor.

In the same hall Wednesday, Makoto Ozone, the 21-year-old Berklee College student, also displayed prodigious technique but less of a firmly matured style than the Frenchman. Traces of Peterson, Bud Powell and Erroll Garner informed his readings of works by Corea, Coltrane and others.

Both youngsters are off to a good start in their recording careers: Petrucciani this week made his first American LP, with Rejoyce Records, a new company started by George Wein, who has returned to the record business after a 28-year absence. Ozone announced that he will soon record for producer Quincy Jones.

Of the "theme" programs, the best so far, both in conception and execution, has been "The Body and Soul of the Tenor Saxophone" at Avery Fisher Hall Tuesday, dedicated to the late Coleman Hawkins. Produced by Ira Gitler, whose narration was as entertaining and satisfying as the music, the recital offered an accurate and fascinating retrospective played mainly by a group of Hawkins' contemporaries (he died at 65 in 1969). A band led by Budd Johnson played reconstructed arrangements of the 1920s Fletcher Henderson band, complete with banjo and tuba, with uncanny accuracy.

Several film excerpts of Hawkins during his peak years in the 1940s and '50s alternated with live performances and touching anecdotes in which Hawkins' contribution as the founding father of the tenor sax was graphically illustrated.

Dizzy Gillespie and others re-created the roles they had played on Hawkins' records. Of the seven tenor saxophonists deployed, those who bore the closest resemblance to Hawkins in warmth and vibrancy of sound and style were Illinois Jacquet and Hal Singer, the latter an expatriate brought in from Paris.

Some of the most timeless music was the duplication of a famous pair of recordings Hawkins made in Paris during the late 1930s, played here by Benny Carter (who was on the original performances), Zoot Sims, Charlie Rouse and Budd Johnson. Even on this sax-dominated show, there was a memorable keyboard interlude when Barry Harris and Tommy Flanagan played a spirited piano duet on the Hawkins tune "Bean and the Boys." Because of the pervasive sincerity and the inherent validity of the music, what could have been an evening of dreary nostalgia became a near-total success both as entertainment and education. Only Howard McGhee, the veteran trumpeter whose chops seem to have failed him, let down the team.

Another tribute show, to Charles Mingus, began with a series of glitches. During the very first number, a bass fiddle fell apart. Despite vigorous solos by trombonist Jimmy Knepper, trumpeter John Coles and the tenor saxophonist Ricky Ford, the most intriguing artists were the Monix Company with their light-and-shadow show. The program shifted into pretension with a long, lugubrious early Mingus work, "Half Mast Inhibition," directed by Gunther Schuller, who conducted the recording in 1960. The real Mingus legacy can be found among his shorter pieces and in his contribution to virtuoso bass playing.

Miles Davis was on hand Sunday night at Avery Fisher Hall, playing not enough trumpet and too much keyboard, and with too much pounding rhythm. Davis will appear with Gil Evans at the Hollywood Bowl July 20.

128

Associated Press

B. B. King during solo at jazz show in New York.

JAZZ REVIEW

7/5

STUDS TERKEL HOSTS BACKWARD LOOK

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—"Hard Times, Good Times With Studs Terkel" was presented at Town Hall Sunday evening, the final night of the Kool Jazz Festival.

Subtitled "Songs of the Depression," this was a sound premise, with Terkel as narrator and some 18 musicians or singers to conjure up the era. Some of the tunes dealt fittingly with Wall Street, money, or the lack of it.

Jay McShann brought the house to life with his authoritative blues singing and powerful blues piano, but his commanding sound soon yielded to that of Joe Turner, who repeated the show he had offered two nights earlier with Joe Williams.

The first half of the program was played primarily by an estimable band with Doc Cheatham, Vic Dickenson, Milt Hinton and Danny Barker among others. Terkel tried to elicit their reminiscences, but the questions did not probe hard enough and the replies shed too little light. This was aggravated by an often balky sound system. There was excessive use as vocalists of musicians who can barely sing. A pop singer of the 1930s, Dolly Dawn inexplicably sang several numbers. At this point the show began to lose its focus.

Some of the best musical or nostalgic moments were saved for the second half, when George Wein, at the piano, backed Maxine Sullivan's vocals, saxophonist Bud Freeman was reunited with his long-ago partner, the cornetist Jimmy McPartland, and Mitchell Parish recited the verse, then sang the chorus, of "Stardust," to which he wrote the lyrics. Richard Sudhalter, who produced the program, sat in on fluegelhorn toward the end, producing some of the most lyrical sounds of the evening.

Teddy Wilson was one of the few musicians whose conversation with Terkel came off well; he was cogent and articulate where others had been fumbling and vague.

According to impresario Wein, the festival this year racked up its biggest-ever New York City gross, though exact figures were unavailable. The shows starring Miles Davis and VSOP II were both sold out, as were the two programs featuring B.B. King and Ray Charles. Many other concerts had near-capacity houses. Two marathon days Saturday and Sunday at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center drew a record aggregate of 30,000 admissions.

Wein's main problem in future years, he admitted, will be the continued infusion of new talent and new show concepts. One visitor complained that there were "too many tributes to dead people." Actually, there were only three, dedicated to Duke Ellington, Charles Mingus and Coleman Hawkins; several other programs were heavily slanted toward the illustrious past of jazz. But could the same complaint be lodged against a classical evening devoted entirely to Bach, Ravel or Stravinsky?

7/6

A JAZZ MASTER TO THE END

By LEONARD FEATHER

Harry James was a survivor the jazz world almost forgot. In recent years, when the alleged demise of the big bands was lamented by commentators, it was often noted that such veterans as Woody Herman and Count Basie were still on the scene. Comparatively few observers bothered to mention that throughout the past four decades Harry James, who died Tuesday at 67, had kept the faith.

He retained a permanently organized touring orchestra, playing the same brash, bravura horn, and showing the same enthusiasm he had always displayed for the music of the era that brought him fame. He was one of the genuine swing masters.

James for many years occupied an anomalous position. He rose to world eminence as a jazz soloist, first with the orchestra of Ben Pollack and later, much more memorably, with Benny Goodman. During the first years of his own success as a leader, however, after forming his original orchestra in 1939, he became a symbol of a sentimental, commercialized sound, typified by "You Made Me Love You" and all the other best-selling ballad hits that followed.

The style of his popular recordings, and the addition of a string section to his orchestra, established for him an image that brought with it all the appurtenances of success: motion-picture appearances, bookings in all the biggest movie theaters, frequent stints in Las Vegas. Through it all, James never lost his concern for jazz; up to the last performance, such works as "Two O'Clock Jump" remained staples in his repertoire.

Please see JAMES, Page 5

JAMES: A JAZZ MASTER TO THE END

Continued from First Page

James was never one to monopolize the spotlight. Every time I saw him, he had deferred frequently to other talented soloists who passed through his ranks. He always spoke with pride, too, about the arrangements contributed to his library by Ernie Wilkins, better known as a writer for Count Basie. James was a die-hard Basie enthusiast. A year before he left Goodman, he recorded two sessions leading specially assembled groups that consisted mainly of sidemen from the Basie ranks.

To jazz fans, James was a creative performer, some of whose best work was recorded very early in his career. A blues number, "Just a Mood," for which he teamed with pianist Teddy Wilson, xylophonist Red Norvo and bassist John Simmons in the late '30s, became a collector's item.

During the years of his greatest fame, he helped advance the careers of many gifted sidemen: tenor saxophonist Corky Corcoran, who spent more than 20 years in the band; alto saxophonist Willie Smith; drummers Buddy Rich and Louie Bellson, and countless others.

A legendary story is that of the "Great James Raid" in 1951, when Smith, Bellson and trombonist Juan Tizol all left James' band to join Duke Ellington. Far from resenting the move, James continued to idolize Ellington and retained his friendship with the three defectors.

When the casinos in Las Vegas began to drop the entertainment policy in their lounges, James found himself no longer able to spend many months of each year there. Undaunted, he expanded his travel schedule; seemingly impervious to the rigors of the road, he played countless one-night stands, loyal to his band, refusing offers to play engagements without them.

James probably will be remembered by the public as the man who played a significant part in the careers of Frank Sinatra, Helen Forrest and other singers. He sold millions of records as a pop music hero in his own right and, at his peak, was received with almost the same hysteria later reserved for rock stars. More thoughtful admirers, however, will recall him as a master musician, a completely accomplished artist who, both as soloist and leader, kept up his high standards to the end.

7/8

Los Angeles Times

THREE KOOL JAZZ EVENTS CANCELED

NEW YORK—Three of this season's five-month-long series of Kool Jazz festivals, including one planned for Los Angeles, have been cut from the schedule, it was revealed this week. The Southland event was set for Oct. 1-5; the others canceled were to take place in Dallas Oct. 31-Nov. 6 and in Milwaukee, Nov. 8-12.

"This was a corporate decision," said George Wein, organizer of the 21 events, which began in Washington, D.C., June 4. "It has nothing to do with the music, and it does not reflect on the festivals so far this year, which have been very successful." A New York festival that ended Sunday achieved a record gross.

Mark Ahearn of the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Co., which underwrites the series, said: "We're terribly sorry to have to do this. It's part of an overall adjustment in our advertising budget for the year.

"These three events were selected for cancellation because they were late in the season and had been less fully developed than the others.

"There will be no further changes, and we are still planning to go full steam ahead with the festivals in 1984."

—LEONARD FEATHER

7/10

JAZZ

THE RENAISSANCE OF AN ART FORM

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW York—Jazz has been through some excruciatingly hard times throughout most of its history. In the early years, it was condemned as the devil's music, reviled as contributing to the moral decay of America's youth or called "nigger music."

It was ignored in the lay press; for decades, not one American newspaper had any coverage at all, let alone a regular jazz writer. It has been downplayed, and to a large extent still is, on radio and television.

The extent to which things have changed for the better is nowhere more immediately observable than in New York City, where the annual Kool Jazz Festival began June 23 and ended July 3. The festival alone accounted for 2,000 hirings of more than 1,000 musicians. Every local paper had two to four reviewers covering the concerts; reporters from virtually all over the world were dispatched to file their stories on the 49 events (theme concerts, solo recitals, jazz picnics and boat rides).

One might argue that this interlude was atypical, and that conditions are not normally that healthy. Yet a glance at the current nightclub situation reveals that in any given week, the visitor can be sated with jazz of every stripe, not by attending a festival but simply by making the rounds of the clubs.

In one weeklong period beginning toward the end of the festival and ending just after the holiday weekend, you could hear the great bassist Major Holley and pianist Hilton Ruiz at the Angry Squire; the composer and multi-instrumentalist David Amram at the Blue Note; Flora Purim and Airto at the Bottom Line; the ageless Benny Carter at Sweet Basil's; the elegant pianist Ellis Larkins at the Carnegie Tavern; guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli at Cafe Pierre; pianists Richie Beirach at Bradley's and Jimmy Lyon at Broadway Joe's and the octogenarian blues singer Alberta Hunter at the Cookery. And that's just for starters.

Musicians who had found the pickings lean at home and become expatriates are returning, some for visits, some on a permanent basis. Dropping in to hear Benny Carter at Sweet Basil's near Sheridan Square, I ran into Benny Waters, the saxophonist who has been living for years in Paris. Now 81, Waters comes to the Big Apple every once in a while to play the West End Cafe on Broadway at 113th Street where veteran artists often fill the bill.

You want more? Wild Bill Davison came to town the other night to work at Eddie Condon's. The Kansas City blues pioneers Big Joe Turner and Jay McShann just closed at Fat Tuesday's. Pianist Albert Dailey is at Greene Street, guitarist Chuck Wayne at Gregory's, trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell has a combo at Jimmy Ryan's, ragtime pianist Judy Carmichael is at Hanratty's, Brazilian singer/pianist Tania Maria is at the Lone Star Cafe, former Benny Goodman panist John Bunch is at the Knickerbocker Saloon; vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson was at Lush Life, Anita O'Day is checking out her pipes at Marty's. And that's not all.

Jazzmen who at one point took to driving taxis for a living are now finding gigs with some regularity. Great musicians who went through yearsof semi-unemployment now are on the faculty of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University or at various other campuses.

Even musicians who don't need the work are accepting it. George T. Simon, who for many years has been an executive at NARAS, the Recording Academy, and before that was a longtime editor of the magazine Metronome, has been leading a group—playing drums—every Wednesday at Eddie Condon's. (His last previous professional appearance was a record date with Glenn Miller in the 1930s.)

You are not yet convinced? Perhaps I should point out that the Milt Jackson-Ray Brown Quintet is at Mikell's, that Sy Oliver, the erstwhile Jimmie Lunceford trumpeter and arranger, still has his regular job at the Rainbow Room, that the eccentric composer and pianist Carla Bley has her band at Seventh Avenue South, while Henry Threadgill and his avant-garde sextet hold forth at Sounds of Brazil.

Meanwhile, Charles Brown, the singer and pianist best remembered for "Driftin' Blues" and "Merry Christmas Baby," is at Tramps; Richie Havens, Esther Satterfield, Woody Shaw's Quintet and others have been sharing the various stages at the sprawling Village Gate; Richie Cole's Quartet just visited the Village Vanguard, where the Mel Lewis big band works every Monday; trumpeter Clark Terry has been delighting customers at the Village West; saxophonist Harold (Cornbread) Singer, another visitor from Paris, is at the West End, and the pianist Jimmy Rowles, who works now and then when at home in Los Angeles but is in constant demand when he visits New York, currently is at Zinno's.

This brings us to a total of 30 clubs offering live jazz by well-known musicians on a continuing basis, and the list accounts only for Manhattan (who knows what lies beyond the Brooklyn Bridge?).

How to explain this staggering array of names, this mountain of evidence that jazz is enjoying an unprecedented measure of acceptance? I suspect that much of it has to do with a new, enlightened attitude toward jazz that has come upon us with the growth of festivals, the ever more widespread attention in the print media, the slow but inexorable transition of the music from an idiom that was accepted as entertainment to one that is welcomed and embraced as an art form.

Visitors to some of these clubs simply are out to have a good time and hear some good sounds, as in the old days. But more and more people must be aware, as they absorb the creative music available to them in this unique city, that they are witnesses to a significant part of American history. They know they must see these giants while they can. □

130

JAZZ 7/17/83

A FRENCH HORN WITH NO CLINKERS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Another in a series of occasional articles on female instrumentalists in the Los Angeles area.

The French horn is notoriously the hardest instrument on which to achieve a clinker-free solo. Barbara Korn sums it up well with a kidding question: "Do you know why French horn players put their hands on the bell? It's to catch the clinkers before they hit the microphone."

You will hear no clinkers, however, when Korn picks up her horn. She is by all odds one of the most dependable artists in town on this exacting medium, as well as one of the busiest and beyond question the most visually appealing.

Korn is as cautious in an interview as she is careful in playing a solo. Given to such replies as, "My birthday is in the middle of the summer," and "I haven't told the truth about my age in 10 to 15 years," she finally confessed to having been born August last, 30-plus years ago. When she reluctantly admitted that she was once married to a musician (but not during the last decade), I asked whether she feels it is a good idea for two musicians to be married. Her tart reply: "I don't think one musician should be married."

Born in New York, Korn began in music as a trumpeter, but, when she changed schools, the band director told her: "We have 10 trumpeters already and they're all boys and there's no use for you. Do you want to play the French horn?" Korn said: "Sure. What's one look like?" As she recalls it, "This horn was brand new and in a blue velvet case, it looked like a giant bracelet. I said, 'Fine! That's for me.' And I've played it ever since. There was no doubt, from the first moment I picked it up, that I would play it for a living."

FITZGERALD WHITNEY / Los Angeles Times

Barbara Korn: "There was no doubt, from the first moment I picked it up, that I would play it for a living."

She majored in French horn at USC's School of Performing Arts, but she began gigging around town even before her college years. Soon she was heavily into recording work—"mostly rhythm and blues and a lot of pop work. I've done the Jacksons' last seven albums, seven for the Whispers and others for Tony Bennett, Petula Clark, the Osmonds. I don't often get to take a solo; I had a very nice one on an album with Alice Cooper about six years ago and some spots with Earth, Wind & Fire, Dave Mason, Michael Jackson."

Her most conspicuous exposure lately has been a series of appearances with a group led by the Brazilian guitarist Oscar Castro Neves, featuring a woodwind quartet. A public TV special, "Reflections Through a Brazilian Eye," devoted to the combo, made prominent and attractive use of Korn. She has appeared with Neves about once a month at Mulberry Street in Studio City.

A dedicated professional, Korn has played all the brass and reed instruments, has been a backup singer on jingles and teaches as many students as she can fit into her schedule. She subbed with the Philharmonic some years ago and has played twice with the New American Orchestra, but her personal appearances are rare. "It would be impossible for me to make a livelihood that way. The pay scale is very low. I've supported myself very well as part of the studio scene."

She feels that once one has the ability, a good living boils down to one essential: Get to know the right contractors, those powerful men who do the hiring.

Asked the inevitable question concerning sex prejudice, she says, "It would be very hard to narrow it down to that. I really have no cause for complaint."

There were only two occasions when her sex, more or less, cost her a job. "Once I was called to sub for another French horn player on a television show, and it turned out he weighed about 215 pounds, so I couldn't wear his uniform.

"In fact, whatever prejudice there has been, if you want to call it that, has been reasonable. I lost another job when the Queen Mary opened up in Long Beach. They were having a revival of an old English brass band. I applied, and it turned out that they wanted everyone to have a beard, so I was rejected. I refused to grow one.

"How can I complain? I'm making a very good living doing what I love. That's one of the most enriching experiences available to anyone." □

JULY 10

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"TO A FINLAND STATION." Dizzy Gillespie/Arturo Sandoval. Pablo 2310/889. This chance encounter stemmed from the simultaneous presence in Helsinki of Gillespie and Sandoval, Cuba's premier trumpeter, best known for his work with Irakere. There are no album notes to tell you who's playing with Irakere. There are no album notes to tell you who's playing when. If you're in little doubt that it's Dizzy but are not positive, you may assume it's Sandoval. He is an admirable performer, but it is his partner who most often leads the way from improvisation to inspiration. Five cuts, all Gillespie originals, with solid backing by a Finnish rhythm section. Three stars.

□

"SATIN DOLL." Red Garland. Prestige P-7859. The 1950s Miles Davis pianist is flanked by Specs Wright on drums and Jimmy Rowswer or the late Doug Watkins on bass in this previously unissued 1959 set. The material is too obvious: 10 minutes each of the title tune and of "The Man I Love," two Basie or pseudo-Basie blues. In other words, this is an expendable item by a dependable artist; there is nothing wrong enough to justify its condemnation, nor anything original enough to justify its purchase. One star.

□

"THOU SWELL." Jim Galloway Quartet. Sackville 4011. Galloway, a soprano saxophonist from Scotland who has lived for many years in Toronto, is a name to add to the list of qualified mainstreamers. He is in powerful company: Jay McShann's piano has a scalpel-like incisiveness, Don Thompson is a virtuoso bassist who is now touring with George Shearing, and his fellow-Canadian and former partner Terry Clarke completes the quartet on drums. The tunes are mostly overfamiliar 1930s standards, but this group elevates them to a 3½-star level.

□

"MORE THAN A FEELIN'." Koinonia. Breaker 9946. In designing a bridge, the architect cannot take chances if it is to support countless passengers. The crafting of an album such as this is similarly risk-free, since it is no doubt designed to sell innumerable records. Each tune is sedulously conceived, balanced, played, with bassist Abe Laboriel and guitarist Dean Parks the principal composers. No chances are taken, ever. It's all light, pleasant and innocuous enough in the disco-funk-pop groove. Two stars.

□

"LESSONS IN LIVING: MOSE ALLISON LIVE AT MONTREUX." Elektra/Musician 60237. The "middle-class white boy" still sings and plays the blues like no other 55-year-old boy of any class or color. For those not already in possession of his earlier versions of "Your Mind Is on Vacation" et al., these are as welcome as any. Billy Cobham on drums, Jack Bruce on bass. The guest appearances by Lou Donaldson on alto sax are desultory, those by guitarist Eric Gale (especially on "I Don't Worry About a Thing") excellent. 3½ stars. □

7/30

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

ESTELLE REINER SINGS AT LE CAFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Estelle Reiner has been an occasional presence in recent months in the Room Upstairs at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks. Thursday evening she offered renewed evidence of her late-blooming talent.

Reiner's story is unique. Except for a brief stint on a Bronx radio station at 15 she has never been a professional singer. Remaining in the shadows as Mrs. Carl Reiner, she emerged recently, with some help from vocal coach Phil Moore, to reveal qualities that many a seasoned pro would envy.

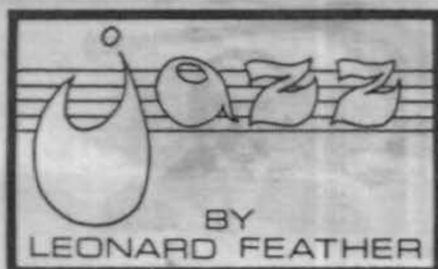
Clearly her influences are the jazz and R&B stars of the 1930s and '40s, yet her sound and style are her own. Her bittersweet timbre in "The Nearness of You" suggested honey laced with vinegar. The natural flow of her phrasing, the jazz-informed edge in her upper register reflect many years of selective, sensitive listening.

The Reiner repertoire runs a 60-year gamut from "My Sweetie Went Away," with its Dixieland tinge, through Cy Coleman's "You Fascinate Me So" up to the most recent items borrowed from Dave Frishberg and Olivia Newton-John. A brief rap recalling her memories of Harlem led to such unlikely blues verses as "Don't You Feel My Leg," a jukebox hit for Blue Lu Barker ca. 1938. Here and elsewhere she avoided the tendency to assume pseudo-black traits.

Reiner's authenticity and conviction would be commendable in an artist who had been honing her craft for decades. In view of her background it is extraordinary. A housewife, mother of three grown children, she has started a career that could become much more than mere whim fulfillment.

Smoothly swinging accompaniment was provided by pianist Bob Florence's Trio. Reiner will be back at Le Cafe Aug. 18.

OVERTURE JULY '83



Happy, Warm Memories: The Multi-Talented Charles LaVere

Around 1944-45, there was a short-lived jazz label in Hollywood known as Jump Records. Almost all the few 78s they released were by a group called Charles LaVere's Chicago Loopers. I wish I could find them now, because fond memories welled up in my mind when a friend called to tell me that Charlie La-Vere, 72, had died in Los Angeles of a heart attack.

I thought back to those happy, informal combo dates on Jump. He was the pianist, Billy May played trumpet on several, Floyd O'Brien trombone, Matty Matlock clarinet; even Joe Venuti was on a few.

It is a dubious advantage to have too many talents. It enables you to earn a steady living, but too often at the cost of a single, identifiable public image. Charles LaVere Johnson had this problem.

He was a jazzman and a pop musician. He played alto sax, alongside trumpeter Charlie Teagarden, in Herb Cook's Oklahoma Joy Boys, trombone with Johnny Dorchester's band, trumpet in Joe Sanders' band. The men whose lives he touched were legends: Jack Teagarden, Frank Trumbauer, Paul Whiteman, Bob Crosby. He was piano accompanist for Bing Crosby in the 1940s and later for George Burns.

He even made it big as a singer for a while: his "Maybe You'll Be There" vocal with Gordon Jenkins was a million seller in 1947. He wrote some good songs, one of which, "Mis'ry and the Blues," I recorded on a Jack Teagarden date I produced in 1954.

So Charlie LaVere never made it to global fame, not even with all those abilities. But as my friend said who broke the news: "Charlie had even more friends than he had talents. Everyone who knew him admired him as a human being." And that, certainly, is a more important way to remember him than by the number of instruments he played or how many records he sold.

LOS ANGELES TIMES (syndicated), July 31 1983

JAZZ

A CLASSIC SOUND IN A CLASSIC CITY

By LEONARD FEATHER

LEONARD FEATHER

Massimo Urbani, left, a 24-year-old alto saxophonist who sat in with—and amazed—Sonny Stitt 10 years ago, with Giovanni Tommaso and brother Maurizio Urbani at "Umbria Jazz," a festival in Italy.

PERUGIA, Italy—This very ancient city, some of whose treasures of art and architecture were created centuries before Christ, is the capital of Umbria, one of Italy's 21 regions. Its population of 130,000 includes students at many seats of culture, a few of which are themselves antiques; the main university dates from 1266, while others, such as the Italian University for Foreigners, are more recent but no less distinguished.

Since 1973 Perugia has been the principal center for "Umbria Jazz," a weeklong celebration seen at various cities in the region. Despite the importance of the student population, the event is greeted with lively interest by the adult community at large, and particularly by the city fathers, who are well aware of its cultural significance.

Steeped in so many centuries' tradition of all the arts, Italians in growing numbers have displayed a healthy concern for jazz both as an import and as a domestically developed product. Per capita, Italy has more jazz festivals each summer season than any other European country. No fewer than 20 will have taken place between early June and late August, blanketing the country from Rome, Ravenna and Pescara to Bologna, Genoa and Pompeii.

Arrigo Polillo, who has edited Musica Jazz magazine since the 1940s, is Italy's indomitable jazz catalyst. Speaking recently of the Perugia plans, Polillo told me: "This has always been more than just another festival. Carlo Pagnotta, the producer, knows how to put together a schedule that takes in all aspects—artistic, entertaining and educational."

A glance at the daily list of events bears out this contention. Some of the faces and sounds are familiar, having been brought over, mostly by George Wein, to play at Nice and dozens of other stops on the festival circuit; but Pagnotta made a deal with Rutgers University, whose jazz department sent over Dan Morgenstern (head of Rutgers' Institute for Jazz Studies) to give daily lectures, along with a hand-picked team of jazzmen doubling as teachers; most are members of the Rutgers faculty. They are under the direction of Paul Jeffrey, 50, a veteran educator and saxophonist who played with Charles Mingus and Thelonious Monk.

Every day in Perugia during the festival the activities began at 10:30 a.m. with Morgenstern's lectures and the clinics (instrumental instruction classes) by the Rutgers emissaries; they continued with a jazz film matinee and live stage show, followed by an open-air concert featuring an Italian group. Next came two evening recitals, one indoors and one on a *terrazzo* overlooking the city; finally, from midnight, there was a jam session at the Club Il Panino that could go on until the last man dropped. The willing student was thus able to continue learning or listening almost around the clock.

The afternoon film shows elicited more consistent reactions than anything else at the festival. David Chertok, a fan who developed his passion for discovering old jazz films into a full-time career, brought with him a collection of such rarities that the mere appearance on the screen of some legendary figure drew gasps and applause. One film was a compilation of brief performances by pianists: Bill Evans, Art Tatum (an extremely rare piece of footage from an old "March of Time" short), Mary Lou Williams, Thelonious Monk and the eternally puckish Erroll Garner. Another segment was composed of jazz dancers such as the early Nicholas Brothers, Bunny Briggs and singer Adelaide Hall doubling in terpsichore. Chertok's presentation was made doubly effective by the setting: The Teatro Pavone, which seats about 500, looks like a miniature opera house, with five tiers of boxes, and is acoustically sound. After his film show, live music took over, with the former Miles Davis saxophonist George Coleman backed by Ronnie Mathews' trio.

Almost all locations for the festival were within walking distance of the Hotel Rosetta, where everyone was staying—musicians, faculty, Italian and American reporters. Walking was, in fact, the only way to go, since we adjoined the Corso Mannucci, where automobiles are not part of the life style.

Halfway along this street, on a bandstand erected in the Piazza Della Repubblica, the local talent was on display daily at 7 p.m. Although much of what I heard was clearly derivative of American models (but isn't this also true of most Americans?), one youngster stood out. He was Massimo Urbani, a 24-year-old alto saxophonist who clearly wants to walk in no man's shadow; although the influences of Parker and Coltrane are inescapable, he is an instinctive and compelling improviser. Pagnotta told me: "In 1974, during our second festival, Massimo sat in with Sonny Stitt. He was 14, and Sonny just couldn't believe him."

The only evening concerts requiring a bus ride were a series held a few kilometers away in the Teatro Tenda. This huge tent, built to accommodate 4,500, proved disastrous. The main attraction on the evening of my visit was a six-sax ensemble from Rutgers, composed of four students and Paul Jeffrey and George Coleman, playing the music of John Coltrane. As I contemplated the countless hours of rehearsal they had put into this venture, my heart went out to them, for the effort was in vain. A sound engineer evidently weaned on rock 'n' roll, convinced that only the drums and piano needed to be heard, succeeded in bringing to the performance all the acoustic beauty of an indoor swimming pool.

On the sixth and final day a climactic street party was scheduled. (Like several other events, this was free to all; even the paid-admission concerts, with prices from $1 to $5, made it clear that this is not a profit-geared festival.) The scene was the Piazza IV Novembre, at the end of the Corso Mannucci. A large bandstand had been set up in front of a cathedral, next to the Fonte Maggiore, an exquisite 13th-Century fountain.

Following a local group, the Perugia Big Band, and a Latin combo, Ray Mantilla's Space Station, the two main attractions appeared. The first was co-led by the vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson and the saxophonist Jackie McLean, playing neo-post-bop of a very high order; the second was an all-star swing band of the kind associated with the Nice Festival: a trombonist, Al Grey, with saxophonists Arnett Cobb, Scott Hamilton, Illinois Jacquet, Buddy Tate and a superb rhythm section with John Lewis, drummer Gus Johnson and bassist Eddie Jones.

The crowd that had begun to gather early in the evening soon stretched from wall to wall clear down the street. Hundreds found seats on the staircase and portico of the Palazzo dei Priori, a large building on one side of the piazza. Thousands more simply stood, sardine-packed for at least 200 yards. Several hundred others were content to remain seated on the steps of the cathedral, directly behind the bandstand, sacrificing sight for the aural splendors. Beyond the fountain, Radiotelevisione Italiana trucks put it all down on videotape.

As Jacquet tore into one chorus after another of "Flying Home" or some other classic tension-builder, the audience was transfixed. The concert ran very late, but about 1 a.m., half an hour before the end, it was still impossible to find a seat or even a place to stand within 100 feet of the apron.

As I left the scene, the fading sounds of classic jazz in a classic setting brought to mind a rude truth: These same musicians, visiting a city of about the same size in, say, Ohio or Kentucky, would be fortunate to draw a couple of hundred mildly curious passers-by.

Technically this was not the final day for Pagnotta. On the next day he would present Woody Herman and others in a concert at Narni, an hour's drive from Perugia. Looking back over the successes he had enjoyed—with Dizzy Gillespie, Herbie Hancock, Richie Cole and all the others who had made up this well-planned week—Pagnotta said: "We try to give everyone a chance to enjoy, an opportunity also to learn. 'Umbria Jazz' is like nothing else you will find anywhere." I would rephrase his statement: The spirit of the people, allied with the impact of this historic setting, brings to "Umbria Jazz" a unique and memorable character. Like most of the musicians and critics who came, I hope to be back. □

AMERICAN NEWS

from Leonard Feather

THREE distinguished jazz musicians have been honored by the National Endowment for the Arts. They are **Count Basie**, **Kenny 'Klook' Clarke** and **Sonny Rollins.** Each receives a $20,000 master award, the Endowment's most prestigious award in the field of jazz. This is only the second year jazz musicians have been honored in this manner: last year awards went to **Roy Eldridge**, **Dizzy Gillespie**, **Sun Ra** and **Thelonious Monk**, who died before his could be presented to him.

The NEA also presented grants to numerous other jazz artists to enable them to advance their careers. $10,000 each went to **Marcus Belgrave**, **Philly Joe Jones**, **Clifford Jordan**, **Don Pullen** and **Larry Ridley**. Film producer **Renee Cho** was awarded $7,500 to help her produce a one-hour documentary film entitled *Toshiko Akiyoshi: The Woman and Her Music*. **Harold Land** was given $4,000 to support performances and lectures.

● Percussionist **Willie Bobo**, one of California's most popular Latin bandleaders, is gravely ill with cancer. A benefit to help him defray medical expenses was held June 26 at the Hollywood Musicians Union.

● Also suffering from cancer is veteran trumpeter **Harry James**, who recently had a tumor removed from his neck; however, he is said to be progressing well and his career was only briefly interrupted.

● Flutist **Paul Horn** has arranged, through a Canadian promoter (he lives in Victoria, Canada), to tour the Soviet Union for three weeks starting August 3. A film crew will be going along to make a documentary TV show out of his experiences. Also accompanying Horn will be bassist **David Friesen** and Friesen's sister, actress **Dyan Cannon**, who will help narrate the show; **Robin Horn**, Paul's son, on percussion, and **John Stowell** (guitar).

● The **Hoagy Carmichael** Society has been formed in Bloomington, Indiana, the late pianist/songwriter's home town. The society aims to promote Carmichael's music and perpetuate his memory. Carmichael's son, **Hoagy Bix Carm[illegible]ael**, has already offered his support fo[illegible] ie venture. Anyone interested in info[illegible]ation should write to the Harvey Phillips Foundation, Inc, PO Box 933, Bloomington IN 47402. Phillips is a professor of music at Indiana University. The society was launched in May with a local performance by pianist **Dave McKenna.**

● **Demitri Pagalidis**, a bass trombonist, has formed his own big band, 18 strong, the personnel of which includes **Gary Foster**, **Charlie Loper** and other members of the recently disbanded Akiyoshi/**Tabackin** West Coast band. The first album has been released on Mark 56 Records, featuring compositions and arrangements by **Tom Kubis**. The band made its official public debut June 20 at Carmelo's.

● The US Treasury has minted a one-ounce gold coin bearing the likeness of **Louis Armstrong**. The coin is selling for about $500. Armstrong is the first jazz artist to be so honored.

● Veteran record producer and talent scout **John Hammond** has put together the talent, in cooperation with **Hank O'Neal**, for a jazz festival cruise set to leave from Miami on September [illegible]. The week-long voyage, which will visit Nassau and the Virgin Islands, will probably form the basis for a TV documentary production. Already scheduled to take part are **Clark Terry**, **Zoot Sims**, **Adam Makowicz**, **Joe Bushkin**, **Astrud Gilberto**, **Bucky Pizzarelli**, **Wild Bill Davison** and **Jonah Jones.**

● Pianists **Derek Smith** (now winding up a tour of Japan with **Benny Carter**), Joe Bushkin and **Ross Tompkins**, and pianist/actor **Dudley Moore**, are taping interview and piano programs with **Marian McPartland** for her educational radio series *Piano Jazz*.

Los Angeles Times 8/12

JAZZ REVIEW

JACKSON-BROWN GROUP AT HOP SINGH'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

In a policy change that augurs well for Southland jazz, Hop Singh's in Marina del Rey has begun booking on a more regular basis artists whose presence may help to pick up the slack caused by the folding of the Parisian Room.

The incumbent group, the first ever to play four straight days in the spacious club, is the Milt Jackson-Ray Brown Quartet. Jackson now has the best of both worlds. His year is about evenly divided between tours with Brown and reunions with the imperishable Modern Jazz Quartet.

Critics like to argue about which setting is better suited to the vibraphonist's personality. Some say the MJQ is too laid-back for him, and that his various alliances with Brown find him driving harder. The truth is that you could put Jackson on-stage with six accordionists and a bagpiper; the results would still come out swinging.

There's no doubt, though, that this is one of the strongest rhythm teams that has supported him in recent years. Along with Brown's perennially supple bass, he has Mickey Roker, the fiery ex-Gillespie drummer, and, in a chair usually occupied by Cedar Walton, the brilliant young pianist Tom Ranier.

Given this heavyweight foursome and a repertoire to match—a medley of Monk tunes, two blues, a "Doxy"-type 16-bar blues, the elegant melody by Antonio Carlos Jobim called "Once I Loved"—where and how could they go wrong?

Brown's magic moment was his bowed solo on "Round Midnight." Jackson made two mallets look like four in his flying leap at "In Walked Bud." Ranier, on one of the blues forays, summoned visions of Oscar Peterson.

For those who want their jazz straight with no chaser, as Monk would have put it, Hop Singh's is the place to be through Saturday night.

134

Los Angeles Times 8/5

JAZZ REVIEW

CLOONEY, HAMPTON ON MEMORY LANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Hollywood Bowl became Memory Lane Wednesday night. Jazz at the Bowl became, for long stretches, pop at the Bowl.

The evening began ominously, with Rosemary Clooney singing "Come On-a My House," a piece of drivel written 30 years ago by William Saroyan and disavowed by the singer herself. The concert ended in pandemonium as Lionel Hampton directed his troops out into the house for an interminable rerun of "The Saints."

The first half of Hampton's set found him and his orchestra in admirable shape. With a cooking rhythm section driven by drummer Duffy Jackson, Hampton alternated between the ancient history of "Air Mail Special" and the writing of new arrangers, who have lent the orchestra an intermittently contemporary cast.

As a virtuoso vibes soloist, Hampton grows more amazing with the passing of time. His reflexes at 74, far from slackening, have sharpened. A solo on "Star Dust" led to a long workout on "Moonglow" in which he doubled, then quadrupled the beat, his hammers flailing out a never-ending stream of ideas.

About Hampton's singing: He is a great vibrophonist. About his scat sing-along with the audience: He is an insistent crowd-pleaser. About his arrangement of "In the Mood": Wasn't Glenn Miller enough?

To be fair to Rosemary Clooney: In a series of commendable albums, she has managed to acquire an agreeable image as a jazz singer by singing in a no-nonsense manner against a loose, informal small combo backing. She had no such advantageous setting Wednesday. With Frank Ortega leading the Les Brown band (replacing the late Harry James' orchestra), she ran an obstacle path through one of those Las Vegas-style arrangements in which she would suddenly have to switch tunes—and perhaps keys—in mid-chorus.

Her best moments were those least hampered by the charts, notably such ballads as "Everything Happens to Me" and "Come In From the Rain."

Brown played essentially the same show he has been offering for years. Make that decades. He never quite crosses the border from dance music into unabashed jazz, and one wonders whether he even realizes that a song like "Bad Bad Leroy Brown" (sung by Butch Stone) may be racially offensive to many listeners. We also had a couple of vocals by Jo Ann Greer. Pleasant, yes; but jazz at the Bowl? Come on now, George Wein, whom are you kidding?

The answer may be 14,114 people, as opposed to the 9,000 who came to see Miles Davis. Presumably that proves something, but not about music.

JAZZ REVIEW 8/13

BRYANT-DECHTER DUO AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The news that Clora Bryant, an experienced and respected trumpeter, was to co-lead a quintet with Lesli Dechter, the saxophonist best known for her gigs with Maiden Voyage, seemed to indicate that something new and provocative might be in store.

Expectation and realization, however, must not be confused. The sounds that emanated from the bandstand Thursday at Carmelo's had the earmarks of a woodshedding session rather than a performance for public consumption.

Bryant lived up to her reputation mainly in the muted solos. Her open horn often offered too much evidence of insufficient practice, of ideas for which the chops were not always ready. Her well-intended singing was that and no more. Even less than that were her grim lyrics on "Ain't No Use," a song about as cheerful as the 7 o'clock news.

Dechter had a different problem: Her technique is more adequate than her ideas. Both soloists came closest to achieving something of value in the Duke Ellington medley—Bryant's "Come Sunday" and Dechter's "In a Sentimental Mood" offered evidence that slower tempos give them a chance to get their thoughts together.

Gildo Mahones is an assured, driving pianist never at a loss for notes; his solos provided the brightest moments throughout. His backup rhythm section, on the other hand, seemed less than unified, with Richard Reid's bass a mite too obtrusive and Wendell Bond's drums not entirely sensitive to the combo's needs.

What this quintet really needed was a full week's rehearsal, followed by an engagement long enough for them to get everything into shape. Sadly, this was a practical and economic impossibility; the job closed on opening night.

LOS ANGELES TIMES, SUN. AUG. 7 1983 (syndicated)

JAZZ

NICE: *ETE*, AND THE LISTENIN' IS EASY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Dizzy Gillespie and James Moody performed amid the ruins of a 2,000-year-old amphitheater on the Arena Stage, the principal listening area at the 10th Grande Parade du Jazz in Nice, France.

LEONARD FEATHER

NICE—The 10th annual Grande Parade du Jazz held in the Jardin des Arenes de Cimiez, began on similar lines to the first. Then, Princess Grace and Mrs. Louis Armstrong were on hand as guests of honor at the unveiling of a bust of Satchmo near the entrance to the park.

This year a comparable ceremony was arranged for Lionel Hampton, a regular and wildly popular visitor at the festival. His bust can now be found a short walk from that of the trumpeter, in whose band he played the world's first vibraphone solo half a century ago.

George Wein has often declared that of the dozens of festivals he produces around the world, Nice is his personal favorite. Those who have toured the international circuit tend to agree that in terms of the ambiance and the wide-ranging musical menu, there is no other event quite like this.

It is truly a festival and for most visitors, with its many food concessions (the largest being a Creole food garden area operated by Wein's wife, Joyce), it is as much a picnic as a parade of sounds. Families come here to celebrate the summer; Wein estimates that as many as 10% of the ticket sales are for children.

For a mere 55 francs ($8) in advance or 70 francs ($10) at the gate, the visitor is regaled with jazz from 5 p.m. until midnight throughout the 11-day event. With all three music areas operating simultaneously, as many as 17 different sets can be heard during the seven hours.

Though some are played by organized combos, such as those led by the saxophonists Bob Wilber, Richie Cole and the Cuban defector Pacquito d'Rivera, or by the few big bands present (Lionel Hampton, Woody Herman and two European ensembles), for the most part Nice comprises a series of jam sessions, often involving musicians who have never worked together before.

Michel Petrucciani, the 20-year-old, crippled, three-feet-tall French pianist, one of the most brilliant youngsters on the scene, is here as a sideman with the American saxophonist Charles Lloyd. Jabbo Smith, the ancient U.S. trumpeter, played a set as guest soloist with a French traditionalist band, Les Haricots Rouges (the Red Beans).

Wild Bill Davison, the 77-year-old cornetist, sat in with an engaging British band, the Jazz Journal All-Stars. "This is murder," said Davison. "I love the band, but it's hard to keep your chops up when you're in the middle of root-canal work." Overriding dental and mental anguish, Davison turned in a passable performance.

The principal listening area is the Arena Stage, set amid the ruins of a 2,000-year-old amphitheater. When a hot attraction such as Hampton or Dizzy Gillespie appears, the thousands of fans fill the seats and form a human mezzanine by sitting or standing on any available parapet at every level.

If you tire of the music in the main arena, you may walk 100 meters to the inaccurately named Dance Stage, a smaller terrain where the theoretical dance floor is covered by uncomfortable seats. A short walk beyond this is the Garden Stage. Resembling a clearing in a forest, this is where seats are at a premium and most visitors sit on the grass or stand around near the trees.

Mischievously, the festival assigned to the Garden Stage such major attractions as Fats Domino's band, Woody Herman and Herbie Hancock's VSOP II (with the 22-year-old trumpet virtuoso Wynton Marsalis and his saxophonist brother Branford, 23). The consequent listening conditions were chaotic, but nobody seemed to mind—Nice has the best-tempered jazz fans in the world.

Because so much of the music is created on the spot by non-organized combos that have to find some congenial neutral territory, Nice suffers from a repetitious repertoire. Because everyone knows it and can ad-lib on it at a moment's notice, I heard Sonny Rollins' "Oleo" three times in one evening. Similarly, "In a Mellotone," "Broadway," "Now's the Time," "Stella by Starlight" and "Lover Man" keep cropping up.

If you sit in a certain spot in the restaurant area where the sounds from the Dance and Garden stages overlap, you may even have the dubious fortune of hearing the blues played simultaneously in two different keys—a fortuitous and none too fortunate brand of polyphony.

Although the sounds of Nice are primarily of the traditional, swing and bebop varieties, contemporary ideas are also well represented, especially by a quartet known as Sphere, which comprises two Thelonious Monk alumni (saxophonist Charlie Rouse and Ben Riley on drums) with Buster Williams on bass and Kenny Barron at the piano, playing their own original works as well as many from the pen of the late Thelonious Sphere Monk. This brilliantly integrated unit has been enjoying consistent success all around the Continental festival circuit.

Although most of the jazzmen are here basically to play the gig and earn the money, some play Nice for diverse reasons: an escape from the studio world or from some other non-jazz life. Typical is the case of Eddie Jones, the bassist. Best known for his long stay in the Count Basie orchestra in the 1950s, Jones eventually landed in computer technology.

Though now a successful businessman, with some 350 employees reporting to him, he said: "I just have to get out and do this every once in a while for my mental health." So here he is, jamming with Shelly Manne on drums, Ray Bryant on piano and other ad hoc rhythm sections.

A refugee from another world is the saxophonist James Moody, who spent almost seven years in the casino gristmills of Las Vegas but is now back in jazz full time. "I enjoy this life—the changes of climate, of cities, of musical settings," he said. "I was at the Montreux Festival yesterday; I'll be in Germany and Holland soon. Before I get back home to New Jersey I'll have visited a dozen countries." Nice has given Moody a chance to sit in with such old pals as Gillespie, in whose band he played many years ago.

The festivals also offer expatriates a rare occasion for reunions with old associates. Jimmy Gourley might be one of the jazz world's most respected guitarists had he had not decided, 30 years ago, to settle in Paris. Playing with Ray Bryant, Jon Faddis and various American and French artists, he offered evidence of a rare and undiminished talent.

"I came to France originally to study under the GI bill," he said. "I had to get away—the drug scene in Chicago was terrible at that time. Well, one thing led to another, and I got married here, so I wound up staying. I've played with just about every American jazzman

136

CALENDAR

IRV LETOFSKY, Sunday Editor

who's been here, from Lester Young and Bud Powell on down, and I have no regrets."

Another guitarist, with whom Gourley joined forces for one set, is Sacha Distel, who years ago made a George Benson-like transition from instrumental music to superstardom as a singer (along with headlines that linked him to French movie stars). Though still a heartthrob to French audiences, Distel is back to his roots. Here he has led his own quartet, with trumpeter Clark Terry as a guest, and has sat in with Gillespie, John Lewis and others.

"I have a new album out called 'My Guitar and All That Jazz,'" he said. "I'll still be known mainly as a singer, of course, but it's a joy to be among old friends again. I'm living my life the way I want to."

Another returnee to jazz is the trumpeter Jon Faddis, 29, who came to prominence as a teen-age protege of Gillespie before virtually disappearing into the lucrative New York studio scene seven years ago.

"It just wasn't satisfying to the soul," he declared. "People are waiting to see if I'm serious about coming out into the jazz world again. Well, I'm starting my own combo, and they'll soon find out." In a Nice session with Gillespie, Faddis revealed that his chops are as strong and his ideas as creative as ever.

A few celebrated performers are here simply as visitors. Among them is Toshiko Akiyoshi, the pianist and composer. George Wein's taste is usually excellent, but he moves in mysterious ways his blunders to perform.

A group known as the Festival All-Stars, with Akiyoshi's saxophonist husband Lew Tabackin and trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, could logically have used her services, but instead Wein hired JoAnne Brackeen, a fine pianist who is more suitably displayed as a soloist.

Michael Zwerin says: "I feel strange being at a festival that I'm not a part of." Zwerin, a longtime Paris expatriate, has lived a double life as trombonist and journalist. His jazz credentials are impeccable (he was once part of Miles Davis' "Birth of the Cool" band and in the 1960s toured the Soviet Union with Earl (Fatha) Hines), but he is here as a reporter for the International Herald Tribune.

He is looking for a publisher for his autobiography. As a witty and trenchant observer of the jazz life and one who has seen it from both sides, Zwerin should be capable of producing a valuable document; and with Paris as his base, he has been almost as close to the center of jazz activity as if he had stayed home.

The evidence in Nice this week makes it abundantly clear that the French, who five decades ago produced the world's first great non-American jazz combo (the Quintet of the Hot Club de France, with Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli), still play second fiddle to no one in their support and enthusiasm for *le jazz hot.* □

Dizzy Gillespie: Nice 'n' easy. Page 54.

JAZZ REVIEW 8/15

LOREZ ALEXANDRIA SINGS AT LE CAFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Room Upstairs at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks has become something of a retreat for music lovers seeking sounds mostly vocal and invariably tasteful, offering surcease from the electronic furies of the world outside.

Take the case of Lorez Alexandria. Here is a singer who has been around the block more years than Taylor, Burton, and the Gabors combined have had spouses. World famous she may not be, but engaging and personal she remains, true to her values in a tradition that goes back to Billie Holiday and beyond.

The essence of jazz singing lies in two elusive qualities: timbre and phrasing. Alexandria displays total command of both. Her sound has an engaging edge to it, and her lag-along-and-catch-up game playing with the beat is always under subtle control.

Material is not her long suit. She used "Remember" songs for bookends, opening with "I Remember You" and closing with "I'll Remember April." The latter includes a bothersome line, "We'll sigh goodby"—sounds vaguely Australian. There was an Ellington medley, with the inevitable "Satin Doll" and a somewhat perfunctory blues, "Rocks in My Bed."

It took a 53-year-old ballad, "He Was Too Good to Me," to bring out the best in her. Alexandria is too capable a singer to spend so much of her time on overworked standards; as this elegant Rodgers and Hart song reminded us, there are plenty of seldom-heard gems lying around waiting to be sung. Some, incidentally, are by Ellington.

She was intelligently backed by pianist Gildo Mahones with Allan Jackson (whose amplifier was up too high) on bass, and Clarence Johnstone on drums.

Among Le Cafe's coming attractions: a rare appearance by Jackie and Roy, Sept. 9 and 10.

JAZZ

HAMMOND'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH MUSIC IS A 50-YEAR PRODUCTION

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—John Hammond's career as a recording producer began in 1932 because the president of Columbia Records, then operating in receivership in the depths of the Depression, told him the company had been getting requests from England for jazz records.

Hammond recorded Fletcher Henderson's orchestra, for union scale, characteristically charging nothing for his own services. Already a rebel against the family background of wealth, conservatism and racism, he had a consuming interest, at 21, in jazz and civil rights.

He has spent his adult life interweaving these two concerns, though primarily he is known as a producer and talent scout. Though there were long stretches with other companies, it was at CBS that he made his most durable rising-talent placements: Billie Holiday ("When I first heard her, she was 17 and I was barely 22"), Harry James, Count Basie and, much later, Aretha Franklin, George Benson, Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen.

Asked which of his achievements he prizes the most, Hammond said, "I suppose the breaking down of racial barriers." He was instrumental in bringing Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Charlie Christian and others into Benny Goodman's entourage at a time when interracial groups performing in public were unheard of. It was at Hammond's urging that Fletcher Henderson was hired to contribute some of the best arrangements. Valuable white sidemen (Gene Krupa, pianist Jess Stacy) also joined Goodman at Hammond's urging. In fact, the building of Goodman's orchestra owed more to Hammond than to anyone else. "I never got a nickel for any of the things I did for Benny," he says. "I did Benny a lot of good, but of course Benny did me a lot of good too."

What Hammond stopped short of saying was that by helping to organize the Goodman band, in effect he got the whole Swing Era under way.

"Well, that's true, no question about it. That was something I'd wanted to do, and I realized it couldn't get done without black musicians, and the first thing I did was get Fletcher together with Benny.

"In those days the publishers had a stranglehold on the record companies and would not allow their songs to be improvised on in any way. They were altered subtly when Fletcher changed them in his swing arrangements, or when Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday did them on their small-combo dates. We placated the publishers by recording those same tunes with commercial bands like Kay Kyser and Eddy Duchin, so if we swung them on later sessions we were allowed to get away with it."

In 1975, having reached the mandatory retirement age for CBS employees, Hammond made a new deal to work with the company as an outside producer. Last year—a full half century after his first session—he formed his own company, John Hammond Records.

The other day, sitting in a small, cluttered office off Columbus Circle, he was asked why, after so many years in the creative end of the industry, and given its recent deteriorating condition, he had gone into business for himself.

Blues singer Alberta Hunter, left, with John Hammond in New York City.

"I was talked into it, alas. My deal with CBS had expired; they didn't want to pay my annual fee any more. I needed to make some money—it was a simple as that!

"Some smooth-talking guy convinced me that a public stock offering would bring in millions of dollars. Of course, it didn't happen. We did get a marvelous distribution deal through CBS, but there has never been enough money to do what we wanted to do. We found ourselves with 20 masters ready to do, but not enough money to put them out. The only way we've gotten anything out is by persuading artists to put up their own money, or better yet, to sell shares to people who think they can make some money that way.

"So far, I would not say we've set the world on fire, not by a long shot; but I'm happy with what we've released. We have an album by Marion Williams, one of the great gospel singers; we have this early LP by Michael Franks, which was made about 10 years ago but had very little distribution at that time.

"We have the Allen Ginsberg album, 'First Blues,' which I think is at least a historical document—it has Bob Dylan on it among others. I like it—I mean, here's a guy who is an avowed homosexual, says he is, and is very funny about it. I recorded Allen for CBS in 1976, but they refused to issue the album, claiming the songs were obscene and disrespectful. I'm thrilled to have Allen on my own label—not only the 1976 sessions but others from '71 and '81. I will present 'disrespectful' music like this as often as possible."

In order to generate some income and enable himself to keep John Hammond Records alive, Hammond has continued to produce independently for other labels, mainly Columbia and its affiliate Epic. Ironically, he has had more success on this level than with his personal projects.

"I'm very happy about Stevie Ray Vaughan. He is positively the new Texas white rock-blues star. He's 28, a marvelous guitar player and singer, has a group called Double Trouble, and played lead guitar on David Bowie's 'Let's Dance' album; he was going to be the opening act on Bowie's tour, but suddenly it was decided he was too big and might overshadow Bowie. The record—'Texas Flood' on Epic—is doing well; already, after less than two months. Stevie's going to be very big.

"Then there's a blue-eyed soul singer from the South, Steve Bassett, who'll be out on Columbia next month. I have deals like this, you see, as a means to make money, as I haven't had a salary in over two years. However, some financing should be coming in soon that will enable us to put out a lot more product on the John Hammond label."

It is ironic to hear Hammond, a man whose whole career has been geared to artistic endeavors with little or no thought of any personal profit motive, now heavily involved in the dollars and cents of a rough-and-tumble business. More than in any other conversation we ever had, he seemed to be concentrating on financial matters rather than on the aesthetics. He is learning, belatedly and the hard way, how conditions are on the other side of the fence.

Perhaps as a release from the tension of running a struggling record company, he has become involved with a venture completely new to him: with his partner, Hank O'Neal, he has put together the talent for a weeklong jazz cruise aboard the SS Norway, set to leave Sept. 3, from Miami, bound for the Caribbean.

"It should be the best jazz cruise ever," says Hammond. "We have Clark Terry, Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli for the mainstream crowd; Wild Bill Davison, the great cornetist, for Dixieland fans; Astrud Gilberto with her new Brazilian songs; Les Paul, who's still a great guitarist; Joey Bushkin, playing piano and singing; Jonah Jones—he just played trumpet on my new Columbia session with Alberta Hunter—and the Polish pianist Adam Makowicz." (Hammond engineered Makowicz's entry into the United States and produced his first American LP.)

At 72, John Hammond has lost little of the boundless enthusiasm that has characterized his long love affair with music. He is still given to extremes: He has two sets of adjectives, *superb* and *marvelous* at one end, *dreadful* and *terrible* at the other; there are very few grays in his color scheme.

As he wrote in his autobiography "John Hammond on Record" (Summit, 1977): "I am still the reformer, the impatient protestor, the sometimes intolerant champion of tolerance. Best of all, I still expect to hear a voice or a sound I have never heard before, with something to say which has been said before. And when that happens I will know what to do." □

BERNSTEIN AT THE BOWL

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HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Jazz Pianists, Part 3

FOR THE RECORD

Five Greats Discuss The Recordings That Meant The Most To Them

By Leonard Feather

THERE IS A STRANGE and sad irony to this third installment of For The Record. While preparing the material for this article, I called Stanley Dance, Earl "Fatha" Hines' longtime manager, biographer, and close friend, to remind him that I had still not received any response from Hines in connection with this series. Dance assured me that he would be in touch with Earl immediately about giving me his selections. Only four days later I received a call from a colleague at the Los Angeles *Times*, telling me that my first and foremost idol of piano jazz had just died in Oakland, California, the victim of a heart attack, on April 23.

Hines' role in jazz history is incomparable. He was the first jazz pianist to make a profound impact through records. Virtually everyone of his generation and countless younger aspirants emulated his crisp, incisive style. It was he who marked the transition between the ragtime/stride era and the golden age of true piano jazz.

It might have been pointless for Earl to name any records that he would consider influential. After all, when he made his historic series of 78s — some with Louis Armstrong, some solo — starting in 1927, people had begun recording jazz only a few years before, and aside from several Fats Waller sides there was almost no solo piano jazz available, except on piano rolls. We had not seen Earl Hines' like before, and certainly we shall never see anything like him again.

But now, on to happier matters. This month we speak with five pianists, each of whom has left a strong impression on contemporary jazz through their own performances and recordings. Like the jazz piano greats we queried in the first two For The Record features — Dave Brubeck, Chick Corea, Anthony Davis, Marian McPartland, Horace Silver, and Josef Zawinul in the May '83 issue of *Keyboard*, and Dick Hyman, Adam Makowicz, Les McCann, George Shearing, Billy Taylor, and George Wein in July '83 — this month's group also absorbed ideas and inspiration from records during their musically formative years. We learn about the players and discs that helped crystalize their individual styles in the following comments.

Leonard Feather is the author of the landmark Encyclopedia Of Jazz, *as well as many other books and articles on jazz. He has also distinguished himself as a radio commentator, lecturer, arranger, lyricist, and composer of jazz tunes. In addition to his* Piano Giants Of Jazz *column, which ran from May '77 through Sept. '80, his contributions to* Keyboard *include a study of big-band pianists (May/June '76), remembrances of Duke Ellington (Nov. '78), Stan Kenton (Nov. '79), and Bill Evans (Dec. '80), and the first two installments in this* For The Record *series (May '83 and July '83).*

Toshiko Akiyoshi

In many respects Toshiko Akiyoshi's career has been unique. Her life in music falls basically into three stages — in Japan, on the East Coast of the United States, and in southern California. During the first phase she was known mainly as a modern pianist whose style was strongly molded by the music of Bud Powell, though it was Oscar Peterson who discovered her in a Tokyo club and was instrumental in arranging her first American album. In the U.S. after studying and playing in Boston, she worked in New York and played mostly with trios and other small combos, leaving for a few return trips to Japan.

It was not until she moved to California in 1972 that Akiyoshi and her husband, tenor saxophonist and flutist Lew Tabackin, started their own orchestra. In due course the Akiyoshi/Tabackin big band established her as a phenomenally talented composer and arranger. She was the first woman ever to win the *Downbeat* poll not only as composer, but also as arranger and big band leader.

Like Duke Ellington, Akiyoshi, who moved back to New York with Tabackin last fall, has let her work as a composer eclipse her pianistic abilities. Nevertheless, the influences of her earlier days remain strong. I was reminded of this when she named, as her first selection, Bud Powell's "Un Poco Loco" [from *The Amazing Bud Powell*, Blue Note (dist. by EMI-America), 81504]. "I admired this for his [sense of] time, and the melodic structure of the improvisation, as well as for the composition itself," she says. "There is also a wonderful overall trio feeling and sound. It is not just like a piano player with a rhythm section added." Bassist Curley Russell and drummer Max Roach also perform on this cut with Powell.

Art Tatum's rendering of Massenet's "Elegy," from *Masterpieces* [MCA, 2-4019], came next. "This is the perfect piano solo —excellently constructed from beginning to end, not to mention Art's incredible technique," she explains.

Duke Ellington's orchestra playing "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue" [from *Ellington At Newport*, Columbia, PC-8648] has always been a source of delight for Toshiko. "If there's anything equivalent to classical symphony music in jazz, this is it," she insists. "In terms of the kind of big scale pulse that one can only hear and feel in jazz, I don't think there's anything more dynamic than this. It will be a long time before any great jazz music of this quality comes out again."

Tenor saxophonist Sonny Rollins' "Alfie" [from *Great Moments With Sonny Rollins*, MCA, 4127] struck Toshiko in two ways: "I admired him for his simplicity — he can use four notes to form eight bars of melody — and for his bigness, something very open and magnanimous in his playing."

Finally, Akiyoshi looked under her own roof, keeping her last choice in the family as she opted not for an album, nor even for a single track, but for a passage in one particular cut: Lew Tabackin's tenor saxophone solo in "Relaxing At Zell-Am-See." This is one of her compositions on the album *European Memoirs*, currently available only in Japan. "The introduction is superb, and the entire solo — less than a chorus — is beautifully constructed. I'm sure that one day this will be considered a classic solo."

McCoy Tyner

As Len Lyons once observed in a perceptive article in *Keyboard* [Sept./Oct. '76], which was recently reprinted in his new book *The Great Jazz Pianists*, McCoy Tyner presents a study in contrast between his unpretentious, quiet personality offstage and his overwhelmingly powerful manner at the keyboard. Though it was during his six years as a member of the John Coltrane Quartet that Tyner established himself, he made his greatest impact in a subsequent series of albums under his own name, continuing along the often modal and harmonically complex path that had stemmed from his association with the late saxophonist.

Like Akiyoshi, Tyner named Bud Powell as the soloist he listened to first, but after this initial statement, he corrected himself: "Actually, I heard Art Tatum first, but I was so young at that time, maybe around eleven, that all I could learn from him was simply the fact that he was great. I suppose the first time I heard Art in person was at a concert in Philadelphia, in a show with Stan Kenton's

139

tures and their relation to the bass lines —Evans swung in the most delicate way, not only in terms of volume, while using for the first time a classical-like touch. He really transformed jazz piano from a percussive to a poetic instrument."

John Lewis

Mention of Evans' delicacy brings to mind the contributions of John Lewis. Both as pianist and as composer/musical director with the Modern Jazz Quartet, he demonstrated characteristics that contributed in his own way to the emerging jazz values of the 1950s, paralleling what Evans would do in the '60s. But despite the somewhat conservative, almost Baroque image that has congealed around Lewis in the nearly three decades since the foundation of the MJQ, Lewis remains at heart an unreconstructed product of the swing and bebop eras, a former Dizzy Gillespie band pianist whose main influences and inspirations take him back to the big band days.

Brief in his comments and reluctant to name specific tunes or even albums, Lewis first says, "I'll take anything by Duke Ellington's orchestra from 1938 to 1946. The compositions by Duke and Billy Strayhorn, the soloists — particularly Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, and Harry Carney on saxophones, Barney Bigard on clarinet, Cootie Williams on trumpet, Joe 'Tricky Sam' Nanton and Juan Tizol on trombones — made an incomparable impact." Much of the best material from this period is available in a series of albums on the Smithsonian Recordings label [Box 10230, Des Moines, IA 50336], covering Ellington recordings year by year; the 1938 collection is available on R003, the 1939 titles on R010, the 1940 selections on R015, and the 1941 recordings on R027. The 1943-47 live Carnegie Hall concert series on Prestige is also valuable [24073, 24074, and 24075]. Many other important Ellington works are on *Great Jazz Composers: The Music Of Duke Ellington* [Columbia Special Products, JCL-558], and *Sophisticated Ellington* [RCA, CPL 2-4098].

Lewis offers another general endorsement in recommending "all prewar records by Basie." Most of the Count's recordings from 1937-9 are available on a *Best Of* set on MCA [2-4050], and on *Good Morning Blues* [MCA, 2-4108]. "These are important," Lewis insists, "for the quality of the ensembles, the marvelous rhythm section, and such soloists as Lester Young on tenor sax, Dickie Wells on trombone, and Buck Clayton and Harry 'Sweets' Edison on trumpets."

Lewis' third choice is even more comprehensive: "*All* Tatum." He names three particular tunes, each on a different album: "Get Happy [earliest version on *Masterpieces*, MCA, 2-4019], "Willow Weep For Me" [in a *Best Of* set on Pablo, 2310-887], and "Yesterdays" [from *Piano Starts Here*, Columbia, CS-9655].

The 1939 masterwork "Body And Soul," Coleman Hawkins' classic tenor sax solo, is next among Lewis' preferred items. It is available in various reissues, most recently in the set in the *Giants Of Jazz* series devoted to Hawkins [Time/Life Music (541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, IL 60611; 800-621-7026), J06].

Lewis concludes his succinct statement with a four-word recommendation: "Everything by Charlie Parker." Almost everything of consequence recorded by Parker is available on Savoy, Verve, or Warner Bros.

For Further Reading

Four of the five artists quoted in this feature have been interviewed in past issues of *Keyboard:* Toshiko Akiyoshi, Feb. '77; McCoy Tyner, Sept./Oct. '76 and Aug. '81; Joanne Brackeen, Nov. '79; and John Lewis, Apr. '77. In my Piano Giants Of Jazz column, which regularly ran in *Keyboard* from 1976 through '81, you can study transcriptions and analyses of the piano styles of Akiyoshi in Sept. '80, Tyner in Aug. '78, and Lewis in July '77. You can also play through a Joanne Brackeen solo transcription in *Keyboard's* Off The Record feature, which ran in Jan. '82.

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McCoy Tyner

orchestra and Charlie Parker. It was advanced and beautiful music, but I was so young that I didn't realize it until later.

"Then Bud Powell moved into my neighborhood in Philadelphia. By that time I had been playing piano for a year or two. When Bud lived around the corner from me, we used to follow him around — he even played my piano. I really came heavily under his influence. All the older guys I played with were into him and Charlie Parker, so I really didn't get into Art Tatum until after I had listened to Bud, but then I realized where Bud's inspiration had come from."

The album that most impressed the teenaged Tyner was a trio set with Powell and Max Roach, originally recorded in May 1949 for Norman Granz's Clef label. "He played 'Celia' on it, and, I think, 'Bouncing With Bud.'" However, Tyner is thinking of two different albums here. "Bouncing With Bud" stemmed from a Blue Note date recorded a few months later, with Fats Navarro on trumpet, Sonny Rollins on tenor saxophone, Tommy Potter on bass, and Roy Haynes on drums. "Celia" is now available on *The Genius Of Bud Powell* [Verve (dist. by London), 2-2506], and "Bouncing With Bud" is on *The Amazing Bud Powell.*

"Another album I was really impressed with around that time," says Tyner, "was a date Miles Davis made with Thelonious Monk, [vibraphonist] Milt Jackson, [bassist] Percy Heath, and [drummer] Kenny Clarke. It was a remarkable combination, and to get those people all together in the studio made a unique occasion." The session in question, recorded on Christmas Eve 1954, is still available in *Miles Davis: The Complete Prestige Recordings* [Prestige (dist. by Fantasy), P012], a ten-record set.

Digging back in his mind through the John Coltrane discography, Tyner declares, "Some of the things I prefer in John's recorded output are ones he did prior to my being in the group, in the late '50s." Two such albums were recently reissued: *Coltrane* [Prestige, 020], and *Soultrane* [Prestige, 021].

Like so many others with special memories of Duke Ellington, Tyner chose "Diminuendo And Crescendo In Blue, from Ellington's *Newport* album. "Duke did so many great things," McCoy states, "but that one in particular had a tremendous amount of life."

Turning to the classical field, Tyner says, "When I was very young and had just started playing piano, there was a three-disc album in our house — I guess it was three 78s — with the Budapest String Quartet playing Debussy's music. I heard the whole-tone thing, sounds that were different, and found it all very attractive. I also admired anything and everything by Igor Stravinsky — his writing, his orchestration, his imagination. I think a lot of jazz people besides me — Charlie Parker in particular — felt the same way about Stravinsky. I can't name any album, but I was just impressed by his work in general."

BILJANA STANILOVA

Milcho Leviev

John Lewis

TOM COPI

VERYL OAKLAND

Toshiko Akiyoshi

Joanne Brackeen

Joanne Brackeen was a late bloomer in the garden of international jazz prominence. Though she worked in the late '50s in Southern California, her career was in limbo for several years during the '60s when she got married and raised four children. It wasn't until after she had played in combos led by drummer Art Blakey, saxophonist Joe Henderson, tenor saxophonist Stan Getz, and others, that she able to establish herself as leader of a trio and one of the most adventurous of contemporary composers.

Of her five selections, only one, Chick Corea's *Sun Dance* [Groove Merchant, 2202, now out of print], was led by a pianist. The recording, made in the late '60s, features three tunes: the title number, "The Brain," and "Song Of The Wind," with Corea, Bennie Maupin on reeds, David Holland on bass, and Jack De Johnette on drums. "I love the composition and the freedom of improvisation, as well as the talent of all four musicians," says Brackeen. "Melodically, rhythmically, and harmonically, this album introduced new elements into jazz that had not been recorded before."

John Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* [MCA,

Joanne Brackeen

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140