

NBC shovels its troubles

I've had it up to my channel selector with every pressure group in the world trying to influence what television offers.

What really has my ire up this morning is an announcement out of NBC headquarters about Gary Coleman's next TV movie project.

First, let me say Coleman doesn't particularly turn me on.

But here I am, running to the defence of Gary (or at least to the defence of his company, Zephy Productions), because he's being pushed around by a pressure group that has no right to make the demands it's making.

The *Fantastic World of D.C. Collins* is Zephy's next undertaking, and of course it stars Coleman. D.C. is a kid who becomes involved with an inept band of nuclear terrorists, and he rushes to defeat them by fantasizing, Walter Mitty style.

Collins imagines himself to be one of a number of heroic figures and acts out his role in their personae: Tarzan, Wyatt Earp, Gen. George Patton, Luke Skywalker, Hawkeye Pierce and Indiana Jones make Coleman's hero list.

And that's where the trouble began.

Just like one of those what's-wrong-with-this-picture puzzles, a group called the Black Anti-Defamation Coalition swooped out of the sky to launch a protest.

The coalition approached NBC, the network that Coleman's movie will eventually appear on, and stated the obvious: There are no black heroes on little D.C.'s list.

RICK FORCHUK



Better make some or there will be trouble. "This is very detrimental to the psychology of black children," is the way the coalition phrased it.

I notice that there are no Chinese heroes on that list either. Or short heroes. Or fat ones. Or Filipinos or Ukrainians. Can we expect to hear from each minority in turn?

Anyway, the heat applied by the BADC was enormous. NBC buckled, then caved under the pressure. Wyatt Earp was out. In his place will be a character invented especially for the TV movie. His name is Deadwood Dick and he's a black cowboy.

Tarzan is also out, but with no replacement. *TV Guide* quotes the coalition as stating, "Tarzan is a white hero in a black man's world, which is offensive." Good thing Edgar Rice Burroughs didn't know that, or literature would have been deprived of one of its most swinging heroes.

At this point, NBC and the coalition are haggling over the right to keep Patton. The activist group claims that Patton is "suspect in his attitude towards blacks, especially off the battlefield." They want him replaced by the drill sergeant Lou Gossett portrayed in *An Officer and a Gentleman*.

Interesting, isn't it, that an organization that claims to be anti-racist is forcing both a major network and a production house to compromise their artistic stances for purely racist reasons?

This kind of thing is mortally dangerous. Where does it end?

You may argue that it's just a TV show, so who cares? But pressure groups are getting away with far too much influence-peddling these days. For the most part, they've had their day, served their purpose.

If a 14-year-old black kid like Coleman can star in his own show, head his own production company, and choose his own scripts, that would seem to indicate a reasonable amount of freedom.

I happen to know a few white kids, some as old as 40, who would love to trade him places.



George Patton
May also get the boot



Gary Coleman
Being pushed around



Tarzan
No place in TV movie

A Feather in Jazz City's cap

By JOHN CHARLES

"Who said that genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains?" Leonard Feather asked.

That's about the only thing the noted jazz critic doesn't know off the top of his head. Facts, dates, anecdotes — Feather is astonishing for his range of knowledge on the jazz scene. But then he practically invented jazz criticism.

Introduced jazz films yesterday

In town yesterday to present Jazz City fans some movies showing past jazz greats in action, Feather's appearance shows how tirelessly the 68-year-old scholar pursues his favorite subject.

Composer of many blues (B.B. King sang his *How Blue Can You Get*), he started writing jazz reviews for

English magazines in the '30s because not a single U.S. publication cared about such music.

Author of the basic reference guide, *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, he's written endless articles, album notes, and a syndicated column for *The Los Angeles Times* — and he still listens to everything that happens.

His idol remains Duke Ellington, whom he finds misunderstood.

"It's not the songs he wrote that make him unique. Anyone can write songs, even *Sophisticated Lady* or *Satin Doll*. What matters is the astonishing range of his instrumental compositions, which make him as important a composer as Ravel," Feather thinks.

He doesn't like tidy definitions of what jazz is, but wonders about such pianists as Cecil Taylor, who reveal "no steady rhythmic element, no sense of structure or

form. The question arises whether or not that's jazz, though it's certainly important music."

Marsalis' technique is limitless

He sees trumpeter Wynton Marsalis as a prime example of how technically awesome today's performers are. "The pieces Marsalis writes require a limitless technique."

He admires Toshiko Akiyoshi as a "marvellous composer. She has the most exciting big band today."

Feather's favorite singers? "Ella and Sarah (Vaughan). And Ernestine Anderson is a real jazz singer too. I know Betty Carter is the critics' darling, but there's something about her intonation that keeps her from being first-class."

RICK'S PICKS

And now for something completely different... there's an unsold pilot on CBS tonight that's unique for two reasons.

First, it's about a topic that for a long time was taboo on network TV until recently — a single parent's school teacher.

Second, it stars Frank Bonner. Bonner is familiar to most of us as Herb Tarlek, ace talent manager of *WKRP in Cincinnati*. It's called *Satter's Day*, and airs at 10:30 on KREM (cable 6).

It received a pair of Emmy nominations, so it's fair game for cancellation. That's exactly what happened to *Cagney and Lacey*. Tonight's episode is another rerun, but good, solid drama. Check in with Chris and Mary Beth at 11 on KREM (cable 6).

Two of Canada's leading contributions to song and songwriting team up on *Paul Anka's show* this evening. One of course, is Anka himself, the other is David Clayton-Thomas. Tune in at 8:00 XTV (channel 5, cable 4).

JAZZ REVIEW

AFTER THE RAIN, STARS AT THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mel Torme was prepared to do "Singin' in the Rain," George Shearing had an arrangement of "Here's That Rainy Day," and in an emergency they could have joined with Woody Herman on "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off." Miraculously, though, at precisely 8 p.m. Wednesday, umbrellas were lowered at the Hollywood Bowl and the concert went off without a hitch. Despite a miserably wet afternoon, the box office racked up a healthy 12,213 in ticket sales.



Mel Torme

Shearing this time around worked in three settings. He opened in a duo performance with the virtuosic Don Thompson, who toward the end of the set switched from bass to keyboard for a slightly

too tricky piano duet. The Herman band, which had opened the evening, then reappeared to join with Shearing for a spirited "Apple Honey" that found him in a jubilantly striding Fats Waller groove.

At the end of this tune, as the lights went up, we observed—surprise!—Mel Torme sitting in on drums. This provided an easy segue for the Shearing-Torme set, during which they were joined briefly by the band.

These two worked together as if they would gladly have paid for the privilege. The interaction at times was uncanny. Torme was seldom more at ease and never in better voice. Humor abounded, especially when he and Shearing scatted "Anthropology" in unison, and later in an overlong, overblown but intermittently amusing arrangement of "Blues in the Night."

Shearing's most moving moments occurred early on, in his exquisite rendering of Duke Ellington's "Come Sunday," with strong gospel overtones. (To paraphrase one of his own jokes, hasn't anyone ever told him he's not black?)

The Herman orchestra synthesized achievements by the various herds over the decades, with the leader quadrupling on clarinet, soprano and alto saxes and the occasional vocal. His writers nowadays can avail themselves of such colors as the flute, the bassoon (played compellingly by Frank Tiberi) and various doubles in the sax section to deal with such demanding arrangements as Faure's "Pavane" and Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man."

In a more straight-ahead jazz vein, Paul Mazzio's muted trumpet and Mark Lewis' fluegelhorn paced Bill Holman's "Midnight Run." (Lewis' father Cappy played in the band 40 years ago.) Pianist/composer John Oddo shared rhythm credits with bassist John Adams, and Jeff Hamilton, an uplifting presence on drums.

Los Angeles Times

Torme closed with a fitting tribute to the late Ira Gershwin, "I Can't Get Started." But the encore, Shearing's tune "Lullaby of Birdland," was anticlimactic. You just don't follow an Ira Gershwin gem with a set of cliché lyrics by one B.Y. Forster. Still, it was all in the spirit of good fun that dominated this generally delightful evening.

MARSALIS: A DOUBLE FEATURE

Wynton Marsalis is the first artist in the history of the record industry to sign a dual contract as a classical artist and as a jazz performer. Born in New Orleans Oct. 18, 1961, he played the Haydn Trumpet Concerto with the New Orleans Philharmonic at age 14. He later won an Outstanding Brass Player award at Tanglewood, studied at Juilliard and played with the Brooklyn Philharmonia. Maurice Andre has called Marsalis potentially the greatest interpreter of trumpet concertos in history. Since moving to New York in 1979, Marsalis has played with the jazz groups of Art Blakey and Herbie Hancock; he now leads his own combo. Reviewed below are his two recent releases on Columbia Records.

VIRTUOSO SIDE ONE

"THINK OF ONE." Wynton Marsalis. Columbia FC 38641.

Though he has stunned audiences from Nice to Tokyo in the company of such long-respected giants as Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams, Wynton Marsalis is even more challengingly presented in the framework of his own quintet of younger musicians. The group also enables him to display his gifts as composer and arranger; three of the eight tunes here are his own, and the Thelonious Monk title tune, with its puckish stop-and-go humor, is a Marsalis arrangement.

An advantage of this unit is the two-horn front line, with his brother Branford Marsalis (who turns 23 next Friday) on saxophones. The group achieves a near-perfect balance of freedom and structure. On the trumpeter's "Later," an upbeat blues, he devises wildly unpredictable intervals in the opening statement. Pianist Kenny Kirkland drops out during Branford's tenor solo, then takes over at the keyboard, evolving from delicate single-note lines

into modality, with changes of tempo and mood.

Kirkland is not only a sensitive pianist but a gifted composer whose "Fuchsia," with its graceful, flowing lines and with Branford on soprano sax, is the album's most engaging original work.

"Knozz-Moe-King" is galvanized by the energetic drumming of Jeffrey Watts and by devastating contributions from both Marsalis brothers.

No satin dolls for Wynton Marsalis: His choice of Ellingtonia is one of Duke's lesser-known and harmonically oblique pieces, "Melancholia."

The sole pop standard, "My Ideal," falls just short of the album's high level. Wynton Marsalis plays it as if not totally conversant with the song's harmonic and melodic contours. He could have achieved a warmer sound, too, had he played it on fluegelhorn, an instrument he apparently has not yet decided to use as a double.

Completing the combo is bassist Phil Bowler. He is replaced on some cuts by Ray Drummond, who also participates as the composer of "What Is Happening Here (Now)?"



Wynton Marsalis

It is difficult to envision what lies ahead for Wynton Marsalis. Has he peaked in his 22nd year? Given his amazing accomplishments at this age, what new challenges will there be for him to take on? The mere fact that his work raises such questions is a source of unique excitement in itself.

—LEONARD FEATHER

VIRTUOSO SIDE TWO

"Trumpet Concertos by Haydn, L. Mozart and Hummel." Wynton Marsalis, trumpet; National Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Raymond Leppard. CBS

Masterworks, IM 37846, digital.

For his record debut in the classical arena, Marsalis shows extraordinary technical achievement, careful but comfortable stylishness and the grace of an original. In three staples of the trumpet-concerto repertory—works by Joseph Haydn, Leopold Mozart and Johann Nepomuk Hummel—Marsalis finds new details and compelling overviews rare in such familiar music.

Hummel's oft-maligned E-flat Concerto, for instance, sounds positively fresh under Marsalis' ministrations—the seriousness of the opening movement emerging at once urgent and aristocratic, the slow movement poignant and direct, the finale (taken at a breezy but never hectic gallop) perfectly ebullient.

Throughout, the young musician shows restraint, a Classical spectrum of dynamics, finesse of articulation and good taste in every phrase. His virtuosity is immaculate, yet it never intrudes on the musical line. He does not tamper.

Similarly fresh and gemlike are his performances of the concertos by Haydn and L. Mozart, readings which rethink these noble artifacts without, on the one hand, removing their luster or, on the other, ignoring the possibilities they present for handsomeness of statement.

To describe Marsalis' collaborators, Raymond Leppard and the National Philharmonic Orchestra, as supportive would be inadequate. Through impeccable attacks and ensemble, single-minded tempos and an accumulative feeling of purposefulness, all participants distinguish themselves—and the music at hand. □

—DANIEL CARIAGA

JAZZ

BY LEONARD FEATHER
Reviews in brief.

ALBUM BRIEFS

"THE ED BICKERT 5." Concord Jazz CJ 216. Here is a splendid example of what can happen to lightweight material in heavyweight hands. The Canadian guitarist, taped live at Toronto's Bourbon Street, transcends such trifles as "Change Partners" and "Lamehouse Blues," along with a few old jazz instrumentals, to come up with a lively set in which he is aided by the companionship of such Concord Jazz regulars as Scott Hamilton on tenor and Warren Vache on cornet. Best cut, "The Walker," credited to Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge but based on the chords of "Stomping at the Savoy." 4 stars.

"CROSS ROADS." Charlie Shoemake Sextet. Discovery DS 878. An expert vibraphonist and busy music teacher, Shoemake has an all-star cast, not the least among whom are Tommy Flanagan at the piano and trumpeter Tom Harrell. There is no specific deficiency here, yet the expectable joy, spark and fire, the emotional content, would appear to have been at least intermittently mislaid. Best cut: the title tune, by the late Joe Emley. 3 stars.

"LOVE WILL WIN." Dave Mackay Trio. Discovery DS 883. In effect, Mackay provides the answer to the question posed by Shoemake (above). Soul is the ingredient; pianist Mackay and flutist Lori Bell, backed by the eminent bassist Andy Simpkins, serve it up in substantial portions on "Just Friends," Mal Waldron's "Soul Eyes" and three Mackay originals. Bell, 25, is a new talent on whom to keep one's ears trained. 4½ stars.

"SEVEN STARS." Eiji Kitamura. Concord Jazz 217. The shadow of early Benny Goodman hangs over this set; in fact, Teddy Wilson is here in person, and the Goodman Quartet vibes sound is supplied on these cuts by the late Cal Tjader. With some challenging material, this might have worked, but do we really need yet another "Avalon," "Satin Doll" and "Misty" in derivative versions? Kitamura, who was winning Japanese jazz polls as far back as 1959, needs more stimulation than this occasion could provide. Best cut by far is "Someone to Watch Over Me," with Ernestine Anderson's vocal. 2 stars.

"MADE IN JAPAN." Lionel Hampton. Glad Hamp GHS 1023. Caught live at two Tokyo concert halls, the Hampton band was in fine fettle, avoiding the old cliched standards in favor of new material written and performed by, among others, saxophonists Ricky Ford (ex-Mingus) and Paul Jeffrey. Although the leader's solos stand out, ample space is left for Barry Ries, a Freddie Hubbard-like trumpeter; Tom Chapin, whose flute lights up "Sans Souci," and trombonist Charles Stephens on the Hubbard tune "JoJo." Sound quality is somewhat diffuse, but not enough to limit the pleasures of a commendably contemporary set by an indomitable veteran. 3½ stars.

"DARJI ON VIBES: THE GENES OF JAZZ." Joy of Sound 45033 (Box 2449, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025). This group doesn't seem to be able to make up its mind

whether it is an updated Wes Montgomery group (with Rodney Jones on guitar), a latter-day Shearing Quintet or a Modern Jazz Quartet plus one—except that Darji (a.k.a. Darwin Gross) is a million mallets shy of Milt Jackson's creative capacity. The first side slips into monotony with its three blues pieces. The presence of Rodney Jones (who wrote most of the tunes), and particularly John Lewis and Ray Brown, elevates the rating from 2 to 3 stars.

"L.A. 55." Plas Johnson with Grease Patrol. Carell CM 101 (Carell Music, Suite 149, 1164 Ventura Blvd., Studio City). Don't be misled by the title. This is a 1983 recording, inspired by a genre that was prevalent in the mid-'50s, the sax-organ-guitar-drums lounge combo (in this instance Johnson, Art Hillery, Billy Rogers and Jimmie Smith). These are men who feel, dig and enjoy transmitting the blues-drenched idiom that pervades the session. Johnson occasionally switches from tenor to alto sax, which he plays cheerfully on "Hard Times." Nothing pretentious here, but the message comes across

bright and clear. 4 stars.

"THE COMPLETE BLUE NOTE RECORDINGS OF THELONIOUS MONK." Mosaic MR 4-101 (Suite 135, 1341 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica 90401). This important new company, using material on loan from other labels, is off to a promising start with its four-record Monk set, recorded mainly from 1947 to 1952. The sidemen are veteran beboppers (Idrees Sulisthan, Art Blakey, Milt Jackson); the tunes stem from Monk's most illustrious years ("Round Midnight," "Straight No Chaser," "Euphony"). His quirky piano is its idiosyncratic self.

A problem: Only completists ready to sit uncomplainingly through every alternate take (often not very different from the master version) will accept the album's policy of presenting so many of the tunes in duplicate. Some of the previously unissued material is of value, but more often than not the producers were right in their selection of the master take. There are lengthy, very informative notes in a booklet by Michael Cuscuma. 4 stars.

HEATH AND FRIENDS AT MARLA'S

Things are looking up at Marla's Memory Lane Supper Club. Once again, over the weekend, the drummer Albert (Tootie) Heath was in charge, bringing in different guest soloists each night.

Seated behind one of the best-sounding drum kits in town, Heath launched the Friday session with a few trio numbers. Pianist Victor Feldman and bassist Andy Simpkins were his companions.

Commendably, the group, instead of playing just another jam session, rehearsed and even brought music to the gig. As a result, such pieces as Feldman's "Let's Go Dancin'" and Freddie Hubbard's "Crisis" achieved a semblance of form while allowing plenty of freedom for inspired solo work. Feldman's arrangement of "Basin Street Blues" (a tune he recorded with Miles Davis) moved compellingly from slow blues to double-time to 12/8 and back.

The surprise of the evening was Alice Arthur, certainly the tallest, skinniest, most attractive comedienne to come along in recent years and, even more remarkably, one who does not rely on scatology. Of course, clean is not necessarily funny, and some of her routines need beefing up, but her personality is charming and her impression of Diana Ross hilarious.

Donald Byrd, who closed the show, has been away from jazz for many years, first making best-selling pop-soul-funk albums, then teaching at various colleges. It was evident that he had been preoccupied with matters other than working out on the trumpet, for his sound was strident and his performance nervous.

Only during the melody chorus of "Here's That Rainy Day" did Byrd seem even partially at ease. For the most part, his fluffed or missed notes and awkward phrasing sounded anachronistic in this era of Woody Shaws and Freddie Hubbards. A distinguished ethnomusicologist, Byrd needs to relearn practicing what he has been preaching.

—LEONARD FEATHER

EDMONTON

Jazz Festival

Edmonton is Jazz City August 14 to 21 when, for the fourth year, musicians from North America and Europe gather to celebrate the syncopated rhythm. Nightly performances at Shoctor Theatre feature Dizzie Gillespie, Woody Shaw and Betty Carter as well as ensembles and bands including Holland's Loek Dikker Quintet, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, the Franco d'Andrea Quartet from Italy and the Alberta Jazz Repertory Orchestra. The Five O'Clock Stage hosts a workshop, a symposium and new band performances at the Centennial Library Theatre, August 15 to 20 at 5 p.m. At the

Du 14 au 21 août, Edmonton sera la ville du jazz alors que pour la quatrième année, des musiciens européens et nord-américains se réuniront pour célébrer ce rythme syncopé. Chaque soir au Shoctor Theatre, il y aura des spectacles qui mettront en évidence des vedettes telles que Dizzie Gillespie, Woody Shaw et Betty Carter, des ensembles et des orchestres comme le quintette du Hollandais Loek Dikker, l'ensemble Art de Chicago, le quartette de Franco d'Andrea d'Italie et l'Orchestre de répertoire de jazz d'Alberta. Le Five O'Clock Stage sera au Centennial Library Theatre, du 15 au 20. Au même endroit,



same venue, one of the world's foremost jazz critics, Leonard Feather, speaks on a selection of jazz films from his personal collection; screenings are August 14 and 21, 2 p.m. There are free noon-hour concerts at Sir Winston Churchill Square August 15 to 20, and for children there's a special jazz workshop, August 20, 11 a.m. at Rice Theatre. Tickets for Shoctor Theatre are \$11.75 to \$15.75; for Five O'Clock Stage, \$4.75 and \$6.75, available at Edmonton BASS outlets. (403) 458-0404 or 458-6855.

Leonard Feather, un des plus influents critiques de jazz du monde, nous entretiendra d'une sélection de films de jazz du 14 au 21 août. Du 15 au 20, il y aura des concerts-midis au Winston Churchill Square. Le 20 août, à partir de 11 h au Rice Theatre, il y aura pour les enfants un atelier spécial sur le jazz. Le prix des billets pour le Shoctor Theatre se situe entre \$11.75 et \$15.75; pour le Five O'Clock Stage, \$4.75 et \$6.75. Ces billets sont en vente aux guichets BASS d'Edmonton. (403) 458-0404 ou 458-6855.

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AMERICAN NEWS

from
*Leonard
Feather*

HARRY JAMES, the veteran Swing Era trumpeter and bandleader, died on July 5 at a Las Vegas hospital, aged 67. He had been suffering from lymph gland cancer since April, but had continued to work, playing in Los Angeles as recently as June 26.

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 had kept the faith.

He retained a permanently organised 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, commercialised 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;



Harry James: horn in on Gabriel.

up to the last performance, such works as *Two o'Clock Jump* remained staples in his repertoire.

James was never one to monopolise 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 specifically 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 collectors' 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's band to join **Duke Ellington**. Far from resenting the move, James continued to idolise 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.

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 *Tosbiko 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 band-leaders, 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 Carmichael**, has already offered his support for the venture. Anyone interested in information 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 10. 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*.

JAZZ REVIEW

8/23

BELLSON ORCHESTRA AT DISNEYLAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Because Louie Bellson's orchestra is a sometime thing, stability of personnel is not easily accomplished. Nevertheless, the band he is leading this week (through Saturday) at Disneyland's Plaza Gardens consists entirely of musicians who have worked with him off and on in recent years.

Of all the drummer-led bands, Bellson's has always been the most discrete, and the least given to excesses on the part of the leader. In general, he remains primarily a driving force at the helm of a powerful rhythm section. When he does indulge himself, his solos form part of an intelligently constructed arrangement such as **Bob Florence's** "The Drum Squad." Bellson, of course, is still one of the wonders of the jazz world, with or without his two bass drums.

The brass team, nine strong (five trumpets, four trombones) and the five saxes worked their way efficiently through a series of deftly designed and danceable charts. Some were written by sidemen such as **Frank Strazzeri**, the band's perennial pianist, or by **Mat Catingub**, the lead alto player. The latter was well showcased in his own "My Mother Is a Jazz Singer," a somewhat cryptic title unless you know that he is the son of **Mavis Rivers**.

As a loyal Ellington alumnus, Bellson seldom plays a set in which the Duke is not represented. On this occasion it was the too seldom heard "Intimacy of the Blues," co-written by Ellington and **Billy Strayhorn**. The solos by **Bill Green** on soprano sax and **David Stone** on bass were a warm-up for some spectacular trumpet by **Walter Johnson**.

Once a teammate alongside the late **Cat Anderson** in this band, Johnson has achieved some of the same feline mastery in the horn's upper echelons. His finale on "Intimacy" reached Andersonian heights.

Johnson was featured again in "MacArthur Park," a typically ostentatious arrangement of a tune no arranger has yet succeeded in converting into meaningful jazz. This, of course, was a crowd pleaser in the **Maynard Ferguson** vein.

Bellson's library is rounded out with occasional light funk pieces, for which Stone switches to electric bass. Ballads are not neglected: **Larry Lanetta's** flugelhorn lit up the bandstand on "We've Come a Long Way Together," mellifluously backed by flutes and clarinets. A good pace-changer was the loping two-beat feel of **Bob Florence's** "I'm on My Way."

The maestro's daughter, **Dee Dee Bellson**, will appear as guest vocalist with the orchestra tonight and Saturday.

8/27

JAZZ REVIEW

FREDDIE HUBBARD REMAINS A GIANT

By LEONARD FEATHER

The night had a million ears when Freddie Hubbard took to the bandstand Thursday at Concerts by the Sea. Possibly several million, since the first half-hour of the opening set was aired by KKGQ and its satellite affiliates around the country.

Hubbard may have had this in mind, or it may just have been one of those nights when everything seemed to go right. Whatever the reason, the broadcast segment sustained a high level of inspiration, particularly on the part of the leader.

"Island Birdie," a quasi-calypso McCoy Tyner piece, served as a galvanizing opener, with Ray Armando's conga drums driving the rhythm section and Kenny Flood, a newcomer to the group, showing promise on tenor sax.

"Misty," played as a trumpet solo with sympathetic support by Billy Childs on piano, Herbie Lewis on bass and Carl Burnett on drums, offered a magnificent reminder that when Hubbard takes care of business, he is in a class alone in terms of maturity and ideational flow. Bent tones, trills and sudden ultrahigh notes all blended into a two-chorus solo, a marvel of spontaneous construction.

Hubbard switched to fluegelhorn and Flood to soprano sax (with the somewhat subdued Phil Ranelin on trombone) for his old standby, "Little Sunflower," to close out the radio segment. Perhaps it was not by chance that as soon as the band went off the air, succinctness went out the back door, giving way to prolix excursions on "One of a Kind," which ran to at least 20 minutes, and the closing "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Between them was a piano interlude by Childs on "Round Midnight," notable for its heterodox approach to the song's harmonic patterns.

As a combo, the septet is uneven; neither Flood nor Ranelin is a match for the leader in staying power, and

elongated, high-strung soprano solos tend to get out of control in a pseudo-Coltrane vein. Nevertheless, Flood is a name to keep in one's mental index file, and Hubbard reminds us yet again that a giant is a giant is a giant. He closes Sunday; Roy Ayers opens Thursday.

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JAZZ REVIEW

A 'HOT' AFFAIR IN HONOR OF EDISON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Not without reason was the Sunday matinee honoring Harry (Sweets) Edison billed as a "jazz pilgrimage." It was held at the John Anson Ford Theatre, scene of hundreds of free jazz concerts during the 1960s when it was known as the Pilgrimage Theater.

Presented by the Hollywood Arts Council, the five-hour call to arms drew less than half a house. One could blame the upper-'90s weather (if you had outdoor ideas, it was a day for the beach), but more probably there was a wide reluctance to paying \$25 for a parade of artists who can be seen for little or no cover charge at the various Valley clubs. Edison himself will be at Carmelo's Sept. 9-10.

Given the list of about 30 names, one knew what to expect: an afternoon of familiar standards played by familiar hands. If there were few surprises in "Now's the Time" or "On the Trail" with Al Aarons, Teddy Edwards, Ross Tompkins, et al in charge, at least there were no disappointments. These are first-rate, dependable pros.

Dave Frishberg, Hollywood's musical merchant of feyness, served up fresh eggs in stylistic old baskets, supplying his parchment voice to his latest song, "Eloise," and to his delightful story about verbal cliches, "Marooned in a Blizzard of Lies." The sly Frishberg

personality is a unique amalgam of artistry, wit and jazz feeling.

Of the other singers, Bill Henderson and Joyce Collins fared best with their overlapping vocal routine on "I Thought About You" and "My Shining Hour." Ernie Andrews, backed by Nat Pierce and Frank Capp, assured us that he still had rocks in his bed, then brought fresh emotion to a fine ballad, "Don't be Afraid of Love."

The rest of the show moved along as agreeably as could be expected in view of such names as Bill Watrous, Terry Gibbs, Mundell Lowe, John Collins, Jerome Richardson and Bob Hardaway. Ernie Watts oddly passed out three sheets of music before negotiating "My One and Only Love," then picked up the manuscripts and cruised through "Cotton Tail" without benefit of print.

Sweets Edison himself, the recipient of a citation from the Arts Council, displayed the same trademark trumpet that has been a part of his persona for close to half a century. His "Memories of You," played as a duet with Ross Tompkins, added 10 degrees of warmth to the already blazing afternoon.

7

JAZZ

CANADA FESTIVAL DOING IT UP 'BIG'

By LEONARD FEATHER

EDMONTON, Canada—"Welcome to the jazz capital of Canada!" said an emissary of the Alberta Ministry of Culture, onstage at the Shctor Theatre. A slight exaggeration, perhaps, in view of such well-known events as the Festival International de Montreal; yet there is evidence that the arts in general, and jazz especially, have been flourishing in this oil-rich city, the population of which has expanded from 35,000 in 1945 to 600,000.

The jazz festival here, now in its fourth year, could just as well have happened in Calgary or Banff or Winnipeg; all it took was one dedicated local aficionado with the determination and the right connections. He is Marc Vasey, a trumpeter, talent booker and 15-year Edmontonian who has built up the event with the help of the 10-year-old Edmonton Jazz Society, the province of Alberta, and this year, for the first time, a commercial sponsor, a cigarette company whose representative was quoted as kindly inclined toward "the more affluent, more upscale group that attends jazz festivals."

"He's right," says Vasey. "The average age in this city is 35 to 40, they have disposable income, they aren't tied down to families. They can support concerts and nightclubs."

Though operated on a much smaller scale, Jazz City, as the festival is called, employs a broader musical canvas than Nice, where the music is mostly mainstream and be-bop, or even New York, where the avant-garde gets short shrift. Vasey has booked, for the eight days, representatives of the Kansas City style (Jay McShann, Buddy Tate and the splendid Canadian saxophonist Jim Galloway); a big band from Calgary, directed by the fresh-from-New-York trombonist Bob Brookmeyer; hard-core avant-gardists such as Anthony Braxton, Dewey Redman and the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and a threshold-of-pain, pseudo-Weather Report trio from Toronto, known as Strangeness Beauty, that turned out to be entirely strangeness.

Vasey has even brought in groups from Holland (a pretentious, unswinging quintet led by the pianist Loek Dikker) and Italy (pianist Franco d'Andrea's quartet). Acknowledging the women's jazz movement, he summoned the female combo Alive! from San Francisco and hired a brand-new local distaff group called Flight for its first date.

Flight appeared at one of the daily outdoor concerts presented free in the small park known as Sir Winston Churchill Square. As I approached, the pianist, Barbara Myers, was singing a blues borrowed note for note from a Cleo Laine record. She was enthusiastically supported by young women on guitar, electric bass and drums.

The most colorful character I met, and certainly one of Edmonton's proudest adopted sons, was Clarence Horatius (Big) Miller, a singer who emerged toward the end of the McShann-Tate show. He has a voice to match



Clarence Horatius (Big) Miller is a blues singer in the Joe Turner-Jimmy Rushing tradition.

his girth, in the great Joe Turner-Jimmy Rushing tradition.

Big, as everyone calls him, lives up to his name. At 6 feet, 3½ inches, he admits to 250 pounds, a figure that appears to be at least 50 pounds short of the mark. Alongside him, Jimmy (Mr. Five by Five) Rushing would have been a midget. Miller's appearance with McShann was a sentimental moment; for five years in

Though operated on a much smaller scale, Jazz City, as the festival is called, employs a broader musical canvas than Nice or New York.

Kansas City in the '50s, Miller sang the blues and played bass in McShann's group.

Squeezing his vast frame into a dressing room chair, Miller told his story:

"I was born 59 years ago in Sioux City, Iowa, but Kansas is where I was raised and where I studied bass and trombone. I still play both. I played for shows at the Kansas Vocational School in Topeka, and around that time I began singing. I joined McShann in '49, and after leaving him in '54 I had my own band for a couple of years. I moved to New York, did festivals and television and gigs, and made an album for United Artists—you can't find it anymore."

In the early 1960s Miller was in Los Angeles, where he sang at Shelly's Manne Hole, made albums for Columbia (now deleted, of course), and, most significantly, went to Monterey to take part in Jon Hendricks' presentation, "Evolution of the Blues Song," at the jazz festival.

Continuing his westward motion, Miller wound up in Hawaii, where he sang and managed a club in 1964-65. Then came the pivotal event that determined the course of his life until now.

"The greatest thing that ever happened to me was that Jon Hendricks got me stranded in Vancouver. He

called me in Hawaii about joining a road-show version of 'Evolution of the Blues Song.' Said he had a big package lined up, Canada and every place. He told me to fly in and he'd give me back my money on the plane tickets. Well, to cut a long story short, I wound up in Vancouver with no way out.

"I helped some of the others in the show to get home; then I began to look around for work. I played bass and sang in a pizza parlor. Traveled the hinterlands with an organist and a drummer. Worked Klondike Gay '90s-type dates in Edmonton. It seemed like a friendly city and I wound up settling here and getting myself an agent."

Miller's was the classic instance of the big fish—economy size—in a little pond. "Wasn't no blues up here," he recalls. "This was virgin territory. So I got things going." Because a little gradual education seemed in order, he gave them impressions of Louis Armstrong—handkerchiefs and all—before easing into his own blues groove.

Conditions improved so steadily that by 1973 Big Miller acquired his Canadian citizenship papers. Not long after, he began teaching and preaching at the Banff Centre School of Fine Arts. "They have a great faculty. Dave Holland, the English bassist who played with Miles Davis, is the head man; and they've had Anthony Braxton, John Abercrombie and the great German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff as teachers."

Over the years Big Miller became an expert at grantsmanship. Alberta, he claims, supports the arts even more aggressively than the other provinces. With the help of the Ministry of Culture and of the Canada Council, a federal agency, he has mounted a variety of initiatives.

"I told the Alberta government people that these small towns pay taxes and they don't see what they are getting in return. They agreed, so I was sent off to various small schools to help the band directors. We'd take a student band and put a concert together and have a workshop. I'd sing whatever they wanted to hear—Western songs, polkas, you name it; then afterward they'd accept my jazz songs and blues.

"I've just about covered this whole great country. Sang with the Tommy Dorsey band in Kingston; lectured in Saskatchewan, where they wanted to know about the blues and Charlie Parker.

"There's been no race problem; people accept you as a person. I've always worked with white musicians—even led an all-white, 16-piece band with Marc Vasey in the trumpet section. I don't know that I'm a black, here in Canada.

"I went to Japan and the government paid all my expenses. Worked in Switzerland the same way, playing the Montreux Festival. I've worked just about everywhere with damn near everyone, and I can sing anything and put together a show that'll fit anywhere. I finally own a home and two cars. So I'm pretty lucky."

If there is any moral to the Big Miller story, it would involve resourcefulness and the ability to turn a miserable situation to one's advantage.

He recalls an incident right after the Vancouver panic. "I was at a bar, drinking and wondering how I was going to pay my rent, when a guy at a table asked me to come over and talk to him. He had a name that's very big in Canada. He was talking about his divorce, then he asked me what was my problem. I said, 'I haven't got any money.' He asked me how much I needed and I told him a hundred bucks would help. He wrote out a check.

"The next morning I was at the bank at 2 minutes to 10 waiting to cash the check. It was good. At 10:15 he came in to try to stop payment, but I was gone!"

You have to get up pretty early in the morning to fool Clarence Horatius Miller. □

BREAKING THE ICE ON VIDEO FRONT

By LEONARD FEATHER

The September issue of *Swing Journal*, a bulky and influential Tokyo magazine, includes a six-page section entitled "Jazz Video." Most of the space is devoted to reviews of videocassettes, now available in Japan, by Sonny Rollins, the Crusaders, Grover Washington Jr., Al Jarreau, Art Farmer, even classic footage of Coleman Hawkins and Charlie Parker. The section ends with a full-page ad for Toho Video Visual Sound library, listing releases by Art Blakey, George Shearing and Mike Mainieri.

All this is both interesting and frustrating, since the video market for jazz has barely started in the United States. The Crusaders' office states that the cassette in question, "Midnight Triangle," will be available here in a few months. Where some of the other material was obtained, and whether it will be marketed in the United States, remains clouded in doubt.

The catalogues at such VCR rental resorts as the Warehouse reveal almost nothing of interest to jazz aficionados. There is one 90-minute Duke Ellington sacred concert, with Tony Bennett and Phyllis Hyman as guests, available on MGM/UA, and a few feature films such as "The Fabulous Dorseys," but most of the other issued material, such as the old Besse Smith film, concerts by Ella Fitzgerald and Ray Charles, and a couple of "Best of Jazz" miscellanea, apparently must be bought rather than rented. In short, this potentially huge market seems for the present to be limited to Japan.

There is, however, encouraging news that may end the impasse. It involves the television series "Jazz in America," comprising one 90-minute special and three hour-long shows.

"Jazz in America" starts out spectacularly. The program is devoted to "Dizzy Gillespie's Dream Band," with Max Roach and Gerry Mulligan as guest soloists, Jon Hendricks scatting, and an orchestra of New York heavyweights interpreting Gillespie's music, in a live performance at New York's Lincoln Center.

The subsequent one-hour programs feature, respectively, the Max Roach Quartet at Blues Alley in Washington; Gerry Mulligan's quartet, live at Eric's in New York, and a second Gillespie session with a smaller group, taped at Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach.

The first show was scheduled to be aired on KCET at 10 p.m. Saturday with subsequent shows airing at the same hour this Saturday and Sept. 17 and 24. They will all be simulcast on KKGO-FM 105. If you missed the first show, consolation is at hand, provided you are equipped with a VCR. The "Dream Band" 90-minute show is available in the stores on a regular VHS videocassette, on Embassy Home Communications #1221. Purchase price, \$59.95; rental price, nominal, perhaps \$2.50 a day.

The cassette, in fact, has been available since last March, and the other three shows will enter the market in the near future. We are not witnessing the opening of any floodgates, but, to mix our metaphor, the ice has been broken.

"Jazz in America," as a TV project, is the culmination of a dream deferred. Since 1960, it has involved a complex web of sponsors and organizers, one of whom, the executive producer Dick Reed, tried to untangle the story.

Originally, the National Endowment for the Arts wanted to fund a long series, a total of 24 hours of jazz programming. Then came Reaganomics, with the eustain funding for the arts, in addition to which there were a number of changes of the guard at KCET, so the whole thing was left up in the air. The credits now run like this: The four programs we finally did get to do were produced for public television by KCET, with the help of



Gerry Mulligan



Max Roach

grants from the NEA and from Arco. Gary Keys produced, Stanley Dorfman directed.

"We'll see how these four are received by the public—and in Washington. Meanwhile Embassy has gotten the videocassette ball rolling. RCA Selectavision will be putting out videodiscs. Sony plans to release what they call a 45 for VCR—cheaper, shorter cassettes, the video equivalent of a single record. We also have foreign TV deals set.

"Tim Owens, the 'Jazz Alive!' producer, was closely involved in the taping. We paid special attention to digital, stereo sound quality; too many TV music shows have fallen down on that level.

"I believe the shows work both historically, from the educational standpoint, and as sheer entertainment."

Having previewed all four shows, I can attest to their success on the latter basis. Educationally, they fail. The purported objective was to enlighten the masses concerning the nature, evolution and influence of be-bop. However, no clear picture emerges, either in the music or in the brief spoken segments by some of the musicians, to key us in on how be-bop developed and merged into the other idioms prevalent today. A serious five-minute interview with Gillespie, and less of his clowning, could have tipped the scales.

The first show, nonetheless, is packed with memorable moments: an amazing trumpet exchange between Gillespie and young Jon Faddis on "Night in Tunisia"; Max Roach paying an affectionate tribute to "Papa Jo" Jones, the ailing veteran ex-Basie drummer, who is seen taking a bow; Hendricks in his scat routine on "Salt Peanuts" with Paquito d'Rivera, the saxophonist from Cuba.

The Mulligan appearances are agreeable, but in a show allegedly devoted to be-bop (a movement in which he was never deeply involved), it is ironic to see Pepper Adams, also a baritone saxophonist, a current poll winner (over Mulligan) and an unabashed be-bopper, sitting in Gillespie's sax section without a solo note to play.

The Gillespie band performs well enough to work up some excitement, especially when it fields such soloists as Milt Jackson, Melba Liston and the conga drummer Candido. The 90 minutes move by fast, and the program should be as valuable to collectors as a classic Gillespie LP.

In the second show Roach surfaces again, this time at the helm of his own combo with Cecil Bridgewater, trumpet; Odean Pope, tenor saxophone, and Calvin Hill on bass. Bridgewater's "Six Bits Blues" solo-feature is cast in a pre-bop, almost early-Ellington mold; whether or how it relates to be-bop is never explained. Nor is it made clear why the tribute to Jo Jones is repeated.

Mulligan's own program finds him surrounded by Harold Danko, a fleetly inventive pianist, Billy Hart on drums and Frank Luther on bass. With such material as "North Atlantic Run" and "K-4 Pacific," much of it consisting of originals by the leader, this is an

impressive illustration of Mulligan's stature as a melodic writer and improviser.

The final show, for which Gillespie leads an octet, simply doesn't come off. It would seem that the maestro was given too free a hand to round up a bunch of personal friends, regardless of their ability or compatibility. Inexplicably, we have both a stand-up bass, Ray Brown, and an electric bass, Michael Howell. We have a talented composer, Tom McIntosh, demonstrating his limitations as a trombonist. There is also an extended-blues sequence in which, surprisingly, Gillespie shows that his mastery of this idiom (vocally and instrumentally) could not prevent the overlong foray from bogging down into monotony. The best Gillespie original is "Birka Works," with an elegantly mobile solo by Ray Brown.

"Jazz in America" succeeds at least in bringing a substantial measure of first-class music to a potentially vast audience. That it fails as instruction can be easily explained.

The movers and shakers, who control the programming of educational television, too often have been afraid that an excessively educational stance might reduce the viewing audience.

This said, it remains indisputable that the airing of "Jazz in America" and its use in the videocassette and videodisc media marks a valuable step forward. We may as yet see the day when the long-play record, at least insofar as new releases are concerned, will become obsolete, giving way to a world in which the great men and women of jazz will pay us visual visits for \$2.50 a night, courtesy of our local video rental library. After decades of traipsing out to nightclubs, this represents a change for which I can hardly wait. □

The noted pianists of all that jazz

THE GREAT JAZZ PIANISTS: SPEAKING OF THEIR LIVES AND MUSIC by Len Lyons (Morrow, \$17.50, hardcover, 321 pp.; \$9.95, paperback)

The bulk of this anthology tracks 'ape interviews with 27 pianists, from giants of the 1930s (Teddy Wilson, Mary Lou Williams) to figures of the '80s (Keith Jarrett, Joe Zawinul). Most of the material appeared in *Keyboard* and other magazines, but Lyons has

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

supplemented and updated much of it. A 48-page overview of jazz pianists and their tradition precedes the interviews. This is generally accurate and reflects Lyons' perceptivity, but his analyses are sometimes way off base. George Shearing is wrongly called a former stride pianist and "a sweet and gentle

player... inclined toward the values of cool and West Coast jazz," while Brubeck, incredibly, "was a paradigm of the cool pianist," an estimate 20 degrees Centigrade below the mark. Lyons, whose "101 Best Jazz Albums" was a unique reference work, is less meticulous with his facts here: Pianist Jeri Southern becomes "Mary Southern"; dancer Marie Bryant is "Ray Bryant," and one of two pianists are credited with tunes they did not write. Splendid illustrations by photographer Varyl Oakland. Despite flaws, there is enough valuable material to justify a recommendation.

Feather is *The Times'* jazz critic.

TURBULENCE BEHIND FOR FREE FLIGHT

By LEONARD FEATHER

A couple of months ago, when the quartet known as Free Flight appeared on "The Tonight Show," Johnny Carson held up a record and announced, "Here is their latest album."

The statement was a hair off base. The group that had just performed on the show was missing one central figure who had played a vital role in the conception of this classical-jazz fusion group: Milcho Leviev, the Bulgarian-born pianist, was out, following a series of disagreements with his co-leader, classical flutist Jim Walker. The pianist on "The Tonight Show" date was Mike Garson, who has replaced Leviev as the keyboard soloist and principal composer/arranger. As in most situations of this kind, the reasons for the turbulence on this Free Flight differ according to whom you consult. Did Milcho quit? Why the split? Was he fired? Does it matter?

As is also often the case, the two parties tend to contradict themselves.

In an interview last January, Walker, for years co-principal flutist of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, said: "I needed a gimmick to capitalize on my flute playing potential—I thought I could be a jazzier or something. That's why I asked to play with Milcho." After Walker had sat in with Leviev, a mutual respect

developed and Free Flight was born. But today Walker insists: "Actually Milcho wasn't my first choice for a pianist. Bill Mays was."

Leviev, in the same interview, paid tribute to Walker: "I realized Jim had this improvisational potential." Yet now he summons his best Bulgarian-accented colloquial American to declare: "Let's face it. Jim Walker ain't no jazz musician." He is quick to add, however, that Walker has made "tremendous progress."

Walker's self-assessment is honest: "I don't for a second consider myself a supreme jazz player. My ears and my ideas are so far ahead of what I'm able to do now that a lot of times it makes me sick to hear myself. However, I feel I've made great headway, and not simply because of working with Milcho. He's a marvelous musician, and I don't want to say anything derogatory about him, but I have worked with other people and spent a lot of time studying on my own."

Mike Davenport, Free Flight's manager, who in 1980 dreamed up the title, registered it in Walker's name only. Leviev learned about this only after the split.

Davenport: "It was not done deliberately to exclude Milcho. I registered it only in order to open a bank account. What caused the breakup? Well, everyone in the band had an equal vote about what and how they

played. Milcho was never comfortable with that, and the artistic differences got worse and worse until it was sort of mutually agreed that he would be better off leading his own group, where he could hire the men and tell them what he wanted."

Leviev: "It wasn't mutually agreed. I was called overseas on an emergency, and when I returned I found I had been replaced." Leviev then made appearances under the Free Flight name, without a flute. Davenport and Walker demurred. This is now being resolved by the lawyers, with Leviev probably abandoning use of the name.

Ten years ago the replacement of anyone as well versed as Leviev in classical music and jazz might have posed a serious problem. In suggesting Mike Garson, Mike Davenport knew that he had found someone who had been working along similar lines and who could make a compatible partner for Walker.

Brooklyn-born (1945), Garson had 10 years of classical studies, followed by lessons with Lennie Tristano and brief studies with Herbie Hancock and Bill Evans. From 1972-74 he was David Bowie's music director; in 1978-79 he toured with Stanley Clarke.

Two albums under Garson's own name reveal his mixed-idiom proclivities. In "Jazzical" (Jazzhounds Records), he plays original works and adaptations of Chopin, Liszt and Schumann. "Avant Garson" (Contemporary) finds him dabbling in pseudo-cute titles: "Chopin Visits Brooklyn," "Classical Improvisations With a Jazz Flavoring and a Touch of Jewish in D Minor." The music is better than the handles. The Contemporary album was produced by his old friend, former teacher and musical mentor Chick Corea.

"Mike has written hundreds of original tunes," says Walker. "He may add a new, refreshing element to the group. His classical background is not exactly the same as Milcho's, but he and I have been going in the same general direction."

The upheaval caused by the Walker-Leviev separation seems not to have damaged the outlook for Free Flight, whose other members, bassist Jim Lacefield and drummer Ralph Humphrey, remain. (The group performs Sept. 30 at the Golden Bear in Huntington Beach.) Both were selected for the group by Leviev. Davenport, who points to the success of the Jean-Pierre Rampal/Claude Bolling LP collaboration (which went gold), believes that Walker, Garson and Co. could fly just as high in due course.

"Free Flight now has three albums to its credit (one on Arabesque, two on Palo Alto), all with Leviev. The first LP with Garson will be taped in tandem with the Kronos String Quartet around the time of their joint appearance Oct. 20 at the San Francisco Kool Jazz Festival.

A major hazard for any jazz group west of the Mississippi is the difficulty of earning public and critical acceptance in New York. Free Flight will be tackling that problem Dec. 17 with a concert at Avery Fisher Hall. "I hope we'll use that date to line up other work on the Eastern Seaboard," says Walker. "We get wonderful response wherever we play, but the band has never been east of Denver."

No matter where the expanding horizons may take him, Walker has removed an obstacle that has presented a couple of conflicts in the past: "I have resigned from the Los Angeles Philharmonic. I'll be playing most of this season, but right now I'm working out my point of termination.

"Free Flight isn't going to be my whole life, but it certainly will be the focus. I love the Philharmonic, and I've had 15 enjoyable years with symphony orchestras (he was previously with the Pittsburgh Symphony) but now I'm going to be a club musician."

Walker will also pursue a solo classical career. On Oct. 16 at UCLA's Wadsworth Theatre, he will be concertizing with fellow flutist Hubert Laws, whose adventures in the dual worlds have paralleled his own. "He and I have been good friends, mainly on the tennis court rather than flutewise, but we've had a distant respect for each other and I think it's going to be fun." They will be playing mainly duets from the standard classical literature.

□

Meanwhile, what is left for Leviev? Plenty, he says.

Presently he divides his time between a trio, with bass and drums, using a repertoire similar to the one he built for Free Flight, and regular Tuesday evening dates at the Comeback Inn in Venice, where he teams up with



Free Flight flutist Jim Walker with the group's new pianist/composer/arranger, Mike Garson.

Alexi Zubov, the tenor saxophonist from Moscow, and Dusan Bogdanovic, the Yugoslavian guitarist. Appropriately, in view of the members' countries of origin, the group has just adopted the name "Curtain Raisers."

"I have several options," said Leviev, "three of which are on tape: an album with the bassist Charlie Haden; a piano solo set, and an LP with Eddie Harris playing saxophone and piano and scat-singing. I'm trying to place them with a company; I also want to tape a set with my piano-bass-drums trio."

After hearing Leviev's threesome of Eastern Europeans on a recent evening at the Comeback Inn, I suspect that this might be the most advantageous course for him to follow. The coming together in Los Angeles of three musicians from such distant points would make a unique story to accompany a TV appearance; but beyond that, the results are a reminder of the level of artistry and empathy that can be achieved by such seemingly unlikely candidates for a jazz convocation.

It is regrettable, regardless of where the blame lies, that Leviev is no longer a part of something to which he gave three years of his life. It is arguable, however, that this may all turn out for the best; there may henceforth be two exceptional groups where only one existed. □

JAZZ REVIEW

CURTAIN RAISERS: AN ENGAGING STYLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Comeback Inn, on Washington Boulevard just north of Venice Boulevard in Venice, is a restaurant dedicated strictly to health food and music. In recent months the sounds have taken a turn for the more jazz-oriented.

At present, the regular Tuesday-evening attraction consists of Milcho Leviev at the piano (an upright, but adequately tuned); Dusan Bogdanovic on a well-amplified acoustic guitar and Alexi Zubov on soprano and tenor saxophones. Because they are, respectively, products of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, a fitting group name has just been adopted, The Curtain Raisers.

Leviev, until recently co-leader of Free Flight, is a protean performer who flits in and out of idioms: improvisational free form, Middle Eastern modes, jazz, classics and set compositions such as his own "For Frederic and Bill," dedicated to Chopin and Bill Evans.

An occasional weakness is Leviev's tendency to technical excess. A medley of Irving Berlin songs bombastically buried most of the melodies, and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" in 7/4 was too gimmicky to succeed. Still, the collaborations with his two colleagues were rich in diversified ideas.

Bogdanovic is similarly unpredictable. Playing duo numbers with Zubov or Leviev, as well as solo pieces—one of which he described as "Balkan Flamenco"—he displayed powerful emotion and remarkable technical resources.

Zubov, heard mainly on soprano sax, is an eclectic whose sources seem to go back to the Ben Webster era and clear out to the avant-garde. His most effective trio performance was a treatment, fairly loyal to the original classical work, of Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez."

Between numbers, the musicians engaged the audience in spontaneous Q&A sessions about their music, with Leviev in the most active and articulate role.

The Curtain Raisers are more than their name implies; they are also eyebrow raisers, likely to build excitement as word gets around. They will return Tuesday to the Comeback Inn.

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Los Angeles Times

ARTISTS SET FOR MONTEREY JAZZ FEST

The 26th annual Monterey Jazz Festival swings into action on Sept. 16, 17 and 18.

Featured artists Sept. 16: Mel Tormé, Clark Terry, Buddy Rich and the Buddy Rich Band, Shelly Manne, Poncho Sanchez and his Latin Jazz Band, Bobby Hutcherson, Hank Jones, Mundell Lowe and Andy Simpkins.

Sept. 17 offers "Baby, It's the Blues" in the afternoon, with Lowell Fulson, Bo Diddley, Irma Thomas, Ester Jones and the Robert Cray Band. In the evening, it's "A Meeting of the Masters" including Sarah Vaughn, Mundell Lowe, John Collins, Ronald Eschete, Bruce Forman, Eddie Duran, the Heard-Ferguson-Ranier Trio, the Wayne Marsalis Quintet and Bill Berry and the L.A. Band.

On the afternoon of Sept. 18, "The Best and the Brightest" features a traditional showcase concert for the California High School All-Star Ensemble. Also performing will be the Aptos High School Big Band, the Eagle Rock High School Combo, the Masahiko Sato Trio, Earl Swing and Phil Wilson with Makoto Ozone. The festival closes that evening with "Swing Into Sunday" with Woody Herman and the New Herd, the Jon Faddis Band, Bobby McFerrin, Joe Williams and Ray Pizzi and Ron McCroby performing with Transit West.

Season tickets for these events are sold out. Grounds Admission tickets will sell for \$10 for each day allowing the bearer entry to the new Park Stage and Night Club where many of the same musicians appearing at the main arena will perform. Though Grounds Admission tickets do not entitle the bearer entry into the main

arena, festival promoters say the show can be heard from most of the 26-acre site. These tickets are available by sending a money order with a self-addressed, stamped envelope for \$10 per daily ticket (no personal checks) to Monterey Jazz Festival Box Office, 325 Mason St., San Francisco 94102. Tickets also will be available at the box office during the festival. Information: (408) 373-3396.

ACHIEVEMENT AWARD GIVEN JAZZ CRITIC LEONARD FEATHER

Times jazz critic Leonard Feather is this year's recipient of Down Beat magazine's Lifetime Achievement Award.

The award was established two years ago to "recognize the debt jazz owes to a select circle of individuals whose contributions to the music have not been as performers." Record producer John Hammond was the first recipient and impresario George Wein the second.

In making the award, Down Beat described Feather as an "educator of enormous influence" in interpreting the significance of jazz to the general public "longer and more consistently . . . than anyone else."

A native of England, Feather began his writing career there and came to the United States in 1938. He is the author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz" and "The Book of Jazz."

CRUISING ON THE CARIBBEAN

9/18

By LEONARD FEATHER

MIAMI—For those who could afford it, the jazz cruise during the 1970s offered a fashionable and comfortable setting for the enjoyment of music under ideal conditions: attentive audiences whose affection for the sounds brought them together, thanks to a high five-figure talent budget, for a week of shared pleasure. Frantic

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dashes from one concert hall to another were replaced by leisurely ambles from deck to deck.

Twice a year, from May, 1974, until late 1979, the Rotterdam mounted a succession of spectacular cruises, each of which involved a famous big band (Ellington, Basie, Herman, Rich, Ray Charles, Thad Jones/Mel Lewis), a top name singer (Fitzgerald, Vaughan, McRae, Joe Williams) and at least two prominent combos (Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Oscar Peterson, Ahmad Jamal, James Moody, Dizzy Gillespie). These week-long voyages stopped at Nassau and Bermuda. (There was also a memorable,

never-repeated jaunt from New Orleans to Havana, aboard the Daphne in May, 1977.)

The series was stopped probably because of the growing popularity of cruises; it was no longer necessary to buy expensive names (and give away cabin space) when these staterooms could be filled with paying passengers. The lure of jazz became expendable.

Now the concept has been revived, this time with no name band, no famous singer, but on a much larger ship (the Norway). True, she is one of the biggest afloat (at 70,202 tons, outweighing the QE II), but the scale of the festival is considerably smaller and the musical policy, conservative.

SUNDAY

As we found out on boarding Saturday in Miami, the jazz element is only one facet of a broad entertainment spectrum. In the Saga Theater or the North Cape Lounge, both seating 500, and in the Checkers Cabaret with its large dance floor, you may indulge yourself at a scaled-down version of "My Fair Lady," a Vegas-type revue called "Sea Legs," or



Jazz-cruise talent on the Norway included Zoot Sims and Bucky Pizzarelli.

a comedy act. In the Club Internationale and 10 other bars around this floating city, trios and a house band offer music for dancing or casual listening.

There are, 1,744 passengers—a healthy figure, we learn, for this end of the season, though capacity is well over 2,000. The crew numbers 800.

Jonah Jones, the trumpeter and singer who opened the festivities, distinguished himself in the Swing Era before falling prey to a bland, mercantile gimmick sold under the slogan "muted jazz." Today, leading a lackluster quintet, he plays what might be called doll jazz—you can expect anything from "Satin Doll" to "Hello, Dolly!" He has become a Lester Lanin of jazz.

Louis Armstrong, in his fading years, lodged his band in a rut, playing the same tunes in the same order with the same solos night after night. Similarly, Jonah Jones is hoist with his own 1951 petard. But the audience loves it.

The inevitable question arises: what kind of fan patronizes jazz cruises?

MONDAY

An unlikely statistic: among the eight featured names, the average age is 60. Age is no handicap per se (witness Basie, now in his 80th year and still on the road with a splendid band), but it hints strongly at an avoidance of anything representing today's jazz scene. Since the passengers' age has dropped considerably as a result of the impact of TV's "Love Boat," why not Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Lew Tabackin, Sonny Rollins, McCoy Tyner or countless others of the post-swing decades?

The Polish jazz pianist Adam Makowicz and the Brazilian singer Astrud Gilberto are the "babies" of the show at 43. The big daddies are Jonah Jones, 73,

and the cornetist Wild Bill Davison, 77. Gilberto (known 20 years ago as "The Girl From Ipanema") sang last night to a reaction as mild as her performance. Cruise audiences require entertainment and excitement. Tania Maria, who has been called the Brazilian bombshell, is not pretty and slender like Gilberto, but compared to her, Gilberto is a wet firecracker. Her son, Marcello, plays bass in the group, and Paolo Jobim, 33, son of composer Antonio Carlos Jobim, plays guitar and sings in a fair imitation of his father.

While Gilberto worked in the North Cape Lounge, the relative modernists of the cast—trumpeter Clark Terry and saxophonist Zoot Sims—got together with the guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli for a relaxed mainstream offering. They were joined by Joe Bushkin.

A Swing Era pianist who played with Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, Benny Goodman and Louis Armstrong, Bushkin became independently wealthy some years ago and works only when he feels like it. (He is given to such remarks as "I don't have to do this".) A hyperkinetic fast talker among whose favorite subjects are the many horses he owns (with justifiable pride) and his prize-winning horsewomen daughters. Bushkin plays the way he talks; he has trouble settling down. Tonight he was distracted, refusing to work with the room's inferior grand piano and playing only Fender Rhodes. He also declined to use bassist Marc Johnson, who brought along a metal upright bass with no resonance. Bushkin occasionally likes to sing (a dismal ditty called "Boogie Woogie Blue Pate"). He plays best when the tempo is slow and steady, and by the second set the rhythmic ocean had calmed.

TUESDAY

A disturbing sidelight during our stop at St. Thomas, V.I. reminded me that old soldiers, in jazz as in the military, tend to fade away. While Astrud Gilberto's combo played a concert in the band shell at Charlotte Amalie, I noticed, standing nearby, a small, white-haired man, obviously aging and frail. He looked vaguely familiar until someone said, "Do you know Eddie Shu?"

Eddie Shu was an old, close friend whose first record session I produced many years ago. He had the qualifications to become a big name in jazz—all except luck. In addition to saxophones and clarinet, he played trumpet, harmonica, composed, and sang. He worked with George Shearing, Buddy Rich and Lionel Hampton, toured for several years with Gene Krupa's trio, and played clarinet with Louis Armstrong from 1964-65. Then he faded from sight.

"I've been living here off and on for several years," said Shu, who is seriously ill. "I've been back to New York on visits. I have to go to Puerto Rico regularly for treatments, but I'm still well enough to play weekends at a club here."

Tonight at the Club Internationale, Adam Makowicz was no less turned off by the piano than Joe Bushkin, but he managed, after telling the audience what he thought of it, to struggle through one set (impressive in a modified Tatum manner), then impatiently cut his second set short.

Wild Bill Davison, who has been nursing a sore lip, finally got to play. In his Dixieland sextet are two fine musicians, Chuck Hedges on clarinet (why has he been hiding in Chicago all these years?) and the Florida-based Eddie Higgins, an all-purpose pianist who is helping out with other groups amid the personnel switching that has developed. Murphy's law is upon us.

WEDNESDAY

Someone discovered that Arild Andersen, the superb

Norwegian bassist, is aboard, carrying a good upright bass. He has been corralled into duty.

The most cooperative and flexible musicians are Clark Terry and Zoot Sims, both of whom have sat in with the Norway's house band, reading parts and playing solos. Terry's exquisite performance of "A Child Is Born" was a highlight of the voyage to date.

Chip Hoebler, the trombonist/bandmaster, is several cuts above your typical shipboard maestro. Introduced in the Newport Youth Band at the 1969 festival, he later toured with Kai Winding's four-trombone group. Playing for the various shows as well as maintaining both a dance book and a jazz library, Hoebler adroitly handles the most demanding jobs on land or sea.

THURSDAY

When Joe Bushkin led a quartet at New York's legendary Embers Club in 1962, he hired Jonah Jones as a sideman. Tonight Bushkin, who likes to play trumpet for kicks, was scheduled to sit in with Jones for an "Embers Revisited" session. Bushkin waited by the bandstand all evening but Jones never called on him—an incident about which Bushkin, a surprisingly capable trumpeter (he played later in another room), was heatedly upset.

FRIDAY

A brief stop Thursday at Nassau, later, on board, another well received Terry-Sims-Pizarella jam. They draw the hippest crowds while Jones brings the enthusiasts of middle America.

Today we stopped off at an uninhabited Bahamas island for swimming, rum, hamburgers, and music by a calypso trio from the ship. Calypso groups have the same effect as Hawaiian bands: at first they remind you appealingly of where you are, then they bore you with their harmonic and rhythmic monotony.

SATURDAY

As we arrive back in Miami, Hank O'Neal, who assembled the talent for the trip, grants that the music and the organization left much to be desired, adding that he tried for Dizzy Gillespie (an ideal shipboard presence musically and socially), and for Earl Hines, who died a day after the deal was set.

True, most of the passengers were perfectly contented, yet the nagging thought persists: for every Gilberto there is a Mel Torme, a Bobby McFerrin or a Carmen McRae; for every traditionalist combo there is an Art Blakey, a Kenny Burrell, a Wynton Marsalis, a Jon Fadus, a Chico Freeman. The ratio of black passengers was far lower here than on the Rotterdam cruises. This factor, borne in mind during the talent hiring, could have added substantially to the short-of-capacity load.

It is admirable that the jazz cruise concept is alive again on the East Coast (California has never tried it) and probable that it will be an annual event. If so, the lessons learned this year will be vitally helpful. In particular, musicians should be asked whom they prefer to work with. Whether you are part of a captive combo or a captive audience, compatibility is essential.

Enough of this griping. I did hear some excellent music, and I sure got a wonderful tan. □

JAZZ REVIEW

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MONTEREY FEST LEAVES A SAVORY TASTE

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY, Calif.—With the final chord sounded by Woody Herman's Young Thundering Herd, the 26th Monterey Festival came to a close around midnight Sunday, leaving fewer causes for complaint than any of its predecessors in recent years.

The Sunday afternoon tradition found the main artistic burden in the hands of this year's award-winning high school bands and soloists. By now we have become almost blasé about the quality of these groups, assuming they will reach near-professional heights. This was true of the All-Star Jazz Band, composed of 20 students from 10 California schools, with Eagle Rock High School represented by no less than four members.

The outstanding big band from a single school, the judges decided, was that of Aptos High. Directed by Bill Berry, the ensemble played "Mutton Leg," an unfortunate choice, since Berry's own bunch of high-flying pros had played the same tune the night before. The contrast reminded us that although these are gifted amateurs, the sound of professionalism and accurate intonation is a little beyond their grasp.

Eagle Rock High supplied the winning small combo, with Sharon Hirata on alto sax and Luis Bonilla on trombone. Armed with such attractive material as Arlette Budwig's "Bitter Sweet," and driven by a capable rhythm section with Mark Melton on guitar, this unit reflected the high standards Eagle Rock has maintained in its jazz education program.

A professional duo, composed of Gary Foster on sax and flute with Clare Fischer on keyboards, achieved some startling effects with a new instrument, the Yamaha FX20 organ, on which Fischer sounded simultaneously like a piano, organ and trombone section.

The high school All-Stars returned to accompany Full Swing, the Hollywood-based vocal trio that has



Mel Torme in Sunday Monterey jazz fest concert.

fitted lyrics to such unlikely vehicles as Charlie Barnet's "The Right Idea," Tommy Newsom's "Trocadero Ballroom" and Duke Ellington's "Creole Love Call." This last featured Charlotte Crossley, who switched to the blues for "Let the Good Times Roll."

The odd coupling of trombonist Phil Wilson and Makoto Ozone, respectively a teacher and student at Berklee College of Music in Boston, repeated the triumph of their Los Angeles appearance earlier this year. Ozone, 21, from Kobe, Japan, still shows strong elements of Oscar Peterson, but undoubtedly will develop into an original and can be considered a star of the not-too-distant future.

Much of the balance of the matinee was taken up by the All-Stars, who seemed to take a special delight in backing trumpeter Clark Terry. Never a man to take himself too seriously, Terry sang "Never," a hilarious original song.

Sunday evening's schedule involved several artists who have already come under scrutiny here this season. Mel Torme, Joe Williams, Woody Herman and Makoto Ozone. A few additional comments are called for. Torme, in a generally superb set, added an ingenious Count Basie tribute that intermixed "You're Driving Me Crazy," "Moten Swing" and a couple of old licks straight out of the horn of Harry (Sweets) Edison. He concocted a similarly intriguing blend of "Autumn Leaves" and "It Don't Mean a Thing."

Joe Williams, in the middle of a typically riveting blues barrage, made a transition of moods to offer a poignant "Come Sunday."

Earlier in the evening, it was novelty time as Ron McCroby played the "pucolo" (translation: He whistled), showing tasty and original ideas; still, this was like watching a circus artist playing a piccolo while walking a tightrope.

The low point of the evening was Ray Pizzi's bassoon solo, "Ode to a Toad"—unaccompanied, unattractive and unawing. McCroby and Pizzi appeared as adjuncts to a set by Transit West, a new quartet organized by Mundell Lowe. Transit West will be just fine when, instead of jamming on "Cotton Tail," it takes advantage of Lowe's considerable talent as a composer.

Making his first public appearance with his quintet, Jon Faddis played one work of his own (dedicated to his mentor, Dizzy Gillespie), three by his pianist, James Williams, and one dull Thelonious Monk tune, "We See."

Comparison with the Wynton Marsalis Quintet was inevitable. Both leaders have the same instrumentation and play the same brand of music. But Faddis is a more dazzling player who spends much of his time in the upper reaches of his horn. However, the charts lack the structural diversity of those played by Marsalis.

Faddis remains an astonishing soloist. It may take time for him to find a format that works, but at least it is good to see him out of the studios and back in jazz.

Over the years the Monterey Festival has endured frequent hostile reactions in the press. It has been accused of taking too few chances in hiring young or avant-garde musicians. Producer Jimmy Lyons, pointing to his full houses, has shrugged off the critics.

This year the focus has shifted. Five of the groups presented consisted partly or entirely of young professionals: Wynton Marsalis, Bobby McFerrin, Tania Maria, Full Swing and Jon Faddis.

This development does not mean that Monterey audiences are likely ever to be exposed to the Art Ensemble of Chicago or to Sun Ra. By now it is clear that overcerebral music would go over at Monterey like a lead balloon. This is a festive festival at which mainstream jazz, swing music and be-bop are as endemic to the local scenery as the bustling food concessions and the 17-Mile Drive.

Under the guidance of Lyons and Mundell Lowe, the festival's second quarter century may well prove even more rewarding than the first. Youth will be served, not only by high school amateurs but by promising young pros. That, in the final analysis, is most of what we complainers have been looking for.

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NOTES OF TRIUMPH
AT MONTEREY FEST

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY, Calif.—The 26th annual jazz festival began here Friday on a predetermined note of triumph: Every seat for every show had been sold out since June.

The fairgrounds are the same, the ambiance is unchanged, but there are two important differences this year. First, Mundell Lowe has replaced John Lewis as musical director.

Second, because overflow tickets were sold offering admission to the fairgrounds without access to the main stage area, additional performances were offered elsewhere. In the afternoon they took place at the open-air Park Stage; in the evening they were at the Night Club, an indoor venue with waitresses offering bar service. With entertainment at the Park Stage getting under way around noon Saturday, insatiable aficionados were assured of jazz nearly around the clock; however, the important action was still confined to the evening and the central stage.

Two strikingly contrasted big bands opened and closed the Friday evening show. The Buddy Rich behemoth roared its way through a powerhouse closing performance, precisely executed, with one of the world's greatest drummers at the helm; yet I would gladly have traded all of its precision for the poise, passion and promise displayed by an ensemble of high school students that opened the show, the Monterey Jazz Festival All Stars, conducted by cornetist Bill Berry.

The arrangements played by the youth band were texturally richer than those offered by Rich, with a welcome accent on Ellingtonia. "Day Dream" and "Blue Goose," the latter a rarely heard Ellington piece, introduced saxophonist Sharon Hirata, who just graduated from Eagle Rock High School in Los Angeles. It is heartening to hear this level of proficiency on the part of an 18-year-old. The other youths fell far behind her in solo creativity, but the teamwork and sense of phrasing did credit to all hands, and to Berry's skillful direction.

Frequently a concert will yield one act that is the popular blockbuster, while another will make the true artistic impact. (They are seldom one and the same.) Friday, Tania Marja brought the crowd to its feet with her heavy-duty piano and Brazilian double-talk vocals. Success has induced in her an aesthetic decline; her call-and-response exchanges with the audience were little more than an echo of 50-year-old recordings by Cab Calloway. She was accompanied by a densely

ED KASHI



Tania Maria performs at Monterey Jazz Festival.

percussion-oriented group.

Bobby McFerrin, who also sang wordlessly, needed and used no accompaniment at all for most of his set. His first a cappella song, "Stella by Starlight," was a hopscotch of leaping intervals, of self-duetting switches from head tones to chest tones; he became at once his own melodist and his own bass guitar line. His treatment of Chick Corea's "Spain" was no less astonishing.

McFerrin backed himself on piano for "Moondance," then closed his set with a scat improvisation for which he coaxed ad-lib counterpoints from five young Finnish vocalists.

The rest of the evening was heavily Latin and/or

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FLANAGAN BRINGS ELEGANCE TO BOP

By LEONARD FEATHER

Incredible as it seems, Tommy Flanagan's current visit to Los Angeles marks his first appearance here as a piano soloist. Previously, he has been seen in the role of accompanist for Ella Fitzgerald.

Performing Monday at the Hyatt LAX, Flanagan was backed only by bassist Larry Gales. Tonight through Saturday, he will switch to the Hyatt on Sunset, leading a trio with Billy Higgins on drums and bassist Herbie Lewis. Regardless of the accompaniment, he brings to the bop idiom a conviction and sensitivity equaled only by a fellow Detroiter, Hank Jones.

His articulation is gentle yet firm; his lines move with consistent logic and a deceptive effortlessness, though there can be no question about the mature technique that informs them.

Flanagan lately has been giving special attention to the works of Thelonious Monk. His version of "Round Midnight" was graceful and easygoing in contrast to Monk's own stark treatment. "Off Minor" achieved a mood closer to the original, but Flanagan's more orthodox technical resources assure him of results that are neither derivative nor imitative. His approach, in fact, is too elegant ever to be confused with the jagged Monk manner.

The rest of his repertoire is drawn almost entirely from the swing and bop eras. Charlie Parker's "Confirmation" found Larry Gales picking up the bow for a solo expert enough to remind us that he is one of the jazz world's premier arco soloists. Flanagan opened a second set with an unaccompanied "The Way You Look Tonight" that wandered in and out of tempo, ebbing and flowing unpredictably toward and away from the melody.

Although Flanagan's contributions have never been fully rewarded in terms of fame and fortune, his maturity and creativity have long since established him as one of the perennial masters in the area of mainstream-modern jazz piano. The brevity and rarity of his stay here makes a visit to the Hyatt Sunset a mandatory experience.

JAZZ REVIEW

STREET CONCERT A PRELUDE TO FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

SAN DIEGO—Summer turns to fall, but the jazz festival cycle, it seems, never ends. Now it is San Diego's turn, and on a grand scale.

Friday night, the Kool sponsors offered a foretaste of what San Diegans could look forward to over a 10-day span (through Oct. 2). Fifth Avenue was cordoned off at F Street. The gathering crowd sat on chairs set up on the street; the overload sardined itself along the sidewalks clear back to E Street.

After the opening pomp—Mayor Roger Hedgecock offering a proclamation, sponsors praising community involvement—the Fifth Avenue block party was under way, with music not only on the street stage (where the sound quality was surprisingly good), but also in four other areas, in or close to the block. It was almost as though New York's memorable 52nd Street had come alive again.

Free Flight, the opening attraction on the main stage, was a surprising crowd pleaser. Jim Walker, the classical flutist, played it straight and strong during a Bach sonata while his aides—pianist Mike Garson, bassist Jim Laefield and drummer Ralph Humphrey—aided the pulsing undercurrent. In other pieces, Walker made it clear that his ability as an improvising soloist has lost every trace of self-consciousness.

During the set, as the crowd became almost intolerably large, many observers spilled over into the other sections. In the basement of a bank building down the street, Judy Carmichael offered her conception of Stride piano. It is fascinating to see and hear an attractive young woman re-creating material written by the great black pioneers of her grandparent's generation. Carmichael invests her treatments of the Fats Waller and Earl Hines works with love as well as technique.

Now and then she sounded almost too exact, as if everything had been copied note for note off the record or the sheet music. Zex Confrey's "Kitten on the Keys," never a jazz opus in the first place, was rendered as if he were on automatic pilot. A closing medley of "I Found a New Baby" and "Everybody Loves My Baby" was much looser, expressing more of the performer's own personality.

Across the street, in a tightly packed open area called Cacko Alley hidden behind a cafeteria, the trombonist in Cheatham and his wife, Jeannie, who plays down-the-middle piano and sings down-the-decades tunes, were center pieces in a jam session that tried to make up in enthusiasm what it lacks in cohesion. Jim Cheatham, a popular local favorite, and an experienced teacher, had some of his students among the nine musicians who dug into a long investigation of "No Greater Love."

Cheatham's plunger-muted solo and his wife's bluesy cal came across best. It was neck-cranning time in the key, and when the Cheathams paused for a breather, it took 15 minutes to corkscrew one's way out. The next stop was Patrick's II. This old-timey bar played host to a stable group of local musicians led by Fro Brigham.

Both the leader and his sidemen, wedged into a muscled, raised bandstand built to accommodate half many people, constituted an odd mix. Brigham, a

trumpeter, bears a physical resemblance to the early Louis Armstrong of those 1930 photographs, but when he plays, there are sometimes disconcerting touches of bop.

As so often happens in local groups, the band tries to be all things to all listeners, making no attempt at a stylistic focus, yet taken on its own eclectic terms, it is entertaining and musically competent. The guitarist, Tony Shinault, was H.B. King on some blues, then became Wes Montgomery on the next tune and Barney Kessel on a third.

An echo of the distant past was Bud Conway, one of

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the seven-piece band's two tenor saxophone players, who, during the 1940s, played with the legendary Fletcher Henderson. His solo on "Body and Soul," predictably, was a retread of the deathless version by Coleman Hawkins, one of his predecessors with Henderson.

By now, there had been a changing of the guard on the street stage. Free Flight, with its contemporary flights of imagination, had given way to an eight-man ensemble known as Roomful of Blues, imported from Rhode Island.

Sometimes it is possible to discern that an inferior performance is below the potential inventive level of the artists involved. Roomful of Blues is a case in point. Like so many white bands in the swing/blues/jump genre, it plays loudly and employs shuffle rhythms, simplistic though crisply played ensemble riffs, and tempos that vary too little. Most of the members appear to be in their 30s, though Porky Cohen, the trombonist, has credits that go back to the Charlie Barnet band of 1944.

Most of the music Friday was inclined toward the past. However, the festival will take in everything from jazz-and-poetry (Wednesday evening at the Sushi) to Sonny Rollins and Betty Carter (Friday at Mandeville Auditorium) to Hubert Laws, Winton Marsalis and James Newton in a jazz picnic (Saturday on campus at UCSD). And, perhaps most important, an unprecedented California visit by the orchestra of the brilliant George Russell (Sunday at the second UCSD picnic).

With the Los Angeles Kool Festival regrettably canceled, the San Diego events this week mark the most important and diversified offerings of the Southland's truncated season. For full information call (619) 459-1404.

program of retreads. From the least ancient song ("Crazy He Calls Me," a Billie Holiday recording of 1949) to the most antique (Irving Berlin's 1923 "What'll I Do"), Ronstadt applies an honesty, a firmness of intonation and beauty of tone that reflect her apparent sincerity in undertaking this venture. She does not merely offer an impression of classic pop; she becomes a part of it.

Most of the songs are performed rather literally, though in "Lover Man" and one or two others one hears slight melodic shifts that indicate a jazzlike sensitivity. Gordon Jenkins' exquisite "Goodbye" explores the lower end of Ronstadt's range, sung in G minor and starting on the low G.

Riddle has allowed space for several instrumental solos that accentuate the mood rather than break it. Outstanding are the tenor saxes of Plas Johnson on "Crazy He Calls Me" and Bob Cooper on two other cuts.

Only once does Ronstadt's phrasing falter. In the title song, the pause between "How is the world" and "... treating you" seems a hair self-conscious. This is mere quibbling, however. When she has both a fine lyric and a superior melody to deal with, as in "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry," Ronstadt generally meets the challenge. At 37 she is just old enough to remember when many of these songs were still current on radio, jukeboxes and even TV.

The album is valuable not only for its intrinsic success, but for the possible turnaround it may effect in the taste of purchasers who will possibly assume that "Someone to Watch Over Me" is a new song. We are all in Ronstadt's and Riddle's debt for an affecting album of durable music. □

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'WHAT'S NEW': AN HONEST, AFFECTING ALBUM

By LEONARD FEATHER

"WHAT'S NEW" Linda Ronstadt & the Nelson Riddle Orchestra, Asylum 60260.

A no less fitting title would be "What's Old" or "Songs My Father Taught Me." More relevant than any appellation is the fact that a singer with Ronstadt's credentials has made a notable, if perhaps temporary, shift of direction. Over the years, she has gone from Tucson to Nashville to the rock-concert circuit to Broadway, and

now to the very demanding world of classic popular music. The results are not spectacular, nor were they designed to be. More significantly, they succeed in setting and sustaining a ballad mood of the kind one would normally have expected from a Peggy Lee or a Frank Sinatra.

It can be no coincidence that Nelson Riddle wrote the delicately tailored arrangements, and that all but a couple of the songs were recorded at one time or another by Sinatra. But this is no

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ZOOT: ALWAYS HIP, AND NOW HAPPY

By LEONARD FEATHER

John Haley Sims, known to the world as Zoot, is the quintessential free-lance jazzman, the ultimate available improviser whose sinuous tenor saxophone has graced the jazz horizon since, as a teen-ager, he played with a Los Angeles band and found himself branded with the nickname Zoot inscribed on his music stand. ("All of us were assigned odd names, but unlike the others, mine stuck.")

Sims' career has found him in every possible situation. His talent and amiable, easygoing personality have

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taken him through four decades of jobs, continent-hopping as a sideman, gigging as partner to Al Cohn (their tenor sax team has been in force off and on since 1957), making the global festival rounds.

The unpretentious Sims is so easy to get along with that he even likes and is liked by Benny Goodman, a legendary curmudgeon to whom he has returned countless times—"I know Benny's reputation and the strange things he's done to some musicians, but we always got along fine."

Although Sims' fame stems in part from his big band work (he was one of Woody Herman's original "Four Brothers" in the exuberant 1947-49 Herd, and a member of what was arguably Stan Kenton's best orchestra in 1953), in the mind's ear he remains a nightclub-small group person. He even looks the role, down to the nightclub pallor. More significantly, for many years he lived the part, acquiring a heroic reputation for conspicuous alcoholic consumption. Therein lies a twofold tale involving Sims and his wife Louise. The trials they underwent began almost four years ago and are not quite finished yet.

"Are you sure this isn't going to be a cover story for Medical Digest?" said Louise Sims. The point was well taken; what she and her husband have endured sounds like one of those "Coping" stories in People magazine.

"In November of 1979," said Mrs. Sims, "Zoot came back from a long tour of Europe complaining about this terrible headache. Like a fool I treated him as if he had the flu; finally we went to a doctor, who recommended a specialist. It was obviously his liver; he had a triple infection. He was put on medication and ordered to the hospital, but refused to go.

"I became the nursemaid at home. He had to have this antibiotic every four hours on the dot. He almost went into a coma. The doctor said: 'You have a choice. Give up drinking or give up living.' Zoot wanted to live. By mid-January he was back on the road."

The Sims' troubles had barely begun. One morning Louise went to work as usual at the New York Times (formerly secretary to the late Arthur Hays Sulzberger, she was later confidential assistant secretary to managing editor Clifton Daniel and is presently on leave as administrative assistant to A. M. Rosenthal). Her left eyelid swelled up and by lunchtime was almost closed.

"By the next day I knew I was exceedingly ill, one eye was closed, the other was half shut. A hospital did emergency tests; one diagnosis was herpes, another was some sort of bacterial infection."

Nobody understood the problem; meanwhile Louise Sims' face swelled up so frighteningly that when Zoot came home from a stint in Toronto he almost went into shock. ("I didn't believe what I saw. Her face was like a balloon.")

"Finally," said Mrs. Sims, "a doctor, Martha M. MacGuffie, who was head of plastic surgery at Nyack (N.Y.) Hospital, came into the case. To cut a very long story short, she found I had a dual bacterial infection resulting in gangrene of the face. Nobody ever found out why I got it. If she hadn't stepped in and told Zoot the infected skin must be removed immediately, the bacteria would have continued spreading and I couldn't have survived.

"So poor Zoot, barely over his own illness, had me in the hospital for three months, seeing me through many operations and skin grafts. At my lowest point, when I was so out of it that I don't even remember suffering, Zoot was the only person allowed in my double isolation room. He was magnificent; every time I woke up I saw him standing there, and he comforted me."

Going through an ordeal like that must have been an irresistible drinking temptation for Zoot, but he won out.

"There was just one moment when I thought about it. I asked Dr. MacGuffie what would happen if it kept spreading—we knew it might be on the way to the brain. She said, 'You'll probably lose her.' I don't think I've been the same since that moment."

Although Louise Sims is not yet fully recovered, she is ambulatory, her face has resumed its normal, attractive proportions and she hopes soon to go back to work. But the Sims' problems of 1982 still were not over.

"Late in the summer of last year, Zoot complained of a back pain. He thought he had sprained it, but it went on for weeks, months. One night I checked his temperature—103. He went to the hospital. Well, now it was his turn to have a mysterious ailment. After four days of testing they got him into the nuclear medicine area, where they found an obstruction behind the right kidney, so large that they had to perform surgery."

Everything slowly returned to near normal, but the Simses have to keep a vigilant eye on themselves and on one another.

□

What attracted the former Louise Choo to John Haley Sims? "We met at Dick Gibson's Colorado Jazz Party in 1969 and were married in 1970. Zoot was charmingly unpredictable. We had a dinner date at 21; he arrived late and said, 'You know, I'm not very good at this—I don't talk a lot.' Well, with the first cocktail he started talking about his family, and I never got a word in for the next two or three hours."

The Sims family is an extensive subject. "I had six brothers and a sister," said Zoot; "I was the youngest. Our parents were in vaudeville. I was born in a suburb of Los Angeles, where two brothers and I volunteered for a high school band. I was 15 when I began working with

local bands and 17 the first time around with Benny."

Today, under contract to Norman Granz's Pablo Records and in constant demand, Sims is at a career peak in terms of creative achievement and pecuniary reward. "I can pick and choose the jobs more than I used to. Louise handles all my bookings. I can say no to certain things now, where in my scuffling days I tended to say yes to everything."

There are those who claim that nobody in jazz can achieve the particular blend of virtues heard in Sims' tenor sax (and occasionally, to telling effect, soprano sax). Though inspired by Lester Young, he developed long ago a sound as personal and a style as appealing as any on the crowded reed scene.

Another saxophone giant, Benny Carter, remarked the other day: "Zoot is the outstanding refutation of the negative theory that whites can't play jazz—and a beautiful fellow to boot."

Many of the best Sims albums are available. Still in the Pablo catalogue are "Hawthorne Nights" with big band charts by Bill Holman, "Zoot Plays Ellington" with arrangements by Benny Carter, and others on which he is heard with Ella Fitzgerald (the "Fine and Mellow" album), Joe Pass, Oscar Peterson, Clark Terry, Count Basie, Jimmy Rowles, Harry (Sweets) Edison, his trombonist brother Ray Sims, and the Ray Bryant trio in a soprano sax session. Earlier albums bring his total to at least 50 LPs as leader or co-leader.

Sims plays better when he's sober. "It's more fun this way," he said. "I was always very professional, but when you're drinking you kind of slide over things. Drinking never made anybody play better."

"Charlie Parker said the same thing about dope. It's strange how many people get hooked because of his reputation. Maybe they even thought they could play like him—which is ridiculous, because you either have the talent or you don't."

Sims' ordeal—and his wife's—has affected him profoundly as a human being. "I hear him accomplishing things he never did before," says Louise Sims. "He was always the most loving and kind and giving person, but I think what we've been through together has brought out the greatest in him, personally and musically." □

JAZZ REVIEW

A: EMMETT CHAPMAN IS ON THE STICK

By LEONARD FEATHER

What has 10 strings, no body, is three feet long, has a five-octave range, and sounds like a battalion of guitars, electric basses and drums?

A. Emmett Chapman's Stick. This unique electronic, stereophonic instrument, which he invented and manufactures (he has sold 1,200 right out of his garage since 1975), is heard every Tuesday evening at Mulberry Street in Studio City. As befits an invention with such rare capabilities, he plays it without accompaniment.

A visit with the Stick defies the eyes, not to mention ears. During one original composition last week Chapman contrived to get a wild 12/8 beat going with his left hand, suggesting at once an electric bass and a bass drum, while devising an entirely separate and complex melody line with his right hand.

Changing the tone by means of a pedal, Chapman sounded variously twangy, sonorous, mellifluous, cavernous, powerful and vertiginous, producing chords and single-note runs at dazzling speed over the bass ostinatos. He is some kind of genius, and for the first 20 minutes or so his technical wizardry is enough in itself to keep the mind transfixed.

That the novelty wears off slightly after awhile can be ascribed to an excess of original material, not all of it as inspiring or as accessible as the few standards he tossed in. Chapman tends also to lack dynamic variety, staying at a level of intensity that becomes a little wearying in the course of a program comprising 13 tunes.

It would be an experience and a half to hear the Stick in the hands of a jazz musician, which Chapman evidently is not. No matter what he is or plays, however, a visit to Mulberry Street is guaranteed to yield singular aural dividends.

Oct. 3 1983

POP REVIEW

RONSTADT SINGS FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was some kind of fantasy. Friday evening at the Greek Theatre, a Cinderella of rock (albeit a wealthy Cinderella) turned into a princess of classic pop.

Linda Ronstadt captivated an umbrella-hoisting audience with "What's New," "Lover Man," "I've Got a Crush on You" and the six other timeless ballads in her trend-bucking new album. Nelson Riddle, whose arranging and conducting has been an invaluable factor in the undertaking, also backed her on an up-tempo piece not in the album, Fats Waller's "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now." Its easy moderato beat provided a welcome contrast.

Ronstadt's initiative has succeeded on two levels. She has attracted an audience that might never have had any interest in seeing her, and she has introduced a series of top-drawer songs to her regular following, who otherwise would never have heard them. The latter group's presence was made evident when, after her closing "Goodbye" (the only number on which she sounded nervous), an encore became mandatory, whereupon she dug back into her other life for a wildly received "Desperado."

Riddle's orchestra provided occasional solos by saxophonist Plas Johnson, pianist Don Grolnick and others heard in the album. Riddle's instrumental interlude, which logically could have been devoted to some of his Frank Sinatra or Nat Cole hits, was merely a pointless recap of the same songs Ronstadt had sung or would sing later.

If this was a minor error of judgment, what followed was a major collapse of taste. Ronstadt was joined by a male and three female back-up voices to sing, in early Andrews Sisters harmony, a series of songs ("Kalamazoo," "Mr. Sandman," "Choo Choo Ch'Boogie") that were trivial 40 years ago and today are valid neither as nostalgia nor as change of pace. If it was up-tempo material she was seeking, why not a few of Jon Hendricks' hip innovations?

Fortunately this deviation was followed by a resumption of the ballad program. Ronstadt's effort to align herself with the world of popular classics is a success, not a triumph. Granted, the same tunes have been sung with more individuality by the Fitzgeralds, Lees, Vaughans, but it is no more reasonable to place her on a comparative scale with them than it is for the critics to

judge her as an oddity, a renegade rocker out to prove a point.

What counts is that Ronstadt held her audience with sensitive readings, appealing timbre and vibrato, and a reserve of power (the beautifully held final note on "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now") and enough evident sincerity to leave no doubt about her warm feeling for these ageless melodies and her comprehension of the lyrics.

One can admire Ronstadt for tackling this project while finding more irony than profundity in her recent remark that "this kind of music involves pure singing; it's not like rock, where you don't always have to be in tune."

The good news is that "What's New" is selling far beyond expectations, already up to No. 28 with a bullet after only two weeks on the charts. Let us hope that Ronstadt, having conducted her experiment so successfully, will not feel compelled to rush back to that other world where you don't have to sing in tune.

Comedian Bob Dubac opened for Ronstadt.



Linda Ronstadt

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JAZZ REVIEW

SONNY ROLLINS, SAX TITAN, AT BEVERLY

By LEONARD FEATHER

A Southland visit by Sonny Rollins is such a rare experience that it was dismaying to find the Beverly Theatre not much more than half-filled Sunday evening for a concert by the colossus of the tenor saxophone.

Rollins remains the perennial maverick. His choice of material leans to unlikely old standards. On this occasion he opened with "I'm Old Fashioned" and later applied his singular rhythmic vigor to "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." To these, and to a couple of originals by his guitarist, Bobby Broom, he brought the same raw vitality he exudes on everything from bop to calypsos. The West Indian idiom with its three repeated chords and rhythmic clichés was kept intensely alive for almost 20 minutes during the second half.

Rollins' control, his subtlety of phrasing and the overwhelming passion of his sound, have no equal on a tenor saxophone or possibly on any other instrument in jazz today. The setting in which he now performs includes his nephew Clifton Anderson, a superior boppish trombonist who brought a semblance of

ensemble feeling to the first and last choruses.

The rhythm section is by no means up to Rollins' standards. Perhaps a generation gap was at work, since these young musicians, particularly Russell Blake on electric bass, do not seem at ease with the classic genre he represents. Broom's solos were fluent but too metallic; the drummer, Tommy Campbell, may have been the victim or the instigator of a sometimes confusing sound mix.

Rollins still uses puckish quotations from odd sources. "La Marseillaise" showed up once in the opening tune and several times more during a long solo cadenza on "Cabin in the Sky." It never bothered me; a sense of humor is benign and even welcome when it is part of a complex and intriguing personality. But it would not hurt if he cut down on the calypso content and included some of his famous jazz originals such as "Doxy" and "Oleo."

A hint of what might have been added could be gleaned when Rollins played "Alfie's Theme" from his score for the film "Alfie." Its graceful sound outswung everything else, but it was used only briefly as a closing theme.

JAZZ REVIEW

PAPA JOHN RETURNS TO HIS FIRST LOVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

As a member of Jefferson Airplane, the violinist Papa John Creach could claim to be the world's oldest rock musician. But rock was never his real metier, a point that may be clarified by a video documentary now being produced under a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Tuesday evening, when some of the videotaping took place at Hop Singh's, a healthy gathering of Creach's fans assembled to cheer him on. They may have been surprised at what they heard, for the 66-year-old rocker has returned to his first love, jazz, and to a very early form of jazz at that.

It was a curious evening, so carefully prepared that all three accompanying musicians were reading music. Gerald Wiggins, instead of playing piano in his usual contemporary style, was on a traditionalist kick; Red Callender was even heard to slap his bass at one point, and the drummer, Bill Douglass, marched through such

antiquities as "Wang Wang Blues" with a quaintly military beat.

The absence of a room microphone on Creach (he was amplified only for the sound track) reduced his audibility in parts of the crowded club. He announced each tune, dutifully notifying us whether it was written in 1924 ("Copenhagen") or 1925 ("Milenberg Joys"). Nothing could fully undo the charm of his easy, legato style, yet he seemed under pressure dealing with material that dated back to his childhood. He managed to cut loose on "Twelfth Street Rag," and the rhythm section established a less dated sound on "Stompin' at the Savoy," the only post-1930 song played during an hour-plus set.

In the context of some as yet untaped segment more in keeping with Creach's personality, the music heard Tuesday may take on a greater significance. It is a pleasure to have Creach back in jazz company, but the pleasure will be redoubled when he is free to play what comes naturally.

JAZZ REVIEW

JON FADDIS' TECHNIQUE HITS NEW HIGHS

By LEONARD FEATHER

On Wednesday, The Tapestry Room in Cal State Northridge's Student Union launched a series of jazz nights by presenting the Jon Faddis Quintet in its first local appearance.

It has taken Faddis too many years to escape the prodigy image. More than a decade has passed since he was the teen-aged wonder in the Thad Jones/Mel Lewis band, the Dizzy Gillespie protege who often appeared with his mentor.

Today, with several years of New York studio

experience to his credit, Faddis is overdue for recognition as a leader. He has the instrumental power, the personable manner, even the well-groomed look (suits and ties are fast replacing jeans and sweat shirts in jazz circles).

His technique is so staggering that at times it runs away with him, taking some of the potential emotional impact along with it. Faddis can rip off a thousand eighth notes playing the eponymous opus of a long-ago era, the Gillespie tune "Bebop." Yet he may have more to say in a single muted chorus of "Round Midnight" or

JAZZ LP REVIEWS

AKIYOSHI-TABACKIN BAND'S SWAN SONG

By LEONARD FEATHER

"EUROPEAN MEMOIRS." Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band. Ascent 1003 (\$10, Ascent Records, 38 West 94th St., New York 10025).

That this multiple-award-winning orchestra should be obliged to appear on the leaders' own label, with virtually no distribution, is an ugly reflection of conditions in the recording industry. It is less important to cry havoc, though, than to welcome the addition of another collection of Akiyoshi's compositions.

This is a swan song for the band she and Tabackin organized in Hollywood in 1973, now relocated in New York; they have an East Coast ensemble. It would be hard to imagine a more appropriate envoi than this set of four works inspired by their last European tour.

"Remembering Bud" is a warm and richly orchestrated tribute to the late Bud Powell, who was Akiyoshi's pianistic inspiration. There is Powell-like articulation in some passages, but others are introspectively lyrical. The use of flutes backing up her slow solo passage is typical of Akiyoshi's writing.

"Feast in Milano," a spirited work in an unlikely meter (15/8, to which you may pat your foot five to the bar if you wish), makes use of the piccolo lead that has also been part of her personality. "Relaxing at Zell am See," named for a ski lodge in the Austrian Alps, is unusual in that Tabackin's tenor sax is heard leading the reed section. Later, he plays a beautiful, impassioned solo that will rank among his greatest recorded works.

The second side is taken up by a suite, "Two Faces of a Nation," motivated by the composer's impression of Germany. The program-music concept may be a little simplistic ("Part one expresses happier, carefree times; part two, the tragic horror to follow"), but the contrasts of waltzing lyricism and stark melodrama, with the use of Japanese Noh voice, add up to a moving performance regardless of the source of inspiration. Tabackin and several other soloists reinforce the succession of moods.

If this orchestra had to be dissolved, there scarcely could have been a more impressive way to bring it to an end. One can only hope that the new band will come close to the noble achievements of its predecessor. 5 stars.

□

"STAMMPEDE." Marvin Stamm. Palo Alto PA 8022. A New York studio trumpeter and veteran of the Kenton and Herman bands, Stamm is surrounded by five non-soloing horns, a rhythm section, and a synthesizer (played by Chris Palmaro, who wrote all eight tunes). His sound is strong and his solos are fluent. No hard jazz here, but the production is first rate and the synthesizer use discreet. Nobody is aimed at an artistic bull's-eye, but the result is a valid compromise between jazz and fusion. 3 stars.

□

"OLD TIME FEELING." Sheila Jordan/Harvie Swartz Duo. Palo Alto 8038. Any singer who takes on

the challenge of recording an entire album accompanied only by a bass player deserves a medal of honor. Jordan, supported by Swartz's exceptional technique, pulls it off. Swartz wrote the title tune, an affecting jazz waltz. Jordan fitted her own lyrics to "Quasimodo," an old Charlie Parker line. Though not an artist of immense technical power, Jordan has a personal charm that lends itself well to such superior standards as "Lazy Afternoon," "Sleeping Bee" and "The Thrill Is Gone." 4 stars.

□

"HAMPTON HAWES." Concord Jazz CJ 222. Taped live at the Great American Music Hall in 1975, two years before he died, Hawes was in a speculative, highly inventive mood when he improvised "The Status of



TOM CHRISTOPHER

Maceo," a three-part suite that takes up the second side. For contrast there are the standards "Sunny" and "Fly Me to the Moon," on Side One, backed by a San Francisco bassist, Mario Suraci. The sensitive liner notes are by Don Asher, the novelist who wrote Hawes' biography. A welcome and unusual addition to the Hawes library. 4½ stars.

□

"STANDARDS, VOL. 1." Keith Jarrett. ECM 1255. This marks the beginning of what could become a useful series. The five cuts find Jarrett supported by Gary Peacock on bass and Jack de Johnette on drums. "Meaning of the Blues" takes on a quasi-Flamenco coloration toward the end. "All the Things You Are" brings Jarrett all the way back to bebop. "God Bless the Child," at 15½ minutes, is 12 minutes too long, mostly in a semi-rock bag. A welcome change from Jarrett's interminable improvised streams of consciousness. 4 stars. (Jarrett's irritating, muttering vocal effects cost half a star.)

□

"FITS LIKE A GLOVE." Pheeroan akLaff. Gramavi-

sion 8307. From the treacly R&B balladry of "Waiting for the Heartache" to the calypso-flavored fluff of the instrumental "L," this is an insult to the intelligence of those who took the drummer akLaff seriously on the basis of his work with Oliver Lake, Anthony Davis and others. Everything you don't need is here, from arcane lyrics to a backup vocal group. Since this is an EP, there is only 18½ minutes of music, mercifully. Minus 1 star.

□

"PLUG IT." Oliver Lake & Jump Up. Gramavision S206. What is happening here at Gramavision? Does this hitherto avant garde label suddenly think it is Motown time? Oliver Lake, a respected member of the World Saxophone Quartet, is on a vocal group kick, with such penetrating thoughts as "Trickle Down Theory Baby for Your Love." He calls his new direction "dance vision." I call it aural junk food. For the instrumental passage, 1 star.

□

"TIME REMEMBERED." Bill Evans Trio. Milestone 47068. Recorded live in 1963 at Shelly's Manne Hole in Hollywood, this two-LP set is doubly important. First, half the material is previously unissued (eight of the 16 tunes), and all of it, with Chuck Israels on bass and Larry Bunker on drums, is of enchanting quality. Second, it is annotated by Israels, whose essay is a marvel of lucidity; he tells us just what was the impact of Evans on his sidemen, how the interplay worked, and which pieces were the most oblique and challenging harmonically. Any professional jazz writer could learn from the style and flow of Israels' insights. 5 stars.

□

"SOME THINGS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES." Richie Cole. Muse 5286. Cole's technique is as formidable as his taste is execrable. Recorded live during his first visit to Japan in 1981, this set finds him with tongue too often in cheek, using far too many comical quotes (even "I Can't Get Started" winds up as "Peg o' My Heart"). The best moments are provided by Bruce Forman, a first-rate guitarist. The rhythm section is stiff and hasty on "Lady Bird." "Cherokee," in case anyone cares, is played at 97 bars to the minute. 2 stars. □

Los Angeles Times

"Whisper Not" than in all the fireworks displays.

He has met his match in the front line with Greg Osby, a young Berklee College scholarship winner, whose sometimes fiery alto sax blends lightly with the leader's trumpet or fluegelhorn in the ensembles, many of which were composed by the group's dynamic and inventive James Williams.

The combo is rounded out by the powerful drumming of Kenny Washington and the all-purpose bassist, Anthony Cox, both of whose solos on Williams' "For My Nephews," the first bowed and the second plucked, displayed his clean, clear sound and thoughtful ideas.

Basically, this is a neo-bop group, though modal elements were added in such works as Williams' "Unlimited." If Faddis reduces his tours of technical force and his voyages into the stratosphere, he can

concentrate more on his strong possibilities as a creatively melodic improviser. Given that development, he should be able to build a substantial following for his group.

Coming next at the Tapestry Room are Free Flight on Wednesday, and Freddie Hubbard on Oct. 12. There are two shows, 8 and 10 p.m.

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A FLUTIST'S MUSICAL MISSION TO MOSCOW

By LEONARD FEATHER

Paul Horn, the New York-born flutist, has long had a penchant for playing in the unlikeliest places at the most improbable times. His latest escapade found him touring the Soviet Union with a jazz quartet, arriving home just days before the Flight 007 tragedy.

This totally apolitical journey was of a piece with his 1968 visit to India, where he played and recorded inside the Taj Mahal, and his 1978 journey to China, just weeks before President Carter established diplomatic relations with the People's Republic, when Horn taped an album

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and played unofficially in a U.S.-Chinese jam session.

The Soviet visit was by far the most elaborate of his exotic ventures, lasting 18 days and held under the official auspices of the Soviet State Variety Agency. U.S.-Soviet cultural exchanges have been in limbo in recent years. Horn gained entry through the side door: as a resident since 1970 of Victoria, B.C., he arranged his visit through an independent Canadian promoter who for years had been importing Soviet artists to Canada.

"In effect, it was an American tour; we all had U.S. passports—I, my son Robin, who played drums; David Friesen, the bassist, and John Stowell, the guitarist.

"Our concert emcee was Vladimir Feuertag, a jazz critic and lecturer. He told us that although Chick Corea and Gary Burton were there a couple of years ago, they only played for U.S. Embassy personnel. Ours was the first small American combo to do this kind of a tour, including both Moscow and Leningrad, under official

auspices. Earl Hines was there with a septet in 1966, but his Leningrad and Moscow dates were mysteriously canceled. The other visitors were mainly big bands, notably Benny Goodman in '62 and Duke Ellington in '71. Listening to our chamber jazz was a totally new experience, and the people just ate it up."

Opening in Moscow, the quartet played for eight nights to packed houses in the 3,000-seat State Central Concert Hall, then took off for Leningrad, where six concerts were held in a 4,000 seater. The tour ended with two nights each in Vilnius and Kaunas, both in Lithuania.

"After Vladimir had introduced us, I would appear from the back of the house and walk down the aisle playing the flute, amplified by a remote radio mike. This really blew their minds. Then the stage would light up and reveal the musicians sitting there.

"Even after this dramatic start, looking out into the audience, I would think to myself, good God, how will these people relate to what I'm going to play? Some, I later found out, had come hundreds of miles to hear us, but I'd say 95% or more were not jazz fans, and there were all ages. But they truly loved the music, and when Vladimir introduced a tune they'd heard of, like 'Summertime,' Nat Adderley's 'Work Song,' or some of the bossa novas, like 'Quiet Nights,' they'd applaud.

"I'd learned enough Russian to introduce the guys and speak a few sentences, which always brought a strong reaction.

"I didn't realize until after the first couple of nights what a huge event this was for some of them. I'd never had a reception like that in my whole life. Not just me, but all of us. They have this custom of bringing flowers—sometimes at the end, but even during a

performance. If Robin, who's 23, played a drum solo that impressed some young lady, she'd walk up and hand him flowers. They also came onstage and brought albums to be autographed at any time during the concert. I was amazed to see that some of them were my Chico Hamilton records." (Horn played in the Chico Hamilton Quintet from 1956-8; his LPs with the group are rare even in the U.S.)

The intellectual concern for American jazz in the U.S.S.R. seems to bear an inverse proportion to its accessibility. As S. Frederick Starr revealed in his recent scholarly and intensely researched book, "Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union" (Oxford University Press, 1983), the Soviet government has blown hot and cold in its attitude. However, there have long been official jazz clubs (the first in Leningrad in 1958); occasional scholarly articles, and a growing number of musicians who measure up to high American standards. (Valeri Ponomarev, after emigrating, spent four years with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers in the trumpet chair now occupied by Wynton Marsalis.) Horn is enthusiastic about a 21-year-old alto saxophonist, Igor Butman, whom he heard in a big, state-supported jazz ensemble.

That the Soviet people could maintain contact through the years with our jazz world, despite the near-impossibility of hearing it in person or on records, is due principally to the nightly "Music U.S.A." record program, a Voice of America fixture since 1955, hosted by Willis Conover. Starr's book calls Conover "the single most influential ambassador of jazz in the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe. Paul Horn confirms this: "Willis Conover is like God to them. He brought jazz to Russia

Los Angeles Times

10/10

JAZZ REVIEW

ARTHUR BLYTHE IN SANTA MONICA

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the past three years the alto saxophone explorations of Arthur Blythe have been alternately supported by two groups, one with a traditional rhythm section, the other with a tuba replacing the string bass and guitar in place of piano. The latter was the subject of an approving report when it appeared at McCabe's in 1981.

Friday evening Blythe was back at the Santa Monica room, attracting a small audience and using neither of his regular backup teams. Instead, he employed local musicians, one of whom was an associate from his California days, the pianist Horace Tapscott.

Despite occasional growls and passages of fire-breathing intensity, Blythe was in a relatively conservative, non-indulgent mood. Of the five works performed, the first and last were products of the bebop era, Charlie Parker's fast blues "Au Privave," and the traditional set closer known as "The Theme." The latter, which began at a fast clip, dropped to half time along the way, then segued into an ancient Nat King Cole riff, "Straighten Up and Fly Right." (Kudos to Blythe, by the way, for managing to play a closing number without a drum solo.)

The most challenging moments were provided during two Tapscott compositions, one of which, "The Dark Tree," Blythe recorded in 1969 on a Tapscott session. The pianist burned furiously under Blythe's insistent rhythmic figures, with urgent support by drummer Gerryck King and bassist Roberto Miranda.

Completing the set were Blythe's own "Faceless Woman" and Tapscott's "Drunken Mary." Played back-to-back, both were in a minor key and both were in 3/4 time. Tapscott's solos were an exotic mixture of Thelonious Monk and Horace Silver, with hints of Cecil Taylor in the more outside passages.

The Blythe-Tapscott reunion was strictly a one-night stand, occasioned, no doubt, by the logistical difficulties of carrying one's own group across country. It would be more rewarding to hear either of the regular Blythe quartets on a local visit, preferably paired with another, commercially more viable attraction that could lure a bigger crowd.

and everybody knows it.

The case of Leonid Pereversev, a leading jazz historian, typifies the impact of Conover. "When he was 10 years old," says Horn, "his father was killed in prison. Leonid was almost suicidally depressed. Then one night he was listening to the Voice of America and Conover's show came on. He told me it didn't just catch his interest, it saved his life. He became more and more involved with the subject and today is one of the country's most respected authorities.

"Vladimir Feuertag, too, is amazingly knowledgeable. One night I wanted to play one of my favorite ballads, 'We'll Be Together Again,' and I couldn't remember who wrote it. Right away he said, 'Oh, Carl Fischer wrote that in 1945.' He's a walking encyclopedia."

Along with the experts and the fans, Horn received a few distinguished visitors.

"The Canadian Ambassador, Jeffrey Pearson, who happens to love jazz, came to one of the Moscow concerts. Congressman John Conyers of Michigan, who heads the Black Caucus, called from the U.S. Embassy, caught the show, came backstage and told me 'Yusef Lateef sends you his best.'" (Lateef, a Detroit, is one of the great modern jazz flutists.)

Just as it seemingly has forever, the problem faces Soviet musicians of finding decent instruments, reeds, sheet music, arrangements, records and books. Notwithstanding these hurdles, a growing number of musicians can now make their living officially playing jazz with the government's approval.

David Goloshchekin, a trumpeter and pianist, is a case in point. "He and his wife, who's a singer, are paid regularly whether they do two concerts a month or 19, which is the maximum allowed. In either event they each receive 200 rubles a month (about \$300). That may not seem like much, but their rent is 25 rubles a month, and living costs in general are on that level.

"Goloshchekin talks to the audience quite a bit during his concerts, so it's a lecture presentation along with the music. I spent a pleasant evening at his home in Leningrad. His wife, incidentally, is an excellent singer who sounds a lot like Ella Fitzgerald. They have a roomy apartment with several bedrooms, a nice



Flutist Paul Horn found jazz fans coming out of the woodwork in Moscow.

baby grand piano, big pictures of Duke and other jazzmen on the wall. From what he told me, it's not a bad life for them."

Obviously not everyone shares the Goloshchekin's contentment. Horn found the general ambiance drab. "The people don't seem to have a real sparkle of life in their eyes. There's no incentive, so the system doesn't work too well. But I don't want to get into politics, and I told people just that when they tried to corner me.

"I didn't go over there to be a missionary, but I was aware that besides playing jazz and having an informative time, we as individuals were representing the West in general and our music in particular, so I felt that how we carried ourselves was important. I don't think that either of the two peoples is getting the full picture of what the other is all about, but all I said at interviews in

answer to loaded questions was, 'We're over here as musicians, I don't try to answer for my government.'"

One of Horn's visitors in Moscow was Igor Gavrilov, president of the Jazz Club of Riga, who brought him samples of jazz LPs on the Soviet Union's state record label, Melodiya. The Leningrad Jazz Ensemble vacillated between New Orleans-style, free form and hard bop; the Moscow Chamber Jazz Ensemble was a more contemporary group.

"The young people, musicians and critics, are very much into free jazz and the avant-garde, but of course names like Miles and Coltrane and Duke are unanimously respected. Because of the difficulty in finding records, they tape copies for one another, so they don't have too much trouble keeping up with events; and of course, there's always Willis Conover."

Horn's only disappointment was the abandonment of a projected film that was to have been made of the tour. "We had PBS committed to airing it, but we needed \$100,000 up front and we just ran out of time and money. David Friesen's sister, actress Dyan Cannon, was going to come along and narrate the film for us. Oh, well, maybe next time."

That there may be a next time seems likely enough. The head of the Soviet concert bureau told Horn that he had seen only delighted reactions, heard only favorable comments, and would be interested in scheduling another tour.

Horn came home with a sense of accomplishment. "What they got from the music was the spirit of the West. There's a certain energy in jazz that they recognize and love, an emotional quality that gets through to people of any age group anywhere.

"After our final concert, in Kamaal, there was an older woman who came up to me, got down on her knees and kissed my hand—it was actually embarrassing—and said, with tears in her eyes, 'I've been working for the symphony orchestra for 30 years, but I never heard music from the heart as much as I did tonight.'"

"I just hope these cultural exchanges can be restored. That seems to be one of the first things that get cut whenever there's any bad feeling between countries, and it's sad, because our musical ambassadors are unique in their ability to communicate love and good feeling.

"One night in Moscow stands out in my mind. It was our last show there, so we were packing up, and a lot of kids were asking questions—one, who'd heard that I recorded with Ravi Shankar, was eager to talk about Indian music, another wanted to know where she could study jazz violin, and so forth.

"An older lady, in charge of the hall, began to get bugged that everyone kept hanging around. She kept saying something in Russian. I guess about wanting to go home, so finally they all had to disperse.

"Just as they left, one of the girls turned around and said to me, in English, 'Stay free and be happy.' I think of all the rewarding moments I experienced, that's the one that meant the most to me." □

FIRST INDUCTIONS

Hall Of Fame Events Set

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.—The first inductions into the National Jazz Hall of Fame highlight the events planned during a week-long program of special events here Oct. 9-16.

The Hall of Fame, chartered last February as a non-profit educational foundation by the Commonwealth of Virginia, will initially be housed at Bayly Museum at the Univ. of Virginia, where ceremonies will be held Oct. 14 to name the first two musicians to be honored. That same day will see author, critic and jazz historian Leonard Feather offering a lecture, while an Oct. 12 concert by the Airmen of Note from Bolling Air Force Base is also scheduled.

Inductees for the Hall of Fame have been selected by a NJHF panel, and will be additionally honored through the loan of two portraits of the musicians for temporary display during the event.

The National Jazz Hall of Fame is seeking a permanent site here for a museum and performing arts center. Providing partial funding for the various events—part of Jazz History Week, as proclaimed by Charlottesville Mayor Frank Buck—is being provided by the Virginia Foundation for the Humanities. Co-sponsors include the McIntire Department of Music and the Afro-American Affairs office of the Univ. of Virginia.

PASQUALE'S JAZZ CLUB BITES DUST IN MALIBU

10/20

Another jazz club has hit the dust—this time almost literally. Plagued by the elements, frequently forced to close because of land slippage onto the Pacific Coast Highway, Pat Senatore has decided to close Pasquale's, his Malibu club, on Sunday.

Senatore, a bass player, opened Pasquale's in February, 1978.

Tonight Pasquale's will bring in various jazzmen who have played the club over the years. Flutist James Newton will appear Friday, harmonica virtuoso Toots Thielemans Saturday (along with pianist Victor Feldman) and Alex Acuna will be joined by several other friends of the owner for the Sunday closing.

Senatore says he hopes to open another club in Brentwood, a safe distance from landslide territory.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Year's Struggle Ends With Ceremony

Jazz Hall Of Fame Inducts Greats

By DAN GENEST
of The Progress Staff

Late jazz greats "Satchmo" and the "Duke," better known as Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, were honored as the first inductees in the National Jazz Hall of Fame at ceremonies held Friday night in the University of Virginia's Bayly Museum.

The ceremony was as much a tribute to Armstrong and Ellington as it was to the small group of jazz lovers who struggled for a year to make the hall of fame a reality.

"It was touch and go for a while, but this brings us one step

closer to a secure future," said Louise Brandt, curator for the hall of fame, shortly before the ceremonies took place.

The National Jazz Hall of Fame was born as dream last winter by a group of people who wanted to create a shrine for jazz musicians and a tourist attraction for the Charlottesville area.

On the way to Friday's induction, the group endured setbacks in their attempts to find a building to house the museum and scorn from those who felt the hall should be located in Washington D.C., Chicago or New Orleans where

there is a tradition of jazz.

For a while, an organization in Washington D.C. had set itself up as a rival national jazz hall of fame.

But Friday night, Foundation President Robert Rutland stood in front of the 75 people attending the ceremony and welcomed them to "National Jazz Hall of Fame."

Gerald E. Fisher, chairman of the Albemarle County Board of Supervisors, said the hall of fame is a "feather in the cap for a community like ours."

Although there is not much to hall of fame at the present, just a

few partitions of plywood on which hang the portraits of Armstrong and Ellington tucked into a wing of the museum, Ms. Brandt said "it is a beginning."

Jazz critic Leon Feather said Armstrong produced his greatest works in the 1920s and 1930s and that he was an "American genius."

Ellington, who composed countless suites and extended instrumental works, was a cut above such contemporaries as Irving Berlin and Cole Porter, Feather said. "He was another (Fedorovich) Stravinsky."



CURATOR BRANDT, LEFT, AND RUTLAND
Portrait Of Armstrong Hangs In Background

CARMELO'S BUCKS THE JAZZ TREND

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is no secret that in Los Angeles' jazz clubs during the past year or two, owners have been crying the blues as loudly as musicians have been playing it. Everything has been blamed for the slump in business, from the weather to the high cost of talent.

Possibly this situation is reversing itself, or perhaps Ruth Hoover, who took over Carmelo's earlier this year, is a cockeyed optimist determined to buck the trend. Whatever her reason, she has announced important policy changes at the Sherman Oaks restaurant and bistro on Van Nuys Boulevard. On Sunday the club switched to a seven-day-a-week operation, with Roger Neumann's big band playing a drinks-and-buffet session from 2 to 6 p.m. Sunday the policy will be doubled up, with a matinee by Bruce Lofgren's orchestra leading to a 7 to 11 p.m. gig by Louie Bellson's battalion.

Neumann, the composer and saxophonist whose 17-man ensemble inaugurated the new deal, has been working around town for several years with a personnel stable enough to interpret his arrangements with precision and enthusiasm.

The musicians represent an unusual cross section of Los Angeles talent, ranging from 22-year-old saxophonist Eric Marienthal to valve trombonist Bob Enevoldsen, 63, whose sound and style retain their personal character.

Neumann's music neither opens a gate to the future nor slams any doors on the past. Most of his charts plow a course down the middle, never harmonically experimental but often scored with considerable imagination. Typical were the use of five flutes in "Emily" and the burnished blend of four fluegel-horns in "All the Things You Are," on both of which Neumann played a

FADDIS TRUMPETS NEW PLAYING LIFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jon Faddis was the Wynton Marsalis of 1972—a teen-age wonder of the trumpet who leapt to prominence and was promptly hailed as the youngster most likely to carry the torch handed down from Satchmo to Roy Eldridge to Dizzy Gillespie.

Unlike Marsalis, whose jazz career has been spent exclusively as a sideman or leader with small combos and who has a CBS recording contract, Faddis took the big-band route, and soon found himself sidetracked in the lucrative but anonymous world of commercial recording sessions. He had no record contract, made only occasional jazz appearances, and seemed to have withdrawn into the studio shell.

Faddis faced a dilemma that has confronted many musicians. He found himself at a crossroad and made the turn marked with the biggest dollar signs. But the encouraging news is that this clean-living, good looking, high-note hitting virtuoso has returned to the world that spawned him.

He has formed his own quintet, recently completed a tour of California, and will open Tuesday at New York's Village Vanguard. In 1984 he will play Nice, tour Japan with Freddie Hubbard and will return to the studio only if it becomes economically necessary.

Faddis became a studio musician by chance. "It was a gradual thing—contractors found I was qualified, and friends like Lou Soloff and Clark Terry and Snooky Young recommended me." And so the comet, after darting across the jazz skies, was obscured in a world peopled by Barry Manilow, Sinatra, Billy Joel, Kool and the Gang, the Rolling Stones, and hundreds more in whose shadow he was a music-reading nonentity.

JAZZ TREND

Continued from Page 1

modestly engaging role on tenor saxophone.

The second set was devoted mainly to variations on the blues, with outstanding solos by Larry Lanetta on trumpet, Herman Riley on tenor and John Patitucci (subbing for John Heard) on bass.

Neumann's most ambitious work is "They Called Him Blue," dedicated to the late Blue Mitchell, who played in the band for several years. The first and third movements again used a blues foundation, but the second, a hauntingly lyrical theme with flugel and flutes, came closest to capturing the essence of Mitchell's personality.

With an \$8 door charge and a token \$2 for the lunch (plus a two-drink minimum), the Sunday matinees seem likely to lure a substantial audience. At the other end of the time spectrum, Carmelo's has announced an after-hours policy. For a nominal membership fee, on every Friday and Saturday night starting Nov. 4 there will be live music, food and non-alcoholic beverages from 2 to 4 a.m.

10/6



After living the lucrative but anonymous life of a studio musician for years, former teen-age wonder Jon Faddis has formed his own quintet.

"Most of the time I got no solo work. The best exception was the movie sound track I did for the Clint Eastwood film, 'The Gauntlet.' Art Pepper was on it, too—really nice; too bad it was a lousy movie."

The studio world never appealed to Faddis for any reason other than the material rewards. "It was easy, playing-wise, but the musicians' topics of conversation always had to do with money. I got into a crisis period where I'd go in, do the job and leave, without talking to anybody. Besides, the extracurricular activities that go in that world don't make it easy for a non-smoking vegetarian who's conscious of his health. . . ."

"Anyhow, after a few years I told myself that there had to be more to life than this vicious studio cycle. Last year I turned 29 and someone said, 'Aha, Faddis, you said you were going to be out of the studio business by the time you were 29!'"

"Then my manager called me for a job I normally wouldn't do, playing with a small jazz group in a club with Richard Davis, the bassist. It felt good. Pretty soon my mind was made up. I had to get away and start my own group. And it's like breathing fresh air again."

Faddis began at an early age to prepare himself for a life in music. Born July 24, 1953 in Oakland, he started playing at age 8; two years later Bill Catalano, a trumpeter with Stan Kenton, introduced him to jazz.

"That was when I first heard Dizzy. I remember it vividly; he played 'Shanty in Old Shanty Town' in an album called 'New Wave,' and I was hooked. I listened to all the Gillespie I could find.

"Finally we met at the Monterey Festival. I took about 50 of my Gillespie albums, introduced myself, and he sat down on the ground and autographed every one of them. I was in heaven!"

The bop veteran and the youngster soon established a close friendship and a teacher-pupil relationship.

Faddis' style had been likened to Gillespie's so often that there is a tendency to forget how many other influences have shaped him. "I've listened to them all, on records if not in person—Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Donald Byrd, Wynton Marsalis, Miles Davis—not the current Miles, but Miles of the Cannonball Adderley-John Coltrane period. And I used to have all the early 1960s records of Woody Herman's band with that real showy flashy lead trumpet work by the late Bill Chase. But then I learned things, sitting next to Snooky Young in Thad and Mel's band, that were totally opposite and, in my opinion, just as valid. More recently I've been listening to two long-gone giants, Clifford Brown and Fats Navarro."

Soon after meeting Gillespie, Faddis' teacher Bill Catalano, suggesting he learn his craft by going on the road, recommended him to Lionel Hampton, whose band Faddis joined two days before his 18th birthday.

"I'm grateful for that experience, but sorry about one thing that happened during my six months with him. Count Basie sent me a telegram offering me a job, but somehow the telegram was intercepted. I guess Lionel really didn't want me to leave."

Faddis did get to play a concert with Basie later, and worked on a record session with Duke Ellington.

The Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, with which Faddis toured internationally from 1972-75, was his major proving ground. "We went to Europe, Japan, toured the U.S.S.R.—and during that period I played concerts in Europe with Charles Mingus. I was doing mostly lead-trumpet work with Thad and Mel, but I had a couple of solos on the 'Suite for Pops' album."

Toward the end of his Jones/Lewis association, Faddis drifted into the studios, but he kept in touch with jazz through occasional concerts and festivals. He was presented by Gillespie as the veteran's protege at the White House concert before Mrs. Reagan and a select audience that was taped for television in December, 1982.

The new Faddis ensemble consists of James Williams, 33, a splendid pianist and composer, formerly with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and three musicians whom he regards as comers: saxophonist Greg Osby, 23, who came to Faddis from Boston's Berklee College of Music; Kenny Washington, 25, a powerful drummer, and Anthony Cox, 28, a schooled and versatile bassist. □

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POP REVIEW

TABACKIN RETURNS, WITH SAXOPHONE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Lew Tabackin, the tenor saxophonist who deserted the Southland for New York a year ago, is back in town briefly. Tuesday evening found him at Donte's, leading a trio with Joey Baron on drums and Putter Smith on bass.

The limits of this instrumentation are inescapable. Except for a bass solo interlude, every number consisted of an elongated saxophone solo. That Tabackin managed more often than not to sustain a mood over these long stretches is a tribute to his endless flow of melodic ideas, his rhythmic ingenuity and ox-strong attack.

The John Lewis composition "Afternoon in Paris" was an arresting opener as Tabackin took the theme's harmonic contours through a lengthy series of variations. Tabackin's own "Desert Lady" was, regrettably, the only tune played on flute, an instrument of which he is a consummate master, although at times he had to fight a balky PA system.

Baron, who works with Tabackin regularly, has developed into a vital and consistently supportive drummer. Smith's bass solos achieved enough interest to provide a needed contrast.

The set bogged down with "Black and Tan Fantasy,"

an old Duke Ellington piece that was principally an overextended improvisation on the blues, and "I Hear a Rhapsody," an old pop song taken at a far-from-rhapsodic tempo. "Chelsea Bridge" provided a sample of Tabackin's eclecticism, reminding us that for all of his savagely contemporary brilliance he has roots in the tenor sax masters of the past.

Tonight Donte's celebrates its 17th anniversary by beginning a three-day stint featuring Clark Terry accompanied by the Ross Tompkins trio.

JAZZ REVIEW

PHILLIPS IS WORTH THE LONG WAIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Vine Street Bar & Grill, directly across from the Huntington Hartford Theatre, has expanded its live entertainment schedule to what is now a seven-day-a-week policy. Recent incumbents have included Benard Ighner, Barbara McNair and Anita O'Day. Given the defections on the local nightclub front, the room seems to be filling a need—and, incidentally, offers the only consistent live jazz in the Hollywood area. Esther Phillips, who opened Thursday and closes tonight, remains the indisputable queen of the blues. Looking trim in a gold lame outfit, Phillips started her Thursday show almost an hour late, after leaving it to her rhythm section to mark time with a series of bebop and R&B instrumentals. It was worth the wait, for there is no other sound in contemporary music quite like hers, and when the material is right she becomes soul incarnate.

Clarity of diction has never been her long suit, and on some of the less familiar tunes the intelligibility level fluctuated; however, with that dry-ice timbre she could sing double talk and still get her message across.

There were two blues: "Scarred Knees," one chorus of which she simply hummed, and later the venerable Joe Turner masterpiece "Cherry Red," during which she took over from Gib Noble at the piano to play one of her characteris-

Please see ESTHER, Page 2

ESTHER PHILLIPS

Continued from Page 1

tic, thick-chorded solos. Guitarist Tony Drake, the quartet's most interesting member, offered hints of B.B. King in his brief foray.

Phillips had sung 45 minutes when she went into her closing routine, involving introductions of the group and solos by each musician; however, she had second thoughts and returned to sing "When I Fall in Love," one of those standards for which her switching of words and shifting of melody has typified her style ever since she was a teen-age prodigy billed as "Little Esther." Her closer was the chilling Gil Scott-Heron song, "Home Is Where the Hatred Is."

Upcoming on the Vine Street schedule, Mike Campbell takes over Sunday, Diane Michelle Monday, followed by Joyce Wilson Tuesday and Wednesday and Morgana King Thursday through Saturday.

□

CORRECTION: Clark Terry's engagement at Donte's closes tonight, not Sunday as was indicated in Friday's review of Lew Tabackin at the same club.

RECORD REVIEW

GET A \$350 LODGE OF SINATRA

By LEONARD FEATHER

"SINATRA." Frank Sinatra. Mobile Fidelity, Sound Lab SCI.

Warning: Do not place this album on a coffee table if your table has a glass top. It simply will not withstand the weight of this colossal project.

Much has been written about the sound quality and production values that lend the 16-album package a gift-appeal aura. This may prove irresistible to anyone who, shortly before Christmas, finds himself or herself with \$350 to spare.

The sound is beyond reproach and the Japanese pressings are a high grade of vinyl. Still, the bottom line is how a collection of performances has stood up under the onslaught of time.

Many observers find in Sinatra's Capitol period (1953-1962, from which all this material was drawn), the golden years, never achieved on Columbia (1943-52) and not surpassed on Reprise, the label he founded in 1961. They are right in the sense that Sinatra's total consistency in every mood and



tempo, the choice of material, the sense of nightclub intimacy (even when a vast orchestra surrounded him) and the quality of the arrangements (mainly by Nelson Riddle, Billy May and Gordon Jenkins) represented a shining hour in the history of popular music.

In retrospect, it is remarkable what a great proportion of the songs Sinatra chose to record during the 1950s had been written in the 1920s, '30s and '40s. He believed in the great classic-pop tradition and in the men who created it: Burke, Van Heusen, Cahn, Styne, Rodgers, Gershwin, Mercer.

Though there is a fairly even division between ballad and rhythm sets, almost every track is in tempo, in keeping with the sense of danceability that informed many popular vocal records of that time. There are flashes of jazz: Sweets Edison's muted trumpet on "Mood Indigo" and many others; valve trombonist Juan Tizol in "I Got It Bad."

Sinatra was once quoted as believing that "Nelson Riddle is the greatest arranger in the world. . . . Billy May is always driving, while Nelson has more depth, and with Gordon Jenkins, it's just plain beautiful and simple." Hindsight shows us that his taste in arrangers matched his other talents.

The packaging is very fancy: The three layers (sleeve, fold-out cover open on three sides, and silvered over-cover closed on three sides) make it a juggler's job to replace each disc and get it back in the box. Complete personnels are listed. The use of the original artwork adds a touch of nostalgia, but complete sets of album notes (there is only one, by the late Ralph J. Gleason) would have been more valuable. Volume 3, we are told, "contains all 16 selections from the original edition of 'Songs for Swingin' Lovers.'" Strange; my copy contains exactly 15 songs.

I'm among those who believe that Sinatra's Reprise years were as rewarding as the Capitol decade, and certainly more diverse in terms of the company he kept. He continued to work with Riddle, May and Jenkins, but was also heard on sessions with Neal Hefti, Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Quincy Jones and Claus Ogerman.

Back to the bottom line: Whatever preceded or followed these 16 albums, all argument is rendered futile by the unquestionable conclusion that during his Capitol sojourn, Sinatra produced a unique lode of time-proof music. Maybe \$350 worth. □

PASQUALE'S: SAD NOTES IN PASSING

By LEONARD FEATHER

They may have called it Latin funk, fusion or just plain jazz, but what came out of the musicians' horns Sunday at Pasquale's amounted to a requiem.

For four years and eight months, owner Pat (Pasquale) Senatore struggled against everything nature could hurl at him—rainstorms, landslides, high tides, fire, enough problems to close the Malibu club down 20 times for periods ranging from one night to seven weeks. The last straw was the installation at an adjoining restaurant of a music policy, the sounds of which leaked through into Senatore's oceanside retreat.

"The sad part," said Senatore, "was that when conditions were normal, we did good business. They just weren't normal often enough."

Pasquale's had what many visitors considered the ideal jazz club ambiance. Instead of a rear wall, a picture window opened out onto a balcony, directly above the beach. During quiet solos the sound of the Pacific Ocean itself became a gentle rhythm section.

Small though it was, the room had some of the greatest names: Nat Adderley, Freddie Hubbard, Joe Farrell, Pat Metheny, Chick Corea, Harold Land, Joe Pass, Bobby Hutcherson, Tom Scott, even the Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band.

"We had some great nights with singers, too," Senatore recalled. "Once the Jon Hendricks family worked here when he had Bobby McFerrin with

him, and Al Jarreau sat in. And we had Carmen McRae, Manhattan Transfer. And too many others who played some of their last dates here: Frank Rosolino, Blue Mitchell, Willie Bobo, Art Pepper."

Senatore led the house trio with a parade of pianists from George Cables to Roger Kellaway, and such drummers as Billy Higgins, Roy McCurdy and John Guerin.

The Sunday finale brought back many of the regulars. Drummer Alex Acuna led a combo with Justo Almario; Ray Pizzi fronted a quartet with Mike Lang at the piano, Pasquale on bass and Guerin on drums. Musicians in the audience praised the music and cursed the instability of the Pacific Coast Highway.

"This is our goodbye tribute to a good friend of music," said Acuna. "We hope to see him back in action soon."

That, indeed, is Pasquale's intention. He thinks Brentwood might be a suitable location for a new venture. Meanwhile, he and his wife, Barbara, who worked with unquenchable patience on a venture that enjoyed everything except luck, are spending today removing photos and press clippings from the walls, packing up furniture, going through all the saddening chores that attend the end of this romance between jazz and the rolling Pacific.

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Leonard Feather, the most distinguished jazz critic in the nation, according to Robert Rutland, board chairman of the Jazz Hall of Fame, spoke to jazz fans in Campbell Hall October 13. The next night Feather was a guest of honor at a reception in the Bayly honoring Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, who were inducted into the Hall.

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JAZZ

YEAH, BUT MOSTLY, IT'S BEEN SWEET

by LEONARD FEATHER

On a recent evening at Carmelo's jazz club in Sherman Oaks, the room was more than normally packed with jazz celebrities. At 9 p.m. the reason became evident: Ernie Andrews sang "Happy Birthday," a cake was brought to the bandstand, and Harry (Sweets) Edison, best known and most admired of the surviving Swing Era trumpeters, enjoyed the sweet taste of being 68.

Age cannot cut down Edison's schedule. The next day he was off to Japan, with the "Jazz at the Philharmonic" troupe, to celebrate (along with Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson and a dozen other notables) the 30th anniversary of Norman Granz's first visit to Japan with JATP. From there he left directly for Europe as part of a Count Basie alumni band for a three-week concert tour.

"The travel doesn't bother me," said Edison. "I've gotten to the point in my life where I know I'm never going to get rich, but at least I can go where they best appreciate what I'm trying to do."

In a career that has spanned half a century, Edison has done it all: tours with big bands in the 1930s and '40s, record dates with Frank Sinatra, studio and TV work in Hollywood in the '50s, on the road with his own combos, and for the past 20 years a heady mixture of all these activities, though he now spends at least half his time overseas.

Sweets' sound is so personal that two notes (often muted and gently bent) in the background on a Sinatra record give him away instantly. This sound has become a trademark on countless Sinatra performances, just as his solos had been an identifying element in the Basie band. (When he joined Basie, during Christmas week '37, several members of the present Basie band were not yet born.)

"None of it would have happened," he says, "if it hadn't been for my uncle Bob. He raised me in a little place called Beaver Junction, Ky.; my parents had split when I was an infant. Uncle Bob owned a farm, and everyone on that farm had to do as he said."

"Uncle Bob just loved music. He'd play the tuba, my aunt would join him on the pump organ, and I learned enough organ to play in church; but all I really was interested in was playing basketball and baseball."

"My uncle also had an old cornet he'd bought out of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, and he taught me the scales. My aunt helped me to read music, and soon I was



TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Harry (Sweets) Edison celebrating at Carmelo's.

working with a little band on a wagon for church affairs, playing marches—no jazz."

Along with a remarkable number of future stars, Edison was turned on to jazz by the 1928 Louis Armstrong masterpiece "West End Blues." From that point on, "the trumpet was my first love. While I was at high school in Columbus, Ohio, I got a letter in basketball but I had started really listening—I'd stand outside a dance hall, where blacks weren't allowed in as customers but Louis Armstrong was playing. Then when Pops (Armstrong) played the Palace Theatre, which was also segregated, my mother got permission for me to go backstage and listen."

Edison's career began in an orchestra known as Peter-Pillars, led by two saxophonists. After two or three years with the band in Cleveland and St. Louis, he got to New York through a fluke, in the form of a pragmatic deception.

"A saxophonist friend, Harold Arnold, had an offer to go to New York along with Harold Baker, the trumpeter. They were both supposed to join Lucky Millinder's band. Well, Baker took another job, so Harold Arnold asked me: 'Why don't you come along? I've got two tickets.' That was my chance—I went to New York under the assumed name of Harold Baker. When Millinder complained, Arnold said, 'Don't worry, Harry's a fine player.' So I got the job."

Six months later several Basie sidemen living in the same Harlem rooming house advised Edison to try out for Basie's band. "I went to audition at the Woodside Hotel—remember 'Jumpin' at the Woodside'?—and a lot of those guys were friends of mine from Kansas City. Three weeks after I joined the band, I got my nickname. Lester Young started calling me Sweetie Pie, and that was shortened to Sweets."

"When I joined the band there was so little written music that it was all carried around in one thin portfolio. We took turns carrying it. Most of the music consisted of head arrangements the guys made up on the stand, and

there was a tremendous, joyful spirit like nothing else I've ever known.

"For a while I was baffled by the shortage of music. One time I said, 'Basie, I don't know what note to play here.' He said, 'What's the matter? You're playing, aren't you?' I said, 'Yes, but I want to know what I'm playing—when the band ends I don't know what note to hit.' Then Basie told me, 'If you hit a note tonight and it sounds right, just play that same note tomorrow!'"

Despite one-night stands that might take the bus 500 miles (and wind up at a town where no hotel would accept blacks), morale and unity in the band were high. "Basie was always so tactful that no matter what went wrong, nobody would ever not feel like playing. I actually felt I should be paying Basie to work in that band."

Among Edison's side ventures during the Basie years was an appearance in the classic Gjon Mili film short "Jammin' the Blues." When the Basie band broke up in 1950, Edison worked for a while with Buddy Rich, of whom he speaks with rare affection. "There was never anything between us but kind words and mutual respect. We were dear friends."

"I was with Buddy when Josephine Baker came over from Paris for a tour and he traveled as her musical director. When Buddy left I took over, and we traveled for quite some time. She was a beautiful person to work for."

A tour with "Jazz at the Philharmonic" was followed by Edison's first West Coast residency. "I came to California in 1952 and one night at a party I ran into Nelson Riddle, whom I'd known when he was a trombonist with Tommy Dorsey. He asked me if I was going to stay around town, and promised he'd call. Sure enough, I began one of the happiest associations of my life."

Working for Riddle meant not only the Sinatra record dates, but Nat King Cole, television, concerts. Edison soon found himself making up to \$70,000 a year, big money in the 1950s. He credits the fellow musicians who helped equip him for studio work. "Manny Klein, who was on so many dates that I played, taught me more about the trumpet, and about reading, than I had ever known. I'd get to a date a half-hour early and he'd show me how to mark certain passages I had trouble playing."

Over the years, Edison played on records or in TV series for Mitchell Ayres (three years on the "Hollywood Palace" staff band), Rosemary Clooney, Leslie Uggams, Sammy Davis Jr., Glen Campbell, Bill Cosby (with Quincy Jones' orchestra), Don Knotts, Andy Williams, Bing Crosby, Don Rickles and Della Reese. There were numerous reunions with Sinatra, most notably a Sinatra-Basie stint in Las Vegas. For 18 months he led a quintet that backed Joe Williams.

"The easiest singer to work with was Billie Holiday. She'd come in the studio with no music, get the right key from (pianist) Jimmy Rowles, and we'd make up the arrangements. One of the hardest, surprisingly, was Paul Robeson. The only jazz record he ever made was 'King Joe,' a blues, with Basie's band. That was in 1941. Because of his operatic training he couldn't sing in time with us—he got lost. But what a fantastic man, the epitome of artistry."

The studio grind ultimately became tiresome, but Edison always kept up his jazz chops by taking local club dates, touring with a small group, or playing concerts with the bands of Louis Bellson, Gerald Wilson and others.

"In the 1960s I got into a lot of tax trouble. I said to myself the hell with it. I'll play a small club, make less money and work out a deal to pay off the taxes. So I was in and out of Memory Lane for a few years, and still did a certain amount of studio work, working with some great arrangers: Benny Carter, Hank Mancini, Dave Grusin."

A decade or so ago, when he began to expand his traveling schedule, Edison also enlarged his extra-musical interests. During European visits, or while on a State Department tour of the Middle East with Benny Carter's quintet, he would spend time in museums and art galleries; he has since accumulated a collection of prints by Van Gogh, Rembrandt and Goya that decorate his Los Angeles home. Divorced, he takes pride in his daughter, Helena. "She just started at UCLA, majoring in computer science. I'm really blessed to have her."

"I'm blessed in so many things. In all the years I've been in this business, I've never parted with anyone I worked with on anything but the best of terms. If I've ever made an enemy out of someone, I just don't know about it." □

MORGANA KING AT VINE ST. 10/31

Morgana King, who opened a three-night stand to a packed house last Thursday at the Vine St. Bar and Grill, has two qualities that long ago established her as unique among jazz singers: her timbre, which is light and delicate to the point of evanescence, and her range, which sometimes creates the illusion that her low notes begin where other singers' upper registers leave off.

A product of the 1950s jazz years in New York, King stays mainly with the repertoire of that era. Jazz and pop standards predominate, some too familiar and lyrically antiquated, others time-proof. Backed by skillful pianist David Benoit and the father-and-son team of Jim Di Julio Sr. and Jr., on bass and drums, respectively, King also did her share of scatting, and on several songs ended with a wordless, squeaky solo break that evoked Blossom Dearie. Jazz singing in the Morgana manner is an acquired taste, one that this reviewer has slowly acquired over the years. She returns Thursday for another three nights.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Pianists, Part 4

FOR THE RECORD

Six Greats Discuss The Recordings That Meant The Most To Them

By Leonard Feather

THIS MARKS THE FOURTH installment in our series of interviews with some of the leading practitioners of the art of jazz piano. As everyone who has stayed with us through all four articles must know by now, our underlying hypothesis is that every great jazz artist, and in particular every noteworthy pianist, developed his or her interest to a greater or lesser degree by listening to records. At the very least it was assumed that records have universally served as one of the most important influences in shaping the contemporary musician's style, attitude, and creative evolution.

Well, it seems we have finally found a departure from that assumption. And, given her personal tradition of unorthodox performance, composition, orchestration, and keyboard techniques, it seems somehow fitting that Carla Bley would be the one to break ranks.

Carla Bley

I have known Ms. Bley slightly, and her music more than slightly, long enough to be aware that the only thing one can predict about her is her unpredictability. Nevertheless, her response to my inquiry came as something of a surprise.

"I have to disqualify myself from your questionnaire about influential records," she writes. "I never had a phonograph or any records. Even now, I only listen to music occasionally — usually in a social situation. The music that influenced me was exclusively live. I worked (doing menial jobs like checking coats and selling cigarettes) in jazz clubs during my entire formative period. And when I wasn't working, I was going to clubs and sitting there, listening all night as the wife

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 three installments in this For The Record series (May '83, July '83, and Sept. '83).

or girlfriend of musicians. So I can't fill out the form, but for the record, I would like to say that the groups I loved the most were: Modern Jazz Quartet, [bassist] Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Gil Evans, Count Basie, [saxophonist] Ornette Coleman. All composers! Hmmm! Thanks anyway — Carla."

Obviously Bley is the exception who proves the rule. It should perhaps be pointed out that her musical development might have been made easier by her marriage, at 19, to the composer/pianist Paul Bley, who perhaps not coincidentally worked with Mingus and Coleman. (On the other hand, it seems safe to say that Carla had a powerful influence on her former husband as well.)

Herbie Hancock

More typical is the case of Herbie Hancock. So much has been written about Hancock in *Keyboard* over the years that any comment from me at this point would seem superfluous. I would like to make one point, however: It is my firm belief that for all the hostility he has engendered among jazz critics for his commercially successful funk records, and despite the outrage his explorations of electronic keyboards have provoked among traditionalists, Hancock believes in what he is doing, regardless of the medium he may be working in at any given time. His most recent acoustic jazz albums reveal no decrease in his capacity for creating first-rate music in the idiom that brought him into prominence some twenty-odd years ago.

His selections for this series make it quite clear where his heart and tastes still lie. First, he cites George Shearing's MGM record of *I'll Remember April* (out of print), one of the quintet sides from the '50s. "I didn't know how to play jazz at the time," he notes, "but I saw one of my high school classmates playing improvised jazz at a school variety show, and I became fascinated by the fact that he could spontaneously create music out of his own head. He patterned his playing along the George Shearing style so very naturally that Shearing became my first influence."

Drummer Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, with their various hard bop albums on the Blue Note label, made their impact not long after. "That hard-driving East Coast sound was new to me at the time," Hancock explains, "and I was so taken by it that I practically abandoned listening to West Coast jazz, which had been my previous

focus of attention."

The Miles Davis album *Miles Ahead* (Columbia, PC-8633) impressed Hancock for two reasons: "First, the orchestration by Gil Evans that sounded so heavily influenced by Duke Ellington, and second, the poignant phrases of Miles Davis."

Another Davis album that had meaning for Herbie was *Kind Of Blue* (Columbia PC-8163). "This recording marked my first exposure to strict modal playing," he says. "The openness and musical freedom, executed and implied, made a lasting impression on me."

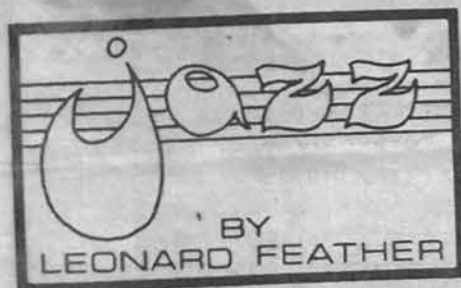
Fifth among Hancock's choices was Igor Stravinsky's *Rite Of Spring*. "The orchestral expression, the rhythm both subtle and bizarre, the wide range of melodic material. All these things and more filled me with deep emotions and a tremendous childlike fascination for the world of music and life."

Jimmy Rowles

It is doubtful that any pianist is more universally respected by his peers than Jimmy Rowles. He came up under a heavy Ellington influence; Ben Webster, then starting in Duke's saxophone section, recommended him for his first major job, with Benny Goodman. Inspired by Ellington and Strayhorn, he became a master of rich jazz harmonies, a fact that has delighted all of the many great singers he has accompanied, among them Peggy Lee, Billie Holiday, and Ella Fitzgerald.

Rowles prefers not to be pinned down to specific tunes or albums. His thoughts roam instead toward artists and ensembles who have helped shape his thinking. First, he cites Teddy Wilson's work with the Benny Goodman Trio, with Wilson's own combos of the late '30s, as a sideman to singer Bob Howard, and in solo piano format. "The small group records, many of them with Billie Holiday, made me familiar with all kinds of styles, with horn players, with Teddy's approach, and with various types of improvisation, with lyrics, with phrasing. I still have them, and I still listen to those different alterations on chords."

Next on Jimmy's list is the Jimmie Lunceford band. When asked what he liked about this great and underrated group, he replies, "The whole thing. I have several favorites, but it's impossible to pick one out of that collection. Again, I admired the use of chords and certain nuances of phrasing. Of course, there were other strong influences around



The Underrated Musician

Recently I received Dick Hyman's "Etudes for Jazz Piano" (\$10.00, Kendor Music, P.O. Box 278, Delevan, N.Y. 14042). It comprises 15 short piano works written in the styles of as many soloists, from Scott Joplin, Jelly Roll Morton and James P. Johnson to Peterson, Shearing, Brubeck and Evans. The book includes a seven-inch record on which Hyman plays his originals. It is an astonishing achievement. Hyman has captured the essence of each artist, even of the almost uncapturable Art Tatum.

Hyman must be the foremost eclectic in all of jazz, and the most gifted re-creator of styles: a few years ago he transcribed some of Louis Armstrong's famous solos, scoring some for trumpet section, and used this as the basis for a triumphant tour of the Soviet Union with the New York Jazz Repertory Orchestra.

Though now at a peak of success as composer, arranger, pianist, organist, harpsichordist, synthesist (he has even tried singing), Dick
6-Overture-September, 1983

Hyman has been taken too much for granted by too many of the critics. Perhaps it is because he does too many things too well; as a result, no one clear image has emerged.

Dick Cary, here in Los Angeles, has a similar problem. He has racked up countless credits playing piano, trumpet, trombone, alto horn, mellophone, and composing and arranging for jazz, pop and symphony orchestras. Today, at 67, he is respected by everyone familiar with his work, but most of the jazz history books have completely ignored him. Hyman, 56, has been similarly bypassed, but at least his versatility has paid off handsomely; he is one of New York's busiest musicians.

The jazz historians have tended to concentrate too heavily on creative individuals who, for the most part, have a single identity. Not everyone can be an innovator on the order of an Armstrong, Goodman, Parker or Gillespie; but we will always need gifted artists like Hyman and Cary to keep the flame alive.

10/30



Rob McConnell, leader of Toronto's Boss Brass.

JAZZ ALBUM REVIEWS

SCALING HEIGHTS NORTH OF BORDER

By LEONARD FEATHER

"AGAIN!" Rob McConnell & the Boss Brass. Vols. I & II. Pausa 7148, 7149. \$9, each. Box 10069, Glendale 91209.

Duke Ellington once noted that the formula for success was "being in the right place, doing the right thing for the right people at the right time." Perhaps, if McConnell & Co. had been in the hub of Manhattan during the 1970s rather than north of the border (they have rarely been beyond Canada and seldom work outside Toronto), the recognition they deserve would have been theirs.

A valve trombonist, the leader writes almost all the arrangements, many of them for familiar works such as Kurt Weill's "My Ship," Lester Young's "Tickle Toe" and Billie Strayhorn's "Take the A Train" to which he has brought so much freshness in texture, tempos and instrumentation (the band includes two French horns as well as five trumpets and five trombones) that they take on a new and vivid life.

The orchestra is rich in soloists, a few of whom are well known in this country through recordings: Ed Bickert, guitar; Moe Koffman, alto sax; Don Thompson (now George Shearing's bassist) and Guido Basso, whose flugelhorn lights up "A Time for Love."

The only non-McConnell chart is fellow trombonist Ian McDougall's four-movement "Pellet Suite." This takes up the second side of Vol. II. As on McConnell's works, the performance and recording are flawless.

Absent the possibility of a U.S. tour, this band simply

4 Part VI/Wednesday, October 26, 1983

JAZZ TRIBUTE AT THE PALLADIUM

One of the season's most ambitious jazz concerts will be presented Sunday at the Hollywood Palladium by Musicians' Wives Inc. Running from 5 p.m. to midnight, the show will be a tribute to the late Chuck Piscitello, who instituted the jazz policy at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks. A scholarship for young musicians will be set up in his name.

Part of the proceeds also will go to support Jason Rosolino Eien, the young son of trombonist Frank Rosolino. Eien was blinded in a shooting incident when Rosolino committed suicide in 1978.

Instrumentalists in the all-star lineup will include Tommy Newsom leading the Tonight Show Band, Don Menza, Bill Berry, Pete Christlieb, Al Cohn, Stan Getz, Supersax, Ernie Watts, Jack Sheldon, Teddy Edwards, Transit West and the Candoli Brothers.

Others who have volunteered to take part are Steve Allen, Charlie Callas and Jack Lemmon and singers Edie Adams, Ernie Andrews, Rosemary Clooney, Full Swing, Benard Ighner and Ruth Price.

Tickets are \$20 in advance or \$25 at the box office. For further information, call 985-8059.

—LEONARD FEATHER

has to be heard by the only available means. 5 stars for each.

□

"SUPERSAX & L.A. VOICES." Columbia FC 39140. As always, the five saxophones read flawlessly Med Flory's harmonizations of Charlie Parker solos, but this is 1983, and the novelty has worn off since 1972. The addition of five voices, mellifluous almost at the Singers Unlimited level, adds a helpful new dimension; but when Parker recorded "Old Folks" and "In the Still of the Night," he too used a vocal group, the Dave Lambert Singers. They were not as slick as Flory's five, nor was the 1953 mono recording ideal; but Bird was there, as were Charles Mingus, Max Roach and arranger Gil Evans. (The Supersax rhythm team is somewhat non-propulsive.) "Supersax & L.A. Voices" is a technical wonder, and can be recommended to anyone who already has the Parker originals (still available on Verve reissues). In short, it's a valid second choice. 3 stars.

□

"ORACLE'S DESTINY." Michel Petrucciani. Owl 032. Recorded a year ago in Paris, this is the first solo album to be made available in this country by the little man from Big Sur. A mixture of standards and originals would have made a more accessible start, but the journey through his mind is a frequent source of awe in these extended versions of original works. The album is dedicated to Bill Evans, whose mantle some observers feel Petrucciani has inherited, though he has already discovered a wondrous new world of his own. 4 stars.

□

"YESTERDAY, TODAY AND FOREVER." Shorty Rogers/Bud Shank. Concord Jazz CJ-223. Rogers and Shank were symbols, in the early 1950s, of what was usually classified as West Coast Jazz. Much has changed. Rogers is back on his horn after many years devoted to writing. Shank is a more mature and soulful soloist now, and the rhythm section (George Cables, Bob Magnusson, Roy McCurdy) has none of that old California languor. Rogers at times is short on fluency and emotion, especially on the upbeat "Budo," and both leaders suffer from the material in "Wagon Wheels," but the album is spotted with splendid Shank (alto on Strayhorn's "Blood Count," flute on Rogers' "Lotus Bud"). 3½ stars.

□

"STEPHANOVA." Stephane Grappelli. Concord Jazz CJ-225. The utter simplicity of this duo set is at the core of its charm. Marc Fosset, a young Frenchman, playing acoustic guitar, is a sensitive foil for Grappelli and the composer of two Latinesque originals. The program is well chosen, from Miles Davis ("Tune Up") to Richard Rodgers to Edvard Grieg. Grappelli at 75 plays with more cheerful self-confidence than he did at 57, or 27. Ideal dinner music jazz. 4 stars.

□

"JACKSON, JOHNSON, BROWN & CO." Milt Jackson, J.J. Johnson, Ray Brown. Pablo 2310-397. Three indomitable survivors of the bebop era bring their vibraphone, trombone and bass strengths into action along with guitarist John Collins (whose "My One and Only Love" is a gentle delight), Roy McCurdy on drums, and a ringer, the youthful Tom Ranier, whose piano meshes well with the surrounding boppers. Three of the seven cuts are blues, balanced by Johnson's best-known original, "Lament," and Tadd Dameron's "Our Delight." 3½ stars.

□

"THE DAVE FRISHBERG SONGBOOK VOL. II." Omni-Sound NI051. Johnny Mercer was a writer and singer of variously witty and poignant lyrics. Frishberg not only sings and writes witty and poignant lyrics but also fashions harmonically intriguing melodies, and is a first-rate modern-jazz pianist. Among the titles: "Blizzard of Lies" (a marvelous collection of conversational clichés), "My Attorney Bernie," "Wheelers and Dealers," a study in cynicism, and the very touching "Marilyn Monroe." Frishberg soon will be the subject of a feature article; justice cannot be done to him in a paragraph. 5 stars. □

JAZZ REVIEW

NEWSOM IMPROVISES AT GINGERHOUSE

By LEONARD FEATHER

One of the better-kept secrets in the Southland jazz community is the transformation Tommy Newsom undergoes every Thursday evening.

For an hour he can be found in Burbank in his regular role as saxophone section member, and frequent substitute conductor, on "The Tonight Show." Three hours later, shedding his square image and trading in his alto sax for a tenor, he may be seen on the small bandstand at the Gingerhouse Restaurant in Tarzana.

This procedure has been in effect since April, 1982. Generally Newsom's partner in the front line is trombonist Bob Enevoldsen. This Thursday, however, he was teamed with a second tenor player, John Bambridge, his colleague in Doc Severinsen's reed team.

Clearly this is a job Newsom undertakes for the sheer love of playing improvised music as opposed to reading section parts. His attractive sound is slightly reminiscent of Al Cohn's, his phrasing impeccable and his taste in tunes conventional but satisfactory.

Bambridge's tone, slightly less full than Newsom's, offered a stimulating contrast as they made their way through "Close Your Eyes," "Sophisticated Lady," "Love for Sale" and other dependables.



Tommy Newsom

Newsom has in his rhythm section two outstanding soloists: the agile and inventive bassist Bob Maize and a pianist, John Hammond (unrelated to the various other John Hammonds), whose style merges bebop with hints of the blues. Completing the group is Dick Berk, a seasoned and steady drummer who often traded fours with the two reedmen.

Music starts at 9:30 and later in the evening other jazzmen from the area are likely to sit in.

JAZZ REVIEW

NORRIS, HADEN REUNITE FOR A NIGHT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Walter Norris, a pianist with a long list of New York and California credits, is here on a brief visit from West Berlin, where he has lived since 1977. Saturday evening he was reunited, at the Comeback Inn in Venice, with the virtuosic bassist Charlie Haden.

A veteran of every school from bop to cool to avant-garde, Norris took less than an hour to show, in an uneven but intriguingly eclectic manner, the diversity of his influences. His opening "Green Dolphin Street" was tepid, perhaps he felt hampered by the out-of-tune upright piano. But his original "Winter Rose" achieved a pleasingly pastoral mood. Haden,

obviously unfamiliar with the work, sight-read it efficiently.

Norris' capacity for cutting loose in a more solidly rhythmic vein was evident in "Jayne," which he recorded with its composer, Ornette Coleman, on the latter's debut album in 1958.

The most challenging piece was "Synchronicity," presumably his own, in which unaccompanied abstract passages alternated with duo interludes at a galloping gait. This extended work, as demanding for the performer as for his listeners, showed how far Norris has moved beyond his bebop beginnings.

Then it was down to earth for a rhapsodic "Body and Soul," inspired, Norris said, by an arrangement he used to play with an old California colleague, Teddy Edwards. During the double-time passages Norris displayed a disconcerting habit of humming along with his improvisations.

Haden, in total control throughout, had his own outing in the old Miles Davis tune "Solar," displaying the inventively melodic lines always associated with him.

Norris will come back to the Comeback Inn Thursday with a quartet featuring Steve Huffsteter on trumpet.

28

A BAD BREAK IS LUCKY FOR COMPOSER

By LEONARD FEATHER

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

Break a leg," the traditional good luck exhortation in show business, worked out just fine for Nan Schwartz—literally.

She was immobilized for nine months after a skiing accident that broke her leg in five places. Her career in television production was at a sitstill.

ARTIE SHAW LENDS NAME TO DICK JOHNSON BAND

For the first time in almost 30 years, a group under the name of Artie Shaw will be performing again.

Shaw is lending his name to a band led by Dick Johnson, 57, a Boston-based clarinetist and saxophonist who is enlarging a small group he has been heading. Shaw will not play with the band, but plans to rehearse it in the East. The band plans several trial dates in mid-December, including two nights at the Glen Island Casino, one of the best-known big-band locations during the Swing Era.

Shaw, one of the stars of that era, last performed as leader of a small combo in 1954 before retiring. He lives in Newbury Park, Calif. —LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

MARLENA SHAW PUTS ACCENT ON HUMOR

By LEONARD FEATHER

Because Marlena Shaw works regularly and continues to stir up excited reactions among her listeners, it may seem picayune to point out that she still has not quite reached, either with mass audiences or with the specialized jazz crowd, the appropriate plateau of acceptance.

At the Vine Street Bar & Grill, where she opened a three-night stand to a full house Thursday, Shaw went through her customary routine, opening with two old standards ("Like Someone in Love" and "Unforgettable") before moving into the pop-contemporary area for most of the remaining time.

As Shaw followers have long known, her shows are heavily laced with humor, especially in the introductory raps to several of the songs. Perhaps it is because of this stress on comedy that few, if any, of the elitist reviewers have taken her seriously as a vocal artist; yet her timbre, conception and phrasing, and particularly her assurance and firm intonation, place her several notches above such fashionable favorites as, say, a Betty Carter.

True, the preamble leading into "Go Away Little Boy" is by now longer than the song itself and tiresome for those who have heard it year in and year out; but the essence of her work still lies in the singing, and at her best she is a match for all but a handful of the living giants.

Her encore, a vocalise item called "Big Al," was sung in a Jon Hendricks/Annie Ross vein, in perfect unison with the bassist Phil Upchurch. As always, Shaw was as much a visual as an aural pleasure, her graceful hand movements reminiscent of Pearl Bailey and Linda Hopkins.

Her other backup musicians were Will Bouliware at the piano and Mike Baker on drums. Except for the first two numbers and the closing "Big Al," the rhythms were funk or R&B, yet Shaw's roots in jazz were never concealed.

A woman friend asked her: "What's your real ambition in life?" The reply: "I guess I want to be a composer, but it's too late—I'm 22, I didn't go to Juilliard; I'm not qualified."

The friend encouraged her to study privately. Today, at 30, she is a busy Hollywood writer of music for television, winner of an Emmy nomination (for a segment she wrote for NBC's "The Devlin Connection") and composer of a major orchestral work, "Aspirations," which will be given its premiere March 17 by the New American Orchestra at the Santa Monica Civic. She is succeeding as a TV composer, though an agent once told her: "Forget it. We've tried representing women composers, and this whole town is closed to women. We don't want to give you any false hopes."

"After I got a few credits on my own," says Schwartz, "the agents started jumping on the bandwagon."

The Schwartz household was the right place in which to grow up with music. Her father is Wilbur Schwartz, once lead clarinetist with Glenn Miller, now a busy studio musician who often works in his daughter's orchestra. Her mother, a one-time member of the Sentimentalists (a vocal group with Tommy Dorsey's band), still works as a studio group singer.

"There was always good music in our house," Schwartz says. "While other kids my age were listening to rock 'n' roll, my biggest influence was Bill Evans. Especially the album he made with Claus Ogerman and a symphony orchestra."

"The negative side of growing up with two successful parents is that you feel intimidated by their success. My dad knew what he wanted to do at the age of 8, my mother at 5, but I never had that driving thing. I studied piano but never practiced seriously enough. I majored in piano at Cal State Northridge but I heard a few discouraging words—so I switched departments and went into radio-TV-film production."

During those years, however, Schwartz sang professionally for commercials, TV and films. "I started at 11, and it was a challenge for a while, but then I'd go into the studio and find the band wasn't there; everything had to be over-dubbed. I also found that reading abilities no longer counted for anything; the soul sound was coming in and the whole singing business was changing."



Nan Schwartz: "I don't want to be limited."

So I decided I didn't want to be a singer."

After fate determined that she would also not continue in TV production, one of Schwartz's arranging teachers, Billy Byers, set her out on her third and most durable career. "Billy had too many things to do, so one day he said, 'Here, you write this one.' It was a chart for Pia Zadora's Las Vegas act. Well, I did it, and she used it, but I never heard it played. Probably pretty bad."

The first Schwartz screen credit was for "Barnaby Jones" in 1980. Two years later, her big chance arrived through an incident typical of the devious plots that must be devised to bypass sex prejudice. Pat Williams was the thoughtful friend who engineered it.

"Pat had been writing for 'The Devlin Connection,' but he didn't want to continue, so one day he said, 'Nan, you write a segment.' I did, and he went in and conducted it. After they were through saying what a great score it was, he turned to me and said, 'Well, there's your composer.' If they had known beforehand, they would have been nervous."

Through this stratagem, Schwartz became the regular composer/conductor on the series in September of 1982, remaining until it went off the air last December. This marked the first time a woman had ever held down such an assignment.

She finds sexist attitudes not among male composers who could see in her a potential rival, but mainly among producers. "You can't really blame them, because there haven't been too many qualified women. I mean, what if a 12-year-old kid came to your door and said he was going to fix your TV set? He might be a genius, but you've never seen a kid do it, so you're skeptical. It's the same thing with women composers."

Though her screen credits are not yet numerous, there have been enough arranging jobs and outside work to keep her active.

"I've done charts for big bands around town like Bill Berry, Juggernaut, Maiden Voyage. I did a piece for the 'Tonight Show' band called 'Blister Samba'; they played it coming out of a commercial one night and Johnny Carson paid me a nice on-the-air compliment."

Recently she branched out in a new direction: songwriting. "Don Ashworth, who plays in the 'Tonight Show' band, asked me to write a piece for him for English horn. It came off quite well, and I realized that it was a pretty enough melody to make a good song; so I decided to write lyrics to it, with the title 'Destiny.'"

Having passed the hurdle of establishing herself as a versatile and competent writer, Schwartz has other ambitions. "I've been working mainly in the area of television because that's where I've found openings, but as far as ultimate goals are concerned, I'd like to get into motion picture writing."

"I don't want to be limited. Ideally I'd like to have the kind of diversified life that a Pat Williams or a Dave Grusin or a Johnny Mandel is enjoying; an arrangement here, an album there, a movie, a TV special, whatever comes up."

Will the day ever arrive for an Oscar or Emmy award to a female composer? This is less a question of if than of when and, on that lucky day, chances are that the winner will be a willowy blonde named Nan Louise Schwartz. □

JAZZ REVIEW

SAXOPHONIST AL COHN
PLAYS AT CARMELO'S

Because the number of visiting jazz luminaries from New York tends to dwindle as round-trip plane fares soar, it is a rare and welcome event when someone like Al Cohn comes to town.

At Carmelo's Friday the room was jumping as the veteran tenor saxophonist brought his muscular personality to bear on the Neal Hefti tune "Fred" and followed

up with a beguiling self-composed bossa nova, "Danielle."

Cohn has long been a symbol of good-humored, swinging, small-combo jazz. Though often too busy composing to take time out for a playing gig, he has lost none of his virile blowing personality.

The company he kept at Carmelo's reinforced this impression. With Lou Levy at the piano, Jimmie Smith on drums and Monty Budwig on bass, he had the optimum in rhythmic support. Cohn will be at the Hyatt on Sunset tonight through Saturday, with Levy and bassist John Heard.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

BURNETT, KLEMMER IN SANTA BARBARA

By LEONARD FEATHER

SANTA BARBARA—Jazz came to this culture-conscious city over the weekend, all of it imported from Los Angeles. Organized by Santa Barbara-born Tony Molina, the third annual jazz festival here was long on diversity and short on big names.

The Friday and Saturday concerts were held in the Lobero Theater, a one-level venue of moderate size. Friday evening the Lobero was less than half-filled as Carl Burnett, a drummer, leading an ad hoc quartet, took to the stage.

Burnett's repertoire included "Stepping Out," an early 1960s John Coltrane style piece, and "Blues for Leon," a jazz waltz, on which Herman Riley played soprano and tenor saxes respectively. Both were composed by the pianist, Llew Matthews. The Burnett group has no definite personality yet, but it touched several bases with no difficulty. The concluding calypso tune, composed by Riley, sounded as much West Coast as West Indies.

Burnett and his excellent bassist, Luther Hughes, remained on stage to accompany the guitarist Joe Diorio. A master instrumentalist, Diorio suffered at times from a thin tone, but his version of "A Child Is Born" found just the right lyrical groove. In one piece his repeated shaking of the guitar, as if emptying it of last week's trash, produced only a vague humming and seemed to be more affectation than effect.

Free Flight, reviewed recently at the San Diego festival, went through its unique classical-cum-jazz motions, but the jury is still out on whether Mike Garson is a satisfactory replacement for Milcho Leviev either as composer or as pianist. In his solos he lacked his predecessors' innate rhythmic jazz sense, though his technique, as his own intriguing work "Jewish Buddha" indicated, is beyond cavil.

John Klemmer, who replaced Ramsey Lewis on short notice as the closing attraction, loomed tall, large and loud over a six-piece group as he ran through his fiendishly clever but no longer novel echoplex tricks on his wired-up tenor saxophone. An agreeable surprise was the presence on keyboards of Victor Feldman, whose unaccompanied acoustic solo was a highlight of the set and of the evening.

Saturday's program, sporting somewhat stronger names, played to a full house. The long evening offered little that was new or innovative, with one important exception: the opening set by Osamu Kitajima.

A Japanese-born, Los Angeles-based guitarist and composer, Kitajima also is a master of the biwa (Japanese lute) and the koto, both of which he played in an exotic work called "Breath of Night." With Masakazu Yoshizawa, who played the bamboo flute, and five other musicians, Kitajima stirred up a heady blend of Japanese traditional sounds and Asian rock. Though the group played nothing classifiable as jazz, its creative impulses

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Flutist Jim Walker and bassist Jim Lacefield of Free Flight perform at the Lobero Theater.

resulted in an exceptionally rewarding merger of cultures.

Freddie Hubbard, leading a quintet, opened and closed with two numbers taken at such a whirlwind pace that he was too busy keeping the momentum going to apply much imagination. He redeemed himself in the more moderate pace of "One of a Kind" and in a lithe fluegelhorn solo on "Misty."

The rest of the evening fell into a fusion bag. The keyboard soloist Jeff Lorber, leading a quartet, made one ham-fisted attempt to play straight jazz. His set was relieved only by the bass playing and simultaneous singing of Nathan East.

The concert, which had begun at 7:30, ran so late (endless stage waits between acts) that Larry Carlton insisted on changing places with Jeff Berlin's group, leaving Berlin in the unenviable closing spot before a diminished audience long after midnight.

Carlton, a spirited guitarist, meshed blues, jazz and rock qualities in varying proportions, at unvaryingly ear-damaging volume.

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'WHAT'S NEW'? RONSTADT'S HIT RECORD TO GET SEQUEL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Linda Ronstadt is "flabbergasted" at the success of her "What's New" album, which she says was simply a labor of love. But now she wants to make another album with Nelson Riddle and already is looking through Cole Porter and Irving Berlin song books.

Swimming against the trendy tide, defying all sorts of warnings, Ronstadt recorded a set of nine classic pop standards, backed by Nelson Riddle's orchestra, in an album as different from the normal Top 40 fare as champagne from schnapps. Yet "What's New" leaped onto the Billboard Top 10 pop chart.

"It's already a gold record and we expect it to go platinum before Christmas," boasted Elektra Records Chairman Bob Krasnow. "This is the story of someone who went with a vision. In the stock market they have what they call contrarians—people who go against the market. That's what Linda did."

Why has "What's New" done so well?

The most logical answer is that it filled a void. How many recent collections of standard songs have been recorded lately for major labels by Tony Bennett, Peggy Lee, Andy Williams? Ray Avery, owner of a record shop in Glendale, summed it up: "There simply hasn't been enough of this kind of music on the market, except for reissues. This is a quality album that sells to Sinatra fans."

"I've had to reorder it four or five times. Parents are buying it for their children, but young Ronstadt fans are also getting it as gifts for their parents."

Peter Asher, Ronstadt's longtime producer and manager, said, "As far as the older buyers are concerned, this certainly proves that the audience still exists, but it took someone like Linda to make the bold move, to bring these people out of the closet and into the record shops."

It has been said that everyone in the music business was amazed at the success of "What's New" except Ronstadt herself. "Not true," she said. "I'm amazed, too."

"I just wanted to sing these songs I loved, and I only hoped we would do well enough to recoup the big investment. I fantasized that the album would go up to, say No. 80, stay around there for a while, and keep selling quietly over a few years. I had no dream whatever of its becoming Top 10."

"I've enjoyed promoting this album; talking to the press has been a pleasure. It's so nice to have people ask questions about the music, and not about who I'm dating."

Recently, she's been listening "to records like one my parents gave me when I was about 9, a set of duets by Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong. . . ."

As for her collaboration with Nelson Riddle: "We're already set for several concerts in the East, in January, along with a TV special, probably for Home Box Office."

"I didn't mix rock with the 'What's



ROSEMARY KAUL / Los Angeles Times

New' songs on our fall concerts, because I felt it would be unfair to both kinds of music. If I ever did it, I'd probably sing a long set of the Nelson stuff, then have a long intermission before coming back to do a rock 'n' roll set.

"I'd really like to work with Nelson next year in some of those summer venues I usually play with the rock 'n' roll band. There are classical pavilions designed for orchestrated music, so it would work beautifully. There's also talk about doing the show overseas. It's expensive, of course, to travel around with 47 pieces, so Nelson would just take a rhythm section and use local musicians in each city."

□

The "What's New" story raises questions. What would have happened if Elektra had released an album Ronstadt made a year earlier, based on a similar premise, using some of the same tunes? Possibly not much, since the setting was a jazz-oriented group with Al Cohn as saxophonist and arranger, Tommy Flanagan on piano and a few others. The jazz fans would have related to it, but the market would have ended there. The decision to hire Riddle on the remake album was crucial.

What if the album had been released under a pseudonym?

"I think people would have recognized my voice," Ronstadt said.

Suppose an unknown singer had come along with a similar album?

"Hard to tell. People might not have noticed it. After all, my project evolved with a lot of promotion, plenty of word of mouth; it was remarkable that somebody from rock 'n' roll was doing this. There wouldn't have been much occasion to comment if it had been done by a cabaret singer."

"My name helped, sure; but I happen to be one of those people who believe that if something is good, it will find its way up."

With young people buying "What's New" for themselves, youthful ears are being opened up to old, classic songs. "A girlfriend of mine," said Ronstadt, "heard 'I've Got a Crush on You' and was quite surprised: 'What a great song! I've never heard it before.'"

Peter Asher points out that going in unpredictable directions is nothing new for his client: "Linda has been bouncing around in different areas for years—rock hits, country hits, 'Pirates of Penzance' and now this. So, what it boils down to is ultimately only one direction, which is



"I just wanted to sing the songs I love," says Linda Ronstadt. Above, at a recent concert at which she sang tunes from new LP.

being a very fine, versatile singer."

Nelson Riddle concurred: "I have to salute her courage in going ahead with this venture in the face of what must have been less than enthusiastic cooperation from the record company. Whatever discussions there may have been about it—some people complained that they were all slow tunes—it's an album of reasonable quality, with an arresting voice, an authoritative voice. As for the up-tempo tunes, maybe she didn't have as much confidence in them as she had in her ballads. Anyhow, I now hear we're going to be working together again. Isn't that nice?"

Ronstadt contradicts Riddle regarding the two up-tempo tunes, "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now" and "Falling in Love Again," which were performed at the concerts but omitted from the album. "I really liked the way they came out, but whenever I tried to sequence the sides—we were going to use the older version of 'Mischief' with Tommy Flanagan on piano—I kept feeling that those tunes, good as they were, interrupted the flow, the consistency of mood. Anyhow, some of the tunes I'm finding now have a slightly breezier quality, so the next album with Nelson should eliminate that complaint."

Without alienating any discernible segment of her previously established followers, "What's New" has brought to Ronstadt an affectionate appreciation from her newfound, upper-age-bracket fans. "When I'm out shopping, older people come up to me with a sense of gratitude. They seem to feel that they have been revalidated, because in the 1960s there was this horrible dismissal of their presence, of the sacrifices they made through the war years. It was as if they had been told: 'Everything you value, forget it. We're throwing it all out—all your expressions, all your hairstyles, all your clothes, and all your music.'

"It began to occur to me how deeply their feelings must have been hurt, and what a generation of awful, ungrateful, spoiled brats we were. Now, I'm not saying I did this album on a sentimental 'Thank you, Mom and Dad' basis. Possibly on a subliminal level I wanted to recognize what had gone on before us, and show my gratitude for it; but the bottom line was, I just loved the songs and wanted to sing them."

□

Will the success of "What's New" start
Please Turn to Page 7

'WHAT'S NEW' WITH RONSTADT

Continued from Third Page

a trend, leading other rock stars to try out their Gershwin and Gordon Jenkins chops?

"Possibly, but I'm not sure," Ronstadt said. "I think singers like Chrissie Hynde and Stevie Nicks are very stylized, have unique contributions to make to pop music and I don't see why they would even venture out into this area." She might have put it less tactfully; not every rock singer has the adaptability of a Linda Ronstadt.

Precisely what the future holds for the

rock pinup queen of the '70s is something she seemingly prefers to leave to the tumbling dice. She is not a woman given to rigid planning.

"What has happened to me could mean that I'll include both Nelson and rock material in my tours, or I could stop performing entirely and go live on a farm. And then again, I just might make a record in Spanish.

"Since I come from a Mexican family and learned to sing in Spanish before I could sing in English, I feel there is a whole area of my musical soul that has never been put on vinyl, except for little heres and theres. One of my dreams would be an album that totally ignored

the Anglo market, dismissed entirely the usual radio stations and Top 40 play, but maybe the Latino stations would play it."

It was suggested that at this point nobody is likely to discourage her in anything she wants to do. Nobody wants to guess wrong twice.

"Well, yeah, but maybe that's dangerous! A little healthy resistance is always good; it makes you put your shoulders into the effort a little harder.

"Anyhow, to have a project like 'What's New' turn out the way it has—that's enough to keep me satisfied for a long time. I'm so pleased that it's hard to describe. It feels like the first album I ever made." □

BLUES REVIEW

VAUGHAN, BASIE: ALL THE SURPRISES ARE PLEASANT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Isn't it rich? Isn't it queer? Losing her lyrics so late in her career—or so Sarah Vaughan would have had us believe. But when, during her glorious "Send In the Clowns" Thursday evening at the Beverly Theatre, she seemed to lose her way momentarily, it was just possible that the memory lapse was a touch of theatrics to induce, finally, greater applause than ever.

A Vaughan recital customarily finds her with her perennial rhythm section: Mike Wofford, piano; Andy Simpkins, bass, and Harold Jones, drums. On this occasion their potent presence was embellished by the horn sections from the orchestra of her co-star, Count Basie.

Even by her own impeccable standards this was a Vaughan performance above and beyond expectations. Wearing a canary-colored

gown, she floated onstage to ease into "Just Friends," stepping aside midway for an alto sax solo by Chris Woods. For those of us who remember her embryonic years there was Tadd Dameron's "If You Could See Me Now," but it was Victor Herbert's "Indian Summer," introduced as Count Basie's favorite song, that sent hot and cold vibratos up and down our spine.

The Vaughan contralto is seldom more effectively used than in the wordless singing of an outstanding ballad, a technique she applied masterfully to Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge."

Her sense of humor showed up in a typical tongue-in-cheek ploy when she presided over a singalong for the first eight bars of "From This Moment On," surely the unlikely song for this kind of treatment.

Please see VAUGHAN, Page 7



Sarah Vaughan, accompanied by Count Basie and band: sending hot and cold vibratos up the spine.

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VAUGHAN, BASIE

Continued from Page 1

Still another surprise was "That's All." Normally a slow, pensive love song, it was taken in double time, with an interlude for breakneck tenor sax solos by Eric Dixon and Kenny Hing.

The previously mentioned "Send In the Clowns" offered a perfect contrast to all the big-band excitement. Sung with the rhythm section only, it was enhanced by Wofford's sensitive accompaniment.

The Count Basie battalion played a relatively short opening set. Absent were the vocalist (no doubt due to Vaughan's presence) and Basie's eternal guitarist

Freddie Green (he is touring Europe with a band of Basie alumni, but will return to the fold next week).

Basie offered essentially the same material he plays on all his concerts. As always, the ensemble and section passages were totally authoritative and his solos, while not on the history-making level of the original orchestra, were adroit at least and commanding at best. In the latter category were Woods' impassioned work on his own blues arrangement and trumpeter Bob Summers in his usual solo vehicle "There'll Never Be Another You."

Now three months into his 80th year and no longer ambulatory, Basie was in fine spirits, spoke with his usual wry wit and applied that same manner to his few piano outings. May his Indian summer go on forever.

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AN ECLECTIC RECITAL IN SANTA BARBARA

By LEONARD FEATHER

SANTA BARBARA—The mini-festival that began in this city Friday wound down Sunday afternoon with a modest, intimate recital that reflected the eclectic tastes of producer Tony Molina.

The setting was the Cabrillo Room of the Sheraton Santa Barbara Hotel, an airy lounge with a view of the Pacific Ocean at stage right, making for a delightful ambiance.

The four small groups heard represented as many different musical viewpoints. The surprise hit of this ingratiating matinee was Judy Roberts. A pianist and singer little known outside Chicago, she played the first half of her set on a new instrument, the Yamaha FX-1. Its countless capabilities for programming enabled Roberts to achieve virtually acoustic piano sounds, to extract mellow organ effects, to simulate numerous brass and reed instruments and even to play pseudo-drums without the mechanical clicking usually achieved by simulated percussion instruments.

A straight-ahead jazz pianist and a casual, amiable singer, Roberts later moved to a grand piano and was joined by a human drummer, Carl Burnett, and by the gifted bassist Bob Maize, whose solo on "The Late Late Show" was a capsulized masterwork.

Guitarist Art Johnson and pianist Dwayne Smith, an acoustic duo, displayed their intuitive rapport in a series of original compositions that swung back and forth between folksy and rhythmic, tonal and atonal, totally composed and mainly improvised. Johnson played mostly amplified classical guitar but switched to electric for the last couple of pieces.

Another duo, Milcho Leviev and Tommy Vig on vibraphone, seemed to be finding its way, the dry spells alternating with moments of humor and passages of intricate interplay. Vig's tendency to kid around gets the better of him at times, but in a more serious vein he fielded some ingenious four-mallet ideas.

Finally, there was a flawless demonstration of be-bop, a genre once considered radical but now traditional: Buddy De Franco, the perennial giant of the

clarinet, was teamed with his good-vibes counterpart Terry Gibbs. They were well supported by Judy Roberts, Bob Maize and Gibbs' 19-year-old son, Gerry, on drums.

That this unpretentious concert yielded so much superior music was at once satisfying and frustrating, for the attendance was a fraction of that seen at Saturday's fusion-oriented performance. Poor publicity was at least partly to blame.

Molina deserves credit for taking chances in his choice of talent. One can only hope that next year he will find a way to make the world beat a path to his door.

OVERTURE NOV. 1983

Leonard Feather Acclaimed

Local 47 member and OVERTURE columnist Leonard Feather is this year's recipient of Down Beat's "Lifetime Achievement Award."

Leonard has long been acknowledged as the world's premiere jazz writer. The multi-talented Feather also has international credits as composer, lyricist, deejay, tv producer, pianist, script writer, talent scout, liner note writer, concert promoter, lecturer, record producer and author.

Down Beat described Leonard as "an educator of enormous influence" in interpreting jazz to the people "longer and more consistently than anyone else."

Since his earliest days as a teenage jazz critic in England, Leonard has garnered a plethora of accolades.

But maybe none as gratifying as his introduction to Jimmy Carter when



the President said: "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Feather. You're a very famous man."

11/27

LINDA RONSTADT—SHE CAME FROM OUT OF THE OOZE

Ever since rock 'n' roll oozed onto the scene I have roundly castigated it, characterizing it as incessant incoherent nasal caterwauling accompanied by ear-splitting eternally twanging amplified guitars, and at the same time staunchly advocating the beautiful songs and big-band music that have always been important to me—despite the chiding of my trendy friends to quit living in the past and "get with it," whatever that means.

When I first heard a cut from Linda Ronstadt's lovely "What's New" album, I was quite literally moved to tears. A rock singer—albeit an exceptionally talented, bright and perceptive one—had finally realized the truth of what I had stoutly maintained all along! Vindication at last!

It was beautifully and movingly stated by Linda herself in Leonard Feather's fine article ("What's New? Ronstadt's Hit Record to Get Sequel," Calendar, Nov. 13). God bless you, my dear! Too bad Felix de Cola couldn't have lived long enough to see it!

MARVIN H. LEAF
Los Angeles

Is even the ubiquitous, oft-quoted Leonard Feather fooled by Linda Ronstadt? Am I the only one who does a slow burn when he hears Ronstadt singing a

"standard" with the exact arrangement, phrasing, etc., of the original? She must have run out of easy-to-sing melodies in the rock genre.

Maybe Nelson Riddle's hand in the project added something new. Maybe it's not the same old Xerox, but it'll take one helluva record to change my opinion: in a country that worships mediocrity there can be only one queen, Linda "Cover Version" Ronstadt. Why is Calendar devoting so much space to her instead of truly vital vocalists such as Phoebe Snow?

CHANDLER WHITE
Hollywood

For your information, Linda, the reason Chrissie Hynde doesn't "venture out into this area" (singing Mom's and Pop's tunes) is because Chrissie is an extremely talented singer/songwriter/musician who doesn't need the help of Nelson Riddle or the props of pre-World War II songs to keep her in the limelight and high on the charts.

It's obvious, Linda, that your last two "new-wave" albums flopped and that your career has been "flopping" around for the last four years or so, in your vain attempts to win back your fans and fame. Come on, girl, face it—you've tried every

other venue to revive your dying career and your last resort was the "Ben-Gay Crowd." You should have called your new album, "What's Left?"

JOYCE YOVANNONE
Woodland Hills

All this talk about Ronstadt's "What's New" is fine, but let's set the record straight. Two years ago, Carly Simon released an album, "Torch," containing songs that could have and some that already had been sung by Frank Sinatra, Peggy Lee, etc. Linda's album is great, Carly's was too, and it was first. Just because it didn't race up the charts, it should not be overlooked.

SCOTT DANIELSON
San Luis Obispo

If you choose to publish the letter I have just sent you regarding Linda Ronstadt (erroneously sent to Zip Code 90059), and it is not too late, please make the following minor changes:

Change lines 1 and 2 to "I have vigorously castigated rock 'n' roll ever since it oozed onto the scene," and on line 4, insert "off-key" between "twanging" and "amplified." Thank you.

MARVIN H. LEAF
Los Angeles

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ARTIE SHAW BEGINS THE BEGUINE AGAIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

The big-band era dies hard. Despite seemingly insurmountable logistical and economic problems, most of them having to do with the cost of transportation, veterans such as Woody Herman and Count Basie remain on the road, while the ghost bands named after Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey and others cling to name values that have endured through the decades. Mercer Ellington, almost 10 years after his father's death, keeps the family flame burning brightly.

Now comes the most improbable surprise of the post-Swing Era. Artie Shaw, who has devoted countless days, perhaps years, to writing and talking about his rejection of the band business and reasons for retiring from it permanently and in total disgust, has revealed that permanently is not forever. Next week he will fly to Boston to start whipping into shape an ensemble that will be known as the Artie Shaw Orchestra.

He will not be seen with the unit, except perhaps at a table near the bandstand, offering comments in his perennially loquacious manner. Front and center will be Dick Johnson, hand-picked for leadership by Shaw. An alumnus of several name bands (Buddy Rich, Buddy Morrow, Neal Hefti and, oddly enough, Benny Goodman), Johnson has been leading an eight-piece group around Boston. The new band will comprise the standard four trumpets, three trombones, five saxes and four rhythm players.

"This wasn't my idea," Shaw said last week in a call from his Newbury Park, Calif., home. "Willard Alexander, the agent who handles most of the big bands—he's been at it almost 50 years—has been trying to talk me into it for the past three or four years.

"I had very mixed feelings about a band going out and playing my music while I'm still on the scene; but Dick Johnson's manager kept sending me Dick's records, asking for an endorsement. I decided that if it was to be one, Dick would definitely be the man.

"He's a remarkably talented player on everything—not only clarinet, but soprano, alto and tenor saxes and flute. He says he grew up idolizing me, and the manager wanted a quote, so I said that he was the best I'd heard in a long time.

"Later, when Willard and I talked again, I told him that this was the guy we should seriously consider if we were going ahead. I haven't seen him work, but I understand he has a pleasant personality on the bandstand, which is something I never did—I used to stand up there frowning."

Why is Shaw himself not the choice to lead the reconstituted Artie Shaw band? The reason is simple: When it came to instrumental activity, *permanently* was indeed forever. Shaw's clarinet, in fact, is now in his living room, used as the base for a lamp shade. "I

JAZZ

wouldn't dream of trying to play again; it would take me forever to get back in shape."

The great Shaw years ran from 1938, when "Begin the Beguine" launched him as a national figure on records, through the 1940s. For a while he and Benny Goodman were touted by press agents as rivals for the "King of Swing" throne, but the competitive aspect was strictly hype. Both were superb musicians; both had smartly unified bands with arrangements that represented some of the swing years' most elegant products.

Shaw made headlines constantly with his marriages and divorces (Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Doris Dowling and Evelyn Keyes among others), and with his impulsive retirements from and returns to the band business. After his first flight in 1939 he returned the following spring with an elaborate string-embellished orchestra that scored immediately with "Frenesi," a song he had heard while on hiatus in Mexico.

He was genuinely revolted by the business end of music, by its twisted values and fawning fans. Nevertheless, all his bands were top drawer, among them a Navy ensemble that toured the South Pacific during World War II.

After breaking up his last big band in 1950, he went to work on a semi-autobiographical, semi-philosophical book, "The Trouble With Cinderella" (Da Capo Press). His final playing found him leading a small combo in nightclubs from 1953-54.

The time since then has been taken up by an unpredictable sequence of events: five years of relaxing in Spain, some time spent as a dairy farmer, a stint as a champion skeet shooter in New England, several years as a film producer and distributor in New York, returns to writing (a short novel published in 1965, a long fiction work still in progress).

Shaw, however, has never been totally out of touch with the profession that brought him world notoriety. He attends an occasional concert and talks enthusiastically with old friends about every kind of music. He's aware of the many changes in popular music.

"I'll be able to do a lot of things with this band that I never could before, because I was always frustrated with the dance-band image. There would be thousands of people standing around listening, which prompted me to ask why we weren't booked into a concert hall. The answer invariably was: 'You can't do concerts. This music is for dancing.' Well, nowadays music and everything else is for concerts.

"The last concert I went to was a flute recital by Jim Walker and James Galway. My God, they played stuff that an audience wouldn't have sat still for in my day! So I have a shot now at getting the band to play some music that can be taken seriously."

Obviously requests for "Begin the Beguine" and the like will have to be honored, but it is safe to assume that Shaw will guide Johnson and his men into more adventurous directions as soon as the orchestra is firmly enough established. There is also a good chance that the concept of the Gramercy 5, a combo-within-the-band that constituted Shaw's most informal medium in the early 1940s, will be revived.



Bandleader Artie Shaw in 1940 and as he looked in 1975 (inset). Next week, Shaw will start whipping a new Artie Shaw Orchestra into shape.

"I'm hoping that as the band progresses it will be possible to go off into what the Artie Shaw Orchestra might have evolved into had it stayed together all these years."

Shaw's enthusiasm is shared by Johnson. "I'm excited as hell, man," Johnson said during a call from Boston. "Artie said that along with some of the old stuff we can do some of my things. I'm putting in three or four hours a day on the clarinet. I've always dug Artie; when I was a kid I was raised on Shaw and Goodman.

"I've been very comfortable around here, leading this eight-piece band called the Swing Shift. A couple of members will be in the new band, including Gary Johnson, the drummer, who's my son. There'll be another second generation jazzman—Joe Cohn, the guitarist; his father is the saxophonist Al Cohn." Johnson said he's assembling most of the personnel in Boston with some help from talent out of the Berklee College of Music.

"Artie seems delighted as I am. If some of our sounds are more modern, that's what he wants. He never stops moving forward and thinking about what's happening today; that's the way he was years ago and I guess that's how he'll always be," Johnson said.

Because the pre- and post-holiday season is notoriously poor for show business, the band will wait until mid-January before making its formal debut. "The first few dates in December," says Shaw, "will be a break-in period, very much like a show opening out of town. We'll play some obscure little dates in New England, just to shake the band down a little."

His eagerness is in no measure marred by his lack of direct participation. "I own this band. The audience will be aware that I'm taking a very definite personal interest; but I've worked it out with Dick so that if it succeeds, he could be a wealthy man in a few years. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

11/27

By LEONARD FEATHER

"SIMPLY VOL. VI." Blossom Dearie. Daffodil BMD 106. If she were a bell she'd be tinkling. The singularly dainty Dearie vocal sound is applied to five of her own melodies, with sensitive lyrics by Jack Segal, and to five works from other sources. Only one, "Just the Way You Are," is a well-known standard-to-be. Among the others are "Answering Machine," which will amuse anybody who has ever dealt with one, and Dave Frishberg's evocative "Sweet Kentucky Ham" (see Frishberg interview, Page 98).

Mike Renzi supplies electric keyboard sounds to supplement Dearie's piano. The whole air is one of East Side Manhattan sophistication in the best sense; Dearie's voice has never been more wistfully appealing. 4½ stars.

"SWEET AND SLOW." Maria Muldaur. Tudor TR 109902. Muldaur is back

in what seems to be her natural territory. Backed by two rhythm sections, of which that on Side Two (with Kenny Barron, piano, and Seldon Powell, saxes) is far superior, she tackles standards ("Lover Man," "Gee Baby Ain't I Good to You," "Prelude to a Kiss") with the airy sound and the occasional yodel central to her idiosyncratic jazz style. Counterbalancing these virtues are a couple of ventures into camps, of which "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love," from a 1930 Fanny Brice film, is the most egregious. The title song is a splendid, too-long-neglected blues ballad. 3½ stars.

"BLUESLINE." Martial Solal. Soul Notes 1060. The notes claim that "calling Solal the greatest pianist in Europe is like calling Frank Sinatra the greatest crooner from New Jersey." Well, not quite; but

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JAZZ BRIEFS

Continued from 100th Page

Solal is a phenomenally talented artist whose visits here from France have been too infrequent. Tackling six standards (four pop, two bop) and three very substantial originals, he never disengages the listener's interest. Recorded unaccompanied last January in Milan. 4½ stars, though a couple of cuts border on 5.

"SHADOWDANCE." Shadowfax. Windham Hill WH-1029. Shadowfax is the group most representative of a new idiom aborning. It is not jazz (improvisation seemingly plays a secondary role) and despite the electronic effects, it is not rock. Forget about categories; it is new and worthy of serious study. The sounds are sometimes so indistinguishable from one another that it becomes hard to tell Chuck Greenberg's lyricon and Jared Stewart's synthesizer apart. G.E. Stinson, the other principal, plays six and 12 string guitars.

Emil Richards, one of the added starters, plays a dozen hittable instruments and conducts the percussion ensemble on the fascinating title track. The group is given to repeated riffs, however, and the E-flat phrase on this piece goes on ad infinitum, ultimately becoming meaningless. "Distant Voices," the name of a Stinson-Greenberg original, would have made an apt name for the album itself. Four stars.

"KITTEN ON THE KEYS." Dick Hyman. RCA 4746. Subtitled "The Piano Music of Zez Confrey," this is an immac-

ulately executed collection of too-cute tunes of the 1920s and '30s by a composer whose titles ("Dizzy Fingers," "You Tell 'Em, Ivories") were a tip-off to the novelty-oriented character of his music, which turned out to be a short-lived fad. Dick Hyman could have put his time to better use with an album of works by, say, Willie (The Lion) Smith. Two stars.

"SWINGRASS '83." Antilles 1014. Buell Neidlinger, a first-call Los Angeles bassist, is the main mover here, as producer, soloist, arranger and (on "Blue Buell") composer. "Sophisticated Lady" as a mandolin solo? No thoughts are unthinkable to Neidlinger; even the loping two-beat on Thelonious Monk's "Friday the 13th" somehow fits. With violin, harmonica and a few others (among them the former Weather Report drummer Peter Erskine), Swingrass is an unpretentiously engaging hybrid. 3½ stars.

"BOP CITY." Ben Sidran. Antilles AN 1012. It was inevitable that sooner or later Sidran would set lyrics to, and record, the old Miles Davis tune "Nardis." (Try spelling in backwards.) This is one of six jazz instrumentals to which he has set lyrics. John Coltrane's "Big Nick," Freddie Hubbard's "Up Jumped Spring," et al. All Sidran's, words and music, are the title song and "It Didn't All Come True." As a singer and pianist he is not quite in the Dave Frishberg class, but on Mose Allison's "City Home" Sidran achieves a gracious groove recalling Allison himself. Phil Woods' alto and Mike Mainieri's vibes beef up the fine combo backing. 3½ stars.

JAZZ

DAVE FRISHBERG, A PIANIST WITH WIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is not uncommon for a first-rate jazz pianist to succeed as a composer. Somewhat more rarely, the pianist may sing self-composed works. Even more infrequently, one finds that the songs are all his or her own, words as well as music, with lyrics that are as witty or touching as the melody is engaging.

Dave Frishberg belongs in this category. A maverick on every level, he grew up with Basie, Goodman and Gilbert and Sullivan; wanted to play bebop like Bud Powell but wound up in a Dixieland band at Eddie Condon's. He idolized Frank Loesser ("the great under-appreciated genius of American popular song"), but also names Bing Crosby and Sonny Rollins as shapers of his musical thinking.

Frishberg is a late bloomer. A professional pianist since the late 1950s, he matured slowly as a writer and did not perform his songs in public until a few years ago. Recently, his voice, which Rex Reed has called "a cross between Hoagy Carmichael and Mose Allison," has delighted audiences from New York to London and Paris. ("I had a couple of my songs translated and sang them in French. They love it.")

Every facet of the Frishberg career has moved in fits and starts. "Back home in St. Paul, they tried to give me piano lessons when I was 8. I was a natural; I got to where I could play some simple classical repertoire, but I just hated it, and after two years I quit.

"When I went back to the piano I was 15, played completely by ear, and just wanted to play boogie-woogie blues like Pete Johnson. I didn't really learn to read music until I went to the University of Minnesota where I was a journalism major but took music as an elective. I just took journalism to get through school, but in the



CON REYES / Los Angeles Times

Dave Frishberg matured slowly as a songwriter and didn't sing in public until a few years ago.

back of my mind I knew that I was going to be a bebop piano player, like Bud Powell and Al Haig and Horace Silver.

"I never thought much about writing, but when I was in the Air Force, stationed in Salt Lake City, friends got me into the local studio scene, which was mainly jingles, so I'd write jingles and station ID's."

Once out of the service, Frishberg made the logical move to New York, where he accompanied Carmen McRae. "My parents were horrified when they heard I was playing the piano for a living. One of the only times they heard me was with Carmen, and they were fittingly respectful of my skill as an accompanist."

Frishberg's drift into Dixieland was accidental. "A lot of the musicians I met happened to be older, and when they found out that I knew the traditional jazz repertoire—from listening to my brother's Jelly Roll Morton and Pee Wee Russell records—he was a Dixieland nut—they were delighted and first thing you know, I was working at Eddie Condon's.

"Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Peanuts Hucko, Gene Krupa—that was my life for quite a few years. I was genuinely interested in that old music." But there were other, less traditional jobs: A year on and off with the tenor sax giant Ben Webster, and then a long stint with the Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet. "That was 20 years

ago this week—in fact, I was supposed to join them the day President Kennedy was killed, and after the gig was canceled we started the following evening, at the Half Note. I worked there, more or less as the house pianist, for two or three years."

Meanwhile, Frishberg's interest in the art of the song form had taken firm shape. While he was on the road with Dick Haymes and Fran Jeffries (then Mrs. Haymes), he was asked by Jeffries to supply some "cute" material. Frishberg went home, sat down, and composed "Peel Me a Grape," a clever collection of effete lines.

"Fran didn't record it, but a couple of my songwriter friends took it to Frank Music, the publishing company run by my idol, Frank Loesser. Frank published that and several other songs of mine. 'Peel Me a Grape' was recorded about a dozen times in a year. I thought to myself, hey, this is gonna be easy! Well, I didn't get another song recorded for eight years."

Frishberg eventually received a personal call from Loesser, who expressed interest in his songs. They met in Loesser's office and chatted about the creation of lyrics. "Later, after a backer's audition for a show, I played at his house and we spent three hours together. He told me some things I've never forgotten; he was a big influence."

A voracious reader who appreciates literate writing, Frishberg gradually built up his repertoire with such works as "I'm Hip" (brought to prominence by Blossom Dearie) and "Van Lingle Mungo," the words of which are a laundry list of baseball players, incongruously attached to a romantic melody. "I'm Hip" was a poem for which Bob Dorough supplied a harmonically sophisticated tune.

It was as a writer that Frishberg made his move to Los Angeles in 1971, contributing music and lyrics to the NBC-TV comedy series "The Funny Side." His most successful song, ironically, is one of which the adult public is unaware. "I wrote something called 'I'm Just a Bill.' It's the story of how a bill becomes law, in Congress. It's been on a Saturday morning children's show, sung by Jack Sheldon, regularly for eight years. That's my money maker. I also have about eight recordings now of a song I wrote with Johnny Mandel, 'You Are There.'"

Still playing piano with various groups, among them the Tijuana Brass from 1974-75, Frishberg shied away from singing except in the safety of his home, or a studio where he made demonstration records. In 1977 he sang numbers, one of them his own affectionate "Dear [Name], on the Concord Jazz album. This proved to be

who owns Concord, talked me into singing. That's the first time I ever appeared as an entertainer.' Then Jefferson asked me if I'd like to open for Bing Crosby in Bing's show at the Concord Pavilion. Well, my God! Bing was one of my heroes. So in my first public singing gig, I performed for close to 10,000 people, and to my surprise and delight, people responded. The next time, I didn't have to be coaxed.

"I feel like I got a new lease on life, because I was getting kind of sick of sitting in clubs playing choruses on 'There Will Never Be Another You.'"

Frishberg feels that his songs, their references and their vocabulary, are distinctively American. "That's what I admired about Frank Loesser. He was the

counterpart of Ring Lardner in his use of language. Lardner went beyond being literature; he got the U.S. psyche down in print."

Some of Frishberg's songs deal with cynicism or hypocrisy ("The Wheelers and Dealers," "Blizzard of Lies"), others with loneliness ("Sweet Kentucky Ham"). "Marilyn Monroe," with a melody by Alan Broadbent, is gently reverential; "Another Song About Paris" is delightfully satirical.

Though he still plays gigs as a jazz pianist, Frishberg today finds himself in demand as the in-person purveyor of his unique repertoire. "All of a sudden I find myself working continuously, doing my act all over the world. It's odd, but Los Angeles, where I live, is the only place that can offer no more than two days' work at a time. So my life in L.A. is devoted mainly to writing, and my life outside mainly to performing.

"I recently finished a three-week gig in London. I'm going back there to do my own TV special next April. I expect it will have a general air of nostalgia, as I'll be dealing with all of my heroes—Bix Beiderbecke, Jelly Roll Morton, Marilyn Monroe, Johnny Hodges."

What began as a reluctant concession has turned out to be his logical direction: Frishberg today needs no middleman or middlewoman to interpret his works, though he still numbers Blossom Dearie, Bob Dorough and other singers among his staunchest supporters.

"It's funny," he says, "I've only recently begun to realize that what I'm doing can reach out to a much bigger audience than the jazz or night club audience. I'm beginning to get the feeling that it has a really big, wide general appeal."

He might have added that it also has the respect of his peers: "The Dave Frishberg Songbook Vol. I" on Omni-Sound Records was nominated by NARAS last year in the "Best Male Jazz Vocalist" category. It seems entirely possible that Vol. II, released recently, could win a Grammy.

"If it happened," says Frishberg with a wry smile, "it would be the ultimate irony. Here I've spent close to 30

years as a jazz pianist and I'm up for an award as a singer." Nevertheless, as the memory of Nat King Cole should remind us, strange things have happened.

You may have won a prize/Won't wrinkle, shrink or peel

Your secret's safe with me/This is a real good deal

It's finger-lickin' good/Strictly by the book

What's fair is fair, I'll be right there/I am not a crook

Marooned, marooned, marooned in a blizzard of lies. □

—Lyrics ©David and Samantha Frishberg; Swiftwater Music

BILLBOARD
Dec. 3 '83

The Rhythm & The Blues

Dinah Washington's Earthy Years

By NELSON GEORGE

Dinah Washington is today best known for smooth, slightly jazzy pop crooning in the late 1950s on "What A Difference A Day Makes," "Unforgettable," and "This Bitter Earth." There was a hard, bluesy edge to her voice, but her material was usually tailored to appeal to a crossover, light-club audience. Most of her duets with deep-voiced Mercury labelmate Brook Benton fit this mold.

But this wasn't the Dinah Washington who dominated the post-war black music scene, the one whose earthy delivery set the stage for the soul explosion that was to come. From 1943 to 1954, Washington had 15 top 10 rhythm & blues hits, including "Baby Get Lost," "Teach Me Tonight," "Evil Gal Blues" and the now humorous "Television Is The Thing This Year." All these songs and 23 more are contained on "A Slick Chick (On The Mellow Side)," a fine compilation album of singles from Washington's now forgotten blues period. Along with singers such as Charles and Roy Brown, Amos Milburn and Louis Jordan, Washington was a key figure in black music's evolution from big band jazz and jump blues to rhythm & blues and ultimately soul.

But despite Arnold Shaw's liner notes and the scholarly tone of this

column, "A Slick Chick" is not just a piece of history, but a funny, funky album of great 12-bar blues songs sung with wit by a defiantly gutbucket singer. "Long John Blues," a big hit for Washington in 1949, is typical. Its tongue-in-cheek lyric about visiting a dentist ("he thrills me, when he drills me") got it banned on some radio stations, which shows how innocent America was then. Today the song is downright cute.

★ ★ ★



JAZZ REVIEW

PRICE IS UNIQUE, UNDERAPPRECIATED

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ruth Price, who appeared at Donte's Wednesday night she will be at Dino's in Pasadena) is one a kind.

She is and quietly attractive, with a wary smile and the graceful bearing of the professional dancer she once was, Price has a repertoire like no other singer's. She avoids the trite and overfamiliar, invariably coming up with an eclectic series of intelligent songs. Though Price has a gentle, caressing sound, she is capable of long, strong dramatic, final notes and can bring considerable strength to a climactic phrase.

Her songs included two of her compositions—"Grand Illusion" and "Early"—Leonard Bernstein's "Lucky To Be Me" and Arthur Schwartz's lovely "Haunted Heart," which she sang accompanied only by pianist Russ Ferrante. (On the rest of the set, Jim Laceyfield played bass and Peter Donald drums.)

One of Price's most valuable attributes is her diction. Every word is crystal clear. Couple this with the kind of musicianship that can tackle Dave Brubeck's almost unsingable "The Duke" (Jim Washburn wrote the lyrics for this Brubeck instrumental), and you have a matchless combination.

The only well known standard was Price's closing "Be My Love," dealt with at a tear-up tempo that would have left Mario Lanza bewildered.

Ruth Price would be at ease and at home on New York's fashionable East Side, in one of those chic rooms for which we have no exact counterpart in Los Angeles. We are fortunate that she has not deserted us for greener pastures, but the small attendance Wednesday showed how little her understated talent is appreciated here.

Tonight and Saturday at Donte's, David Benoit will lead a quartet with guest vocalist Arnold McCuller.

BILL HOLMAN BIG BAND AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Fortunately for advocates of the big-band sound, Ruth Hoover of Carmelo's is the stubbornest club owner in town. Refusing to recognize economic hazards, she still hires full orchestras as often as possible. On Sunday afternoon the attraction was Bill Holman's 16-piece ensemble.

An arranger known for his loyalty to the eternal verities of jazz, Holman uses flutes sparingly, preferring the traditional five-saxophone blend. Occasionally he takes a tenor solo himself. Holman derives special pleasure from taking some out-of-fashion piece and dressing it up in a stylish arrangement. Like Gil Evans, he seems even more interested in arranging the works of others than in designing his own compositions.

Early in Sunday's show he announced: "Now we'd like to play an archetypal South Sea Islands movie theme from the 1930s, written by Alfred Newman." It was all of that, but when Holman unleashed his men on "Moon of Mannakoor," the tropical lushness was missing; nothing, in fact, remained except the waltz meter and a rough outline of the melody, which Holman transmuted with melodic shifts and harmonic embellishments.

In "St. Thomas" he added quirky voicings to the old West Indian theme. A delightful treatment of "Just Friends" found harmony thrown to the winds while his horns blew a series of choruses entirely in unison, weaving one wild new melody line after another on the 50-year-old chestnut.

Holman's lyrical side was in evidence when Lanny Morgan switched to flute to lead the reed team through Charles Mingus' "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat."

As a composer, Holman was agreeably but less spectacularly represented by a four-part "Street Suite." Among the band's most stimulating soloists are Bob

Shepherd on soprano sax, Bob Cooper on tenor sax and Milcho Leviev at the piano.

The Sunday matinees are being suspended for December, but big bands remain on the menu: Jugger-naut returns Saturday evening and Don Menza on Monday.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING. Alberta Hunter. Columbia 38979. Hunter is the best 88-year-old singer in any man's town. Her unrelentingly rugged sound is heard to best advantage in her own songs: "Without Rhythm," at an easy loping pace, with good old-timey lyrics about the train to glory and the Jordan rolling; "Now I'm Satisfied," with its great gospel groove, complete with backup vocal trio, and "Black Man," a traditional blues in which she gets down, with help from trombonist Vic Dickenson and from Budd Johnson's tenor sax. The pop and standard cuts include a splendid "He's Funny That Way," a "Georgia" in which Hunter seems uncertain of the

melody, and "J'ai Deux Amours," sung in French. Gerald Cook's piano, either flowery or just colorless, reduces the impact of such cuts as the title tune. 3½ stars.

"MADD ABOUT TADD." Continuum. Palo Alto PA 8029. Bebop in the wrong hands can sound sterile and stale, but here there is no problem. The leaders of Continuum, trombonist Slide Hampton and saxophonist Jimmy Heath, both gifted arrangers, lead a quintet that captures the '40s *Zeitgeist* in a set of tunes by the late Tadd Dameron, who wrote such ingratiating works as "The Scene Is Clean" and "Lady Bird." Dameron's best-known ballad, "If You Could See Me Now," is played in double-time, lending it a fresh character. 4 stars.

"SHOW STOPPER." Jamaaladeen Tacuma. Gramavision 8301. Ornette Coleman's bass guitarist tosses into

the kitchen sink so many ingredients that there may just may be something for everyone. "Animated Creation" is a piquant exercise in avant garde funk, while "Sunk in the Funk" is simply junk. One cut has the operatic soprano Wilhelmina Fernandez (from the film "Diva") singing material unworthy of her; another involves incoherent overdub scattling by Barbara Walter. There's also Colemaniactal alto by Julius Hemphill, sanguine funk guitar by Blood Ullmer, and a multi-percussion piece, "From the Land of Sand." Tacuma, an exceptional soloist, has the best moments of all in a solo number, "Tacuma Song," written by Coleman. 3 stars.

"MY BUDDY." Rosemary Clooney/Woody Herman. Concord Jazz CJ-226. This happy collaboration brings Clooney and a great jazz ensemble together for the first time since her Ellington LP in 1957. As is her custom, she delivers the melodies straight, no rhythmic or melodic chasers, though here and there a jazz timbre is detectable. What embellishments there are stem from Herman's crisp orchestra, pianist John Oddo's imaginative arrangements, and, on each of the eight cuts, a solo by at least one member of the band. Material ranges from Ellington to James Taylor, Kenny Loggins and the Bergmans. 4 stars.

"IMPRESSIONS OF CHARLES MINGUS." Teo Macero. Palo Alto PA 8046. Macero, best known as a producer for Miles Davis, Mingus and Ellington, is a talented composer and saxophonist. There is some excellent evidence here, but its impact is vitiated by sometimes ragged performance, imperfect balance, trivial lyrics on the "Blues to Duke," and a general sense that this band needed more preparation. The liner notes neglect to answer many questions— which of the seven saxs have the solos on the first tune? Which of the two keyboard players? Which guitarist? And so on down the list. 2½ stars.

"TRANSIT WEST." Mundell Lowe. Pausa 7152. This gently swinging new quartet sets Lowe in impressive perspective as a composer ("Song for Betty," "Pizzicato Samba") and guitarist. Sam Most's flute enlivens four cuts, his tenor sax the other five. Monty Budwig's creative bass and the understated drumming of Nick Ceroli complete the combo. Django Reinhardt's "Nuages" is reconstructed as an upbeat samba, to engaging effect. 4 stars. □

Performance art in the form of jazz

"Performance art," music critic John Rockwell wrote recently in *The New York Times*, "is a form in which performance takes precedence over realistic content." Performance art usually involves multimedia forms, intense expression and the artist as both creator and performer.

Sounds like a description of jazz, except for

the multimedia forms. And even those can be imagined from jazz's dance-inducing rhythms and the theatrical charisma of its best performers. They can even be imagined on records, such as Linda Hopkins' "How Blue Can You Get" (Palo Alto PA 8034-N).

Miss Hopkins, who portrayed blues singer Bessie Smith in the Broadway musical "Me and Bessie" and who has roots in gospel music, may have recorded the next blues Grammy winner. Seven of the tunes were written by jazz critic and pianist Leonard Feather, and they include a wake-me-and-shake-me "You Could Have Had Me Baby" (with traces of singer Alberta Hunter's phrasing in Miss Hopkins' delivery), a slow, slipping-and-sliding "Born on a Friday" and the title cut, a B.B. King-styled whiner featuring Calvin Newborn's guitar.

The other instrumentalists are direct and eloquent, too. They include trumpeter and flugelhornist Clara Bryant (where has she been?), tenor and alto saxophonist Red Holloway, organist Art Hillery, pianist Gerald Wiggins (with Feather subbing on two tracks), bassist Bob Maize and drummer Jimmie Smith.

Without emotional overkill but with soulful electricity, Miss Hopkins and her ensemble drive straight for the heart. She caps the album with an a cappella "Precious Lord" that is, shall we say, divine.

Off
the
record

By Owen
Cordle

Powell. You always remember the chords and touch of Evans. Here, "Young and Foolish" and the pianist's "Peace Piece" reveal the forever sadness of his best ballad performances. But "Minority" and "Oleo" show that Evans' influence as a swinger has been underestimated. Sam Jones was the bassist and Philly Joe Jones the drummer on this essential session.

The Original Jazz Classics include the original liner notes and cover art. At \$5.98, they are a bargain. Seventy reissues are available in the series.

Then there is Gerald Wilson's "Jessica" (Trend TR-531). Wilson, who played trumpet and wrote arrangements for the Jimmie Lunceford Orchestra in the early 1940s, has remained a modern and striking composer and arranger through the years. He has led a series of big bands culminating in his Orchestra of the '80s.

Although three tunes by Duke Ellington appear on the album, the band's brand of swing is closer to Count Basie's. Tenor saxist Ernie Watts takes solo honors with several hot spots, the best of which is a long-winded but interesting outing on Wilson's "Blues, Bones and Bobby."

Wilson's signature — voicings and lines that give the band the mobility of a combo yet retain the power of a large ensemble — is finely wrought on this album.

Critic Rockwell's new book, "All American Music," further discusses performance art in a chapter on Laurie Anderson. Rockwell's subjects are new American composers, and he analyzes classical, experimental, electronic, Broadway, Latin, rock and jazz artists. It's an enlightening survey, laced with historical and sociological commentary.



Linda Hopkins records 'How Blue Can You Get'

AMERICAN NEWS

from
*Leonard
Feather*

THE LOS ANGELES jazz club scene, hit hard by the closing of the Parisian Room and the financial troubles that have plagued two or three other clubs, has taken a turn for the better with the resumption of a partial jazz policy at Hop Singh's. Run by Rudy Onderwyzer, who formerly had the Lighthouse, Hop Singh's played host in August to Anita O'Day, Charlie Rouse, the Leslie Drayton big band, the Milt Jackson-Ray Brown Quartet, Alphonse Mouzon, Dollar Brand and Donald Byrd.

Also stepping up its schedule is the only club of its kind in Hollywood, the Vine Street Bar & Grill. Linda Hopkins, whose new album on Palo Alto was recently released, worked there in early August, followed by Terry Gibbs, Ray Pizzi, Morgana King and others.

Los Angeles' oldest jazz club, Memory Lane, now owned by the TV comedienne and actress Marla Gibbs, also has returned to jazz with such attractions as Albert (Tootie) Heath, Victor Feldman and Benny Golson.

● Golson's longtime partner Art Farmer is in Los Angeles on a visit with his family. He and Golson will reorganise their Jazztet in November for a record date and some club work. The album they made last March in Milan for Soul Note is being released in the US.

● Andy Simpkins, the bassist best known for his years with George Shearing and Sarah Vaughan, has made his first album as a leader, for Discovery. On the date were Herman Riley (saxes), Kevin Quail (trombone), Mike Wofford (piano) and Harold Jones (drums).

Pianist Bill Mays also has cut a date for Discovery, with Simpkins, Tom Harrell, Ralph Moore and Shelly Manne. Mays plans to move from Los Angeles to New York, where he will start his East Coast career by playing an engagement opening October 3 at Bradley, teamed with veteran bassist Red Mitchell.

● Max Roach, Dizzy Gillespie and Gerry Mulligan performed and talked about their roles in jazz history on *Jazz in America*, a major new series of four 90-minute special TV programs, aired on September 8. Gillespie was seen leading an all-star band with Jon Faddis, Curtis Fuller, Frank Foster, Pepper Adams, Roland Hanna, guitarist George Davis, George Duvivier, Grady Tate, Candido and Jon Hendricks among others, with arrangements by Chico O'Farrill.

The second show, on September 15, presented Roach's quartet with Cecil Bridgewater, Odean Pope and Calvin Hill; the September 22 show had Mulligan with

Harold Danko, Frank Luther and Billy Hart; the fourth found Gillespie leading an octet with Paquito d'Rivera, Tom McIntosh (trombone), pianist Valerie Capers, Ed Cherry, bassists Michael Howell and Ray Brown, and Tom Campbell on drums. The series was partly sponsored by the National Endowment for the Arts, a government agency.

● Jon Faddis, whose deal to go to Japan with his own group has fallen through for the present, now leads a quintet with Greg Osby (alto), James Williams (piano), Anthony Cox (bass) and Kenny Washington (drums). The combo is recording an album for George Wein's Rejoice label.

● Count Basie celebrated his 79th birthday on August 21 playing a one-night stand at Towson University in Baltimore, but the celebrations continued when he took part in a big city-sponsored event, the Kansas City Jazz Festival. This week-long affair in late August and early September featured a birthday party for the Count, with many of his old Kansas City friends invited to join him. Also set to participate in the festival were George Benson, Ella Fitzgerald and Oscar Peterson.

● James Marentic, the saxophonist and flutist from the Bronx, has assembled his own group for a Discovery album. With him on the sessions were Tom Harrell (trumpet/flugelhorn), Slide Hampton

(trombone), Larry Willis (piano), Anthony Cox (bass) and Victor Lewis (drums). Marentic composed and arranged *The Bronx Waltz* and five other originals for the occasion.

● Norman Granz is celebrating the 30th anniversary of Jazz At The Philharmonic's first visit to Tokyo by bringing to Japan, for a five-day visit, a very heavyweight all-star show: Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, Zoot Sims, Joe Pass, Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen and Louie Bellson.

(This personnel is not yet definite, according to Granz's office.) The tour starts October 9. Bellson meanwhile has been leading his own orchestra at Disneyland with, among others, Mat Catingub (lead alto), Frank Strazzeri (piano), Bill Green (baritone), Alan Kaplan (trombone) and the high-note expert Walter Johnson on trumpet. Gillespie has returned from Canada, where he played a reunion session at the Edmonton Jazz Festival with Ray Brown, Milt Jackson, Mickey Roker and guitarist Ron Eschete.

● Ron McCrosby, the whistler (he calls himself a 'puccolo soloist') who has been a hit on TV recently and has his own album on Concord Jazz, also appears on a Woody Herman LP for the same label, also featuring Eiji Kitamura, Nat Pierce, Scott Hamilton, Jack Sheldon, George Masso and some of the other familiar Concord Jazz faces. Herman also has teamed up with Rosemary Clooney for a Concord album. ■

Art Farmer.



DAVID REDFERN





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the swing years, records regularly for Norman Granz's Pablo label, is managed by Granz, and works as often as he wants to, with vacations every couple of months.

The general point made by Alexander is correct. New names are shunned. The Akiyoshi-Tabackin band, organized in 1973, was supported for a few years by RCA, whose Japanese affiliate paid all the recording expenses. Even on this bargain basis the U.S. company stopped releasing the records, most of which are artistic masterpieces of durable value that could not fail, over the years, to recoup the small investment involved. The Tabackins now have their own label, Ascent Records, selling by mail and at the band's occasional jobs.

Some bands in recent years have resorted to independent companies. The Mel Lewis orchestra, a spinoff of the 1970s' Thad Jones/Mel Lewis orchestra, has a couple of albums out on labels that are not too readily available. George Russell, a brilliant composer who surely deserves but has never had a band full time, was heard recently on a Soul Note LP.

Bill Watrous is a latter-day example of the superlative soloist who deserves a big-band setting but has rarely been able to sustain it. A phenomenal trombonist who combines elements that vary from Tommy Dorsey to J.J. Johnson to Jack Teagarden, he had a first-rate band in New York that made a couple of Columbia albums (no longer available), but has not yet recorded his Los Angeles orchestra. Alexander points to Watrous as an example of the potentially successful new maestro, given the right recording deal.

Bill Holman, one of Los Angeles' most respected arrangers, has been leading a big band locally for nine years, playing only occasional nightclub jobs, and has yet to take his men into a recording studio. Another West Coast composer, Bob Florence, is luckier. He has two albums out on Discovery Records, a third due and one on Bosco, but Florence has a problem that cancels out this advantage. Most of his musicians work lucratively in the Hollywood studios and could not be lured to go on a road trip. The same constriction has beset a number of the Hollywood- and New York-based bands. Why go on the road for \$400 a week when you can make twice as much staying home?

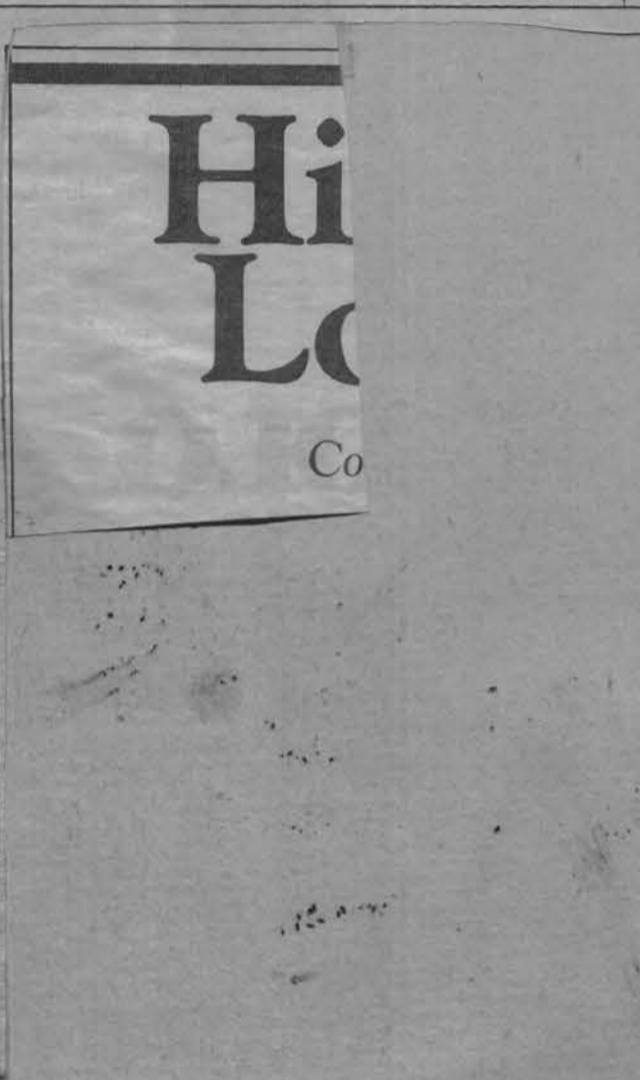
Bands such as Buddy Rich's, Ferguson's and Herman's resolve that issue by looking to the colleges—principally North Texas State University in Denton, Berklee College of Music in Boston, New England Conservatory—where highly competent musicians earn a jazz education and will go on tour for lower salaries. It has been said, in fact, that the colleges have been creating a supply for which there is a relatively small demand; after earning his degree, the young musician, thoroughly qualified for big band work, may wind up in

a rock group, or trying to break into the tightly guarded studio scene.

Jazz education, however, is playing an important role in the survival of the big bands. Educators and students are responsible for engendering thousands of bookings that find the bands playing campus concerts. "Every year," says Willard Alexander, "we go to the annual convention of the National Assn. of Jazz Educators (NAJE). We have an exhibit booth where lists and photos of our attractions are displayed, and we may do a showcase where we introduce one or two of them. Some of the name bands maintain a close association with the NAJE and depend heavily on its influence."

In addition to concerts, many of the orchestras offer

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SOUND OF KENTON'S 'GHOST' AT DONTE'S

12/13

By LEONARD FEATHER

Donte's, normally a six-day operation, opened its doors Sunday to provide a showcase for a group known as the Jazz Composers' Orchestra of Los Angeles.

This promising name implied great expectations of a band playing material created by its members. The reality, however, was contrary to this premise. The band has a library consisting, it seems, of arrangements written long ago by various writers who at one time or another were working for Stan Kenton's orchestra.

If, in fact, there were a Stan Kenton ghost band, this gives an idea of how it would sound. Typical of the direction taken by these 19 men was a Hank Levy arrangement of "A Time for Love," bottom-heavy with four trombones and a tuba, leading to a bombastic climax.

Fronting the ensemble is Mark Masters, a young (26) echo of an obsolescent tradition: the non-participating band leader. He played no instrument and wrote none of the music for the two sets heard, confining himself to

occasional conducting.

The charts were expertly played; some of them, such as Dee Barton's "Turtle Talk," have dated less than others, but the soloists were no more than competent with the exception of the buoyant, self-possessed alto saxophonist Danny House, who shone brilliantly in a Bill Holman arrangement of "Cherokee."

Ernie Watts, appearing as guest soloist, showed that despite his rock and fusion associations in recent years he has kept his jazz chops firmly together. Doubling on tenor and alto saxes, he brought to "Yesterdays" and "Stella by Starlight" (both arranged by Holman) a strong sense of individual creativity.

If this band intends to live up to its name, it will have to freshen up its repertoire with new, challenging material drawn from within its ranks. Despite some bright moments Sunday evening, in the final analysis it seems to ask the musical question: Where are the jazz composers in the Jazz Composers' Orchestra?

Coming to Donte's Wednesday: Dick Berk's Jazz Adoption Agency.

JAYE P. MORGAN SINGS HER STUFF

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jaye P. Morgan has either benefited or suffered—it is hard to say which—from a multiplicity of images. There are those who remember her from "The Gong Show" as a highly extroverted comedienne; some who may have seen her in occasional acting roles in films and on TV; others who have caught her live in this or that version of a Broadway musical comedy.

Despite her decades of experience in those media, Morgan reminded us Thursday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill that she is never more at ease than in a nightclub setting with an intimate instrumental background.

The years have been extremely kind to her. Slim and attractive, she retains her strong, infectious stage presence. She is a part-time belter, as was made resoundingly clear on such contemporary songs as "Every Breath You Take" and "This Is It," in which her combo at times tried to overwhelm her. But her gentler, relaxed side was evidenced in "Anything Goes" and "These Foolish Things." The latter was equipped with an extra chorus of lyrics with unfunny references to gays and herpes.

Almost without exception, Morgan's material and chatter were cheerful and relevant. As the show progressed, it became clear that she would leave no stylistic base untouched. She reached into her yester-years for the "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries" hit, with powerful Latin drumming by Alex Acuna. Next, she whipped forward through the time tunnel for a sensitive reading of the too-seldom-heard, Oscar-winning "Arthur" theme.

Finally, it was back to the Sophie Tucker era for a rowdy, Satchmo-tinged "Some of These Days," composed in 1910. Wittingly or not, Morgan had provided us with a well-balanced capsule history of 20th-Century popular music.

JAZZ REVIEW

BAND OVERPOWERS BRAZILIAN SINGER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Things ain't what they used to be in the world of Brazilian music. Not, at least, if the performance of Regina Werneck and her group, Thursday at Mulberry Street, is any yardstick.

Time was when the sounds of Rio were typified by subtle rhythms, sometimes strong but seldom overpowering. Often a quiet unamplified guitar was all it took to establish an enchanting ethnic mood.

An assessment of Werneck was almost impossible under the circumstances. On the first song the electric bass player, Octavio Bailly, played as if he were the soloist and she the background singer. When Bailly wasn't the culprit it was Claudio Slon, the drummer. Occasionally even Frank Zottoli, the generally helpful keyboard player, was out of control. Glenn Garrett, a capable soloist on piano, sax and flute, was reasonably discreet in his obligatos to the vocalist.

In general it was a disastrous mismatch between an undermiked singer and an overblowing band. At times it was barely possible to tell whether the vocal was in English or Portuguese. One wanted to hear Capoeira lyrics to "Boniga" and Werneck's own words on "Upside Down," but it was a lost cause.

As far as could be told, Werneck is a pleasant if not distinguished singer who might be at least twice as effective backed simply by an acoustic guitar. In fact, if and when she returns to Mulberry Street, that would be an economical and logical way to go.

LAUREN IS BACK FOR STINT AT MONEY TREE

By LEONARD FEATHER

12/16

Peggy Lauren, who is becoming a semi-regular at the Money Tree, is back in that Toluca Lake hideaway for another stint, through Saturday.

Lauren leads an interesting double life. Often she sings aboard the Queen Mary, where she may be called on to answer any request from "Flashdance" to "Mack the Knife." At the Money Tree the jazz-directed facet of her personality is on display.

A tall brunette whose accent never reveals her Texas origins, Lauren applies her resonant, confident sound to standard tunes, some of them written long before she was born. She likes her ballads on the easy side. Pianist Karen Hernandez had plenty of space for tasty fills

during "I Should Care" and "But Beautiful."

Among the up-tempo, "Bluesette" came off best with its buoyant waltz beat. "Honeysuckle Rose" came equipped with an interlude of competent scatting. From a jazz standpoint, Duke Ellington's "Squeeze Me" was a gentle, teasing delight, with bassist Eugene Wright providing the sole accompaniment.

Hernandez and Wright, along with drummer Jimmie Smith, played a warm-up set highlighted by "Georgia" and "My Way," both of which took on a gospel character with heavy keyboard tremolos.

Pianist Gerald Wiggins' popular quartet, with Red Callender on bass, will continue to hold down the Sunday and Monday spots in the room.

JAZZ

FOR BIG BANDS, A DOWNBEAT WORLD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Orchestral jazz has existed since the emergence in the 1920s of the first great composers and arrangers. Though improvisation remained a central element, by 1935 big bands had begun to dominate the jazz world. The small groups gradually displaced them as the principal creative nerve centers of the 1950s; ever since then the number of new orchestras has diminished steadily. Yet the need for such ensembles is beyond dispute.

Many of the big jazz orchestras have been led by composers who used them as an outlet for their original works (Duke Ellington, Gil Evans, George Russell, Rob McConnell, Gerald Wilson, Thad Jones, Toshiko Akiyoshi), or by a brilliant soloist for whom it is a multitextured backdrop, a concept popularized by Benny Goodman and sustained through the Swing Era. If economic conditions today were what they used to be, big bands would now be in full swing under the direction of Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Wynton Marsalis,

Freddie Hubbard, Sonny Rollins, Pat Metheny and Miles Davis.

Instead, these men lead small groups; some of them enlarge at times for records only. The prohibitive cost of plane fares, coupled with the logistic near-impossibility of setting up an itinerary along the lines of the old band bus tours, has changed the character of the music for extramusical reasons. We live in a small-combo-dominated world.

Despite all the difficulties, musicians who feel they have something they want to express as leaders continue the struggle. They organize off-and-on bands consisting of a library of music and a pool of sidemen that varies from gig to gig. In Los Angeles, Don Menza, Leslie Drayton, Bill Berry, Roger Neumann, Frank Capp/Nat Pierce and Ollie Mitchell work along these lines; in New York George Russell, Gil Evans, Frank Foster, Clark Terry and others are part-time maestros.

The long-popular Louis Bellson, who has a more-or-less regular Los Angeles ensemble, takes along a couple of key men and puts together an orchestra of local musicians when he works in Chicago and New York. Woody Herman has managed to keep a regular band together during most of 1983, but on Jan. 30 he will lead an eight-piece group for at least a month at New York's Rainbow Grill.

According to Charles Doherty, editor of Down Beat magazine, "It's a clouded, gloomy picture. Only the nostalgic circuit seems to survive. If Sun Ra or Carla Bley wants to go out on tour, the opportunity is most likely to come from Europe; they're both more in demand over there than in the U.S. There are a few later bands, like Maynard Ferguson, that may do well enough on records to keep their tours going, but they're the exceptions."

Willard Alexander, who has been booking big bands since the first blooming of Benny Goodman, is both insistent and indignant on the matter of the record companies' delinquency. "The major companies have refused to build any bands. They're just not interested in anything that will sell less than a couple of million. They don't seem to notice that Time-Life, Reader's Digest and Book-of-the-Month Club have been putting out big band reissues on a consistently profitable basis. Why can't the same promotion be put behind some of the new bands?"

There are exceptions to Alexander's premise. Maynard Ferguson's band has been well supported for several years by Columbia Records, has sold well and works steadily. Count Basie, at 79 the senior survivor of

JAZZ HOT

49^e ANNEE, N° 403, SEPTEMBRE 1983 - 18 F.

A 65 ANS, ELLA DEMEURE LA PLUS POPULAIRE DES CHANTEUSES DE JAZZ ET NE SEMBLE PAS PRÈS D'ENVISAGER LA RETRAITE... AU FIL DE CETTE CONVERSATION A BÂTONS ROMPUS, NOUS CONTINUONS DE DÉCOUVRIR, AVEC LEONARD FEATHER, LES GRANDS ET PETITS SECRETS D'UNE CARRIÈRE BIEN REMPLIE.

LEONARD FEATHER : Parlez-moi de Tony Bennett. Je crois que vous le connaissez mieux que moi...
ELLA FITZGERALD : Je ne le connais sûrement pas mieux que vous; mais c'est un homme très chaleureux, j'aime sa façon de chanter et il chante des chansons qu'il ressent profondément, cela s'entend. Il vient généralement passer Noël ici et il amène ses filles avec lui.

L.F. : Et qui d'autre encore aimez-vous?
E.F. : Vous voyez là-haut? C'est une photo de Sarah Vaughan avec moi que vous ne connaissez sûrement pas. C'était à Bruxelles, à l'Exposition universelle. Et là, ce sont les gens que j'aime — Pearl, Mae, Pops, Duke, Nat Cole. Les gens que j'ai toujours admirés. Basie est très spécial pour moi — je l'appelle mon avocat parfois. J'aime bien demander leur avis aux gens parce que je crois qu'aucun de nous n'a la science infuse. Et vous ne voyez pas les choses de la même façon que quelqu'un d'autre. Vous pouvez mettre une robe que vous aimez, mais si elle ne me va pas, j'aime mieux qu'on me le dise. Pareil avec les musiciens. Si je chante quelque chose qu'ils ne trouvent pas bon, ils ont toujours été très constructifs. Ils me disent «Ella, je ne crois pas que cela soit un point», ou «Cette chanson n'ajoute rien». C'est inspirant parce que vous savez qu'on vous dit la vérité. Paul Smith me dira : «Cette chanson n'est pas pour toi». Keter Betts, pareil; lui aussi, je l'appelle mon avocat. J'aime beaucoup ça. Quelquefois, nous donnons un concert et ils me disent : «Tu n'étais pas vraiment là, tu n'étais pas à l'aise». Ou s'ils crient «Yeah» pendant une chanson, alors je pense que je chante vraiment bien et les idées continuent à me venir. Je suis comme ça. J'ai besoin de cette stimulation.

J'aime beaucoup être avec Oscar, de l'autre côté de l'Atlantique, et faire des jam sessions. Nous avons fait un programme à la télévision ensemble, simplement en improvisant sur les chansons. A Londres. C'était un bon programme; je crois que je chante mieux quand je peux chanter comme je le ressens, mais vous devez être avec quelqu'un d'autre qui sait ce que vous ressentez. Oscar en est capable; Joe Pass aussi. Et mes musiciens. Ils savent ce que je vais faire presque avant que je le sache moi-même.
Pour moi les musiciens sont la moitié de ce que je fais. Vous montez sur scène avec un mauvais groupe et vous risquez d'avoir de sérieux ennemis.
Nous croyons savoir ce que nous faisons mais... A mes débuts, quand j'étais avec Chick Webb, j'interprétais des morceaux swing mais je voulais chanter une ballade. Chick ne pensait pas que je sois prête pour les ballades. Avant même de savoir ce qui se passait, je me suis retrouvée à en chanter parce qu'il pensait que j'avais besoin de cette expérience. La première fois que j'ai vu Norman Granz, il organisait les jam sessions et nous passions au club Alabam. Il engageait souvent Taft Jordan ou d'autres gars de l'orchestre pour ses séances de l'après-midi, mais il ne demandait jamais rien à moi. Je n'ai jamais chanté pour lui jusqu'en 1948, où j'assistais à un de

ENTRETIEN AVEC ELLA FITZ

PAR LEONARD FEATHER



ses concerts, et il m'a présentée; c'est Helen Humes qui chantait avec «Jazz at the Philharmonic». Mais les spectateurs n'ont pas arrêté d'applaudir en demandant que je monte sur scène pour chanter; je suis montée sur scène, les gens ont aimé ce que je faisais, et avant de savoir ce qui s'était passé, je travaillais avec Norman. C'est peu de temps après qu'il est devenu mon manager.

L.F. : Vous ne pensez pas que ce fut un véritable tournant dans votre vie?

E.F. : Absolument. Un moment crucial.

L.F. : Il vous a traitée comme une artiste de grande classe.

E.F. : Exactement! Beaucoup de gens ne l'aimaient pas, parce qu'il était — pas exactement autoritaire, mais c'était toujours à lui qu'il fallait parler. Moi, je



D.R. Avec Chick Webb

n'avais qu'à chanter. C'était exactement ce qui me convenait.

L.F. : Quelle est la dispute la plus grave que vous ayez eue avec lui?

E.F. : Un jour, nous étions en Italie, et ils avaient «Lullaby of Birdland». Norman, lui, n'aimait pas cette chanson. Mais j'étais bien décidée à la chanter. Je suis montée sur scène et il m'y a suivie; il s'est assis là, sur la scène, il ne voulait pas laisser jouer les musiciens, rien. Il a un côté colérique, mais j'ai appris à vivre avec. Maintenant, je dis un peu plus ce que je pense, alors que par le passé je me contentais de bouder ou de pleurer. Parfois, nous ne nous parlions plus pendant quatre ou cinq semaines, il me faisait parvenir des messages par Mary, Jane ou Pete, mais il ne voulait pas me parler. Je me mettais à pleurer... Je pensais : «Oh, mon dieu, que faire pour arriver à toucher cet homme?» Mais maintenant, j'accepte, ou sinon, je dis ce que je pense. Ça vaut mieux que de tout garder pour soi. Mais le rencontrer ce fut une chose formidable pour moi.

Nous sommes comme une grande famille maintenant, avec Joe, Oscar et Basie — cela rend aussi la vie plus facile, tout le monde peut être naturel, il n'y a pas de jalousie.

Je me souviens d'un soir à Londres, je ne sais pas ce que je faisais mais je me sentais bien, et quand j'ai eu fini, Joe, Oscar, ils étaient tous là à me dire : «Bon song, tu avais vraiment envie de chanter ce soir!». Pour moi, c'est le plus grand compliment du monde, quand c'est un musicien qui vous dit que vous êtes formidable.

Un autre événement marquant dans ma vie a été de chanter avec des orchestres symphoniques. La première fois, ce fut avec Arthur Fiedler, à Boston. Il aimait m'entendre chanter «Too Darn Hot» de Cole

GERALD

(SUITE ET FIN)



Porter. Il a dit qu'il aimerait trouver cette femme qui chantait «Too Darn Hot» et l'interpréter avec l'orchestre symphonique. Boston est la ville où «A Tisket a tasket» est devenue célèbre, alors je me retrouvais en pays de connaissance. Nous avons joué beaucoup de Cole Porter, de Rodgers and Hart; c'est ce que je veux dire, quand je dis que vous n'arrêtez jamais d'apprendre. Vous avez la possibilité de chanter avec un trio, avec une grande formation, avec un orchestre symphonique. Vous interprétez peut-être les mêmes compositions, mais la façon dont vous le faites vous donne l'impression de vous renouveler. J'ai eu une expérience formidable à Vancouver, il y a un mois à peu près. Nous jouions dans un petit club, et c'était exactement comme dans le temps, un petit club et vous vous trouvez au beau milieu des gens. J'étais ravie! C'était intime. Il y a une famille qui est venue quatre soirs de suite.

L.F. : Il vous arrive parfois de regretter cette intimité des petits clubs?

E.F. : Bien sûr. J'étais tellement contente en arrivant, de lire sur une pancarte «Sold out» (complet, tout est vendu). Avant même que nous ayons commencé à jouer! Nous ne sommes restés là que six jours et ces six jours ont passé très vite. C'est un bon feeling, de se trouver dans un petit club. Dans certaines de ces grandes salles, il y a un écho, et vous ne pouvez absolument pas communiquer avec les gens. Quand je suis à la maison maintenant, j'essaie de faire des choses qui soient bonnes pour mon régime. J'avais perdu presque 22 livres en Europe, je ne mange que deux repas par jour quand je suis là-bas. Je me suis rendue compte — et les musiciens me l'ont dit aussi — que lorsque je ne mange pas avant de monter sur scène, je trouve mon souffle plus facilement. La seule personne que je connaisse qui soit capable de manger et de chanter tout de suite après,

«MA PLUS GRANDE EXPÉRIENCE: L'APPRENTISSAGE DU BE-BOP EN VOYAGEANT AVEC DIZZY»

c'est Sassy (Sarah Vaughan). Elle peut manger et chanter ensuite sans perdre le contrôle de son souffle. Melba Moore aussi est une chanteuse qui sait contrôler son souffle. Elle est incroyable. Vous l'avez déjà entendue chanter Saint Louis Blues? Elle garde la même note indéfiniment!
Cette amie à moi que vous venez de voir, Judy, autrefois elle jouait du trombone avec les «Sweethearts of Rhythm». Elle a essayé de m'apprendre certaines choses en yoga qui sont très bonnes pour vous. Des exercices qui vous aident à contrôler votre souffle. J'ai le livre mais je n'ai toujours pas commencé.
Judy est bonne musicienne. Ce serait bien de voir un orchestre de filles. J'aimerais voir un orchestre, n'importe lequel, revoir des big bands nouveaux. C'est quelque chose qui me manque — les grandes salles de bal où jouaient les big bands.
Nous avons travaillé à Dallas — ils ont des musiciens fantastiques là-bas. Evidemment, ils ont cette école, l'Université du North Texas. Nous avons donné un concert de jazz un soir, et le lendemain, les mêmes musiciens ont joué avec l'orchestre symphonique. Ils

avaient un de ces trompettistes, la dernière fois que nous étions à Dallas! Dieu du Ciel! Mais il ne veut pas quitter le Texas. Il est stupéfiant. Il y avait un bon petit saxophoniste aussi. Ils avaient également un bon orchestre de collège à la Nouvelle-Orléans.

L.F. : Il n'y a pas assez de musiciens noirs dans ces collèges.

E.F. : Non. Mais certains de nos «gars» y enseignent et c'est très bien comme ça. Clark Terry enseigne, et Joe — quel est son nom de famille déjà? — il jouait dans le temps de la trompette avec Dizzy Gillespie. Il enseigne maintenant.

Ce fut ma plus grande expérience: l'apprentissage du be-bop en voyageant avec l'orchestre de Dizzy. Nous faisons une tournée de six ou huit semaines dans le sud. A l'époque, vous pouviez aller quelque part faire une jam, et je suivais toujours Dizzy après les concerts. Nous avons été à une de ces jam sessions qu'ils retransmettaient sur WNEW, et Dizzy m'a fait chanter «Lady Be Good». Decca l'a entendu et en a fait un disque. Dave Garroway — qu'il repose en paix — l'a joué à Chicago et en a fait un grand succès là-bas. Nous avons joué au State and Lake, à l'Orpheum, au Chicago Theatre, et tout ça en trois mois! A cause de «Lady Be Good». C'était tout à fait nouveau pour les gens. J'appelle ça ma leçon de Bop.

Je parle plus facilement quand je suis détendue. Quelquefois, les gens me posent de ces questions bateau et je me dis, mon dieu, nous y revolla! Nous avons donné une conférence de presse et tout le monde me posait les mêmes questions. Du coup, vous avez envie de ne plus rien dire.

Depuis quelque temps, ils me font parler des «soop operas» (les feuilletons télé sentimentaux, généralement sponsorisés par des marques de savon). Je suis une fan des feuilletons télé, vous savez. Dizzy aussi et Roy Eldridge. On dit que quand c'est l'heure du feuilleton télé, Roy n'y est plus pour personne, il ne répond même plus au téléphone. Je ne bois pas, je ne fume pas, il faut bien que je fasse quelque chose de mon temps.

Le docteur m'a dit que je pouvais boire un verre de champagne de temps en temps, mais j'essaie de ne pas le faire. Je n'en ai pas besoin. Norman s'est moqué de moi un jour en France, et j'ai essayé de boire, qu'est-ce que c'est... de la réglisse? Ce n'est pas de l'anisette, mais ça y ressemble. J'en buvais et tout d'un coup... Heureusement que je n'avais plus que le final à chanter. Je ne pouvais pas mettre ma langue au bon endroit, et ils étaient tous là à m'éclater de rire au nez! J'ai décidé que non, ce n'était pas pour moi. Je peux boire du vin blanc, mais quand je travaille, pas question.

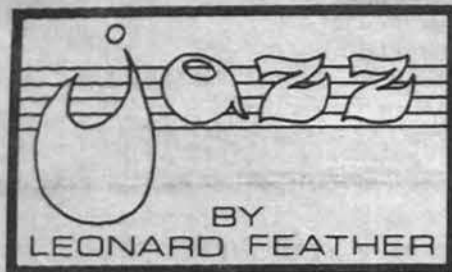
L.F. : Vous donnez l'impression d'être en parfaite santé maintenant.

E.F. : J'espère. Je dois faire attention à mes yeux, et je suis toujours à la frontière du diabète. Alors il faut rester modéré, beaucoup des choses que vous aimez, vous réalisez que ce n'est pas bon pour vous. Je collectionne les livres de cuisine. Il faut que je vous montre ma bibliothèque. De tous les pays du monde. C'est intéressant, c'est comme lire des histoires d'amour — vous vous surprenez à comparer ce que deux personnes différentes font avec la même viande, ça n'a rien à voir.

L.F. : Vous m'avez dit un jour que vous appreniez le portugais. Vous avez été loin avec ça?

E.F. : Je ne me débrouillais pas mal, mais à ce moment-là, mes yeux ont recommencé à me faire souffrir, et je ne pouvais pas trop lire. J'ai dû abandonner les leçons; mais je veux vraiment continuer. Pour moi, c'est comme une nouvelle étape, d'apprendre à chanter dans des langues différentes. Je chante quatre ou cinq chansons en portugais — «Corcovado», cela a eu du succès, en Suède et partout à l'étranger. Mon beau-père était portugais, il voulait m'envoyer dans une école portugaise. Il essayait de m'apprendre la langue. Ils avaient ces danses portugaises où ils jouaient des cuicas — nous nous moquions d'eux en disant qu'ils se servaient seulement du cut-gut (corde en boyau de chat). Ça ne m'intéressait pas, je préférais jouer. Il s'est découragé. Vous vous rendez compte, si j'avais réellement accroché, à quel point cela pourrait m'aider aujourd'hui?

Mais je suis toujours décidée. J'aimerais apprendre l'espagnol. Judy me tance pour ça, parce qu'elle parle espagnol. Je suis très populaire en Espagne, et chanter dans leur langue vous rapproche des gens. Nous disons toujours que les gens sont idiots parce qu'ils ne savent pas parler anglais, mais c'est nous qui sommes



Jazz Hall of Fame

Recently I was invited to spend a day at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, VA, to take part in the induction ceremonies for the National Jazz Hall of Fame. Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington became the first inductees; speeches were made and films were shown. The man behind the idea, Prof. Robert Rutland, spoke of the need for enough funding to make the Hall of Fame a tangible reality.

Why, you may ask, Charlottesville, VA? The answer is simple: Prof. Rutland had the idea, and that is where he happens to be. At present the Hall is not much more than an idea; at the ceremonies, held in the University's Bayly Museum, it comprised a few partitions of plywood to which were attached portraits of Ellington and Armstrong.

This is not the first such concept. The Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers has been compiling valuable archives of jazz memorabilia. New York had a jazz museum, but internal bickering among the operators tore it apart. New Orleans was the first city to attempt a museum on a modest scale, 6-OVERTURE-December, 1983

but here too there seem to have been problems.

If we can have a Baseball Hall of Fame, and if jazz is, as so many of us have been saying for so long, America's truly indigenous art form, why can't the National Endowment for the Arts, or some such financially equipped organization, commemorate this music on a grand and comprehensive scale?

Jazz has come a long way in terms of prestige and acceptance, but the errors of omission continue to glare at us. Right here in Hollywood we have a so-called Walk of Fame, on which your feet may make contact with some genuinely deserving artists and others you have never heard of. Meanwhile, you look in vain for Art Tatum, Charlie Parker and even Billie Holiday.

There are 1,769 names on the Walk of Fame; most recently the Three Stooges were inducted. Let us hope Hollywood never tries a Jazz Hall of Fame; I hate to think who the honorees might be.

LIEBMAN OPENS AND CLOSES AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

David Liebman infused an injection of New York vitality into this week's proceedings at Donte's during a two-night stand (he closed Tuesday). The soprano saxophonist, in his first visit to town in almost a year, worked with a local rhythm section, but had rehearsed enough to give the impression that this was an organized unit.

Liebman has mastered the soprano, a sometimes recalcitrant horn, so thoroughly that he resists the temptation to become infatuated with the sound of his formidable technique. Shrieking cascades of notes may give way to short, stabbing staccato phrases played dead on the beat. He knows the value of space and never gets carried away.

Another of his strengths is the ability to make something new and diverting out of an old chord pattern. His inversion of "Night and Day," announced as "Day and Night," was disguised with an entirely new melody and an altered harmonic line. Even more oblique was a piece that turned out to be "Old Devil Moon," though it took about five minutes to recognize the changes.

Tom Garvin served a double function as pianist and composer. His "Elaine," played as a duet with Liebman on flute, displayed the gentler side of their personalities. A Garvin waltz, "Tolara," provided a showcase for Joel di Bartolo's eloquent upright bass.

The closing flag-waver was "Bright Piece," a tune Liebman wrote and recorded during his tenure with Elvin Jones. This climactic cooker found Garvin in his most outside mood, Liebman in a long, energy-packed statement, and a typically intelligent drum solo by Peter Donald, who had maintained a stimulating beat throughout the set.

It is shocking that no club in Los Angeles can provide more than a two-day stint for a group of this caliber. Given enough publicity, Liebman surely should be able to attract a steady flow of his admirers for at least four or five days.

Tonight at Donte's: Bunny Brunel.

SAX MAN SCOTT A GOOD-LUCK CHARM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The name Tom Scott is almost inescapable these days. Aside from his many TV writing credits, he's been involved recently with the scoring of three motion pictures. His alter ego, Scott the saxophonist, has shown up as a sideman on countless sessions, most recently with Victor Feldman's Generation Band in "Soft Shoulder" on Palo Alto Records.

As a leader, he has transferred his services from the Elektra/Musician label to another wing of the same vast

JAZZ

conglomerate, Atlantic Records, where his LP, "Target," has raced up the jazz charts and has reached the Top 10. Ironically, it is not a jazz album.

The question raised by the album title seems germane to any discussion of this chameleonic musician: just what is Scott's target? Does he now consider himself a pop artist rather than a jazz figure?

"I don't know what I am," he replies, laughing heartily. "I try to be flexible. I certainly enjoyed making the Victor Feldman album; it gave me a chance to stretch out and play some jazz. There was no make-a-hit-single pressure, so I just went in and had a ball. But my own record company expects me to have some sort of hit potential. Maybe I'm vain, but I feel this is within my capabilities, so why not try for it? This way I get to enjoy the best of both worlds."

In the process of accommodating himself to the business end of music, Scott has undergone some trying experiences. Recently he was hired to write the score, and contribute some of the songs, for the movie "Hard to Hold," starring Rick Springfield. "Originally," he says, "I did a lush, Johnny Mandel type score with strings—a romantic theme with nice chords and everything. The idea was to attract a more sophisticated audience to Rick Springfield."

"Then at the preview the Universal Studios people decided, gee, we really ought to make the music sound like Rick Springfield could have written all of it himself. So I'm going back to square one and doing the whole thing with guitars and synthesizers and drums. In fact, I've been watching a lot of MTV, trying to deal with it as if I'm a student of this stuff."

So much for romantic music in a rock star's movie.

Another recent frustration was the fate of "Going Berserk," directed by David Steinberg and starring SCTV's John Candy. "It was a real loony comedy, and I enjoyed working on the music—I had a 50-piece orchestra playing Robert Farnon-style things, but nobody really got to hear it—the picture bombed."

The most satisfying of Scott's three current film ventures is "Blame It on the Night," based on a story co-written by Mick Jagger. "It's a real human-interest story about a rock 'n' roll guy, a Mick Jagger type, played by Nick Mancuso, who has to assume fatherhood of a kid whose mother has suddenly died."

Aiming at a commercial target almost invariably involves dealing with lyrics. Of the three vocal tracks in the new Scott album, one, "Come Back to Me," was



Tom Scott's life changed the night in the early 1970s when Joni Mitchell dropped into the Baked Potato to hear his combo, the L.A. Express.

co-written by Kenny James, who sings it. Lyrically, it leaves a lot—in fact, everything—to be desired. Another, "He's Too Young," lyrics by one G. Leib, is saved by Maria Muldaur's singing; the third, "Got to Get Out of New York," was written by Scott, his drummer Harvey Mason and the mysterious Lee Ving.

"The origin of that song is strange," says Scott. "I had played on a tune called 'Rapture,' the rap hit that Blondie had, and Harvey told me I ought to write a piece for myself along the same lines. He came up with a vamp and I called Lee Ving. He's the lead singer with a punk band, Fear; he has also been a bartender at Donte's. A very interesting fellow."

"He listened to a demo Harvey and I had made of this theme, and made up this story about a rock guy who goes to New York; he tries to play with musicians there, but everywhere he looks there's somebody with a saxophone playing jazz."

"The idea of a Tom Scott number where the saxophone was sort of the villain intrigued me; and wouldn't you know it, this song is getting played on KROQ and all these other stations where they think it's, like, real hip. So you never know."

Indeed you do not. Moreover, in order to get a true perspective on Scott's talent as a musician, the better course would be to check out the Victor Feldman album, where he is under no pressure to record puerile lyrics or come up with a million seller.

Scott's desire to be part of a words-and-music situation is understandable when one considers his extraordinary background as an associate of vocal superstars. He seems to be regarded by famous singers as a good-luck jazz charm.

Carole King was the first. Almost a decade ago, Scott toured with her and was the soloist on her hit "Jazzman." "That song, I understand, was dedicated to John Coltrane," Scott says, "though a lot of people

thought it was about me."

Also in the early 1970s, when he was working at a small Hollywood club, the Baked Potato, leading a combo that became known as the L.A. Express, Joni Mitchell dropped in one night. "That was a turning point in my life. The record of 'Court and Spark' with Joni was a tremendous hit, and the group went on an extensive tour with her."

Next came the George Harrison connection, which grew out of their mutual passion for Indian music and their association with Ravi Shankar, the sitar master. Touring with Harrison's band, Scott also got to perform Eastern music with Shankar during the first segment of the concert programs.

Not long after, a sudden and spontaneous event brought him together with another ex-Beatle. "I got a call from an engineer, who said, 'I'm here at the studio with Paul McCartney, and I know you'd be just perfect for this tune of his. Can you come down right now?' Two minutes later I was in my car." The result was Scott's soprano solo on the Wings hit "Listen to What the Man Said."

In 1978 Scott was recruited for the Blues Brothers band. "That was not a heavy musical experience, but it was fun, and the band was tight and enjoyable. John Belushi was in good voice when we started out, but unfortunately he couldn't sustain it."

Scott's last extended experience on the vocal trail was a 66-show tour in 1982 as Olivia Newton-John's musical director. "I value these tours because it's useful to connect with non-musician types of people, bringing my jazz knowledge to the world of pop, and maybe uplifting the musical level."

Though he could continue indefinitely making his forays with singers, his albums as leader and sideman and his miscellaneous studio work, Scott feels that he has not yet reached his full potential. A longtime admirer and friend of Quincy Jones (he worked on "Thriller" and on James Ingram's new album), he looks up to Jones as "someone who has bridged all the gaps between idioms, who has the power and the freedom to do everything he wants."

"I hope someday I'll be in that position, and I hope that along the way I won't forget what it was that I wanted in the first place."

"What," he was asked, "do you really want to do?"

"I want to be great. I want everything I do to be great."

"Don't you think you've sort of achieved that?"

"Well, yes, pretty much," said Scott, "but I'd really like to write a score for a truly great motion picture. I love the art of providing the music that accentuates a mood, a scene. I'm building up to that right now. In fact, I watch movies more than I listen to records."

News that Richard Pryor may finally be going ahead with his long-discussed film on the life of Charlie Parker intrigues Scott: "Now there's something I'd really like to be involved in. It would be inspiring to try to capture his essence. I'd go into the woodshed for months to learn to play Bird's solos exactly."

Scott arguably could do the job; but by his own admission, he has not concentrated enough on his jazz playing in recent years. He is aware that jazz improvisation calls for an immense degree of dedication, concentration and devotion. "With the sort of multifaceted career that I have right now, it's not easy to do. That's why I try to hang out with Victor Feldman and guys like that who inspire me."

Scott faces the dilemma that has confronted countless musicians who live in the multiple domains of jazz and pop, studio and nightclub, instrumental and vocal. He is such a brilliant and multitalented man that it can only be hoped he will soon decide exactly what his target is. When he does, he is a good bet for a bull's-eye. □

JAZZ

A CONFUSING BUT PRODUCTIVE YEAR

By LEONARD FEATHER

In jazz circles, 1983 may be remembered as the Year of Utter Confusion. Never before has so disparate a variety of performances been visited on an unsuspecting public in the name of jazz. The word, in fact, may be on its way to becoming meaningless, and, sooner or later, obsolete.

At this writing, the top-selling album listed under jazz in Billboard is George Benson's "In Your Eyes." It is not a value judgment, but rather a statement of fact, to classify this as a pop album not aimed at the jazz student. Second on the list is "Future Shock," Herbie Hancock's album of multiple-synthesizer digital funk. Anything under his name acquires the jazz label today because of his past (and still occasional) associations with it.

It gets worse, more puzzling, as you let your fingers do the walking down the list. Four albums in the Top 20 are on the Windham Hill label. Now I happen to believe that Windham Hill is making an important contribution, but the works of such artists as William Ackerman, George Winston and Shadowfax have been characterized as ethereal, mood music, art/rock and neo-impressionism. The jazz content varies from minimal to zero.

The jazz chart last week added to its ranks none other than Linda Ronstadt's "What's New." I welcomed the commercial success of "What's New," but Linda Ronstadt representing jazz? She must have been as amazed as the rest of us.

Fortunately, 1983 also happened to be a productive year for valid unhyphenated jazz. Large-scale jazz festivals under the Kool aegis were staged in 18 cities. Playboy had another winner in Hollywood. Monterey was sold out before anyone even knew who was going to play there.

It was a year when discophiles could select their purchases from a rich variety of new works and reissued classics. New and valuable mainstream and modern sounds continued to flow on Concord Jazz, Contemporary, Discovery, Elektra/Musician, Milestone, Muse, Palo Alto, Pausa and others. Avant-garde and/or funk was accessible on Black Saint/Soul Note, ECM, Gramavision, Hat Hut and India Navigation.

In the spring, Fantasy reissued 40 masterworks on its Riverside and Prestige labels. The venture was followed up with 20 more this month, again at the tempting price of \$5.98, with names like Mose Allison, Chet Baker, Art Blakey, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Art Farmer and on and on.

The same bargain rates apply to a series of "Jazz at the Philharmonic" live albums on Verve. Most of this material has long been unavailable, and some—most notably the Ella Fitzgerald set (Verve 815-147)—has never previously been issued. Also revived is the EmArcy label with two-LP sets by Sarah Vaughan (see below) and Dinah Washington. The virtually defunct Blue Note catalogue is beginning to reappear on a new label, Mosaic.

Radio: The bell tolled for "Jazz Alive!" the syndicated live series that had maintained a high standard for six years under the National Public Radio banner. All new taping stopped Sept. 30, though some stations are still carrying reruns. A consortium of public radio stations has arranged to revive the "Jazz Alive!" New Year's Eve tradition later this week. A 7½-hour NPR program will ring in the New Year in each time zone, beginning with Carmen McRae and Zoot Sims at 6:30 p.m. Pacific time from the Blue Note in Greenwich Village, and ending with Freddie Hubbard and others from 11:30 p.m. to 2 a.m. PST from Concerts by the Sea in Redondo Beach. The program will be heard locally on KSBP-FM and KLON-FM, Long Beach.

THE GOLDEN FEATHER AWARDS

Again, I have been sparing in the handing out of these trophies. There is, for example, no new group of the year, since none seemed destined to soar to great heights of achievement.

The envelopes, please:

Man of the Year: Michel Petrucciani, who will celebrate his 21st birthday Wednesday, Born in Toulon,



Man of the Year Michel Petrucciani of Toulon, France, celebrates his 21st birthday Wednesday.

France, now a resident of Big Sur, he says he is tired of all the publicity about the "glass bones" disease that has limited his height to three feet and his weight to 50 pounds. Who can blame him. More important is his talent. His piano improvisations place him in a class somewhere between Bill Evans and McCoy Tyner. Watch for his first American album; meanwhile, he has one hard-to-find set, "Oracle's Destiny," on Owl 032 (distributed by PolyGram).

Alternate Man of the Year: Makoto Ozone. Some critics have lambasted him for excessive displays of techniques, but this young (22) pianist from Kobe,



1983 YEAR IN REVIEW

Japan, shows tremendous promise and doubtless will find his own, more moderated style, given a couple of years to settle down.

Woman of the Year: Sarah Vaughan. Ironically, her two latest releases are both reissues. One, "The Man I Love," on Musicraft 2002, was recorded in 1946-48; the other in 1954-57 (see "Golden Dozen" below). The award, however, is for a concert last month in Los Angeles at which all doubt was removed that, at 59, she is just that many years more impeccably mature.

Book of the Year: "Red and Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union, 1917-1980" by S. Frederick Starr (Oxford, \$16.95). An amazingly well-documented, unique and absorbing work of historiography.

THE GOLDEN DOZEN

First, a disclaimer: The following are not the "12 best records" of the year. No one reviewer could possibly have received, let alone listened thoroughly, to all that were issued. The list shows a cross section of albums that successfully illustrate a variety of styles and idioms.

"European Memoirs." Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band. Ascent 1003 (\$10; Ascent Records, 38 West 94th St., New York 10025). A farewell cry from

this incomparable West Coast orchestra, which broke up last spring (it has been replaced by a band of New York musicians).

"Light Blue: Arthur Blythe Plays Thelonious." Columbia PC 38661. Blythe's alto sax is logically attuned to the off-the-wall eccentricities of Monk's tunes. The instrumentation (cello, tuba, guitar and drums) is a valuable unorthodoxy.

"Time Remembered." Bill Evans. Milestone 47068. Yet another posthumous Evans gem, taped at Shelly's Manne Hole in 1963 with Larry Bunker and Chuck Israels. The latter's liner notes are on a level with his bass playing.

"Think of One." Wynton Marsalis. Columbia FC 38641. Marsalis, now a seasoned veteran of 22, is challengingly presented with his quintet of young musicians. With brother Branford Marsalis on sax, he achieves a near-perfect balance of freedom and structure.

"Again." Rob McConnell & the Boss Brass. Vols. I & II. Pausa 7148, 7194. The Toronto-based band, led by a valve trombonist who writes almost all the arrangements, achieves a richness of textures (there are two French horns as well as five trumpets and five trombones) that lends new life to "My Ship," "Tickle Toe" and "A Time for Love."

"James Newton." James Newton. Gramavision 8205. This is Newton's best representation both as flutist and composer. He performs three intricate and engaging original works; his pianist, Anthony Davis, contributed "Persephone," and the fifth track is a warmly sympathetic rendition of Billy Strayhorn's "Day Dream."

"Tete a Tete." Art Pepper and George Cables. Galaxy 5147. Recorded a couple of months before Pepper's death last year, this saxophone-piano duo set finds two superlative artists bringing out the best in one another.

"Night Music." Woody Shaw. Elektra/Musician 60299. Informal small-group mainstream jazz, with an overlay of bop and touches of avant-garde. Shaw's trumpet and Steve Turre's trombone are dazzling; Bobby Hutcherson's vibes are a welcome addition.

"Tatum." Art Tatum. Pausa PR 9017. Seven trio cuts and four piano solos; three of the latter were never previously issued. Every Tatum record ever made belongs in every collection.

"Bill Evans—a Tribute." Various artists. Palo Alto 8028-2. In this unique two-LP set 14 pianists pay homage to Evans, seven by interpreting his compositions. Herbie Hancock, Chick Corea, Teddy Wilson, JoAnne Brackeen, Dave Frishberg, McCoy Tyner, Jimmy Rowles and George Shearing are among the participants.

"The George Gershwin Songbook." Sarah Vaughan. EmArcy (Mercury) 814-187-1. Paradoxically, Vaughan won her first-ever Grammy this year for a different Gershwin album, "Gershwin Live!," with Michael Tilson Thomas and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. It was a classical rather than a jazz album, yet the award was categorized as "Best Female Jazz Vocal." This two-record EmArcy set, with arrangements by Hal Mooney, is far superior in its breadth of selections (24) and in conveying the essence of Vaughan's greatness and her jazz roots.

"Phil Wilson & Makoto Ozone Live." Shiah SM 113. This duo set marks a promising debut for Ozone (see above). It was recorded while he was a student at Berklee, where trombonist Wilson is a teacher. Available at \$10 from Whale Prod., 162 Broadsound Ave., Revere, Mass. 02151. □

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NASH & CO.: MORE THAN JUST FRIENDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the last six years, during the Christmas holiday season, Ted Nash has returned here from New York to visit his family, celebrate his birthday and play a gig at Donte's.

The ritual was repeated Thursday before a capacity crowd when the saxophonist, now 24, led a quartet in what was arguably one of the most exciting performances heard in the club all year.

Though Nash is a product of the neo-bebop era, he has developed the ability to take his long, splendidly constructed solos several steps beyond that stage of his development. Opening on soprano sax, he embarked on a long series of choruses of "Just Friends" that grew increasingly intense and outside.

Doubling on alto sax, he was afforded superlative

support throughout the set by Keith Saunders, an adventurous pianist, by Peter Donald on drums, and most notably by Andy Simpkins, whose solos throughout reminded us that he is one of the most brilliantly creative bassists on the contemporary scene.

The selection of tunes ranged from Herbie Hancock's "Dolphin Dance" to Nash's own moody Brazilian "Tristamente" and Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring." But the high point of the set was reached when Nash invited his father, Dick Nash, to sit in on trombone, for an exchange of ideas on "Body and Soul."

Dick Nash, a veteran studio musician, is an unsung hero who belongs right up there with the trailblazers. This father-and-son episode was a rare and moving example of how jazzmen can bridge the generation gap.

The pair closed the set with a loose, happy blues. The Nashes ought to get together for an album. Music of this caliber is too seldom captured on records.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS 1/1/84

"COMING OUT." Johnny O'Neal. A significant debut. O'Neal, 27, plays with the maturity of a veteran, capturing the graceful essence of two blues and five standards. There are flashes of Peterson, Tommy Flanagan and Kenny Barron. Best cut: "Joan's Gospel Blues," with O'Neal digging deep into his church roots. With Ray Brown, Frank Severino. 4½ stars. —LEONARD FEATHER

□

"TETE A TETE." Art Pepper/George Cables. Galaxy GXY-5147. This duo album, taped weeks before Pepper's death last year, offers a stunning reminder of a memorable partnership. Except for Cables' Calypso-style original title tune and "The Way You Look Tonight," with Cables playing Bud Powell left hand punctuations, this is a ballad album. "Darn That Dream," "Body and Soul" and "Round Midnight" have been done almost to death, yet Pepper, with his impassioned sound and masterful phrasing, and Cables, a harmonic and rhythmic master, bring to them a reverential freshness. 5 stars. —L.F.

□

"STAND BY FOR THE JACK SHEL-

DON QUARTET." Concord Jazz CJ-229. Despite his 16 years on "The Merv Griffin Show," where his reputation as a singer and comic have been well established, Sheldon is first and foremost a trumpet player of underrated talent. He sings on 5 cuts but plays on all 10, achieving a special vocal warmth in Strayhorn's "Day Dream" and introducing the little-known verse on "The Very Thought of You." Backing him is a strong rhythm team (Ross Tompkins, Ray Brown, Jake Hanna), but next time around the addition of a second horn, or of a guitar, might bring a needed new dimension; so, for that matter, would the sound of Sheldon doubling on the warmer-toned fluegelhorn. 3 stars. —L.F.

□

"IN TRANSIT." Bruce Forman. Muse MR 5299. A fleet, inventive guitarist heard a while back with Richie Cole group, Forman is in good form on the gospel-tinted "Down the Line" and a samba-converted "Mood Indigo." Most cuts are originals, and all would have been benefited from a more inspiring setting; with just organ (Ed Kelly) and drums (Eddie Marshall) things begin to bog down after a while. 3 stars. —L.F.

An Autobiography of Black Jazz by Dempsey J. Travis (Academy Chicago: \$22.50). The title is a slight misnomer, for despite the heavy accent on jazz, this is essentially a retrospective of black show business (and, pervasively, of white racism) seen from a strictly Chicago perspective. The author, a real-estate dealer with early experience as a musician, examines black nightclubs, dance halls and theaters of Chicago mainly during the years between the wars. There are tape-recorded interviews with musicians (most between 55 and 79), a dancer, a disc jockey, singers and comedians (a chilling story by George Kirby). Despite dozens of misspelled or garbled names, and statements we can scarcely take at face value, this affectionate work stands up as a valuable slice of socio-ethnological history. Profusely illustrated. 1/1/84 —LEONARD FEATHER

2 Part VI/Wednesday, January 11, 1984

JAZZ REVIEW

ANDERSON TAKES CHARGE AT VINE ST.

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Vine St. Bar & Grill launched its 1984 program in fine fettle as Ernestine Anderson moved in last weekend for a three-night stand.

Anderson's commanding personality takes charge from the first moment—head bobbing and weaving, left arm in constant motion. She has a tendency to let her songs lag teasingly behind the beat, along with a penchant for extended, suspenseful endings that are sometimes almost as long as the songs themselves.

"Bright Lights," a paean to urban life in fast waltz time, best displayed this proclivity for long tags. Elsewhere her deep blues sensitivity was in evidence: "Please Send Me Someone to Love" was almost a show-stopper Friday, and "Never Make Your Move Too Soon," with its sardonic recitative passage, was a compelling set-closer.

Her repertoire spanned almost seven decades, from the somewhat antiquated "Poor Butterfly" (1916) to Bob Friedman's recent "I'll Never Pass This Way Again," which maintained a slow and serious mood without lapsing into solemnity.

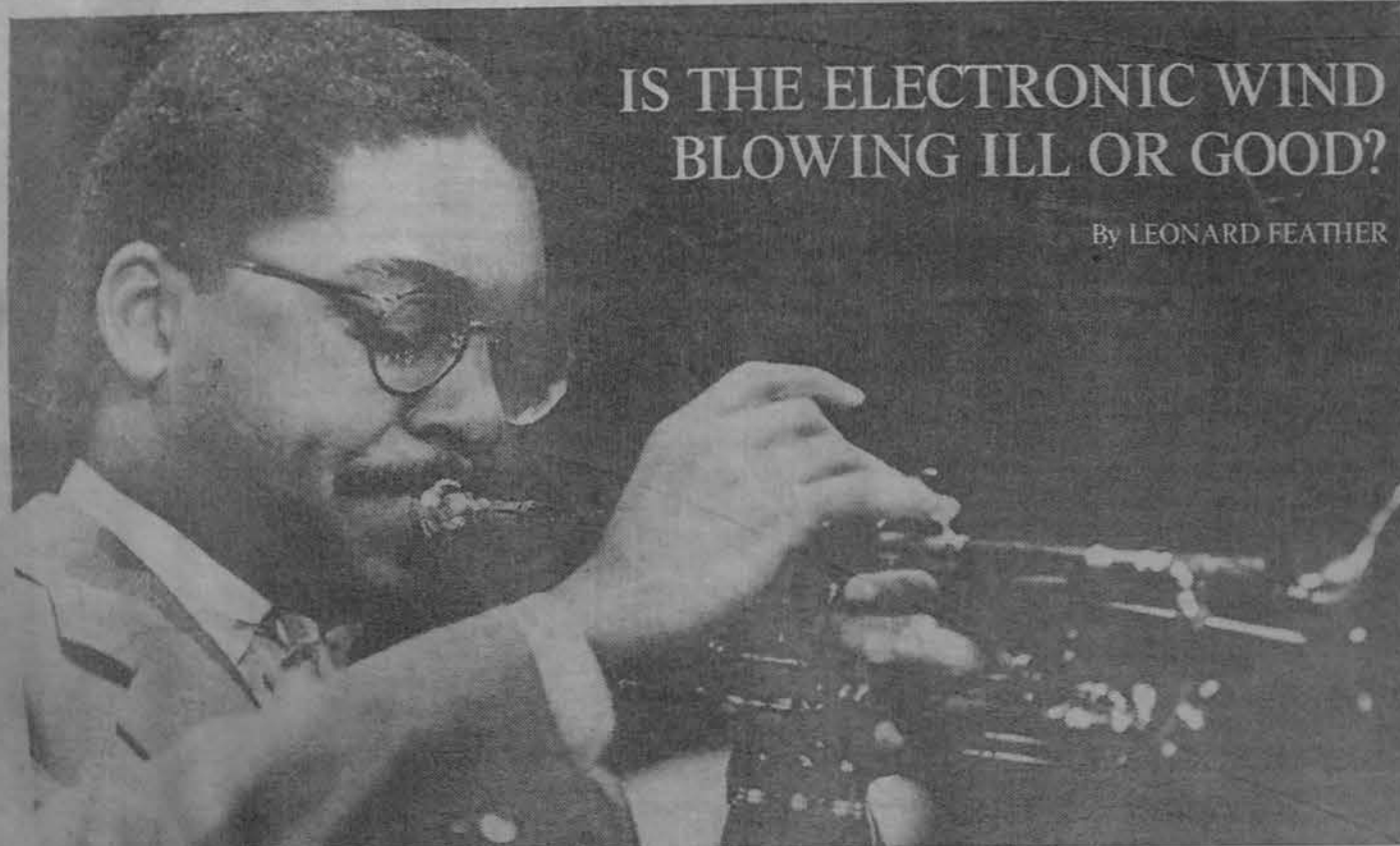
Anderson knows how to transform and restructure a melody so thoroughly that it takes on a vital new life. This approach illustrates her maturity. Like Carmen McRae and a very few others, she separates the women from the girls.

Her musicians, central contributors to the performance rather than mere accompanists, were Phil Upchurch, bass and leader, Russell Ferrante, piano, and Ralph Penland, drums.

Nothing was amiss, in short, except the brevity of Anderson's visit. Coming to Vine St. Thursday: Joanie Sommers.

CALENDAR

JAZZ '84



IS THE ELECTRONIC WIND BLOWING ILL OR GOOD?

By LEONARD FEATHER

The year that lies ahead will present problems and promises for jazz. Both the problems, which may become severe, and the promises, which have just begun to manifest themselves, are due to technological developments.

The main danger: Jazz as we have known it could be on its way to being devoured by the electronic revolution. Many musicians may be put out of work, while those who are still employed may find an outlet for genuine jazz increasingly elusive.

This critical situation was discussed at great length in the December issue of *Keyboard* magazine. The headline on the cover read: "The great synthesizer debate: Are electronic keyboards putting acoustic musicians out of work?"

The crisis affects everyone, from studio musicians to nightclub jazz artists, from string players to trumpeters to drummers. Alarmists take the position that the synthesizers in their many forms may replace almost everyone and everything, putting countless players of traditional instruments out of work. More moderate voices believe that for all its ability to reproduce every sound ever created, synthesizers still sound like synthesizers rather than the instruments they purport to emulate.

I lean to the second view. From the jazz standpoint, I find that certain nuances of timbre and articulation cannot quite be duplicated. I have yet to hear a synthesizer solo that swings in the orthodox sense of the term. Yet to the more casual listener the synthesizer may suffice where once a great string or brass section reigned.

Walter Sear, a tuba player and early distributor for Moog Music, observes: "It's true that you can fake an awful lot with an undiscerning audience; that's the problem. The digitized trumpet does not sound like a trumpet to an experienced musician. The phrasing and articulation of a wind instrument is not natural to a keyboard."

What this could mean is that in an

insidious way, the natural method of creating an improvised horn solo would be lost if and when the synthesizer revolution reached serious proportions.

It is true that Joe Zawinul has mastered the intricacies of the synthesizer to create a valid, vital fusion, but he does not attempt to duplicate what he once did as a jazz pianist.

The ultimate proof of the synthesizer's validity as an independent medium, rather than as a sound-duplicator, may arrive shortly with the release of Oscar Peterson's first synthesizer album. He bought an ARP a decade ago and has since amassed a large electronic collection. He was particularly taken with the Synclavier computer-controlled synthesizer and plans to use it in his live performances. In his album, an original suite entitled "Africa," he even employs synthetic drums—specifically, an E-mu Drumulator. According to Peterson, none of the warmth and intimacy of his piano timbre is lost in the switch to electronics.

Electronic instruments in forms other than the synthesizers are of course making heavy inroads in jazz circles. Some years ago Ornette Coleman made an 180-degree about-face by changing from his avant-garde innovations to an electronic funk group, with two guitars and two basses. More recently several albums appeared in which such talented musicians as the saxophonist Oliver Lake and the drummer Pheeroan akLaff offered an eclectic mixture of hard rock/R&B/disco/electronic funk. One wonders if, had John Coltrane survived, he would have made such a radical rejection of the values he had established. It seems improbable.

I am reluctant either to castigate or categorize these albums, which have a place of their own; what matters to the concerned observer is that they are being publicized in press releases as representing the only true progressive black music, with reference to the progressive acoustic steps taken by such loyal-to-the-roots young artists as Wynton

and Branford Marsalis.

The Marsalis brothers are fortunate in that they have been able, aided by the power of Columbia Records, to remain true to the pure jazz they believe in. Funk is a more salable commodity than theirs, and most big companies are reluctant to invest in items that will not sell in six figures, even though a lesser sale might still turn an adequate profit.

Fortunately there are men in the record industry whose beliefs hold out hope for jazz: Carl Jefferson of Concord, Norman Granz of Pablo, Albert Marx of Discovery, and of course Bruce Lundvall, whose Elektra/Musician label has recorded such admirable groups as Steps Ahead and Sphere.

Asked whether he sees any future for acoustic jazz in the light of the electronic impact, Lundvall replied: "Absolutely! This music appeals to a smaller, more sophisticated crowd, and there are plenty

of dedicated young artists around who believe in it and who won't play electric funk, any more than I would want to record them if they did."

It is no coincidence that some of the most promising players now making their mark in pure jazz are second-generation musicians. The Marsalis brothers are the sons of a distinguished New Orleans pianist, Ellis Marsalis. Brought up in a great tradition, they refuse to play funk-jazz or any other hyphenate. Pianist Makoto Ozone (hailed here last week as a Golden Feather award winner) is the son of a jazz pianist in Japan. Chico Freeman, one of the most compelling of the new breed of saxophonists, is the son of saxophonist Von Freeman. There are many other such instances.

Jazz in 1984 and the years that follow may depend increasingly on new arrivals whose fathers or mothers either played jazz or indoctrinated their children before they could be deflected.

Another dilemma the jazzman will have to confront is the choice between a jazz career and the studio life. As they leave the jazz-oriented colleges, many graduates will be equipped for lucrative commercial activities. But paradoxically, the synthesizer here may be a blessing in disguise; if it puts enough studio musicians out of work, they may take refuge in jazz.

Last year Jon Faddis, an exemplary young trumpeter, became tired of the studio scene and returned to jazz, leading a first-rate quintet. What 1984 will hold for him depends, like so many other cases, on the whims of the record companies. At this writing he has no recording contract.

Faddis has come back to a world that differs greatly from the one he left in the mid-1970s. The jazz group as a year-round entity is becoming harder to sustain; I predict that in the next year or two it will be near extinction. Gone are the days when a Dave Brubeck Quartet, a



Another promising second-generation musician is 22-year-old Japanese pianist Makoto Ozone (shown here with trombonist Phil Wilson).



RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times

Trumpeter Jon Faddis tired of the studio scene and returned to jazz, leading a first-rate quintet.

George Shearing Quintet or the Modern Jazz Quartet could remain together for two decades with only occasional personnel changes. (The MJQ reorganized last year on a part-time basis after lasting continuously from 1952-74.) Again, there are one or two exceptions: Art Blakey has his Jazz Messengers, as he did in 1956, but obviously that kind of long-established name value will not be available to combos starting out in the future.

The jazz vocal scene is bleak. Where are the Ella Fitzgeralds, Sarah Vaughans, Carmen McRaes, Mel Tormes and Joe Williamses of the mid-1980s and 1990s? Only one young singer, Bobby McFerrin, has lately gained enough exposure, with help from a progressive-minded record company (Elektra/Musician) to assure him of a bright future in jazz. Perhaps not coincidentally, Lundvall hopes to sign to the same label a young black singer named Carmen Lundy, for whom he holds out similar hopes.

□

So much for the problems. Let us turn to the promises. Belatedly but most helpfully, a potentially vast new area is about to open up: jazz video. Although in its infancy and far behind pop and rock video, it is well on its way.

Sony has three jazz video LPs on the market. They are all big-band items: "Live Hamp," with Lionel Hampton; "The Bill Watrous Refuge Band," and "Rob McConnell and the Boss Brass." Each runs about 25 minutes and is available at \$19.95 on Beta or \$24.95 on

VHS. These were the first commercially released videos of digitally recorded jazz performances.

A few weeks ago, Sony followed up with four video singles. These are briefer, containing two tunes apiece, selling for \$15.95 in Beta and \$19.95 in VHS. All were



RICHARD FLETCHER

recorded live in concert, one each by Gerry Mulligan and Max Roach and two by Dizzy Gillespie, fronting an all-star "dream band" and a smaller group respectively. They run from 16 to 19 minutes. (A full 60-minute version of the Dream Band concert is available from

Embassy Home Entertainment.) Similar ventures produced by other companies will undoubtedly reach the public next year.

The jazz fan who does not yet own a VCR may soon accept 1984 as the year of decision. The concept of seeing and hearing one's preferred artists on home equipment, with optimum quality sound, has been too rarely available via commercial TV. The VCR revolution seemingly is aiming at more specialized markets. Though expensive at present, this prospect is enticing.

The latest issue of the Tokyo Swing Journal contains a section devoted to jazz video, illustrated by reproductions of the covers of cassettes by the dozen, showing everyone from Charlie Parker to Billie Holiday and many more recent artists. If Japan has established this market, can America be far behind? Along with the new year, a new and productive era may be dawning for jazz. □

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JAZZ REVIEW

A JOYFUL NOISE AT SUNSET HYATT ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The alliance of guitarists Tal Farlow and John Collins, which began Wednesday and ends tonight at the Sunset Hyatt's Silver Screen Jazz Room, was an inspired concept dreamed up by Ozzie Cadena, who has always shown impeccable taste in booking talent for the room.

Farlow was not even aware that Collins had been set to work with him. The surprise turned into a mutually joyful experience. Here were two individualists whose styles meshed from the first moment. Farlow leans to extrovert, boppish lines while Collins tends to be more laid back.

Completing the group was John Heard, a bassist who has long displayed his adaptability to every setting.

During his solo on "Like Someone in Love," Farlow supplied a gentle four-beat strumming while Collins furnished rhythmic punctuations.

In "Scraple From the Apple," the spirit of Charlie Christian infused a brisk exchange of ideas, with Collins occasionally slapping his fingers across the guitar for a percussion effect. "Lester Leaps In" provided an opportunity for the further investigation of territory both men have long explored.

Despite its moments of intensity, the music was only minimally amplified. Such delicate understatement is all too rare in an era when so many guitarists are reaching for the threshold of pain.

Coming to the Hyatt Thursday, Marshal Royal with Ross Tompkins.

JAZZ REVIEW

THE KEYBOARD CURES OF JIMMY SMITH

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Date Room, a Westwood restaurant on Sepulveda Boulevard near National Boulevard, converted recently to a jazz policy. If the music, the attendance and the reaction Friday were typical, the venture is a resounding success.

Jimmy Smith, the perennial award-winning organist, took charge at 9:30 p.m., and from bar one it was obvious that his mastery is undimmed. No other performer has ever approached his level of rhythmic fury, his potential for sonic grandeur, his capacity for high energy without hysterical excess.

Smith's mercurial improvised lines may last for an entire chorus without even a momentary pause, or he may take just one note, shaking it every which way but loose while his left hand plays wild chord punctuations against it. At the other extreme, he may slow down to a "Mood Indigo" that has touches of old-time pipe organ simplicity.

Though there were a few standards—"It's All Right With Me" at a runaway tempo, and a relaxed inspection of the old movie song "Ruby"—Smith's forte is the blues, on which most of the tunes were based. When he got past the inane melody of "Organ Grinder's Swing," it

was still a blues; when he announced "something different" and played his own "No Problem," it was blues in bebop guise; and when he invited a visiting celebrity, Ernie Andrews, to join him, Andrews sang—what else?—the blues. Even "Eight Counts for Rita," involving an audience count-along, was a rock-inflected blues.

Smith has a fiery teammate in Phil Upchurch, whose dynamic guitar solos were a match for the leader's ferocious pace. Drummer Michael Baker, except for an interminable solo on one number, blended effectively into the group.

A visit with Jimmy Smith has curative properties: You come away exhilarated, exhausted and sated. He is the original Dr. Feelgood of jazz.

This week's schedule at the Date Room: Wednesday, O.B. Jessie; Thursday, Buck Clarke; Friday and Saturday, Maxine Weldon.

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マイルス・デイビス ● 皮肉屋という外見の裏 友情に厚く、あたたかい男の素顔がかくれて

ジャズ評論界の長老で本誌特約寄稿家でもあるレナード・フェザー(在ロサンゼルス)が、その幅広く長い交友関係から毎回1人の人気ミュージシャンを選び、つきない思い出、知られざる素顔を紹介する新連載。第1回目は新しい年84年も快進撃が期待される帝王マイルス・デイビスの登場。

パーカーが19歳のトランペッターを紹介してくれた

1945年10月のある夜のことだった。52丁目をぶらついていた私は、『ホワイト・ローズ』というバーに立ち寄り、そこでチャーリー・パーカーと会った。「レナード、クラブに来て、俺がちょうど雇ったばかりの若いトランペッターを聴いてみようよ」と彼は言った。それから30分後、私は『スリー・デューセズ』にいた。そこでは、アル・ヘイグ、カーリー・ラッセル、スタン・レビー、それにマイルス・デイビスという名の19歳のトランペッターからなるバードのクインテットが演奏していた。マイルスを初めて聴いてすぐに感じた印象は、その当時の大方の人々と大差ないものだった。私はマイルスを、このコンボの彼の前任者で

あるディジー・ガレスピーと比べていた。しかし、マイルスにはディジーほどのテクニックがないから駄目だとか、より抑えたサウンドと奏法をわざわざ目ざしていても、どうしようもなくヘタだ、などとは思わなかった。その反対に、自分自身と聴き手の双方に対してチャレンジしていると感じた。自分自身に対しては、みんながディジーをコピーしている風潮に抗して新しい道を求めるための、また聴き手に対しては、ディジーを盲目的に偶像視するか、逆にある種のジャズ・サークルにみられたように、あらゆるビバップを敵対視するかのどちらかであった、当時の聴き方に反発してのチャレンジであった。この頃の彼に対する一般的な

▼1957年8月23日、ロング・アイランド州ニューポート・ジャズ祭での若きマイルス。(Photo: Bob Parent)





Miles Davis



Freddie Hubbard

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

'ALMOST FORGOTTEN.' Various artists. Columbia BL 38509. Although this is the title of a specific album, it could as well apply to a flock of LPs that debouched over the holiday season from a variety of sources. Several were never previously issued; some were issued only in Japan; others are items released long ago but withdrawn from the catalogues.

"Almost Forgotten" itself is a collection of cuts by eight groups, mostly from the early 1960s. One can understand why some were shelved: Coleman Hawkins' tenor is pathetically incoherent on one tune, and Wes Montgomery, playing with his two brothers, plays briefly and weakly. But there are a few compensations: Clark Terry plays with three of the bands, and trombonist J.J. Johnson steers a brisk quintet through "Bags' Groove." Slide Hampton, leading an 11-piece band, offers an incisive reinterpretation of Thelonious Monk's "Well You Needn't." 2½ stars.

Speaking of Monk brings to mind his presence in this same Columbia series. "Monk Tokyo Concerts" (C238510) finds his legendary 1963 quartet, with Charlie Rouse on tenor, playing works already available on many other albums, but some, such as "Blue Monk," are treated differently enough to warrant a hearing. 4 stars.

Similarly, Miles Davis' "Heard 'Round the World," a two-LP set like Monk's (Columbia C238506), is valuable as a study in contrasts. One disc is a Berlin product, with Wayne Shorter's tenor newly added to the quintet, but the other was taped in Tokyo, during the very brief incumbency of Sam Rivers, an avant-gardist and a somewhat inconsistent performer whose presence nevertheless lends value to the album as a curiosity. 4½ stars.

"STRUTTIN' AND SHOUTIN'." Al Grey. Columbia 38505. This too belongs to Columbia's "Contemporary Masters Series," but it postdates the Monk and Miles by many years. John Hammond produced it in 1976. Grey, a master of the plunger-muted trombone, is in his element here, heading a nine-piece band devoted mainly to the blues. Ernie Wilkins, who contributed the unpretentious, down-the-middle arrangements, also sits in on soprano sax in "Star Dust." Grey's church roots are plangently audible in "Reverend Grey," a tune he used to play with the Basie band. Supportive soloists are the late Jimmy Forrest on tenor and Waymond Reed on trumpet. 3 stars.

"S VEET RETURN." Freddie Hubbard. Atlantic 80108. This quintet was assembled to tour some of the U.S. and European festivals last summer. Lew Tabackin's tenor sax and flute team effectively with Hubbard's ebullient horn, and the rhythm section (JoAnne Brackeen, piano; the redoubtable Eddie Gomez on bass, and Roy Haynes on drums) rounds out a cohesive unit.

The material ranges from a perky West Indian "Calypso Fred" to Brackeen's modal and Middle Eastern "Heidi-B." The title piece is a wistful composition by Joan Cartwright. "Misty," a fluegelhorn showcase for Hubbard, is another of the many highlights. Too bad groups such as this cannot stay together permanently. 4½ stars.

"LUCKY TO BE ME." Ruth Price. ITI 002. Price's gentle, sub-rosa voice is ideally matched by the well-tempered piano of Tom Garvin, who also writes intelligent melodies: "Something Funny," on which Price sounds like Jackie Cain, and "Loving Friends," with Price's own lyrics. The program of songs is typical of her unerring good taste. "Haunted Heart," "My Romance" and "You Are There," among others. Only the opening cut, "Be My Love," is flawed: a hair too fast and nervous. Fine additional support here and there by Pete Christlieb on tenor sax, with Roy McCurdy's drums and Andy Simpkins' bass. 4 stars.

HEARD-RANIER-FERGUSON. ITI 003. The unity and interaction in this trio is exemplary. Heard's bass and Ranier's piano work as a well-rehearsed team, with sensitive support from Sherman Ferguson's drums. On the last three cuts ("Anthropology," "If I Should Lose You" and Heard's own "Mother and Child") Ranier switches to tenor sax, clarinet and synthesizer respectively, handling each with equal facility. But the best cuts are Billy Strayhorn's "Isfahan," a graceful theme, and Count Basie's "Corner Pocket." A promising debut by a group that deserves to stay together. 4 stars.

"BLUESIN' AROUND." Kenny Burrell. Columbia FC 38507. Produced by John Hammond, these are the products of four sessions involving such eminent colleagues as Illinois Jacquet or Leo Wright on saxes, Hank Jones on piano, Jack McDuff on organ. The five originals on Side 1 and four standards on Side 2 are all at least very satisfying dinner-music mainstream jazz. The delay of more than 20 years in releasing them is inexplicable, but then, who can explain the ways of record companies? 3½ stars.

"SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME." George Benson. A&M SP 93014. **"TELL IT LIKE IT IS."** George Benson. A&M SP 93020. Both sets date back to the days when A&M was distributing CTI, and the latter's producer, Creed Taylor, was gradually turning Benson into a commercial entity, but still almost entirely as an instrumentalist. "Shape" has some slick arrangements by Don Sebesky, along with such oddities as "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Last Train to Clarksville," both with harmonica effects by Buddy Lucas. Benson plays well but without the looseness that his early Columbians displayed. The title of the first album might better have been applied to the second. Recorded a year later, in 1969, it has vocals, on "My Woman's Good to Me" and "Out in the Cold Again," that foreshadowed the Benson of the 1980s. 2½ stars each.

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Los Angeles Times

WELDON SINGS AT NEWLY OPENED CLUB

By LEONARD FEATHER

It has long been axiomatic that gourmet food and good jazz can never be found under the same roof. An exception to this rule was established two weeks ago when Orlando-Orsini's the Club, atop the Beverly Hills restaurant, inaugurated a jazz policy every Monday and Tuesday night. (The rest of the week the room remains a disco.)

At present the music consists of a regular quartet composed of Teddy Edwards, tenor sax; Joe Piscatelle, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Frank Severino, drums. In addition a different vocalist is featured every week. This week's attraction was Maxine Weldon. Long a part of the local vocal landscape, Weldon has the same powerful, emotional sound as ever, coupled with a jazz-influenced sense of phrasing and of melodic variation. During two short sets she applied these characteristics to a series of familiar favorites, from "The Nearness of You" to "As Time Goes By."

That she succeeded in getting her vibrant message across was a triumph over adverse conditions. Instead of a white spotlight, she had to work in near-darkness; instead of using her own regular musicians playing her arrangements, she had to wing it, singing whatever standard tunes Edwards & Co. happened to know. Aside from this, the awkward placement of the bandstand made it impossible for her to work without turning her back to about half the audience.

The instrumental numbers by the quartet were conservative but pleasant, most of the solo strength deriving from Edwards' eloquent horn.

Orlando-Orsini's is located at 9575 W. Pico Blvd., near Beverly Drive.

SADAO WATANABE

Back on the Track



by LEONARD FEATHER

My Dear Life is the title of an album made by Sadao Watanabe in 1977. It is also the name of a live radio show in which he is heard all over Japan, every Saturday from midnight to 1 a.m., working with Japanese and U.S. musicians. Now in its 11th year, the show is sponsored by a cosmetics company.

The preciousness of life reflected in that title was brought home vividly to Watanabe in 1982 when, after a backbreaking concert tour of the U.S. and Japan, he wound up in the hospital and was unable to get back into action for almost a year.

Visiting Los Angeles during a promotional tour for the first LP under his new Elektra/Musician contract, the 50 year old reedman told the story of his trauma. "It was very scary. I was back and forth for months between the hospital and my home. The trouble was with my liver; not due to drinking—although I've stopped drinking altogether now—but mainly the result of overwork. The only real medicine for liver problems is not to drive yourself too hard."

Until sickness overtook him in Africa during a concert tour to promote his last Columbia LP, Watanabe had been a powerful peripatetic presence in America, Africa and Europe, touring extensively almost every year since his first Newport Jazz Festival appearance in 1968. For most of that time he has successfully maintained a dual image, recording albums that have appealed to a general audience but keeping his bebop chops in fine shape when the occasion calls for a session with the likes of Hank Jones, Ron Carter and Tony Williams. (*Bird of Paradise* and *I am Old Fashioned*, both using that rhythm section, were issued here in the late 1970s on Inner City.)

His initial Musician release, *Fill Up The Night* (Elektra P-13017), produced by his percussionist Ralph MacDonald, is typical of his pop output: six of the eight originals are his own, and on one track, "Say When," he switches from alto to soprano, a small instrument an octave higher than alto.

"I do not make these albums just to be commercial," he says. "They are an honest representation of my feelings in both the writing and the playing. In the earlier years I tried to write more of a

jazz type of thing, but nowadays I compose more in terms of a song than of just instrumental music."

The Watanabe story has several elements in common with that of the most famous of his compatriots, Toshiko Akiyoshi. Born in Utsunomiya, some 90 miles north of Tokyo, he was turned on to jazz by a firm called *Birth of the Blues*, began to play clarinet, and after moving to Tokyo joined what was then known as Toshiko Akiyoshi's Cosy Quartet.

"I was about 20 and Toshiko about 24; she was already into Bud Powell, very dedicated, practicing a lot, and we copied many standards from the repertoire of Monk and Miles. I learned a lot from her about how hard you have to work.

"When Toshiko left to study at Berklee, I took over the quartet." Watanabe soon gained a national following, and in 1958 recorded a session along with fellow winners of the *Swing Journal* poll.

By 1962 he had decided to follow Toshiko's initiative by heading for Berklee. "I spent four semesters there but didn't graduate, because I got a job with Gary McFarland. During a 10 week tour with Gary I also began working with Chico Hamilton.

"I tried to start working in New York with studio musicians, applied for a visa, but the immigration office found out I wasn't going to school and said I had to go home right away. Later they changed the law and told me to apply again, but by this time I was a little homesick and decided, at the end of 1965, to go back home for a couple of months."

The couple of months extended into three years, as he was not financially secure enough to afford the trip back to America. Meanwhile he launched a jazz school for young musicians. An album he made with Charlie Mariano, Toshiko's ex-husband, won a *Swing Journal* award as best Japanese jazz release of 1968.

That was the pivotal year; in addition to the award and the Newport visit, he began to acquire a strong Parker image, appearing in a *Swing Journal* "Salute to Bird" concert. Not long after his first visit to Africa he was signed to compose the score for an African film, *The Juama*.

Through the 1970s the tributes came

hot and heavy; at one time or another he won awards in six different categories for his playing, recording, combo leading, composing and arranging.

In 1977, in a small Tokyo hall, Watanabe gave a recital for which he received the grand prize for Art Festivals, sponsored by the Japanese government. "I received a medal, also a prize of about \$2,000, which I gave as a donation to handicapped people."

As his appeal broadened, so did the scope of his music, culminating in the celebrated 1980 recital at the 10,000 seat Budokan Sports Arena. With Dave Grusin as arranger and conductor, leading a full symphony orchestra, he presented a show called *How's Everything?* (This was the title of a live album released soon afterward). After he had succeeded in filling the vast hall on three successive nights, his reputation was more solidly established than ever.

"After Budokan, I had a new album released called *Orange Express*. That was my last one for Columbia, and I'm glad to be with Elektra/Musician, because I worked with Bruce Lundvall when he was at CBS, and of course Musician is the label he started."

Watanabe today is an international figure who has transcended the bebop image, yet he insists: "I was raised with Charlie Parker, and Bird is always with me. I want to be myself, I like to remain as natural as possible, but when I take a solo I feel that sometimes my phrasing still comes from Bird.

"Another of my truly important influences was Gary McFarland." (McFarland, a composer and arranger greatly admired by his contemporaries, died in 1971 at the age of 38). "Gary played a lot of bossa nova type things that impressed me.

"My favorite all time composer, of course, is Duke Ellington, and more recently I have been most impressed by Wayne Shorter."

After our interview, Watanabe was due to leave on a five week tour of Japan leading an American group. His sidemen were Onaje Allen Gumbs, piano; Bobby Broom (recently with Sonny Rollins) on guitar, Victor Bailey (of *Weather Report*) on bass, Buddy Williams on drums and Steve Thornton on percussion. He toured the U.S. in 1981 with the same group except that Wilby Fletcher was the drummer.

If Watanabe's compositions reflect a certain eclecticism, he claims it can be partially attributed to influence brought to bear on him when he was 13 or 14 years old.

"Right after World War II it was a big shock to me to hear American radio, Armed Services broadcasts; that exposed to me all kinds of American popular music and jazz. It was a real culture shock situation. I suppose a lot of that impact is still with me."

The diversity of his output is readily discernible via his recorded output. "I made my first album in 1961, right before leaving for Berklee. As soon as I came back from the States, I received offers from just about every record company to do jazz, bossa nova, pop, everything. I have been in the studios regularly ever since, and by now I believe I have close to 50 albums.

"You can hear a lot of the various cultures in the Musician album. *Say When* is sort of African influenced, while *Morning Calm* is Brazilian flavored. But this whole album comes as close as any I have made to expressing my entire personality."

Omitted from the album, however, is Watanabe's flute. "I couldn't play it on this occasion because during and after my illness I didn't touch it for a long time. I was scared; I really lost my chops for flute. But I'm practicing now and expect to be ready in a couple of months."

Another aspect of Watanabe not discernible in the album is his passion (shared by approximately 100 million of his compatriots) for photography. An expert and serious student of the art since 1975, he expects to have an exhibition of his work presented in West Germany early in 1985 under the auspices of the Leica company. Several of his photos have been used for album covers; recently a Japanese magazine devoted several pages to a review of his visual artistry. His wife also is an experienced photographer.

Sadao Watanabe today lives a solid, settled life in his native country. If he would ever consider returning to the U.S. to stay, he said: "Back home have my wife and daughter; I have my radio program and a comfortable life. I can always come back to America when I want to play some dates. It's nice to visit here, but I'm very contented with life the way it is for me now."

ROB McCONNELL BAND MAKES U.S. VISIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Celebrating its first U.S. visit in two years, the Rob McConnell "Boss Brass" band from Toronto arrived Sunday at Donte's for a four-day stay.

This is a vast company—22 men playing 38 instruments—yet the audience is bathed in sound rather than drowned in noise. McConnell, who writes most of the arrangements and plays valve trombone, paints in pastels, turning "Autumn in New York" into a coloristic concerto for Jerry Toth's alto sax and bringing sly

touches of humor to his own solo on the ancient pop song "Bye Bye Blues."

For all its attention to shadings, the orchestra, which includes two French horns along with five trumpets and five trombones, never loses touch with the essence of swinging jazz. The rhythm section is one of the best on either side of the border: Terry Clarke on drums, Jimmy Dale on piano and Steve Wallace on bass were the cornerstones.

An opening blues showcased Ed Bickert, Canada's premier guitarist, and the fleet John McLeod on trumpet. Next, this behemoth of a band actually sounded dainty in "Phil Not Bill," a sprightly jazz waltz.

The most lyrical moments of the set were reached with a vivid McConnell arrangement of Johnny Mandel's "Close Enough for Love." Guido Basso, the eminent flugelhorn virtuoso, has never sounded warmer or more ingratiating.

The concluding "Easy to Love," with Moe Koffman on alto sax, was a more conventional be-bop chart, yet even here there were unpredictable rhythmic and harmonic nuances.

To top it off, McConnell is a dryly funny announcer whose infectious personality communicates to his men, inducing a team spirit that has few if any equals on today's big-band scene. We are fortunate that thanks to Donte's, with some funding support from the Canadian government, once again we have this superlative ensemble in our midst. Reservations are advised; the club was packed wall to wall Sunday. Closing night is Wednesday.

Los Angeles Times

1/20

TROMBONIST FRONTS GROUP AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Phil Wilson, the trombonist, who works regularly as a teacher at the Berklee College of Music in Boston, is back in town for a brief tour that included two nights at Carmelo's Wednesday and Thursday.

Last year, when he brought his brilliant young student, pianist Makoto Ozone, with him, sparks flew. This time around, he simply led a locally assembled quintet, with no rehearsal and, inevitably, no new or challenging material. The result: five good musicians in search of a direction.

A soloist of unquestioned talent, Wilson was not in peak form; there were long arid passages, ragged endings and a generally too casual air. Possibly his sore throat was to blame. He came to life in the first set during two duo numbers with pianist Dave Frishberg; similarly, in the second set, pairing off with bassist John Heard, he met the demands of the trimmed-down accompaniment.

Bill Berry's muted cornet injected some needed spirit into the quintet numbers; Heard and drummer Frank Capp were in good form.

Ironically, the best moments came when everyone left the bandstand except Frishberg, who sang the contemplative and charming original tune "Eloise," following it with a piano solo on an early Jelly Roll Morton piece, "The Crave."

In general the Wilson presentation was lax and undisciplined, with lulls between numbers while decisions were made on what to play next. Jazz has been called the sound of surprise, but there were too few surprises Wednesday evening.

Frank Strazzeri's sextet takes over at Carmelo's tonight and Saturday, followed by Louie Bellson's big band in a 7 p.m. visit Sunday.

OVERTURE JAN. '84



'Jazz' That Isn't

I recently noticed, with a mixture of pleasure and amusement, that Linda Ronstadt's gold-selling "What's New?" album, after 11 weeks on the pop charts, had entered the jazz chart at No. 32.

Granted this admirable LP has a few brief, jazz-oriented interludes by Plas Johnson, Bob Cooper, Tony Terran and Chauncey Welsh; but by what possible stretch of the imagination could Ronstadt be called a jazz singer, or Nelson Riddle's beautiful string-laden backgrounds qualify as jazz arrangements?

This is part of a larger picture that finds the word jazz bruted about for all kinds of music. In the same list I found, among the top 20, three albums by pianist George Winston, a fine artist whose often-ethereal music has been heard on classical station KFAC. I do not hear in him any of the rhythmic improvisational content of jazz.

By the same token, musicians who represent various forms of fusion, usually with a strong pop-rock or funk coloration, proliferate among those so-called "jazz" best-sellers. Only occasionally does an album show up that fits the purist's definition of real jazz: Keith Jarrett's set of standards, the Wynton Marsalis combo, Alberta Hunter's latest jazz-backed vocal LP.

We can reach one of two conclusions: Either the meaning of the term jazz has broadened enormously, or it has become virtually meaningless and will ultimately disappear from our vocabulary. When Herbie Hancock's splendid jazz LPs with such groups as VSOP and his pop sets such as "Future Shock" (at this writing No. 2 on the jazz charts) are all tossed indiscriminately into the same listings under the jazz heading, we are indeed living in the age of confusion.

MATT CATINGUB: LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Almost nothing about Matt Catingub is conventional. Consider his heritage: His father is a Filipino born in Brooklyn; his mother was born in Western Samoa.

His size is a mite different: he stands 5 feet, 7½ inches tall and weighs in at a poundage over 200, the details of which he prefers not to discuss. He looks a little older than his 22 years.

His musical progress was extraordinary. In junior high school he earned Cs and Ds in music and his parents were about ready to give up on him. Yet, at 17, he was a highly praised member of Louis Bellson's band, playing alto saxophone, composing and arranging.

Then there is his choice for a singer in the big band he leads in Los Angeles: the vocalist is his mother, Mavis Rivers, a respected performer who recorded many albums in the 1960s.

While many older and long-respected bandleaders are having trouble finding a record deal, Catingub is earning healthy air play with his album, "The Matt Catingub Big Band, featuring Mavis Rivers" (Sea Breeze Jazz SB 2013).

"I don't know how it happened," he said the other day, discussing his giant steps from low-graded student to teen-age prodigy. "My parents practically had to force me to play the clarinet. Actually it was the piano that became my gift, my tool; I taught myself to arrange from just sitting at the piano and goofing around."

"I guess I inherited some talent, mostly from my mother. Later on my dad got out of music and Mom did a lot of work with Red Norvo, the vibraphonist. Red became practically one of the family; he encouraged me no end and gave me the guidance I needed."

Born in North Hollywood on March 25, 1961, Catingub was at Grant High School when he belatedly became serious about music.

"I have to give credit to my high school teacher. I did something on the piano that didn't impress him too much, and he said, 'I'll tell you what: We need a lead alto sax player.' I was very hesitant, but he insisted. I went home and told my parents; they rented me an alto. So it wasn't until the 11th grade that I began to play saxophone."

Once he had made the transfer into the reed department, Catingub made such rapid headway that he was chosen for a chair in the California All Star High School Jazz Band, a specially assembled group that performs every year at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Playing alto sax in the band, he composed a suite, "Monterey I," for the occasion and won the festival's scholarship for his efforts. This consisted of a cash award and a trip that immediately placed him in exalted company: He found himself traveling with a Monterey All Stars group (Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, John Lewis and Percy Heath) to Tokyo, where they joined forces with Sonny Stitt, Dizzy Gillespie and Kenny Burrell in the first "Monterey Jazz Festival in Japan" celebration.

His initial encounter with Bellson came about in a manner as improbable as most of the other developments in brief career. "My dad had become a pest control salesman, and he happened to do an inspection for a gentleman by the name of Bobby Shew—yes, the trumpeter. Dad told Bobby about me, and soon afterward I went over to see him, armed with a tape of my performance at Monterey. I told him I was interested in meeting Louis. Bobby, who was working in the Bellson band, introduced me to Louis, who couldn't have been nicer. Very shortly after that, he called me to play a gig with him, and I've been with him on and off ever since."

In August 1979, the Bellson band recorded Catingub's original "Explosion," an 11-minute blockbuster with its composer's searing alto as centerpiece. He had then been writing barely two years. The following year, Catingub organized his own band.

The decision to include a female vocalist drawn from within the family was natural and logical, he says. "Right from the start I thought it would be a nifty idea to have Mother beside me. As Red Norvo says in his notes for the album, she has a great ear and a wonderful sense of time."

The widely traveled Rivers, barely into her teens when she was voted New Zealand's most popular singer, settled in the United States in 1954; five years later, with Nelson Riddle arranging and conducting, she made her first album, for Capitol; it was nominated for a Grammy.

Securing jobs for a new, unrecorded big band presented Catingub with a problem that has confronted too many aspiring maestros in recent years. In 1982, he joined the award-winning orchestra of Toshiko Aki-



MARY FRAMPTON / Los Angeles Times

Bandleader Matt Catingub, 22. Says one veteran player, "He's just about the most talented all-around leader I've ever worked with."

yoshi and her husband Lew Tabackin. Until the couple moved to New York last year, he juggled three careers, working with Bellson, Akiyoshi/Tabackin and his own band.

As revealed by the names listed on the album, his personnel has an age range that typifies the ability of jazz players to ignore generation gaps. Buddy Childers, then a member of the trumpet section, was 56; Bill Green, the respected veteran baritone saxophonist, is now 58. "Catingub is a genius," Green says. "He's just about the most talented all-around leader I've ever worked with."

At the other end of the scale are 20-year-old trombonist Mike Fahn, 18-year-old drummer Kevin Winard and 21-year-old lead trombonist Andy Martin.

Because the big band outlook seems somewhat dim to him, Catingub is filling in his time with a variety of other jobs. "Right now I'm really concentrating on electric keyboards—that's sort of my second 'ax.' I'm doing pop and rock studio work. I don't mind that, because you find good and bad in every area. When people like Al Jarreau and George Benson are considered pop stars, that's good pop music."

"As a matter of fact, a few friends are working with me on a pop project. I'd like to have a pop group with hits on the radio, but that doesn't mean I'm giving up anything—I just want to add that to the list of things I'm into."

His multiple activities have involved international travels. He was in Japan three times during 1982, twice with Akiyoshi/Tabackin and once as a guest soloist with a Japanese band. Europe has heard him in person twice with Bellson and once with Akiyoshi/Tabackin.

Mother and son are continuing their careers separately and jointly. Rivers is due for a date soon at Sherman Oaks' Le Cafe. Recently she has recorded a new album, and thereby hangs a tale.

"This was Mother's date, but I put together a small group to accompany her. It's for Delos, a new compact-disc company. I did the arrangements, and we went into the Annex Studios in Hollywood. While we were walking in there, she turned to me and said, 'You know when I was last in this studio? I was here to make an album for Reprise—and at that time I was pregnant with you.' □

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JAZZ REVIEW

WIGGINS QUARTET AT THE MONEY TREE

By LEONARD FEATHER

At the Money Tree in Toluca Lake, where singers are in charge five nights a week, the Sunday and Monday sessions for the last two months have been in the eloquent hands of Gerald Wiggins, leading a quartet. The group, held over indefinitely, has been attracting a healthy flow of jazz fans and occasional celebrity sitters-in.

Wiggins, for many years one of the Southland's most dependable pianists both as soloist and as accompanist to countless vocalists, has a keen ear for harmonic changes, a strong left hand and the ability to swing sturdily when the material calls for it.

He seems to have stored in his memory bank an almost endless supply of songs from every era. During the first two sets Sunday he alternated between familiar standards and such arcane items as Ahmad Jamal's "Night Mist Blues."

His most valuable partner in the group is Red Callender, a bassist whose credentials speak for themselves: He taught Charles Mingus and recorded with Art Tatum. Callender had "Lush Life" more or less to himself, outlining it nimbly with due respect for that exceptional melody.

Boots Robinson, on tenor saxophone, is so understated most of the time that one wishes the low flame could burn brighter. In his less pallid moments he suggests an echo of the late Ben Webster, tonally if not creatively.

Completing the group is Kenny Dennis, an experienced and supportive drummer, whose few brief solos were intelligent and unpretentious.

The quartet starts early enough to provide first-rate dinner music: Sundays at 8 p.m., Mondays at 8:30.

Tonight through Saturday at the Money Tree: singer Kathy Griggs.

Leonard Feather's Choices For

THE 10 GREATEST JAZZ PIANO TRIOS

ONCE AGAIN WE ARE privileged to welcome the distinguished jazz critic Leonard Feather to our pages. Born in London in 1914, Feather studied there at the St. Paul School, then came to the U.S. in 1935, becoming a naturalized citizen in 1948. His credits are many and varied. As a pianist, he has recorded with Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, and others. As a jazz composer and lyricist, he has written hundreds of pieces, many of them recorded by Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Yusef Lateef, and Roland Kirk. Feather has conducted a weekly show for KBCA radio in Los Angeles, served as master of ceremonies at the Newport Jazz Festival, and taught jazz courses at many colleges. His TV program *The Jazz Show* received an Emmy Award nomination. Perhaps best known as a writer, Feather has written numerous books, including *Inside Bebop*, *The Book Of Jazz From Then Till Now*, *Laughter From The Hip* (with Jack Tracy), *From Satchmo To Miles*, *The Pleasures Of Jazz*, and, with Ira Gitler, *The Encyclopedia Of Jazz*. His weekly column in the *Los Angeles Times* is widely syndicated, and his articles have been published in *Down Beat*, *Esquire*, *Gallery*, and many other magazines, including *Keyboard*, where his contributions have included a study of big-band pianists (May/June '76), remembrances of Duke Ellington (Nov. '78), Stan Kenton (Nov. '79), and Bill Evans (Dec. '80), a series on famous pianists' favorite albums (May '83, July '83, Sept. '83, and Nov. '83), and his *Piano Giants Of Jazz* column, which ran from Sept. '76 through Feb. '81.

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ALTHOUGH THE PIANO has long been a staple instrument in jazz, it hasn't always had the opportunity to be played with the kind of sensitivity and dexterity to which we have grown accustomed in the music of the modern virtuosi. In searching for reasons why this is so, we might debate all sorts of musical factors that have altered the jazz landscape since its early years, but I think we can safely say that when chamber jazz, played by small combos rather than rocking bigger ensembles, began opening the door to a more intimate type of player, jazz piano began to shine with a new and brilliant light.

What is there about the trio setting that is so conducive to expressive piano playing? For one thing, it simultaneously focuses and

broadens the pianist's musical horizons. The unaccompanied pianist has unlimited structural freedom, but at the cost of the kind of exchanges with a rhythm section that often stimulate inspired improvisation. The big band pianist can enjoy the thrill of playing with a powerful ensemble, but the tradeoff is that he or she is often tied to a clearly defined part within the written arrangement. In the trio format, however, the keyboardist can enjoy most of the advantages and suffer few of the restrictions of these two extremes, by having the opportunity to juggle the roles of soloist and accompanist, rhythm player and melodic improviser, even adding bass lines to these interchanging responsibilities from time to time.

Despite these pluses, the trio format didn't catch on during the first ten years of recorded jazz. During the decade following the Original Dixieland Jazz Band's hallmark 1917 sessions, few attempts were made to record this embryonic idiom in a subtle or intimate manner, partly because jazz was still fundamentally a dance music played without benefit of sophisticated amplification in less than sedate clubs, a fact that encouraged musicians to sacrifice introspection for straightforward rhythm and performance volumes that could compete with audience noise levels.

There were a few exceptions to this rule, however, though some of them featured pianoless groups. For example, in 1926-27 the violinist Joe Venuti, teamed with guitarist Eddie Lang, waxed a series of memorably understated works. There was also, in 1927, a curiosity with Bix Beiderbecke on both cornet and piano, Lang on guitar, and the saxophonist Frankie Trumbauer, in a piece called "For No Reason At All In C." Generally, though, jazz — especially jazz involving the keyboard — was recorded either by piano soloists or by groups ranging upwards from five pieces.

This soon began to change. In 1928 a German-born pianist named Mel Stitzel (1903-53) took part in an unusually relaxed trio session. The leader was a 19-year-old clarinetist named Benny Goodman, and the third participant was drummer Bob Conselman. They recorded "That's A-Plenty" and Goodman's own "Clarinetitis." This trio was a forerunner of the Benny Goodman Trio that would achieve world renown several years later.

Teddy Wilson's key role in the later trio, along with the discreet drumming of Gene

Krupa and Goodman's matchless virtuosity, established this as the first genuine example of the piano chamber jazz setting. The first session by this ageless threesome, on July 13, 1935, produced "Body And Soul," "After You've Gone," "Who," and "Someday Sweetheart." Wilson's style was hailed in its day as a retrenchment from, or at least a contrast to, the incisive, more strongly rhythmic work of Earl Hines. During the next few years Wilson rose quickly to become, along with Hines and Fats Waller, one of the predominant piano influences of the day.

It is noteworthy that neither Goodman nor Wilson seemed inhibited by the absence of a bass player, though in later years Goodman would invariably add a bassist to provide what seemed like an essential harmonic foundation. To this day the early Goodman Trio sides retain their self-sufficiency and validity. Historically this was the group that broke the color barrier by becoming the first interracial unit to perform regularly in public, but musically it was the combo that placed the spotlight on Wilson as a vital new figure in jazz.

The next significant chamber group, and the first to be led by a pianist, was the **Nat King Cole Trio**. Cole (1917-65) organized it in California in 1937, first structuring it at times as a quartet, with Lee Young on drums, but the trio did not begin recording until 1940. This group was important both for the strength of its inherent musicianship and for its catalytic contribution to small combo jazz. The instrumentation, with Oscar Moore on the still rare electric guitar and Wesley Prince on bass, achieved an unprecedented unity with its neatly organized arrangements, often using Moore and Cole in harmony or unison passages.

Cole sang occasionally on tunes like "Sweet Lorraine" and the memorable blues "That Ain't Right," but his main contribution was as a pianist. Reflecting the influences of Hines and Waller, he was so important instrumentally in the trio years that he won the *Esquire* Gold Award as the No. 1 pianist in 1946. The trio, meanwhile, was voted No. 1 small combo in the *Down Beat* poll each year from 1944 through '47.

The piano/electric guitar/bass instrumentation was widely copied during the 1940s by such groups as Johnny Moore's Three Blazers, the Page Cavanaugh Trio, and the Soft Winds, featuring Lou Carter on piano, Herb Ellis on guitar, and John Frigo on bass in 1947. Although Cole retained a guitarist and bassist

●レナード・フェザーのジャズ交友録②

**ベニー・カーター●『あなたのような偉大な
って私達は幸せだ』とカーター大統領はい**



Photo: Vervi Oakland

Jan. 22

JAZZ

LOOKING IN ON THE GREAT MUSICIANS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The camera having predated the art of jazz by many decades, it should stand to reason that photographers were ready to go into action from the first moment Buddy Bolden blew his powerful cadenzas across the river in New Orleans.

Reason, unfortunately, conflicts with fact. A variety of causes kept most of the pioneer jazzmen all but undiscovered by the photographic community. Jazz, of course, was primarily a ghetto product ignored by the vast mass of white Americans. Even the white musicians were regarded as an oddity, earning no respect by most social standards and certainly deemed not worth the trouble of visual preservation.

Thus we find that there is only one picture in existence of Bolden, and of questionable authenticity at that; the photos of the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, for all their fame, are relatively few. Louis Armstrong was almost never photographed as a child or adolescent.

Despite these problems, jazz picture books have been cropping up intermittently since Orrin Keepnews and the late Bill Grauer edited "A Pictorial History of Jazz" (Crown, 1955), now out of print. A recent and far more comprehensive counterpart appeared in 1982 with the publication by William Morrow of "Black Beauty, White Heat," subtitled "A Pictorial History of Classic Jazz, 1920-1950," by the indefatigable Frank Driggs, the world's foremost collector of jazz memorabilia, and Harris Lewine. The subtitle makes it clear that the editors chose that particular starting point because the previous two decades went virtually undocumented.

In the last two or three decades, the capturing by camera of jazzmen in action (or occasionally in repose) has become an art practiced by so many jazz fans that a new breed of jazz photo book has emerged, one in which the pictures are not simply anthological miscellanies but are the product of a single craftsman. An outstanding example was "Newport Jazz Festival: The Illustrated History" (Dial), with pictures and text by William P. Gottlieb, which appeared in 1979 and consisted of photographs taken between 1939 and 1948.



CAROL FRIEDMAN

The late Eubie Blake, posing as a conductor.

All these books placed a heavy accent on the past. The photography and reproduction were generally commendable but hardly of extraordinary quality. All of which brings me to the main subject at hand, which is a book just received and likely to be more enthusiastically acclaimed than any previous work in its field.

"A Moment's Notice: Portraits of American Jazz Musicians" by Carol Friedman, with text by Gary Giddins (Schirmer, \$21.95), is a slim volume containing only 65 photographs of 74 musicians, yet the quality of Friedman's work is such that its success is preordained. (The title, by the way, was inspired by the John Coltrane composition "Moment's Notice.")

Friedman, born in Brooklyn in 1955, works as a portrait and fashion photographer in New York. The photographs in this collection span the years from 1976 to 1983. What sets her work in a class apart from that of most of her predecessors is that these are not action pictures: There are no trumpets pointing skyward, no stage shots in which a clutter of musical instruments, microphones and amplifiers half-obscures the view; no smoke-filled rooms. In fact, there are almost no horns in sight except for Dizzy Gillespie's tilted trumpet, seen in three mugging-and-kidding shots with his young protege, Jon Faddis.

This avoidance of cliché camera work contributes powerfully to the success of "A Moment's Notice." We see the musicians not as performers but as human beings.

Except for Faddis, there are practically no youngsters here; for the most part these are men (and four women) in their 40s or beyond. Friedman evidently has a healthy respect for tradition, or possibly she finds that the expression of a mature artist has more to tell us. This certainly is true of the book's superb final picture, which also serves as the cover shot: Eubie Blake at 98, backstage somewhere, posing as a conductor. (His wife later revealed to Friedman that it had always been one of his dreams to conduct his own orchestra.)

The settings are many and varied. Here is the veteran trombonist Vic Dickenson against the background of a wall at Eddie Condon's club emblazoned with photographs of Billie Holiday and others; alone in a hotel room

is Dexter Gordon, summing up the solitude of the one-night-stand life; guitarist Jim Hall is in his studio with his cat.

Many of the poses are unconventional. A cigar-smoking Charles Mingus fingers the keys of Rahsaan Roland Kirk's saxophone. Stan Getz looks grim and is bare to the chest, wearing only a wristwatch.

There is a delightful two-page spread showing the Jones Brothers, Elvin and Thad, locked in a fraternal hug while senior brother Hank looks quizzically away from them.

For the most part the musicians are smiling, but there are two unforgettable exceptions. The late Art Pepper, lying on a hotel-room bed, unwittingly conveys the traumas of his chaotic, drug-ridden career. There is an even more wrenching melancholy to the shot of Chet Baker—a revealing view of the one-time fair-haired, good-looking youngster who aged too soon and too fast.

The accompanying texts by Giddins are so consistently well written that one wishes there had been a little more of them and a mite less white space. Most are about 200 words long, yet Giddins, in a single paragraph, succinctly combines biographical details with an assessment of the artist's style, role and contribution, and suggests a few recommended albums.

Although it can hardly be called an essential component of every jazz library, "A Moment's Notice" is a true work of art, one that can be recommended as an ideal gift for any concerned student of jazz.

□

"Stomp Off, Let's Go!" by John Chilton, published by Jazz Book Service of London, is subtitled "The Story of Bob Crosby's Bob Cats & Big Band." It is now available at \$12 from Oak Lawn Books, Box 2663, Providence, R.I. 02907.

Chilton, a British critic, is one of the most painstaking researchers in jazz. In this well-documented work, he zeroes in on the contribution of an orchestra that has earned precious little recognition in the history books, some of which have omitted any mention of it.

The Crosby orchestra occupies a unique place in the annals of the swing era. Fronted by a personable singer who in those days was too often described simply as Bing's younger brother, the band was a spinoff of Ben Pollack's orchestra, one of the few white ensembles that had featured great jazz soloists. Unlike that of the other swing bands, its style was basically an enlarged, orchestrated version of the free-wheeling small-combo Dixieland sounds of the '30s.

Though the original band lasted only from 1935 to 1942, there have been constant reunions. Crosby still works often with a group that includes some of his original players. Chilton tells the story of the band's birth and development before devoting individual chapters to key figures: saxophonist Eddie Miller, bassist Bob Haggart (composer of "What's New"), trumpeter Yank Lawson, the legendary clarinetist Irving Fazola and Crosby himself, who speaks with commendable frankness about his frustrations, his satisfactions and his relationship with his brother.

Finally there are brief biographies of every sideman who worked with the band, not the least of whom is Ernani (Noni) Bernardi. Though better known to Angelenos as a city councilman, he played in the Crosby sax section in 1936-37 before moving on to the bands of Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman and others.

"Stomp Off, Let's Go!" is an informative work that fills a void in the documentation of jazz. There are illustrations, but the reproduction is barely adequate. The bottom line, however, is the value of the text. □

JAZZ REVIEWS

JIM SELF: TO THINE OWN LIMITS BE TRUE

By LEONARD FEATHER

writing. If I may be forgiven the observation, the sextet as it stands is Self-limiting.

The discovery of something new and different invariably holds out hope for any listener sated with the established jazz names. A case in point was the debut Wednesday at Hop Singh's of a group billed as Jim Self Plus Five.

Self plays a tuba—actually two tubas that differ in pitch—and doubles on the EVI, a hand-held mouth-blown synthesizer that can sound like anything from a bass clarinet to a piccolo. Joining Self in the front line is a harmonica player, Ron Kalina. The other members play guitar, vibes, bass and drums. This unorthodox instrumentation at least guarantees that the unit will sound like nothing else presently audible. In his ad-lib solos, Self gets around handily on tuba, overcoming the inherent problem that this is hardly the most attractive vehicle for improvisation. On the EVI, he produced some antic effects playing Milcho Leviev's attractive "Pavanne."

Much the same observations can be made concerning Kalina. Perhaps the best thing about jazz harmonica players is that there are not too many of them. Kalina's technique and ideas transcend, to some extent, the built-in difficulty of making his medium sound pleasant.

The sextet's choice of tunes is beyond reproach. Starting with Kalina's "Children at Play," the title tune of the group's album, they moved along to such standards as Benny Golson's "Whisper Not," Chick Corea's "Spain" and Freddie Hubbard's "Up Jumped Spring."

The trouble is that practically every arrangement is written almost entirely in unison, or rather octave unison. Whatever happened to harmony? By the end of the performance, given this lack of variety and the odd instrumentation, monotony had set in. Moreover, the other soloists reached no great heights of inspiration and the rhythm section sagged.

Since Self obviously is a gifted and versatile musician, it would probably be rewarding to hear him in a setting geared less to novelty and more to colorful, challenging

WOODY HERMAN

Continued from 58th Page
a complete flop."

Accordingly, he expects soon to invest some of his time ("so I can indulge my hobby") in other pursuits. Most notably, he is beginning to make his way into the field of TV commercial endorsements. Another source of relief from the endless round of touring with a big band is his imminent stint at New York's Rainbow Grill. He opens there Tuesday for four weeks, leading a seven-piece group.

"I like working in a smaller setting every so often; it

gets me out of my doldrums. When my band sounds good, I'm up there having a marvelous time, but I do much less playing and a lot of listening. With a small combo I really have to get down to business and play."

Chances are that this group will make an album for Concord Jazz, the company that has helped immeasurably during the last three years to build Herman's morale and his record visibility by producing him in a variety of settings. (Recommended: "Woody and Friends," CJ-170, taped live at Monterey with the band and guests Dizzy Gillespie, Woody Shaw, Stan Getz and Slide Hampton; also "My Buddy," Rosemary Clooney with the Herman band, CJ-236.)

With him at the Rainbow Grill will be two graduates of his 1960s band, pianist Nat Pierce and drummer Jake Hanna, along with the young tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton. When the New York gig ends, Herman will reassemble his regular Herd and take off again, once more justifying his nickname, "Road Father."

Asked to recall the one event that stands out among his recollections of things past, Herman said: "Our 40th-anniversary concert, in November of 1976 at Carnegie Hall, was a highlight of my entire musical life. It was an indescribable feeling to be surrounded by my regular orchestra along with Stan Getz, Zoot Sims and so many other alumni, who are still my friends after all these years."

Another question brought a less forthright answer: If he had to name one of his bands that stood out above all the others, which would it be?

"I don't feel I have the right to name just one. I always say the best band is the one I'll have next year. In fact, the only favorite I'll pick is Duke Ellington. I want everyone in the world to know he's been my No. 1 influence—yesterday, today and forever."

FOR THE RECORD: The correct title and publisher of the jazz photo book by William P. Gottlieb, mentioned last Sunday, are "The Golden Age of Jazz," Simon & Schuster. It comprises photographs taken between 1939 and 1948. The Newport Jazz Festival photo book by Burt Goldblatt consists of photographs taken between 1954 and 1974. □

JAZZ REVIEW

1/31

CHICK COREA SHINES IN CLASSICAL STYLE

By LEONARD FEATHER

It is doubtful that any musician identified with jazz has tasted success in more diverse areas than Chick Corea. Sunday at the Beverly Theatre the chameleon pianist-composer enjoyed what may have been his finest hour, in a predominantly classical program that could better be evaluated than categorized.

The centerpiece of the evening was a string quartet. Most of the first half was devoted to Corea's "Lyric Suite for Sextet," with vibraphonist Gary Burton as the sixth participant. This worked even better in person than on the album; the integration between strings and soloists and the interplay between Corea and Burton were on a consistently lofty level. For good measure there were two duo pieces from their 1970s collaboration: Steve Swallow's "Falling Grace" and Corea's prancing waltz, "Mirror Mirror."

The strings (two of whom, cellist Fred Sherry and violinist Carol Shive, were also heard on the record) played with a rare oneness, a flawless sense of time and the ability to deal spiritedly with the most demanding passages.

In the second half Burton was heard unaccompanied (in the 50-year-old Oscar Levant tune, "Blame It on My Youth") and later with the strings in a brooding suite written for him by Corea. With his eye-boggling four-mallet technique, he is as original and creative a vibraphonist as has ever graced the music world.

Corea dipped back into his 1976 "Spanish Heart"

album for "Day Danse." Then it was just he and his Boesendorfer for a reflective, Monkish but overextended "Round Midnight." Gayle Moran's semiclassical soprano was heard to fair advantage in her own composition, "Your Eyes Speak to Me."

Though the musicians played with serious dedication, a pervasive sense of enjoyment radiated from the stage. At one point Corea even borrowed Ida Kavafian's violin, played a two-bar tremolo and promptly gave it back.

This spectacular recital ended with two encores that turned out to be the most jazz-oriented works of the evening: "La Fiesta" and "Bud Powell," with Corea and Burton alone on stage and having the time of their lives. As did we all.

JAZZ

WOODY HERMAN ON HIS NTH HERD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Most of the guys in my band are in their 20s. In fact, most of the fellas in all my bands have been young. It's just the coach that got very old."

The self-deprecating speaker was one of the jazz world's indomitable survivors. Woodrow Charles Herman in his time has coached an endless parade of burgeoning jazz talents. Some have remained with him for many years, learning their craft, then taking off, perhaps en route to international fame. When there was no organized jazz education to speak of, a seat in Woody Herman's orchestra was the logical objective for a young musician. His was a one-night-standing school of music, a peripatetic education in itself.

Herman is regarded by countless musicians as a standard-bearer of values that have held good throughout his 47 years as a band leader. The young, aspiring jazzmen who have filtered in and out of his ranks invariably look back in gratitude, attesting to his patience, encouragement and broad-mindedness as a leader.

"It's much easier to get new men these days," says the maestro, who turned 70 last May. "I've been drawing a lot of players from the Eastman School in Rochester, N.Y., where they turn out some fantastically good brass players. I've also found a wealth of young talent at Indiana University and at North Texas State University—they both have very extensive jazz education programs. And of course the Berklee College of Music in Boston is always a cradle of jazz talent."

That Herman managed to get through 1983 on his perennial full-speed-ahead schedule seemed little short of miraculous to insiders who knew the traumas he had already endured. Late in 1982, the club that had been opened in his name in New Orleans, where he had hoped to realize a cherished dream by spending 36 weeks there every year, folded up after 10 months of financial struggle. A week later, Charlotte Herman, his wife of 46 years, died in Los Angeles.

Friends convinced him that the best therapy would be an immediate return to work. He played a date in Sweden, then reorganized his band, and, aside from time out recently for an operation, spent the rest of the year touring.



Woody Herman, here playing at jam session, is still going strong after 47 years as a band leader.

MICHAEL KAMBER

"Actually, 1983 turned out to be a great year. We did very well in England; we worked some of the major jazz festivals—Nice, the North Sea, Montreux—and various smaller ones in Italy, which was a first for me. Then there were dates in Germany, Holland, Spain. It was all very encouraging, because I still find a higher level of enthusiasm overseas. I guess we just have an overabundance of everything in our country, so people tend to take things more for granted, and this takes its toll on the impact of jazz."

"Still, there were plenty of gratifying dates at home, particularly when we visited high schools and colleges. We didn't just play concerts, but took part in clinics with the music students. It's inspiring and good for the soul. I love working around youth. Our kind of music calls for energy, enthusiasm and dedication, and that's what youth is all about."

Herman was 23, younger than several of his sidemen, when he started, playing his first dates at the Brooklyn and New York Roseland ballrooms late in 1936. Bands had slogans in those days: Herman's was "The Band That Plays the Blues." Along with the blues, there were overtones of Dixieland.

"Some of my biggest heroes were Dixieland players, but a great turning point in my life that made me aspire to other things was a record by a group called the Mound City Blue Blowers. It featured a tenor sax player who was new to me, Coleman Hawkins, along with Glenn Miller, Eddie Condon, Pettie Wee Russell and Red McKenzie playing the kazoo."

"Originally we had a two-beat band, playing music that people could dance to. By the early 1940s, the transition began—first an Ellington phase, because I idolized Duke, and then into the new be-bop sounds."

"By 1945, we made the biggest dent—I guess we had the hottest band in America." The Herman Herd (a name given the band by critic George T. Simon) even

had its own sponsored radio show, an accomplishment unheard of for a jazz orchestra.

Out of that band came pianist Ralph Burns, in recent years an Oscar-winning screen composer; trumpeter Neal Hefti, whose arrangements for Count Basie and scores for TV and movies brought him fame and wealth; the brothers Pete and Conte Candoli, long fixtures on the Hollywood studio and jazz scenes; Chubby Jackson; Shorty Rogers; Red Norvo, and a legendary, nonpareil drummer named Dave Tough, who died young.

Such was the prestige enjoyed by Herman that Igor Stravinsky consented to write what turned out to be his first and last work for jazz orchestra: "Ebony Concerto," performed at Carnegie Hall in 1946, met with mixed reviews, but Herman looks back on it as a gem, a work of art that should never have been judged as an attempt to write jazz.

To reminisce with Woody Herman is to open up a great vault of memories packed with names that have become individual links in the chain of jazz history. From the "Four Brothers" band of 1947 came saxophonists Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Jimmy Giuffre and the late Serge Chaloff. Further down the road were Shelly Manne, Lou Levy, Vince Guaraldi, Victor Feldman, Jimmy Rowles, Red Rodney, Bill Chase; and that only takes us to 1959.

Symbolic of the continuum represented by the ongoing Herman story is the presence in his trumpet section, for the last three years, of Mark Lewis. In the brass team from 1939-46 was Cappy Lewis, Mark's father.

Observers who tend to think of Herman's as essentially a white band forget that Ernie Royal, Gene Ammons, Oscar Pettiford, Milt Jackson, Major Holley, Nat Adderley and Al Dailey, among others, passed through the ranks. Herman recalls with a rueful grin: "Dizzy Gillespie played with me at the Apollo Theatre, and we recorded one of his early big-band arrangements, 'Down Under.' I gave him some very serious advice—told him he should give up trumpet and concentrate on writing. Another of my sage observations." One of Herman's proudest recent additions is Byron Stripling, a 22-year-old black student from Eastman who is playing lead and jazz trumpet.

A doggedly forward-looking attitude has prevented the orchestra's sound from becoming mired in the past. Along with his clarinet and alto sax, Herman now plays the more fashionable soprano. Balancing the chestnuts for which he is obliged to answer requests ("Woodchoppers' Ball," "Caldonia"), he has in his library works by Steely Dan, Chick Corea (a commissioned suite), John Coltrane, Frank Zappa, Stevie Wonder and Carole King.

The band's experiments have gone as far afield as a striking arrangement of Aaron Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" and Gabriel Faure's "Pavane." Of the latter, Herman says: "It's not a jazz treatment, but an interpretation from our point of view, using bassoon, flutes, bass clarinet and so forth. We've been delving into great musicians' works forever, and it doesn't matter to me whether they're from the classical, jazz, rock or any other field."

Despite the steady pace of his schedule, Herman finds it as difficult as ever to turn a profit from the band itself. "In the last few years," he says, "I've come to the conclusion, as Duke Ellington did much earlier, that leading a band is really a hobby—something you do because you love it. As a business, it's

Please Turn to Page 60

2/8/84

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL DUE AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Weather Report, Mel Torme, B.B. King and Ray Charles will be among the artists at the sixth annual Playboy Jazz Festival June 16 and 17 at the Hollywood Bowl. The schedule, announced by producer George Wein at a press conference Tuesday at the Playboy Mansion, will also feature a tribute to the late Willie Bobo, who died last year.

As usual, the event will consist of two marathon sessions. The Saturday presentation, running from 2:30 to 11 p.m., will include Torme, Woody Herman and his Orchestra, King, Linda Hopkins, the Shorty Rogers Reunion Big Band, the Yellowjackets, the James Newton Quartet and a return visit by Weather Report.

Participants in Saturday's tribute to Bobo will

include festival emcee Bill Cosby, Don Alias, Oscar Brashear, Don Pullen and Bobo's 15-year-old son Eric.

Sunday's show will run from 2:30 to 10:30 p.m. and feature Ray Charles with his orchestra, Carmen McRae, David Sanborn, Jaco Pastorius' Word of Mouth Band, Charlie Haden's Liberation Orchestra, the Playboy All-Stars including Mose Allison, Louis Bellson, Kenny Burrell, Jackie McLean and Zoot Sims, and one other act to be announced.

For ticket information call 271-7577, or write Playboy Jazz Festival, c/o Festival Productions, Suite 203, 9056 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 90069.

—LEONARD FEATHER

B

JAZZ

BESSIE TO FLORA: A VOCAL FAUNACOPIA

By LEONARD FEATHER

"THE JAZZ SINGERS." Various artists. Prestige P24113.

For many singers, the process of assembling jazz anthologies—or, for that matter, recorded compilations of any kind—was inhibited by the necessity to draw exclusively from the vaults of one particular record company. As a result, the job was as easy as making fruit salad when only bananas and pineapples were available.

With the liberalization of rules at RCA, CBS and elsewhere, the leasing-out and exchange of masters has become more and more commonplace. Typical of the consequences is "The Jazz Singers," for which the material was drawn from half a dozen sources.

A half-century of vocal jazz is represented in the 23 performances, chronologically arranged from Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, the founding ancestors of the art, to Joe Williams and Flora Purim in the '70s. Ed Michel, who compiled this unique cornucopia, managed to incorporate many tracks that are a part of history: Mildred Bailey's theme song, "Rockin' Chair"; Ivie Anderson with the Ellington band in "I Got It Bad"; King Pleasure's "Moody's Mood for Love"; Annie Ross' "Twisted"; Billie Holiday's "God Bless the Child."

All the nuances of rhythm, timbre, phrasing, sensitivity to lyrics and choice of melodic variations come under the microscope. The blues is a common denominator, heard in one form or another in the richly contrasted sounds of Ray Charles, Mose Allison, Jimmy Rushing and others. Joe Carroll's "Got a Penny, Benny" is the weakest track both in material and performance; that Michel included this cut, as well as those by Abbey Lincoln and Flora Purim, at the expense of such absentees as Carmen McRae, Jack Teagarden and Leo Watson (the greatest scat singer of them all) reminds us that the putting together of any anthology is, as he admits, a highly subjective procedure.



LARRY ARMSTRONG / Los Angeles Times

Tunes by Billie Holiday, Ray Charles, top, and Louis Armstrong are included in "The Jazz Singers."

Sarah Vaughan is dealt an unfair blow by the inclusion of her very early "Lover Man"—not that she sounded less than perfect in the studio, but the pressing (or perhaps the original acetate) was just enough off-center to be vaguely disconcerting.

Still, it would be churlish to complain about an album that offers so much of value by the likes of Ella Fitzgerald, Dinah Washington and even the early, pre-screaming Aretha Franklin in "All Night Long," recorded when she was 18. The flaws in "The Jazz Singers" are not important enough to justify any rating lower than five stars.

"LYRIC SUITE FOR SEXTET." Chick Corea/Gary Burton. ECM 1260. Corea's seven-part work for piano, vibes and string quartet is essentially classical chamber music, with dashes of jazz flavoring. Skillfully written and played, it is most notable for the waltz movement, with Corea and Burton in their best solos, and for cellist Fred Sherry's contribution to the subdued beauty of "Dream." 4 stars.

"I'LL BE AROUND." Lois Boileau. VKB 112883 (VKB Productions, 14755 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks 91403). Best known locally as the proprietor of Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, where she usually hires others to do the singing, Boileau is a subtly authoritative singer, as she reveals in this tastefully conceived, expertly executed set composed of 13 songs, mostly familiar standards. Her intonation is flawless, her high-note endings pinpoint accurate; note particularly the hummed opening and closing passages on "Sophisticated Lady." Sympathetic backing by pianist Buddy Motsinger's trio. 4 stars.

"FLIGHT PATH." Sphere. Elektra/Musician 60313. Breaking loose from the image of Thelonious Monk (represented here by only one tune), Sphere applies its personalized quartet sound to works written by three of its members. Pianist Kenny Barron wrote the swift,

burning title tune and the easygoing "El Sueno." Saxophonist Charlie Rouse contributed "Pumpkins' Delight," a minor 24-bar blues with an intriguing bass vamp. The pensive "Christiana" was composed by bassist Buster Williams. All three, and drummer Ben Riley, exemplify modern acoustic jazz at its best. Here is invention without pretension. 4½ stars.

"FUTURE'S GOLD." Ricky Ford. Muse 5296. Ford, at 29 a veteran of the Ellington, Mingus and Hampton bands, adjusts old traditions to new conditions on his tenor sax. "You Don't Know What Love Is" is a ballad for '80s ears; "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" is Ford's tribute to Mingus (the tune originally was Mingus' farewell to Lester Young). The other six tunes are Ford's own, played sometimes in unison with Larry Coryell's guitar. Pianist Al Dailey and drummer Jimmy Cobb seem to be holding back; only bassist Ray Drummond pulls his weight in the rhythm section. 3 stars.

"ALTO ANNIE'S THEME." Richie Cole. Palo Alto 8036. Playing alto, tenor or baritone sax, Cole is variously frantic ("Jeannine"), romantic ("Key Largo"), lyrical ("Sheaf of Wheat," a beguiling duo cut with pianist Dick Hindman) and satirical ("Call of the Wild," with Tarzan effects and Cole overdubbing all three horns in a parody of the World Saxophone Quartet). At least he is never dull, and the support by Brian Bomberg on bass and Victor Jones on drums is impeccable. 3½ stars.

"WAYFARER." Jan Garbarek. ECM 23798. The Norwegian saxophonist is one of Europe's most influential musicians. His free music (for want of a better name) is heard here in six original works, with guitar, drums and the great bassist Eberhard Weber. It is possible to admire the cerebration and respect the virtuosity in this genre while finding it too austere, moody and ultimately depressing. Rhythm is almost nonexistent, the melodic imagery unfocused. Is it emotional? Perhaps in the transmission, but not in the reception at my end. 1½ stars. □

POP REVIEW

McCORKLE SINGS BLONDES' SONGS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Susannah McCorkle, a California-born singer who has been extravagantly praised by critics in New York, made her Los Angeles debut Thursday in a solo recital at Caltech's Beckman Auditorium.

A tall, personable blonde, McCorkle is not a jazz artist but a confident performer in the classic pop tradition. Her timbre is pure, her phrasing sensitive.

As some of her recordings reveal, McCorkle normally has splendid, wide-ranging taste in her choice of material, but this was not a normal evening. She elected to give her program a title, "Hollywood Blondes," and even a subtitle, "Great Songs Made Famous by Legendary Ladies of the Silver Screen."

The program took her from songs associated with Ginger Rogers and Marlene Dietrich to those of Doris Day and Marilyn Monroe.

It is doubtful that such trifles as "With Plenty of Money and You" or "Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry" would have been included but for this limiting premise. Obviously, there have been many fine movie songs, to several of which McCorkle applied her personal touch. She sang "Falling in Love Again" in almost flawless German and impeccable English. "Remember My Forgotten Man," from her Joan Blondell tribute, was dramatically effective and benefited from a relevant introductory spiel.

McCorkle throughout the evening was backed solely by Keith Ingham, who is, shall we say, a pianist of the old school. His solo number, "Hurray for Hollywood," marked the nadir of the evening.

Next time McCorkle comes to town, it is to be hoped that she will be provided with a more intimate setting, a freer choice of repertoire and a full rhythm section. That she is an artist of unusual potential was made clear Thursday evening, but not often enough.

AMERICAN NEWS

from
*Leonard
Feather*

FAREWELL TO PASQUALE'S

They may have called it Latin funk, fusion or just plain jazz, but what came out of the musicians' horns on an October Sunday afternoon at Pasquale's amounted to a melancholy requiem.

For four years and eight months, owner Pat (Pasquale) Senatore struggled against everything nature could hurl at him — rainstorms, landslides on the Pacific Coast Highway, high tides, fire, enough problems to close the club down some 20 times for periods ranging from one night to seven weeks. The last straw was the installation, at an adjoining restaurant, of a music policy, the sounds of which leaked through into Senatore's oceanside retreat in Malibu, less than an hour's drive from Los Angeles.

'The sad part,' said Senatore, 'was that when conditions were normal, we did good business. They just weren't normal often enough.'

Pasquale's had what many visitors considered the ideal jazz club ambience. Instead of a rear wall, a picture window opened out on to a balcony, directly above the beach. During quiet solos the sound of the Pacific Ocean itself became a gentle rhythm section.

Small though it was, the room hired some of the greatest names: Nat Adderley, Freddie Hubbard, Joe Farrell, Pat Metheny, Chick Corea, Harold Land, Joe Pass, Bobby Hutcherson, Charlie Haden, Tom Scott and even the Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band. It was at Pasquale's that Michel Petrucciani made his Los Angeles area debut (see JAZZ EXPRESS 42).

'We had some great nights with singers, too,' Senatore recalled. 'Once the Jon Hendricks family worked here when he had Bobby McFerrin with him, and Al Jarreau sat in. And we had Carmen McRae and Manhattan Transfer. Not to mention so many others who played some of their last dates here: Frank Rosolino, Blue Mitchell, Willie Bobo, Art Pepper.'

Senatore led the house trio with a parade of pianists from George Cables and Larry Willis to Roger Kellaway and Frank Strazzeri, and such drummers as Billy Higgins, Roy McCurdy, Ralph Penland and John Guerin.

The Sunday finale (October 23) brought back many of the regulars. Drummer Alex Acuna led a combo with Justo Almario; Ray Pizzi fronted a quartet with Mike Lang at the piano, Pasquale on bass and Guerin. Musicians in the audience praised the music and cursed the instability of the Pacific Coast Highway.

'This is our goodbye tribute to a good friend in music,' said Acuna. 'We hope to

see him back in action soon.'

That indeed is Pasquale's intention. He thinks Brentwood might be a suitable location for a new venture. Meanwhile, he and his wife Barbara, who worked with unquenchable patience that enjoyed everything but luck, are removing photos and press clippings from the walls, packing up furniture, going through all the saddening chores that attend the end of this romance between jazz and the rolling Pacific.

A HUGE LINEUP of jazz stars has been assembled to play at the Hollywood Palladium in 'A Tribute to Chuck Piscitello'. Piscitello is the drummer who ran the jazz policy at Carmelo's until his sudden death last spring. Proceeds of the benefit concert will go to help Jason Rosolino, the young son of Frank Rosolino; Jason was blinded and left with severe psychological damage when the trombonist committed suicide and killed his other son in 1978.

Organised by Musicians' Wives, Inc, the concert will feature Ernie Andrews, Steve Allen, Rosemary Clooney, Stan Getz, Jack Lemmon, the Tonight Show Orchestra, Ruth Price, Supersax, Full Swing, Ernie Watts and others.

● Miles Davis was the subject of a major concert held November 6 at New York's

Radio City Music Hall. His own group took part and he was given numerous awards and tributes. The event was presented by the Black Musicians' Association.

An all-star band including many Davis alumni took part: Art Farmer, Jimmy Owens, J J Johnson, Slide Hampton, Jimmy Heath, Jackie McLean, George Coleman, Pepper Adams, Walter Bishop Jr, Buster Williams, Philly Joe Jones and Roy Haynes.

Quincy Jones conducted an orchestra in a nostalgic set bringing back memories of the Gil Evans days (but Evans himself was not onstage to conduct his charts). In addition to the music there were such performers as dancer Honi Coles and hosts Sammy Davis Jr and Bill Cosby.

Miles appeared to be in excellent health and good spirits.

● A previously unreleased tape made by Cannonball Adderley's group during a European tour in 1960 will be released soon on Pablo. The combo at that time featured Nat Adderley, Victor Feldman, Louis Hayes and Sam Jones. Also due on Pablo shortly is an album of George and Ira Gershwin's music by Ella Fitzgerald and Andre Previn as a duo (with bassist Neils-Henning Orsted Pedersen on some tracks).

● Guitarist Emily Remler is now living in Charlottesville VA with her husband Monty Alexander. Remler was set to record in late October with John Dearth (trumpet), Eddie Gomez (bass) and Bob Moses (drums). *continued p19*



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BLUE WISP BIG BAND BLOWS AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

At Carmelo's over the weekend, a 17-man ensemble known as the Blue Wisp Big Band blew into town, blew for two nights, then blew its way back home.

The group was heralded in a press release as "the big band that put Cincinnati on the jazz map." It is good to know that there is a jazz map in Ohio, and that Cincinnati is on it.

The cooperative unit, which works one night a week on home territory, is an assemblage of Cincinnati studio and symphony musicians, a couple of music teachers and a sax player who is also a professor of English. There's no leader, but John von Ohlen, a former Stan Kenton drummer, did the announcing.

The rhythm section, which also includes Steve Schmidt on piano and the outstanding Lynn Seaton on bass, is one of the orchestra's principal assets. Another is its ensemble precision. Friday's session was taped for a live album, and it is doubtful that many takes had to be rejected for lack of good teamwork.

The trumpet section boasts one superior soloist, Al Kiger, and one, Tom Hagans, who seemed to be having trouble getting his thoughts and his chops together. Bill Gemmer on trombone and Mike Andres on soprano and alto saxes are the most competent of the other horn men.

The chief liability is a general lack of any sense of adventure or originality in the arrangements. There were no flute doubles among the five saxes; with the exception of an intriguing arrangement by saxophonist Larry Dickson of Wayne Shorter's "Footprints," there was no attempt to find new tonal textures. Several works out of the Duke Ellington library were performed, but none with the authenticity that Bill Berry's band brings to them.

The problem about listening to the Blue Wisp may have been that our regular exposure, in this same club, to the music of such master composer/leaders as Bill Holman and Bob Florence has left us spoiled or jaded. Even the proliferation of first-rate college jazz ensembles offers a challenge that this band can barely meet.

No chauvinism or condescension is intended; it is entirely possible that the next important big band will come to us direct from Cincinnati, or Pittsburgh, or even Sioux Falls. It just didn't happen Friday evening.

A jazzman with horn improvises his dream

A TRUMPET FOR JACKIE by Robert Oliphant
(Prentice-Hall: \$13.95; 224 pp.)

Robert Oliphant, the author of "A Piano for Mrs. Cimino," which became an award-winning television drama starring Bette Davis, has followed with a novel resembling its predecessor only in title.

The central figure is Jackie Hayes, who was a circus musician, then a promising jazz trumpeter and band leader. Detoured into other areas, he becomes a radio personality, a television performer and eventually achieves material success as a TV producer—a life in music carelessly abandoned.

He has all the accouterments of economic accomplishment, but the splendid home in California, the

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

Ferrari, the attractive and ambitious wife, somehow fail to add up to meaningful existence. Oliphant paints a sensitive portrait of a man trapped by material achievements aware that his yearnings remain unsatisfied.

Through a chance meeting with an Austrian jazz club president who remembers Hayes and would like to see him return to music, Hayes gradually moves toward his unfulfilled dream. Tired of being manipulated by a wife who wants him to expand the business, by an ex-wife with career ambitions of her own, and by a daughter who wants an expensive house, Hayes rebels.

Oliphant's characterization is one many readers may recognize in themselves. Some, like Hayes, will see how they gave up their own shot at greatness; others will see greatness as an idle dream.

There are overtones of Gauguin: Hayes' Tahiti is a small town in Spain, where he begins the transition. Eventually he reaches his promised goal, an engagement at the Montreux Jazz Festival. A surprise twist at the end reminds us that this is no less essentially a story about the vagaries of human relationships.

Like Hayes' horn in the finale, "A Trumpet for Jackie" rings true.

Feather is *The Times'* jazz critic.

increase the involvement of new, young people in the voting process. It's been successful; we have several hundred new members already. You see, people who join the academy have a tendency to stay there, so unless we keep this campaign going the average member's age is going to continue rising. The more musicians we have making our judgments, the less criticism we'll have to take from misinformed people."

Another aspect of NARAS to which Melvoin feels more attention should be drawn is that the S in its name stands for Sciences. "Last June I gave the President's Merit Award to the Sony and Philips companies for their development of the compact disc. As part of our year-round activities, we must be constantly diligent about recognizing technical achievements along with the artistic developments."

An inevitable question for every devil's advocate in a NARAS discussion is the televised awards show, which has seemed to be essentially a pop/rock program aimed at maximum ratings. Both jazz and classical music invariably get short shrift.

"I don't entirely agree," Melvoin said. "Certainly on this year's show, and on a couple of previous ones I've been involved with, a lot of effort has gone into booking classical and jazz elements. Part of the problem, especially with the classical artists, is that they are booked so far in advance; by Jan. 10, when the nominations are announced, we may discover to our chagrin that they are spread out all over the world. This year for the first time, an artist was nominated in both classical and jazz categories—Wynton Marsalis—and he's going to be on the program in both capacities. We're also announcing a posthumous lifetime achievement award for Charlie Parker."

"Because I am who I am, part of the jazz community, and am in the position I'm in now with the academy, I'll be paying very close attention, seeing that there isn't a shred of evidence left to back up that old accusation about shortchanging jazz."

But suppose the program were divided equally between jazz, pop and classical. It wouldn't get much of a rating that way, would it?

"It has to be balanced carefully," Melvoin conceded, balancing his words carefully. "But I'll tell you this: Nobody at CBS or anywhere else has ever intervened on behalf of less quality. Not once. Everyone involved believes this is a crown jewel evening and, we hope, shows the academy's aims in full flower. It's been working; every year it seems to grow in importance."

Every year also, apparently, it keeps growing in categories. When NARAS started in 1958, there were a mere 28; today there are 67, of which only 16 to 18 reach the TV show live. Inevitably, this must diminish the value of an award when so many are passed around, yet the various subdivisions are always rationalized. "This year," Melvoin said, "we split the Latin category into three, to accommodate Mexican-American music, the tropical-Latin salsa of New York, and the international

pop stars like Menudo. We've also split the video category: In addition to best album, we now have best short-form, to take care of the video 45s."

Were these splits necessary? Clearly the academy's officers think so, but it is not impossible to foresee a day when the number of categories hits the 100 mark. The danger of spreading everything so thin is reflected, for example, in this year's Best Jazz Instrumental Performance, Soloist category. Three of the five nominees showed up again in the Best Jazz Group division.

□

Melvoin is as well aware as many of the critics that NARAS has never been, never can be, all things to all voters. But like his predecessors, and probably more than most in view of his own prodigious talent as an

artist, he is conscious of the need to be alert and ready to change.

"I have twin daughters, 20 years old, who have sung on records with me, and my son, who's 22, has played drums on some of my film scores. If I'm ever in danger of becoming out of touch, I know they'll keep me abreast of the new happenings."

One of his principal concerns now is the establishment of a NARAS Hall of Fame in Atlanta, now in its final stages. "We'll have recordings, memorabilia, artifacts—it will be a unique repository. Don't be surprised if we have a remote from there as part of our 1985 broadcast."

Will Melvoin then still be the man at the top?

"It's a one-year term, but maybe they'll ask me to be president again—if I'm a good boy." □

JAZZ

MELVOIN FITS IN GIGS WITH GRAMMYS JOB

By LEONARD FEATHER

I like speaking for the music industry—speaking for the ideals the academy represents. It's the greatest honor of my life."

This remark was made the other day by someone who, though his name is less than world famous, has a job that impinges on anyone who listens to recorded music. He's Michael Melvoin, president of the 6,000-member National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (NARAS), whose annual Grammy awards presentation will be seen on CBS Feb. 28.

A 1959 Dartmouth graduate (BA in English literature), the affable Melvoin is the first NARAS president who also is active as a jazz musician. Only last weekend he played piano for Joe Williams at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

His credits in other areas—pop, rock, motion picture and TV scoring—are lengthy and impressive: He played on John Lennon's "Imagine," the Beach Boys' "Good Vibrations" and on "ABC," the Jackson 5's second hit. He composed the music for the films "Ashanti," "King of the Mountain" and "Main Event." After a decade of intense activity in the studios, he returned in recent years to the jazz field that brought him his first recognition; mainly he has been gigging and recording with saxophonist Pete Christlieb.

Presiding over the academy, which he says he is doing as a service to the music community (officers, trustees and local boards of governors are all volunteers), is a situation that came upon him gradually. "I joined the academy in the late 1960s at the suggestion of Dave Pell, the saxophonist and producer who's now president of the Los Angeles chapter. Eight years ago I joined the L.A. Board of Governors; later I became a national trustee, then national vice president. I was president of the Los Angeles chapter for two years prior to becoming national president last June.

"The job can be quite time-consuming, especially at this time of year with the awards and the TV show coming up, but I've been able to juggle my hours to suit my playing dates. A president has to visit all the other chapters. So far I've been to Atlanta, where I performed at the Pops Festival, and to New York; I still have to visit Memphis, Nashville, Chicago and San Francisco.

"The communities in these cities have divergent viewpoints that sometimes cancel each other out.



GARY FREEMAN / Los Angeles Times

Musician Michael Melvoin, head of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

Obviously it's impossible to please everybody, but I have to try to iron out any problems that arise, to represent and mediate the collective will of the national trustees.

"It's unusual for someone who's so busily involved in music to have this post, so there may be a different slant to the presidency as I'm handling it. I'm deeply concerned with the importance of excellence in music. NARAS gives Grammys and Grammys mean excellence. Consider the immense diversity of the idioms with which we're involved: the focus on popular music gets so intense, people may lose sight of the fact that Grammys have gone to the late Glenn Gould, to Queen Ida's Bon Temps Zydeco Band, to Phil Woods, to Machito. All these musics are important to people's lives, and the Grammy is a celebration of that."

It is no secret that for two decades there have been complaints that Grammy awards, particularly in the pop field, are too often given to records that have had tremendous sales and distribution, while first-rate performances that have not sold well and are on poorly distributed labels have been neglected.

"There have been problems," Melvoin acknowledged, "but the academy has done a fine job of reaching out to the smallest companies. This year there are 92 labels aboard."

But had he ever seen anything that had only modest sales become record or album of the year?

"I think you're dealing here with a semantic cul-de-sac, because popular music by definition is music that a lot of people like. Sure, the exposure factor cannot

be discounted; but let's take Michael Jackson as an example. He is a phenomenal success, but he is also phenomenally gifted. The people he is surrounded with, from Q (Quincy Jones) on down, are world-class people. The academy is delighted with his success. Singers love the fact that he sings in tune. Musicians love the fact that he has mastered the synthesizers and keyboards, and so forth. So I don't believe I'm just equating popularity with excellence."

An even more abrasive subject of controversy has been the alleged conservatism of the rock awards. Times Pop Music Critic Robert Hilburn has accused the academy of consistently failing to recognize the artists who have helped to reshape popular music in general. He has pointed out that in 1965, when such vital items as Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone," the Beatles' "Yesterday" and the Rolling Stones' "Satisfaction" were released, they were bypassed in favor of Herb Alpert's "A Taste of Honey" as record of the year. Similarly, top honors went to Olivia Newton-John's "I Honestly Love You" in 1974, the Captain and Tennille's "Love Will Keep Us Together" in 1975 and Christopher Cross' "Sailing" in 1980.

Hilburn feels that the academy judges by mechanics and professionalism, like a schoolteacher who recognizes a paper's neatness over original thought. Hilburn also says that only when a Stevie Wonder or a Paul Simon combines substance and craft within the mainstream tradition do members respond, but the mavericks outside that tradition are still ignored.

"I've spoken to Hilburn about that," Melvoin said, "and I think his attitude is somewhat myopic. Pop criticism doesn't always focus on the same aspects that the academy voters are concerned with. The sociological significance of a particular piece of rock 'n' roll is not a component of what we require. It should be no surprise to Robert that good singers like people who sing in tune, and good musicians like people who play more than one chord, and good arrangers like clever and wonderful textures, good composers prefer well-constructed melodies, good songwriters prefer lyrics that are witty or smart or effective or at least coherent.

"So the critic's point of view has a different focus, evaluating the overall cultural or aesthetic effect a movement might have on fans; but he shouldn't be surprised when our judgment diverges from his."

The jazz voting has been a similar cause of contention. Some observers feel that the long-established names tend to eliminate any hope of victory for most young or avant-garde artists. Noted Melvoin: "The jazz nominations are decided not by the entire membership, but by screening committees of experts in the various cities; then the general membership votes for final decisions on the Grammys."

It still remains a fact that Ella Fitzgerald has won 11 times, that even Sarah Vaughan did not win her first Grammy until last year (as did Mel Tormé), and that lesser names such as Ernestine Anderson or Sue Raney haven't a prayer in this exalted company. Similarly the Akiyoshi-Tabackin orchestra, though nominated five times and voted the world's foremost big band in several critics' polls, cannot compete with, say, Count Basie, an eight-time winner.

Melvoin's reply was cautious. "Things are changing; there are signs that thoughtful minds are at work. Look at the appreciation of Chick Corea for his serious work as opposed to his fusion albums," (True, Corea and Gary Burton won jointly in 1979 and in 1981). Nevertheless, there is a problem here, he granted, and it can only be solved by recruiting younger members into the Academy.

"That's one of the things I found out I had to do as president. I started a national outreach program to

close up



Billie Holiday

BLACK LADIES OF SONG
8:30 PM

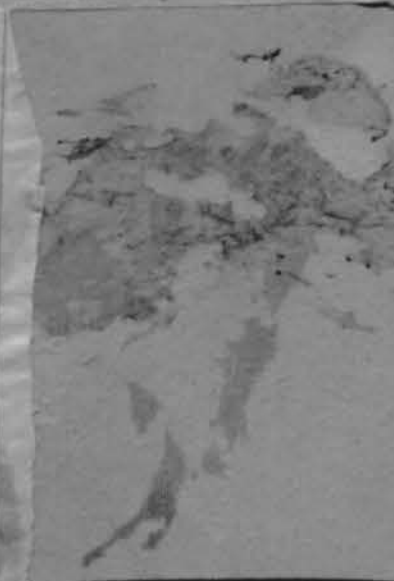
HERE'S TO THE LADY

Debut. A four-week series about the lives and careers of outstanding black female singers opens with a tribute to Billie Holiday.

Born in Baltimore in 1915, Holiday began singing professionally at 18 and recorded over 200 songs during a career that spanned three decades. But her success as a singer was marred by drug addiction, which landed her in Federal prison, ruined her voice and hastened her death (she died at age 44).

The program traces Billie's career and troubled personal life through vintage photographs, film clips (including a 1935 short with Duke Ellington and a film called "Symphony in Black") interviews with Lionel Hampton, Carmen McRae, Sarah Vaughan and jazz critic Leonard Feather, and excerpts from her recordings.

Billy Dee Williams, who portrayed Holiday's husband Louis McKay in 1972's "Lady Sings the Blues," is the series host. Artists saluted in the coming weeks are blues singer Bessie Smith, American-born French cabaret performer Josephine Baker and jazz singer



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JAZZ REVIEW

WILSON'S BIG BAND DRAWS A CROWD

By LEONARD FEATHER

The right formula produced the desired results when Gerald Wilson's 19-piece orchestra played the Wadsworth Theater Sunday. The ingredients: UCLA's Student Committee for the Arts as producer, supported by the musicians' union and KKGO, which aired part of the show live. The price: zero. The outcome: a standing-room-only, standing-ovation crowd.

Wilson, a veteran maestro who launched his first band in Los Angeles in 1944, took a while to get into high gear but, during the broadcast second segment, came to life with a vengeance.

The first half, though it ran long enough to constitute an album, consisted of only two tunes, both elongated by so many ad-lib solos that Wilson's talent for weaving colorful orchestral textures was scarcely noticeable. Although most of the soloists (including guest trumpeter Clara Bryant) maintained a high level, they were hampered by a balance that found the bass player, Stanley Gilbert, miked loud enough to be heard in San Pedro.

After intermission this situation improved, as did the tightening up of the music. During the hourlong airing, the band got through six tunes and part of a seventh, enabling the audience to hear evidence of Wilson's achievements as a creative writer, yesterday ("Blues for Yna Yna," his perennial blues waltz theme song) and today (several cuts from his latest albums).

"Viva Tirado," the best of his matador-inspired works, featured trumpeter Oscar Brashear in rare form, followed by Jerome Richardson on flute, Milcho Leviev on electric keyboard and a startling high-note finale by trumpeter Rick Baptist that brought all those who were not already standing to their feet. In a more relaxed vein, Ernie Watts' romantic side was displayed in his tenor sax solo on "Sophisticated Lady."

Snooky Young's plunger-muted trumpet, in Ellington's "Don't Get Around Much Any More," was another

crowd-pleaser in an evening that proved a point worth emphasizing: Given the appropriate attraction and the publicity, there is a big and enthusiastic college-age crowd for orchestral jazz in the grand tradition. And, of course, the price was right.

Coming to the Wadsworth next in this series: Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, March 25.

2 Part VI/Friday, February 17, 1984

LAINE, DANKWORTH
IN RESIDENCY AT USC

Jazz singer Cleo Laine and her husband, composer and saxophonist John Dankworth, will be featured at a weeklong residency at the Arnold Schoenberg Institute at USC beginning Wednesday.

Laine's residency, the first in the institute's history, will consist of three workshops; she also will present a Feb. 28 concert. "This (residency) is a departure for us," says institute director Leonard Stein. "We hope it may lead to annual residencies by other prominent artists."

Laine will sing Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" at 8 p.m. Feb. 28, at Bovard Auditorium, USC. She will be accompanied by the USC Contemporary Chamber Players, conducted by Stein. After the Schoenberg work, Laine will sing pop and jazz selections, accompanied by Dankworth and the USC Jazz Band.

The concert will be a benefit—the first for the institute in its seven-year history—for the school's jazz programs. KKGO's Chuck Niles will be the host. Mayor Tom Bradley is chairman and Lou Rawls co-chairman of an honorary benefit committee for the concert.

The Dankworths will offer master-class/workshops on songs, ballads and show tunes Wednesday; recording techniques Feb. 25, and jazz singing Feb. 27. A dozen workshop participants have been selected from taped auditions submitted to a panel of experts. The classes will be open to the public for auditing at a fee of \$10.



Cleo Laine

John Dankworth

Laine, who has established her reputation in jazz, pop, musical comedy and opera, first sang "Pierrot Lunaire" in 1974 at the Edinburgh Festival. Dankworth, in addition to leading his own groups and arranging music for his wife, is the composer of an opera-ballet and several motion-picture scores.

The British-born Dankworths have been married since 1958, when Laine was the vocalist in his big band. They have performed in the United States annually since 1972, and they now maintain a second home in Northern California.

Workshop information: 743-5362. Concert information: 743-7111. —LEONARD FEATHER

★ Saturday, February 18, 1984/Part V 9

JAZZ REVIEW

HEARD TRIO RETURNS
AFTER LONG HIATUS

Heard, Ranier & Ferguson, a trio formed locally in 1982 by the eminent bassist John Heard, reconvened Thursday night after a long hiatus to play at Hop Singh's.

Pianist Tom Ranier keeps the unit supplied with original tunes that supplement the familiar standards. His "No Boundaries" was aptly titled: quasi-Brahms, faintly classical, but cooking hard all the way. "Harpo," Ranier and Heard offered a blues-tinged display of empathy.

Sherman Ferguson, surrounded by an impressive array of cymbals, extracted polychromatic, yet temperate sounds from his percussion equipment in an exchange of solos with Ranier. The latter played one long passage in rapid unison as if he were wearing handcuffs separated by a chain an octave wide. Heard, as always, was a vital force, whether soloing in "Lush Life" or providing the rhythmic terra firma on which the group kept moving.

These men come to their job thoroughly prepared, with just the right mix of unification and improvisation. The only problem arises when Ranier switches either to tenor sax or clarinet for an entire tune, thereby radically changing the group's sound. It might be preferable, and certainly would provide a more cohesive image, if he were to alternate between keyboard and horn in the course of several numbers on each set, thereby giving the trio a virtual quartet character.

—LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ REVIEW

WYNTON MARSALIS EARNS THE HOOPLA

By LEONARD FEATHER

There are exhilarating times for Wynton Marsalis. The 22-year-old trumpet virtuoso has become the most publicized new personality in music. Leading his quintet in a concert Friday at the Beverly Theatre, he left no doubt that all the hoopla is justified.

Both as soloist and composer, he is a symbol of absolute mastery and authority. At times his sound is pure and full enough to remind us of his accomplishments in classical music, although there are moments when a special tonal effect may recall Dizzy Gillespie or Rex Stewart. Variety is the keynote in his constant flow of unpredictable ideas. Intensity, lyricism, long phrases followed by short, stabbing interludes, gradual fade-outs as he gives way to one of his sidemen; these are just a few aspects of a typical solo.

Although he is the lesser known of the siblings, never underestimate the power of brother Branford Marsalis. His tenor and soprano indicated that he will soon have older saxophonists looking over their shoulders.

Kenny Kirkland is the group's other important soloist (shades of McCoy Tyner) and composer ("Fuchsia"). Along with Jeff Watts on drums and Charles Fambrough on bass, he constitutes part of a rhythm section

as dynamic and cohesive as any in jazz today.

Only two of the pieces played originated outside the quintet: "Monk's Mood" and the Charlie Chaplin standard, "Smile." The group's performance was a continuum, one tune segueing into the next for more than an hour. Not until it was all over did the leader speak, and by then even he could not recall exactly what we had heard and in what sequence. Would it really interrupt the flow of thought if he paused now and then to announce between numbers?

Concluding his brief speech, Marsalis said, "I hope you are culturally enriched." We were indeed.

The use of the quartet Free Flight to play the first half was not an ideal choice. True, the teamwork was admirable, and the material (works by Prokofiev, Bach and the group's keyboard player, Mike Garson) is expertly arranged. Jim Walker's flute was technically perfect; Garson played heavy, flamboyant piano reminiscent of Dave Brubeck.

Only in "Lullaby for Colin," with Walker playing alto flute, did a true emotional message come across. If the rest of the set seemed a little lame and tame, it took the Marsalis group to show us what had been missing: vitality, spirit and soul.

JAZZ

SHADOWFAX'S NEW LEASE ON LIFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

If you've never heard of Shadowfax, read on. As much as any unit that has come to prominence in the past year, this adventurous hybrid sextet deserves documentation and examination.

What are the elements that characterize the sound of Shadowfax? American, African, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, European? All these, and more. Their performances incorporate classical, rock, folk and (minimally) jazz; they are variously acoustic and electric. Precisely because its compositions are so hard to pin down, the group has acquired a broader audience than its members or its record company (Windham Hill) ever dreamed possible.

Recently, Chuck Greenberg, who produces the albums, composes some of the music and plays saxophones, flute and lyricon, discussed the success of the experiment he started in an Illinois farmhouse in 1972. With him was G. E. (Greg) Stinson, the guitarist/pianist/composer who was his partner from the start, along with the bassist Phil Maggini.

"I'm leaving tomorrow on a brief trip to Japan," Greenberg said, "to play a few concerts with Will Ackerman, the guitarist who founded Windham Hill, and to set up plans for Shadowfax's tour of Japan next August. I'll be back here in Los Angeles, of course, in time for our Friday concert at the Beverly Theatre."

That the group's success has now spilled into the overseas market is an indication that its second lease on life will be far more successful than its first. Formed in 1972, Shadowfax took four years to land a record deal; although in 1976 it seemed to some observers in Chicago like a band too hot to stop, by 1978 it was forced to disband.

"It was the disco era," Greenberg recalled, "and a



Greg Stinson, left, and Chuck Greenberg of the sextet Shadowfax are finding a bigger audience for their hybrid music the second time around.

very bad time for any creative experiments like ours. Phil Maggini and I moved to California, while Greg and our drummer, Stuart Nevitt, stayed in Chicago."

The West Coast proved lucky for Greenberg; in addition to pop studio sessions and sound-track work, he took part in a session with guitarist Alex de Grassi for Windham Hill. This led to a reorganization in 1982 for a Windham Hill album of the Shadowfax foursome, along with De Grassi and several other ringers. In its new incarnation it was even more eclectic, a fusion in the truest sense. Critics have called it pastoral, exotic,

delicate, haunting, sensual, ethereal, introspective—yet also pulsating and energetic.

The four key members of Shadowfax are all in their early 30s. "I always listened to every kind of music," says Greenberg, a native Chicagoan. "When I was growing up I heard John Coltrane; then suddenly, at 16, I heard these Albert King records and got off into blues music."

"We'd all play around the South Side of Chicago in various blues bands," said the Oklahoma-born Stinson. "Phil and I worked together; Chuck used to come by and jam. Our band introduced the old-time blues singer Hound Dog Taylor to white kids; the people went crazy when he worked with us. Another band I worked in for a while was Rufus, before the Chaka Khan days."

When Stinson and Maggini found themselves out of a job, the bassist, who had moved to a sprawling farmhouse outside Chicago, began working with Greenberg and Stinson on music of a more challenging nature. "We converted the basement into a musical rumpus room," said Greenberg, "then put in a four-track recorder and began writing songs, working out fresh ideas."

Stinson added: "We did a huge amount of listening, picking up stuff from all over. Phil would say, 'Listen to this,' and it would be some weird voodoo chants from Africa. Then maybe a Walter Carlos album, a Miles Davis album, and of course, John McLaughlin."

"Don Cherry, who was Ornette Coleman's trumpeter for a long time, was one of my favorite people; he was among the first who had the concept of putting together many diverse kinds of music, stretching out the boundaries."

According to Greenberg, "It wasn't really a band; it was an experiment. We didn't even have a name until three days before our first gig."

How was the somewhat unlikely name selected?

"Phil was going through a Tolkien book and found this word Shadowfax; it was the name of Gandalf the wizard's horse in 'Lord of the Rings' and had a nice image to it, so we all said yeah."

Stuart Nevitt, the percussionist, born in 1953 in Elizabeth, N.J., studied at the University of Miami, left for Chicago in 1974 and became the fourth permanent member of Shadowfax. That was the year when, at a trade show, Greenberg was introduced to a strange new wind instrument devised by two electrical engineers from Boston. "They offered to let me have the first one," he said, "and that's how I became the guinea pig for the lyricon. It's basically a woodwind synthesizer; it has a reed, and you blow into it as you would a saxophone."

Since Greenberg's initiative a decade ago, the lyricon has become the most widely used new reed instrument, adopted as an auxiliary axe by countless saxophonists. On the group's most recent album, "Shadowdance" (Windham Hill WH-1029), he alternates between lyricon, tenor sax and flute. There are two additional

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TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

SHADOWFAX: NEW LIFE

Continued from 88th Page

members on this LP: Jared Stewart on piano and synthesizers, and Jamil Szmanski, who plays violin, batone violin, and alto psaltery, an ancient stringed instrument. Greenberg expects to retain the sextet size and possibly add a seventh member before the Japanese tour. (Both "Shadowdance" and its predecessor "Shadowfax" (C 1022) have miscellaneous percussion effects by the Hollywood studio drummer Emil Richards.)

With both records selling briskly by the standards of what is best classified as art music, the band is becoming increasingly mobile: Several northern California dates are coming up, followed by a Midwest tour in April from Minneapolis to Texas. There has already been a consistently successful East Coast tour.

Some listeners have found it difficult to determine where in the music of Shadowfax composition ends and improvisation begins.

"It really depends on the tune," Greenberg said. "We've been doing a lot of ensemble playing, which I like, because it creates a framework for various instruments and a broad range of colors. There was a time in Chicago when we had played together so long that we could make up spontaneous compositions—we'd walk onstage and just play whatever we felt for 45 minutes."

"On the latest album," Stinson pointed out, "my tune 'Song for My Brother' is completely arranged. On the

other hand, 'New Electric India,' the opening cut, has been different every time we've played it."

Asked how he felt about being listed on the jazz best-seller chart, Greenberg replied: "We're just happy to be on any chart! It seems as though anything that's a little creative, that isn't mainstream and can't be categorized on one of the other charts, gets listed as jazz. But we never had any pretensions of being a jazz group."

The big shock was to find themselves in that most inaccessible of areas, the pop chart. "When we looked and saw we were up to about 145, we just laughed. After all, we did our albums on such restricted budgets; besides, we've always just tried to do music that we liked, without making any concerted effort to become a commercial success."

Stinson pointed out: "We have become more aware of playing for people. In the early period, when we were denied access to any record deal, we were basically a very egocentric band. The frustrations made us very aggressive."

Greenberg summed it up on behalf of the entire group: "We all feel that it's an amazing situation. Our company lets us do anything we want; the sound quality is good, the pressings are good, and to top it all off there's an audience out there that truly enjoys the music. That's unique."

The rewards experienced by Shadowfax are not the kind to which most bands are exposed when their sole aim is to create music of unadulterated quality. Unique may be a slight exaggeration, but rare—and welcome—would be right on the money. □

GETZ UNVEILS HIS NEW TWO-MAN BAND

By LEONARD FEATHER

Hop Singh's was crowded Sunday evening, and with good reason. Stan Getz had something new in store for us.

Over the years (make that decades), innumerable gifted pianists have passed through the ranks of the Getz Quartet, starting with Horace Silver and including Mose Allison, Chick Corea, Jimmy Rowles and JoAnne Brackeen. None, however, enjoyed the special brand of exposure that comes with membership in a duo.

Getz unveiled his new two-man band Sunday in a preview of a forthcoming album for Elektra/Asylum. His colleague is Albert Dailey, who worked with the Getz foursome in 1972-73.

The self-sufficiency of Getz and Dailey was immediately apparent. This alliance has an intimacy that allows for endless leeway; There are changes of tempo, meter and mood, retards and pauses and, above all, a pervasive maturity that calls for no tricky experiments—not even anything unusual in the repertoire, which comprises such pop standards as "My Ideal," "You Stepped Out of a Dream" and "Emily," along with Charlie Parker's "Confirmation" and Miles Davis' "Tune Up."

The artistry of Getz stands out in stronger relief than ever in an era when this pure, pristine use of the tenor saxophone sound has been all but jettisoned. He said more in simply playing the melody of "Lush Life" once through than is often achieved nowadays by others playing a thousand notes a minute.

Dailey was astonishing. This was not just accompaniment; it was a complete partnership. Understating here, building to climaxes there, finding new harmonic byways for old songs, he provided a phantasmagoria of shifting rhythmic patterns and melodic conceits.

His solo number, "Lover Man," was rich with odd, intriguing dissonances. In a later blues piece he even out-Monked Thelonious. Dailey today belongs in the forefront of the jazz piano elite.

One can only hope that this new team will be presented to the widest possible audiences, for it offers reassuring evidence that jazz chamber music of this caliber can survive.

JAZZ REVIEW

UNIQUE PIANIST AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tonight, the final evening of Michel Petrucciani's gig at Carmelo's, the club will be jammed to capacity. This is not so much a prediction as a hope, for if a talent as rare and special as his cannot draw more than the meager crowd that attended his opening Wednesday, we do not deserve to have him in our midst.

The diminutive pianist, just back in his adopted country after a triumphant tour of Europe, can achieve more while suffering from jet lag than anyone else could after a sound night's sleep. His unaccompanied set seemed to be composed mainly of original compositions or improvisations, though he has a unique facility for easing surreptitiously into familiar works. Suddenly, a chorus or two late, you realize that he is playing "All the Things You Are," or the Bill Evans piece "Very Early," but Petrucciani plays variations on diversions on digressions.

His left hand indulges in unforeseeable tricks, moving from a solid four-beat pulse to wild cross rhythms to improbable chords. He never stays long with any particular tempo or beat or melodic pattern, preferring to switch concepts as the mood hits him. What counts is that it is all very nourishing to the soul.

When he does play a standard, such as "My Funny Valentine" or "Prelude to a Kiss," he invests it with such freshness that it takes on a new and absorbing character. Nothing was announced except for one piece, a Swedish folk song called "Trouble."

He has been compared to Bill Evans, McCoy Tyner and others, but in the final analysis he sounds like nobody but himself. Petrucciani, who turned 21 just a few weeks ago, is the most gifted and original new pianist to come along in years. A visit to Carmelo's tonight carries a guarantee of rich rewards.

JAZZ REVIEW

CATINGUB LEADS BAND AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Matt Catingub, who leads a triple life jumping from free-lance jobs to Louis Bellson's orchestra to his own big band, became a maestro again Monday at Carmelo's. The room was packed when the alto saxophonist, who will turn 23 in March, took his 19 sidemen into orbit.

Every item in the book was arranged and several were composed by the leader. The precision of the ensembles, the contagious pulse of the rhythm section and the professionalism of Catingub's writing all were apparent in the opening tune, "Don't Be That Way," notable for a dazzling soli chorus by the five trombonists.

Impact would have been even stronger had the tempo been a little more relaxed. The band's only significant fault is Catingub's tendency at times to let his enthusiasm get the better of him. This results in such excesses as "Take the A Train," which in this version sounded like a nonstop uptown express, rolling at a mad pace that defied even the talented valve trombone soloist Mike Fahn to make much order out of his solo.

The rhythm team includes a splendidly steady 19-year-old drummer, Kevin Winard. Jim Cox at the piano was an important driving force even though he had no solos.

Catingub's alto sax (backed by four flutes on "When I Fall in Love") and Eric Marienthal's tenor were the most persuasive soloists in a splendid reed section, and Dick Hurwitz stood out among the five trumpeters.

Catingub, a delightfully amiable front man, introduced his vocalist as "a rising starlet." It was, in fact, his mother, Mavis Rivers, whose three sensitive vocals were highlighted by a wordless passage on "Don't Blame Me," sung in unison with her son's saxophone. This band knows nothing about generation gaps.

The set closed with an instrumental bow to the '40s, aptly titled "Bopularity."

Seated in the audience was one of the great jazz pioneers, Red Norvo, who played a central role in guiding Catingub's career. He can rightly take pride in his protegee's achievements.

Mavis Rivers will appear Thursday at Le Cafe, accompanied by the Alan Broadbent Trio.

2/26/84

JAZZ

A SINGER (ALMOST) NOBODY KNOWS

By LEONARD FEATHER

There is a temptation to call Sue Raney the singer nobody knows, though that would be an exaggeration. After all, she did earn a Grammy nomination this year in the female jazz singer category.

She's played Las Vegas, opening for Don Rickles and others; she has made nine albums, only two of which are presently available.

Her TV appearances have included the "The Tonight Show" and Bob Hope and Dean Martin shows. An inveterate Dodger fan, she's sung the National Anthem almost annually for the team; her record of "Dodger Blue" is in the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N.Y.

Nevertheless, the extent to which she has been seen and popularly acclaimed is infinitesimal compared to the number of times she has been heard as an anonymous behind-the-scenes voice in jingles for innumerable commercial products.

Blame that sausage company. One day around 1972, a friend of her then-husband/manager Ed Yelin had a client, Schirmer Sausages, that needed a musical radio spot. As one thing led to another, a Hollywood-based office was founded, EYE (Ed Yelin Enterprises). It became a thriving business, enabling Raney to retreat from the public eye as she began grinding out not only sausage paeans but hymns to Johnston's Yogurt, Cup O' Noodles, Orange Crush, Gulf Oil, Toyota and the like. Often she has written lyrics and music for her customers. The slogan at EYE was, "Whether or not you've heard of us, you've heard us."

"It was easy money, and I didn't have to travel," she explains. "I love studio work; you can go in looking any way you like and make \$750 in just a few hours."

The reference to her appearance is ironic, since those of us who have followed her career feel there are two strong objections to Raney's having deprived the public of her presence: a voice that is exceptional on every level—style, timbre, phrasing, wit, tenderness, rhythmic sensitivity—and a rare physical beauty.

□

Raney, 44, talked the other day about plans for her belated emergence from the commercial closet. (A 1976 gig at Donte's was her first nightclub job in five years; since then, she has been occasionally at Le Cafe and Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks.)

Born in McPherson, Kan., raised in Albuquerque, N.M., she was encouraged by her mother, a singer, and soon was a child prodigy and local celebrity. "I had my own TV show at 14. After finishing high school, I moved out to Los Angeles with the family. Right away I did the Jack Carson show on CBS, one of the last live radio series. I was only 17 when I made my first album, for Capitol, with Nelson Riddle's arrangements."

Involuntarily, at 24, she quit. "My third Capitol album was just due out when I got hit by a car. I had a lot of broken bones and was out of action for quite a while; but this gave me time to think, and I decided I seriously wanted a career. Around that time, Ed came into the picture and helped me try to get my life together."

She married Yelin in 1966, and for a long while the husband/manager relationship worked well. Hindsight tells her that her move into the pop field was ill-advised. "If I could turn back the clock, I would have focused on jazz, played all the jazz rooms around the country. But at that time it would have seemed like the kiss of death to call myself a jazz singer. It's confusing when you have managers and agents and P.R. people pulling you in so many different directions. You've gotta be more show-biz if you're gonna open for Don Rickles, you've gotta get a hit record."

The hit record never quite arrived. From Capitol, she moved to Imperial Records. "My producer there told me how to sing the songs, and when I hear those things now I just die . . . whereas I think I could hear the Mandel album 10 years from now and still be proud of it." ("Sue Raney Sings the Music of Johnny Mandel," Discovery DS 875, earned her a Grammy nomination.)

□

Discovery's Albert Marx, who played a pioneer role in



CON KEYS / Los Angeles Times

Singer Sue Raney, 44, is making plans for a belated emergence from the commercial closet.

advancing Sarah Vaughan's career (he signed her to his Musicraft label in 1946), almost ran out of superlatives in assessing Raney. "She's hard-working, sincere, and in my entire career in the record business, I can't think of anyone who has been more wonderful to work with. The album is moving well, and we're already planning another, for which we'll add two or three horns."

During the early Yelin years, Raney did her share of traveling. There were stints in Australia and Peru, a trip to London with Nelson Riddle, brief visits to Puerto Rico, a New York job with Flip Wilson; but, basically, when the commercial business bloomed, she welcomed it as a relief from the road. "I'm really not a true Gemini—you know, 'You're fond of travel and you love change'—that's not true of me. I enjoyed staying in Los Angeles because it kept me busy and, for a long time, it held my marriage together."

The full-time residency has enabled her to take on other challenging assignments. For several years, she was on the board of governors at the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, and for one term served

as vice president of the Los Angeles chapter. Recently, she became a guest faculty member of the Dick Grove School in Studio City, teaching voice and the overall performing arts.

Her separation and recent divorce has led to a change in priorities. "I really want to do now what I wish I had done after that first coming-out job at Donte's back in '76—go out there and play more clubs, maybe get into concerts and festivals. Right now, the problem is that I don't have a manager; I'm just doing everything on my own."

She admits she needs to be seen in New York. "at some place like Michael's Pub. However, I'd want to take Bob Florence along with me—his trio gave me such great support on the Mandel album. . . ."

Meanwhile, she stays busy with other local projects. Last year, she took part in a unique venture, "Supersax With L.A. Voices" (Columbia FC 39140), for which the saxophonist Med Flory wrote arrangements based on old Charlie Parker alto-sax solos, adding a five-piece vocal group in which Raney was the lead voice and Flory sang bass. The record was well received; she and Flory now are at work on a second album.

Recently, she began rehearsing for a show, "Too Marvelous for Words: A Celebration of Johnny Mercer," to be produced by Paul Werth. This is still in the preliminary stages, but she says chances are it will open here this spring prior to a national tour, for which the reluctant Gemini will make herself available.

She will not give up the jingle business entirely; in fact, one of her ambitions now is to start her own company. "I want to call it SRO—the Sue Raney Organization—and I'd like to think of it as something I can still have when I'm 50 or 60 years old."

Another relationship she will never abandon is with the Dodgers. "In my new album, I'm going to do that Michael Franks song, 'Love Is Just Like Baseball.' I'm sure the Dodgers people are going to appreciate that."

How does she feel about the possibility of winning the Grammy?

"There's obviously not much chance of that, but just getting the nomination is an unbelievable thrill. I mean, look at the kind of company I'm in. The other nominees are Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Ernestine Anderson and Betty Carter. I feel I'm in a very special place, and I love being there." □

JAZZ REVIEW

2/27

HEATH, JORDAN SHARE BILL AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The marquee outside Donte's on Friday augured well. The names billed were Tootie Heath, the drumming member of the Heath Brothers, and Clifford Jordan, the tenor saxophonist, who has 65 jazz albums to his credit (24 as a leader).

Promise, alas, is not always delivery. Completing the group were three locally based musicians: Joel Gaines, piano; Ray Fuller, guitar, and Keith Rouster, who

played an electric bass left-handed. All were apparently a generation younger than the co-leaders and far removed from them in accomplishment and conceptualization.

The first two tunes, performed without Jordan, were electric examples of feckless funk, the first written by Gaines and the second by Grover Washington Jr. In the latter, the bass repeated two notes ad nauseam. Even Heath went along with the groove, playing atypically, while the guitar whined through a solo that was short on form and content.

When Jordan joined the group, things picked up a little. He is still a fluent soloist with a strong, confident sound. The guitarist switched to a jazz style and Heath provided solid backing, but a basic compatibility remained. It was almost like listening to two groups from separate worlds.

Jordan is a talented composer, but nobody, particularly those who have heard his early recordings of "Bearcat" (with Cedar Walton, among others) or of "The Highest Mountain" (several versions with all-star rhythm sections), could expect him to be inspired to great heights in this oddly mixed company. He deserved better, as did the audience.

7

3/4/84

JAZZ

'57 A GOOD YEAR FOR JOHN WILLIAMS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"HERE'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR." John Williams. Discovery DS 891.

With Williams piling his Boston Pops credits atop his movie-score triumphs, and with a musical devoted to Harold Arlen's songs now running in Los Angeles, this 1957 reissue, a reminder of his jazz past as pianist and arranger playing 12 Arlen songs, could hardly be more timely. Using a rhythm section supplemented by five trombones and/or four saxophones, he wrote charts that were workmanlike though seldom inspired. The trombone tracks, such as "Let's Fall in Love" and "Stormy Weather," come off better than those with the sax team, which have an anemic, old-time West Coast Jazz sound. On a couple of tunes, Williams' piano sounds downright funky. Like Andre Previn, he had a jazz career that may not have hinted at the vast talents he would show later, but still was nothing to be ashamed of. 3 stars.

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE YOU." Kenny Wheeler. ECM 1-25000. Both as composer and trumpeter, the Toronto-born Wheeler has made a name for himself, mainly in Europe, as a distinguished and distinctive figure in the free-jazz movement. With Michael Brecker on tenor sax and a rhythm section that is powerful both individually and collectively (John Taylor, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Jack de Johnette, drums), he has produced a provocative and often stimulating set of six original works. The horns' interplay on "Three for D'reen," Holland's phenomenal solo on "Blue for Lou" and all five men on the 14-minute "Foxy Trot" share the credit. This could have been a five-star set, but "Mark Time" lapses into one of those inevitable closing drum solos. Why? Why? 4 stars.

"CONCEPTS." Mark Levine Quintet. Concord Jazz CJ-234. Here is what a jaded critic looks for: new names, new themes, fresh ideas. Levine, previously known only

as the late Cal Tjader's pianist, surprises us by showing up here as a superior valve trombonist and composer. The three opening originals are "Keeper of the Flame," a completely charming tune with an infectious rhythmic undercurrent; "After You," with strong solos by the leader, Chuck Clark on tenor and John Halle on piano, and "Greased," with a stop-and-go motif. On the B side, Levine's adventurous writing is applied mainly to standards, among which Freddie Hubbard's "Up Jumped Spring" best respects the tune.

Admirers of Fats Waller's "Jitterbug Waltz" are in for a shock. Levine subjects it to radical changes of chords, melody and even meter—it's no longer a waltz. This may sound at first blush like heresy, but it grows on you. "Skylark" is a trombone tour de force at a rather dreary tempo. The notes tell us nothing about the four unknown but very capable sidemen. 4 stars.

"SUMMER STRUT." Andy Simpkins Quintet. Discovery DS 892. That Simpkins is an unsurpassed bassist who has assembled a group worthy of him comes as no surprise. What does astonish is the contribution of Kevin Quail, a young trombonist who works as an accountant in San Diego (a situation I find unaccountable). With Herman Riley's extrovert Texas tenor, Mike Wofford's piano and Harold Jones on drums, there is neither a weak tune nor a deficient chorus from top to bottom. Even the 10-minute "Wrap Your Troubles in Dreams" justifies its length: It has one stunning solo after another. 5 stars.

"NAME OF THE GAME." Phil Upchurch. JAM 018. The name of the game must have been "Commercialize it." The busy, versatile guitarist operates below his potential. This longtime admirer cannot understand why Upchurch did not upgrade the concept, material and arrangements. Two of these insipid tunes have

vocals by Marlena Shaw, who also rates a better fate. For his brief, pleasant unaccompanied solo track, one lone star.

"JUST FRIENDS." Red Norvo. Stash 230. Would you believe yet another version of "Jitterbug Waltz"? Here it is. Jazz history's first mallet virtuoso (he played xylophone in the 1930s, waxed his first solo date in '33) hasn't made an inferior session in all those years and isn't about to start. His vibraphone and Bucky Pizzarelli's guitar are sympathetically mated, with support by piano and bass (no drums) in a blues and seven standards. Recommended not only to longtime Norvo-philes, but particularly to those who have not yet learned about his unique contribution. 4 stars.

"FIRST TIME OUT." Danny Turner. Hemisphere 0001 (P.O. Box 3578, New York, N.Y. 10185). This new company is operated by two Basie sidemen, and the initial release is performed by a third, the alto saxophonist who joined the band in 1976. As is made clear by the opening cut, his own "Flight of the Bird," Turner was heavily influenced by Charlie Parker and has the chops and soul to deal with the Bird-like treatments of "I Love You," "All Alone" and other standards. In more relaxed moments ("End of a Love Affair"), there are traces of Johnny Hodges. Fine support by a mainstream rhythm section: Gerald Wiggins, piano; Red Callender, bass, and Basie's current drummer, Dennis Mackrel. 3½ stars.

"BYE BYE BABY." Ed Bickert. Concord Jazz CJ 232. Mellow, mature sounds from Canada's preeminent guitarist, with a well-chosen rhythm team: Dave McKenna at the piano (they work as a duo on the title tune), and on the other cuts Steve Wallace, an unobtrusively effective bassist, and the ubiquitous Jake Hanna on drums. The selection of songs brings to mind a good steak dinner: not too rare but not overdone. For example, Billy Strayhorn's "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing," Horace Silver's "It's Time," and Clare Fischer's beguiling bossa "Pensativa." 4 stars.

"JUNE NIGHT." Svend Asmussen. Doctor Jazz 39150. Surprisingly, this is the first LP taped in the United States by the veteran Danish violinist with American musicians: Bucky Pizzarelli, guitar; Oliver Jackson Jr., drums; Milt Hinton, bass, and the British-born Derek Smith, a buoyant pianist. Asmussen strongly resembles Stephane Grappelli, even outswinging him here and there. Except for his own engaging minor theme "Nadja," these are all tunes the maestro grew up with: "Lazy River," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Just a Gigolo" and the like. Relaxed and tasteful jazz in a tradition that won't lie down. 4½ stars.

"INTRODUCING ROGER NEUMANN'S RATHER LARGE BAND." Sea Breeze SBD 102. The focal point here is Side 2, Neumann's composition, "They Called Him Blue." Dedicated to Blue Mitchell, who played trumpet in the band from 1975 until his death in 1979, it is described as a suite in three movements. Actually, it comprises two sets of variations on the blues, separated by Part 2, a warm and affecting ballad. All five trumpeters have solos, though Larry Lunetta in the first blues and Jack Trott in the ballad share the principal honors. Side 1 comprises three standards (Neumann, playing tenor sax, is the nonaggressive soloist on "Emily"), as well as the title tune from "Flintstones," a barren tune that has become inexplicably popular among jazzmen. However, the solos, notably Alan Kaplan's trombone and Tom Ranier's piano, help to redeem it. 3½ stars.

Los Angeles Times Mar. 10 1984

JAZZREVIEW

FULL SWING TRIO COMES FULL CIRCLE

In the three years since its founding, Full Swing, a vocal trio born of record producer Richard Perry's idea of a Swing Era/contemporary pop fusion, has succeeded where others have failed and foundered.

The group's 1981 record, "Swing," was met with mixed reviews and poor sales; it has become what the trio calls a "semi-cult album." Despite that, the group, currently without a record contract, stunned New York audiences at last summer's Kool Jazz Festival, wowed 'em at last September's Monterey Jazz Festival and continues to pack area jazz clubs.

Tuesday night at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, a frequent Hollywood home for Charlotte Crossley, Lorraine Feather and newcomer Arnold McCuller, Full Swing swung into locomoted action with an appealing first set of modernized standards.

Backed by a quartet led by pianist Andy Howe, Full

Swing was thoroughly professional, dressing its best musical act with naturally inspired choreography, amiable patter and attractive costuming.

Full Swing's repertoire has been garnered from informed sources. Songs such as Jimmie Lunceford's "For Dancers Only," Duke Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm" and "Creole Love Call," and Charlie Barnet's "The Right Idea" are given renewed life via stylized arrangements and stylish new lyrics by Feather. "Jumpin' Into One O'Clock," her medley of "Moten Swing" and "One O'Clock Jump" was particularly effective.

Though the focus of Full Swing is ensemble, effective solo turns were taken by McCuller on "Sweet Lorraine," Crossley on "Crazy He Calls Me" and Feather on Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Waters of March."

—A. JAMES LISKA

the greatest All- Star Jazz Band

By LEONARD FEATHER

Assume that time is standing still. And assume that the entire life span of jazz is at my disposal, along with every performer who has ever played a role in the evolution of our most prized indigenous art. And further assume that I can take any of these artists, each at the height of his/her power, and put them all together in a single ensemble for the purpose of taping an album—a dream record played

ANDICE BERGEN'S ANDID MEMOIRS

Gar Bergen's daughter remembers growing up in the shadow of a dummy. Derrick Mann interview, page 19.



ILLUSTRATION BY
BRYANT EASTMAN

by my all-time, all-star orchestra.

Whom among the giants would I pick?

Answering this question proved to be a source of rare pleasure, since it offered a chance to draw widespread attention to a group of artists, many insufficiently familiar to the public. On the other hand, it was at times a frustrating experience because of the necessity to omit many musicians and singers I have long idolized.

In putting together this imaginary assemblage of supreme talents, it was of course necessary to confine myself to the 60 years of which reasonably convincing evidence is available on records. Age was no more considered a detriment than newness is an advantage. In compiling a list of the great painters, would you omit Da Vinci, Rembrandt and Renoir in order to begin with Picasso or Utrillo? Unthinkable. By the same token, classical music history has to go back to Bach and beyond; nobody assumes that everything of value began with Cage or Stockhausen.

As it turned out, my orchestra for the ages consists of 12 artists who are living and 14 who are dead. Generally, recorded proof of their contributions would have been sufficient; in any event, with the sole exception of Bix Beiderbecke, who died in 1931, I've been fortunate enough to hear the others in person somewhere along the way. Moreover, my appreciation of their gifts has been enhanced for the most part by empirical experience; at one time or another, all but five of the 26 took part in record sessions I produced, mostly in the 1940s or '50s. (The exceptions: Beiderbecke, Count Basie, Joe Venuti, Benny Goodman, Bill Watrous.)

Bearing in mind that talent is a sometime thing, that even among the high and mighty it ebbs and flows, I selected not just the musicians, but also the era during which they reached their creative zeniths.

Naturally, it was necessary

Please Turn to Page 6

CLINT EASTWOOD'S FEMINIST FILMS

The most important and influential feminist film maker in America is ... Clint Eastwood? Commentary, Page 5.

B



Duke Ellington, Leader



Billie Holiday, Singer



Miles Davis, Trumpet/Fluegelhorn



Dizzy Gillespie, Trumpet



Louis Armstrong, Trumpet



Roy Eldridge, Trumpet



Benny Goodman, Clarinet



Charlie Parker, Saxophone



Lester Young, Saxophone



Harry Carney, Saxophone



Art Tatum, Piano



Joe Pass, Guitar

GREATEST ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND

Continued from First Page

to take into consideration qualities they all have in common: vitality, individuality of sound and style, emotional impact and, most important, spontaneous creativity—stimulating and exciting on the up tempos, lyrical and alluring yet equally unpredictable in the ballads and blues.

This is the single most vital element in jazz, one that can't be found in even the most brilliant of classical musicians, who, no matter how perfect their performances, are invariably interpreting something that has been written down note for note. That, in fact, was the primary appeal of the art for me when I first heard Louis Armstrong's "West End Blues" more than half a century ago in a London record shop.

My orchestra is normal size by today's big-band standards: There are 21 basic members. (Rob McConnell's Boss Brass has 22; Gerald Wilson and others often have around 20.) The five men listed as best soloists were added either because they play an instrument that is not an essential component of a jazz orchestra or because they were never exactly team players (Beiderbecke was a poor reader of music but a hauntingly original improviser.)

As if the selection of the band wasn't tough enough, I decided to pick the songs and allocate the composers, arrangers and soloists for this mythical album by this mythical group. Those assumptions are for next week.

To start with the leader, it's inconceivable that such an ensemble could have any other director than Duke Ellington. Throughout his career, he showed an unmatched ability to bring out the best in everyone who worked for him. I'm not speaking only of his accomplishments as a composer/arranger (it goes without saying that his ability to weave fascinating tonal textures has been matched by very few, if any, who followed him), but rather of his majestic presence. Ellington could impose discipline on the most undisciplined and oddly matched assortment of personalities; thus his masterful control would be particularly valuable in the generation-jumping lineup of the dream band. As was often said of him, the instrument he played best was the orchestra.

My trumpet section begins with Louis Armstrong, just as jazz itself took its first giant step under his guidance. Young artists like Wynton Marsalis point to Satchmo as the fountainhead. He had an unsurpassed purity of tone, a basic simplicity of approach, and the ability to create a sense of spontaneity and swing even when he was hewing close to the melody. When there was no melody, as in the traditional blues form, he would create his own; he was the Thomas Edison of improvisation, lighting the way for all who followed, and happily we have another Edison invention, the phonograph, to offer permanent proof.

Roy Eldridge has often been called the

link between Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie, but he was much more. To what Armstrong had contributed he added many new elements: longer, crackling, fiery phrases, sudden upward and downward movements, growling guttural sounds and often a sense of intensity that surpassed even Armstrong's. Though his creativity was undimmed until a heart attack put an end to his playing a few years ago, it was around 1942, playing with Gene Krupa's band, that he reached his pinnacle.

Dizzy Gillespie, whose first records bore a striking resemblance to Eldridge, soon found his own direction and became an innovator who, in establishing the bebop revolution, radically changed the language of jazz. It was as if he had learned newer and more complex rules of syntax, and a seemingly limitless vocabulary, where his predecessors had spoken basic English. He and Charlie Parker made a series of seminal recordings in 1945, but Gillespie's formidable technique and ideation continued to evolve until the early 1970s, so I would pick the latter period.

Miles Davis, a maverick and ever-shifting figure for 35 years, has adherents for every stage of his career. His most important contribution was a retrenchment from what some heard as the excesses of bebop to a more restrained (read *cool*) manner that was best reflected when, switching from trumpet to the mellower fluegelhorn, he recorded three memorable orchestral albums with arrangements by Gil Evans. One of these, "Sketches of Spain," showed most eloquently the extent to which understated beauty could be instilled into a jazz solo;

for this reason I would choose 1960, the year in which that LP was completed.

□

The trombone section presented problems. Reliable experts like Benny Carter have assured me that Jimmy Harrison (1900-1931) was the first truly great jazz trombonist, but he left too little recorded evidence. Certainly Harrison and Jack Teagarden (1905-1964) were mutual admirers and probably sounded much alike. Teagarden appealed to me mainly on the basis of a quality often sought but too infrequently found in improvisation: a sense of ease, of legato *laissez faire*. His solos had a seamless, deceptively effortless sound, whether he was playing or singing; moreover, unlike most white musicians then or now, he was a master of the blues.

A whole generation of Teagarden-inspired trombonists followed his lead, but I would opt for the original, preferably between 1947 and 1951, when, touring with Louis Armstrong's small group, he was at the height of his instrumental and vocal power.

Another colossus of the trombone was J. C. Higginbotham, whose blowzy, energy-packed sound graced some of the best swing-era bands; but he had to be bypassed in favor of Vic Dickenson, who represents one of the other characteristics I find admirable: a sense of humor. Dickenson's richly rhythmic, slyly comic style has graced jazz since long before the birth of Bill Watrous, his section member in the dream band. My year for Dickenson: 1957.

Watrous, the second-youngest member of my orchestra (born in 1939),

JAZZ REVIEW

JACKIE AND ROY, McRAE IN CLUB DATES

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Oaks were alive with the sound of music. Specifically, Sherman Oaks. Friday and Saturday evening the judicious observer could hear the veteran vocal team of Jackie and Roy at Le Cafe, then amble around the corner and catch Carmen McRae at Carmelo's.

Jackie Cain and her husband, Roy Kral, have been together so long that, had he so desired, Harry Truman could have invited them to sing at the White House. Now as then, they display a light, airy and sophisticated approach to material that is selected with consummate taste.

Friday evening, they began with several Cy Coleman songs, one of which, "Doop Doo Be Doop," proved that nonsense songs don't have to be irritating.

Though most of their charm lies in the unique character of their vocal unison, there were occasional solo items: "Why Try to Change Me Now?" for Kral, and for Cain the imaginative music and lyrics of "Born to Be Blue," to which she attached a long, almost Hebraic closing cadenza.

As ever, the Krals indulged in partially or completely wordless works. Clifford Brown's "Joy Spring" was vocalized from top to bottom. Only in the 50-year-old "You're a Builder Upper" did they allow nostalgia to take precedence over quality. Other than this, the set was a total delight.

They return to Le Cafe on Friday for two nights based on their Grammy-nominated collection of songs by Stephen Sondheim.

At Carmelo's, the deep purple sound of Carmen McRae offered a contrastingly rich and no less valid program. Superbly backed by pianist Marshall Otwell, drummer Donald Bailey and a phenomenal bassist named John Leftwich, McRae reminded us that along with that sometimes hard surface timbre there is

underlying tenderness.

Four of her selections stemmed from her early repertoire of her idol, Billie Holiday. Such trifles as "I'm Gonna Lock My Heart and Throw Away the Key" would not have survived but for the special warmth Lady Day brought to them; by the same token, McRae resuscitates them through dynamic contrast, melodic variations and a sense of phrasing that has long been second nature to her.

"Upside Down," a Brazilian song with English lyrics, proved less effective, lacking the gentle quality one associates with this genre. More typical of the McRae personality was Thelonious Monk's "Straight No Chaser," a tricky blues line that began with just Leftwich's bass playing in harmony (a sixth below the vocal line). Then the piano and drums joined in as she sang a seldom-heard set of lyrics, written by Sally Swisher.

As is her custom, McRae ended the set by accompanying herself at the piano for two numbers. Her display of harmonic sensitivity at the keyboard reminded us how important a role true musicianship plays in vocal artistry.

Part VI/Tuesday, March 13, 1984

JAZZ REVIEWS

ERIC BOBO FOLLOWS FATHER'S BEAT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ten years ago, at a Pilgrimage Theater concert, the late Willie Bobo introduced his son Eric, then 5, as a guest percussionist. This reviewer sensed that a new career might be under way.

Since Willie Bobo's death last year, Eric has been leading a band similar to his father's, with some of the same personnel. Now a high school junior, he will be 16 in August, but at Hop Singh's Friday, he displayed a maturity far beyond his years.

Standing out front with an array of percussibles, the youngster integrates his rhythms expertly into the arrangements, displaying faultless time and prodigious technique. Occasionally he tends to overshadow the group, but that is the nature of the beast in much Latin jazz, often designed for dancing feet as well as for attentive ears.

One can listen for melodic inspiration or harmonic originality and come away unfulfilled. Most of the tunes, played by Jim Coyle on sax and piccolo, and Clay Lawrey on trombone, are conventional, as are the horn solos. Eric Tillman, at the piano, is the most strictly Latin-oriented of the soloists, displaying little jazz feeling; however, as composer of "Salsa a la E.T.," he provided one of the group's more challenging works.

It was a mistake to play "Dindi," for this was essentially Willie Bobo's most memorable vocal. Performed now as a nondescript instrumental, it served only to remind us of our loss. Nor was there much point to the ensuing duo vocal riffing by Bobo and the veteran conga master, Victor Pantoja.

Toward the end of the set an exciting three-way percussion battle by Bobo, Pantoja and the drummer Jerry Davis indicated that young Bobo may have the potential to whip larger crowds into a frenzy. Davis also played a solo number spiced with ingenious tonal effects.

Obviously Eric Bobo cannot yet fill his father's shoes, but his authority as a leader and showman are indicative of bright horizons.

BEAU FRONTS DIXIE COMBO

Traditional jazz dies hard. Currently its principal local outlet is Stevie G's, hidden in a Studio City shopping center at Ventura and Laurel Canyon boulevards.

Every Sunday afternoon since last July, packing the room regularly, Heinie Beau has been leading what is billed as a Dixieland jazz session. Since the loose,

free-for-all ensembles that characterize this idiom are seldom heard here, a better description would be small-combo swing music.

Beau, a former big band clarinetist and studio composer, is not one for dazzling technical displays, but each solo reflects an orderly mind coupled with a warm, spirited sound and an approach creative enough to avoid the obvious. Though inspired by Benny Goodman, he is a powerful individualist.

Bob Havens, Sunday's guest soloist, took the matinee's top honors. Imagine if you can a trombonist who plays the blues like Jack Teagarden, then blows his way through "I Found a New Baby" with the speed and control of a Carl Fontana. His singing also had a faint Teagarden touch as far as one could tell, though two bulky microphones successively let him down.

The other front-liner, Dick Cathcart, re-created the theme from "Pete Kelly's Blues," which he played in the movie. His tone and style recall some of the better jazz moments of Harry James.

The rhythm section, with Johnny Varro on piano and Gene Estes on drums, is notable for the presence of Morty Corb. A bassist with a decades-long list of credits (Armstrong, Teagarden, Goodman), he has an imposingly youthful agility, sparking the band with fine section work and exceptional solos.

These men are experienced veterans (Beau was celebrating his 73rd birthday) and clearly are not trying to make history, but rather to preserve it. Some of their selections overlap the repertoire of less traditional groups ("Cotton Tail," "Just Friends").

It would be fascinating to hear what they might do with more challenging tunes. Why not, for instance, try "Cherokee," with its tricky bridge, or even "Giant Steps"? Now that could truly be a revelation—even a revolution.

JAZZ REVIEW

3/10

BETTY CARTER AT VINE STREET BAR

By LEONARD FEATHER

Betty Carter has always taken pride in being an uncompromising jazz singer. Once limited to a cult following, she now has such broad acceptance that a recent Down Beat poll found her second only to Sarah Vaughan.

Currently at the Vine Street Bar and Grill (through Saturday), she is displaying her usual defiant freedom from convention. The audience loved her; she elicited spontaneous bursts of applause for a trick phrase or a burst of scatting.

To her credit, too, is her avoidance of overworked songs. Several numbers were either her own compositions or little known works by others.

Despite these advantages, all was not as it should have been. Her smoky sound is attractive; not so the almost total lack of a vibrato. Over the years she has had intonation problems; on this occasion they were often uncomfortably in evidence. In "The Good Life," a bothersome flatness was conspicuous, as were a series of long pauses between phrases. "Every Time We Say Goodbye," from her Grammy-nominated album, and a Bob Haymes tune called "Make It Last," both were performed at funereal tempos.

At the other extreme was the upbeat "What a Little Moonlight Can Do," a ditty that would have sunk into oblivion had Billie Holiday not recorded it a half century ago. Carter went for a *reductio ad absurdum*, almost totally avoiding the original melody, playing games with the lyrics, moving to a random scat interlude, letting Benny Green take a fine piano chorus, then indulging in a voice-and-drums duel with Louis Nash.

Carter is a true original, beyond a doubt, but like many chance-takers, sometimes she wins, sometimes she loses. Her best moments came during a long, wordless, closing improvisation, interrupted now and then to introduce the sidemen (Nash, Green, and bassist David Penn).

Coming to Vine Street Monday; Esther Phillips.

JAZZ—STILL A STEPCHILD AT THE GRAMMYS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The most noteworthy aspect of this year's Grammy awards and the TV show was not how many Grammys Michael Jackson won; not how many sequins were on his outfit; not even the burning issue of what happened to his left glove.

No. The real importance of what the voters said was that for the first time in NARAS' history, an artist won Grammy awards simultaneously in both classical music and jazz.

The artist was Wynton Marsalis, though you might hardly have known it from a glance at the press coverage. The media for the most part buried this story near the bottom or omitted it entirely. Classical music and jazz are significant art forms, conceivably almost as valuable as rock 'n' roll or country music. When Marsalis, a 22-year-old prodigy, achieved such a stunning victory, one would think it might be worth a few headlines. But no—not for jazz, nor for the music of Haydn or Mozart or Hummel which Marsalis celebrated in his winning album.

The way the TV show was assembled provided a virtual parallel. Two birds were killed with one convenient stone by letting Marsalis play the Hummel work and one piece from his jazz album. Aside from a brief film clip of Charlie Parker and passing nods to the other winners in these categories, that was the extent of the jazz or classical music in a show that ran three hours and 20 minutes.

"Why don't they just stop pretending that it's anything but a pop-and-rock show?" said singer Sue Raney, a former NARAS officer who has at heart both the interests of music and the integrity of the Academy. "There should be a separate program for classical music and jazz, perhaps on cable or public TV."

Martin Bernheimer, who says he "gave up long ago" on the Grammy situation, was invited to take part this year as a presenter in the pre-telecast ceremony. He politely declined.

The time has come to face it: The process sounds more and more like a vast numbers game. If Michael Jackson has sold 23 million albums, more power to him and to Quincy Jones. But do Jackson make him 230 times as noteworthy as a jazz or classical artist who has sold 100,000? If Sir Georg Solti rated a mention in the newspaper reports, it was only because he now has 23

awards, three more than Henry Mancini. If the jazz artists are similarly ignored, an exception will be made for Ella Fitzgerald, because she has now won 12 Grammys.

Perhaps some day Sue Raney's idea may be acted on, and possibly artists of Marsalis' caliber will be accorded the press space and the air time they deserve.

Shelly Manne had the cogent last word on the whole subject. Asked whether he had attended the awards show, he said: "No. I'm giving up my membership in NARAS. I've decided I'd rather contribute to the blind than to the deaf." □

THE JACKSON/JONES AWARDS

God forbid I should say anything that detracts from the Michael Jackson/Quincy Jones Awards evening. But the August body of trustees, or whatever they call themselves, that runs NARAS didn't see fit to recognize in its prime-time awards the fact that (Pablo Records recording artist) Ella Fitzgerald—who won her 12th Grammy this year—is the only winner in the history of NARAS who won a Grammy in the first year of its existence, 1958, and now, in 1984. I'm curious as to how many of the multiple winners this year will still be winning 26 years hence.

NORMAN GRANZ
Pablo Records
Beverly Hills

At the Grammys it was interesting to watch seasoned jazz artists like George Benson, Herbie Hancock and Quincy Jones vie for the greater commercial rewards of rock—while a 22-year-old jazz trumpeter stood up and played on his own terms of pure musicianship.

I was equally impressed with what he said in accepting his second award. Not a word about himself, just an obviously heartfelt thanks to Parker/Armstrong/Monk/ et al. for their contributions to America's greatest indigenous art form, which, he said, is never trendy or in bad taste.

The contrast of commercialism and, for the most part, mediocrity, with the uncompromised talent and integrity of Wynton Marsalis was inspiring to watch. And to hear. I thought he outclassed everybody there.

JAMES DONOVAN
Beverly Hills

4 Part VI/Wednesday, March 14, 1984

JAZZ REVIEW

GUITARIST LENNY BREAU AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Donte's is a good place to hang out on a Monday evening, since the regular attraction there, until further notice, is Lenny Breau, a guitarist of quasi-legendary cult stature.

Nothing about Breau is predictable. He seems to have been inspired less by other guitarists than by pianists. On a recent evening he played three compositions by Bill Evans: "Funny Man," "Very Early," and the haunting "We Will Meet Again," as well as McCoy Tyner's "Visions" and Michel Legrand's "Noelle's Theme."

That his sound is unconventional may be attributed in part to his use of a custom-built guitar with seven strings; the extra string is a high A. This enables him to obtain voicings that sometimes suggest a piano, though on at least one song, "If You Could See Me Now," a delicate, koto-like quality emerged.

Breau is as fascinating to watch as to hear. Using all his fingers, he seems at times to be playing a cadenza

with the right hand, a counter-melody with the left and a bass line with the right thumb. Often a performance will begin unaccompanied, rubato, before he goes into tempo, joined by drummer Ted Hawk and the bassist (regularly Harvey Newmark, but on this occasion Putter Smith was subbing).

Even when he plays war horse tunes, Breau finds a way to renovate them. "My Funny Valentine" was played partly as a waltz. On "Secret Love" he suddenly modulated into a higher key for four bars, then came back to earth. He will also stick in an occasional wrong note purely for laughs. Breau's sense of humor is capricious. When the instrument began crackling and briefly went dead, he said, "I can't understand what's wrong with this guitar—I had it tuned at the factory."

Many years ago another guitar giant, Wes Montgomery, was known as "The Golden Thumb." Donte's Monday night man deserves some title such as "Platinum Fingers." One hates to throw the word genius around carelessly, but it can safely be applied to Lenny Breau.



AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

AN EXCITING lineup has been announced by producer George Wein for the sixth annual Playboy Jazz Festival, at the Hollywood Bowl June 16-17. Many of the artists will be making their first appearance at this event, among them, on the first night, B B King, Linda Hopkins, The Yellowjackets, James Newton's Quartet and the Shorty Rogers Reunion Big Band, which will bring together such stars of the '50s as Bud Shank, Bob Cooper and many of Rogers's other associates from the early 'West Coast Jazz' years.

Also set is a tribute to Willie Bobo, who died last year. Organised by comedian Bill Cosby (who will also emcee the festival), it will feature Bobo's 15-year-old son Eric, a percussionist, who has been making local gigs leading a group composed mainly of his father's sidemen: Oscar Brashear, Don Alias, Ndugu Chanler, Rudy Johnson, Byron Miller, Jimmy Oliver, Don Pullen and Sonny Sharrock.

Rounding out the first concert (which will be a marathon, as usual, running from 2.30 to 11pm) will be Weather Report, Mel Torme and Woody Herman's Young Thundering Herd.

The second night will see the Playboy debut of Ray Charles, his orchestra and the Raelettes; Charlie Haden, with a reorganised Liberation Orchestra using West Coast musicians; a Playboy All Stars

combo with Mose Allison, Louie Bellson, Kenny Burrell, Jackie McLean and Zoot Sims; Jaco Pastorius' Word of Mouth band (he was at the Bowl before as a sideman with Weather Report), David Sanborn and Carmen McRae.



■ Phil Woods ▲, Hal Galper, Steve Gilmore and Bill Goodwin have announced the addition to the group of Tom Harrell on trumpet and flugelhorn. They will now be known as The Phil Woods Quintet.

Harrell has played and recorded with Horace Silver, The National Jazz Ensemble, Gerry Mulligan, the Mel Lewis Orchestra and George Russell, as well as being a leader in his own right.

The Woods group celebrated its tenth anniversary on February 14.

■ An unusual lineup of jazz and pop singers has been assembled for *Too Marvellous for Words*, a musical stage presentation of songs with lyrics by Johnny Mercer, set to make its bow in Los Angeles in April. The cast will include ex-Ellington singer Herb Jeffries, singer/composer Bobby Troup, singer and actress Barbara McNair, Morgana King and Amy Weston, daughter of Jo Stafford and Paul Weston. Marty Paich is writing the charts, Don Trenner will conduct and producer Paul Werth is writing a Mercer-style rhymed narration.

■ Bill Berry, musical director of the annual Jazz Weekend in the seaside town of Otter Crest, Oregon, has lined up an all-star show for this year's event, May 4-5. Rob McConnell will fly in from Toronto

to make a rare US appearance; Tete Montoliu from Spain will be on hand, as will Harry 'Sweets' Edison and Berry (trumpets), Benny Carter, Pete Christlieb and Lanny Morgan (saxes), Mike Melvoin (piano/organ), John Collins (guitar), Monty Budwig, John Heard and Jim Hughart (basses), Shelly Manne, Nick Ceroli and Sherman Ferguson (drums) and singer Joe Williams.

■ Gerald Wilson's orchestra, rarely heard in person in recent years, was reassembled for a wildly acclaimed free-admission concert at the Wadsworth Theatre, organised by UCLA students. Most of Wilson's regulars were present. The personnel included Bobby Bryant, Snooky Young and Oscar Brashear (trumpets), Thurman Green and Garnett Brown (trombones), Ernie Watts and Jerome Richardson (saxes), Harold Land Jr and Milcho Leviev (keyboards), Stanley Gilbert (bass) and Paul Humphrey (drums).

■ Red Norvo, the veteran vibes star seldom heard on records these days, has a new album on Stash Records, backed by the Bucky Pizzarelli Trio. Chris Connor also has an LP just out on the same label, backed by Pizzarelli, pianist Ronn Kasso, bass and drums.

■ A new group with a unique instrumentation, featuring tuba and harmonica, made its debut recently on records (an album for Discovery) and in person (an appearance at Hop Singh's in LA). Jim Self, the leader, plays a 5-valve CC tuba and a 6-valve F tuba; Ron Kalina is featured on harmonica and piano. Completing the combo are Jon Kurnick (electric and classical guitars), Ernie McDaniel (acoustic and electric bass) and Harold Mason (drums).

■ Chick Corea and Gary Burton, who were reunited, along with a string quartet, to record Corea's *Lyrical Suite for Sextet*, made their first concert appearance with this group at the Beverly Theatre in Beverly Hills.

■ Bobby Childers, alumnus of many name bands from Stan Kenton to Akiyoshi/Tabackin, is now on the Jazz Studies faculty at the De Paul University School of Music in Chicago.

■ Shelley Moore, a striking jazz-oriented singer, made her LA debut recently at Le Cafe. British-born, she originally came to the US in 1960 as vocalist with Vic Lewis's orchestra.

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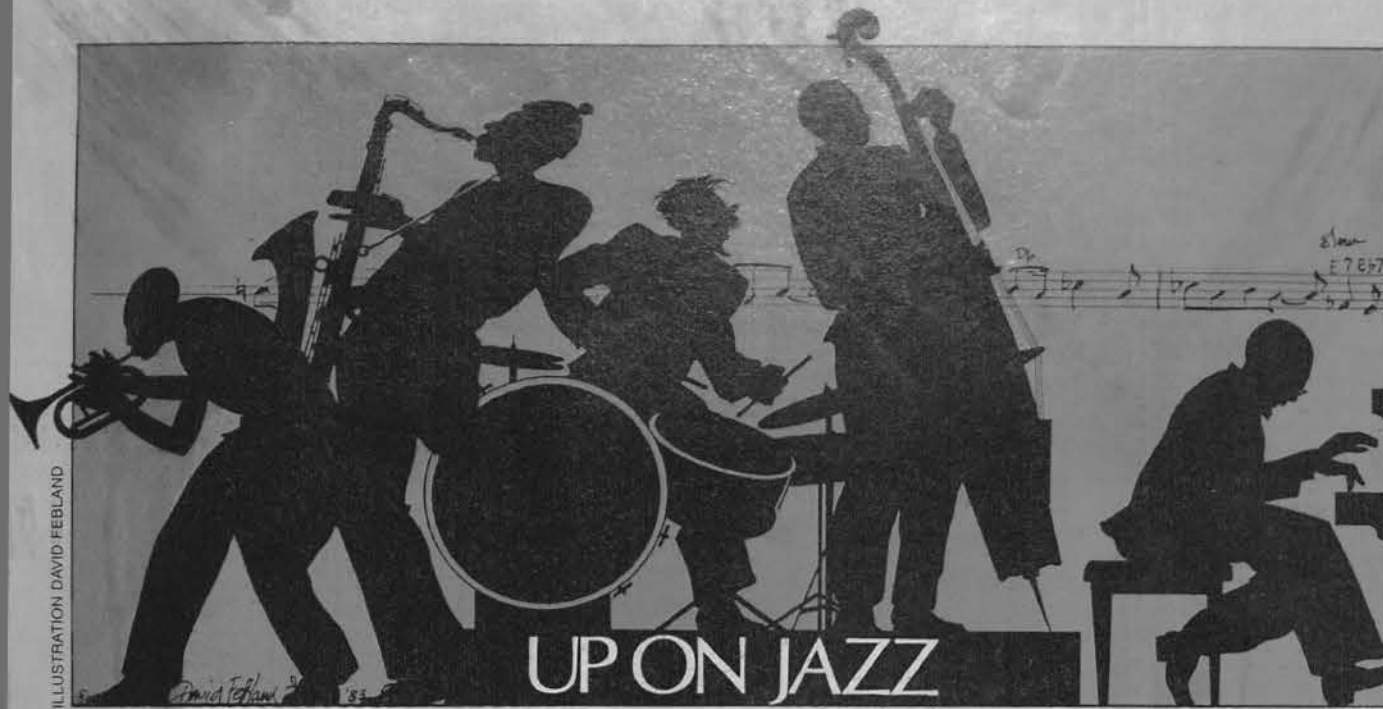



ILLUSTRATION DAVID FEBLAND

Compiled by Leonard Feather

It is the music of an entire nation. It knows no borders or generation barriers. It doesn't matter how you like it—from the blues of Billie Holiday to the New Orleans sounds of Louis Armstrong and Jelly Roll Morton, from the ragtime of Scott Joplin to the swing rhythm of Benny Goodman, from the bebop of Thelonious Monk and Dizzy Gillespie to the progressive tones of Dave Brubeck and the modern beat of Miles Davis, Charles Mingus, and Mahavishnu John McLaughlin. Jazz is our native music.

You may be familiar with the recordings listed below; others you may never have heard. But they are the 50 greatest jazz albums ever produced.

Many artists whose names are not listed below can be heard in various anthologies (*Smithsonian Collection, Encyclopedia of Jazz, Singin' the Blues*). Records marked with an asterisk (*) are two-LP sets; all others are single LPs unless otherwise stated. The time period represented covers 65 years, starting with a 1916 transcribed Scott Joplin piano roll in the Smithsonian set; the most recent item is *Free Flight*.

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| 1. Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band— <i>Insights</i> (RCA) | 10. Ornette Coleman— <i>The Shape of Jazz to Come</i> (Atlantic) | 20. Duke Ellington— <i>Duke Ellington 1940</i> (Smithsonian) | 35. Eddie Lang-Joe Venuti— <i>Stringin' the Blues</i> (Columbia Special Products)* |
| 2. Art Ensemble of Chicago— <i>Nice Guys</i> (ECM) | 11. John Coltrane— <i>A Love Supreme</i> (Impulse) | 21. Duke Ellington— <i>Carnegie Hall Concert January 1943</i> (Prestige, three-record set) | 36. Jimmie Lunceford— <i>For Dancers Only</i> (MCA) |
| 3. Louis Armstrong Story, Volume 3 With Earl Hines (Columbia) | 12. John Coltrane— <i>Giant Steps</i> (Atlantic) | 22. Various Artists— <i>Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '20s and '30s</i> (MCA)* | 37. Charles Mingus— <i>Great Moments With Charles Mingus</i> (Impulse) |
| 4. Count Basie— <i>The Best of Count Basie</i> (MCA)* | 13. Chick Corea and Return to Forever— <i>Light as a Feather</i> (Polydor) | 23. Various Artists— <i>Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '40s and '50s</i> (MCA)* | 38. Modern Jazz Quartet— <i>Concorde</i> (Prestige) |
| 5. Bix Beiderbecke— <i>Bix Beiderbecke Story, Volume 2, Bix & Tram</i> (Columbia) | 14. Miles Davis— <i>The Birth of the Cool</i> (Capitol) | 24. Bill Evans— <i>Village Vanguard Sessions With Scott LaFaro</i> (Milestone)* | 39. Charlie Parker— <i>Charlie Parker</i> (Warner Brothers, six-record set) |
| 6. Eubie Blake— <i>The 86 Years of Eubie Blake</i> (Columbia)* | 15. Miles Davis— <i>Kind of Blue</i> (Columbia) | 25. Ella Fitzgerald— <i>Duke Ellington Song Book Volume 2</i> (Verve)* | 40. Oscar Peterson and Joe Pass— <i>Salle Pleyel</i> (Pablo)* |
| 7. Art Blakey— <i>Caravan</i> (Prestige) | 16. Miles Davis and Gil Evans— <i>Sketches of Spain</i> (Columbia) | 26. Free Flight— <i>Free Flight</i> (Palo Alto) | 41. Bud Powell— <i>The Amazing Bud Powell</i> (Blue Note) |
| 8. Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet— <i>At Basin Street</i> (EmArcy)* | 17. Miles Davis— <i>Bitches' Brew</i> (Columbia) | 27. Dizzy Gillespie— <i>Composers' Concepts</i> (EmArcy)* | 42. Various Artists— <i>Singin' the Blues</i> (MCA)* |
| 9. Benny Carter— <i>Further Definitions</i> (Impulse) | 18. Eric Dolphy and Freddie Hubbard— <i>Outward Bound</i> (Prestige) | 28. Benny Goodman— <i>Carnegie Hall Concert, 1938</i> (Columbia)* | 43. Bessie Smith— <i>The World's Greatest Blues Singer</i> (Columbia)* |
| | 19. Roy Eldridge— <i>The Early Years</i> (Columbia)* | 29. Herbie Hancock— <i>Speak Like a Child</i> (Blue Note) | 44. Various Artists— <i>Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz</i> (Smithsonian, six-record set) |
| | | 30. Coleman Hawkins— <i>Coleman Hawkins</i> (Commodore) | 45. Art Tatum— <i>Art Tatum Group Masterpieces</i> (Pablo, eight-record set) |
| | | 31. Woody Herman— <i>40th Anniversary Carnegie Hall Concert</i> (RCA)* | 46. Art Tatum— <i>Art Tatum Masterpieces</i> , (MCA) |
| | | 32. Earl Hines— <i>Quintessential Earl Hines</i> (Chiaroscuro) | 47. Art Tatum— <i>Art Tatum Masterpieces, Volume 2/James P. Johnson Plays Fats Waller</i> (MCA)* |
| | | 33. Billie Holiday— <i>The Billie Holiday Story, Volume 2</i> (Columbia)* | 48. Sarah Vaughan— <i>I Love Brazil</i> (Pablo) |
| | | 34. Keith Jarrett— <i>Great Moments With Keith Jarrett</i> (Impulse)* | 49. Fats Waller Piano Solo (RCA Bluebird)* |
| | | | 50. Weather Report— <i>Weather Report</i> (Columbia)  |

3/20/84

Los Angeles Times

RED VELVET SWINGLES IN SANTA MONICA

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the second concert of its fifth season, the New American Orchestra moved from its Dorothy Chandler Pavilion location to the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Instead of assuring a full house Saturday night, this switch had the opposite effect. Could it be that the smaller hall is not elegant enough for the regulars? How else to account for row after row of empty seats?

The poor turnout was doubly disappointing in that this was one of the more rewarding evenings assembled by music director Jack Elliott. Most significantly, the absentees missed the first local appearance of the reorganized Swingle Singers, a unique vocal octet led by the American-born Ward Swingle. His 1960s group, formed in Paris, was best known for its album "Bach's Greatest Hits." The present unit uses some of the same concepts, wordlessly singing Bach and Mozart a cappella, leaving the original works intact but adding a jazz flavor through the infectious use of vocalise.

To round out their repertoire, they used material in English ("Fascinating Rhythm") and French (the old Double Six of Paris version of Miles Davis' "Boplicity"). The group achieved a superb blend and range. Such pieces as "Flight of the Bumblebee" were played strictly for laughs, but when they take themselves seriously, the Swingles are sui generis.

Too bad they didn't quit while they were ahead. Instead, they joined forces with the orchestra to perform a dreary and pretentious new work by Jeremy Lubbock.

"The Quest," one of five pieces commissioned for the occasion.

Of the other four, the most successful in its use of this ensemble's vast resources was Nan Schwartz's "Aspirations." Her writing for strings was particularly sensitive. Though it included a capable tenor sax solo by Bob Tricarico, this was primarily an orchestral showcase.

The so-called Concerto for Jazz Clarinet and Orchestra by Jorge Calandrelli should have omitted the word "jazz," since the soloist, Eddie Daniels, though he read his part admirably, improvised hardly at all during the three movements. Manny Albam's skillfully designed concerto for Bud Shank's alto sax provided some of the evening's purest and best ad libbing.

"Hello From the North" by Canada's Rob McConnell sounded too much like an unnaturally expanded version of a chart written for his big jazz band.

Overall, this was a program that challenged the listener even when it didn't quite succeed. The New American Orchestra is fulfilling an important function and deserves the full support of Southland music lovers.

Los Angeles Times

3/21/84

JAZZ REVIEW

BASIE'S BACK—AND ISN'T HE SURPRISED

By LEONARD FEATHER

Pandemonium! No other word could describe the eruption that occurred midway through the second set of Count Basie's dance date Monday at the Hollywood Palladium.

Dennis Roland was singing "Every Day." Well, you said to yourself, all right, OK, but he's no Joe Williams.

Then, unannounced and unbeknown even to Basie, Joe Williams stepped forward. Took over. Amid the uproar, he finished out the tune, ending in a duet with Roland, then on his own sang two more blues he had brought to this band in the 1950s.

It was one of those evenings you take home with you and file away in your memory bank. Here was Bill Basie among his colleagues after an illness that had him hospitalized, then recuperating in his Bahamas home, for more than three weeks. His joy at being back on stage clearly elevated the band to a rare peak of unified creativity.

The idea of a dance session was an inspiration. The ballroom was packed to the bursting point, with countless fans dancing—among them some of the

wildest and oldest lindy hoppers imaginable—and hundreds more knotted around the bandstand. And why not? Where else will you find a greater jazz ensemble or better dance music?

From the first moment, Basie had this crowd securely in his corner pocket (fittingly, the title of the opening tune). Noticeably thinner but happy and talkative, the maestro played more piano than has been his wont lately.

One rousing soloist followed another. Among others, Chris Woods and Danny Turner on alto sax, Kenny Hing and Eric Dixon on tenor and Bob Summers and Sonny Cohn on trumpet distinguished themselves. Carmen Bradford, making her first local appearance with the orchestra, displayed a big, jubilant, gospel-tinged sound, singing "Georgia" and two other standards.

The band has two more local gigs: tonight at a tribute to Ella Fitzgerald by the Urban League at the Century Plaza, and Thursday at Pomona Valley Auditorium. Nothing can duplicate the special musical and social ambiance that marked his first night back, but Basie is with us again, alive and swinging, and that in itself is an occasion for rejoicing.

A

CALENDAR

THE DREAM ALBUM: 50 MINUTES OF CLASSIC JAZZ

SIDE 1

"Milestones" *Composer Miles Davis, arranger Gerald Wilson*

"A Child Is Born" *Composer and arranger, Thad Jones*

"Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" *Composer and arranger, Duke Ellington*

"When Lights Are Low" *Composer and arranger, Benny Carter*



SIDE 2

"Giant Steps" *Composer John Coltrane, arranger Billy Strayhorn*

"Fine and Mellow" *Composer, Billie Holiday*

Prelude No. 20 *Composer, Chopin, arranger Gil Evans*

"Farewell (to Mingus)" *Composer and arranger, Toshiko Akiyoshi*

VISIONS OF DREAM TUNES IN HIS HEAD

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last week's column was devoted to a consideration of which jazz artists might constitute the all-time, all-star dream band to record an imaginary album. I promised a second column which would deal with the problem of assembling material for use by this mythical group.

First, for many years, the compiling of an appropriate repertoire for a jazz ensemble depended on the decisions made by the leader. He, in turn, frequently tended to bear in mind the tastes of his audience, which might lean to established popular works. There are many exceptions to this rule: such maestros as Duke Ellington and John Lewis (of the Modern Jazz Quartet) have simply provided the public with material that more often than not they composed themselves, hoping that the public would simply accept it on its merits.

That attitude has changed considerably in recent years. The influence of record producers, intent on achieving maximum sales without regard to optimum artistic value, has been brought to bear on artists who, at some cost to their integrity, have opted for pragmatism. Actually, the problem is not as new as one might think: During the big-band era this was reflected even in occasional lapses by Ellington (who recorded the immortal "La De Doodoo"), Benny Goodman (who can ever forget his

"Ti-Pi-Tin"?) and many others. (They had producers back then too.)

Some artists have been able to sublimate even the trashiest of tunes but, in the case of the all-star dream orchestra, assembled in my fertile imagination and discussed here last week, there would be no such difficulties, since the production would be left in my hands.

Let's assume that in addition to access to these 26 musicians I could turn to any source to provide the tunes and arrangements for an album. An average LP nowadays contains around 25 minutes of music on each side.

□

My first decision would be to break up the program into at least four compositions per side, with as much diversification as possible in the character of the works—different moods, different tempos, but all close enough to the mainstream to provide a suitable common ground for the participants. One of the worst misfortunes suffered by jazz has been the tendency to extend a given piece to such lengths that monotony and boredom inevitably set in.

John Coltrane showed that such prolixity can work, but his case was exceptional. When Miles Davis stretches the playing of a single (and often quite simple) composition over two entire sides, the result may not measure up to what he has often accomplished in five or six minutes.

Coincidentally, both Davis (as leader) and Coltrane (as sideman) took part in the classic version of our opening track, "Milestones," composed by Davis and recorded by him in 1958. In its day it seemed innovative, for instead of the usual complex web of chords on which so many jazz tunes were built, it consisted

simply of a 40-bar chorus built entirely on two separate scales. It provides an ideal opener for any group of any size in any album.

I envision Miles himself taking the first solo, followed by Dizzy Gillespie; Joe Pass would then offer a break between horn solos by playing a chorus, after which Benny Goodman would step in. Oscar Pettiford, our bassist, might find here an ideal vehicle in which to overdub a jazz cello solo. To close it out before the final ensemble, the last ad-lib interlude would be allotted to Charlie Parker. Time: six minutes. I would use the arrangement by Gerald Wilson, whose orchestra was the first to record this as a big-band vehicle.

Thad Jones, during the early years of his orchestral co-leadership with Mel Lewis, composed and recorded "A Child Is Born," unquestionably one of the most exquisite pieces to be incorporated into the literature of jazz. It is a waltz, but not necessarily a jazz waltz, since the melodic and rhythmic structure are very basic; it only becomes a jazz entity when played by musicians who are qualified to translate it into that language.

Art Tatum introduces the melody in this imagined version, followed by Johnny Hodges on soprano sax; of all the giants in this ensemble, none would be more capable of doing justice to Jones' brainchild. Subsequently, Bix Beiderbecke on cornet shares a chorus with Benny Carter on trumpet, with a brief ensemble passage to close it out. Thad Jones himself, of course, supplies the arrangement, which consists mainly of backgrounds for the soloists. Time: five minutes.

Ellington originally composed "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" for his 1937 orchestra, but it vaulted to renewed

life, and became the greatest crowd-pleaser of his career, when he revived it at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1956. The reason: Paul Gonsalves, Ellington's irrepressible tenor saxophonist, kept going nonstop, driving the crowd into a frenzy, playing a total of 27 choruses. After the sensation aroused that day, Ellington often told interviewers: "I was born at the Newport Jazz Festival, July 7, 1956." Certainly his band, in effect, underwent a rebirth.

□

From the viewpoint of our album, however, what is important about "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" is that, broken down into its essentials, this was nothing more or less than the traditional 12-bar blues pattern, given unprecedented luster and complexity by Ellington's orchestration. In our version, the original arrangement would be retained and the solos allocated not to one but to three saxophonists, Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins on tenors, followed by Duke's own Harry Carney on baritone. This would run about eight minutes, giving them all a chance to stretch out.

Benny Carter's "When Lights Are Low" has special memories for me, since I produced the original version when Carter wrote and recorded it for a London record session. It has become a jazz standard, admired for its melodic charm and easily negotiated harmonic contours. Carter, of course, wrote the arrangement for this occasion, and his alumni, Miles Davis and J. J. play the first solos. They are followed by Johnny Hodges, Art Tatum, J. Lionel Hampton and finally (time on alto saxophone). That's about six minutes to fulfill the quota for the first side.

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CALENDAR

Television Listings

Part VI

ROSEMARY KAUL / Los Angeles Times



Ella Fitzgerald in concert at the Universal Amphitheatre.

JAZZ REVIEW

ELLA'S BACK AND THE OLD SONGS ARE GOOD AS NEW

By LEONARD FEATHER

From the first four measures of "Sweet Georgia Brown" at 8:30 Friday evening at the Universal Amphitheatre, Ella Fitzgerald effectively put us on notice that she was back and raring to go. Four weeks of inactivity on an eye doctor's orders had made her doubly ready to face an audience in her hometown.

This was in some respects a traditional Fitzgerald performance, at least to the extent that she included many reliable oldies, some of which have virtually become her personal property. Elsewhere along the way, though, there were several items not regularly associated with her, or performed in a manner that departed somewhat from the norm. In the latter category was the venerable "Tain't Nobody's Business," for which the impeccable Paul Smith Trio accompanied her with an infectious boogaloo beat.

Even in the familiar pieces, however, there were surprises of the kind that are, as they say, second nature to her now. In "Tangerine," for example, after the line "she has them all on the run," she reminded us of her unimpaired range by taking the next line, "her heart

belongs to just one," an octave higher.

A welcome inclusion was the exquisite melody "Somewhere in the Night" (the old "Naked City" TV theme), heard in the album that just earned her 12th Grammy Award. But the most touching moment was a song she added as a postscript to the opening set: "Always," a tribute to the 42nd wedding anniversary of two old friends. When it comes straight from Ella's heart, you know it—always.

The only problem, due possibly to the use of a rock 'n' roll engineer, was the sound in the rhythm section. Bobby Durham's drums were not affected, but the bass of Keter Betts boomed and resounded conspicuously, and on the ballads Paul Smith's piano also came across a hair too heavy.

After intermission Joe Pass offered an unaccompanied series of guitar solos. Moving in and out of tempo on "Yesterdays," bringing out all the melodic and harmonic essence of "The Touch of Your Lips" and "Wave," he played finger style much of the time, the pick held firmly between his teeth for storage purposes. He employed it on some of the more hard-driving passages.

Please see ELLA, Page 6

ELLA FITZGERALD

Continued from Page 1

Either way, he remains the ultimate in jazz artistry. His sound seemed purer than ever, to the point where you forgot that an amplifier was involved. We hereby award him the Order of the Purple Plectrum.

As has become the tradition, Pass was then joined by Fitzgerald for several duets. Oddly, she announced her intentions to sing some Ellington, but then started with "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else," a 1924 song by Isham Jones and Gus Kahn. But the next number was Duke's "Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me," and on that low note in the fifth bar, she didn't duck it; she dipped. In fact, her low notes were no less impressive than the highs. She ended "Imagination" by landing smoothly on a C below middle C.

Her scat medley of Brazilian songs was good fun, leading into the rip-roaring wordless finale on "Flying Home," backed by Pass and the trio. The standing ovation led to an encore, one of history's most inexplicable hits, "Mack the Knife."

It would be a pleasure to state that the house was packed; it would also be quite inaccurate. Perhaps an opening act geared more to youth appeal would have helped. Not that every age group wasn't represented, and with good reason: Ella seemed determined to remind us that after all these glorious years, to quote the title of that Grammy-winning album, the best is yet to come.

91

TRUMPETER HIRT HAS PAID HIS DUES

By LEONARD FEATHER

What do you think of my ex-piano player's kid? Son of a gun can play that horn, can't he?"

The observation was made recently by one celebrated trumpeter about another. The speaker was Al Hirt; the ex-piano player was Ellis Marsalis, who worked in Hirt's band in the late 1960s; the piano player's son, of course, is Wynton Marsalis.

Ironically, most of the printed mentions of Al Hirt in the past two years have been hidden in long dissertations about Marsalis, referring to the fact that it was Hirt who gave him his first horn. Since there may be a substantial body of Marsalis enthusiasts who are only vaguely aware of Hirt's identity, the time seems right to correct this situation.

There are few aspects of the Hirt and Marsalis backgrounds that run parallel. Both received their first trumpets at the age of 6; both are thoroughly skilled in classical music and have appeared with symphonies; both admire the same pantheon of jazz horn men. There, however, the resemblance ends.

Recently, visiting Los Angeles to tape two television programs of traditional jazz (for which he not only led his quartet but also served as a very articulate host), Hirt reminisced about his lengthy career.

"My daddy was a cop in New Orleans. He had a partner named George Hartman who liked to play trumpet; I was fascinated by the instrument, so my father went to a pawnshop and found one for five bucks.

"Hartman gave me my first instruction; I played in the Sons of the Police Department Junior Police Band. Later I studied with a real legitimate teacher, all through high school, then went on to the University of Illinois, where I met a Dr. Frank Simon, who had done cornet solos for John Philip Sousa and was then head of music at Cincinnati Conservatory. I received a scholarship to the conservatory, and eventually played with the conservatory orchestra; it was so good that we used to play an hour every Saturday morning on the Blue Network—NBC radio. To supplement my income I started working with dance bands—the first one was Ina Ray Hutton, who had an all-male orchestra at that time."

After three years in the Army and some more big band dues (Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Ray McKinley, Horace Heidt), Hirt, who for a long time played strictly lead trumpet, confined himself to that role for eight years at a local radio station. By then he had acquired enough jazz skill to form a small combo, with Pete



MICHAEL KAMBER

Al Hirt at 61: "I'm playing better than ever."

Fountain on clarinet. Together they worked at Dan Levy's Pier 600 Club, and later at a bigger club along Bourbon Street.

Around 1960, Hirt's powerful, bravura style and startling physical presence (he stands about 6½ feet and in those days weighed in at around 300 pounds) began to establish him as a TV personality. With the help of a long series of RCA albums, he became a national figure, playing Las Vegas and New York's Basin Street East, guesting on the Dinah Shore and Andy Williams shows, but without deserting his classical ties.

"I still do a lot of work with symphony orchestras, mostly in the pop vein, but I've recorded the Haydn Concerto, the Brandenburg Concerto, and so forth. I did a lot of touring with Arthur Fiedler, played with the Los Angeles and New York Philharmonics, and I still enjoy keeping one foot in the symphonic area."

In 1968, Hirt was in his New Orleans club (which, after the withdrawal of his partner, changed its name to Al Hirt's) when, as he recalls it, "Wynton, who was then 6, and his brother Branford, who was 7, would come down to the club in the daytime and Wynton would start banging around on the piano. I finally said, 'Hey, let's get that kid away from here. Give him this trumpet.'"

Marsalis allowed the gift horn to remain in its case for six more years; he remained principally concerned with academics and sports. When he finally took it up, he did so with a fierce dedication.

"I never dreamed the kid was gonna get that good," says Hirt. "What a magnificent player he's become!"

Around the time Marsalis was taking his first lessons, Hirt was developing into a show business personality

phenomenon and had commercialized his group. Some critics felt he was only allowing his audiences to hear the superficial, showmanly aspects of his talent; however, he has always been admired by fellow trumpeters for his technique and power.

He is honest and at times almost self-effacing in analyzing his contributions. "I once described myself as a pop-commercial musician with a successful format, but still, jazz is my real love. It was great being influenced by Satchmo. Oddly enough, when I was growing up I really wasn't aware of the wonderful variety of jazz sounds in New Orleans, because I had always aspired to be a classical player. But eventually I became more aware. That wasn't until I came back to New Orleans, after being in the service and later touring with bands.

"All of a sudden I became conscious of these great things, and I thought to myself, wow! This has been going on here all along and I never heard it. I hadn't even realized what a fantastic player Pops (Armstrong) was. So now I was in my 20s and finally finding out about the famous legends of jazz, and I'd been playing since I was 6.

"Obviously I'm not an innovator like Miles Davis or Dizzy Gillespie, but I do think I have my own sound, and I can copy other people's styles pretty well. What I really wish, though, is that I could improvise like Miles, Dizzy, Art Farmer, Clifford Brown, Fats Navarro—all those phenomenal innovators. I never could think up the things they do off the top of my head."

Despite his extensive travels, television credits, concerts (including a remarkable Carnegie Hall appearance, taped live, with an all-star orchestra assembled by Gerald Wilson), and record sessions, usually in New York, Hirt still used his club as a *pied-a-terre*. New Orleans meant a return to home, family and the ambiance in which he had grown up.

Last year came the turning point. "I finally became a little disenchanted after staying in the club off and on from 1955 to 1983. So I quit. I subleased the club to some people who are doing a fast-paced Atlantic City-type show there.

"For a while I tried to be Count Basie; I formed a big band to go on the road, but everybody started saying to me, 'Why don't you play more?' Of course, in the context of the big orchestra I had to let other soloists share in the playing, but after a while I realized this wasn't what people wanted to hear; besides, frankly, I can make as much money with four men as I did with 16, and play more solos too."

Al Hirt today seems to be more conscious of the need to express himself in musical terms that are meaningful to him; a recent hearing revealed that he is less given to the excesses that used to delight crowds and disturb critics.

"I'm very pleased with the musicians I have now," he says. "I just turned 61 and I'm playing better than ever." □

