





Mel Torme



Sarah Vaughan

The jazz chorus that came from Satchmo

LOUIS' CHILDREN by Leslie Gourse (Morrow: \$19.95, hardcover; \$12.95, paperback; 364 pp.)

Leslie Gourse presumably knew that in devoting a book to jazz singers she was filling a void. Not that the principal voices have been neglected in previous history books, but some lesser, though important, figures have been given short shrift or were entirely overlooked.

Gourse brings to her subjects a welcome enthusiasm. Her premise that all jazz singers in a sense are offshoots of Louis Armstrong is valid, up to a point.

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

though it is hard indeed to trace a line from Satchmo to Mabel Mercer, Helen Merrill and some of her other subjects.

Instead of following a straight chronological path, Gourse begins with five artists she considers seminal or symbolic: Cousin Joe (an excellent chapter on this too-seldom-discussed New Orleans blues veteran), Armstrong, Ethel Waters, Bing Crosby; then, surprisingly, Fred Astaire and, even more unexpectedly, the young scat singer Bobby McFerrin. Part II is devoted to the Big Band era and Part III to miscellaneous interviews.

When the singers were deceased or unreachable, Gourse relied on one or two particular sources, not always the most reliable. She allowed years to be chopped off several singers' ages, or dealt with interviewees who had personal axes to grind. As for her claim that Sarah Vaughan's record of "It's Magic" sold 2 million, the man who produced it (Albert Marx) told me: "A closer figure would be 20,000."

The Vaughan chapter has no interview, depending on such information as a pianist who was her musical director for two years in the 1960s. Her surviving husbands were not consulted; neither were such close friends as Dizzy Gillespie.

The Dinah Washington chapter almost wholly omits the vital two-year period when, touring with Lionel Hampton's band, she made her record debut.

Anita O'Day and Carmen McRae are dealt with perfunctorily, without interviews.

Why certain obscure pop singers such as Pha Terrell were included, while Marlens Shaw was among the missing, is questionable; nevertheless, Gourse's omissions are less significant than the belated light she sheds on Leo Watson, Eddie Jefferson, Mildred Bailey, Jon Hendricks and some of the bigger names such as Mel Torme (a sensitive and perceptive piece involving a valuable interview). Flawed though it is, "Louis' Children" is a needed addition to the jazz library.

Feather is *The Times'* jazz critic.

JAZZ REVIEW

VUCKOVICH LEADS TRIO AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tuesday evening, before opening as Jon Hendricks' accompanist at the Vine St. Bar & Grill (where he is working tonight), the pianist Larry Vuckovich played a one-night stand at Carmelo's.

Born in Yugoslavia, Vuckovich came to this country at the age of 14; for some years he has been based in the Bay Area. Evidently he has acquired a good knowledge of the Bud Powell style and repertoire, along with an awareness of the American standards such as "I Can't Get Started," to which he brought a pleasant, unspectacular approach with occasionally interesting harmonic variations.

For the most part, however, Vuckovich did not seem equipped for the role of featured soloist in a major jazz room. Essentially this was just another jam session of no particular interest.

Anyone who hires Charlie Haden to play bass is buying insurance. To this extent the trio offered moments that raised the level of invention appreciably. Haden, a master craftsman, displayed a memory for hallowed bebop lines along with his perennial agility.

Completing the group was Donald Bailey, a drummer whose impeccable taste extends to recalling the almost lost art of playing deft, supple solos with brushes. But when Bailey assumed his other personality as harmonic soloist, playing the first chorus of "Stella by Starlight" on what sounded like a baritone harmonica, he proved only that as a mouth organist he is one heck of a drummer.

Tonight at Carmelo's: Full Swing.

JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

SLIM TURNOUT FOR WORLD SAX GROUP

By LEONARD FEATHER

Los Angeles is unready for music that presents any substantial new demands on the listener. That was the only conclusion that could be drawn from the dismal turnout Wednesday at the Beverly Theatre. The rear halves of the orchestra and the mezzanine were all but empty during a brilliant performance by the World Saxophone Quartet.

These adventurous artists generate more rhythmic sensitivity, entirely on their own, than most groups that have a rhythm section. At one point they may sublimate a primitive form—the collective improvisation that flourished in early small-group jazz—creating out of it a sort of consonant chaos. More often, they interweave in carefully structured lines with a rich blend worthy of Duke Ellington in his glory days.

Hamiet Bluiett, on baritone sax, is the sonorous anchor who ties the unit together. Oliver Lake at various times was alone on stage playing soprano, alto or flute. David Murray on tenor sax seemed to blend the resources of every generation in his instrument's history. Completing the group was Julius Hemphill displaying his bold-toned Texas origins (like Ornette Coleman he is a product of Fort Worth).

Most of the original works evinced enough changes of mood, tempo and instrumentation to sustain a level of intense interest. During the second half, the group experimented with such combinations as two flutes, alto flute and bass clarinet.

There were the typical excesses—the split tones, the baritone sounding like an out-of-tune soprano—but these aberrations were counterbalanced by the compo-

sitional ingenuity and by many of the less hysterical solos.

It was sad to note that the audience included no Valley jazzmen. Set in their bebop ways, they apparently don't want to know about the sounds of 1984. The World Saxophone Quartet has something of value to offer, whether to the amateur listener or to the professional who is willing to open up his mind and learn what's going on.

4/1/84

ALL-STAR BAND: AFTERTHOUGHTS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sometimes I've entertained the thought that jazz enthusiasts are divided into two groups: the things-ain't-what-they-used-to-be contingent, and the forget-about-yesterday advocates.

These antithetical points of view were reflected in the reactions to my All-Star Jazz Band columns (Calendar, March 11 and 18), which I encountered on the telephone, in the mail or during conversations with readers at nightclubs and concerts.

In the first category were those who felt that everything of importance happened in the distant past, and that even the inclusion of musicians born after the Swing Era was out of line. To take this position (one that used to be characterized as the "moldy fig" attitude) is to live intransigently in the past. If all the important jazz artists flourished only in the 1930s and '40s, this will come as a surprise to such members of my all-star ensemble as Bill Watrous and Lew Tabackin, whose careers did not even get under way until the 1960s, or to Joe Pass, whose greatest achievements came in the 1970s.

On the other hand, members of the second group of readers felt that the orchestra dealt only with the early roots of the music. It was even suggested that jazz today is essentially the preserve of small units, and that therefore I should have written off big bands entirely and concentrated on naming the outstanding combos of the past 20 years. This position surely negates the view, held by a good number of artists of every age, that many of the most important contributors to jazz through the decades have been composers, arrangers and members of the large orchestras that interpret their works.

In fact, contemporary big-band jazz obviously includes such vital contributors as Rob McConnell (winner this year of the Grammy award for best big band), Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin, also frequent Down Beat poll winners in recent years; Carla Bley, Bob Florence, Gerald Wilson, Gil Evans and even such veterans as Woody Herman, most of whose band

members are in their 20s.

Aside from these respected professionals, it is clear that big-band jazz is being studied and practiced with unprecedented success by tens of thousands of students in high schools, colleges and universities. Some of today's teen-agers are at least on a level, technically and creatively, with professionals who in the not too distant past were considered the unchallengeable leaders in this perennially youthful, living art.

Had I ignored all orchestral music as irrelevant, it would have been equivalent to claiming that books are not truly a necessary part of literature and that everything worth reading can be found in magazines and newspapers.

I also had afterthoughts, instigated partly by comments on the column, concerning the theoretical compatibility of the orchestra. It is arguable that a certain chemistry is essential to the bringing together of so large a group, and that this factor would be lacking among artists of different generations and contrasting backgrounds.

However, the whole concept of the columns was based on fantasy. The suggestion that these musicians could not work as a cohesive unit is predicated on hard reality.

It is also worth pointing out that an almost equally improbable series of all-star orchestras, recruited from winners of the Metronome or Esquire magazine polls, recorded actual sessions off and on between 1940 and 1956, some of which came off so successfully that they have been reissued time and again.

□

Another problem that came to mind (and was

JAZZ LETTERS

THE ALL-STAR BAND: ADVICE & DISSENT

Leonard Feather presented his dream album with a dreamy cast of his idols. ("The Greatest All-Star Jazz Band," Calendar, March 11).

If I, for one, had wanted to read these "anthologies," I would have gone to the library where countless books, many written by Feather, abound with such subject matter.

His omission of many of the "giants," namely John Coltrane, led me to believe that this article was purely self-indulgence on Feather's part and we were merely victims.

Coltrane emotionally touched many people; he performed for over 15 years with the likes of Miles, etc. But Feather chose, in my eyes, "newcomers" such as Lew Tabackin and Bill Watrous, referring to John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman fans as "students newer to the jazz scene." Who is he kidding?

with Carl Anderson, a good singer, hampered by the silly, simplistic lyrics of "Can It Be Done?" Repeating a single idea incessantly (is there any melody that hasn't been played?), the song provides its own self-negating answer.

Zawinul's title number, like much of the album, is intensely bottom-heavy. Shorter's "Predator," strongly rhythm oriented, a little along the lines of "Birdland," has a brief contribution by the composer on tenor sax. "D Flat Waltz," in "a more or less Johann Strauss kind of form," according to Zawinul, shifts ideas and melodies constantly, sustaining a high level of interest.

The LP's sales will not be helped by an ugly, unimaginative cover. Musically, it's a four-star effort—not the group's crowning achievement, but guar-

mentioned by a couple of observers) was the absence of female instrumentalists. True, I mentioned Mary Lou Williams, but only in a quote involving her opinion of Art Tatum. However, the issue of sex should be examined in the light of my frequent attempts to advance the cause of women in jazz, of recording them on countless occasions and of writing about them (including a recent series in Calendar).

I could not dream of displacing Tatum to make room for any other pianist of either sex (and I'm sure that Mary Lou Williams would agree). Nor could I, in all honesty, select a female horn player, guitarist, bassist or drummer who ranks with the all-time giants I named.

It should be noted, however, that one of the compositions I chose to be performed by the orchestra was composed and arranged by Toshiko Akiyoshi.

Given the gradual, belated fading of sex prejudice, along with increased opportunities for study and for professional advancement, one can safely predict that in the not-too-distant future a woman instrumentalist will qualify for a place in one of these mythical aggregations.

One correction is needed, involving an error that was drawn to my attention by a musician I wrongly ignored. It was the Los Angeles bassist Harry Babasin, not Oscar Pettiford, who was the first to record playing jazz cello, in a 1947 session under the leadership of the pianist Dodo Marmarosa. Pettiford, I should have written, was the first to record leading his own group as a jazz cellist. How soon we forget.

If my ponderings of an All-Star Dream Band did no more than put jazz on the front burner, encouraging readers to discuss and possibly argue about some of this century's most talented artists, it served its purpose. □

Among artists and critics, talent "ebbs and flows," to quote Feather. Give us critiques on jazz albums, Leonard, but leave the choices as to who is great to us, the listeners.

LORI SLAYTON
Palm Springs

My only fault with Feather's selection was the choice of Mike Davis over Charlie Shavers, Clifford Brown and Harry James. Any one listening to the complete Benny Goodman series, would have to put James with all the top trumpet players. Finally, after listening to all my Art Tatum albums, I'd still rather hear Oscar Peterson.

SID LAZANOU
Orange

Now that we've had a list of jazz greats through 1960, how about the '60s, '70s and the future? Sticking with established cohesive units in combo form, modern jazz's true incarnation, I nominate John Coltrane's quartet for the '60s, the V.S.O.P. Quintet for the '70s and for the '80s dream ensemble; Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Jaco Pastorius and the rest of his rhythm section; Peter Erskine, Othello Molineaux, and Don Alias. As leader and inspiration the resurgent Miles Davis. I also nominate Sarah Vaughan for all three decades and forever.

DONALD FEAZELL
Long Beach

PHLOPPED PHOTO

Leonard Feather's article on Al Hirt and his contributions to the art of trumpet playing was most informative ("Trumpeter Hirt Has Paid His Dues," Calendar, March 25), but only through close examination of the article's photograph does one learn of Hirt's most innovative contribution—playing the trumpet left-handed.

The photo goof, coupled with Hirt's caption-quotations "I'm playing better than ever" was hilarious. You made my Sunday. LuoY knahT

RICHARD MEYER
Pasadena

new and intriguing aspects with every replaying.

—LEONARD FEATHER

□

"WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SOUL." Cannonball and Nat Adderley Quintet. Pablo 2308-238. Never before released, this was taped by Norman Granz during a 1960 European tour. Man for man, this group was unsurpassed: hard swinging, inspired, with a superb rhythm section composed of Sam Jones on bass, Louis Hayes on drums and Victor Feldman (who composed two of the best tunes, "Azule Serape" and "The Chant") on piano. The Adderley brothers on alto sax and cornet (the latter especially in his own "One for Daddy-O") remind us of two magnificent talents at the apex of their power. 5 stars.

—L.F.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

"DOMINO THEORY." Weather Report. Columbia 39147.

It is impossible not to maintain boundless respect for the no-less-boundless sounds Zawinul can extract from his synthesizers. In "The Peasant," for example, there are quasi-Irish reel, bagpipe and cathedral-like effects, along with a powerful rhythmic undercurrent. On Wayne Shorter's tune "Swamp Cabbage," he achieves an accordion-esque tonal quality.

The album starts off on the wrong foot-and-mouth,

MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER: Part 4 • LOUIS ARMSTRONG

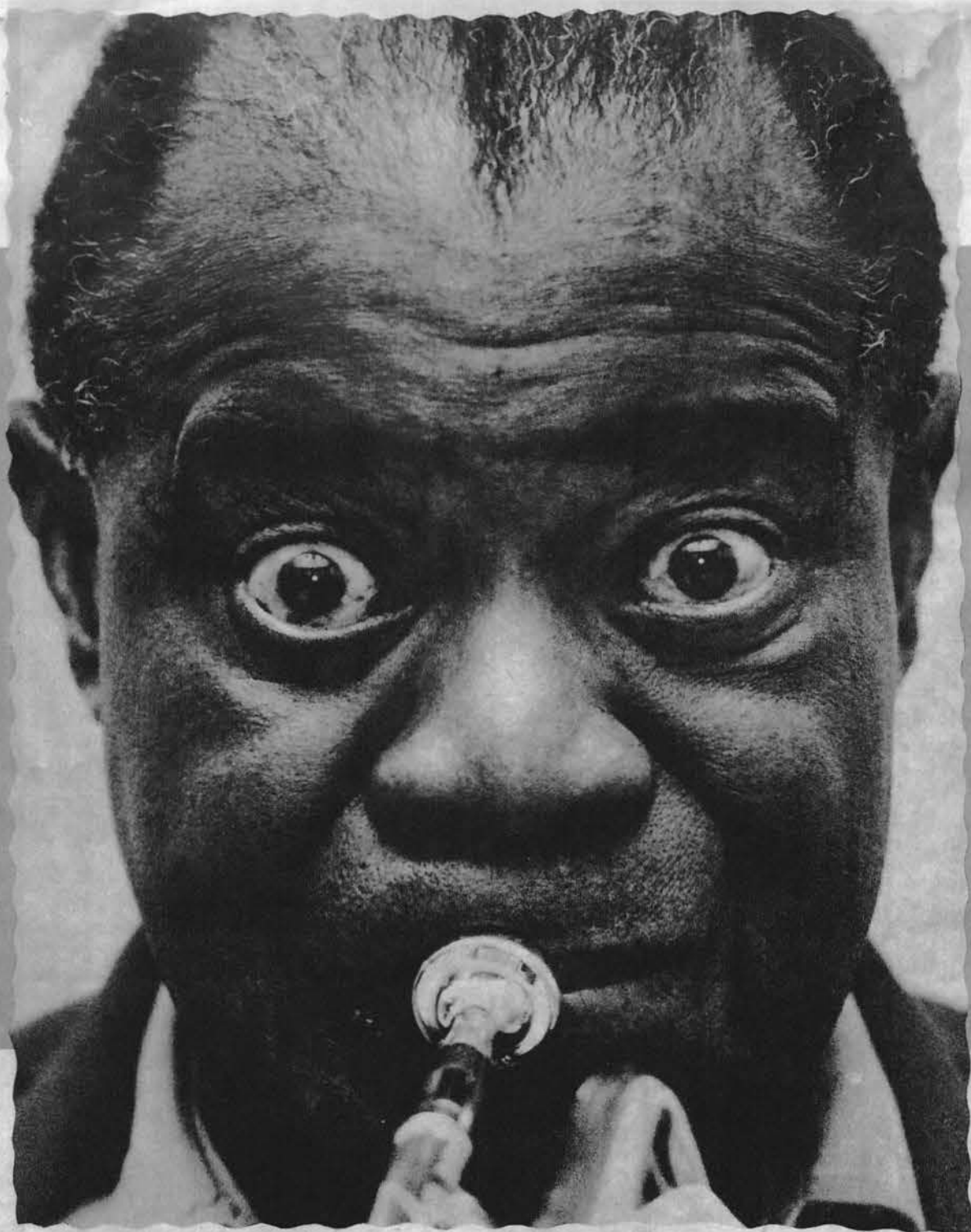


Photo: Yozo Saitoh

ルイ・アームストロング●音楽を通じて世界中に
愛を与え、また愛をもらうことだけを願っていた。

122

JAZZ BRIEF 4/15

ELLA'S DINNER WITH ANDRE 'N' GERSHWIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

"NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT." Ella Fitzgerald and Andre Previn Do Gershwin. Pablo Today D2312140.

Fitzgerald is an old Gershwin hand, having recorded her first set of his songs with pianist Ellis Larkins in 1950, at the dawn of the LP era.

Previn, all outward impressions to the contrary, has never completely lost contact with the pop and jazz worlds. True, his career as an active jazz musician ended 20 years ago with a series of engaging CBS albums of light jazz backed by a string ensemble.

Since then, when not dashing across continents and oceans to conduct symphony orchestras, he has been seen on the occasional TV interview, talking about music of every kind. He interviewed Fitzgerald on one of these programs a couple of years ago, an encounter that led to this joint album venture.

The results are modest, both in the size of the group—the only other participant is the bassist Niels-Henning Orsted Pedersen—and in Previn's role. For the most part he is on hand as accompanist, one whose sensitivity matched the singer's so well that the empathy is immediately apparent and admirably sustained.

His few solos reveal that the jazz style he evolved in the 1950s has remained largely unchanged. In "Who Cares?" he hints at early George Shearing. He has "Someone to Watch Over Me" (which forms one third of a medley) all to himself, following Ella's "I've Got a Crush on You" and preceding her "Embraceable You."

The earnest, sweetly appealing simplicity of her style and the individuality of her timbre remain all but unscathed, despite a more tremulous vibrato and occasional slight uncertainties. Rather than compare these versions with her others, one should accept the album for what it is: a gentle meeting of two fine minds, of two artists with great respect for one another and above all, for Gershwin. □

10 Part VI/Tuesday, April 17, 1984

JAZZ REVIEW

ALL-AMERICANS PUT IT TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

The combined efforts of Donte's, jazz station KKGQ and the McDonald's organization proved beyond doubt, in a live broadcast Friday evening, that there's more to life than news, weather and hamburgers. The club was crowded with witnesses to a truly extraordinary performance by the McDonald's All-American High School Jazz Band (The food chain has been sponsoring these ventures for five years). This year's 20-piece orchestra of high school seniors from 18 states was chosen from 4,000 tapes submitted in a nationwide audition.

To Robert Curnow, director of bands and jazz studies at Cal State L.A., goes the considerable credit for assembling a unit so cohesive and so professional that the sight of these 17- and 18-year-olds, playing demanding charts from the books of Count Basie, Rob McConnell and others, seemed like an optical illusion.

Incredibly, the entire band had not played together until six days earlier. Under Curnow's firm guidance, it displayed teamwork of the caliber that can be the result only of education, dedication and inspiration in just the right proportions.

Among half a dozen first-rate soloists,

Los Angeles Times

Harry Allen stood out with his beautiful work on a Marty Paich arrangement of "Body and Soul." Trumpeter Greg Gisbert rose to his full 5 feet, 2 inches and beyond in Sammy Nestico's "Blue Chip."

After their set, the students had the additional pleasure of catching a set by Juggernaut, still the best of all the Basie-inspired bands. The unique trombone style of Buster Cooper (aptly nicknamed "Bumble Bee") had his own colleagues beaming as he buzzed through a series of wild solo cadenzas.

Co-leaders Nat Pierce and Frank Capp put all their heavyweights to work, with a tenor-sax battle between Red Holloway and Herman Riley most notable among many hard-driving ventures. In short, this cornucopian night of jazz, at a \$10 cover charge, was one of the best bargains Donte's has ever offered.

reading between the LINER NOTES

Barbara Marcus of SRS finds fascinating reading at the Listening Session's display of Grammy Nominees for Best Album Notes. Photograph by P. Luboff



"I used to write hundreds of liner notes when liner notes were being written, until about the early '70s. Then liner notes disappeared," declares Morgan Ames, songwriter, conductor of independent songwriting workshops, producer, L.A. Chapter 1st Vice President, and liner notes writer for the likes of Johnny Mathis, Miles Davis, and Sue Raney's latest jazz album. She continues, "Except for jazz, classical and historical albums, liner notes fell out of favor and for a good reason. I think that often either record companies or managers misused the function of liner notes and turned them into an advertisement for the artist: 'Another great album from so and so.' Instead of being informative they were hype and they became wasted space. The audiences had become far too sophisticated. It's a shame, because liner notes do perform a function." Her statement touches on all the factors affecting album notes: the general decline in the use of liner notes, their uses and misuses, and how they relate to the record buying public. We asked some of L.A. Chapter's album notes writer members about their specialty, and their answers follow, between examples of excellence in album notes, the Grammy Nominees for 1983.*

Noted jazz columnist and critic, Leonard Feather has written literally thousands of liner notes in the past 35 years, most of them for jazz albums. He was the recipi-

ent, with Stanley Dancer, of the first Grammy given for Best Album Notes in 1963 for "The Ellington Era." From Feather's point of view, liner notes are not in decline. "They are proliferating a great deal more than I thought they would. At one point it looked as though everybody was trying to economize by eliminating liner notes. Then it turned out that they do serve a very definite purpose, they help to sell the album. They help to explain to the potential buyer what he's getting, especially if they put on the back of the album, if it's not wrapped up in such a way that you can't read them.

"What liner notes should do is try to explain to the reader what kind of music is represented here, the artist's background, the background of anybody else who's important like the composers, arrangers, the sidemen or sidewomen, and be as informative as possible. Information is the key word.

"There are a lot of very good liner notes writers who really do their homework, but some are lazy and just dash off a few thousand words to make a buck. One of the first things I notice about album notes is whether they could have been written if the writer hadn't listened to the album. It's absolutely essential to listen to the entire album and to say, if possible, something specific about every track in it, and every artist in it who has any substantial role. There's no point in having liner notes if it's just going to be generalized essays, then they might just as well be put in a book as on the back of a record. A liner note can be a very articulate essay, but at the same time it should be helpful to the listener."

*Album /Artist: *Giants of Jazz /*

Joe Sullivan

Label: *Time Life*

Album Notes Writer: *Richard B. Hadlock*

"A band was organized by Muggsy Spanier for a job at a waterfront club called *On the Levee*, and it included Sullivan, clarinetist *Vince Cattolica* and trombonist *Bob Mielke*. Then Spanier got another offer and turned the job over to Sullivan. With trumpeter *Byron Berry* replacing Spanier, the pianist turned his young band into a last hurrah for the spirit of Chicago jazz. It was a thrilling experience for Mielke. "I felt I was in over my head," he said. "There was so much energy coming from that keyboard, he got all of us playing over our heads." Sullivan gave the job and the band everything he had left, on some occasions playing so fiercely that he tore the nails from his fingers, leaving traces of blood on the

piano keys. "I'll take this band against any group in New York," he said proudly."

Dave Dexter has been writing album notes since 1939, when "albums" were a three inch thick pile of 78rpm shellac discs and album notes were printed in little booklets placed inside the package. Dexter wrote over a thousand liner notes for Capitol and their international "Capitol of the World" series. When Decca paid him \$35, a booklet for the notes on many Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, Louis Armstrong, etc. albums, he could not know how his knowledge of that era would be paying off today.

"I'm doing more liner notes than ever. There are so many small, independent labels that are getting into the reissue field, with the big bands and the old singers and things that happen to be my main interest. In general, liner notes are on the decline, none of the pop things seem to have any liner notes.

"There's no organization for liner note writers, but you know I've often thought there should be, because it seems to me that the fees paid to annotation writers simply haven't progressed as they have for the musicians and singers and graphic arts experts and all that. Most of the liner notes being written today are for the same as 20 years ago. That just isn't right.

"Primarily liner notes should inform, with dates, places, and the more detailed you can get, the better. To me, the annotation must include when and where each track was recorded. Sometimes I try to work in a little history, what else was happening in the world, say in 1939, the start of the war in Europe. I try to tie it in that way so that the buyer of the album has a good perception of just how the world was when that music was popular. I don't see any use for annotation if it isn't designed and written so that the buyer of the album is more inclined to enjoy the music."

*Album /Artist: *The Fugs Greatest Hits, Volume 1*

Label: *Adelphi*

Album Notes Writer: *Lester Bangs*

"When I played 'Virgin Forest' on that second album for my nephew, he had a word for the Fugs: 'These people are sick,' he said. No, they weren't. They were poets, with a bed-rock-primitive folkie guitarswatter or two thrown in to round out the hairmoon pie. Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg had enjoyed quite respectable careers as beatniks on the Lower East Side for several years before forming the band with Ken Weaver, Peter Stampfel,

SUMAC RETURNS AFTER 15-YEAR ABSENCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Even for those of us who had never seen her, the name Yma Sumac has legendary overtones. In the early 1950s, when Capitol Records signed her after a much-acclaimed appearance at the Hollywood Bowl, hers was one of the most extravagantly praised voices on earth.

What happened Thursday evening seemed as far removed from the Vine St. Bar & Grill as Granada from Asbury Park. After seven years of self-imposed seclusion living in Spain, Sumac was in town for her first local showing in 15 years.

A glitzy, dark-haired woman, she lost no time in revealing that her fabled five-octave range remains intact. Is she a contralto? A mezzo? A soprano? All of these and more, and on a level of high melodrama.

Her multilingual repertoire vacillated between English, Spanish, what sounded like a smattering of Russian (in "Moscow Nights") and, most conspicuously, her unique arsenal of wordless effects, from a "la-la-la-la" passage in "Sunrise, Sunset" to "wow-wow" growls and

incredible staccato birdlike chirps, delivered with pinpoint accuracy.

Several of the songs stemmed from the Andes, where she spent her childhood, or from Lima, where she studied music. There was even a 1930s-style tango, with appropriate rhythms supplied by her combo, under the direction of the pianist Greg Hilfman.

Sumac's sound is pure and her intonation for the most part secure. Though her dramatic declamations seemed better suited for the concert stage, she was accorded a rousing ovation. All four nights of her engagement (through Sunday) are sold out. After this strange interlude, jazz will return to the Vine St. in the persons of Jon Hendricks & Co., Wednesday and Thursday.

JAZZ REVIEW

ANDREWS ON THE DEFENSIVE AT LE CAFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ernie Andrews is one of the best, perhaps the very best, of the fully active singers in the full-voiced ballad-and-blues singing tradition that goes back to Billy Eckstine. He is admired by fans and musicians alike.

Despite these self-evident truths, Andrews was in a curiously defensive mood Friday evening at Le Cafe. Three times between selections he made references to criticism, to the fact that it has been suggested he might sing some new songs, and to his accomplishments,

closing with the remark, "I think I am one of America's singers." Who ever said he wasn't?

What Andrews' admirers might enjoy, this reviewer among them, would be not necessarily new songs, but different or unusual material, and especially more numbers not associated with other singers. It would be encouraging if he could earn such close personal identification with a particular tune that the first few bars would draw the immediate applause of recognition.

An alternative, which he demonstrated himself on this occasion, is the finding of a new way to deal with standard material. His interweaving of "Body and Soul" and "My Kinda Love," an early Bing Crosby hit, came off particularly well.

Also effective was the blending of his always attractive timbre in unison or harmony with the alto saxophone of John Bolivar. This concept might well be developed further. Bolivar, doubling on flute, was part of a first-rate backup group led by the pianist Art Hillary. The quartet, with Richard Reed on bass and Johnny Kirkwood on drums, played a brief and agreeable opening set.

JAZZ AND POP REVIEWS

AZYMUTH DISPLAYS BRAZILIAN BEAT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ever since the American release of its first album in 1979, the Brazilian trio known as Azymuth has enjoyed consistent popularity in this country, perhaps even greater than on home ground.

Thursday, when the group returned to Concerts by the Sea for a four-day run, the crowds were out in full force, offering a typically boisterous reaction to this uncategorizable unit.

It has been claimed that Brazilians are incapable of writing inferior songs or of playing with anything less than the finesse common to the great masters of bossa nova. Azymuth cannot honestly be said to bring much credence to this theory.

Most of the compositions are the work of the keyboard player, Jose Roberto Bertrami. Anyone who has ever been exposed to the sounds of Jobim, Baden Powell or Bonfá will find Azymuth's repertoire singularly short on harmonic or melodic imagination.

Alex Malheiros, on electric bass, provided some interesting interludes with his firm sound and generally inventive solos. The third member, Ivan Conti, also known as Mamao, came up with some crowd-pleasing effects on drums.

Ironically, the best item in the set was due to a solo guest appearance by Luiz Octavio Burnier, a nephew of Luiz Bonfá, who sang and played guitar on the Jobim standard "Felicidad." His playing, though hardly subtle, was engagingly rhythmic, and more successful than Malheiros' attempt to double on acoustic guitar.

Azymuth plays with enthusiasm, but its hybrid use of samba, funk and quasi-jazz elements seldom manages to coalesce.

SHELLEY MOORE IN A SOULFUL GROOVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Shelley Moore is an attractive and cheerful redhead who came to the United States from England in the 1960s as vocalist with a British jazz orchestra. Settling in California, she retired for a while, then went back to work at clubs in Orange County.

Thursday evening, in a rare Los Angeles appearance, she brought her strongly jazz-oriented sound and style to Le Cafe. Moore has not lost touch with her jazz roots. There was even an occasional hint of Billie Holiday in her treatment of "Georgia on My Mind."

Her chief strength lies in vintage ballads, of which "Lazy Afternoon" (accompanied solely by her pianist, Sy Eubanks) and "You Don't Know What Love Is" established the most soulful groove. As a songwriter she came off well, lyrically and melodically, in "Indigo in Blue," backed by a samba beat. "Like an Eggshell" was another sensitive original. But "Wednesday's Child," supposedly a blues, sounded more like a satire of this idiom than the genuine article.

"When Lights Are Low" swung easily, with a couple of modulations that lent a welcome new touch to Benny Carter's evergreen melody.

Several numbers were partially devoted to scatting or some other wordless form. This is one of Moore's two weaknesses; the other is her excessive use of melisma. A word such as "work" is not necessarily improved by being split up into six syllables and as many notes.

Adequate backing was supplied by Eubanks, bassist Harry Smith and Ted Hawk on drums. But why do so many singers feel it is necessary to allow an insignificant opening instrumental number to precede their set?

MAKING MUSIC OUT OF A POPE'S POETRY

By LEONARD FEATHER

Some time in July, a vocal album will be recorded in Europe, with English lyrics set to songs adapted from poems by Karol Wojtyla.

Not very newsworthy, you might comment. Except that the principal singer, according to present plans, will be Sarah Vaughan, and Karol Wojtyla is better known as Pope John Paul II.

Other figures involved in this unprecedented venture are Benard Ighner, who will be singing some of the songs, and, most significantly, Gene Lees.

A poet himself, but one with strong musical associations, Lees is a Canadian-born, non-Catholic lyricist, lives in Ojai, and among other activities is the publisher of a lively monthly pamphlet known as the Jazzletter. The other day, just before leaving for Europe, where he is busy setting up plans for the sessions, Lees outlined, in his typically voluble manner, the background of the story and the reasons underlying his involvement.

"These poems were written when the Pope was a young priest. Many of them are character portraits of people he had met; I imagine some of them may have been inspired by things he could have heard in the confessional.

"There's one called 'The Actor,' which is a reminder of his background. Early in his life, he was an actor and had ambitions of becoming established as a playwright; in fact, one of his plays was produced. But he escaped death in two accidents, after which he gave up the theater, turned toward religion and became a priest."

The poems were originally published under a pseudonym—possibly, Lees feels, because they were potentially dangerous to him. One, "The Armaments Worker," deals with the troubled conscience of a man who, employed in an arms factory, feels that he has no control over the world's potential drift toward self-destruction.

After Karol Wojtyla became a cardinal, the poems surfaced and were translated into dozens of languages. Eventually, another participant in this venture emerged in the person of Gigi Campi.

Best known to jazz fans as a concert promoter and as the mastermind behind the Kenny Clarke-Francy Boland Big Band, one of Europe's best in the '60s, Campi produced numerous albums with this widely acclaimed international orchestra. "He is well known in Italian society," Lees said, "and his godfather is the president of Italy and a good friend of the Pope. One day, Gigi happened to be talking to a gentleman from the Vatican publishing office; which controls all the rights to the poems. He was asked if he thought they could be set to music.

"Gigi said it couldn't be done, because they were such free-form material. But he looked at the Italian translations, scouted around, and asked several com-

posers. None of them could handle the job. He had just about given up when Tito Fontana, a prominent jazz pianist and owner of a recording studio, asked if he could have a try at it."

Fontana finished seven of the adaptations; three others were provided with melodies by another jazz pianist, Fontana's friend Sante Palumbo. The 10 works were then recorded last December with the singer Paolo Orlandi, accompanied by a string ensemble, in an album entitled "Concerto Per La Pace" (literally concert for peace; no concerto is involved in the American sense of the word). The results, attractive musically and (as far as my knowledge of Italian goes) lyrically, indicate that the English version is almost (to use the most appropriate adjective) a preordained success.

During a visit by Campi to California, Lees met him through mutual musician friends. Campi knew Lees as a writer, but was unaware of his many credits as a lyricist, among them translations of Brazilian songs from Portuguese, and of several French songs. On learning of Lees' credentials, he asked whether the poems might be translatable into English.

"I looked at them and had the same reaction so many other people had had," Lees said. "I just thought it couldn't be done. But I wrestled with it, feeling like a lapidary about to crack a diamond. Gigi kept after me. Finally, after about a year, I decided the only way to do it was in Italy, after meeting with the composers, with permission to make slight changes in the melodies if necessary, and after gaining the Vatican's permission to adapt rather than just literally translate."

Campi then flew Lees to Milan, where, after a month, he completed the 10 works. In due course, a letter was received from the Vatican office acknowledging that although the texts had been modified, the essential messages were suitably retained, and approval was granted for Lees' efforts.

This is heady stuff for Lees, 56, who seems to have found himself after a variegated career. Born in Hamilton, Ontario, he has worked as a journalist, essayist, singer and author. After reporting for the Montreal Star, he was the classical music and drama critic of the Louisville Times before moving to Chicago, where, as Down Beat editor from 1959-61, he displayed a thorough knowledge of jazz, as well as an eloquent literary style and a sensitive editorial hand. He has since written for Stereo Review and High Fidelity.

But for many years his principal occupation has been the writing of lyrics, among them the English versions of such Antonio Carlos Jobim songs as "Corcovado" (better known as "Quiet Nights"), and "Song of the Jet." He translated all of Charles Aznavour's material for his first Broadway one-man show.

Lees also supplied words to the pianist Bill Evans' "Waltz for Debby," to the Mexican song "Yesterday I Heard the Rain," and to Milton Nascimento's "Bridges." Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald, Tony Bennett, Peggy Lee and Shirley Bassey have recorded his works.

At present he is in Geneva, working with Francy Boland on details for the arrangements. The album, which will involve a choral group along with the

orchestra, is to be recorded in July in Cologne, produced by Campi. The orchestra will be conducted by Lalo Schifrin, who once commented that "Gene Lees' lyrics are the bridge, a twilight zone between poetry and music so subtle that you cannot tell where one begins and the other ends."

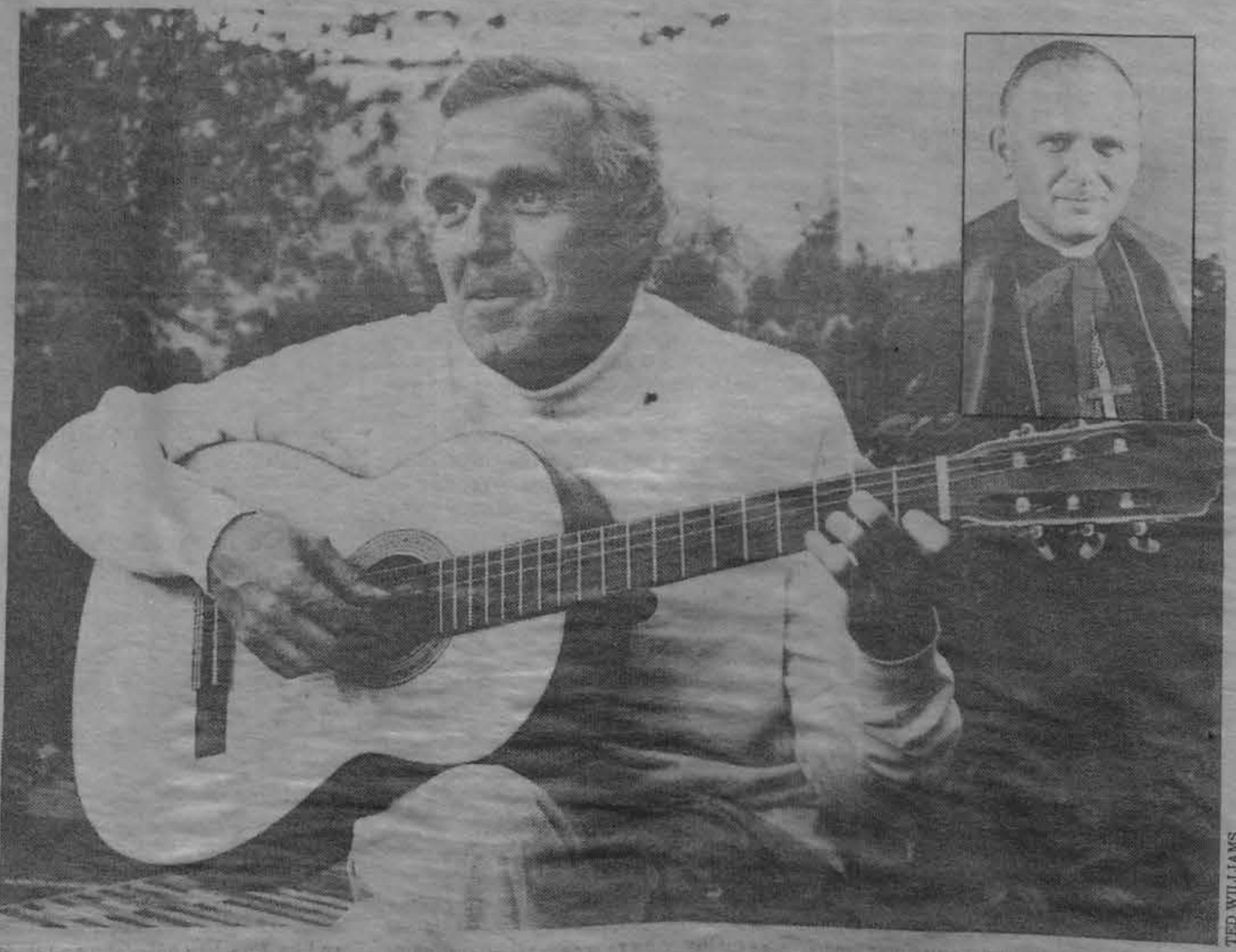
Though this will by no means be a jazz project, most of the orchestra will consist of men who were members of the Clarke-Boland band. As Lees pointed out, "It's a very ecumenical project. Sarah and I are not Catholics; Sahib Shihab, the saxophonist who's doing all the music copying, is a Muslim. The composers are Italian, I'm Canadian, the original lyricist, of course, is Polish.

"I feel very deeply about the whole enterprise," he continued. "I have great admiration for this man, for his moral stand on civil liberties, his calls for peace. Conveying the message of his words has been a very profound experience for me.

The exact extent of Benard Ighner's participation was slightly uncertain at press time. According to Ighner, he will sing three of the songs, Vaughan will do three others, and they will perform three as duets. Vaughan, away on a cruise, was unavailable for comment.

"I wanted Sarah from the beginning," Lees said, "because of the utter grandeur of that voice. This will give her a concert vehicle that's quite spectacular."

It will also provide Lees, no doubt, with the subject matter for a typically literate essay in his Jazzletter, a publication I can recommend for the manner in which he deals not only with jazz but with a variety of related and even unrelated topics. Potential subscribers may write to Jazzletter, Box 240, Ojai 93023. There they will no doubt learn when, and on what label, these performances will be made available in the United States. □



PAGE 6
CALENDAR
SUNDAY, APRIL 15, 1984

Lyricist Gene Lees on adapting the poems of Pope John Paul II (inset, as a cardinal in 1969): "Conveying the message of his words has been a very profound experience for me."

TED WILLIAMS

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

LET THE MUSIC TAKE YOU." Cleo Laine and John Williams. CBS 39211. Laine's second LP with the British classical guitarist, this is neither classical nor jazz. Only three of the dozen tunes are familiar: John Lennon's "Imagine," Ewan MacColl's "The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face" and Sergio Mendes' "So Many Stars." Here is mature, intelligent singing and playing, with support here and there by a small group under the direction of John Dankworth, who co-wrote two of the songs with Laine. With so many slow tempos and such a low-key mood, this will have a limited appeal. More tunes were needed like the briskly moving title tune (which doesn't arrive until the final cut on Side 1). 3½ stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

□
"HEAVY HEART." Carla Bley. WATT/ECM 14. Bley's compositions and arrangements for her octet (augmented here and there by two extra horns) are notable for the diversity of the cuts. Five of the six sound as though they could have been recorded by different groups. One is an eerie theme dominated by Bley's synthesizer and her surging organ chords; another, the samba-like "Joyful Noise," concentrates on Steve Slagle's flute; a third on Gary Valente's gravelly, lugubrious trombone, and so forth. The rhythm section, well served by Kenny Kirkland at the piano, cooks boldly on "Starting Again" but plods on the title tune, reducing it to an only partially successful vehicle for Slagle's alto sax. 3 stars.

—L.F.

□
"EARLY TO RISE." Dusan Bogdanovich. Palo Alto PA 8049. Although Palo Alto is mainly a jazz label, and despite his use of the title "Jazz Sonata" for one of his original works, this is mainly free improvisational guitar music (the Yugoslav leader has referred to some of it as "Balkan flamenco"). There are jazz touches, though, on the tunes in which flutist James Newton and bassist Charlie Haden cut loose. A promising debut for Bogdanovich as leader, soloist and composer, of interest mainly to guitarists. 3 stars.

—L.F.

□
"SUITE FOR CELLO AND JAZZ PIANO TRIO." Claude Bolling. CBS 39059. In yet another of his jazz-pop-classical crossover works, Bolling shows no logic in the transitions from baroque to jazz and back, nor is he more than a conventional jazz pianist. The work, in six movements, succeeds to the degree that it provides a showcase for the extraordinary virtuosity of the 28-year-old cellist Yo-Yo Ma. He was not required to improvise, but Bolling provided him with a generally pleasant vehicle. 3 stars.

—L.F.

□
"88 BASIE STREET." Count Basie. Pablo 2310-901.



Cleo Laine's second LP with classical guitarist John Williams is neither classical nor jazz.

This comprises 20 minutes (two long blues tracks) by a sextet from the band, plus Joe Pass on guitar, and 20 minutes (four shorter cuts) by the full orchestra, playing originals by Sam Nestico, of which the ballad "Katy" is best. The band numbers have several uncredited saxophone and trumpet solos; the latter are probably by Bob Summers, who plays well on the combo cuts. There are bright moments, but too few that stand out. 3 stars.

—L.F.

□
"AMBER SKIES." David Friesen. Palo Alto PA 8043. The whole almost measures up to the considerable parts in this generally moody, sometimes modal set. Friesen, an extraordinary bassist, wrote all but one of the tunes. High points are Paul Horn's flute on two cuts, Chick Corea's eclectic (but not electric) piano, especially on the attractive "Jenelle No. 4," and parts of Joe Henderson's tenor solos, although he tends to run off at the *embouchure*. Paul Motian's drums and Airto on percussion round out a strong group. 3½ stars.

—L.F.

□
"A SLICK CHICK (ON THE MELLOW SIDE)." Dinah Washington. Emarcy 814184-1. Subtitled "The Rhythm & Blues Years," this valuable two-disc set documents many of Washington's earliest successes, from her debut in 1943 through her first No. 1 R&B single, 1949's "Baby Get Lost," to 1954's "Teach Me Tonight." (She went on to win a Grammy in 1959 for "What a Difference a Day Makes.") Although few of these numbers fall into the true R&B mold—most are simply standard blues treatments with jazz backgrounds—that category was the only one available to a black artist like Washington when these tunes were released. She did well within the false confines, as 15 of the 27 selections here made the Top 10 on the R&B charts.

What's so impressive about Washington, who influenced such singers as Aretha Franklin and Nancy Wilson, was that she was a mature, powerful artist from the outset. Only 19 when she waxed "Evil Gal Blues" in 1943, the searing timbre, sweeping range and true pitch that marked her style were already in evidence, and as she went on, she just smoothed out the rough spots.

Most of these numbers are at slow or medium slow tempo, which makes the set drag over a lengthy listen, but Washington's efforts are so commanding you won't notice much. Excellent jazz work is present on selected tracks. "Evil Gal" opens with two choruses of heated boogie piano from Milt Buckner; "Oo-Wee-Walkie-Talkie" spotlights Gerald Wilson's fervent orchestrations, and tenor saxophonist Ben Webster slides in blues-ily on "Trouble in Mind." 4 stars.

—ZAN STEWART

JAZZ REVIEW

ARTIE SHAW, BAND AT THE PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER.

Wednesday evening, for the first time in three decades, Artie Shaw faced a Los Angeles audience, leading his new orchestra at the Chandler Pavilion.

It was an emotional occasion, and for many the emotions must have been mixed. Regret that Shaw limited his role to conducting and talking was mingled with eagerness to hear Dick Johnson, the clarinetist he had selected to take over his solo parts.

In nominating Johnson as the most talented and logical successor to the throne, Shaw made a wise choice. The only problem was that Johnson suffered from an identity crisis: He didn't know whether to be Johnson or Shaw.

On standards from the Shaw band's repertoire, his



HARRY FISHER

Artie Shaw, left, with clarinetist Dick Johnson.

phrasing and sound hewed close to the original. Yet it was obvious when he cut loose, as in the up-tempo "Traffic Jam" and some of the small group tunes, that there is in Johnson more than a hint of Buddy De Franco.

The orchestra reflected the precision and good taste that were always Shaw's hallmark. A few of the arrangements stemmed from non-Shaw sources, among them a conventional "Milestones" and a movement from Hal Crook's uninspired "Jazz Suite for Clarinet."

For the most part, reluctant though he may be to admit it, the program was geared to an emotion Shaw has perennially disavowed—nostalgia. The best songs were those composed and arranged by Shaw himself, or sketched by Shaw and orchestrated by Lennie Hayton.

"Any Old Time," the only song Billie Holiday sang during her tenure with the 1938 Shaw orchestra, remained unharmed by the years, with Jill Gabriel assuming the difficult task of taking Holiday's place.

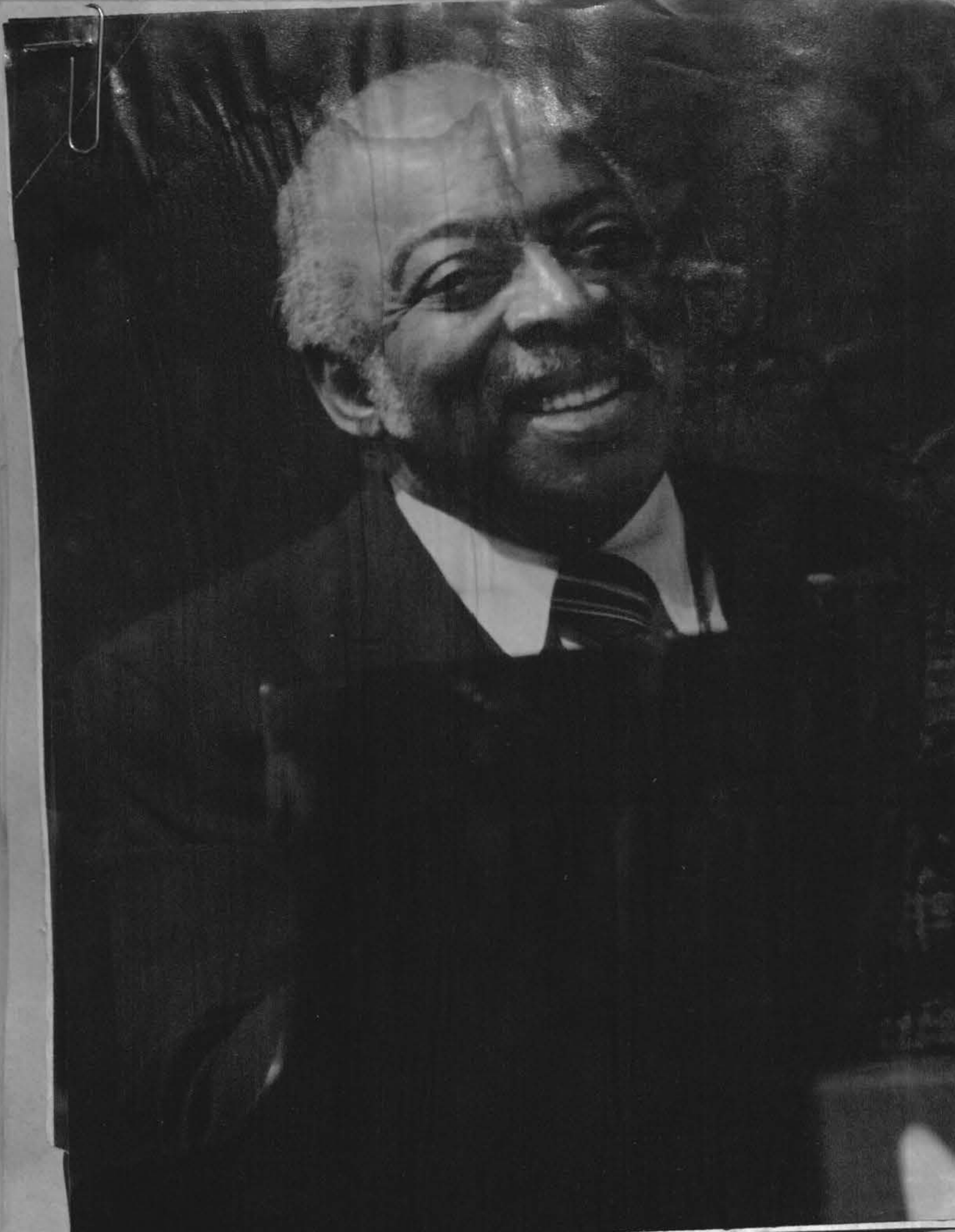
"Nightmare," Shaw's original theme song, is another work that has outwitted the laws of obsolescence.

The small combo numbers revealed the talents of two second-generation jazzmen: Gary Johnson, Dick's son, on drums, and a splendid young guitarist, Joe Cohn, son of the saxophonist Al Cohn.

After intermission, a sense of *deja entendu* became intense when the inevitable "Begin the Beguine" arrived. Played by a group many of whose members, as Shaw pointed out, were not born when he quit the music business, it sounded authentic enough, but authenticity and nostalgia do not necessarily add up to music for the ages.

Shaw had one of the most sophisticated of the jazz orchestras that were forced into service as dance bands. The sooner he can update his book and offer a modern concert presentation, the better, for he has here an ensemble capable of much more than we heard Wednesday night. But would his loyal fans stand for it?

7



A BILL OF LIGHT FARE AT PAVILION

By LEONARD FEATHER

At its fifth-anniversary concert Tuesday at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, the New American Orchestra started out behaving less like a 5-year-old than like a squealing infant.

At least, that was the impression conveyed in the first four pieces. Pseudo-Middle Eastern noises led into "The Sheik of Araby," the opener in a series of antiques played by a Dixieland ensemble with 30-year-old arrangements by Billy May. Decked out with novelty effects—piccolo solo, xylophone, tuba, tympani—this set was a Hollywood travesty of the kind of thing Bob Crosby's orchestra played with more sincerity and authenticity 45 years ago. The clarinet solos by Heinie Beau were the sole redeeming feature.

The first half was saved by the only new (and by far the best) work of the evening, Patrick Williams' "Spring Wings." Gerry Mulligan dove in and out, playing Williams' pretty theme and switching from baritone to soprano sax for a neatly conceived interplay with pianist Dave Grusin. Williams' writing, particularly for the strings, made excellent use of this orchestra's ability to merge classical and jazz elements without a trace of self-consciousness. This was the orchestra at its best.

The orchestra seemed afraid, however, to take itself too seriously too often. Emcee Carl Reiner started the evening on a note of levity. Then came Billy May's tongue-in-cheek Dixie. Ray Pizzi, soloist in Henry Mancini's well-written "Piece for Jazz Bassoon and Orchestra" (premiered here in 1981), wore a Panama hat throughout and indulged in guttural noises on his bassoon, which ranks next to bottom (just above the bagpipes) on my totem pole of unfavorable instruments. In fact, Ray Brown stole this number with his bass solo.

Sarah Vaughan's three numbers were composed by Mancini and conducted by Quincy Jones (neither of whom wrote the arrangements). Once she missed a cue and had to be nudged by Jones, but her "Days of Wine and Roses" came off beautifully. As for the vocal duet, if I may borrow a phrase from Gloria Stei-

Please see JAZZ, Page 6

L.A. TIMES OLYMPIC ARTS FESTIVAL MAGAZINE 4/15/84

JAZZ AT PAVILION

Continued from Page 1

nem. Sarah Vaughan needs James Ingram like a fish needs a bicycle.

Grusin and Mulligan returned to join with Vaughan for the last two tunes. After the concluding "Mr. Lucky," Pat Williams and Jack Elliott made brief, pertinent speeches.

Elliott is still relying too heavily on long-established names. Sure, the giants are needed to bring in the bucks, but isn't there any room for some young, fresh talent? Where is James Newton? Michel Petrucciani? Anthony Davis? The World Saxophone Quartet? Why give this priceless exposure mostly to people who don't need it?

The fifth anniversary should have been a memorable occasion; instead, too much of it reminded me of the old cliché about Chinese food.

CALENDAR

JAZZ

On Tuesday, five years to the day after its first concert, the New American Orchestra will celebrate its anniversary in the same place, the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, and with some of the same participants.

The 80-plus ensemble—known simply as the Orchestra in 1979—will again have Quincy Jones and Henry Mancini on hand, but this time not merely as speakers but as performers. Again, too, a new composition by Pat Williams will be introduced.

"I'll be conducting Pat's piece," says music director Jack Elliott, who founded the Orchestra with Allyn Ferguson (who withdrew in 1980). "Gerry Mulligan will be on baritone sax and Dave Grusin at the piano. Everything in this program sort of ties together. For example, we wanted to do something to celebrate Henry Mancini's 60th birthday April 16. So we'll revive Hank's 'Piece for Jazz Bassoon and Orchestra,' featuring Ray Pizzi, which we commissioned in 1981.

"By a lucky coincidence, Quincy told me that he had once produced an album of Mancini songs with Sarah Vaughan. He managed to find some of the original charts. Richard Hazard, one of our great unsung talents, will be updating a great Robert Farnon chart and will also contribute an arrangement of his own. Quincy will conduct, and James Ingram will team with Sarah on 'Two for the Road.' On 'Mr. Lucky,' Grusin and Mulligan will join in for a big finale."

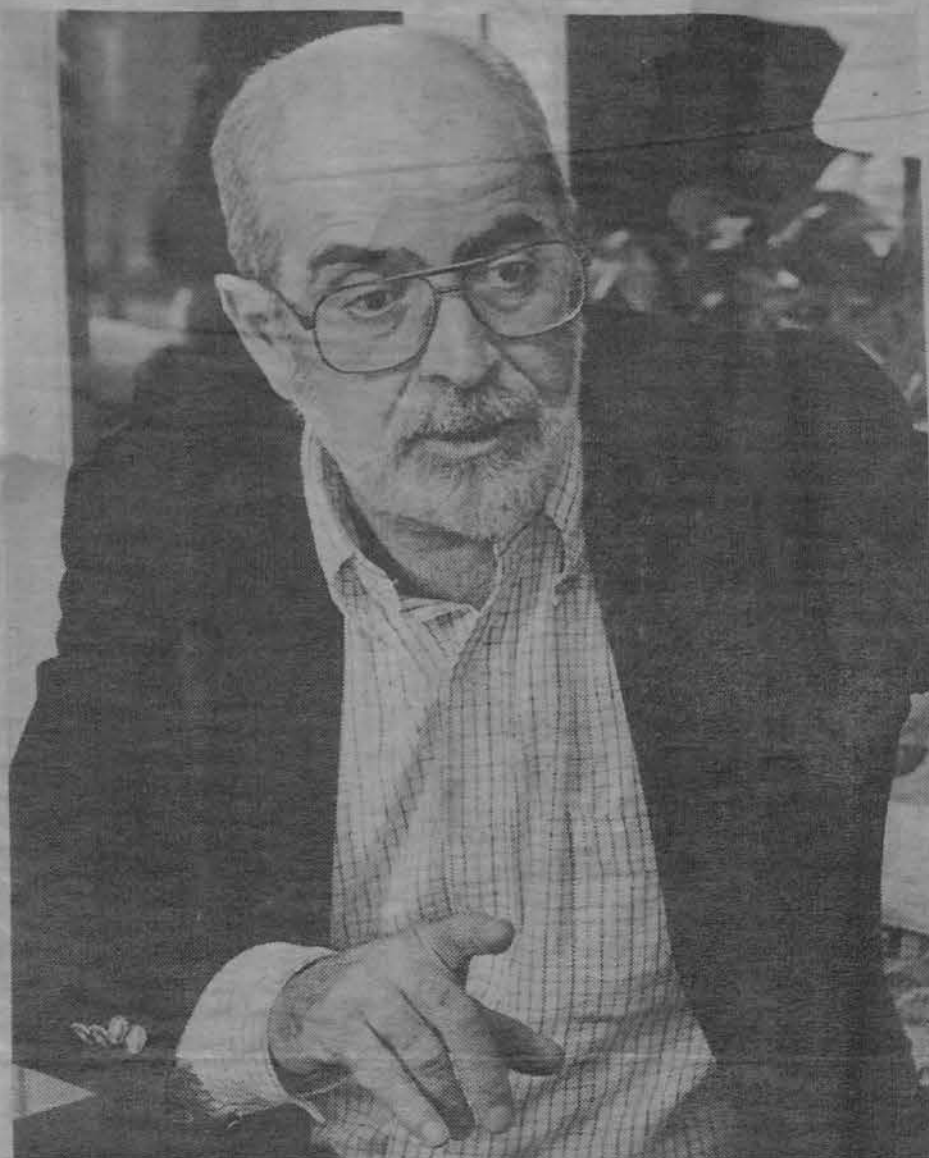
To sweeten the anniversary cake, Billy May, a composer Elliott has long admired, will open the evening with a quasi-traditional jazz touch, using a front line of Dixieland veterans backed by a contingent from the orchestra. "We'll be doing three tunes out of Billy's 'Sorta Dixie' album, which I think is a classic," says Elliott.

Carl Reiner will serve as host. The orchestra will measure up to its customary 84-piece contingent, probably including several members of an ancillary group, the Studio Workshop Institute, of which more in a moment.

The history of the New American Orchestra is composed of dreams, a struggle over almost insurmountable economic problems and a mixture of artistic successes and failures, with the balance of the plus side. The premise was best expressed early on, when Elliott asked rhetorically, "What's wrong with being eclectic? The days when people insisted that you decide whether you represented classical music or jazz or pop, or any other area, are gone forever."

The premise that the NAO could undertake ventures of which no orthodox symphony orchestra is capable has been borne out handsomely. During five years an incredibly broad range of works has been heard, involving elements of pop music, jazz, fusion, Brazilian, movie scores, modern classical compositions.

The list of guest soloists (many of whom have introduced their own compositions) has included Bob Brookmeyer, Oscar Castro-Neves, Jon Faddis, Freddie Hubbard, Bob James, Roger Kellaway, John Lewis with his Modern Jazz Quartet, Shelly Manne, Lee Ritenour, Joe Sample, Tom Scott, Lalo Schiffrin, Bud Shank, Grover Washington Jr., Ernie Watts and Phil Woods. Close to 60 works



Jack Elliott, music director and co-founder of the 5-year-old New American Orchestra: "It's a crime that this orchestra is not recorded."

one of my pieces," said Luther Henderson III, son of the veteran composer-pianist who often worked for Duke Ellington. Henderson III, after earning his bachelor's and master's degrees at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N.Y., attended the University of Texas, graduating in 1980 with a Doctor of Musical Arts degree in conducting.

"Luther showed me the treatise he'd written for his doctorate," said Elliott. "It was about the late Leon Thompson, who was the director of educational activities for the New York Philharmonic."

Fascinated by the account of Thompson's work in arranging Young People's Concerts for TV and generally bringing orchestral music into the community at large (including the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem), Elliott realized that he, Thompson and Henderson had been pursuing parallel objectives.

"We brainstormed for a long while," Elliott said, "and Luther saw that although we didn't have the New York Philharmonic's budget, what we were doing was more relevant, because the NAO was performing music most people can readily understand."

Out of their discussion grew the name Studio Workshop Institute, with Henderson as director. They addressed themselves to an urgent situation: There was no program offering qualified musicians the necessary workshop experience in the studio environment, and no clearinghouse to provide contractors with lists of suitable minority musicians.

A screening committee was formed to audition members for the SWI. Of 190 applicants, 50 were found qualified for acceptance as full members. Soon the SWI had its first private recording session under actual studio conditions; later they audited the Emmy Awards show to observe the duties of a musician on a major TV show.

"It's begun to pay off already," said Henderson. "A few months ago Joe Lopes, the orchestra manager of the NAO, told us he needed some subs for a concert. We looked over our list, and before you knew it, there were four of our SWI people sitting in the Paramount Studios at a rehearsal with Jack Elliott and Jerry Goldsmith conducting. Now Goldsmith didn't know they were subs; all he knew was that the orchestra sounded fine. So this is how we're beginning to get people into the ball park."

This initiative is gradually paying off (most recently an SWI bassoonist was hired to play the Grammy Awards); moreover, though the ensemble was organized to deal with the shortage of blacks and other minorities, any musician is welcome who has the talent but needs the educational experience offered by the SWI.

The original NAO decision was a calculated risk. The venture with Luther Henderson is a commendable attempt to right some wrongs in the generally cynical and cliquish Hollywood music industry. Elliott will no doubt enjoy a happy fifth anniversary with the promise of many to follow. □

NEW AMERICAN ORCHESTRA—PAST AND FUTURE STRUGGLES

By LEONARD FEATHER

have been commissioned and/or premiered.

Even if every concert at the Chandler Pavilion had been completely sold out, the organization would still be in the red. The statistics are staggering.

"Our musicians have often worked at a sacrifice, accepting \$60 for a 2½-hour rehearsal and \$75 for the performance," says Elliott, "when many of them could be elsewhere playing far more lucrative jobs. Even then, when you add their salaries, the \$3,500 for each commissioned work, over \$6,000 in advertising, and \$10,000 for music copying, you wind up with an overhead of \$75,000 for one concert. With an average ticket price of \$12 and a total capacity of 3,197 seats, do you see our problem?"

Fortunately someone else did. Last year a \$900,000 grant, to be paid over three years, was established for the Foundation for New American Music (the NAO's parent body) by the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company of Hartford.

NAO musicians and composers have been involved in the organization partly for altruistic reasons, or because there was no other appropriate outlet for the performance of these kinds of works. But along with the satisfaction of playing, there has been a continuous source of

frustration: the total indifference and non-cooperation of the record companies. After five years, the NAO still only has one LP available, a live set of selections excerpted from the original 1979 concert, which the Foundation had to produce and release on its own.

"It's absolutely crazy," said Elliott. "We've presented important works that have never been heard before, and who knows when they can be heard again? It's a crime that this orchestra is not recorded."

Along with the apathy of the record industry, Elliott has had to deal with complaints about the shortage of minority musicians. He recalls that several meetings were called at which highly placed black musicians, among them bassist Ray Brown, reedman Jerome Richardson and trombonist Tommy Johnson, discussed the problem. Regarding the handful of blacks working regularly in the studios, Brown told Elliott: "Nobody's going to say this, but if they can make twice as much playing a studio gig, these musicians can't afford to work here!"

"We were searching for a solution," Elliott said. "Then one day Luther Henderson came up to the office."

"I was trying to convince him to play

RICK MEYER / Los Angeles Times



チャーリー・パーカー ● バードは、とり散らかったア
パートの一室でノバルトークをきいていた。

124

GARBAREK, WEBER & CO. PACK McCABE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jan Garbarek is the best-known representative in the United States of the ECM brand of music. With a score of albums on that label, the Norwegian saxophonist is now on his fifth tour of this country. Saturday night he drew two full houses to McCabe's.

Garbarek tends to rely on colors and mood-building, with little or no melodic variation on chord patterns. Traces of Coltrane, Rollins, Gato Barbieri and others have not quite evolved into a full tonal personality. There were moments of folksy lyricism and others of great power, but Garbarek was not the main focus.

Eberhard Weber, the Stuttgart-born bassist, is the real phenomenon. A veritable poet of the upright bass, he plays a self-invented instrument with five strings, a small sound-box area and a large, electric tone.

Weber's technique is as staggering as his continual flow of ideas. One number found him plucking a melody with the left hand while bowing a counterpoint with the right. Toward the end of the show he was slapping the bass with both hands, creating an exotic rhythmic-melodic effect.

The drumming of Michael DiPasqua was sturdy, steady or stormy according to the requirements of the moment; his time and control showed a rare consistency that would put him at ease in any setting, even a big jazz band. Completing the group was David Torn, a typical ECM-style guitarist complete with foot pedal, synthesizer effects and sounds that fluctuated from triple forte to wafer thin.

Not a word was spoken during the 90-minute concert. The compositions seemed to be originals by Garbarek or Weber.

4/29/84



JAZZ ALBUM REVIEW

ON DUKE'S BIRTHDAY, 15 CUTS FROM 1957

"ALL STAR ROAD BAND." Duke Ellington, Dr. Jazz W2X 39137.

Duke Ellington would have been 85 years old today. Though his admirers have heard these tunes played countless times by most of the same musicians on other albums, it is important to resist the temptation to judge comparatively. What matters is that here we have a two-record set taped live at a June, 1957, dance date in Carrolltown, Pa., and never before released. On that particular night, the band was in admirable shape.

Of the 15 cuts, four are devoted to Johnny Hodges, two to Paul Gonsalves, two to Ray Nance (a cornet version and a vocal version of "Take the A Train"), two to Harry Carney, "Stardust" to Harold Baker, "Perdido" to Clark Terry and "Bassment" to bassist Joe Benjamin and some magnificent sax solo work.

"Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue" is less noteworthy for the long Gonsalves solo than for Duke's writing. Already 20 years old in 1957, it still stood as one of the most masterful examples of his intricate composing and arranging.

The other two pieces are "Such Sweet Thunder," the Othello theme from Ellington's Shakespeare suite, with more brilliant sax teamwork, and a "Mood Indigo" that allots the spotlight to Russell Procope playing traditional Barney Bigard-style clarinet, Willie Cook on muted trumpet and Duke in a typical solo, playing on a piano that had seen better days.

If this were the only Ellington album available, instead of one among hundreds, it would still be enough to affirm his stature as leader of the greatest orchestra in the history of jazz.

—LEONARD FEATHER



Avec sa femme, Cicely Tyson, Miles Davis, qui devait jouer le 24 juin à Paris et qui, page 44, répond aux questions de Leonard Feather.

C'est en Californie que Leonard Feather a retrouvé Miles Davis. Quelques jours seulement avant que le trompettiste ne s'embarque, avec une nouvelle formation, pour une nouvelle tournée européenne.

LES NOUVEAUX



Une rue tranquille de Malibu, à un souffle de trompette de l'océan. La porte d'une belle maison s'ouvre : avançant prudemment à l'aide de béquilles, Miles Davis vient m'accueillir.

Les béquilles ne m'étonnent pas : bien que presque personne n'en ait parlé, Davis vient de subir une nouvelle épreuve physique. Il avait déjà émergé, en 1981, d'une longue retraite imposée par son état de santé. Aujourd'hui comme alors, son absence s'explique par un problème dont l'origine remonte aux années 50 : une articulation de la hanche qui se dégrade peu à peu.

« Finalement, ils ont dû me remplacer complètement la hanche », dit-il en s'installant devant son chevalet et une trentaine de flacons de peinture. [Le talent de Davis pour la peinture a surpris bon nombre d'observateurs lors de la parution de « Star People », illustré de ses personnages colorés et délicieusement stylisés. Tout au long de notre entrevue, il ne cessera de dessiner motif abstrait sur motif abstrait — pour l'essentiel de longs traits

reliés à des courbes érotiques, en vert vif et en rouge avec des touches de brun.]

« Je suis entré à l'hôpital en novembre dernier, à New York, reprend-il. Ils ont d'abord dit que l'opération durerait deux à trois heures. Quand ils en ont eu fini avec moi, onze heures s'étaient écoulées. Comme si ce n'était pas assez, juste après ma sortie de l'hôpital, j'ai eu une pneumonie. Finalement, Cicely et moi avons décidé de revenir en Californie. » [Pendant l'interview, Cicely Tyson Davis est partie à la recherche d'une maison : les Davis possèdent plusieurs résidences sur les deux côtes des Etats-Unis.]

Je lui demande quand il pense être prêt à reprendre son travail. « MAINTENANT ! » rétorque-t-il avec emphase. Saisissant son instrument et l'équipant d'une sourdine, il me dit : « Ecoutez un peu », et se lance dans des lignes brisées éblouissantes, montant, descendant, tenant quelques notes, puis il fait des gammes.

« C'était une bonne idée de venir ici. Je peux travailler beaucoup, presque toute la journée. Je n'avais pas pu le faire depuis l'âge de 12 ans — s'installer et travailler pendant des heures. On apprend tellement comme ça. On gagne en cohérence.

Ce ne sera pas long : dans deux ou trois semaines, je n'aurai plus qu'une béquille, puis une canne. Le seul ennui, c'est qu'avec ma béquille je ne peux pas conduire ma Ferrari. Le médecin m'a dit que je devrais en prendre une avec boîte de vitesses automatique. Une Ferrari automatique — ça existe. »

Davis a tant séjourné sur la Côte Ouest au cours de l'année dernière qu'on aurait pu croire qu'il commençait à se sentir un peu californien. « Pas vraiment. Je pars beaucoup, tout le temps — je ne l'annonce pas, c'est tout. Quelle importance ? Le monde est si petit, désormais... J'ai pris le Concorde pour Londres : le temps qu'ils servent le repas, nous étions prêts à atterrir. »

Si le milieu « jazz » de Los Angeles ne s'est guère aperçu de sa présence au cours des derniers mois, c'est sans doute parce qu'il n'a pas choisi de se montrer dans les clubs de jazz, mais aussi parce qu'il ne peut pas conduire. « Je voulais assister au concert des Crusaders, mais Ndugu (un ami batteur), qui devait m'y amener, ne m'a jamais rappelé. Je sors très souvent avec Cicely. Nous sommes allés à la remise des prix de l'Image de la Naacp (National Association For The Advancement of Colored People). La Guilde des acteurs de cinéma organise une manifestation annuelle, nous y sommes allés. Nous avons assisté à l'hommage à Lillian Gish... J'aime faire ça avec Cicely. Je suis aussi allé à la remise des Grammy Awards, mais il m'a fallu partir avant la fin, ma jambe se raidissait. »

Mais Davis a « adoré » le spectacle. « Tous mes garçons ont gagné — Herbie Hancock, Wynton Marsalis. Le show était bien organisé, un beau spectacle. C'est bien que Wynton ait dû jouer deux fois ce soir-là. C'est un type bien, et un fantastique musicien ; il a beaucoup étudié. Mais



Avec sa femme, Cicely Tyson, Miles Davis, qui devait jouer le 24 juin à Paris et qui, page 44, répond aux questions de Leonard Feather.

L PETRUCCIANI : COMME UNE CORNEMUSE»

jouait *All the Things You are, Some day My Prince Will Come* — qui n'est pas vraiment un standard, mais c'a été tellement joué...

JM Certaines de vos compositions sont-elles jouées par d'autres musiciens ?

MP La seule, à ma connaissance, l'a été par Michel Graillier, en duo avec moi, sur son disque *Owl*.

JM Existe-t-il des paroles pour certains de vos thèmes ?

MP Non. Des gens m'envoient régulièrement des textes épouvantables... Je n'ai pas eu de chance de ce côté-là. Mais ça ne m'intéresse pas vraiment. Sauf pour deux thèmes qui semblaient plaire à Al Jarreau...

JM Quelles différences avez-vous vues entre le public et les conditions de travail aux Etats-Unis et en France ?

MP Le public est toujours le même... avec d'immenses différences. Disons qu'il exprime sa joie de façon différente, mais qu'au fond c'est quasiment pareil. Les conditions de travail, elles, sont différentes. Ici, un musicien de jazz, c'est un peu un troubadour, qui fait les choses un peu en amateur, alors qu'aux Etats-Unis c'est vraiment considéré comme un métier — et c'est confirmé par l'existence du syndicat qui protège et aide les musiciens.

JM Avez-vous eu d'emblée l'occasion de jouer avec d'autres musiciens ?

MP Relativement peu. J'ai un peu jammé avec Art Blakey, avec Sherman Ferguson, un très bon batteur...

JM Y a-t-il une différence entre musiciens français et américains ?

MP Il y a de très bons musiciens français qui pourraient faire une brillante carrière n'importe où dans le monde s'ils croyaient un peu plus en eux et en ce qu'ils font. Les Américains, même s'ils ne savent pas jouer, croient toujours à ce qu'ils font : c'est un défaut et une qualité. En fait, il n'y a pas de différence entre les musiciens, il y a une différence entre les mentalités des deux pays. D'ailleurs, je suis maintenant installé définitivement aux Etats-Unis, je ne viens plus en France qu'en vacances, pour voir les amis, ou pour jouer. Je suis plus à l'aise pour vivre là-bas, et sur des plans qui ne sont pas seulement musicaux.

JM L'anglais, vous l'avez appris à l'école ?

MP Non, sur le tas. Au début, c'était un peu difficile. Avec Charles Lloyd, il y avait quelques problèmes. En répétition, c'était du genre : « Bon, on reprend au pont, sur le mi bémol septième tu fais un do à la basse, toi tu rentres au piano après la seconde mesure après le fa mineur... » tout ça en anglais. Tout le monde répondait : « *Ok, I understand* », et moi aussi, même si je n'avais pas compris ! Il comptait, et bien sûr je parlais au mauvais moment ! Je me suis fait engueuler deux ou trois fois, et j'ai décidé de travailler l'anglais sérieusement. Maintenant c'est du passé. Ma femme m'a beaucoup aidé.

JM Au duo avec Haden vous avez assez vite ajouté le batteur Elliott Zigmund...

MP J'avais envie de faire un nouveau trio depuis longtemps. J'avais arrêté le trio avec Aldo Romano et Furio di Castri : pour la nouvelle forme de musique que je voulais faire, je de-

vais changer les musiciens. J'aime bien me renouveler, et nous étions tombés dans une certaine routine. Je me suis d'abord associé à Charlie parce qu'il habite Los Angeles. Zigmund vit sur la Côte Est, ce qui posait un problème. Donc, avec Charlie, nous avons organisé une tournée où, peu à peu, nous nous rapprochions de l'Est pour pouvoir travailler avec lui et préparer nos concerts.

JM Est-ce important pour vous que Zigmund ait été l'un des derniers batteurs de Bill Evans ?

MP Ça me fait plaisir, mais ça n'entre pas en ligne de compte. Quand j'ai joué avec lui en jam session il y a trois ou quatre ans, quand il jouait avec Lee Konitz, il y a eu immédiatement un très bon contact entre nous, c'est ça qui a été déterminant. Quand je suis resté à New York pendant près de deux mois, je me suis retrouvé sans argent, et c'a été l'un des seuls musiciens qui m'ait vraiment aidé. Sans me connaître. C'est lui qui m'a trouvé le contrat avec Lee. Lee m'a beaucoup aidé, lui aussi. Jusqu'à présent j'ai eu d'excellents contacts avec tous ceux avec qui je travaille. Ma musique est quelque chose de gai, j'aime donc qu'il y ait une ambiance qui le soit aussi dans le groupe. Charlie, par exemple, était fantastique : un moral, un humour... Il a quatre gosses, et dit toujours que chez lui c'est l'école, à tous les instants de la journée. Il dit qu'il apprend tous les jours avec ses enfants. Je le crois. D'ailleurs je pense à en avoir un.

JM Vous en ferez un musicien ?

MP Non. Sauf si un jour il prend un instrument et joue comme Miles Davis ! Là, je me pencherai peut-être sur la question... Mais je ne voudrais pas le pousser du tout, je crois que ce serait une erreur. En fait, je serais content si mes enfants étaient heureux en amour, s'ils avaient quelqu'un avec qui partager leur vie, et c'est un vrai métier que vivre en ménage. Pour moi qui suis musicien, c'est parfois très dur : j'ai une vie difficile, je voyage tout le temps...

JM Et vous n'avez jamais envisagé d'autre métier que la musique ?

MP Si, quand j'étais gosse je voulais devenir chirurgien — probablement parce que j'avais tellement connu ça que je voulais passer de l'autre côté de la barrière. Ce qui compte maintenant c'est d'être heureux et de ne pas faire frop de bêtises. Ce que je voudrais, c'est que mes gosses ne fassent pas de bêtises : alcool, drogue... Surtout qu'aux Etats-Unis c'est très facile.

JM Dans le milieu du jazz ?

MP Non, justement. Il faut souligner que les jazzmen d'aujourd'hui sont *clean*. Maintenant c'est le trip jogging, méditation, natation... Et la musique ne peut que s'en porter mieux. Non, le problème de la drogue est ailleurs. Mais ça passera.

JM Côté souffleurs, vous avez déjà joué avec Mike Zwerin, Clark Terry, Jimmy Owens, Curtis Fuller — à Nice —, Konitz, Lloyd, Enrico Rava... Comment se passaient les concerts avec ces gens-là ?

MP Quand on a joué avec Lloyd et Konitz, on a vu les deux extrêmes. Quand on arrive à faire ses preuves avec les deux, on a carte

bleue pour le reste.

JM Quelle différence entre les deux ?

MP L'un est excité, l'autre ne l'est pas du tout. L'un donne dans la méditation, l'autre dans la scientologie. Ils sont très amusants tous les deux. Les styles, bien sûr, sont très différents. Et puis, il y a une génération de différence : Lee est plus ancien dans sa façon de voir la musique, Lloyd est plus moderne, il a toujours l'espoir, la force du jeune musicien qui un jour va devenir une star. Lee est déjà une star, il n'a pas besoin de ça. Et puis Lloyd est Poissons, il est rêveur...

JM Vous attachez beaucoup d'importance aux signes du Zodiaque ?

MP Oui. Moi, je suis Capricorne. Depuis que je suis tout petit ça m'intéresse.

JM Quel est le signe de Charlie Haden ?

MP Taureau.

JM Et Zigmund ?

MP Capricorne.

JM Tout ça allait bien ensemble ?

MP Formidable ! De l'énergie sous pression.

JM Pour vous, est-ce que l'expression « jazz français » signifie quelque chose ?

MP Non. La musique est universelle.

JM Pourriez-vous, à l'écoute, reconnaître des jazzmen français ?

MP Oui, peut-être, mais pas tellement par la façon de jouer. Plutôt par le son : les Français n'ont pas beaucoup de son. Des gens comme Charlie Parker ou John Coltrane ont tellement cherché sur le son qu'après eux il n'y a plus rien, c'est le son total. Bill Evans, pour le piano, a fait un son monstrueux, d'une beauté, d'une recherche... Après lui, c'est pareil : il ne peut plus rien y voir.

JM Même pas Michel Petrucciani ?

MP Non, je l'aime trop pour me comparer à lui. Ce serait une prétention tout à fait déplacée. C'est un peu comme se comparer à Dieu. Evans m'a vraiment influencé. Pour en revenir aux Français, et aux Américains, c'est difficile à dire ; c'est un peu comme de dire qu'il y a un son blanc et un son noir. C'est faux, ça n'a pas vraiment de sens. Même le son, c'est sous réserve...

JM Seriez-vous prêt à solliciter une subvention pour réaliser un de vos projets ?

MP Autant travailler à la poste... Non, un artiste ne doit pas être subventionné, surtout par l'Etat. Au lieu de donner de l'argent pour composer une quelconque rhapsodie, il vaudrait peut-être mieux aider directement les musiciens — payer leur loyer, leur fournir un bon piano, une voiture pour travailler, etc. Il vaudrait mieux améliorer les conditions de travail que subventionner un travail.

JM Vous n'avez jamais eu envie de travailler dans des formations plus importantes ?

MP J'ai envie d'un septette depuis longtemps. Mais il faut trouver les musiciens, et ça coûte cher. Je voudrais un vibraphone, un saxophone, une cornemuse...

JM Pourquoi une cornemuse ?

MP J'ai ça dans l'oreille depuis quatre ou cinq ans. En fait, c'est un peu de famille : ma mère est anglaise, bretonne, et mon arrière-grand-père jouait de la cornemuse tous les matins. J'ai trouvé le son de la (*Suite page 71.*)

JAZZ

MILES—SKETCHES OF PAIN

By LEONARD FEATHER

The door swung open at the entrance to a well-manicured house on a quiet street in Malibu, just a horn's blow away from the ocean. Walking carefully on crutches, Miles Davis came out to offer greetings.

The crutches came as no surprise; although there had been virtually no publicity, Davis had gone through another physical ordeal not unlike the one discussed a year ago in Calendar. He had emerged in 1981 from a long, physically enforced retirement. His absence then, and again now, was due to a problem that began back in the 1950s with a deteriorating hip joint.

"Finally, they had to put a whole new hip in," he said, settling down in front of his sketchboard and 30 bottles of paint. (The Davis talent for painting came as a surprise to most observers when the recent "Star People" album was decorated by his colorful, delightfully stylized figures. During most of the interview at Malibu he drew one abstract design after another, mostly long lines connected to erotic curves, in vivid green and red with flashes of brown.)

"I went in the hospital in November, in New York," he said. "They said I'd be in

Miles Davis:

'It won't be long. In a couple of weeks I'll be on just one crutch, then a cane. The only drag is, I can't drive my Ferrari with the clutch.'

surgery two or three hours. By the time they got through with me, 11 hours had gone by.

"As if that wasn't enough, right away after I came out of the hospital I caught pneumonia. Finally Cicely and I decided to come back out here." (During the interview, Cicely Tyson Davis was out house-hunting. The Davises own several residences on both coasts.)

I asked when he thought he'd be ready to go back to work. "NOW!" came the emphatic answer. Picking up his horn and inserting a mute, he said, "Listen to this," then played a series of dazzling upward, downward and jagged runs, several long-held tones, then a few scales.

"It was a good idea coming out here. I'm getting a lot of practice in, on and off all day. I haven't been able to do that since I was 12—just sit down and practice for hours. That way you learn so much; you really get your tone together.

"It won't be long. In a couple of weeks I'll be on just one crutch, then a cane. The only drag is, I can't drive my Ferrari with the clutch. The doctor said I'd have to get another car with an automatic. An automatic Ferrari—they do have 'em, you know."

□

Davis has spent so much time on the West Coast during the past year that it seemed he might have begun to feel like a Californian. "Not really," he answered. "Of course, I do come out here all the time—I just don't announce it. But what difference does it make? The world is so small now. I took the Concorde flight to London, and by the time they serve

lunch you're ready to land."

If the Los Angeles jazz community has been largely unaware of his presence in recent months, a principal reason could be that he does not choose to hang out in the jazz clubs.

Another factor has been his inability to drive. "I wanted to catch the Crusaders concert, but Ndugu [a drummer friend], who was supposed to take me, never called me back. Cicely and I go out all the time. We went to the NAACP Image Awards. The Screen Actors Guild had that annual event; we were there. We went to the tribute to Lillian Gish. I enjoy making all those functions with Cicely.

"We were at the Grammy Awards show. Had to leave before the end, though, because my leg got stiff."

But Davis "loved" the show. "All my boys won—Herbie Hancock, Wynton Marsalis. The whole show was a fine presentation, well put together. It was great that Wynton got to do two numbers. He's a nice guy and a hell of a musician; he really put some time into studying.

"I didn't understand Wynton's speech, though. Sometimes people speak as though someone asked them a question.

Well, nobody asked him a question. You know what I mean? Like Marvin Hagler: 'What do you think about the fight?' And he says, 'I'm going to show the people that I'm the champion.' Well, nobody asked him what he was going to show the people. In the same way, Wynton sounded to me like he was supposed to be the savior of jazz. But I don't want to say anything against Wynton. A lot of people don't like me because I don't say anything. Well, other people sometimes say too much.

(Only the final sentence of Marsalis' acceptance speech could have been misconstrued by Davis: Marsalis thanked "Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Louis Armstrong, all the guys who set a precedent in Western art and gave an art form to the American people that cannot be limited by enforced trends or bad taste.")

"Wynton can play that style very well and so can young Terry Blanchard, who with Art Blakey now. Terry's got a lot of feeling."

Davis is no less enthusiastic about Marsalis' saxophonist brother, Branford, to whom he applied his customary unprintable 12-letter endorsement. A printable excerpt: "I have Branford on my new album, 'Decoy,' and if it doesn't interfere with anything Wynton has planned for him, I'd love to have Branford do a whole concert tour with me."

Davis picked up a cassette, connected two small but powerful speakers, and what emerged sounded like another winner. There have been a few personnel changes in his group. Al Foster and Mino Cinelu are still on hand with drums and percussion; Bill Evans shares the reed



MARSIA TRAEGER / Los Angeles Times

Miles Davis, above at the Hollywood Bowl in 1981, is about to re-join the concert-festival circuit, with a date set for the Beverly Theatre in June.

duties with Marsalis. John Scofield is prominently featured ("Sometimes I had to cool John down and tell him, 'Don't play so much, it ain't so serious'"), and Miles has warm words for Robert Irving, who alternates with Scofield on synthesizers. "I can say to Bobby, 'I want a certain sound here,' ask him whether he knows the patch on the synthesizer to make that sound, and he'll come right up with it."

But his particular pride and joy is the band's current bassist, Darryl Jones. "He has the same approach to music as Jimmy Blanton—in fact, he's the greatest bass player since Blanton, and he's just 22." (Blanton, who revolutionized bass playing, was 21 when he made his seminal recordings with Duke Ellington in 1940.)

The subject drifted to one that has long been a sore point: the press, its coverage of Davis and the complaints about his reluctance to talk to reporters.

"You know, one of these days I'll make a speech. In fact, I was in Paris, with all these reporters and photographers around, and we had a good talk. They said, 'Why did you decide to talk to us?,' and I told them, 'Because you listen to me.'"

"On the other hand, I did an interview for Rolling Stone. I read a little bit and threw it away, because it was evident from the first paragraph that he didn't like me. Stuff like I bought my car just so I could park it in front of l'Ermitage. He even said I was 5 feet 4; I'm 5 feet 7½."

"One of these days, maybe if I've just made love real good and I'm in the right mood, I'll read the whole thing and it won't drag me."

The literature on Davis is proliferating at an astonishing rate. Since our last meeting, yet another book had been published, "Milestones I" by Canadian writer Jack Chambers (University of Toronto Press). The first of a projected two-volume set, it deals with Davis' life up to 1960.

Always intensely future-oriented. Da-

vis reacted to this news with feigned amazement. "What can I have been doing all those years ago?" The only book to which he would even offer token lip service was "Miles Davis" by British trumpeter Ian Carr (Quartet Books). "I think Cicely read some of that one and liked it. Carr was in London when I was there, but I didn't have time to speak to him, and I didn't feel like talking to him anyway."

□

As has been the case for almost 30 years, apprenticeships in the various Davis groups still lead to individual ventures by his sidemen. As the voice of experience, Davis takes pleasure in advising his musicians about the perils of leadership.

"It ain't easy to have guys working for you. You have to tell them what you want, without hurting their feelings or embarrassing them."

"Bill Evans [Davis' current reed player] was with me in Paris one day and walked up to me and said, 'Hey, Miles, you don't even like saxophone players anymore, do you?' I didn't even answer that nonsense. But then Bill had a date of his own, and he had to tell his drummer something; the guy got upset and said, 'If you don't like the way I play, why don't you get somebody else?' When Bill told me about that, I said, 'See? See? The same thing that guy told you, you told me.'"

Given the complex and often conflicting temperaments of the members of many jazz groups, one can imagine how difficult it must be for Miles Davis to practice what he preaches—a situation made no easier by the physical pain he has had to endure. But at this writing, the Davis group is ready to reorganize and eager to return to the concert-and-festival circuit. One date has been set for June 2 at the Beverly Theatre in Beverly Hills. Miles Davis, crutches and cane soon to be tossed aside, prepares once again to conquer the world. □

MOTS DE MILES

je n'ai pas compris son discours. Parfois les gens parlent comme si on leur avait posé une question. Or personne ne lui en avait posé. Vous comprenez ? Comme Marvin Hagler, à qui on demande « Que pensez-vous du combat ? » et qui répond : « Je vais montrer aux gens que je suis le champion. » Personne ne lui a demandé ce qu'il allait montrer ! De même, Wynton m'a semblé se prendre pour le sauveur du jazz. Mais je ne veux rien dire contre lui. Beaucoup de gens ne m'aiment pas parce que je ne dis rien. Eh bien, il y en a d'autres qui parlent trop. » [Seule la dernière phrase du discours de remerciement de Marsalis a pu être mal comprise par Davis : Marsalis a remercié « Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Louis Armstrong, tous ceux qui ont créé un précédent dans l'art occidental et ont donné au peuple américain une forme artistique qui ne peut être limitée par des courants imposés ou le mauvais goût. »]

« Wynton peut très bien jouer dans ce style, comme Terry Blanchard, le jeune qui est chez Art Blakey maintenant. Terry a beaucoup de feeling. »

Davis n'est pas moins enthousiaste à l'endroit de Branford, le frère saxophoniste de Wynton, à qui il applique, dans la conversation, un mot de douze lettres impubliable. Extrait épuré : « Branford joue sur mon nouveau disque, « Decoy », et si ça ne dérange pas les plans dressés pour lui par Wynton, j'aimerais que Branford fasse toute une tournée avec moi. »

Davis branche un magnétophone à cassette raccordé à de petites mais puissantes enceintes. Ce que j'entends semble bien, encore une fois, être gagné d'avance. Son groupe a subi quelques changements. Al Foster et Mino Cinelu restent à la batterie et aux percussions ; Bill Evans partage les anches avec Marsalis. John Scofield est particulièrement mis en avant (« Parfois, je devais calmer John, lui dire : Ne joue pas tant, ce n'est pas si sérieux que ça ») et Miles parle chaleureusement de Robert Irving, qui alterne avec Scofield aux synthétiseurs. « Je peux lui dire « Je veux tel son ici », lui demander s'il sait quoi faire sur le synthé pour le produire, et il le fait immédiatement. »

Mais c'est Darryl Jones, le bassiste actuel de l'orchestre, qui est plus particulièrement l'objet de sa fierté et de sa joie : « Il a la même approche de la musique que Jimmy Blanton — en fait, c'est le plus grand bassiste depuis Blanton, et il n'a que 22 ans. » [Blanton avait 21 ans lorsqu'il enregistra ses faces capitales avec Duke Ellington.]

La conversation glisse vers ce qui a longtemps été un point douloureux : la presse, sa façon de rendre compte de Miles, et la réticence de celui-ci à parler aux reporters : « Un de ces jours, je ferai un discours. A Paris, un jour, les photographes et les reporters m'entouraient. Nous discussions gentiment. Certains m'ont demandé : « Pourquoi avez-vous décidé de nous parler, à nous ? » Je leur ai répondu : « Parce que vous m'écoutez... » Par ail-

leurs, j'avais accordé une interview à *Rolling Stone*. J'en ai lu un petit bout, et je l'ai balancée : dès le premier paragraphe, il était évident que le journaliste ne m'aimait pas. Il racontait que je m'étais acheté une voiture juste pour pouvoir la garer devant l'*Ermitage*. Il a même dit que je mesurais 1,63 mètre. Je mesure 1,71 mètre.

Un de ces jours, quand j'aurai vraiment bien fait l'amour et que je serai d'humeur appropriée, je lirai tout cela, et ça ne m'irritera peut-être pas. »

La littérature sur Miles prolifère à une vitesse incroyable. Depuis notre dernière rencontre, un nouvel ouvrage a été publié sur lui, *Milestones I*, du Canadien Jack Chambers (University of Toronto Press). Première partie d'une somme prévue en deux volumes, il retrace la vie de Miles jusqu'en 1960. Toujours résolument tourné vers l'avenir, Davis a réagi à cette information avec un étonnement feint : « Qu'est-ce que j'ai bien pu faire il y a aussi longtemps ? » Le seul livre qu'il accepte de citer, même du bout des lèvres, c'est le *Miles Davis* du trompettiste britannique Ian Carr (Quartet Books) : « Cicely l'a un peu lu, et elle a aimé. Carr était à Londres quand j'y étais, mais je n'avais pas le temps — ni l'envie d'ailleurs — de lui parler. »

Comme c'est le cas depuis bientôt trente ans, ceux qui font leur apprentissage dans les groupes de Davis se lancent ensuite seuls dans l'aventure. Avec son expérience, Davis prend plaisir à prévenir ses musiciens des périls qui guettent un leader : « Ce n'est pas facile d'avoir des types qui travaillent pour vous. Il faut leur dire ce qu'on veut, sans les blesser ou les mettre dans l'embarras. Bill Evans [son saxophoniste] est venu me dire, un jour, à Paris : « Miles, tu n'aimes même plus les saxophonistes, n'est-ce pas ? » Je n'ai pas pris la peine de répondre. Mais quand Bill a fait un concert de son côté et qu'il lui a fallu dire quelque chose à son batteur, l'autre s'est énervé et lui a répondu : « Si tu n'aimes pas ma façon de jouer, pourquoi ne prends-tu pas quelqu'un d'autre ? » Quand Bill m'a raconté ça, je lui ai dit : « Tu vois ? Tu vois ? Ce que ce type t'a dit, c'est ce que tu m'as dit. »

Etant donné les tempéraments complexes et souvent conflictuels des membres de nombreux groupes de jazz, on peut imaginer combien il doit être difficile pour Miles de mettre en pratique ce qu'il prêche — une situation qui n'est pas facilitée par la souffrance physique qu'il a dû supporter. A l'heure où j'écris, le groupe de Miles se réorganise, se prépare à affronter à nouveau le circuit classique des concerts et des festivals. Miles Davis, bientôt débarrassé de ses béquilles et de sa canne, va encore une fois se lancer à la conquête du monde. — Leonard Feather. (Traduction : Christian Gauffre.)



Georges Acogny et ses
Guitars On The Move, Benoît Widemann dans *l'Île du Docteur Z*, Hervé Bourde
 accomplissant sa *Destinée*, Dominique Cravic et Francis
 Varis entre *Cordes et Lames*,
 Philippe Delettrez dans sa *Treizième Lune* : c'est
 en explorant, face à face,
 l'actualité phonographique française que nous avons
 rencontré ces six musiciens.
 A propos ou à partir de leur disque, voici comment
 ils se sont racontés.

FACE A FACE

JAZZ MAGAZINE A vingt-neuf ans, Georges Acogny, vous avez déjà été associé à plusieurs grands noms du jazz actuel. Pour votre deuxième disque, « *Guitars On The Move* », vous avez invité Larry Coryell, Christian Escoudé, Mike Brecker. Comment les avez-vous rencontrés ?

GEORGES ACOGNY Pour Larry Coryell, ça remonte à très loin ! Jimi Hendrix a été mon premier héros. Une de ces grandes secousses qui donnent un sens décisif à votre vie — j'avais 14 ans. Sa mort a laissé en moi un grand vide. Je me suis aussitôt tourné vers Larry Coryell, qui m'a fortement impressionné. Ultimeurement, lors d'une émission du *Grand Echiquier*, je l'ai rencontré, et nous avons immédiatement sympathisé. Je lui ai fait écouter un morceau que j'avais enregistré, *Spiritual Dance*. Il m'a signalé que ce titre était déjà pris et m'a vraiment encouragé à faire un disque. A son départ, il m'a offert un de ses albums. Et je découvris un morceau intitulé... *Spiritual Dance*. Plus tard, je l'ai revu aux Etats-Unis. Il m'a alors présenté à ses amis. Ce furent mes premiers pas dans la carrière. Il m'a obtenu une excellente guitare, ma première Ovation.

JM Vous aviez déjà rencontré John McLaughlin...

GA Il répétait alors avec Christian Escoudé, dont j'étais inséparable. John est un musicien exceptionnel. Totalement positif à l'égard des autres musiciens. Avec lui, la générosité participe de la musique.

JM Le saxophoniste Mike Brecker vous aurait lui-même contacté...

GA Coryell lui avait dit que j'étais un de ses amis parisiens. Mike m'a téléphoné et invité à assister à un de ses concerts au *New Morning*. J'y suis allé. Je lui ai dit que j'aimerais bien qu'il participe un jour à un de mes disques. Souhait réalisé, à New York, pour mon deuxième album. J'y ai enregistré, entre autres, un morceau que j'aime particulièrement, une de mes racines : *Gorée*, petite île en Afrique où j'ai habité. Beaucoup d'esclaves y ont transité, c'est une charnière dans l'histoire du jazz.

GEORGES ACOGNY : GUITARS ON THE MOVE



JM Vous êtes à la fois africain, américain, européen...

GA Mes parents sont africains et je suis né en Afrique. J'ai la nationalité française. Nous avons beaucoup voyagé. J'ai passé mon enfance aux Etats-Unis, j'y ai eu ma première guitare. Sentimentalement, je me sens afro-américain.

JM En Afrique, entre 12 et 15 ans, quel contact avez-vous eu avec la musique ?

GA A Dakar, j'allais aux concerts et je jouais dans un orchestre. J'écoutais tout. Rock, pop... Rhythm and blues surtout (et beaucoup de classique, par mes parents). Maintenant encore je me nourris de tout — j'ai d'ailleurs joué avec un chanteur de variétés, Pierre Bachelet, avec plaisir. Nous sommes tous musiciens, halte au sectarisme.

JM Après trois ans en Autriche, où vous avez joué avec le guitariste de blues Al Cook, vous vous installez à Paris...

GA Je joue alors dans des orchestres et en studio... Maintenant j'ai mon quintette.

JM Comment choisissez-vous vos partenaires ?

GA Mon choix est musical, certes, mais aussi affectif... Par exemple, quand j'ai rencontré David Wielchewsky, un sax formidable que m'a présenté Mike Stern l'été dernier. On a joué ensemble au *Sunset*, c'était terrible.

JM On vous a parfois reproché d'être musicalement « discret »...

GA Chacun a sa place, sa couleur, et doit mettre son empreinte au bon moment. Je le prouve dans mon disque : quand cela sert une composition, je m'avance. Avant d'être instrumentiste, je suis musicien...

JM Que pensez-vous aujourd'hui de l'association drogue-musique ?

GA J'ai passé de sombres années de ma vie à être un junky. Depuis deux ans, c'est fini. J'essaie de progresser humainement. On joue mieux sans être défoncé, on est clair. J'aimerais que ce soit un message d'espoir.

JM Le business rebute souvent les artistes. Vous, côté affaires, vous avez plutôt l'air de foncer.

GA Les maisons de disques (Suite p. 71.)

Our Fine Feather Friend

by JENIFER HOOD

In the lingo of the jazzer the pun is mightier than the sword. To L.A.'s studio elite the *Times* jazz critic is Learned Feather. But every Sunday, 52 Sundays a year, Leonard Feather is the most widely read jazz columnist in the world.

Feather admits that "practicing is more valuable than preaching." And confesses if he'd "studied music more, practiced piano and arranging more" he'd rather be playing than rating. If experience is the best teacher, however, Feather can consider himself tenured enough to make the rounds of the club and concert scenes, throwing adjectives around, earning his keep as the premiere jazz critic.

It began almost 50 years ago when, much like our own Joe Woodard, he supplemented his musical career with writing assignments. Still he hoped for great things musically and in 1940, after moving to the States from his native England, he found himself waiting with a bunch of cats for a chance to show Count Basie an arrangement. Feather's choice of material was "My Wandering Man" a ballad designed for the woman traveling with Basie's band at the time. Basie loved it and paid the awestruck Feather \$50, a grand sum by 1940 standards, yet Feather says "I would have taken \$5, or nothing. My God, it was just a thrill having someone of Basie's stature select my arrangement."

Feather speaks with humility of his numerous musical accomplishments but with great pride about his achievements

as writer and lecturer. It was in 1941-42 he arranged to teach the first course in the History of Jazz at NY's New School of Social Research. During this tenure he invited Louis Armstrong, Benny Carter and Earl "Fatha" Hines among others to guest lecture. In 1941, when jazz was just a youngster, a course such as this was unheard of.

Feather is one of the few jazz writers who has written for nearly every major music publication as well as several prestigious general interest magazines. Besides *Jazz Times*, *Downbeat*, *Rolling Stones*, and *Metronome* (which at one time he co-edited), he has written for *Playboy*, *Esquire*, *The Saturday Review* and, of course, the *Times*. Also of note is his long association with the "Black press," magazines like *Sepia*, *Jet* and *Ebony*. In fact Feather's first U.S. writing assignment was with Harlem's *NY-Amsterdam News*, a piece on the Black jazz and entertainment scene in England which paved the way for his continued success as a journalist.

It is with the *L.A. Times*, however, that Feather has carved his greatest niche. When Charles Champlin was named the *Times* Arts Editor in 1965 Feather saw his chance. He submitted a piece to Champlin, a man who had been following his career for some time, and after sporadic assignments found himself the first resident jazz critic in Los Angeles. Feather notes the association has been genial and fruitful since 1966. "They have given me virtually a free hand over the past 18



"I look for technique, feeling, and an understanding of what's being interpreted—I want to be moved."

—Leonard Feather

ary Dinah Washington made her own. His forays into performance are no less auspicious associating with the likes of B.B. King, Louis Armstrong, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson, and Billie Holiday.

On the subject of Billie Holiday Feather becomes animated. He expressed dumb-founded disbelief when I told him I heard he didn't like Billie Holiday. Au contraire, I was told, "...that's outrageous! I would have thought your father a better reference than that. Why, I idolized Billie. We were very, very close. We toured together. I arranged for her first and only European tour. [for his Voice Of America radio program "Jazz Club U.S.A."]. We hung out—she cooked dinner for us. I mean, just to give you an idea of how outrageous that rumor is, in fact, my daughter is her god-child!"

I mentioned I'd also heard he didn't like Toots Thielemann. Feather again was surprised. "I don't like the harmonica as an instrument but I think Toots is the premiere harmonica player if you have to play harmonica, and a fine guitarist too."

Feather has been televised, airwaved, and published for nearly 50 years, in lock step with the growth of jazz music; from his early association as student to Lennie Tristano, to friendships with Holiday, Charlie Parker, and Louis Armstrong, to the electronic wizardry of the modern era. Says Feather, "I fought the battle of bebop when everyone was against it." Bebop, for those of you not in the know, was jazz between "swing" and "cool," characterized by an implied, playful beat. Feather gives equal credit to Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie for the be-bop movement. "Like those famous mythological twins." I offered Romulus and Remus. "No, even closer than that but that will do. A lot of people say it was Bird alone but, for me, Dizzy was right there. And of course Thelonius Monk was there, but Monk is not be-bop exactly. He was in a

(Please turn to page 6)

years. I can write about who I want, when I want, just about." His Sunday column and 2-3 reviews a week are currently syndicated by the *Times* to some 350 papers here and abroad, including the *Paris Tribune* and the news-magazine of the armed services, *Stars and Stripes*.

Musically Feather has composed a few notable tunes such as "Whisper Not," "How Blue Can You Get?," "Twelve Tone Blues" (Feather's most successful musical medium has been the blues) and the tribute to Charlie Parker, "I Remember Bird." Aretha Franklin has recorded his "Evil Man Blues" a tune which the legend-

5/2/84

Los Angeles Times

TWO EVENTS MARK ELLINGTON'S BIRTH

By LEONARD FEATHER

Two commemorative events over the weekend marked the 85th anniversary of Duke Ellington's birth. One was held in a huge hall with a small group and no written music; the other was staged in a small club with a big band and plenty of Ellington-style arrangements. Neither concert included a single Ellington alumnus. Both drew disappointingly small crowds.

On Sunday, the actual birthday, homage was paid to the Duke in the vast, gymnasium-like expanse of UCLA's Ackerman Grand Ballroom. Four of the 10 participants (Ernie Andrews, Clara Bryant, Sherman Ferguson and John Heard) have been reviewed here in the recent past. A second bassist, Ken Filiano, wrote "Solitary Traveler" as a duet for himself and Heard, to modest effect.

Among the various requiems (for Juan Tizol and Count Basie as well as the Duke), the best moments were provided by flutist James Newton, whose "Prelude to a Kiss" ended with Echoplex sounds; Kenny Burrell, organizer of the group, a superb guitarist who should have featured himself more, and George Cables at the piano.

A UCLA student pianist, Alan Richardson, played a pretentious elaboration of "Caravan." Frank Morgan's alto sax on "Come Sunday" probably satisfied those who

never heard the sublime Johnny Hodges original. Bryant's embarrassing effort as a singer/songwriter, with lyrics composed of Ellington song titles strung together, proved only that she should stick to the trumpet.

Monday at Carmelo's, a big band led by the trumpeter and television composer John Parker showed how to keep alive the intricate arrangements.

Parker, who evidently has studied Ellington's writing intensely, reminisced with eloquence and accuracy about each of the compositions. To his credit, he dug deep into Ducal lore, reconstructing or rearranging such gems as "Skronch," "East St. Louis Toodle Oo" (trombone solo by Garnett Brown) and "Mobile Bay," with Parker's trumpet in a genuine Rex Stewart mood and Ben Webster's original tenor solo orchestrated for the five saxophones.

The orchestra sounded less authentic during the solos, despite good work by Bobby Bryant, Plas Johnson and Buddy Collette. John Phillips' screaming tenor sax was anachronistic, as were the four flutes on one tune (Duke almost never wrote for flutes) and the inclusion of two of Parker's own themes from "Trapper John." Overall, however, this band came closer to the true Ellington feeling than anyone else this side of Mercer Ellington and Bill Berry.

MONTOLIU: INSIGHT FROM THE OUTSIDE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Tete Montoliu, the Barcelona-born pianist, has become a hero in the European jazz community but remains almost unknown in this country. Currently on his fourth visit to the United States, he has been playing West Coast dates with John Heard on bass and Sherman Ferguson on drums.

His only Los Angeles appearance was confined to a solitary 50-minute set Tuesday at the Santa Monica club known as At My Place. For no logical reason, Heard and Ferguson were in the room but did not play. Montoliu, who is blind and has severe hearing problems, offered no evidence of any handicaps in his dazzling solo recital.

His left hand is powerful enough to constitute a rhythm section in itself. Opening with a moderato blues, he displayed his crisp articulation and a harmonic sensitivity that suggested the be-bop era updated by four decades. He swings as consistently as any pianist who ever grew up outside the native land of jazz.

Though his repertoire includes a number of native Catalonian folk songs that he invests with a singular ethnic charm, most of his set was devoted to American standards. "Have You Met Miss Jones" moved from a beguiling rubato chorus to a brisk be-bop investigation. "When I Fall in Love" was brief and respectfully melodic, with a music-box-like ending.

Montoliu's talent for bringing insights to old works was best displayed in Sonny Rollins' "Airegin," with abrupt changes of mood and tempo that even converted it briefly into a ballad.

For an encore, he assembled a medley of harmonically challenging pieces: "Lush Life," "Giant Steps," "A Child Is Born" and a delicate original composition.

It is pathetic that an artist of Montoliu's talent should pass through our city almost unnoticed. Fortunately, plans are under way for a more extensive and visible tour in the fall.

AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

FROM THE jazz point of view the sensation of this year's 26th annual Grammy awards was the double victory of Wynton Marsalis, who became the first artist in the Academy's history to win both classical and jazz Grammys. He performed the Hummel Concerto from his classical album and *Nozz Moe King* from the jazz LP on the CBS broadcast of February 28, which ran 3 hours 20 minutes and presented some winners and many nominees.

Another surprise was the victory of Canada's Rob McConnell Big Brass (with the ALL IN GOOD TIME album), who beat Basie, Bellson, Gil Evans and Bob Florence in the 'Best Big Band Jazz' category. Phil Woods won for 'Best Jazz Instrumental Group' (AT THE VANGUARD), Marsalis for 'Jazz Soloist' (THINK OF ONE), Manhattan Transfer for the *Why Not* track from BODIES AND SOULS, Ella Fitzgerald (her 12th Grammy) for THE BEST IS YET TO COME, and Mel Torme, who never won a Grammy until last year, did it again with TOP DRAWER, his LP with George Shearing. Pat Metheny's TRAVELS won as 'Best Jazz Fusion'.

B B King copped another Grammy for 'Best Traditional Blues' (BLUES 'N' JAZZ). Chaka Khan's *Bebop Medley* won for 'Best Vocal Arrangement', and her album CHAKA KHAN was 'Best R&B Vocal'. Dave Grusin's *Summer Sketches* from his L.A. DREAM BAND album was victorious as 'Best Instrumental Arrangement'. Ironically Nelson Riddle won for best arrangements backing a singer, for Linda Ronstadt's WHAT'S NEW, but Ronstadt herself, though she did appear on the TV show singing a tune from the album, did not win a Grammy.

Herbie Hancock's *Rockit* was named 'Best R&B Instrumental', and he made a spectacular appearance that some viewers felt stole the show. George Benson's *Being with You*, from the IN YOUR EYES LP, took honors for 'Best Pop Instrumental'. Orrin Keepnews won a 'Best Liner Notes' Grammy for the Bill Evans INTERPLAY reissue.

After the awards broadcast, aired from the 6,600-seat Shrine Auditorium in Los Angeles, a party took place at the Biltmore Hotel, where thousands of fans mingled in the many rooms where live music was presented by the Bob Florence

band, Sue Raney, Heard Ranier & Ferguson, the L.A. Jazz Choir and a classical string group, among others.

■ The Olympic Jazz Festival at the John Anson Ford Theatre in Hollywood, produced by Tommy Vig, will include the following, some of whom will appear in a big orchestra under Vig's direction, others with their own groups: Benny Carter, John Carter, Shelly Manne, Ernie Watts, Jack Sheldon, Bil Green, Al Aarons, Elec Bacsik, Louie Bellson, Charlie Haden, Mundell Lowe, Milcho Leviev, Jimmy Rowles. There will be four concerts between August 2 and 5.

■ The big Olympic Jazz Marathon at the Hollywood Bowl, assembled by George Wein, has added Free Flight to a lineup that includes the Basie band, Joe Williams, Wynton Marsalis, Bob James and the Crusaders, on July 23.

■ One of the biggest jazz events of the spring is the Wichita, Kansas Jazz Festival.

This year's event, set for April 27-29, will feature Jay McShann, Herb Ellis, Milt Hinton, Butch Miles and Clark Terry, all of whom will not only appear in concert but give clinics, open to high-school and college students and to the public. On the final night Ray Charles, Jeff Lorber's Fusion, the David Grisman Quartet, the vocal jazz group Rare Silk, Phil Woods's Quartet and the Navy Commodores will be presented, along with the winners of college band and combo contests.

■ Branford Marsalis, Wynton's older brother, will soon have his own LP out. Personnel includes Mulgrew Miller, Ray Drummond, Robin Eubanks and a 16-year-old bassist, Charnette Moffett, son of Charles Moffett, who, according to the Marsalis brothers, is 'the greatest!'

JAZZ REVIEW

May 7 '84

RON McCROBY WETS HIS WHISTLE AT CARMELO'S

Ron McCroby is one of the world's greatest jazz whistlers (let us not forget Toots Thielemans). This is a compliment not unlike "foremost bagpiper" or "preeminent ocarina virtuoso."

Friday evening at Carmelo's, McCroby demonstrated a technique that beyond doubt is extraordinary. If only there were some electronic device to enable him to double, say, on alto whistle, or bass clarinet whistle, the problem of monotony could be eliminated. Under the prevailing conditions, however, this was akin to an hourlong piccolo solo. There were only two interludes: an elegant piano number by Lou Levy, who led the accompanying trio, and a whistle-free "Line for Lyons," on which McCroby unpuckered long enough to play a very passable clarinet solo.

McCroby's life is unusual. Now in his late 40s, he has had a successful career in advertising and television production. In 1981, he was persuaded to try out his "puccolo" (that's what he calls it) in public. Since then, he has performed at the Monterey Jazz Festival and on the "Tonight Show."

As a gimmick, a brief novelty interlude, his talent might be welcome, but to concentrate on it almost exclusively is too much of a not-all-that-great thing. He ended the set with a technically amazing solo on "Cherokee." Completing his trio were Bob Dougherty on bass and Frank Severino on drums.

Carmelo's will be dark Tuesdays as well as Sundays this month. Coming Thursday through Saturday: Harry "Sweets" Edison.

—LEONARD FEATHER

RECOLLECTIONS OF A REGAL COUNT

By LEONARD FEATHER

The facile cliché to which too many writers resort when we lose someone of Count Basie's stature is that his death marks the end of an era.

It simply isn't true. The era Bill Basie and his band represented came to an end around 1950, when orchestral jazz in general began falling apart. Basie, like Woody Herman and a handful of others, was simply a survivor, ignoring the rock invasion and all the other potentially fatal blows.

The cliché is false in a second sense: Basie's band almost certainly will outlive him. Yes, the band will still play at the Hollywood Bowl July 23, and yes, Joe Williams will be singing. At this writing, there has been no firm decision as to who will lead the band or who will take over the piano chair.

A recent writer at the Ambassador Auditorium in Pasadena announced, "Tues. & Wed., March 26-27, 1985: Count Basie and his Orchestra, also starring Joe Williams." All of us who had been close to the situation knew this was the ultimate in wishful thinking.

My recollections of Basie go back almost as far as the band's life. Tagging along for a few days with Louis Armstrong's band, I reached Kansas City on a humid summer night in 1936.

After I had caught Satchmo's gig, he said, "Hey, Feather, let's go listen to some music. There's a place called the Reno Club, with a band you gotta hear."

We repaired to an all-night joint where the pay was \$18 a week for the sidemen, \$21 for the leader (but Basie earned a little extra as organist on a local radio station). To my everlasting regret, my initial impression was ruined by the atrocious conditions in the club. The air, if you could call it that, practically knocked you back as you walked in.

Basie and his band, only three of whose members would stay on to ride to fame with him (Lester Young and Jack Washington on saxes, Walter Page on bass) were cramped together uncomfortably in a crude band shell with peeling paint. In the *London Melody Maker*, Oct. 3, 1936, I observed that "the band works hard and deserves real recognition."



Count Basie at the Playboy Jazz Festival last June.

Fortunately, John Hammond had heard the band just a few weeks earlier. More perceptive than I in realizing the group's full potential, he helped Basie to enlarge the band, found him a manager, Willard Alexander (who was still handling him up to the end), and bookings were arranged for Chicago and New York.

The Chicago date at the Grand Terrace Ballroom was a fiasco. Basie told me: "They had us playing the 'Poet and Peasant' Overture as our big show number. The band just didn't make it; nothing in the show gave us a real chance to display ourselves properly."

Jimmy Rushing, who had been working in the Reno as a single, became the band's regular vocalist. When the augmented orchestra cut its first record date in New York, all the qualities that had been obscured in the funky confines of the Reno came clearly into focus.

Freddie Green, the world's greatest rhythm guitarist, joined the band in March, 1937, and was still there when the final chord rang out in 1984.

Basie in those days was playing two-fisted, hard-driving, Fats Waller-inspired piano, a far cry from the elliptical simplicity to which he would strip down in later years. He had the best and loosest rhythm section in the world; it didn't just swing, it floated. Jimmy Rushing brought vocal authority whether he sang the blues ("Boogie Woogie") or nonsense songs ("Boo Hoo"). Lester Young became the most talked-about tenor sax since Coleman Hawkins, who was then expatriated in Europe.

The true marvel of the Basie mystique lay in its ability to dream up "head arrangements," those incredible collections of spontaneously devised riffs and counter-riffs and solos that made for the most irresistibly disorganized organization in jazz history.

"One O'Clock Jump" was nothing more than a head arrangement, a blues that modulated from F to D flat. "Dickie's Dream," "Red Bank Boogie," "Every Tub," "Out the Window," "Jive at Five" (based on a riff by the trumpeter Sweets Edison) were all heads. So was "Jumpin' at the Woodside," which has special significance for me, since it was named after the Harlem hotel

where the band often stayed, using its basement rehearsals.

Basie's kindness was typical of the man. Generous, gentle, loving, he was the ideal leader. He could be a disciplinarian when circumstances called for it, but his general attitude was more like that of a sideman, sharing in the common pleasure of making a very special brand of jazz. Ellington was the genius-writer, Lunceford the martinet-leader, but Basie was just plain Bill. There was never a competitive bone in his body. To a great extent, fame was thrust upon him; the hobnobbing with royalty, the poll victories and honors, came as surprises, not calculated objectives.

The story, widely printed last week, that "Basie went to a small group after World War II" was misleading. He kept the juggernaut together clear through the 1940s, leading a seven-piece group only briefly in 1950-51, then re-forming the band with the aid of straw boss Marshal Royal, the saxophonist, who stayed with him 20 years.

My mind is flooded with special memories. One, oddly, is of that interim small band, with a superb front line of Clark Terry on trumpet, Wardell Gray on tenor and Buddy De Franco on clarinet. "That was an exciting time," Basie told me. "All the cats had a chance to stretch out."

Then there was the banquet celebrating the band's 20th anniversary. Held at the Waldorf, it was attended by old friends and alumni, with sentimental speech-making galore. The shortest and most touching was made by Harvey Basie, the maestro's father. I remember the last sentence: "He is my son, with whom I am well pleased."

The first time Joe Williams sang with the band at Birdland was another night to remember. More than any other contributor, Williams put the band back up in the top echelon with "Every Day" and all the other blues hits. There were many replacements after he left in 1961, but to Basie he remained "my No. 1 son," with whom there were frequent reunions.

The 1970s brought very special pleasures as the band played Caribbean cruises almost annually. Listening to them enjoying their paid vacations aboard the Queen Elizabeth 2 or the Rotterdam was an experience like nothing on earth.

The list of men who passed through the ranks is too long to tackle. Think of the tenor players alone: Lester Young, Herschel Evans, Buddy Tate, Don Byas, Illinois Jacquet, Lucky Thompson, Frank Foster, Frank Wess, Paul Gonsalves, Paul Quinichette, Lockjaw Davis, Eric Dixon, Billy Mitchell, Budd Johnson, and on and on. Multiply this by the trumpeters and trombonists and all the others and you have an ongoing college of jazz education.

Think, too, of all the precedents: first American band ever to play a royal command performance for the queen, first big black band to work the Waldorf-Astoria, and who knows how many other breakthroughs.

Despite all the racism he had to contend with, Basie always saw beyond color. As early as 1950, his band was integrated with the likes of De Franco, Georgie Auld, Serge Chaloff, Paul Cohen and many more. In 1953, the trombone section included Johnny Mandel. (Ironically, given the assumption that drums are the pivotal pulse in Afro-American music, three of his last four drummers were white.) For 30 years, whenever Basie was out sick, his No. 1 sub at the keyboard was Nat Pierce.

My final memory: March 19, the Hollywood Palladium. Two stolen minutes in his dressing room showed a once-portly figure now gaunt and weak, yet outwardly cheerful, happy to be back with his family after a three-week absence. Yet, the feeling was inescapable that we would never meet again. It turned out to be the next-to-last date he played.

"Too bad he couldn't have gone out the way he wanted," a friend commented the other day, "between sets on a good night like that."

In his hospital bed in Florida, that very thought must surely have crossed Count Basie's mind. □

JOLLY KEEPS THEM HAPPY AT ALFONSE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Alfonse's, a restaurant in Toluca Lake, instituted a music policy last January that has proved successful and may soon be enlarged.

The incumbent group is a trio led by Pete Jolly, a pianist long active in the Los Angeles studio world but also well known for his jazz credits.

Jolly in his early years was acknowledged as one of the most facile exponents of the Horace Silver school. Since then he has expanded his approach, although elements of Silver and of Bud Powell are still detectable.

Most of his repertoire consists of standards, but some are particularly welcome because they have not been overworked. His opener Saturday was "While My Lady Sleeps," a gracious melody by Bronislaw Kaper that deserves to be as well known as the same writer's "On Green Dolphin Street." Here, and again in "Never Never Land" (from "Peter Pan"), Jolly demonstrates a keen harmonic ear.

On bass is Chuck Berghofer. A West Coast veteran and frequent associate of Jolly, he keeps a supple beat going and is capable of first-rate solos even at

finger-boggling tempos. Nick Martinis, sometimes too restrained at the drums, put his best sticks forward on the faster tunes in a needed display of dynamic contrasts.

To Jolly's advantage is the room's excellent, well-tuned grand piano. With its help, his most impressive quality is his super-confident touch, particularly on the up tunes. In "The Trolley Song" and "Cherokee" all three members met the demands of the racehorse pace.

The group works at Alfonse's on Thursdays through Saturdays. The layout leaves something to be desired, with the restaurant divided into two sections and the trio in a narrow connecting area in between. Anyone who wants his music up close is advised to inquire about the seating arrangements. Reservations: 761-3511.

JAZZ REVIEW

HAMPTON PERFORMS ON USC'S '100TH'

By LEONARD FEATHER

"I want you to know," said Lionel Hampton, "that this is USC's 100th birthday party, not mine."

True: The celebration Sunday afternoon at the university's Bovard Auditorium marked the centenary of the College of Music. Today, the school is among the nation's most respected. Prominent in its program is a four-year curriculum leading to a bachelor of music with a major in jazz studies.

The SC Five O'Clock Jazz Band accompanied Hampton, who has become closely involved with USC's jazz activities; this was, in fact, a benefit presentation to aid a scholarship fund for the School of Music.



Lionel Hampton

Hampton, scheduled to receive an honorary doctor of music degree at commencement ceremonies Tuesday, was in typical form as musician and entertainer, which is to say that if you sifted through the various extensions of the blues and "Flyin' Home," the vocals, the drum solos, the antique jokes and other miscellanea, you found some admirable music of the kind that established Hampton almost half a century ago as the first virtuoso of the vibraphone.

The band, unlike many college jazz ensembles, derived much of its strength from the active contributions of its leader, Thom Mason. He sat in the reed section throughout, played a couple of fine alto solos and took over the Benny Goodman clarinet role in "Avalon."

Clearly he is also a superior conductor. After two days' rehearsal the ensemble cut the charts with precision and enthusiasm; in fact, it would have been interesting to hear them take on some material more challenging than "In the Mood." Christy Belicki on trombone and Larry Koonse on guitar stood out among several capable soloists. The band's weakest department was the heavy, unswinging percussion section.

William Thomson, head of the music department, appeared briefly on stage in a tribute to Hampton and is

to be congratulated on his encouragement of USC's jazz program.

The \$35 tab included a Louisiana fish fry in the sylvan setting of the USC Plaza, a relaxed aftermath to an exuberant evening.

DIZZY GILLESPIE AT MEMORY LANE

By LEONARD FEATHER

No reminder should be needed that Dizzy Gillespie has made a vast contribution as an influence on the entire course of jazz. Given the right setting and the right musicians (such giants as, say, Ray Brown, James Moody and Lalo Schifrin), he will still assert himself and live up to his near-infinite potential.

However, his comedic alter ego was present in full force Friday when he came to Marla's Memory Lane for a two-night stand. Imagine, if you will, a proud statement by Gillespie that jazz is America's classical music, leading into such agenda as the following:

The clarinetist, Sayyid Abdul Al-Khabyr, started "Night in Tunisia" with a long quote from Ravel's "Bolero"; later he played a screaming falsetto solo on baritone sax and produced gargling vocal noises through it. The same soloist played a Bach flute Sonata, accompanied by electric bass, before returning to his clarinet for Paul McCartney's "Yesterday."



Dizzy Gillespie

Gillespie? Oh, sure, he was there too, singing and playing the congas and accompanying the clarinetist on piano, picking up his trumpet barely long enough to offer an inkling of what we had come to hear (notably a movement from Schifrin's "Gillespiana Suite").

The finale was a long "Oo-Pa-Pa-Da" with more scatting than blowing by the leader and the inevitable drum solo by the clarinetist's 25-year-old son, Nasyr. Bassist Steve Bailey, 23, with his shoulder-length blond hair, looked and at times sounded like a refugee from a rock band. An upright bass should be mandatory in any

Gillespie group.

During the 75-minute show there was a total of perhaps 10 minutes of straight-ahead, inspired jazz trumpet. The entire concept of letting artistry become subservient to entertainment is unseemly and unnecessary in a musician of Gillespie's stature.

He will be at Disneyland on May 26 and 27 as part of its annual Memorial Day jazz weekend.

KEN'S DEN

May brings busy times in the area

By KEN ELLIOTT

Somehow with the month of May with us, we all get our 'body clocks' synched and set for summer. Hence, a number of notes to acquaint you with a most busy entertainment schedule. Here goes...

A DIAMOND LIL BENEFIT... Diamond Lil, whose talents have been featured here on the North Shore for many years, will be undergoing an eye operation shortly. Since she does not have medical coverage, her many friends are holding a benefit for her this coming Thursday at St. Michael's Hall in Lynn. Featured will be an all-star revue with stage, screen and tv acts, comics, singers, and novelty acts. There'll be hors d'oeuvres, dancing, and a cash bar, with the proceeds for the event going for the operation. There's a \$10 donation. For further info, contact the ticket chairperson, Gertrude Koplou, at 599-9124.

A FREEBEE CONCERT AT M.I.T.'s Kresge Auditorium Monday night at 9 p.m. for avant garde big-band buffs with Jazz Coalition prexy Mark Harvey with his "Aardvark" band. Featured will be contemporary compositions for both small and large ensembles. A most impressive group.

AN IMPRESSIVE HONORARY DOCTORATE PRESENTATION... for internationally renowned music critic, Grammy Award winner, and jazz authority Leonard Feather at Berklee College of Music's 1984 Commencement Ceremonies on May 19.



Leonard Feather

Feather has chronicled just about everyone during his career and involvement with the music business. In addition, he's also a pianist and has performed with the likes of such legends as Louis Armstrong. His daughter, Lorraine, is also a performer and has an album out in the stores. In addition to Feather, Oscar Peterson, the Canadian-born keyboard giant will also receive an Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music. Feather, by the way, will serve as the Principal Speaker at the commencement.

A RETURN TO THE BLACKBURN TAVERN in

MAY 5 1984

NEW ENGLAND NEWSCLIP

DAILY EVENING ITEM
LYNN, MA
D. 32,500

6/3/84

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT ME." Carmen McRae. Concord Jazz 235. A fine idea to select tunes associated with her friend Nat (King) Cole, but why include "The Frim Fram Sauce" and "Errand Boy for Rhythm," which were idiotic 40 years ago? And why that uninspired jam session (complete with scatting) on "Just You, Just Me?" McRae is at her warmest in Bobby Troup's affecting title song, on "Sweet Lorraine" (on which she copies Nat almost note for note) and a couple of other ballads. Her regular trio (Marshall Otwell on piano) is augmented by Cole's old guitarist, John Collins. A 3½-star product by a 5-star artist.

"NO QUESTION ABOUT IT." Kent Jordan. Columbia FC 39325. A mind is a terrible thing to waste. Jordan, 25, son of a New Orleans music professor and a close associate of the Marsalis family, has followed a path directly opposite of that pursued by Wynton and Branford. Doubling and over-dubbing on flute, alto flute and piccolo, decked out with innocuous tunes and

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

Continued from 96th Page

content is implicit. Even Abe Most (clarinet, alto, flute) can't save this one. 1 star.

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE YOU." Kenny Wheeler. ECM 25000. The Canadian trumpeter composed six works for this international group, which includes the English bassist Dave Holland along with Mike Brecker on tenor, Jack DeJohnette on drums and an intriguing, impressionistic pianist, John Taylor. "Ma Bel" is a trumpet-piano duo cut. Elsewhere, Wheeler displays his bold, rangy style in pieces that are variously abstract, fast-cooking and unclassifiable. Holland's solos are spectacular. 3½ stars.



Carmen McRae pays friendly tribute to old friend Nat (King) Cole on "You're Lookin' at Me."

correct arrangements, he has only one very brief track (Alvin Batiste's "Genesis") that offers a fleeting glimpse of who and what he might become. For the rest, it's education without inspiration. Where's the fire? Where's the freedom? The notes suggest that Jordan has synthesized jazz and European classical traditions, but what we hear is the least of both worlds. 1 star.

"BRANFORD MARSALIS." Columbia 38951. Though he is a product of the same New Orleans background as Jordan, Marsalis, like Wynton, has opted for creativity, originality and allegiance to jazz. Backed by small groups, with the estimable pianist Mulgrew Miller on three cuts, he reconfirms what his sideman sessions revealed: He is one of the bright new thinkers on tenor and soprano saxophones. The most successful cuts are

Miller's "No Sidestepping," with a tenor solo that blends passion and logic and Kenny Kirkland's pensive "Parable." But the most talked-about piece will be Charles Mingus' "Scenes in the City," in which both the poetry and the actual sound of narrator Wendell Pierce's voice recall Langston Hughes. Branford, 23, may well have a future as bright as his brother's. 4 stars.

"NEW YORK SECOND LINE." Terrence Blanchard-Donald Harrison. George Wein Collection 3002. (Distributed by Concord Jazz.) Like Jordan and the Marsalises, trumpeter Blanchard, 21, and alto saxophonist Harrison, 23, are products of the New Orleans Center for the Creative Arts (i.e., former students of Ellis Marsalis). With Mulgrew Miller again on piano, the big-toned Lonnie Plaxico, 22, on bass, this is really the current Art Blakey Quintet with Marvin Smith replacing Blakey. As Miles Davis has said, Blanchard is a formidable contender. Six of the tunes were home-brewed by members of the group; the one standard is a rather conventional "I Can't Get Started" by Harrison. But it is clear that these are young lions not about to be sidetracked by funk or fusion, voltage or volume. With LPs such as this, and others by the Marsalis brothers, the phrase *New Orleans jazz* is taking on a whole new meaning. 3½ stars.

"MUSICA DEL MAR." Peter Sprague. Concord Jazz 237. The guitarist/composer from San Diego forms an effective partnership with pianist George Cables. Sprague switches to solo acoustic guitar briefly on "You Stepped Out of a Dream," segueing into "Chick's Tune" (Corea), with Cables, bassist Bob Magnusson and drummer Eddie Moore meshing comfortably. Another old medley leads from Bach's "Invention in D" to Sprague's "Chanting With Charles." The cheerful Calypso-tinged title tune sets the tone for this carefully crafted, no-risk-taking set. 3 stars.

"REJOICING." Pat Metheny with Charlie Haden, Billy Higgins. ECM 25006. Here are three superior musicians in search of a direction. Heads you win; tails you lose. The A side is more or less straight trio jazz on old Ornette Coleman tunes, though Haden's simple "Blues for Pat" comes off best. The B side gets into over-dubs, production devices, everything from brass effects to eerie cathedral sounds. At times during "The Calling" you begin to wonder whether Weather Report wandered into the studio. This may sell a trillion, but artistically, the Janus-faced effort just doesn't work out. Haden and Higgins, however, perform impeccably. 2½ stars.

"JUST IN TIME." Estelle Reiner. ITI JL 008. There is a nagging tendency to think subjectively: "Not bad for a lady who last sang professionally as a teen-ager, 40 years ago." But what would be the blindfolded, objective reaction? Well, not all that bad. Singing a dozen standards and Dave Frishberg's "A Little Taste," Reiner displays jazz influences (aided by pianist Tom Garvin's trio), phrases well, but is just a hair shy of professionalism, especially in the intonation department (why didn't they try for another take on "Time After Time?"). 3 stars.

"POSITIVELY VOLUME VII." Blossom Dearie. Daffodil BMD 107. Dearie's wafer-thin sound and intimate charm have plenty of help: Jack Segal's literate lyrics to five of her songs; Phil Woods' alto sax on four cuts; Grady Tate sharing the vocals on two, and Mike Renzi splitting keyboard duties with her. But the bottom line is the sensitivity and intelligence of her approach to classic-pop singing. Bob Dorough's words to Charlie Parker's "Yardbird Suite" should not have been substituted for Parker's own. Otherwise, no complaints. (Daffodil Records, East Durham, N.Y. 12423.) 4½ stars.

"L.A. '84." Frank Marocco Trio. Neofonic NLP-108. What is it about jazz accordion that's so often disconcerting? This problem aside, the fast tunes, overloaded with be-bop clichés, fail to swing or generate any sense of original thought. Marocco is better served when, as in "A Time for Love," no jazz

Please Turn to Page 97

OLYMPIC FESTIVAL TO STRESS PURE ART

By LEONARD FEATHER

Of all the art forms that will be represented during the Olympics, none has a more powerful international appeal, and none is more quintessentially American, than jazz. Yet present plans call for only two major events celebrating our native-bred music.

One, billed as the Great Olympic Jazz Marathon, will be staged July 23 at the Hollywood Bowl, with a mixture of straight jazz, swing and fusion. Full details will be discussed separately in an interview with George Wein, who is producing the six-hour show.

Across the freeway from the Hollywood Bowl is the much smaller (1,200 seats) John Anson Ford Theatre, still better known to many as the Pilgrimage. Here, Tommy Vig (who, contrary to erroneous early reports, will be the sole producer) will function as impresario, composer, band leader and vibraphonist in a four-day affair, the Olympic Jazz Festival.

The Ford shows will have a somewhat international flavor. Vig is a Hungarian; his cast will include artists from Japan, Germany, Bulgaria and Canada, as well as a Korean (Vig's wife).

It came as a surprise to many observers that this Budapest-born, Encino-based free-lance studio musician landed the coveted assignment of putting these shows together. The accomplishment can be ascribed mainly to his long-term persistence. An aggressive man without a trace of diffidence, he presented a festival concept to Olympic Arts Festival Director Robert J. Fitzpatrick as far back as 1981.

The son of a prominent Hungarian saxophonist, Vig toured Europe as a boy-prodigy drummer at the age of 7 in 1945, later studying at Bartok Conservatory. Forced to flee his homeland during the 1956 uprising, he eventually settled in New York, resuming his education



TONY BARNARD / Los Angeles Times

Tommy Vig's vibes: "The merchants of music have misused the word 'jazz' for so long that it has lost much of its true meaning. The Olympic Festival will attempt to redefine the word."

at Juilliard and playing with everyone from Meyer Davis to Bill Evans. During the 1960s, he worked the Las Vegas grist mills, taking time out whenever he had the chance to compose orchestral jazz works and present concerts at Caesars Palace in that jazz-resistant town. While in Vegas he married a member of one of the city's most popular acts, the Kim Sisters.

Came a second flight—this time from Slot City—and in 1969 the Vigs settled in the Los Angeles area, where he divided his time between jazz (on drums or vibes with Don Ellis, Terry Gibbs, Milcho Leviev and Joe Pass among others) and commercial studio work. He has scored a few films, mixing classical and jazz elements.

Perhaps because of the boring experience he has undergone in the studios, Vig says he is determined to present a festival of authentic jazz.

"No fusion," he insists. "No jazz-rock. Just real jazz—music that comes from the soul."

This was the thrust of a conversation in which Vig, detailing the four programs he has lined up (evening shows Aug. 2, 3 and 4, matinee Aug. 5), referred insistently to their purity and freedom from the taint of commercialism. He could have added that this is more easily accomplished in a 1,200-seater than in the vastness of the Hollywood Bowl, where it becomes essential to include artists with massive drawing power, not all of whom play the unhyphenated jazz to which the Ford festival will be devoted.

"I want to reestablish the distinction," Vig said, "between music that is created to make money and music that is created to make music."

"There is a prevalent attitude in the music industry that nothing is important unless it sells in great numbers, and that this financial success alone makes it

worthy of recording and big presentations and awards.

"After all, what did Charlie Parker or Bela Bartok have in common with Boy George? They are not even opposites; that sort of negative association would be degrading to actual musicians. As far as I'm concerned, Lawrence Welk and the Rolling Stones are the same; they both represent commercial pop music—primitive, unimaginative entertainment created to please great masses of people. They have absolutely nothing in common with art music, be it Alban Berg, Vivaldi, Milt Jackson or Art Tatum.

"The merchants of music have misused the word jazz for so long that it has lost much of its true meaning. The Olympic Festival will attempt to redefine the word and give it back its old significance.

"We hope to draw a parallel between jazz and sports. It takes a great deal of talent, practice and dedication to excel in either field; moreover, both music and sports are instantaneously international. A French jazzman can join a Japanese group immediately, without having to speak a single word in any language.

"Jazz has been the greatest ambassador for the United States; the Olympic Organizing Committee recognizes the importance of presenting it authentically as America's true indigenous art form."

These are not exactly statements of great originality; however, a glance at the schedule indicates that the lofty pretensions may be borne out.

Vig has assembled an orchestra that will serve as a house band performing various new works, of which five are his own (one is a song with lyrics by Sue Raney). Others, commissioned for the occasion, are by the legendary saxophonist Benny Carter, who will play his latest original, "You Win Some, You Lose Some"; Allyn Ferguson, who will conduct his "Pentavalence"; Gerald Wilson, now preparing "The Flaming Torch"; Milcho Leviev, who will be at the piano for his new piece, "The Golden Fleece"; and Albert Mangelsdorff, the phenomenal German trombonist, whose "Trombo-lympic Suite" will be dedicated to Stan Kenton. Bill Holman's new composition, topically titled like the rest, will be "The Five Rings."

The avant-garde, often under-represented at big Southland jazz concerts, will have its day, or perhaps its four days (see listings below for Charlie Haden, James Newton, John Carter and Albert Mangelsdorff). At the end of each concert, the band and several guest soloists will join forces for a sort of orchestral jam. Chuck Niles of KKKGO-FM will be the master of ceremonies.

"It's almost sold-out already," Vig claimed. "Of a possible 4,800 seats for the four nights, 4,000 are gone."

One problem remains: Even with five complete sellouts, the gross will be about \$100,000, certainly less than the cost of all these musicians and commissioned works. One can only hope that the the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee will come up with sufficient funds for adequate rehearsals, and that visitors from overseas will be treated to an accurate, exciting cross section of the American jazz scene. On paper, it looks well planned and diversified; on stage, careful preparation will be essential if the results are to achieve the producer's ambitious objectives.

Even assuming the best, it is still inescapably clear, as one looks through the enormous schedule of events in all the other areas—dance, classical, film, theater—that jazz, America's eternal Cinderella of the arts, once again has wound up with the short end of the baton. □

5/20

Jazz Voices by Kitty Grime (Quartet, \$24.95; illustrated). This curious anthology comprises innumerable one-paragraph (sometimes one-sentence) quotations by or about singers. Some are amusing anecdotes or shrewd observations. A full chapter is devoted to fascinating quotes about Billie Holiday. On the other hand, there are many remarks of staggering triviality ("There's all kinds of singers, that's for sure"—Chet Baker), too much gossip and not enough that adds anything to our store of knowledge about the art of jazz singing. The quotes by or about the late Ann Richards are in dubious taste. Written in England, the book includes a number of British singers who are unknown here. The price for 180 pages of these odds and ends is unconscionable.

—LEONARD FEATHER

BRANFORD: THE OTHER BROTHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Little by little, the name *Marsalis* is becoming less exclusively associated with that of the trumpeter whose comet has shot across the jazz horizon in the past two years. Now Wynton's brother, tenor saxophonist Branford Marsalis, gaining ground rapidly in associations and accomplishments, is the second most celebrated of the six Marsalis brothers.

His first album as a leader, newly on the market ("Scenes in the City," Columbia 38951), follows others on which he is heard with Wynton's combo, and one that brings together Wynton, Branford and their pianist father, Ellis Marsalis. Branford also will be featured on the forthcoming Miles Davis LP.

Like Wynton, Branford is a young man with strong opinions and no reluctance to state them. Visiting Los Angeles recently, he reviewed what he characterized as "the four social changes" that have divided his 23 years.

He recalled his childhood, in the suburbs of New Orleans, as perhaps the most influential of all. "If it hadn't been for my mother and father, I'd have been just like the rest of the musicians. It's very unusual to have



Tenor saxophonist Branford Marsalis, Wynton's brother, has his own LP, "Scenes in the City."

two parents who will force you to make a commitment to excellence in whatever you're going to do. They both told me: 'We don't care what you decide to do; just give it your best shot.'

In 1973 the family moved from the suburbs to the city of New Orleans. Two years later, at 15, Branford acquired an alto saxophone. His previous instruments had been piano, and clarinet, which he played in the school band.

After several years in integrated schools, Branford left home in 1978 to go to Southern University in Baton Rouge. "There," he said, "I found myself. I really learned to love myself and my people."

During his high school years his idols had been alto players Charlie Parker and Cannonball Adderley; later he switched to tenor and found role models in records by Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane and Joe Henderson.

"In high school I played in funk bands and wanted to be a media superstar," he recalled. "But the more I practiced and listened, the more I got into jazz. I realized how much more of a challenge it is to do what Bird did than what Chuck Berry did."

Asked to clarify this odd comparison, he elaborated: "I'm not trying to downplay what he did for the rock and rollers, but he didn't revolutionize anything; he was just the first guy to receive acclaim for playing the same R & B that Blind Lemon Jefferson was doing in Texas 30 years earlier. . . . On the other hand, Charlie Parker not only revolutionized a style of music, but a total technical concept for an instrument."

Branford Marsalis' next social move found him at the Berklee College of Music. He was pleased to find that his harmony teacher was heavily into Duke Ellington, but felt that too much stress was placed on technique. "The writing classes enable you to write charts that sound like Duke's, but what you never get into is the gist of why he composed the way he did."

During the summer vacation at Berklee, Branford took an offer to go on the road with Art Blakey. At that point Blakey had an enlarged band with two trumpeters, the Soviet jazzman Valeri Pomanarev and Wynton Marsalis. "On that job I played baritone sax, for the first and last time. What a cacophonous band that was! But I learned a lot about life on the road."

Aside from a short-lived gig with Lionel Hampton, his next job, after returning to Berklee for the spring semester, was a three-month tour with trumpeter Clark Terry's band. "Playing with Clark was a thrill, but the band was composed of college students, and even Clark said he was surprised at the poor musicianship at some of these big music schools. All they learn is how to play soft, or loud, or fast, and the hell with musicality. . . ."

"I would never try to start a big band, because you can't find 18 musicians, black or white, playing together with that certain reckless abandon, without all of that school-taught education getting in the way."

□

After the Terry job ended, Branford underwent his most depressing social change, moving to New York. "I've always hated that city and what it represents—the winner syndrome. . . . You're in as long as you're in, and that's all."

Lonely, discouraged and out of work, Branford was about to go home to New Orleans when two offers came in, both from drummers: Elvin Jones and Blakey. "Even though the gig with Elvin paid better, I decided to go with Bu (Blakey) because I knew Wynton was with him and I really wanted to play with Wynton again."

By now he had settled on tenor sax as his main instrument, with soprano as a double. He resents critics' remarking that he sounds like Wayne Shorter. "Is that a cardinal sin? I mean, just name me five other guys who can! Sure, I admit Wayne was my guru at one time, but I'm not interested in achieving a distinctive sound. That will take care of itself. Besides, a lot of musicians with

Los Angeles Times

CONCERT REVIEWS

FROM PEGGY LEE, A MESSAGE OF LESS IS MORE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Sometimes, the day after returning home from a cruise, you have the feeling that the earth is moving gently under you. Less than five minutes into her concert Tuesday at the Westwood Playhouse, Peggy Lee had the whole room rocking in the same way with "I Love Being Here With You."

It was immediately clear that all the elements had fallen into place. The theater is just small enough to enable her to establish a rapport, even with fans in the last row. Her accompaniment was ideal: just a jazz-oriented rhythm quintet, co-directed by pianist Mike Renzi and her old friend Grady Tate on drums. Her material consisted almost entirely of quality standards, among them several of her early self-written hits.

Looking regal in a white gown for the first half and a red-and-white kimono for the second, Lee made it clear that she doesn't need a battalion of strings or 76 trombones to get her point across. The obbligatos and solos by Renzi and the masterful guitarist John Chiodini

helped establish her seemingly effortless, less-is-more message.

There were no big Broadway endings. Only once, during the bridge of "I Got It Bad," did she reach a rare fortissimo. More typical were the exquisite Kern-Hammerstein "Folks Who Live on the Hill," Michel Legrand's "Watch What Happens" and a song in Japanese preceded by a spoken explanation of the lyrics.

Several arrangements were quite brief and to the point: "Lover," "Fever," "I'm a Woman." One or two songs were very old and obscure—"Louisville Lou" goes back to Sophie Tucker and 1923. But Lee breathed life and warmth into everything.

One of her most valuable ploys is the updating of long-familiar tunes by using a special rhythmic device. "I Want to Be Happy" took on a boogaloo R&B beat. The Gershwin's "S Wonderful" became an easy bossa nova. "When You're Smiling" was performed as a fast waltz. "I'll Get By" made room for solos by Tate and bassist Jim Hughart. (The fifth member of the group was

personal sounds are still not playing anything of substance."

Since the brothers formed their own group late in 1981 they have worked together almost continuously, though the call from Miles Davis was, he grants, "flattering as hell." He and Wynton discussed the possibility of Branford's accepting a concert tour offer from Davis, but Branford said he decided he couldn't work with his brother and Davis on an "in-and-out basis."

Branford disagreed with his brother's negative feelings about the direction Davis has taken in recent years. "The band he has now is better than any he has ever had—no, let me correct that: better than any he has had in this idiom."

□

Though his appearance with Wynton's group on the Grammy awards telecast last February was a priceless

opportunity for mass exposure, Branford's evaluation of the ceremony was graphically negative.

"I'm glad Wynton won; his material was great. But anybody in the business who sends in \$45 can be in NARAS, so you get a bunch of people voting on music they don't know anything about. How could I vote on country and western?"

Branford Marsalis has achieved more respect worldwide in the past two years than many of his well-known contemporaries could rack up in a lifetime. His tour last summer with Wynton and Herbie Hancock's VSOP II, around the same time as the issue of his first LP with Wynton's regular group, reinforced a suspicion many of us had held since his first name-group appearances: He is not merely "the other brother," but a serious, dedicated and gifted artist regardless of his celebrated last name.

Who knows, it may not be too long before he becomes the embarrassed recipient of a Grammy of his own. □

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR JAZZ

By Mike Zwerin. 239 pp. £9.95.

Quartet, 27 Goodge Street, London W1.

Reviewed by Leonard Feather

MIKE ZWERIN digs bisocials. He enjoyed the company of Larry Rivers, who before he became a celebrated painter played saxophone with several big name bands. He can relate to Woody Allen, who played New Orleans clarinet in a jazz club one night a week. He knows where the King of Siam is coming from: the monarch who played jazz saxophone and once told a visiting American musician who had jammed with him that if he ever lost his kingdom he'd like to drive a New York taxi during the day and blow his horn at night.

Mike Zwerin understands such people because he himself is not merely a bi- but a trisocial. President of a steel company (he took it over from his father); jazz critic for numerous magazines, and, since 1977, for the International Herald Tribune; musician, still active as a trombonist and bass trumpeter. Except for the 10 years in steel, which bored him almost to death, he has enjoyed every moment of his gig-hopping career.

This jote de vivre, coupled with a writing style that is perceptive, broadminded and mercifully long on humor (a commodity too rarely found in books about jazz), is part of the success of "Close Enough for Jazz." No less valuable is Zwerin's track record

BOOKS

of experiences in music. He has had the good fortune to be in most of the right places at the right times.

Only once did he miss out on an opportunity that could have changed his life. At 19, he played two weeks in New York with a Miles Davis band that would later become renowned for symbolizing "the birth of the cool." But he went back to college; a few months later Davis recorded the historic band with another trombonist. Zwerin notes ruefully that he thus "became a footnote to jazz history."

Nevertheless, along the way, he has just about done it all, and documented most of it. The early, more directly autobiographical chapters are among the best. He brings to poignant life his tour with the orchestra of Claude Thornhill when that brilliant, booze-plagued artist was on his last legs. He takes us on the road with the manic men of Maynard Ferguson's orchestra with their sick humor and practical jokes.

The U.S. State Department knew what it was doing when Zwerin was sent along as one of two token whites in the small band led by Earl (Fatha) Hines that toured the Soviet Union in 1966. A trombonist and a reporter for the price of one. It was here that Zwerin paused to analyze his identity: My race, my tribe: jazz musicians. Like the

Welsh in Britain, the Bretons in France and American Mohawks, we have been assimilated. The assimilation went both ways. Time magazine picked up our language, advertising executives began using our drugs. On the other hand we began to be career-motivated, we wanted shiny machines like anyone else. We began to compromise to get them. But I still have more in common with a Russian jazz musician than with an American banker. Politics were easy to avoid; Fatha did not have to enforce his policy." (Hines had told his men: "We are here to entertain, to make people happy.")

Zwerin dwells a little too often and too self-consciously on his Jewishness. He is more at ease, and far more interesting, examining his international travels (he has lived in Paris for 13 years but has touched down just about everywhere). He is cynical and realistic about the Janus faces of racism. "The French basically do not believe white people (except French white people) can play jazz. I once overheard two Frenchmen discuss a concert one of them had attended. 'Who was on piano?' 'Sais pas. Un blanc.' The name doesn't matter, the color was wrong. Case dismissed."

The golden age of expatriatism is over, he senses. American jazzmen are no longer welcomed by Europeans. "We are considered carpetbaggers rather than evangelists. Inflation has crippled our lifestyle and the competition has become both tougher and less friendly. The level of musicianship has improved to the point where many Europeans are now world-class. They resent the heavy flow of one-way traffic from America." Yet Zwerin feels that exiles in his situation have much in common with the French jazzmen: like them, he is taken for granted now in France and is unknown in the States.

Still, the work keeps coming: a tour with a French rock band, a sympathetic interview with the pathetic, drug-ravaged Chet Baker; a weird attempt to converse with Sun Ra, he of the Intergalactic Myth-Science Arkestra (sic, sic, sic). As long as there is a trombone or a typewriter around, Mike Zwerin will be happy with life, while pleasing listeners and readers alike. "Close Enough for Jazz," a scattershot book about a scattershot life, makes you wish you were the author's closest friend.

Leonard Feather is on the staff of the Los Angeles Times. He wrote this review for the International Herald Tribune.

DENNIS THE MENACE

5/19/84



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

A	T	H	O	M	E	A	L	I	A	S	M	E	R	E	A	D	E	S					
S	W	I	R	L	I	L	A	N	D	A	U	O	V	A	L	S	E	M					
W	I	N	F	I	E	L	S	C	O	T	T	V	E	L	L	T	W	I					
E	N	D	O	O	A	H	U	R	I	P	E	N	S	S	T	I	L	T					
S	E	W	E	R	S	C	A	L	E	T	E	M	P	T	I	E							
R	B	I	O	M	E	R	O	P	E	R	A	D	I	L	A	T	O	R					
A	R	G	A	L	I	E	L	O	N	P	L	A	D	I	S	C							
J	O	H	N	F	R	E	M	O	N	T	C	O	A	L	S	T	I	L					
A	T	T	I	R	I	D	G	E	A	R	W	L	E	T	D	I	S	H					
H	O	R	A	T	I	O	S	E	Y	M	O	U	R	P	E	N	C	E					
A	S	H	O	R	E	O	S	E	R	I	O	T	T	A	W								
S	H	O	W	B	O	A	T	O	A	R	N	S	E	N	V	E	L	O	P	E			
C	A	R	I	S	E	O	U	T															
A	D	A	P	T	A	D	L	A	I	S	T	E	V	E	N	S	O	N					
P	O	C	O	B	R	I	A	N	D	H	E	A	R	A	E	S	S	E					
W	E	D	G	E	U	V	E	A	A	N	T	O	N	P	A	R	K	E	R				
G	I	E	S	M	E	M	T	E	S	S	A	S	S	E	S								
C	H	A	T	E	R	D	O	M	I	N	G	E	D	I	T	L	I	S	T				
O	N	E	U	T	A	R	N	I	C	H	E	A	N	I	V	E							
C	R	E	E	P	S	E	L	E	N	O	L	A	O	S	A	T	K	A					
C	E	L	L	T	H	A	T	S	T	R	O	M	T	H	U	R	M	O	N	O			
U	S	E	S	H	E	R	S	K	R	E	E	P	E	R	A	L	O	A	I	N	E		
S	T	I	V	E	E	D	A	A	D	E	N	A											

Thursday, June 21, 1984/Part VI 5

Howie Kurhan on percussion and vibes.)

The encouragement of audience sing-alongs struck me as unnecessary, particularly in "Is That All There Is?"—a vocal solo vehicle for which Peggy Lee is entirely self-sufficient.

Of course, she talked—reminiscences that sometimes rambled a little too long, about everything from London to Japan to her potassium intake. Still, it was done in a casual spirit that drew its quota of laughs.

After "I'll Be Seeing You," the standing ovation was long and strong enough to bring her back for four encores, among them truncated versions of "Why Don't You Do Right" and "Manana," and the memorable Arthur Hamilton "Sing a Rainbow" from her Oscar-

nominated performance in "Pete Kelly's Blues."

Peggy Lee works too seldom in the city where she has lived for so many years. Her presence in the right place, with the right repertoire and musicians, is a needed reminder that she is still one of a kind. Her two-week run at the Westwood ends July 1.



Toshiko Akiyoshi claps hands as husband, Lew Tabackin, plays tenor saxophone.

TABACKINS TEST N.Y. TOUCH AT DISNEYLAND'S 'ALL THAT JAZZ'

By LEONARD FEATHER

All roads lead to Anaheim every Memorial Day weekend for jazz fans, thanks to the annual "Disneyland and All That Jazz" series. And, sure enough, the park was alive Saturday and Sunday with a generally well-balanced mixture of sounds.

While most of the seven attractions were quite familiar on the Southland jazz scene, there was something new: the first local performance of the New York-based band led by Toshiko Akiyoshi and husband, Lew Tabackin.

The couple's original orchestra, formed in Los Angeles in 1973, went on to achieve international honors. Akiyoshi became the

first woman and first Asian ever to be declared by polls as the jazz world's foremost composer and arranger, and Tabackin rose to No. 1 in the flute voting.

Soon after moving back East in 1982, however, the Tabackins disbanded. The ensemble they now direct inevitably invites comparisons, though the most vitally personal elements remain unchanged. Akiyoshi still writes all the music and Tabackin is the same virile tenor saxophonist and totally accomplished flutist whose solos lent the old band most of its improvisational strength.

The new orchestra generally does justice to the music, though perhaps with a tad less warmth and cohesion than its predecessor. It boasts two exceptional talents in Frank

Please see DISNEYLAND, Page 7

DISNEYLAND JAZZ

Continued from Page 1

Wess and Scott Robinson. Wess, the veteran ex-Basie alto saxophonist, led the reed section admirably and was well showcased in a brand-new work, "Fading Beauty." Robinson, who has been playing drums with adult professionals for the last seven years in Kansas City, is now 17 and a phenomenally powerful asset to the rhythm section.

At Tomorrowland Terrace, Dizzy Gillespie led the same quartet reviewed here two weeks ago. Alternating with him was Pieces of a Dream, a quartet carefully designed for those who want their pseudo-jazz innocuous and danceable. Elsewhere, Chick Corea was in a good jazz groove, heading a rhythm section that included Peter Sprague, one of the emergent great guitarists. And Joe Williams was in jubilant form, ricocheting from blues to ballads, with sympathetic accompaniment by pianist Gerald Wiggins' trio and saxophonist Jerome Richardson.

The most adventurous group booked, Shadowfax, was not heard during the evening shows, and a scheduling foul-up made it impossible to hear all but a few blasts of Maynard Ferguson's band. The stratospheric trumpeter's set was held up by a fireworks show.

AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

6/18/84

BLUES SINGERS TAKE HONORS AT PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Summer breezes and the perennial friendly ambiance in the crowd ensured the right working and listening conditions as the sixth annual Playboy Jazz Festival began its eight-hour sprint Saturday at the Hollywood Bowl.

There was no hysteria, no manic reaction such as greeted Weather Report when it closed the show with "Birdland" in 1981. If any one idiom can be said to have walked off with the honors, it was the blues. Linda Hopkins earned the first standing ovation by daylight, and B. B. King was her counterpart after dark.

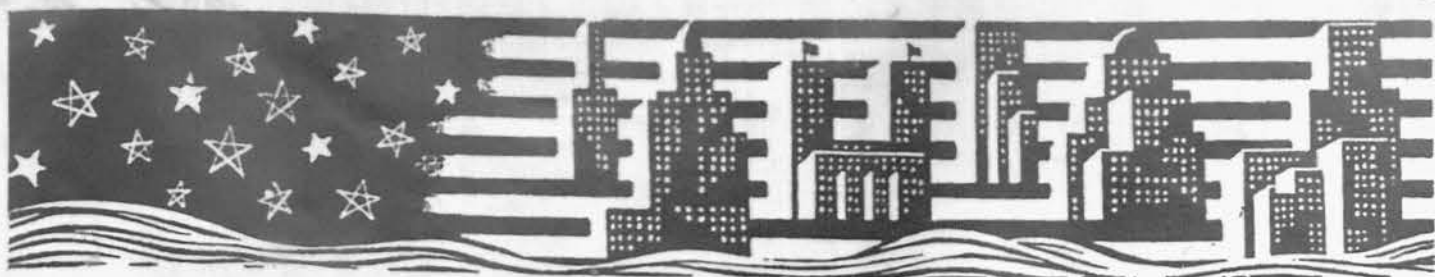
In her first Playboy appearance, Hopkins reaffirmed what has been common knowledge for years: that she is the quintessence of a third

blues reincarnation, just as B.B. King and Joe Williams were in preceding decades. Opening her set in a white gown, which she later removed to reveal a slinky black leotard and black stockings, Hopkins stayed mainly with the basics—Bessie Smith's "Gimme a Pig-foot," and a commanding gospel blues; she even turned her request for a beer into a blues. (It was promptly granted by emcee Bill Cosby, bottle in hand.)

King and his faithful guitar Lucille similarly harked back to the by now almost legendary material that has been in his repertoire for decades. Some of his most emotional playing and singing arrived late in the set in the form of a slow,

Please see BLUES, Page 5

S PP. FORWARD



AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

THE TWENTY-FIFTH anniversary of the Duke Ellington Society in New York was marked by a series of concerts at Sweet Basil in Greenwich Village. On April 1 Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin joined forces with Britt Woodman and Norris Turney in an Ellington-Strayhorn tribute. Set for the four following Sundays were salutes to Ellington reeds, with Turney, Harold Ashby and Joe Temperly; Ellington vocalists, with Betty Roché, Joya Sherrill, Anita Moore and Sathima Bea Benjamin; an 'Ode to Ellington & Strayhorn' with Abdullah Ibrahim, Carlos Ward, Ricky Ford, Charles Davis, Dick Griffin, Cecil McBee and Ben Riley; and finally, on Duke's birthday, April 29, a celebration with Wild Bill Davis, Barry Lee Hall, Skippy Williams and other past and present Ellingtonians.

■ Mercer Ellington's three-part suite *Music Is My Mistress* was premiered by his orchestra on April 15 at Pace University in New York.

■ Sonny Rollins has completed a new LP, taped in San Francisco with Clifton Anderson (trombone), Mark Soskin (piano), Russell Blake (bass) and Tommy Campbell (drums).

■ Composer/pianist Anthony Davis has received a large grant from the National Endowment for the Arts to complete work on his opera, tentatively titled *X*, based on the life of Malcolm X. Performance workshops have been set for several cities this summer and a full-scale production will be presented in New York in the spring of 1985. Meanwhile Davis is at work on several other projects. On April 7 he and his ensemble Episteme performed at Carnegie Recital Hall. On June 8 he will play one of his earlier works, *Still Waters*, with the New York Philharmonic and guest soloists James Newton (flute) and Abdul Wadud (cello).

■ Palo Alto Records has launched its new subsidiary label TBA Records, which will be geared mainly to black contemporary funk music instead of jazz. The first release features saxophonist George Howard, who had a hit on Palo Alto last year. This will be followed by Victor Feldman's Generation Band and an album by singer Dianne Reeves.

■ Blues veteran Johnny Otis will be a headliner at this year's Monterey Jazz Festival, for the first time since 1970. Otis, who for some years has been a

preacher with his own Los Angeles church, still works in music occasionally. His cast at Monterey will include Big Joe Turner, Big Jay McNeely and Etta James.

■ Another famous Otis alumna, Esther Phillips, has been released from a hospital in Washington DC, where she was reportedly treated for a liver complaint. She has resumed work in Los Angeles clubs.

■ Louie Bellson, Milt Hinton and Remo Palmieri are members of a small combo accompanying Bellson's wife Pearl Bailey on a tour of the Soviet Union. They are playing mainly for invited audiences at such places as the US Ambassador's residence in Moscow and the consul-general's home in Leningrad.

■ Charlie Haden has joined forces with Pat Metheny and Billy Higgins for an album due out shortly on ECM.

■ Inner City Records, back in business after financial problems, has recorded bassist Bunny Brunel in a fusion album with such special guests as Chick Corea, Herbie Hancock, Stanley Clarke and Tony Williams.

■ Veteran multi-instrumentalist Don Elliott, best known as the vibraphonist with George Shearing's Quintet in the '50s, is reported seriously ill in Sloan

Kettering Hospital in New York.

■ Teddy Wilson has been released after a long hospitalisation and is now recuperating at home in Bristol, Connecticut. He is expected to resume playing shortly.

■ Also on the sick list is clarinetist Abe Most, who suffered a stroke while recording a session with Nelson Riddle. He is recovering well, however, and is not expected to be hospitalised long.

■ Rob McConnell, whose 22-piece Canadian orchestra won a Grammy award recently, has recorded an album primarily of Brazilian music, produced in Toronto by Fernando Gelbard. Jorge Calandrell co-produced and wrote two of the arrangements; most of the others were by McConnell. The album will be released on CBS.

■ Jon Hendricks, now working in New York with his regular group, has been set to write the next album for Manhattan Transfer.

■ Dave Tough, one of the most respected big-band drummers (best known for his work with Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw and Woody Herman), reportedly will be the subject of a book now being prepared for publication. Buddy Rich and Lee Wiley are also due for biographical books.

BIG JAY McNEELY at the Lingerie Club, Los Angeles, Halloween 1983.





▲1948年、スウェーデンに出現するガレスピーを見送るフェザー(右)

共演させた。キューバの聴衆の熱狂ぶりは凄かった。なにしろ彼らはこの20年間というもののアメリカのジャズメンにまったく接していなかったのである。ディジーやアル・ハイムズをはじめ何人かのミュージシャンはハバナでもよく知られており、おれわれが着いたときなど、港は出迎えの人で黒山のようになっていたほどの歓迎ぶりだった。私は10以上の国で、どんな状態であれ大群衆をみてディジーが喜ぶさまをこの目でみてきたが、彼が最高に歓喜したのはベニスのラ・フェニス劇場で行われたコンサートのときだったであろう。それはソニー・スティット、セロニアス・モンク、カイ・ウィンディングなどが入ったビ・バップの再会グループ、"ジャイアンツ・オブ・ジャズ"によるコンサートだった。かつて40年代に一緒にやっていた旧友たちに囲まれたディジーは存分に本領を発揮していた。ホワイト・ハウスに招かれ、ジミー・カーター大統領の前で演奏したときも彼は持ち前の奔放さを発揮した。彼はホワイト・ハウスに何回か招かれているが、これはニューポート・ジャズ祭の25周年を祝う野外パーティーでのことだった。コンサートの終る直前、ディジーとマックス・ローチとアメリカ合衆国大統領の3人がソルト・ピーナ

ッツ)を合唱する一幕もあった。そこには若い頃から現在まで一貫して彼を特長づける傍若無人さ、楽しいユーモア、ひとつひとつ愛嬌が典型的に表れていた。

ディジーの自信「トッ・ピー・オア・ノット・トッ・バップ」は完全な成功とはいかぬ代物だった。彼は自分で書かず、共作者のアル・フレイザーにそれを任せた。1978年秋、ブラジルのサンパウロでジャズ・フェスティバルがあり、私とディジーは彼の地でもまた一緒に居た。自信が出版されることを耳にしていた私は、いつ頃出米上がるのか、出版される前にそれを読ませてもらえるか、彼に尋ねてみた。すると彼はこう言った。「本当のことを言うと、私もまだ目を通してないんだ。帰ったらすぐにどうなるのか調べてみるよ。このとき私の感じた危機は後に現実のものとなった。私が出版社から受け取った校正前のゲラ刷りには、辛辣で敵意に満ちたコメントがあらこちに書かれており、時として人種的偏見の色あいを帯びていた。それは私の知っているディジー・ガレスピーの性格とはまったく相反するものだった。こういった重大な欠陥に気がついた人は私だけではなかったらしい。間もなく本の発売は延期されるとの発表があった。ほぼ1年後によ

うやく発売されたときは、多くの問題となる箇所や誤った記述は削除されていた。それでもなお、もしディジーが時間をかけてでも自分で書いていたら、もっと感銘深い本になっていたのと思われてならない。

われわれの最初の出会いから40年余りを経た今年、ディジーと私はまた一緒に新しい試みをするようになった。「オリンピック・ガーラ」という3時間のテレビ番組が、オリンピックのはじまる2日前の7月26日に組まれることになり、あらゆる音楽がカバーされるその番組のなかでジャズをとりあげる短いコーナー(6分間)を私がプロデュースするよう依頼された。私が即座に選んだのはディジーだった。そしてラロ・シフリンにオールスター・グループを集めるよう頼んだ。おそらくジェームス・ムーティ、グラティ・テイト、レイ・ブラウンといった旧友たちが集うことになるだろう。私はこれが番組全体のなかのハイライトになることを確信している。この66歳のオールド・バイオニアをおいてはかに、ジャズ精神と創造力を完璧に表現できるミュージシャンがいるだろうか。1942年に彼は偉大な革新者だった。そしていまだに不屈の巨人としてジャズ界に君臨しているのである。

(訳: 猪俣光一)

JAZZ FORUM



Adam Makowicz (L.) with Leonard Feather and his wife Jane in New York City photo: Irena Chalecka

7/9 WATROUS AT DONTE'S

Bill Watrous, who presented his big band Friday and Saturday at Donte's, has long been accepted as a trombonist possibly without peer as a master of every idiom, tempo and mood. He has also racked up commendable credits as a composer and arranger.

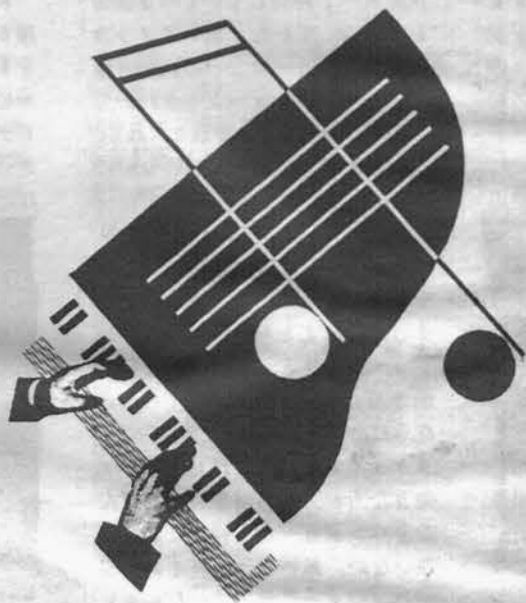
During the first show Friday, the orchestra (eight brass, five reeds, four rhythm and the leader) gave a good account of itself, except for Watrous' tendency to underplay his own role. He seemed more interested in displaying various less talented sidemen and arrangements written by others.

When he did take over, he was in typically eloquent form, whether tearing into an upbeat flag-waver or in a subdued melodic arrangement. Orchestrally, the best chart was Patrick Williams' "Too Hip for the Room," an ingenious and witty work that alternated between blues/funk passages and swinging 4/4, the latter highlighted by a chorus for two clarinets, two alto saxes and alto flute. The Watrous band returns to Donte's Friday and Saturday.

—LEONARD FEATHER

A HISTORY OF JAZZ PIANO

From Ragtime To Fusion by Leonard Feather



ジャズ・ピアノ・キーボードの歴史

特別寄稿 ● レナード・フェザー (本誌特約寄稿家)

Jelly Roll Morton's Last Night at the Jungle Inn by Samuel Charters (Marion Boyars: \$12.95). Like the stories Morton told about himself, this self-styled "imaginary memoir" is more fiction than fact. A series of autobiographical ramblings at a club he managed in Washington in the late 1930s, it has a ring of authenticity. One can imagine Morton, who often claimed he "invented jazz," making many of the pathetically self-serving statements here attributed to him. Charters has not merely captured the braggart and liar in Morton, but has re-created the Zeitgeist of racist southern America around the turn of the century. As he says in an introduction, "This book is the story I thought Jelly Roll might have told me if I had ever been able to meet him at the Jungle Inn." —LEONARD FEATHER

6/2/84

7/1/84

CRITIC, HIP THYSELF

Why does The Times still employ Leonard Feather? After reading his column for years, one finds him more antiquated each week. His review of David Sanborn at the Playboy Jazz Fest ("From Soul to Swing at the Bowl," June 19) was less than kind, considering Sanborn received the greatest crowd response at the two-day event.

But then the new direction of jazz doesn't appeal to Leonard, so it must be bad. Be serious! It's time to find someone a little more up to date and more attuned to today's jazz music.

GARY GROSSMAN
Los Angeles

JAZZ REVIEW

74 MUCH A-DUO AT ALFONSE'S: MACKAY, BELL

By LEONARD FEATHER

At Alfonse's in Toluca Lake, owner Art Sorrentino is literally in an expansive mood. While retaining Pete Jolly's Trio as the Thursday-through-Saturday attraction, he is now offering live music seven nights a week.

On Mondays the incumbents are pianist David Mackay and flutist Lori Bell. The duo keeps a very low profile while maintaining a high level of musicianship.

The combination works best with original material such as Bell's "Children's Samba," in which the interplay achieves as much group feeling as is possible with this limited instrumentation. "Half Nelson," the only jazz standard heard, found Mackay digging in with a more rhythmic left-hand approach and Bell displaying technical and improvisational expertise.

The pair is less successful on such slow ballads as "I

Thought About You" and "Spring Is Here." Just as surely as a bicycle is less easily controlled than a tricycle, this couple needs a bassist to guard against inertia. (The recent Mackay/Bell album, with Andy Simpkins added, proves the point handily.)

Mackay fills in the gaps during these long-note songs with harmonically resourceful ideas. In a medley of themes from "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," both he and Bell offered a poignant reminder of Michel Legrand's infallible sense of melody.

Even the low-key moments by this couple make for agreeable dinner music, provided one is willing to wait and dine at 9.

Rounding out the new weeklong schedule are pianist Ross Tompkins with John Heard on bass, Tuesdays; singer Pinky Winters with Lou Levy at the piano on Wednesdays and the guitar duo of Ron Anthony and his nephew Ron Affiff on Sundays.

6/3/84

JAZZ

NEW RELEASES GET BACK TO BASICS

By LEONARD FEATHER

It's amazing—and, to be sure, encouraging. With the record industry dominated by pop and rock hits selling in the tens of millions, the deluge of jazz reissues, all lucky to reach five-figure sales, continues unabated.

The last month has been particularly felicitous. As many have been remarking, too many musicians and fans—apparently under the impression that jazz began with John Coltrane—are undereducated and urgently need to explore the roots. Today there is less excuse than ever before to ignore the seminal accomplishments of the past.

Newly released, for example, are 20 more LPs in the bargain (\$5.98) series assembled by the Fantasy group. This brings its total to an astonishing 110 albums. Among the latest batch are a session by Oliver Nelson featuring Eric Dolphy; one by Cannonball Adderley with Bill Evans; and sets by Miles Davis, J. J. Johnson, Phil Woods, Art Blakey and Sonny Rollins.

One long forgotten item deserves individual attention: "THE DAVE BRUBECK OCTET." Fantasy OJC-101. This is the group that launched Brubeck's career. Organized in 1946, the group included five members who had studied under Darius Milhaud, then a teacher at Mills College in Oakland. Almost all the composing or arranging was the work of Brubeck (whose "rondo" says a great deal in 90 seconds), the tenor saxophonist David Van Kriedt (who later became an arranger for Stan Kenton), or the clarinetist William Smith, whose "Schizophrenic Scherzo" is typical of the group's quirky, unorthodox music. Among the other members

were Paul Desmond on alto sax and Cal Tjader on drums. The Brubeck Octet, too experimental to succeed, cut its final date in 1950 (included here). A year later, the soon-to-be-famous Brubeck-Desmond Quartet was born. As a unique historic document, this is a 4-star item.

The world's first jazz label, Swing, is being revived by DRG Records of 157 West 57th St., New York 10019. Founded in Paris in 1937 by the critics Charles Delaunay and Hugues Panassie, it introduced Django Reinhardt and Stephane Grappelli to records and concentrated on sessions with such visiting Americans as Benny Carter and Coleman Hawkins.

Disques Swing in its new incarnation will rely less on the original catalogue than on other material from the archives of various European and American labels. Ironically, of the first six releases, four were recorded in New York, two mainly in London, and none in Paris. For the student, the archeologist or simply the broad-minded listener, three are indispensable.

"THE CHOCOLATE DANDIES 1928-1933." Swing SW 8448. This anachronistic group name was applied to various theoretically black ad hoc recording bands, five of which are represented here. Oddly enough, in the first band all but two members were white; in another, all but two were black.

At least 75% of the album's success can be attributed to the presence of two pioneer saxophonist-arrangers, Don Redman and Benny Carter. Redman, about whom whole volumes should have been written (instead we have book after book about the more colorful but incomparably less-talented Jelly Roll Morton), was the first great jazz composer/arranger and an alto soloist with a light, elegant style. He is heard on seven cuts, Carter on 11.

Though some of the charts sound hopelessly antiquated, several have retained their validity. A curiosity is the first record ever made of "Stardust" (October 1928). The tempo is almost twice what it should be, the rhythm comically jerky, Redman's alto solo the only redeeming feature; there is no evidence that this would become one of pop music's most beautiful ballads. Another oddity: the main melodic strain on "Six or Seven Times," listed here as Fats Waller's tune, later became a part of "One O'Clock Jump," credited to Count Basie.

In the Carter-led cut there are a few tantalizingly brief glimpses of the then-moribund Jimmy Harrison, a legendary trombonist who to many contemporaries was

the greatest. Carter distinguishes himself as alto saxophonist, of course; as composer and arranger (the exquisite "Blue Interlude"), in a rare appearance as clarinetist ("Dee Blues") and as a superlative trumpeter in "Once Upon A Time." Among his colleagues on various cuts are Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller, Coleman Hawkins and Chu Berry. Production details are sloppy: no liner notes, no individual solo credits and singers are listed for seven tunes that contain no vocals. Musically, though, 4 stars.

"FATS WALLER IN LONDON." Swing SW 8442-3. Waller's reputation as a comedy vocalist overshadowed his role as one of the premier swing pianists. On this two-LP set cut in London in 1938-9, he displays all his talents amply. His six-art piano work, "The London Suite," takes up one side; he plays Compton pipe organ on several tunes, among them four spirituals. The six cuts included a pipe-organ version of his already famous "Ain't Misbehavin'." The album opens with the only non-London cuts. "Muscle Shoals Blues" and "Birmingham Blues," made in New York in 1922, were the first records Waller ever made. Alas, they sound like it. Still, for 23 successes out of 25 cuts, 4 1/2 stars.

"RIDIN' IN RHYTHM." Various artists. Swing SW 8453/4. This is where, when and how the Swing Era truly began, with the pioneering black big bands. This is mainly a two-LP cross section of orchestral Harlem music (in 1933) reaching its first peak. There are four impeccable works by the Duke Ellington orchestra, eight by Benny Carter, four by Fletcher Henderson, six by his younger brother Horace Henderson (a far better pianist than Fletcher; now 79, he is still active in the Denver area), and three by the Mills Blue Rhythm Band.

A valuable bonus is Meade Lux Lewis' "Honky Tonk Train Blues," a piano solo that got the whole boogie-woogie craze under way. For a second bonus, the great Buck Washington, then half of the vaudeville team Buck and Bubbles, plays piano for Coleman Hawkins on three tracks and has one tune to himself. 5 stars.

The other Swing releases are the two-LP "Fletcher Henderson 1925-28" (SW 845/6), a musical antique and a production disaster (every name on every tune in the listings is incorrect); "Satchmo Style" (SW 8451), with one side devoted to Louis and the other to an obscure trumpeter named Jack Purvis, one of whose tunes is "Copyin' Louis"; and "Harlem Comes to London" (SW 8444), a pointless mishmash by various Americans who happened to visit London between 1926 and 1938. Production again is sloppy: the Nicholas Brothers "Keeping a Twinkle in Your Eye" is listed twice but sung only once, while "Your Heart and Mine" is nowhere mentioned except on the label. Who's performing? If Swing is to keep swinging, it had better find someone who knows how to make up the back copy of an album.

1/3 CRITICAL UTILITARIANISM

Gary Grossman asked that The Times replace Leonard Feather as jazz critic (Calendar Letters, July 1). I would like to apply for the job, and while I'm at it, the one of pop and rock critic too.

I will review all currently popular artists with positive enthusiasm. Though I hasten to add, never with too much, a la Robert Hilburn on Bruce Springsteen.

Why should The Times and its readers have to put up with so many unpopular reviews, just because Feather and Hilburn are hung up on the principle of artistic merit and journalistic integrity—whatever that means.

I may not be able to please everybody, but I will please the popular majority because my impressions will always be consistent with the objective measures of popularity: attendance, applause and record sales. Consequently, you will have to devote very little space to letters of disagreement with my reviews.

Everybody will be happy, and a lot better off.

Won't they?

JAMES DONOVAN Beverly Hills

In response to the L.A. Jazz fan who questioned Leonard Feather's lack of concern and caustic remarks relative to the new direction in jazz, I must exclaim "Amen!!"

I've been an avid fan of jazz for decades and I too realize Feather's allegiance to the old jazz styles and performers. Should new artists like David Sanborn, Jeff Lorber, Spyro Gyra, etc., be punished because they are progressing with the musical times?

How about the thousands of fans and would-be fans who are being shortchanged by such biased opinions? Don't fire Leonard, but please do find someone a little more up to date and more attuned to today's jazz music.

SETH TANNER Pasadena

THE GOD-FEATHER

Gary Grossman (Calendar Letters, July 1) must not go unchallenged. Far from being antiquated, Leonard Feather is one of the most perceptive jazz critics anywhere. Even though he may be over the age of 25, Feather has been able to appreciate good performances, whether the musicians were of the avant-garde school or any other school.

I was present at David Sanborn's performance at the recent Playboy Jazz Festival. Feather's review was on the mark. To my ears, Sanborn was not playing true jazz but a juiced-up form of Muzak.

CHARLES M. WEINER Los Angeles

I found the attack on Feather particularly ironic, considering not only his favorable treatment of jazz fusionist Ernie Watts ("Ernie Watts—Booked Solid," July 1), but Watts' comment about the world not needing another David Sanborn.

Let's face it, Feather has been around a long time and seen it all. He has lauded such "antiquated" personalities as Lee Ritenour, Joe Zawinul, Chick Corea and Wynton Marsalis. Let someone else review acts in a genre that aren't to his taste, but let's excuse him for not going into ecstasy when gifted musicians turn out Fuzak.

ANN HODIAK Glendale

PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

FROM SOUL TO SWING AT THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Big Daddy Hugh Hefner and big thinker George Wein can congratulate each other again. The second night of the Playboy Jazz Festival, produced by Wein, drew a capacity house, bringing aggregate two-day attendance at the Hollywood Bowl above 32,000.

Wein assembles his shows with the care of a diner at a Chinese restaurant, one from Column A, one from Column B, etc., the columns being big band, mainstream swing, avant-garde, Latin, vocal, fusion and soul, to name just a few. But soul was the prime ingredient Sunday: Ray Charles closed the show with a performance that varied little from his regular act, yet he worked with an energy and passion that suggested this was the first time he had ever played and sung "Georgia" or "Busted" or "What'd I Say."



Ray Charles

Charles still can make a Baptist hymn out of anything from "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" to "Some Enchanted Evening." His blues-fixated piano is the perfect complement to his voice; meanwhile, his legs, dancing wildly in and around the area of the pedals, have a life of their own. Watching him is half the joy.

His crisp, well-organized jazz orchestra, with Clifford Solomon as musical director, provided the kickingest big-band music of the festival. The Raelettes, appearing in the final four numbers, were mainly decorative as always.

A second vocal conquest was Carmen McRae's parade of timeless songs. From "Lush Life" to "Sweet Lorraine" and an old Billie Holiday blues, she was in total, magnificent command. Taking over from Marshall Otwell at the piano, she accompanied herself and played a brief, neat solo in "As Long as I Live."

The eight-hour concert began with the astonishing, award-winning Palos Verdes High School Band, offering solo and ensemble work of near-professional caliber.

The Playboy All Stars (Jackie McLean and Zoot Sims on saxes, with Mose Allison, Kenny Burrell, Louis Bellson and Red Mitchell) are all men of distinction whose casual jam went well. McLean's impassioned alto, hardly ever heard in Los Angeles, was particularly

welcome. The attempt at vocalise by Red Mitchell was silly and out of place, but Allison's old-country-boy blues voice was as affecting as ever.

Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, in a series of themes inspired by everything from the Spanish Civil War to El Salvador, actually improved on his album of this material, recorded with New York musicians. "Ballad of the Fallen" alternated wildly between way-outside music (Ernie Watts has never been more furiously inspired) and flamenco-like works with conservative harmony.

Haden's bass, Oscar Brashear's trumpet and Milcho Leviev's piano contributed potently to the outbursts of outrage in the politically inspired pieces, arranged by Carla Bley. "Let the chops fall where they may" seemed at times the watchword, although there were melodic interludes between the passages of chaos.

A cheerful interlude by Tito Puente's Latin Jazz Ensemble brought the whistling, yelling crowd to its feet. His set was embellished by the assured, emphatic singing of Dianne Reeves, whose "I Got It Bad" drew a partial standing ovation.

Less was observed about the music of Jaco Pastorius,

leading his Word of Mouth group, than about his bizarre deportment. Hurling equipment across the stage (even including his bass) might have seemed fitting at a late-'60s rock event, but at a jazz festival in 1984? The result probably the only booing ever heard at the Playboy Festival. The set was abruptly cut short and Carmen McRae came on early. David Sanborn's fusion quintet, although received as if he had just invented the saxophone and was offering the first public demonstration, was neither a model of aesthetic excellence nor of stage decorum. One sideman delivered a solo with shoeless feet dangling over the apron. Sanborn played consistently below his known jazz capability.

If it takes a Sanborn to draw audiences who otherwise might never be exposed to Carmen McRae or Charlie Haden, the bargain is worth striking. In his shrewd way, after 30 years of festival experience, George Wein has learned how to please most of the people most of the time.

Note: Weather Report is 13 years old, not 18 as reported Monday in a misprint.

JAZZ REVIEW

6/28

ARRANGERS' ENSEMBLE AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

ASMA (not the most felicitous of acronyms) is the American Society of Music Arrangers. Tuesday evening at Donte's the society held what was announced as its "first annual" Big Band Bash.

Under the direction of Ira Hearshen, the 18-man ensemble, organized just for this occasion, might best be classified as a "considering" band. Considering that it had a grand total of two hours' rehearsal, considering that a key trumpet player sent in a sub at the last minute, considering that every chart was the work of a different arranger, thus eliminating the possibility of any unified identity—taking all these factors into consideration, the results were better than might have been expected.

Still, it was one of those evenings when the dinner was more carefully prepared than the music. A broad range of styles was represented, from Swing Era music (Van Alex-

ander contributed an old arrangement of "Milenberg Joys" that sounded like Bob Crosby crossed with Count Basie) to contemporary, in a funk-oriented original by Liz Kinnon.

The evening's outstanding achiever, both as composer and soloist, was Milcho Leviev. His "Golden Fleece," painted in rich, bold strokes, was performed with brio and with an extraordinary piano solo by the composer that suggested a compendium of keyboard styles from 1928 to 1999.

John Magruder sat in, enlarging the sax team from five to six, while the orchestra played two movements from his "Downtown L.A." suite, a brilliantly scored work with Asian, Dixieland and blues touches.

On several works the solos were more inspired than the writing. Fred Seldem on saxes and flute, John Pondel on guitar and Bob Summers on fluegelhorn stood out.

It is ironic that because of their limited rehearsal time, some bands of seasoned pros nowadays lack the team spirit and cohesion of many college ensembles. The latter have a head start because they spend hours every day, for weeks on end, readying their music for public performance.

Joe Farrell will play at Donte's Friday and Saturday.

6/18/84

ROSEMARY KAUL / Los Angeles Times



Warming up, Linda Hopkins discarded white gown as she sings the blues at the Playboy Jazz Festival.

BLUES DOMINATE PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

Continued from Page 1

insinuating minor-key blues. For contrast, he has added a female vocalist, Debra Boston.

The flutist James Newton, who dedicated his performance to Charles Mingus, led the day's most innovative instrumental group. A gifted and volatile soloist, he introduced two engaging guest soloists to augment his quartet: Allan Iwohara, who in the Mingus tune "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat" showed how logically the koto can be used in a jazz setting; and John Carter, who has transcended the traditional boundaries of the clarinet, as he made clear in "Ismene," a Newton work based on unusual, Monk-like intervals.

The well-intentioned tribute to the late Willie Bobo, played by a disparate group with Bobo's son, Eric, in the percussion section and with Bill Cosby as a sort of traffic cop, just didn't jell. The sound on Sonny Sharrock's guitar was atrocious; singer Bill Henderson seemed ill-at-ease and out of tune. Besides, any time you take "Sweet Georgia Brown" as the main course and try to swallow it with doses of Dixieland, bebop, Latin and avant garde, the result can only be indigestion.

Weather Report now has a formidable new percussionist in Mino Cinelu, formerly with Miles Davis. Possibly because too much of the material was new and unfamiliar, the world's best fusion unit did not reach any conspicuous new peaks. Wayne Shorter's saxophone, encased in a vast envelope of heavily organized arrangements, had only one seemingly extemporaneous solo, leaving most of the melodic ad libbing to Joe Zawinul, a masterful soloist who has become by far the more dominant figure in this 18-year-old partnership.

Fusion of a far more modest brand was served up in a pleasant, uneventful set by Yellowjackets, with pianist Russell Ferrante closer to creativity than his colleagues.

Woody Herman, now in his 48th year as the eternal Road Father, ran his welcome ancient-to-modern gamut. Never at a loss for new solo talent, he presented John Fedchock as arranger and trombonist in "Pools," then fielded a promising young trumpeter, Byron Stripling, in "Dog Day." The Herman band was

plagued by sound problems that reduced its impact.

The Shorty Rogers Reunion Big Band, though composed of top-echelon local musicians, fell flat both musically and in terms of audience reaction. Such 1953 Rogers pieces as "Shortstop" and "Sweetheart of Sigmund Freud," jerry-built with conventional riffs and bebop clichés, were victims of the test of time. Only some of the soloists, such as trombonists Carl Fontana and Dick Nash, relieved the tedium.

The Rogers bandmen redeemed themselves as accompanists to Mel Torme, whose flawless artistry and choice of material (he blended "Soon It's Gonna Rain" and "Here's That Rainy Day") deserved a larger audience. Too many sound-sated fans had left after B.B.

JAZZ REVIEW

ZOOT SIMS IN FINE FORM AT HOP SINGH'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Nostalgic note: Back in the early 1970s Zoot Sims brought his tenor saxophone to town for a gig at Shelly's ManneHole, the Hollywood club managed by Rudy Onderwyzer. The ManneHole is long gone, but last weekend Sims was back, this time teamed with the Shelly Manne Trio at Hop Singh's—owned by Rudy Onderwyzer.

The partnership was doubly welcome, given the paucity of Sims' solo chances as a member on the previous weekend of an ad hoc sextet at the Playboy Festival.

The Manne threesome played a mood-setting swatch of mainstream works, with pianist Frank Collett at his most elegant in a ballad medley, bassist Monty Budwig in superbly supple form on a blues and Manne, as always, a paradigm of discretion both as section member and soloist.

Sims then ambled onstage in his typically nonchalant manner. Playing an instrument that may well be the most abused in the artillery of jazz, he brought to every piece the too-often forgotten essentials: beauty of tone, a steady flow of imagination and total avoidance of tonal trickery.

It's regrettable that he never spoke; for many it would have been an education to be told about such seldom-revived songs as "Comes Love," "In the Middle of a Kiss," "The Shadow Waltz" and an early Mercer Ellington composition, "Tonight I Shall Sleep With a Smile on My Face." This last found him on soprano sax, an instrument to which Sims devotes the same eloquent sound and sensitive phrasing.

King was through. Perhaps for this reason, Torme seemed to stop short; he finished by sitting in with the Rogers band on drums for one tune, ending the concert 25 minutes ahead of schedule.

Official figures were not given, but the crowd was estimated at a healthy 15,000.

6/24/84

Pops by Thomas De Long (New Century: \$17.95). This belated biography reminds us that Paul Whiteman brought to prominence more important composers, singers and instrumentalists than any other impresario of his day. Though branded as the king of jazz, he once said: "I know as much about real jazz as F. Scott Fitzgerald did about the Jazz Age." Yet his ambitious orchestral ventures, involving popular dance music, semi-classics of the "Rhapsody in Blue" order and brief swatches of jazz, did indeed elevate the public perception of non-classical music and indirectly helped the genuine jazz of Duke Ellington (one of several black composers he commissioned to write new works). De Long's painstaking research has resulted in a well-balanced assessment of Whiteman's controversial personality.

—LEONARD FEATHER

6/24/89

JAZZ

AKIYOSHI, TABACKIN: DO THEY ♥ NEW YORK?

By LEONARD FEATHER

Commercial success in any musical group effort depends on economic factors, pragmatism and a canny awareness of what the mass audience wants. Artistic success involves other priorities: talent, total dedication to one's craft, empathy among the participants and, at least in the case of jazz, geographic location.

This last prerequisite has played an odd role in the story of Toshiko Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin. For four years, from 1978 to 1982, the orchestra that they had co-led since 1973 defied the tradition that everything of value in jazz happens in New York. Based in Los Angeles, the band earned worldwide critical acclaim and won many popularity polls. Pianist/conductor Akiyoshi was named the foremost composer and leading arranger in jazz (the first woman and first Asian ever to win in either category); tenor saxophonist/flutist Tabackin was voted Down Beat's No. 1 on flute in 1982, and for all four years they had the No. 1 big band—a precedent, incidentally, for a married couple.

They toured Japan several times, Europe briefly, and were heard occasionally on the East Coast, but North Hollywood remained their home and the jobs thereabouts were sporadic.

Late in 1982 they pulled up stakes, took over a brownstone on Manhattan's West Side, disbanded the L.A. band and formed an orchestra of New York musicians. After months of scattered jobs, they lined up a recent tour that included a well-received weekend at

development as a composer. Besides, when I tried other projects with a small group, people didn't take it seriously. I'm making it clearer now that I'm available for other things."

Between big-band gigs, the Tabackins work separate trio engagements. Tabackin has also played in other contexts: Under the nominal leadership of Freddie Hubbard ("Sweet Return," Atlantic 80108), he is heard in an all-star quintet with JoAnne Brackeen at the piano. His solos, both on tenor sax and flute, blend splendidly with Hubbard's horn.

During its brief visit to Los Angeles in late May, the Akiyoshi Orchestra spent a day at Chick Corea's Mad Hatter Studios, recording a new album.

"We're still under contract to RVC in Japan," Akiyoshi said, "but Lew and I have the American leasing rights for our own company, Ascent Records." Distribution is still a problem; many of their albums are sold by mail out of their home/office at 38 West 94th St., New York 10025.

Last year in Down Beat, the Tabackins dropped to second place in all four of the divisions they had previously won. Tabackin discounts the significance of this slip. "It was a year of relocation, and we didn't perform as much as we wanted to. The polls helped us at first, because bookers could say 'Here's the No. 1 band' and get a slightly better price. Look, Basie was No. 1 for a long time, before us, and I'm sure it didn't bother him when that stopped happening." (Ironically, Basie returned to the top slot in last December's listings.)

Polls aside, no artist has yet emerged to surpass Toshiko Akiyoshi as a creative composer, texture-rich arranger and commanding leader. Tabackin, on either coast, remains an individualist of extraordinary stature. Whatever the future may hold for this unique couple, it cannot fail to take into account their firmly established accomplishments.

□

"Jazz Is My Native Language," Renee Cho's documentary film dealing with Toshiko Akiyoshi's life and times, will be presented by Filmex on July 17 at the art Theatre. □

Disneyland.

"We've been on the road for almost three weeks," Akiyoshi said. "We'll be going to Japan again in October, and since we're so much farther away now we'll try to line up some West Coast dates on the way."

"Am I glad we moved? I wouldn't put it that strongly. But I like New York—frankly, I'd be happy either way. Hiring sidemen was easier the second time around. In 1973, her talent as a writer was an unknown quantity. A decade later, as she puts it, "I had some credentials and was easier to attract a team of great ensemble musicians who were also fine jazz players."

Tabackin is far more affirmative. "The move was a decision. I felt that if I were to grow, I needed a challenge, some stimulation, an environment where there was the kind of constant activity you find in New York."

Both Tabackins agree that breaking up was, to quote Neil Sedaka, hard to do. "The old band had a warm, gentle relationship that we'd built up over the years. We were like a family. You can't accomplish that overnight."

"That's true," Tabackin said. "It was tough to give that up, start all over and face the unknown. But it's been a positive thing. There's a lot more intensity back East, and a greater proportion of younger players who are into playing jazz, willing to scuffle and pay a lot of dues. Musicians move to Los Angeles to get into the commercial studio scene; their interest in jazz becomes secondary."

The band is younger on average than was its California counterpart. "We have mostly guys in their 20s," Akiyoshi said. "But oddly enough, two of the most important men now are the oldest and youngest. Frank Wess, who's 62, and our drummer, Scott Robinson, who's 17."

Although critical reaction in New York has been favorable, it has not matched the wild enthusiasm that greeted the West Coast band during its swift rise to eminence. Tabackin feels that avant-garde or free jazz played by small groups is a preoccupation with the critics.

"There's so much emphasis on that so-called 'new

THE GOD-FEATHER

Gary Grossman (Calendar Letters, July 1) must not go unchallenged. Far from being antiquated, Leonard Feather is one of the most perceptive jazz critics anywhere. Even though he may be over the age of 25, Feather has been able to appreciate good performances, whether the musicians were of the avant-garde school or any other school.

I was present at David Sanborn's performance at the recent Playboy Jazz Festival. Feather's review was on the mark. To my ears, Sanborn was not playing true jazz but a juiced-up form of Muzak.

CHARLES M. WEINER
Los Angeles

I found the attack on Feather particularly ironic, considering not only his favorable treatment of jazz fusionist Ernie Watts ("Ernie Watts—Booked Solid," July 1), but Watts' comment about the world not needing another David Sanborn.

Let's face it, Feather has been around a long time and seen it all. He has lauded such "antiquated" personalities as Lee Ritenour, Joe Zawinul, Chick Corea and Wynton Marsalis. Let someone else review acts in a genre that aren't to his taste, but let's excuse him for not going into ecstasy when gifted musicians turn out Fuzak.

ANN HODIAK
Glendale



After moving to New York, Lew Tabackin and Toshiko Akiyoshi have hit the road again with a new band composed of East Coast musicians.

LARRY DAVIS / Los Angeles Times

music—I don't know what's so new about it; we used to do the same stuff in the '60s, only better. I've heard better bands playing on street corners than some of these highly touted groups, so I don't quite understand it, but the public ultimately makes its own decisions.

"One good thing that's happening is that I think there's finally a breaking away from the John Coltrane fixation. I see an interesting new tradition developing."

Meaning that youngsters like Wynton Marsalis are showing the way?

"I have mixed emotions about Wynton," Tabackin said. "His classical album was first-rate, his playing in general is admirable—but there are still a lot of gaps to be filled in. He talks so much about the importance of tradition, but I don't think he's really absorbing it. I'm confused by his rhetoric, the way he deals with the media. Perhaps he's just telling people what he thinks they want to hear him say."

"What I do find happening in New York is that we have young guys who really understand the music of the bop and post-bop days and incorporate it into their playing along with the more contemporary elements."

Akiyoshi interjected: "What we are finding is really gutsy people."

The gutsy people are now working for a single leader. For a decade, the ensemble was burdened by the longest and least memorable of names: the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band. "We have a gig every Monday night at a place called Lush Life, and we've been billed as the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra, featuring Lew Tabackin," says the former co-leader. "I felt from the beginning that this is the way it should have been, because it was set up as a vehicle for Toshiko's

Boston SUN. GLOBE MAR 20 1984

Berklee grads hear jazz critic

By Ernie Santosuosso
Globe Staff

Artistic success does not necessarily grow in direct proportion to one's education anymore than commercial accomplishments are necessarily an indication of musical achievement. Jazz critic-composer Leonard Feather told some 434 graduates yesterday at Berklee College of Music Commencement exercises at Berklee Performance Center.

Duke Ellington and Count Basie, he said, were basically self-taught and eventually they led the greatest orchestras in the history of jazz.

The honorary degree of doctor of music was conferred upon both Feather, who served as principal speaker, and pianist Oscar Peterson, by college president Lee Berk. Earlier in the week, Dorothy Share had accepted an honorary doctorate in behalf of her late husband Robert Share, Berklee provost, who died last month.

"Michael Jackson may sell 33 million records," said Feather, "but that doesn't make him 33,000 times more important than Branford Marsalis, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Jo Zawinul, Alan Broadbent, Gary Burton or any of the other truly significant artists of our time...and by the way all of those I've just named studied at Berklee."

"It is the artist's duty not to concentrate on

mass sales and not to take too seriously the advice of all critics, many of whom may be musical idiots," Feather told the gathering of graduates and their families.

Peterson stressed the need for individual dedication above all else. That dedication, he added, included respect for one's musical instrument and respect of the medium in which the graduate is going to be involved in his or her career.

"I'm aware of my technical virtuosity," he said. "I've always said I can teach somebody short of his being a total paraplegic to play piano and play it fast. The thing is to play *something* while you're playing that way. That's the main thing."

He decried the practice of "selling out for economical ends because you sell out yourself creatively."

"Be an individual. Don't be a mass thinker. Within each individual lies the hope of this particular world."

Dean Richard Bobbitt cited Feather's accomplishments as author, — his "Encyclopedia of Jazz" is a required text — educator, instrumentalist, composer and lyricist, concert and record producer and television and radio producer.

The roll of yesterday's graduates included 108 foreign students.



Oscar Peterson, honorary degree recipient, applauds at Berklee ceremony yesterday.

GLOBE PHOTO BY JOHN BLANDING



Dr. Herb Wong
National Chairman
Radio/Records



Jazz critic Leonard Feather receives hood during presentation of honorary degree at Berklee.

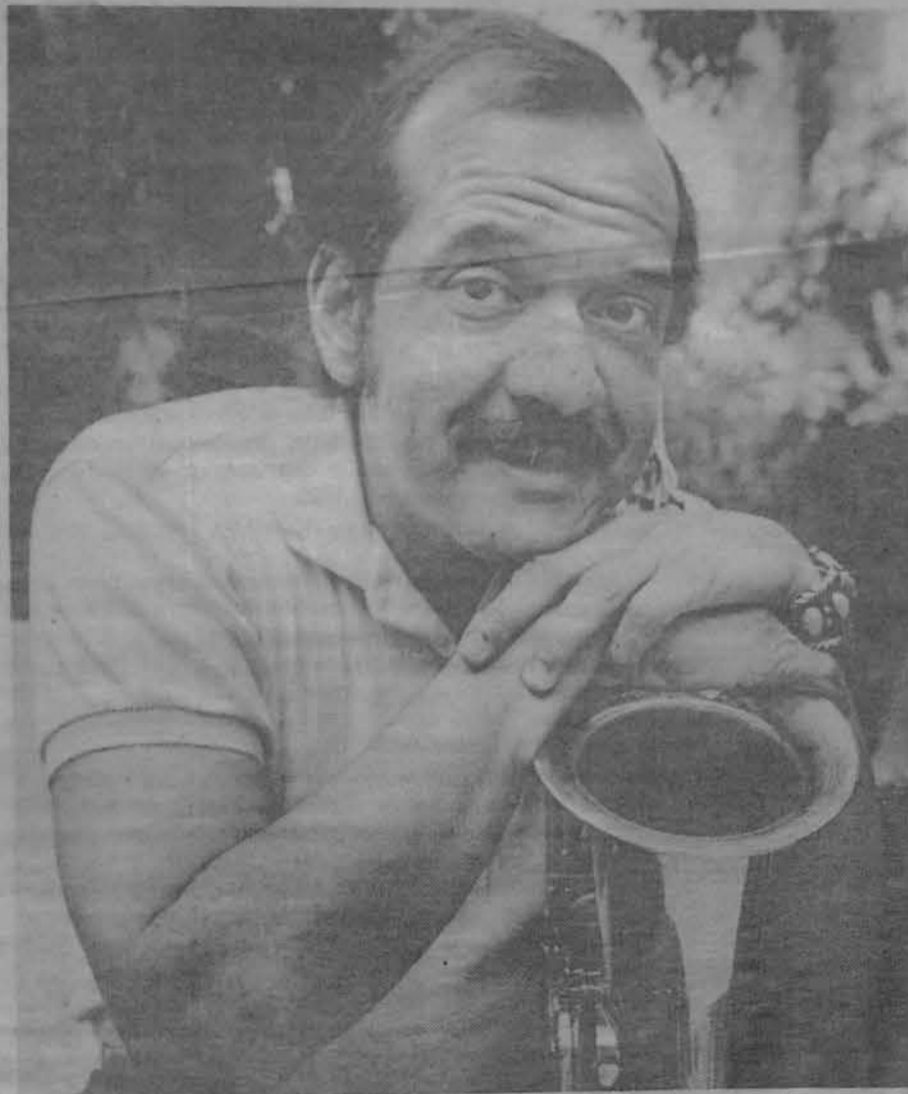
GLOBE PHOTO BY JOHN BLANDING

...a mixed response at UNH

...and "You're Driving Me Crazy" were examples of his unique styling and brilliance. Essential early Torme, extremely useful for vocal jazz students, not just for historical reasons necessarily, but for the innate treasury of helpful concepts of jazz phrasing and flexibility. **JAZZ EDUCATORS' JOURNAL**

LINDA HOPKINS. "How Blue Can You Get," Palo Alto PA 8034. You may recall Hopkins' marvelous singing as the star of the "Me and Bessie," portraying Bessie Smith, her first idol or her other triumphs on Broadway. Perhaps you've caught her on one of her 79 appearances on "The Tonight Show" on NBC-TV. Ms Hopkins concentrates on blues on this album, mostly those written by critic Leonard Feather whose reputation as a blues and song writer for over 300 titles chiefly in the 40s and 50s, may have escaped a good number of people. Linda's swinging, belting vocals are augmented by a likewise swinging band—Red Holloway, Clora Bryant—a crackling trumpeter in the Edridge school, pianist Gerry Wiggins, etc. Dip your ears into "Born on a Friday," "Why Don't You Do Right" or two which were associated with Dinah Washington—"Salty Papa Blues" or "Evil Gal Blues." You won't sit still long on this record.

Jan. '84



Ernie Watts has "mixed emotions about how far to go in commercial terms."

JAZZ

7/1/84
ERNIE WATTS—BOOKED SOLID

By LEONARD FEATHER

Imagine, if you will, the following scenario:

You decide to take in a matinee at your local theater. "Ghostbusters" is showing, with a score by Elmer Bernstein. It includes solo passages by Ernie Watts.

Driving into Hollywood, you flip on the car radio and hear the latest albums by Jermaine Jackson, Rebbie Jackson and Sergio Mendes. All have solos by Ernie Watts.

Arriving at the Vine Street Bar & Grill, you settle down for dinner, and for a set of live music by the Ernie Watts Quartet.

Back home, you turn on KNBC Channel 4 and there, sitting in the sax section of "The Tonight Show" band, is Ernie Watts.

If ever a musician could be called ubiquitous, it would be this 38-year-old, Grammy Award-winning ("Chariots of Fire," 1983, Qwest Records), all-things-to-all-men artist, whose working day may start anywhere from 6 to 11 a.m. and end somewhere between 8 p.m. and 1 a.m.

How he does it is easily explained. He has all the qualifications: Though best known as a tenor sax soloist, he is fully equipped to take studio assignments on all the saxes, clarinets, flutes, oboe, English horn. When called on to improvise, he can switch styles with chamele-

onic adaptability.

Why Watts maintains this hectic schedule is another matter. It is not a question of economics. He may dash from a recording session, for which he insists on double scale (a three-hour date may bring in \$400 to \$500) to a concert that pays minimal wages, or a free benefit to help out a friend, simply because he likes the music.

Recently he was at his boldest and best, working himself into a John Coltrane frenzy with Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, during the Playboy Festival at the Hollywood Bowl. "I couldn't tell whether the audience was into Charlie's music," he said in the pleasant, placid voice that belies his onstage personality. "A jazz festival is supposed to present serious music, right? And they're out there eating lunch or talking; they see music as entertainment. People have gotten away from dealing with music as an art form."

Nevertheless, while continuing his daily commercial rounds, he still finds time for the occasional concert venture. "I'll be there all four nights at the Olympic Jazz Festival with Tommy Vig's orchestra. Tommy's producing the whole thing, and on the first night, Aug. 2, he'll feature me in the opening number, 'Faster, Higher, Stronger!'"

"Right now I'm particularly interested

in educational jobs. I just signed with an agency to take my quartet to colleges and high schools. I'll do master classes, my sidemen will give individual classes, and we'll play both with the quartet and in the context of the school band. I'm concerned about the future of music, about passing along the traditions. It's a fulfilling experience relating to young people what's going on now and where it came from."

He is also involved in a current series of concerts and a video with his perennial friend and associate, the guitarist Lee Ritenour. Last week they played in Chicago at the National Assn. of Music Manufacturers' Convention; this week they will have played dates in Concord, San Diego, Los Angeles (the Greek Theatre Saturday) and Costa Mesa (tonight at the Pacific Amphitheatre).

How Watts juggles all these bouncing balls—concerts, clinics, clubs, movies, records, TV—while retaining his job with Doc Severinsen may seem mysterious to the point of incredibility, but his arrangement with "The Tonight Show" is agreeably flexible. "I joined the band back in 1969, when they were out here occasionally for visits; after they moved out to L.A. permanently I became a regular. But things are made very easy for me; if I can't make the show, I have a list of

competent subs I can send in. I manage to do it two or three days a week. It's still nice to have a steady job!" (The show pays more than \$250 a night.)

One area he hopes to phase out of his schedule is the nightclub. "I'm disenchanted with the whole club situation, with the booze and the smoking—it's an unhealthy environment."

Movie sound-track work, on the other hand, has been taking up an increasing proportion of his time. Watts chuckled as he recalled: "The other day I was driving down a street in Burbank where they had a row of billboards for a bunch of movies. I did a second take when I realized that I played in all of them." He was involved in Dave Grusin's score for "The Pope of Greenwich Village," worked with Elmer Bernstein on the above mentioned "Ghostbusters," and was hired for "Grand View USA," "Moscow on the Hudson" and "A Soldier's Story," the last of which particularly intrigued him. "It's based on a play about black GIs in World II, and what went down in the segregated Army. Herbie Hancock wrote a really fine score—watch out for that one."

Among his future record assignments is a follow-up to last year's Grammy winner, an album under his own name. Asked how he felt about the award, he said: "It was a fluke. It came about so fast. Quincy Jones had recommended me for

the tour I did with the Rolling Stones; while I had a couple of days off from the Stones he called, and we did the album in a couple of days—everything in just one or two takes.

"Why did I win? I guess a lot of people I know saw my name, and thought to themselves, hey, John Williams already had umpteen awards, let's vote for Ernie. It's hard to figure out the music business. Impossible." Despite the award, he adds, the album still hasn't sold enough to recoup its budget.

This time, though the album will again be for Qwest, Quincy Jones will turn over the producing to Watts himself. "I have mixed emotions about how far to go in commercial terms. You know what Quincy's doing, and certain things that are commercial I don't feel right about musically. The world doesn't need another David Sanborn, or another Grover Washington or another Ronnie Laws. They're doing that, and there's enough of that. I'm trying to come up with something that will be marketable, but still interesting enough to be artistically valid, and that's not easy."

"I'd also like to get more of a live sound than a lot of the records do nowadays. So much of what you hear is technically perfect, but cold. I want to do some things that are more group-oriented than production-oriented."

Despite a backlog of recordings that runs into the hundreds, more likely well over a thousand, Watts has misgivings about most of what he has put on tape. "In general I don't like to hear myself on records. One of the few things I was really satisfied with was a concerto for saxophone and orchestra, "Night Bird," which I made with Michel Colombier.

And I like what I played on a Freddie Hubbard tune called 'Rahsaan' in his album 'Bundle of Joy.' (Watts was really reaching back here: This CBS album was made in 1977.)

Ernie Watts today would seem to be at a peak of success, enjoying a life of continuous variety and heavy financial returns. Yet he is not completely satisfied. "If I sang and tap danced, I'm sure I'd make a lot more money."

Asked what his present lifestyle has prevented him from attaining, how he would live if given unlimited monetary resources, he hesitated a moment, then said:

"I love Colorado. I'd like to have a nice place there. In general I'd like to travel—maybe go to one place for two or three months, get to know the people in the area and trade ideas with them, learn from them."

"I'd like to devote some time to studying piano, writing more music than I can now. New York might be a good place to do that, but I wouldn't want to be forced to make a living there. I'd just like to be able to hang out with McCoy Tyner and other people like that, musicians I really admire."

"I don't think I'll ever quit playing, but it would be nice to do it on a more leisurely basis."

Watts essentially symbolizes a fairly new breed of musicians, the kind who can submerge or display his creativity with equal ease, fitting comfortably and without embarrassment into any setting. To him, hopping from Julio Iglesias to Donna Summer to Earth, Wind and Fire to Rickie Lee Jones is a challenge rather than a bore. Besides, there's always that solo concert gig coming up. □

MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER: Part 6 ● DIZZY GILLESPIE



Photo: Vicky Ohland

**ディジー・ガレスピー ● 私達は他の誰もがやらな
かったことをやった。しかし、真実は誰も知らない。**

DAVIS STILL CONCOCTING NEW BREWS IN 'DECOY'

By LEONARD FEATHER

Some recent jazz releases, rated on a scale of one to five stars:

"DECOY." Miles Davis. Columbia FC 38991. At this stage in his evolution, Davis must be somewhat less exclusively viewed as a trumpeter than as a leader also deeply involved with the synthesizer, and as a concocter of new brews in which the rhythmic structures, bass and percussion lines are vital central elements.

His horn is heard extensively, muted, in the title cut, in overdubs on "What It Is" and in a long, riveting 3/4 solo on "That's Right," for which Davis and Gil Evans share arranging credit. On the other hand, he plays synthesizers only in "Freaky Deaky" and almost exclusively in another track, putting his knowledge in this medium

to often engaging use.

The soprano sax work is divided between Bill Evans and Branford Marsalis, the latter adapting himself fairly well to this very different environment. The key sideman-soloist, however, is guitarist John Scofield, who also co-composed all three works on the superior B side. Robert Irving, billed as co-producer, also had a hand in the composing on the A side, which includes the very short and insignificant "Robot 415."

The new/old blues concept Davis established in "Star People" is not followed up here. Still, from a longer perspective there has been considerable progress, especially

on the group level, since "Man With the Horn" three years ago. 4 stars.

□

"LIVING IN THE CREST OF A WAVE." Bill Evans. Elektra/Musician 60349. The former Miles Davis saxophonist makes his group-leading bow here. With Mitch Foreman on keyboards (both Foreman and Evans double on modular Oberheim), he shows his capacity for delicacy in "The Young and Old," which starts as a waltz before changing meter and gathering in rhythmic intensity. The synthesizers achieve a powerfully orchestral effect in the title

cut, with drummer Adam Nussbaum tying the work together ingeniously. The birdcall sounds are at odds with the heavy rhythm on "Dawn in Wisconsin North Woods." Though overproduced at times, this is a promising debut in a fusion groove quite different from that of Evans' ex-boss (who, by way of a bonus, contributed a painting for the back cover). 3½ stars.

□

"SYMBOLS OF HOPI." Jill McManus. Concord Jazz CJ 242. In a distinct change of pace for this label, the New York composer-pianist makes her Concord bow, adapting to jazz four pieces written by Hopi song-poets for traditional dance rituals and adding three of her own works inspired by visits to New Mexico and Arizona. Tom Harrell, on trumpet and fluegelhorn, captures the spirit particularly well. Based on deeply felt emotions, this cross-fertilization of two cultures (one of which, as McManus gently reminds us in her notes, is "the first Native American music") is a venturesome enterprise, successfully carried out. For originality of concept and execution, 5 stars.

□

"EVERY DAY I HAVE THE

BLUES." Joe Williams. Savoy Jazz 1140. A historical oddity, this brings us Williams' pre-Basie 1951 version of "Every Day," sung in a vocal unison overdub with a barely adequate seven-piece band. He was already an assured, compelling blues singer, although only on two of the five blues cuts does the band do him justice. The ballad "They Didn't Believe Me" falls short of the conviction he showed in later years, but "Detour Ahead" comes off well. As a collectors' item, 3 stars.

□

"INFANT EYES." Bill Kirchner. Nonet. Sea Breeze SB 2017. Kirchner's second outing as a leader has its moments: a colorful impression of the Wayne Shorter title tune, highlighted by Glenn Wilson's baritone sax, and the puckish piccolo-vs.-bass effects in Bill Warfield's "A Little Circus Music." The free-jazz piece, Jane Ira Bloom's "2-5-1," involves trumpeter Brian Lynch in a far-outside foray. But Kirchner's arrangement of Sergio Mendes' "So Many Stars" is rhythmically insensitive, and played too fast for such a lovely melody. Despite expert writing and playing, there is a certain lack of warmth this time around that too

often reduces the impact. 3 stars.

□

"SUNNY DAYS STARRY NIGHTS." Sonny Rollins. Milestone M-9122. To hear an artist of Rollins' long-established reputation grind out one casual small-group date after another is to observe the waste of an immense talent. Here he winds his way through no less than three quasi-Calypsos, the mandatory couple of standards, some two-tenor overdubbing that doesn't quite come off and one slow, thoughtful Rollins original, "Wynton," that rises above the surroundings. Despite a good rhythm section and occasional help from trombonist Clifton Anderson, the set reminds us that it's high time to give Rollins an innovative orchestral setting, perhaps with some gifted young arranger who could offer him more challenge. 2 stars.

□

"SOLAR." John Abercrombie and John Scofield. Palo Alto 8031. An invigorating surprise, this brings together these two guitarists working in what is essentially a straight jazz groove, with bebop overtones. The Miles Davis title tune proceeds from splendid solos

by Abercrombie and Scofield to a finely meshed contrapuntal passage. With Abercrombie doubling on electric mandolin in two tunes and with sturdy support from Peter Donald's drums and George Mraz's bass on three of the seven pieces, this is a happy collaboration inspired in part, according to producer/annotator Orrin Keepnews, by Wes Montgomery and the late Bill Evans. 4½ stars.

□

"OH WHAT A MEMORY WE MADE... TONIGHT." Peggy King. Stash ST-238 (P.O. Box 390, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215). Remember Peggy King? Semiretired for many

years, she was all over the media in the '50s—albums, clubs, movies, TV (co-starring with George Gobel). In this comeback LP, she is generally at ease with the spirited jazz setting—Mike Abene, piano and director; Dick Sudhalter, trumpet; Gene Bertoneini, guitar, et al. The title tune is the first recording of an old but hitherto unknown Johnny Mercer lyric. Credit King with infallible taste in material: Rodgers, Gershwin, Arlen, and her own collaboration with Dick Hyman, "I Always Think It's Love." For those who like their pop/jazz songs on the easy side, an agreeable set. 3½ stars. □

JAZZ REVIEW

HORACE SILVER SHOWS STERLING FORM

By LEONARD FEATHER

Horace Silver has a secret, one that he has guarded throughout his career. He has at his disposal the same seven white and five black keys that are found in every other pianist's scale, yet somehow he produces from them compositions that have their own charm and, often as not, their own instantly recognizable character.



Horace Silver

Tuesday evening Silver opened at the aptly named Silver Screen Room of the Sunset Hyatt, for an unusually long run, through next Wednesday (off Monday). He follows the same pattern he has used from the start: The theme is played by trumpet and tenor sax, mostly in unison with occasional splashes of

harmony; the soloists then take turns, with Silver usually last, leading to a repeat of the melody.

That this simple formula works so well reflects not only the unique quality of his writing, but the overall strength of the group. Man for man, this is as gifted a quintet as he has led in years.

Brian Lynch, on trumpet and fluegelhorn, had some spectacular moments, especially in the blues-and-gospel-tinged "I Don't Know What I'm Gonna Do." Ralph Moore has a full, bold tenor sax sound but never gets carried away with himself. Bob Maize is one of the most inventive bassists now in circulation, and drummer Carl Burnett integrates himself deftly into every arrangement.

Silver at the keyboard remains a master of horn-like, single-note lines, using right-hand chords only occasionally for contrast, or for a special funk effect. Though he has written lyrics to most of his recent compositions, they work at least as well instrumentally. Particularly

moving were "Brother Handy," one of a series honoring black composers of yesteryear, and "My Spirit's With You," from an orchestral work he was commissioned to write as a tribute to Duke Ellington.

The long set (almost two hours) ended with one of his early pieces, the relentlessly racing "Nutville," with Silver's notes raining down like a shower of hailstones, his tense articulation as potent as ever.

For anyone who believes in the values of acoustic small-group jazz, the Silver Screen Room and Horace Silver are the place and the name to bear in mind this week.

7/12/84

SCHEDULE FOR OLYMPIC JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Final arrangements of the schedule for the Olympic Jazz Festival have been announced by the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee. The event will be held Aug. 2, 3 and 4 at 8 p.m. and Aug. 5 at 2 p.m. at the John Anson Ford Theatre.

Produced and directed by Tommy Vig, with Chuck Niles of KKGQ as creative consultant, the festival will have Willis Conover, longtime jazz broadcaster for the Voice of America, as master of ceremonies.

An all-star orchestra will appear every night under Vig's direction, playing new compositions commissioned for the occasion. All the works have appropriate titles, such as Bill Holman's "The Five Rings" and Vig's "Olympian Cymbals," both to be heard on the opening night. Other participants Aug. 2 will be saxophonist Benny Carter, who will also introduce a new piece; trumpeter Terumasa Hino and Mia, a singer who will represent South Korea, host of the 1988 Games.

The Aug. 3 program will showcase new compositions by Gerald Wilson, Thad Jones and others; guest soloists Moe Koffman from Canada, Louis Bellson and James Newton, and singer Sue Raney.

The Aug. 4 schedule includes a "Trombolympic Suite" by Chick Sponder. Bassist Charlie Haden, German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff and pianist Milcho Leviev from Bulgaria will also introduce major commissioned works. The singer will be Jimmy Witherspoon.

The closing program Aug. 5, maintaining the international flavor, will present trumpeter James Morrison of Australia, saxophonist Arne Domnerus from Sweden and Los Angeles' own John Carter on clarinet, with Bobby Bradford on trumpet. Mangelsdorff and Bellson will reappear and Big Joe Turner will sing the blues. The finale will be a jazz/blues interpretation of the

Johann Strauss "You and You" waltz, in the guise of an international jam session. Tickets are still available; call 480-3232.

Vig and the orchestra will be making a trial appearance Saturday at One for L.A., the club on Cahuenga Boulevard in Studio City.

of the argument that musicians making their living in the studios lose either their inspiration or inclination when it comes to playing jazz. Whether sultry and sensuous or frenzied and ferocious, he brings to every tune a sense of constant invention, pinpoint phrasing and a full, perfectly controlled sound.

Pianist Michael Melvoin clearly enjoyed proving that the presidency of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences does not prevent him from maintaining his stature as an active and creative jazz soloist. He was well supported by bassist Jim Hughart and drummer Ralph Humphrey.

Christlieb's vocal discovery, Yvette Stewart, is that rarity, a young singer who has jazz roots (a touch of Dinah Washington?), good taste in tunes (Blossom Dearie's "Hey John") and plenty, plenty of soul ("Teach Me Tonight"). Christlieb will be at Dino's in Pasadena Thursday and Friday.

CHRISTLIEB QUARTET

Pete Christlieb, whose quartet played at Carmelo's Friday, offers a powerful refutation

7/16 - LEONARD FEATHER

JAZZ AND POP MUSIC REVIEWS

GHOST OF SHOWS PAST IN BOWL SERIES

By LEONARD FEATHER

What in the name of jazz is going on here? Rosemary Clooney singing "Come On-a My House" and "Goody Goody"? A trumpet player imitating Harry James' saccharin 43-year-old solo on "You Made Me Love You"? In the first concert of a major series called "Jazz at the Bowl"?

If there's anything the music world doesn't need, it's another ghost band. Yet that's what we have with the James band, with Joe Graves handling the horn parts.

As this oddly conceived show got under way Wednesday evening, the first three numbers were "Don't Be That Way," "Tuxedo Junction" and "Shiny Stockings." Thus we had Graves' impression of James' impression of Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Count Basie.

When the band got around to actual James material, with a couple of vocals by Cheryl Morris (who is *no* Helen Forrest), the show wasn't any better. It was still, for the most part, dreary, spiritless and above all unoriginal. Why must we continue to insult the memory of artists who, in their heyday, made a real contribution to popular music or jazz?

When the Buddy Rich band took over, the sense of uplift was immediate. The leader's energy is as powerful at 67 as it was when he launched his first band in 1946. Though the band has no distinct personality in terms of the arrangements, there was enough superior writing and playing to sustain interest. The sax soli chorus on "In a Mellowtone," the ingenious variations on "One O'Clock Jump," and the alto sax showcased on "God Bless the Child" made up for the arid spots.

Rich identified no soloists, tunes, composers or arrangers. Aside from the featured billing for tenor player Steve Marcus, we were told nothing. The concluding drum solo drew a deserved standing ovation.

Except for the aberrations noted above, Clooney's set was agreeable. All those albums backed by small combos seemed to have loosened her up. Though still not a jazz singer, she is a first-rate interpreter when the material is right.

Her long Duke Ellington medley was notable for two little-known

tunes—"Blue Rose" (the wordless title song of an album she recorded with Ellington) and "Grieving," with the seldom heard Billy Strayhorn lyrics. Best of all was the lovely Melissa Manchester-Carol Bayer Sager ballad "Come in From the Rain." Clooney was backed by the Rich band, with her own pianist-arranger John Oddo.

Attendance was a somewhat slack 10,421. Next in the series, Aug. 15, will be Oscar Peterson & Milt Jackson and the L.A. Four.

JAZZ

7-22

MUNDELL LOWE WEARS MANY HATS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Adaptability is at once a help and a handicap in the establishment of a musical reputation. The case of Mundell Lowe illustrates that multiple, overlapping careers can bring high esteem among one's peers along with a low profile in terms of mass recognition.

In order to validate Lowe's credentials you could consult Woody Allen, for whose film "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" he composed the score; or Tom Laughlin, the producer/director/star of "Billy Jack," with which he was involved as composer/arranger/conductor. If further checking were required, good sources would be Peggy Lee (he worked with her both as guitarist and as producer of her Emmy-nominated TV special); Sammy Davis Jr., Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Shore or Carmen McRae, for all of whom he arranged and conducted albums; Merv Griffin, on whose show he was the staff guitarist for six years; or Charles Champlin, who hosted the "Home-wood" series on KCET for which Lowe was musical director.

More recently Lowe has worn other hats: in education, as teacher of a film composing class at the

Dick Grove School in Studio City; and, in talent scouting, as music director for the Monterey Jazz Festival, an assignment he took over last year when John Lewis, busy with his Modern Jazz Quartet, relinquished the job after 20 years. The next festival, set for Sept. 14-16, will be the first on which Lowe has been involved in the planning from the start. This is the world's oldest continuous jazz festival in one city, an annual cynosure for the faithful since 1958. Producer Jimmy Lyons has established it so solidly that the five concerts in the 7,000-capacity fairgrounds were sold out three months in advance. It is Lowe's guess that 75% of the same audience re-books and returns every year.

Those who missed the boat this time can take heart: Ground admission tickets, still available, will offer a cross section of talent (including some artists doubling from the main stage) at the Garden Stage and the Night Club, both smaller areas in the fairgrounds that were established to give solace to the overflow.

"That was an idea Jimmy and I took to the board of directors last year," says Lowe, "to provide everyone with some alternative en-

tertainment."

The chief complaint lodged against Monterey is that its success and consequent complacency have given it a conservative image, with many of the same artists appearing almost every year, and with little or no recognition of newer directions in jazz.

Lowe tends to agree. "Last year was better than it had been for a long time; at least we had Wynton Marsalis and Jon Faddis. But we're gearing now toward a whole drive that will help bring in young people. Of course, we've had the high school jazz competition winners for 14 years at the Sunday matinee, but I'm talking about adding some great new pros, at the evening concerts and the Saturday blues afternoon."

Johnny Otis, who organized a superb blues show in 1970, will be back this year with a lineup that promises to align authenticity with innovation. Along with some of his early discoveries such as Esther Phillips and Etta James, Otis will introduce Kathy Carlisle, 19. "She's a wonderful little blues singer," says Lowe. "Her father is the guitarist Thumbs Carlisle." Otis will also make the world aware of John Chrisley, a jazz harmonica player, age 14. Another promising youngster, percussionist Eric Bobo, 16, son of the late Willie Bobo, will be a guest with Tito Puente's Latin band.

Bobby McFerrin, the unique vocal gymnast who dispenses with words, will attempt to duplicate his 1983 triumph. At the other end of the generation gap will be Billy Eckstine, who hit the 70 mark on July 8.

"One thing that has been wrong with the festival in the past, and which is being corrected," said Lowe, "is the use of people from other countries who play all kinds of strange music. Sure, there are some great jazzmen overseas, but that group from the Philippines that came over in '82 couldn't have been there for musical reasons. Nor do we need somebody from Yugoslavia or Sweden if he's just copying the Americans."

7/15/89

NEED A FESTIVAL? LET GEORGE DO IT

By LEONARD FEATHER

George Wein, who at this point might enter the dictionary as a synonym for jazz festival, left New York a few days ago, headed for Nice, where the annual *Grande Parade du Jazz* is under way.

Behind him were half a dozen Kool Jazz Festivals, the Playboy festivities in Los Angeles, the perennial New Orleans gala, and other events that involved him directly or indirectly. Ahead are the Great Olympic Jazz Marathon July 23 at the Hollywood Bowl (followed by several other "Jazz at the Bowl" events under his guidance), Kool festivals in six more cities, and dozens of convocations all over Europe for which the promoter will sublease some of the hundred-plus American musicians he has exported. From Europe he heads for Madarao, a somewhat remote ski resort in the north of Japan, where the faithful will be entertained by the likes of B. B. King, Illinois Jacquet, Freddie Hubbard, Spyro Gyra and Gary Burton.

These details merely scratch the surface of Wein's plans for the coming months. Always resourceful in securing subsidies and sponsors, he will present three European festivals under the sponsorship of JVC, a Japanese company. The *Grande Parade*, as always, is financially aided by the city itself.

"I don't know why," Wein said, "but every festival this year is doing better than last year. New York was 10% ahead of 1983. Miles Davis' concert was received and reviewed like a religious revelation. With more than 40 events in venues all over town, we had probably the greatest musical cross

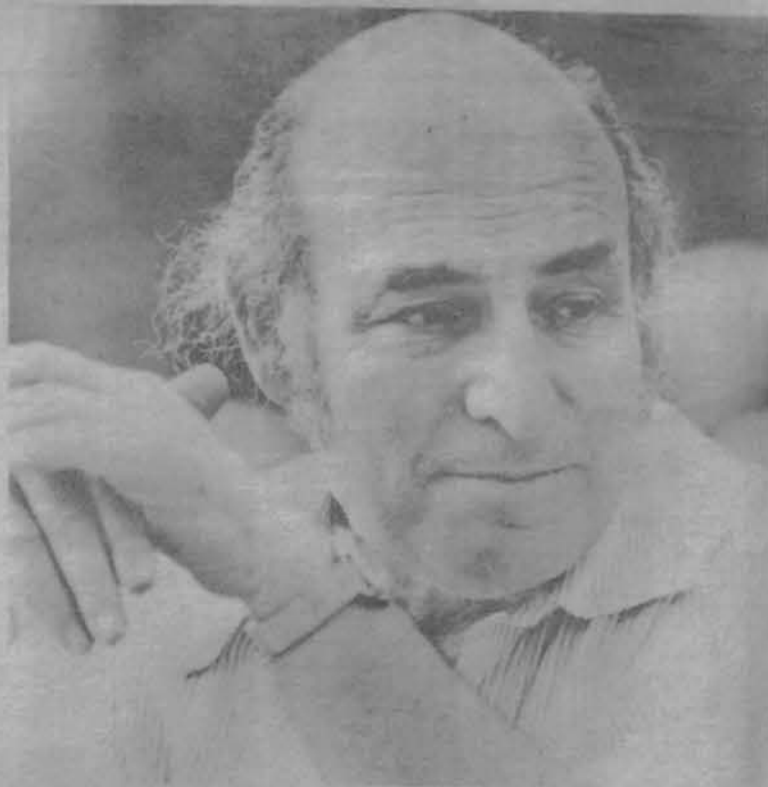
section ever. For example, we presented the minimalist composer Philip Glass and his ensemble; they communicated so well that I feel they opened up new vistas for the festival."

A presentation as long and broad as New York's leaves unlimited leeway. At the other extremity, how does one present a festival concentrated into a single day? Analyzing his choices for the Olympic marathon, Wein conceded that "it's kind of a mixed bag, but that's the name of the game. You've got Wynton Marsalis, who'll play some great music with young artists; you have the Crusaders, who are still a big draw and will get the younger people interested.

"Bob James played to a capacity house the other night at the Avery Fisher Hall. I don't listen to that kind of music much, except to see how it fits into my festivals, and I know Bob's records have been very soupy at times, but he's getting into more of a jazz feeling for my concerts, and his band today is really swinging in the electronic fusion way.

"Free Flight, of course, is a different kind of fusion; their use of classical and jazz elements is acceptable to a wide audience."

Rounding out the six hours at the Hollywood Bowl will be Joe Williams, reunited again with the Count Basie orchestra. Reaction to the band since the leader's death has been generally favorable, with saxophonist Eric Dixon conducting, and some of the better, long-neglected arrangements disinterred from the library. The pianist is Tee Carson, who subbed for Basie often



George Wein, always busy setting up concerts, says, "I don't know how many people like jazz, but they sure like festivals."

during the past year.

The main problem that now confronts not just the festival promoter, but the entire jazz scene, is the need to discover new, exciting, youthful artists who can become tomorrow's headliners. Undimmed though their talents may be, many of today's long established box office draws are not going to be around forever.

During the last three years, these needs have been met only by a handful of newcomers, most notably Wynton Marsalis, his brother Branford, the French pianist Michel Petrucciani, the Japanese pianist Makoto Ozone. All are between 21 and 23. Of the four, only Wynton Marsalis is an established box-office draw.

Wein feels that while some of the critics have been very helpful to him in New York, others are falling down on the job of helping establish newcomers. "We have two or three guys here who are dedicated to the Anthony Braxtons and David Murrys, and they spend a lot of time on them, but the public simply isn't interested in them. No matter how much they're written about, they can't draw any people." (Braxton, 39, and Murray, 29, are saxophon-

ist/composers; Murray is a member of the unique World Saxophone Quartet.) "Why didn't they do an article on Bireli Lagrene? They really missed the boat on him."

Lagrene was one of the two principal surprises at the New York festival—both, coincidentally, guitarists. Lagrene, 18, lives in Alsace Lorraine, where he has long been a source of local wonderment. (Readers may judge for themselves on "Routes to Django" (Antilles 1002) and "15" (Antilles 1009).) According to Wein, "He shows that you can be totally creative and totally exciting in a style that is 50 years old. His playing reminds you of Django Reinhardt, but he doesn't copy him. He is totally free in his improvisation, using the harmonies of the classic jazzman.

"Lagrene is incredible. Tears came to my eyes as I saw a kid up there, at Carnegie Hall, without an amp, using just a bass and a second guitarist, swinging that hall until the people roared and cheered."

The critics also failed to prepare the public for Stanley Jordan, 24, from Milwaukee. Auditioning in Wein's office, he had to play only one tune to convince him that he belonged in the festival. In a solo

set, says Wein, "he played two guitar lines simultaneously, with a fullness you'd normally expect only from a piano.

"Of course, I want to broaden the audiences for discoveries like Lagrene and Jordan. I expect to bring Lagrene to next year's Playboy Festival."

Coupled with the difficulties in finding young artists and new directions that will have a broad appeal, Wein has a uphill fight convincing some communities that his festivals serve a useful purpose.

"It isn't like a rock festival, where you can gross a couple of million. You can walk down the street and find anybody with some cash who'll be happy to invest in that. But it's a lot easier now for jazz than it used to be."

Drawing 15,000 people to the Hollywood Bowl does not constitute drawing 15,000 jazz fans. Laughing, Wein observed: "I don't know how many people like jazz, but they sure like festivals. Anyhow, once you've drawn them in, you can expose them to some great music. We need good straight-ahead groups and the best fusion groups. Fusion bands are a vital part of any festival that's looking to draw sizable crowds; they add excitement, enable people to have a good time, and the bottom line is, that's what most of the audience is looking for."

The time-consuming operation of Wein's ever growing business empire has not reduced his direct emotional involvement with music. On the contrary, he has been feeling the urge to become more involved next year as a piano-playing participant.

"I worked a few jobs a while back with the best band I've ever put together: Warren Vache on cornet, Scott Hamilton on tenor sax, Norris Turney on alto, Slam Stewart on bass, and Oliver Jackson on drums. For the first time, I feel my group can hold its own on merit, instead of just being thrown in as an extra."

The personnel of Wein's combo reflects his basic taste. He leans toward the mainstream, though he has never allowed this predilection to interfere with the complex and wide-ranging selection process that has given work to countless musicians of every stripe.

If business has improved as much as he claims, more power to him; but the danger of derelictions from the front ranks, and the search for potentially seminal newcomers who may populate festivals in the distant future, has to be borne in mind constantly.

A glance at the program for Wein's first promotion (I brought it home from Newport, R.I., in July, 1954) provides a melancholy reminder: Heard from during those two days were Eddie Condon, Pee Wee Russell, Bobby Hackett, Lee Wiley, Gene Krupa, Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Lennie Tristano and, as host, Stan Kenton. Most were nonpareil irreplaceables, as are more of today's headliners than we may pause to realize. The search must go on. □

Also ruled out are rock and fusion. "I have problems with fusion; it's a halfway house between rock and jazz. Why put it under the banner of jazz?"

The music that arouses Lowe's strongest indignation is the avant-garde genre typified by Sun Ra, recently hailed by one critic as a "poet/prophet/keyboardist/composer/bandleader" and just elected to Down Beat's Hall of Fame (while Sarah Vaughan, Oscar Peterson and Gil Evans wait on the sidelines).

"I just heard one of Sun Ra's albums," said Lowe, "and I find it hard to believe the acclaim he has

CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES

CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES



CON KEVRES / Los Angeles Times

Mundell Lowe: Still "in the market for new people, fresh ideas."

been receiving. This is doing young musicians a great disservice by giving them a terribly distorted impression of what jazz is all about. What is the use of teaching students the difference between right and wrong when they are being told this is great music?"

Obviously Sun Ra's chances of appearing at Monterey are remote; however, artists who unquestionably represent today's music will be heard in September. Among them is Dr. Denny Zeitlin, the respected psychiatrist who, as pianist and composer, maintains his dual career with experimental recitals in the Bay Area; Charlie Haden, the award-winning bassist and winner of a recent Record of the Year award, who will play in Zeitlin's trio; and Maiden Voyage, the exceptionally gifted orchestra led by saxophonist Ann Patterson. "We've never had a ladies' band,"

said Lowe, "and this certainly is the one."

The Monterey debuts of these

young and/or experimental artists will not necessitate the elimination of previous visitors, including some long-familiar faces. Lionel Hampton, Ernestine Anderson and Richie Cole (joined by Janis Siegel of Manhattan Transfer) will be back. Clark Terry, Bill Berry, Full Swing and Transit West, Lowe's own group, will also play return dates. The house rhythm section this year will comprise Lowe; Hank Jones, piano; bassist George Duvivier, and drummer Shelly Manne (who will also play a set with his own trio).

With the Monterey plans firmly set, Lowe has begun to concentrate on reorganizing the other facets of his variegated career, which dates back to the last years of the Swing Era. Mississippi born, raised in New Orleans, he moved through the Manhattan jazz ranks, putting in two years at the legendary Cafe Society. As he recalls, "I was the only white guy in the band, which was a lot of fun for me, because if I had tried to do that in New Orleans in those days, some big, fat, red-neck sheriff would have stomped in and thrown me out." Later there were jobs with Red Norvo, Billy Taylor and, for eight years, the NBC staff orchestra. He moved to California in 1967.

Lowe has a sentimental attachment for Monterey. Not only has he played there every year since 1970, but in 1975 he and singer Betty Bennett were married the day before the festival, in true Steinbeck style, in Doc Ricketts' Lab on Cannery Row.

For the past couple of years

Lowe's film and TV work has been in limbo, neither for lack of talent nor because he wanted it that way.

"When I first came out here, I went to work at Screen Gems on a series called 'Love on a Rooftop.' I racked up a lot of fine TV and film credits, but in those days there was an unwritten law in the studios that the composers didn't play, so I hardly got to touch my guitar for six years. Finally I decided I couldn't live that way any more; I went back to playing with Peggy Lee.

"Right now, ideally, I'd like to have a 50-50 situation, between writing and playing; but a very strange thing happened a few years ago during the musicians' strike. Everything shifted, and after the strike ended, a lot of players and writers never got back into the

chairs they'd had before. So it's almost like starting over for me. The 'Strike Force' series for ABC-TV was the most recent thing I did.

"I don't want to get back into that grind of scoring music week after week; it's too emotionally draining. I'd just like to write for two or three good films a year, and maybe a few television episodes."

Meanwhile, Lowe already has his ears open for Monterey 1985. "I still get calls at all hours—I have this great band, can I send you a tape? And I want it that way. I go over everything with Jimmy Lyons and make suggestions.

"I want people to know that we're really in the market for new people, fresh ideas. I'll continue to welcome those phone calls—but please, not in the middle of the night." □

7/22

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ FINDS NO SUMMIT

By LEONARD FEATHER

The jazz component of the Olympic Arts Festival is far from the summit meeting it might have been.

While Joe Williams, Wynton Marsalis, Shelly Manne, Charlie Haden and Tommy Vig will be there, the festival has failed to include such renowned artists as Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, Ella Fitzgerald, Woody Herman, Oscar Peterson and Sarah Vaughan.

They are among the dozens of internationally celebrated figures who might have been expected to represent, in this eventful period, what has often been called America's one truly indigenous art form.

The fact is that out of scores of concerts, recitals and presentations scheduled before or during the Games, jazz will be offered only at Monday's Great Olympic Jazz Marathon at the Hollywood Bowl and at the four-day Olympic Jazz Festival at the John Anson Ford Theatre Aug. 2-5.

The short shrift that has been accorded to jazz by the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee comes into sharper focus if one examines the treatment of other branches of music.

COMMENTARY



AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

On March 19, Leonard Feather and Oscar Peterson were awarded Honorary Doctor of Music degrees during the 1984 Commencement Ceremonies at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Feather also gave the commencement address to the students. Ed.

JOE WILLIAMS has been set to tape a one-hour documentary for TV, and possibly for more general use. Entitled *Reminiscing in Tempo with Joe Williams*, it is produced by Don McGlynn, who was responsible for the highly successful film on Art Pepper. This reporter is participating in the writing of the script and interviewing Williams, who will perform songs recalling various stages of his career. The film is being shot at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks. Harold R Udkoff, a businessman and jazz-fan, is the executive producer. ■ Wynton Marsalis will join forces with Sarah Vaughan for the first time when they perform in this summer's 'Evening at the Pops' series featuring John Williams and the Boston Pops Orchestra. Set for July 9, the program will include Marsalis in a solo performance of Haydn's *Trumpet Concerto in Eb*. Vaughan will sing jazz classics and will join Marsalis in *September Song*.

■ Following in the footsteps of Carly Simon and Linda Ronstadt, another leading pop star has moved into an area unprecedented for him. Barry Manilow, for the last album under his contract with Arista Records, decided to assemble an all-star jazz group to record a set of his original tunes, in an LP entitled *PARADISE CAFE 2 A.M.*

Manilow hired guitarist Mundell Lowe to suggest the musicians for the date. They were Gerry Mulligan, Bill Mays, George Duvivier and Shelly Manne. One of the tunes features a Manilow melody set to a previously undiscovered Johnny Mercer lyric, *When October Dies*.

Two other singers joined Manilow for duet tracks: Mel Torme in *Big City Blues* and Sarah Vaughan in *Blue*. According to Manilow, 'My first love has always been jazz. Recording this album is the highlight of my career.'

■ An hour-long special made for the Public Broadcasting Service, *Stephane Grappelli in New Orleans*, will be aired July 8. The 76-year-old violin virtuoso taped the show before a live audience in

an intimate cabaret setting. His accompanists were Martin Taylor (electric guitar), Marc Fossett (acoustic guitar) and Patrice Caratine (bass).

■ Third-stream pianist Ran Blake, chairman of the Department of Third Stream Studies at the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, is taking time out this summer to tour Europe and the US. The tours will be a promotional tie-in with his latest Soulnote album, *SUFFIELD GOTHIC*, on which he is featured with tenor saxophonist Houston Person. After appearances in France, Spain and Switzerland, he has two dates in Los Angeles, July 20-21, as well as a live national public radio show from Chicago on July 15.

■ Fostina Dixon, the virtuoso saxophonist, clarinetist, composer and singer, formed her own group recently. Known as *Winds of Change*, it has played in New York with Bertha Hope (piano/vocal), Pam Patrick (percussion/vocal), Ed Cherry Jr (guitar), Kevin Harris (bass) and Lewis Nash (drums).

■ Despite stories of declining business in many jazz nightclubs, one Los Angeles room is defying the trend by expanding its policy. The intimate room known as The Room Upstairs at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks, which has been featuring live jazz

(mostly vocal) three nights a week for the past couple of years, started a five-nights-a-week policy June 14 with singer Estelle Reiner. The new schedule will call for music every Tuesday (the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band will perform weekly for three months beginning June 19) and Wednesday (Margie Gibson and her trio, June 20 through late August). Others set for summer dates are Dave Frishberg (every weekend starting July 6); Jane Harvey, the one-time Benny Goodman vocalist now making a much-praised comeback; Sue Raney with the Bob Florence trio; and Helen Merrill, playing her first California date in several years. ■ Drummer Bob Moses has been appointed to the Jazz Faculties Study at Boston's New England Conservatory. He is also working on a drum instruction book.

■ Pianist Tete Montoliu made a rare visit to California in May, his first in four years, playing a series of club and concert dates with bassist John Heard and drummer Sherman Ferguson.

The Jazz Doctor

 **Intermission Riff**



"Coke-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.

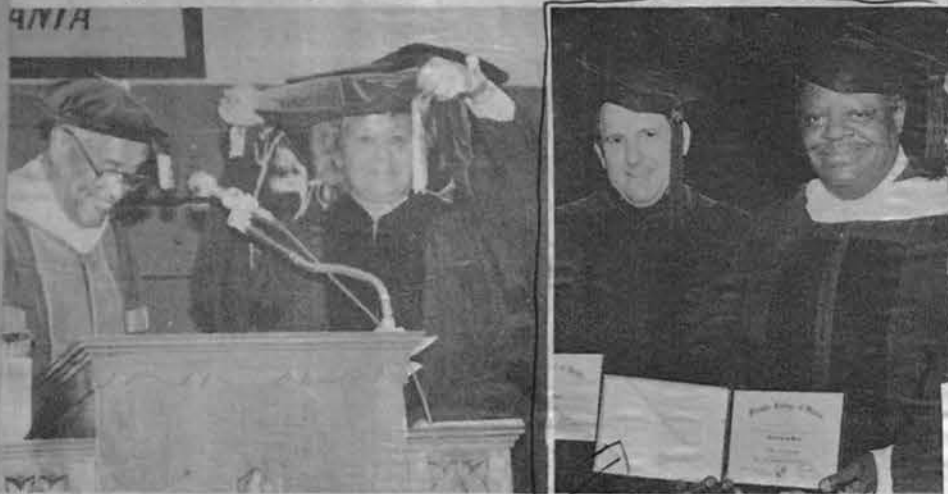
JET



■ **Doctorate For Diana:** Superstar Diana Ross, who refused to let an eye infection put a damper on the occasion, happily receives an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters from University of Nevada officials during recent commencement exercises in Las Vegas. Her left eye was reportedly injured when glue she was using on her fingernails splattered in her face. Wearing a patch over the eye, the entertainer arrived in a limousine shortly before the presentation and departed immediately. Ms. Ross received the honor because she agreed to stand in for an ailing Sammy Davis Jr. at UNLV fund raiser last year.

■ **Artists Honored:** Katherine Dunham, world renowned dancer and actress proudly receives her hood signifying an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree, as Lincoln (Pa.) University President Dr. Herman R. Branson (l) reads a list of her accomplishments during graduation recently. At right, jazz luminary Oscar Peterson is congratulated by music critic Leonard Feather, who also received an Honorary Doctor of Music, during investiture services at the Boston campus.

4/1/18



24

They, quite changed (Smiles)

ORKESTER JOURNALEN MÅN 1948



Burns — låter bedagad numera.

sik med mer eller mindre konstmusikaliska pretentioner — något som lite senare kom att få beteckningen "third stream", en slags fusion mellan jazz och klassiskt. Någonstans i den sfären ryms musiken på denna skivas första sida, eller rymdes för i dag låter somligt som hämtat ur ljudbandet på en Åsa Nisse-film. Andra delen av *Free forms*, t ex — man riktigt ser hur Eulalia II dansar fram längs stengårdsgårdar och diken på en solig men ack så svartvit smålandsväg . . .

Lite elakt sagt, måhända. Men musiken är i långa stycken överarbetad och i än längre stycken direkt trist: det låter som något man kan höra i en restauranghögtalare och som man knappt lägger märke till. Burns eget cocktailparty förstärker det intrycket. I fyra av "satserna" dyker Lee Konitz upp som gästsolist och då — endast då — glimtar det till. Plötsligt finns där en levande människa. Men han har så mycket emot sig ibland, att han nästan inte lyckas tränga fram.

Baksidan är mer jazzmusikaliskt orienterad med olika solister i varje del. *Winter sequence* är för övrigt frukten av ett samarbete mellan Burns och Leonard Feather, som också medverkar som dirigent. Nu är det inga stråkar längre utan mer "västkustjazz" som pendlar mellan schmaltz och robust swing. Men soloinsatserna är ojämna och musiken blir sällan intressant. Och det skrivna känns stundom oerhört bedagat.

Det här var ursprungligen två 25-centimeters LP på Clef respektive MGM. Jag tycker att det är en överloppsgärning att återutge alltihop: ett par spår med Konitz hade platsat i ett samlingsalbum, kanske tillsammans med någon av delarna på sid två, Windings solonummer t ex eller Pettifords. Om ens det . . . (Lars Westin)

FREE FORMS & WINTER SEQUENCES

Ralph Burns

Free forms (Places please/Terresita/Tantation/Vignette at Verneys/Cameo/Li-lieth/Someday somewhere/Spring is) — Winter sequence (Dasher/Dancer/Prancer/Vixen/Comet/Cupid/Donner/Blitzen)

(Raretone 5017-FC/Forsythe)

Nr 1: Tony Miranda frh, Danny Bank fl, Lee Konitz as (i fyra delar), Burns comp arr p, Ray Brown b, Jo Jones dr, fyra violiner, en viola, bcl, oboe, fagott. Insp. i New York, 7 augusti 1951.

Nr 2: Joe Wilder tp, Kai Winding tb, Jimmy Buffington frh, Bill Barber tu, Herbie Mann fl, Vinnie Dean piccolo-fl as, Ralph Burns p comp arr, Billy Bauer g, Oscar Pettiford b cello, Osie Johnson dr, Leonard Feather dir. Insp. i New York, september 1954.

Ralph Burns kom som 19-åring till Charlie Barnets orkester 1941 och hamnade några år senare hos Woody Herman. Där skrev han bl a *Early autumn*, som vi brukade höra i svensk radio som signatur till Claes Dahlgrens jazzglimtar från New York. Det var 1948, och sedan dess har Burns mestadels befunnit sig i jazzens utmarker eller, än oftare, på helt andra musikaliska fält. Det har handlat om film- och TV-musik, sångbakgrunder och slikt. Med luftbublorna efter den sjunkande storbandsskutan kom det åren kring 1950 upp en hel del mu-



Trumpeter Wynton Marsalis during solo at Olympic Jazz Marathon.

JAZZ REVIEW

AN 'OLYMPIC MARATHON':
SOME RUN AND SOME WALK

By LEONARD FEATHER

Putting all his Olympic eggs in one Bowl, producer George Wein assembled what was billed Monday as "The Great Olympic Jazz Marathon." Of these five words, the first and third were incontestable; the fifth qualified if you consider a marathon complete in 5½ hours. (Only the Playboy concerts, running three hours longer, can claim true marathon status.)

This leaves us with great and jazz, both of which were only intermittently applicable, though the 12,098 fans at the Hollywood Bowl seemed satisfied with much of what they heard.

The first half of the program moved slowly. Free Flight, once an exciting classical/jazz fusion quartet, has made a new flight into a

rock-fusion bag, devoted mainly to original pieces by the pianist, Mike Garson. True, toward the end the quartet played a movement from a Prokofiev sonata, converted into rock rather than jazz. But Jim Walker, still a principal flutist with the L.A. Philharmonic, has developed into a confident jazz soloist.

Wynton Marsalis' quintet went over the heads, and voices, of the audience. It was still daylight, and in the box area he had to compete with chattering, chicken and wine. His six-tune set included three pop standards, with his own muted horn and brother Branford Marsalis on soprano sax in an elegant "Lazy Afternoon."

Bob James led an 11-man group through a fusion set that hit the crowd like a thunderbolt, with Harvey Mason playing electronic

drums and Gary King, on electric bass, suddenly scatting a Charlie Parker blues. A piano-flute duet by James and Alexander Conjic provided a welcome, mature interlude.

At 9 p.m., three hours into the show, the Count Basie Orchestra appeared. The train has kept on rolling though the engine has gone, by now the tracks are so evenly laid out that locomotion seems automatic.

With saxophonist Eric Dixon in charge, there have even been improvements. Long neglected works such as "Blues in Hoss' Flat" and "You Got It," both by Frank Foster, have been brought back into the library.

This is no ghost band, but essentially the same ensemble that played at the Palladium last March.

Please see BOWL, Page 5

LOS ANGELES 1984



ARTS
FESTIVAL



with the Count Basie Orchestra at Hollywood Bowl.

THON

battle (Dixon and Ken- on "Jumpin' at the " recapturing the loose, us joy of the early Basie

g the Crusaders to follow Joe Williams was a big Worst of all was the during their 75 minutes, great trumpeter Harry Edison. Instead of play- he Basie band, in which ey figure for many years, saddled with the inept pianist Joe Sample, who away from this brand of long that he didn't even right changes to "Memo- u," the only tune Edison

aders also had a vocal- Williams, about whom s were notable: Her dress tive, and she should have first song a quarter tone

Berklee College of Music

ALUMNI NEWS

Volume 15 No. 5 1984 Published Bi-Monthly, except August Circ: 13,000

A Publication of the Berklee College of Music Alumni Association

Leonard Feather and Oscar Peterson Are Honored at Commencement

Celebrated music critic and jazz authority Leonard Feather and internationally renowned pianist Oscar Peterson were awarded the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music by President Lee Eliot Berk at Commencement Ceremonies held on May 19 at the Berklee Performance Center.

In delivering the Commencement Address, Feather reminded the 434 members of the 1984 graduating class that artistic success is not necessarily achieved in direct proportion to one's education anymore than commercial success necessarily reflects musical accomplishments. Feather pointed out that two of the greatest jazz artists of all time — Duke Ellington and Count Basie — were basically self-taught musicians.

"Michael Jackson may sell 33 million records," Feather continued, "but that doesn't make him 33,000 times more important than **Branford Marsalis** ('80), **Toshiko Akiyoshi** ('57), **Joe Zawinul** ('57), **Alan Broadbent** ('69), **Gary Burton** ('68) or any of the other truly significant artists of our time... It is the artist's duty not to concentrate on mass sales and not to take too seriously the advice of all critics, many of whom may be musical idiots."

Feather was introduced by Dean Richard Bobbitt as having "earned distinction in almost



President Lee Eliot Berk (center) is shown with Honorary Doctorate recipients Leonard Feather (left) and Oscar Peterson after Commencement Ceremonies at the Performance Center.

every area of the jazz world — as author and educator, as instrumentalist, composer and lyricist, as concert and record producer, and as television and radio producer."

Universally recognized as "The World's Number One Jazz Critic," Feather is the author of a weekly column appearing in more than 350 newspapers around the globe. He has written numerous books, including the definitive *Encyclopedia of Jazz* series, and his liner notes for the

landmark album *The Ellington Era* earned him a Grammy award in 1964.

An accomplished pianist, Feather has performed on recordings with Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, and B.B. King, among others. He has also written hundreds of compositions, including "Signing Off," recorded by Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald and George Shearing, and "How Blue Can You Get?," one of B.B. King's biggest hits.

Oscar Peterson, hailed by President Berk as a world-class piano virtuoso "whose performance demeanor blends thoughtfulness and elegance with a genuine concern for his audience," echoed Feather as he warned the graduates against "selling out for economical ends, because you sell out yourself creatively."

"Be an individual," Peterson said. "Don't be a 'mass thinker.' Within each individual lies the hope of this particular world."

A 1975 Grammy winner for his acclaimed LP *The Trio*, the versatile Peterson has hosted a popular award-winning jazz TV program in his native Canada and is the recipient of the coveted Medal of Service of the Order of Canada and Toronto Civic Medal.

Winner of numerous *down beat* and *Playboy* Polls, Peterson frequently participates in lectures and seminars at leading colleges and universities throughout the world.

The annual Commencement Concert on May 18 at the Performance Center spotlighted the music of Feather and Peterson and featured the Berklee Jazz/Rock Ensemble and the Berklee Jazz Choir as well as a trio led by senior pianist Cyrus Chestnut, of Jarrettsville, MD, recipient of an Oscar Peterson Scholarship Award.

Warrick Carter Named Dean of Faculty

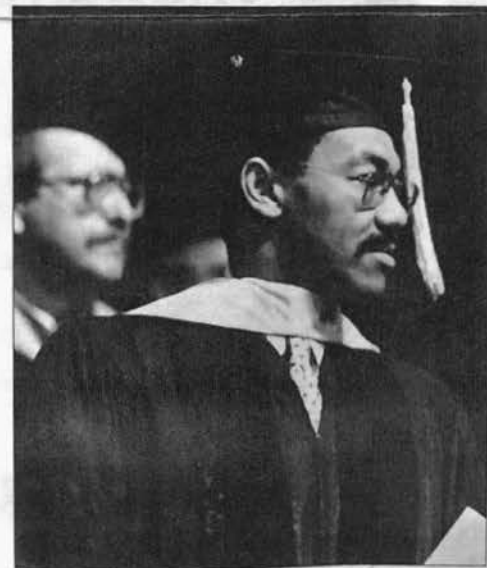
Dr. Warrick L. Carter, Chairman of the Division of Fine and Performing Arts of Governors State University in Park Forest South, IL, has been named to the new position of Dean of Faculty at Berklee, effective August 6, as announced by President Lee Eliot Berk.

Co-Chairman of the Jazz Advisory Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts and outgoing President of the National Association of Jazz Educators, Dr. Carter is an accomplished jazz composer and percussionist who has performed with such major figures as Billy Taylor, Donald Byrd and Clark Terry.

As the chief administrative officer for faculty affairs, Dr. Carter will be responsible for maintaining the quality of instruction at the College.

His duties will include coordinating faculty recruiting and appointments, balancing instructional needs with faculty capabilities and needs, and maintaining a familiarity with and concern for all aspects of faculty life.

Dr. Carter will also chair or serve on various administrative and faculty committees as well as advise President Berk on faculty personnel policies.



Dr. Warrick L. Carter (right) at Commencement, where he was introduced to the Berklee Community by Dean Richard Bobbitt.

JAZZ REVIEW

BRANFORD MARSALIS QUARTET BOWS

By LEONARD FEATHER

This is my very, very first performance with my own quartet, so I hope you will make allowances."

With these words, Branford Marsalis introduced himself Tuesday, the first of his two nights at Concerts by the Sea. No allowances were needed; in fact, there was a striking contrast between this performance and his gig the previous night at Hollywood Bowl.

There he had been a sideman in his brother Wynton's quintet, playing for a vast and inattentive

audience. But at Howard Rumsey's Redondo Beach rendezvous, the conditions were just right: an intimate room and a group of fans who listened instead of talking.

With an album of his own already out, the young saxophonist is showing signs that an independent career awaits him. As a leader he is personable; as a player, he exercised formidable power on "My Shining Hour" without ever lapsing into fashionable hysteria, then displayed his gentler side in the old ballad "For All We Know."

Switching from tenor to soprano sax, Marsalis evinced a warm, rich

sound, unlike the shrill tones that too often emanate from this demanding instrument.

His group boasted an incredible sideman in bassist Chrnnett Moffett, son of the noted drummer Charles Moffett. His tone and time were impeccable, even during a speed-of-sound flag-waver. An impressive debut—doubly so when you recall that Moffett just turned 17.

Because his other regular sidemen were not available, Marsalis used his brother's pianist and drummer, Kenny Kirkland and Jeff Watts. In "Passion Dance," a McCoy Tyner tune, Kirkland's solo bore a strong resemblance to the style of the composer.

Tonight at Concerts by the Sea: George Howard.

JAZZ REVIEW

BENNY CARTER IN RARE CLUB PERFORMANCE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Finding Benny Carter in a local nightclub is not unlike coming across an original Picasso at the May Co. This week the perennial alto saxophone giant came back home, following a European concert tour, for a four-day booking (through tonight) at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

Carter has long been the jazz world's preeminent symbol of elegance—sartorially, in his demeanor, and above all in his music, both as composer and improviser.

His gift for fashioning exquisite themes, then embellishing them with ad-lib extensions, has established him throughout his long career as a master of melodic architecture. At Thursday's show (which was broadcast live nationwide), "Summer Serenade's" light Latin beat and sensible harmonic lines offered proof of the first point; the improvisational aspect was best

displayed in four dazzling choruses on the old standard "All of Me."

Just after the quartet went off the air, pianist Gerald Wiggins was showcased in "Lover Man," in which a solo chorus was also accorded to bassist John B. Wil-

liams. Both are inventive, technically adroit artists. Completing the group was one of the most depend-

able of all small-combo drummers, Jimmie Smith.

On Thursday, Carter will premiere a large orchestral work in the Olympic Jazz Festival at the John Anson Ford Theatre. Sunday through Wednesday, Anita O'Day will take over at Vine St.

JAZZ REVIEW

7/31

HERB ELLIS SLIDES INTO BLUES MODE AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

When Herb Ellis opens his mouth, there's no longer much of the Southwest left in him; but when he opens his guitar case and eases into a few bars of the blues, Texas still oozes from every string.

Friday evening at Donte's marked his first local solo appearance in more than two years; these days he is a captive of the road. Ellis has long been regarded as a master of the post-Charlie Christian school, but with additional characteristics. He is, for instance, a virtuoso ballad soloist who will submit Cole Porter's "I Love You" as a pensive, personalized statement, deftly chorded, before allowing the rhythm section to join in, doubling the tempo and indulging in hard-swinging flights of fancy.

Even "Wave," the Brazilian song that Ellis introduced with one of his typical tongue-in-cheek announcements, took on a blues coloration before he was through with it; along the way there was a quote from "Ode to Billie Joe."

Next, the blues arrived officially in a totally unplanned piece that found Ellis blending 1930s Texas funk with '80s harmony and technique. After his solo foray, pianist

Ross Tompkins, bassist John Gianelli and drummer Ted Hawk were off and panting. At one point, Tompkins and Ellis indulged in an extemporaneous fencing match—two simultaneous solos, with each man listening intently to the other.

Regrettable though it is that ad hoc groups of this kind cannot stay together and work out more interesting and original material, within the inevitable confines Ellis, Tompkins & Co. kept the invention and excitement at a consistently high level.

OOPS!

Your item stating that I "helped put together" the Olympic Jazz Festival ["'84 Olympic Festival of Arts," June] is incorrect. I have no connection—and never had any connection—with this event.

In addition, Joe Williams has assured me, and the managers of Sarah Vaughan and Carmen McRae have confirmed, that they will not be performing at this festival and were never committed to doing so, contrary to the listing.

The error no doubt was not originally yours, but that of the Olympic Arts Festival brochure, in which our names were used without authorization.

Leonard Feather
Sherman Oaks

LOS ANGELES 7
AUGUST '84

By LEONARD FEATHER

Some years ago, visiting Leningrad, I was invited to the apartment of a young saxophonist known as Gennadi (Charlie) Golstain. Though he was nicknamed for Charlie Parker, it was clear that Bird wasn't his only hero. There, on his living room wall, side by side, were photographs of his idols—Lenin and Julian (Cannonball) Ad-derley.

Such a scene would be even commoner today, 20 years later, except that the saxophonist on the wall probably would be Wayne Shorter or Sonny Rollins. In fact, similar examples of the awe with which our Parkers and Rollinses are regarded may be found in a hundred countries where jazz has penetrated.

Jazz has had an elusive fascination around the world since the end of World War I, when the black saxophonist Sidney Bechet toured Europe and the white Original Dixieland Jazz Band triumphed on a visit to London. The music spoke a rhythmically infectious language to which many people

AMERICAN POP

could readily relate, but, even more significantly, it soon acquired an intellectual appeal for which there was almost no counterpart in its native country.

While America was treating it mainly as a music for dancing or entertainment in speakeasies, fans in England, France and Sweden listened intently to its improvised and orchestrated messages. They listened not only to Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, who were at least well established at home before

their first visits to Europe in the early 1930s, but also to men like Joe Venuti, the violinist who, while all but unknown to the American public, was welcomed as a hero in 1934 by British jazz fans, who for years had collected his records.

The depth of this devotion led to several initiatives that turned jazz into a prophet with far less honor in its own country than in, for example, Sweden, where the world's first all-jazz magazine, *Orkester Journalen*, made its bow in 1934, or Belgium, where in 1932 a lawyer named Robert Goffin wrote "Aux Frontieres du Jazz," the first book anywhere to treat the music seriously as an art form. By the mid-1930s, little more than a decade after jazz had begun to be preserved on phonograph records, in-groups of fans overseas began to hold meetings, exchange views and listen to the latest releases; occasionally they would also hear live jazz. In England, they

Please Turn to Page 4

SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1984/PAGE 3

Hot: The Fate of Jazz in the Soviet Union" (Oxford University Press), "Conover has done more for the spirit of American culture in the world than anyone else."

Estimates of Conover's audience vary from 30 million to 100 million. Though his programs sometimes were jammed years ago in the Soviet Union, his voice has long been accessible to anyone within reach of a radio—anywhere except the U.S., where, paradoxically, he is not heard.

"When I first heard Conover's show," says the Polish violinist Michal Urbaniak, "I was a teen-aged classical violinist. He turned my whole life around. I actually cried when I heard Louis Armstrong." After become an accomplished jazz saxophonist and violinist, Urbaniak emigrated to the United States in 1977.

Typical of thousands of letters Conover receives is one from a fan in New Guinea: "I look forward to your show every night as the only bright spot in a very monotonous existence."

Not long after "Music U.S.A." made its debut, the State Department undertook its first live jazz venture, dispatching an all-star orchestra led by Dizzy Gillespie on tours of the Middle East and Latin America. This was 1956, by which time jazz had long since become solidly established, and not merely as a cultist phenomenon, in countless remote and improbable areas. Since the spectacularly successful Gillespie endeavor, similar pilgrimages have been taking place at irregular intervals, many of them to Communist

countries.

One scene remains vividly in my mind: A young man in blue sports shirt and white slacks, clutching a pop bottle as a saxophonist onstage took off on a hard-driving blues chorus. The young fan mopped his brow, removing the cardboard cap that bore the legends "World Jazz Festival" and "Drink Coca-Cola." As the solo reached its climax he cried "Blow, Sleepy, blow!" and, turning to a young woman beside him, said in English,

AMERICAN POP

"Sleepy's really wailing tonight!"

It could have been Monterey or Newport, but this was Hibiya Park, an amphitheatre where 5,000 of the hipper Tokyo youngsters had gathered. Sleepy's real name is Hidehiko Matsumoto. The concert was part of a vast three-rhythm circus assembled in 1964 by George Wein, comprising a modern concert (Miles Davis, Carmen McRae, et al.), a Dixieland-and-swing show (Red Nichols,

Gene Krupa), and a pop program with the Tommy Dorsey ghost band, Louis Bellson, and the Sharps and Flats, Japan's most popular big band.

A few nights later I saw an even bigger crowd, many without umbrellas, sitting devoutly through a rainstorm at the outdoor Mariyama Music Hall in Kyoto, where Miles Davis led a quintet that included Herbie Hancock. The accelerating pace of the jazz invasion had already brought to Japanese audiences the bands of Ellington and Basie and most of the leading combos such as Oscar Peterson, Dave Brubeck and Gerry Mulligan.

Jiro Kubota, one of Japan's innumerable jazz critics, told me, "Jazz today is a form of intellectual snobbery as well as entertainment for our young audiences. Our old pentatonic scale actually sounds less natural to these kids than the European diatonic scale. Besides, jazz is thriving here because it is a symbol of America, like chewing gum and chocolate and all those cold soft drinks."

Japan, like France and most European countries, is ahead of the U.S. in the intensity of its involvement. In the last Down Beat readers' poll, for example, the winners in the trumpet division were Wynton Marsalis, with a mere 849 votes, followed by Miles Davis with 497; this in a country with a population of 226 million. In the last Swing Journal readers' poll, Miles Davis came in first with 14,092 voters; Marsalis, the runner-up, earned 9,946. (Swing Journal, printed entirely in Japanese, runs to 350 pages a month, five times as many as Down Beat.)

By far the biggest jazz book ever published is Italy's "Grande Enciclopedia Del Jazz," consisting of four large volumes, 1,600 pages of profusely illustrated alphabetized biographies.

Comparable stories might be told concerning the aspects and degrees of enthusiasm in, for example, India. Many American musicians have taken part in Jazz Yatra, the annual festival in Bombay. In 1980 the audience was astonished by the virtuoso bass work of Aladar Pege, a bassist from Hungary. In the audience was the widow of Charles Mingus, who was so moved by his performance that she promised to give him one of Mingus' basses. Two years later, Pege presented himself at her New York home and picked up the gift.

The stories extend to all those areas where, for jazz, there is virtually no Iron Curtain. In Warsaw, the magazine Jazz Forum is printed bimonthly, in Polish and English editions, by the International Jazz Federation and the Polish Jazz Society. In the Soviet Union a healthy cadre of talented young instrumentalists has developed. Despite varying temperatures in the Cold War, distinguished visitors from the West are still welcomed. Only last March, Pearl Bailey was in the Soviet Union under State Department auspices, with her husband Louis Bellson's jazz group.

Governments may fall and rock stars may rise, but jazz stubbornly survives and thrives, still a note of peace in a turbulent world. □

★ SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1984/PAGE 5

CALENDAR

AMERICAN

POP

THE IMPACT OF
AMERICAN POPULAR
MUSIC
AROUND THE WORLD

An ironic scene that reflects the power of American music to transcend politics and culture: 17,000 Germans sitting in the rain in Waldbühne amphitheater in West Berlin (above), next to the stadium where Hitler staged the 1936 Olympics, cheering Bob Dylan (right), a Jewish-born singer/songwriter from a small town in Minnesota. Robert Hilburn reports from Germany, Page 68.

From Nairobi, Buenos Aires and Moscow, reports by Times correspondents, Page 3.

Leonard Feather on the international fascination with jazz, Page 3.



PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

AMERICAN JAZZ —AWESOME

By LEONARD FEATHER

Some years ago, visiting Leningrad, I was invited to the apartment of a young saxophonist known as Gennadi (Charlie) Golstain. Though he was nicknamed for Charlie Parker, it was clear that Bird wasn't his only hero. There, on his living room wall, side by side, were photographs of his idols—Lenin and Julian (Cannonball) Adderley.

Such a scene would be even commoner today, 20 years later, except that the saxophonist on the wall probably would be Wayne Shorter or Sonny Rollins. In fact, similar examples of the awe with which our Parkers and Rollinses are regarded may be found in a hundred countries where jazz has penetrated.

Jazz has had an elusive fascination around the world since the end of World War I, when the black saxophonist Sidney Bechet toured Europe and the white Original Dixieland Jazz Band triumphed on a visit to London. The music spoke a rhythmically infectious language to which many people

AMERICAN POP

could readily relate, but, even more significantly, it soon acquired an intellectual appeal for which there was almost no counterpart in its native country.

While America was treating it mainly as a music for dancing or entertainment in speak-easies, fans in England, France and Sweden listened intently to its improvised and orchestrated messages. They listened not only to Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington, who were at least well established at home before

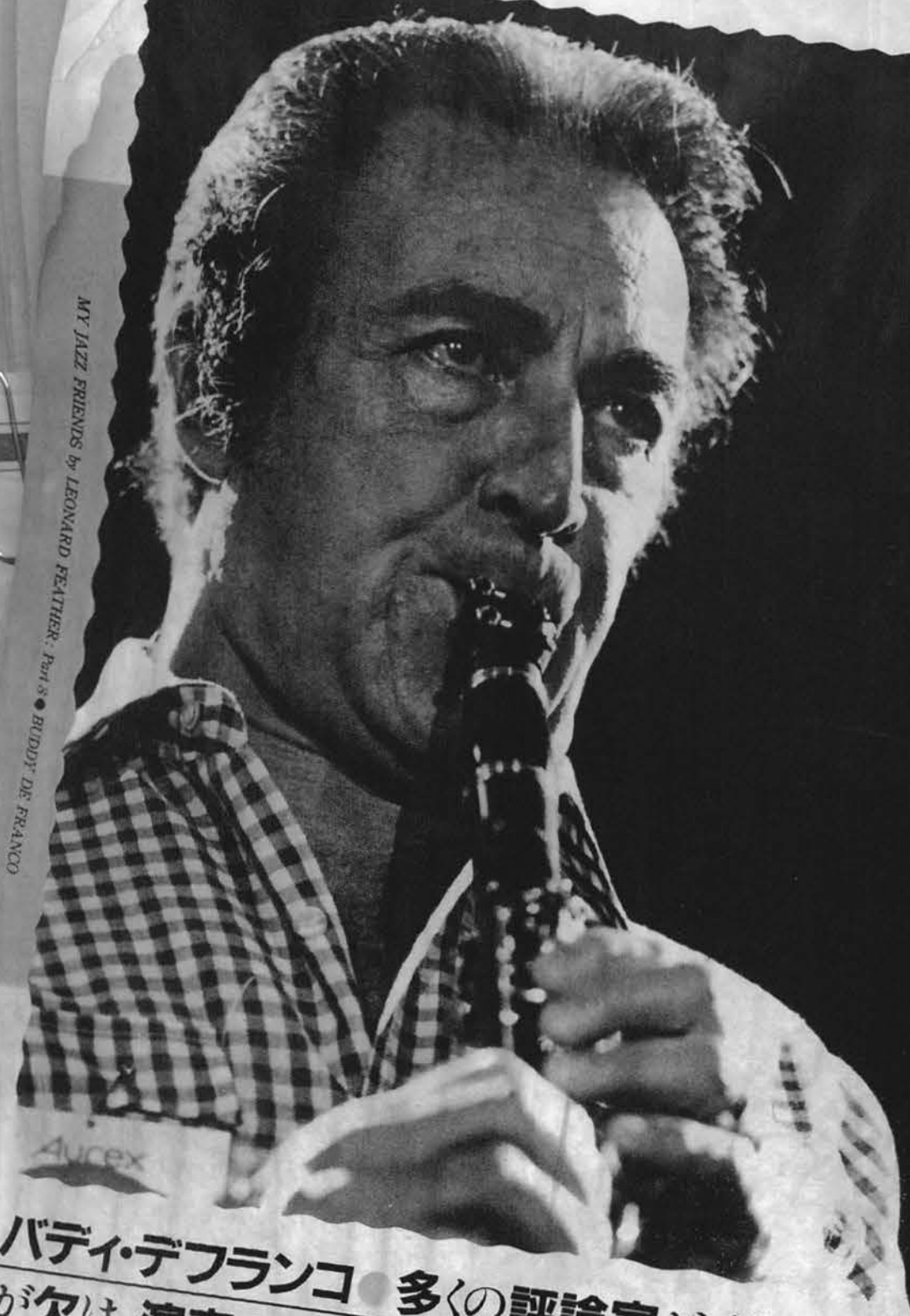
their first visits to Europe in the early 1930s, but also to men like Joe Venuti, the violinist who, while all but unknown to the American public, was welcomed as a hero in 1934 by British jazz fans, who for years had collected his records.

The depth of this devotion led to several initiatives that turned jazz into a prophet with far less honor in its own country than in, for example, Sweden, where the world's first all-jazz magazine, Orkester Journalen, made its bow in 1934, or Belgium, where in 1932 a lawyer named Robert Goffin wrote "Aux Frontières du Jazz," the first book anywhere to treat the music seriously as an art form. By the mid-1930s, little more than a decade after jazz had begun to be preserved on phonograph records, in-groups of fans overseas began to hold meetings, exchange views and listen to the latest releases; occasionally they would also hear live jazz. In England, they

Please Turn to Page 4

SUNDAY, JULY 29, 1984/PAGE 3

SWING JOURNAL Aug. 1984



MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER: Paris • BUDDY DE FRANCO

バディ・デフランコ 多くの評論家が、彼には情熱が欠け、演奏が冷たいと批判するのは間違いだ。

26

JAZZ FEST

Continued from Page 1

pretention, permeated by a vaguely European flavor and rarely letting the ensemble loosen up. "Relay," commissioned by a musical instrument company to showcase Bobby Bruce on violin and Don Palmer on violoncello, vacillated interminably between atonality, blues and Wagnerian pomposity.

"The Ballad of the Olympian" was similarly overlong and overwrought, despite a few ingenious interludes such as the alto sax solo by Lonnie Shetter, backed only by trombones and tuba.

Bill Holman's "The Five Rings," although written with his customary craftsmanship, never quite got off the ground; the orchestra seemed to have as much difficulty in bringing spirit to it as the audience had in reacting.

Mia Vig's presence had a justification beyond nepotism: Seoul-born, she represented the country that will host the 1988 Olympics. Essentially a pop singer (she was one of the Kim Sisters act during her Las Vegas years), Mia sang three numbers, of which "He's My Man," written in collaboration with her husband, came off best.

The closing set by Benny Carter included a simple, well-tailored Vig arrangement of Carter's "When Lights Are Low," a 16-bar Carter theme based, coincidentally, on a harmonic pattern similar to that of "Olympian Cymbals," and Vig's own "Olympian Lady," a ballad well suited to the delectable Carter personality.

Willis Conover, the emcee, aimed at dignity but lapsed into prolixity. Mayor Tom Bradley made a succinct welcome speech and had the good taste to stay and hear the show.

Underadvertised, underbudgeted, with too few world-class names to draw a crowd, the concert filled only two-thirds of the outdoor, 1,200-seat house. Tonight's program will include blues singer Jimmy Witherspoon, the eminent German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff and a set by pianist Leviev.

Photo: Shigen Uchiyama

Up and Down Blues Singer Esther Phillips Dies at 48

8/8

By LEONARD FEATHER

Esther Phillips, one of the most personable and dynamic blues singers of her generation, died Tuesday morning at Harbor General Hospital in Carson of complications from liver and kidney ailments. She was 48.

Born Esther Mae Jones in Galveston, Tex., her roller-coaster career began with three years as a member of the Johnny Otis blues show. She was billed then as "Little Esther."

She was only 13 in 1949 when she recorded her first hit, "Double-Crossing Blues," with Otis' band. The recording came about, she recalled in a 1970 interview,

shortly after she signed with the Otis group.

"At the end of the (recording) date they had 20 minutes left, so he wrote out this song about lady bears in the forest. We only had time to make one take. It sold a million."



Esther Phillips

Her death came less than two weeks after that of another Otis protege, Willie Mae (Big Momma) Thornton. Both women had been scheduled to appear with the rhythm and blues pioneer at the Monterey Jazz Festival in September.

Tarnishing the luster of her first

Please see PHILLIPS, Page 2



LOS ANGELES 1984

Tommy Vig plays the vibraphone in jazz concert. In background is Benny Carter.

ARTS FESTIVAL

VIG-OROUS NIGHT AT THE OLYMPIC JAZZ FESTIVAL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Officially it was "The Olympic Jazz Festival," but a suitable subtitle Thursday evening at the John Anson Ford Theatre would have been "The Vig Parade."

Credit Tommy Vig with endless initiative and energy. He was not only the sole producer but also leader of the 20-piece orchestra, the composer and arranger of most of the new works, the vibraphone soloist—and husband of the featured vocalist.

The Hungarian-born musician has sprinkled the four-day festival with international spices. Thursday it was an astonishing Japanese cornetist, Terumasa Hino, who provided the evening's greatest surprise. His solo on "I'll Remember April" was a wild fusillade of

bent tones, sky dives, roller-coaster runs and an incredible climax that found him aiming the bell of his horn into the Bulgarian Milcho Leviev's piano to draw out eerie reverberations.

An overwhelming innovator, Hino was heard again, along with the Canadian flutist Moe Koffman, in "Olympian Cymbals," a Vig piece featuring Shelly Manne, whose drumming was a tie beam holding the band together through an evening of often difficult, unswinging music. "Olympian Cymbals" was Vig at his best. Nothing was too complex; the chord pattern was as comfortable as an old rocking chair, leaving the soloists unencumbered.

On the debit side, too many passages scattered through the evening were weighed down by

Please see JAZZ, Page 6

Rating the Los Angeles Olympic Arts Festival

Its organizers promised to deliver an Olympic Arts Festival that would signal Los Angeles' emerging importance as a cultural force in America. How well did they succeed? Here are the judgments of six Times critics who were asked to rate the Festival on a scale of 1 to 10:

Dan Sullivan, Theater

Points off for aborting Robert Wilson's "the CIVIL warS;" for the leaky acoustics at the new Royce Hall; for the shows from abroad that didn't have the expected authority, such as the Epidaurus Festival's flat "Oedipus the King."

Nevertheless, a world-class showing. America hasn't had many international theater festivals. This will be the one to shoot at in the future. Neither old-line nor avant-garde, the festival shrewdly introduced us to directors and companies we didn't know (most memorably Ariane Mnouchkine's Theatre du Soleil), illuminating texts that in

general we did know (Shakespeare, the Greeks.)

So we weren't lost, but we did have to work a little, which is always good for audiences. The message, strengthened by the unfamiliarity of the language, was that theater can be boldly "unreal" and yet strike closer to the heart of things than the surface deceptions of TV realism. Can do so, that is, when presented with the skill of such championship actor-athletes as Mnouchkine's company. If the Olympics is about aspirations, this festival left local theater some superb role models. Statistics: 30 companies, 37 separate productions, 327 performances. All-over score: 9.2.

William Wilson, Art

The fine visual arts marched into the Olympic Festival amphitheater looking like a once-great power fallen on hard times. The team included a dignified but threadbare roster of 21 exhibitions, some more about sport than about art, others so safe as to appear dull on paper.

The County Museum of Art displayed 75 French Impressionist paintings. Exciting as Sominex. Well, "A Day in the Country" turned out a gold medal event. Pensively connoisseurs melted before a roomful of Claude Monet's grain stack paintings. Mom and Pop liked Pissarros and Sisleys that looked just like their own trip to the domesticated French countryside. Scholarly juices got running over such earthshaking issues as whether later-day artists like Gauguin and Van Gogh belong in an Impressionist show. A perfect 10.

Nothing else was quite so graceful, but energetic performance abounded. "Automobile and Culture" at the Museum of Contemporary Art is a flashy compendium of glamorous vintage cars and related artworks that seems to address the L.A. myth.

Two exhibitions at the Newport Harbor Art Museum revised aesthetic estimates of so-called "second-generation" art of the late 1950s. A brace

of theme shows devoted to ethnic and folk art styles wafted an international aura one had feared would be missing. Shows on California themes like USC's "California Sculpture" and "Art In Clay" at the Municipal Art Gallery in Barnsdall Park were more worthy than galvanic but did represent the home team. Robert Graham's controversial "Olympic Gateway" in Exposition Barnsdall Park reminded one and all that California art, like California wine, has attained international stature.

In the end a combination of quality, variety and number left an unexpected impression of festive cosmopolitan celebration. It was a whoopee. In art it left a feeling of unrepeatability like 10 bulls-eyes jerked into the target by luck. The festival was a first.

Its combination of variegated arts generated a spirit that crossed disciplines and made everything buoyant. Everybody hopes it will be repeated every two years or so. Next time it may be necessary to exercise more guile in shaping the ensemble of art exhibitions, particularly those in smaller galleries.

The Olympic Arts Festival generated its own euphoria. Getting it back is likely to require some coaxing, but it is eminently worth the effort.

Leonard Feather, Jazz

The jazz community is still smarting over the short shrift accorded in the Arts Festival to this globally admired musical form. During the entire 10 weeks there were only two events: the so-called "Great Olympic Jazz Marathon" at the Hollywood Bowl July 23 and the four-day Olympic Jazz Festival at the John Anson Ford Theater Aug. 2 to 5.

The marathon offered no specially assembled bands or combos, no surprises and very little that had not been heard before elsewhere. The Wynton Marsalis group was the sole representative of today's emerging talents. Fusion music, only occasionally creative, took up much of the 5½ hours, played by the Crusaders, the Bob

James Band and Free Flight. The concert was redeemed by the Count Basie Orchestra, still a potent force under the leadership of Eric Dixon, and by the gripping blues vocals of Basie alumnus Joe Williams. A five for the marathon.

The Ford Theater series began shakily, with pretentious works composed by producer Tommy Vig and played by his orchestra, but gathered strength as it went along, with new and better contributions by Vig and others. A strong international flavor involved talented soloists from Australia, Germany, Bulgaria, Japan and other countries. Avant-garde, not heard at the Bowl, was included; fusion and rock were sedulously avoided. An 8.

8

ev-
3 un-mpa-
mpa-
s and
...
is for
id tocord-
ry—
n the
house
mar-spect
; her
she
rmy
i and
retha
nptly
Miss
have

ading,

JAZZ

L.A.'S LAVISH SPREAD OF SOUND

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Olympic Jazz Festival hits its final chord tonight after a four-day run at the John Anson Ford Theatre. However, jazz is not suddenly folding up its tents and leaving Los Angeles.

Visiting Olympian observers need to be informed, while local aficionados may want to be reminded, that a flourishing nightclub scene continues to offer a lavish spread of sounds. In fact, as the jazz listings on the opposite page make clear, the opportunities for examining most aspects of the jazz world are available in dozens of locations.

The most remarkable development of the past two years has been the swift rise of the **Vine St. Bar & Grill** (addresses and phone numbers of all clubs mentioned here are in the listings). Situated in the center of Hollywood, a few doors south of Hollywood Boulevard, the room has been operating less than three years, began using local jazz groups in the summer of 1982, and only since June of 1983 has unleashed a cornucopia of top-rank jazz singers. A particularly strong lineup has been assembled for the Olympics season.

Ron Berinstein claims that the success of his room is due to a prudent booking schedule, mixing locally based artists with others who seldom have a chance to work in town. The policy is about 85% vocal, with instrumental groups now and then. The central location has produced fringe benefits, attracting Hollywood celebrities, says Berinstein. "When Anita O'Day was here recently, Susan Anton came in one night and sang, with Dudley Moore at the piano. The same night, Tim Hauser of Manhattan Transfer made a guest appearance."

Open seven nights a week (Sundays are usually reserved for tunesmiths interpreting their own songs), the club is split down the middle; on the left are the dining room tables (food is good but expensive); to the right is the bar, where drinks are \$3. (As at almost all clubs, there is a two-drink minimum.) The admission varies with the strength of the attraction, fluctuating from \$5 to \$10.

Donte's in North Hollywood is the oldest local club continually active with jazz, founded in 1966. (Marla's Memory Lane on Martin Luther King Boulevard has been around much longer with non-jazz periods.) Carey Leverette, a former choreographer now the sole owner of Donte's, has seen the room through a roller-coaster life. At one time big bands were often hired (among them Kenton and Basic). Nowadays it's mostly local small groups and singers, mainstream and bebop, with occasional

fusion groups. The room needs redecorating but remains comfortable, with a bar in back (drinks from \$2.50 up) and a restaurant with surprisingly good food. Admission from \$3.50 to \$8. Donte's is dark Sundays.

Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks has much the same musical stance as Donte's except that big bands are hired more often (11 altogether during this month). Carmelo's was operated as a music room by the late Chuck Piscitello, a drummer who quickly established it as a hangout for musicians. Shortly before Piscitello's death last year, the room, enlarged to accommodate 150, was taken over by Ruth Hoover, not a musician but a genuine enthusiast who has maintained the club's high musical standards. Here as at Donte's, celebrities such as Sarah Vaughan or Carmen McRae are able to drop by and sing with the incumbent group. Open seven nights. Admission is \$5 to \$10, drinks \$3. Food is fair.

Hop Singh's in Marina del Rey is the biggest of the jazz rooms, holding 350. Rudy Onderwyzer, who owns it, ran Shelly's Manne Hole in the '60s and the Lighthouse in the '70s, but when Hop Singh's opened in October 1981 it was only minimally dedicated to jazz. After two years of hiring everything from folk to rock, Onderwyzer moved slowly back into jazz. Though he uses fusion bands, mainstream artists such as Zoot

Sims, Shelly Manne and Kenny Burrell are frequently heard. Recently he has been trying out experimental groups such as Subramaniam, the Indian violinist, and Vinny Golia's highly contemporary ensemble. Admission ranges from \$3 to \$15, the latter only for a big imported name of Art Blakey or Stan Getz caliber. The best word for the food policy would be tokenism.

The Room Upstairs at **Le Cafe** in Sherman Oaks, is as small and intimate as Hop Singh's is big and cavernous. Seventy is a full house, 75's a crowd. Lois Boileau, the singer, who launched this pleasant rendezvous in 1980 (she occasionally hires herself), uses name vocalists (Jackie & Roy, Bill Henderson) and occasional instrumental units. Recently the schedule was expanded from three to five nights a week (Tuesday through Saturday), with the inimitable Dave Frishberg now a regular on Fridays and Saturdays. No cover. The large restaurant downstairs (good but somewhat expensive) is the tail that wags the upstairs cats.

The **Silver Screen Jazz Room**, in the Hyatt Hotel on the Sunset Strip, was the brainchild of the Israeli-born Jona Liebrecht, a passionate fan who installed jazz here in May 1982. Using mostly duos and trios, whose music he says brings affluent jazz types and offends nobody, he has begun expanding from four nights a week (Wednesday-Saturday) to six (adding Sun-

days and Tuesdays). His cover, which has been anywhere from zero to \$5, zoomed to \$9 when the Horace Silver Quintet took over for a recent week. No drink minimum is imposed in this comfortable club with its upholstered living room ambiance. There is an adjoining restaurant in which the music cannot be heard.

Concerts by the Sea is the below-stairs room at the entrance to the pier in Redondo Beach. Opened in 1972, by former Stan Kenton bassist Howard Rumsey (who for many years ran the Lighthouse), it is the best designed room, a miniature theater with a good view from every seat, good sound and lighting. Lately, Rumsey has offered fewer straight jazz groups and a profusion of fusion. Because there is no food, minors are not admitted. There is a one-drink minimum. Admission varies widely: \$2 for the occasional Tuesdays and Wednesdays, though normally it's a four-night room, charging \$5 Thursdays and \$10 Fridays through Sundays. (For Sarah Vaughan's engagement Rumsey hit the ceiling with a \$20 cover.)

The latest jazz club is David Abhari's **One for L.A.** on Cahuenga Boulevard. Since his March opening Abhari has shifted somewhat from the mainstream toward a Brazilian/Latin/Caribbean schedule, though bebop groups still play an occasional gig. Open seven nights, with food; big bands Sundays from 5 to 9 p.m. Cover is \$3.50 to \$5. Drinks \$1.50 and up.

A few doors north of One for L.A.

is pianist Don Randi's **Baked Potato**, long a popular hangout for the young, fusion-oriented crowd. Randi's own group, Quest, plays Wednesdays through Saturdays; various small bands round out the seven-day week. There's a \$5 cover and an interesting menu comprising various offerings all encased in a baked potato.

This is, of course, only a small part of the picture. Two restaurants in Toluca Lake, the **Money Tree** and **Alfonse's**, offer quality duo or trio music and singers. The **Comeback Inn** in Venice has been providing occasional examples of the more experimental sounds rarely heard in the Valley clubs, bringing in Horace Tapscott, James Newton, Milcho Leviev and Charlie Haden. **At My Place** in Santa Monica provides an assortment of singers, groups and, on Sundays, big bands.

Farther out, in Anaheim, you will find a musical bonus in the traditional tourist trip to **Disneyland**, where the summer big-band policy is in full swing (starting tonight, Artie Shaw; next week, Lionel Hampton).

An advantage for out-of-towners is that the Los Angeles clubs offer a chance to hear some of the important artists who rarely travel: bandleader Leslie Drayton; saxophonist Pete Christlieb, pianist Ross Tompkins and several of their colleagues in Doc Severinsen's band on "The Tonight Show," and many singers—Lorez Alexandria, Maxine Weldon, Sue Raney, Pinky Winters. As for those of us who live here, let the foregoing details provide us with a reminder to count our blessings. □



German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff plays at the festival.



Louie Bellson displays his unusual two-bass-drum tech.

PREZ CONFERENCE AT CARMELO'S

8-10-89

The group known as Prez Conference, which performed Wednesday night at Carmelo's, was organized in 1978 by the tenor saxophonist Dave Pell. Although only two of the original members remain—Pell and Bob Cooper—the concept has proved more durable than the personnel.

Pell wanted to do with solos transcribed from records by Lester (Prez) Young what Supersax had done with Charlie Parker solos: harmonize them for a saxophone section, effectively making valid composition out of timeless improvisation. Bill Holman deserves credit for most of the success of this group. He's responsible for fanning

out Young's solos into arrangements for three tenor saxes and a baritone.

The cool, mellow blend of the reed team makes for an attractive ensemble sound. Bob Hardaway was the third tenor and John Lowe subbed for Bob Efford on baritone. The repertoire has remained almost unchanged. Lester Young's vehicles were mostly blues or simple 32-bar tunes: "I Never Knew," "Just You, Just Me," and the classic "Lester Leaps In." Given Young's close association with Count Basie, it was appropriate to pick Nat Pierce, once the Count's alter ego, for the piano chair. Frank Capp's drums and the eloquent bass of

Chuck Berghofer rounded out the rhythm section, with Bill Berry's dependable cornet added for occasional brass contrast.

When the group went outside its normal area, attempting to simulate the solos of Woody Herman's saxophonists in "Four Brothers," intonation faltered, the band sounded unrehearsed, and somewhat in need of a conference call. Theoretically, though, the formula should work for any sax solos worthy of orchestral embellishment.

Tonight and Saturday at Carmelo's: the Shelly Manne Trio.

—LEONARD FEATHER

OLYMPIC ARTS JAZZ REVIEW

8-7-89

CREATIVITY, CAREFUL PLANNING WORK IN CONCERT

By LEONARD FEATHER

To quote Benny Carter's tune on opening night: "You win some, you lose some." On balance, Tommy Vig, producer of the four-day Olympic Jazz Festival at the Ford Theatre, won much more than he lost.

He kept his promise to steer clear of fusion, funk or rock. And the production ran without sound problems and with almost no lulls.

On Friday, both the music and the attendance hit a higher level than at the previous night's opening. Gerald Wilson conducted Vig's orchestra with his usual jumping-jack body English in an illustrious new work, "The Flaming Torch," for which he fashioned a rainbow tonal coalition.

He topped it off with his old hit "Viva Tirado," aided by Herman Riley on tenor, Joe Davis on trumpet and Vig on vibes, all of whom played admirably every evening.

The contemporary flute of James Newton, ranging from a pure sound to split tones, growls, hums and howls, contrasted well with the bebop flute of Moe Koffman, who played his 1957 "Swingin' Shepherd Blues" and later delivered a superbly constructed alto sax solo.

Sue Raney, abetted by her pianist/arranger Bob Florence, has an across-the-board appeal to all but two groups: those who envy her blond beauty and others who are jealous of her perfect intonation, wide range and sensitive phrasing. The delicate charm of "Skylark" and the boppish humor of "Basically Speaking" worked equally well for her.

It was a grand night for drumming. Louie Bellson displayed his incredible two-bass-drum technique in Vig's "Olympian Concerto" and "That's Bellson," written for him by Thad Jones. Shelly Manne, after watching in obvious delight, joined Bellson for some fun-oriented four-bar exchanges in the finale.

Another Vig original, "Communique," worked best when he and pianist Milcho Leviev offered a duo exchange of mutual admiration, emulation and humorous hesitations.

Saturday began with Vig's "Faster, Higher, Stronger," which served as the opener for every program but showcased different soloists each time. Hearing the same chart four times in four days gives the critic an unusually good chance to evaluate it. The decision: strong plus, with extra credits to saxophonists Ernie Watts, Ron Brown, Herman Riley, Bill Green



Ok Yoon Kil casts a Korean folk song in blues on his soprano sax.

and Thom Mason.

"Trombolympic Suite" by Chick Sponder, dedicated to Stan Kenton, revived the less ponderous aspects of Kentonia, with vivid, well-meshed passages by trumpets and trombones.

Leviev's "Golden Fleece," an attractive melodic theme for orchestra, spelled out a virtual history of jazz piano as the composer shifted stylistic gears with dizzying speed. His solo version of Dave Brubeck's "Blue Rondo a la Turk" far outclassed Brubeck's original interpretation.

Saturday also brought Jimmy Witherspoon, conservator of our national treasure, the blues, in a set that could have continued all night if the crowd had had its way.

The phenomenal German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff joined the orchestra in "Just for You," a lovely Vig ballad, but showed his personality best in a solo performance full of multiphonic effects that found him playing and/or singing two or three notes at once. *Unglaublich!*

How many surprises can you look for in one concert? Vig pulled yet another out of his hat when James Morrison, 21, a music teacher from Australia, left himself and his listeners breathless with a stunning trumpet solo. Later, riding along in Vig's "International

Teamwork" blues express, he proved himself no less brilliant as a trombonist.

The final concert, a Sunday matinee, ran an hour too long, due in part to the reuse of orchestral works and soloists heard in earlier shows and partly because two great artists overstayed their welcome. Mangelsdorff's unaccompanied "Mood Indigo," in which he simulated almost the entire Duke Ellington Orchestra, was a triumph, but he followed it

with three lesser numbers. Big Joe Turner, the Kansas City paterfamilias of the blues, now 72 and grown huge, sang from a seated position just about every blues verse he could remember.

Ok Yoon Kil, a Seoul brother of the soprano saxophone, took a Korean folk song based on the pentatonic scale and somehow turned it into a blues. Arne Domnerus led a Swedish group through a perfunctory set livened only by the clarinet of Pute Wickman.

After intermission, anticlimax set in. By the time clarinetist John Carter and trumpeter Bobby Bradford, a respected tomorrow-land twosome, got to the stage, their complementary avant-gardisms were played to a rapidly dwindling house.

The windup was a slam-bang blues played by seven musicians from seven countries: Hungary's Vig on drums, Bulgaria's Leviev at the piano, America's Dave Stone on bass, Morrison and Mangelsdorff and Alexei Zubov from the Soviet Union on tenor sax.

In terms of diversity, creativity and avoidance of commercialized vulgarity, the Vig parade turned out to be the most intelligently planned jazz festival seen here in several years and, by all odds, one of the most jubilantly festive.

ELLIS/LARKINS IN DISAPPOINTING BOW

Although she spent many profitable years in Hollywood lending her voice to Rita Hayworth and others for whom she dubbed sound tracks in 1940s movies, it was in New York in the '50s that Anita Ellis established herself as the quintessential sophisticated East Side cabaret singer.

Her sensitivity, control and lack of histrionics were ideally presented when she teamed a few years ago with pianist Ellis Larkins, whose values are very much akin to her own. They recorded a five-star album and were seen on a much-praised TV documentary.

Tuesday evening Ellis and Larkins were brought together again for a five-night booking (through Saturday) at the Vine St. Bar & Grill. This was her first nightclub appearance in her old hometown, but an evening of great expectations turned out to be one of even greater disappointments.

Larkins opened with two typically ornate, handsomely chorded piano solos. A brief pause preceded Ellis' entrance, and from that point

8/16

on it seemed that very little was going to go right.

She stopped her two opening numbers in mid-chorus, first because of noises in the room and then because she wasn't sure she was in the right key (but she resumed in the same key). Later, she interrupted yet another song, cutting off Larkins' solo and instructing him to "just play it the way it's written."

It was a disconcerting experience for us longtime Ellis admirers. Clearly up-tight, she offered excuses ("Since 1956 I've only sung once in a nightclub"), and toward the end, confessing that "my voice doesn't feel very right," admitted a reluctance to go into her closing song, "I Loves You Porgy." She sang it anyway and proved that her first instincts had been correct, ending this exquisite Gershwin song painfully off pitch.

One can only hope that the case of nerves will heal fast and the intonation will right itself. Her choice of tunes was beyond cavil as always. Tonight's show will air live at 9:30 on KKGO-FM (105.1).

—LEONARD FEATHER

43

OLYMPIC JAZZ FESTIVAL

the flaming torch

To quote Benny Carter's tune on opening night: "You win some, you lose some." On balance, Tommy Vig, producer of the four-day Olympic Jazz Festival (Aug. 2-5) at Los Angeles' Ford Theatre, won much more than he lost.

He kept his promise to steer clear of fusion, funk or rock. And the production ran without sound problems and with almost no lulls.

Credit Vig with endless initiative and energy. He was not only the sole producer but also leader of the 20-piece orchestra, the composer and arranger of most of the new works, the vibraphone soloist — and husband of the featured vocalist.

The Hungarian-born musician sprinkled the four-day festival with international spices. Thursday it was an astonishing Japanese cornetist, Terumasa Hino, who provided the evening's greatest surprise. His solo on *I'll Remember April* was a wild fusillade of bent tones, sky dives, rollercoaster runs and an incredible climax that found him aiming the bell of his horn into the Bulgarian Milcho Leviev's piano to draw out eerie reverberations.

An overwhelming innovator, Hino was heard again, along with the Canadian flutist Moe Koffman, in *Olympian Cymbals*, a Vig piece featuring Shelly Manne, whose drumming was a tie beam holding the band together through an evening of often difficult, unswinging music. *Olympian Cymbals* was Vig at his best. Nothing was too complex; the chord pattern was as comfortable as an old rocking chair, leaving the soloists unencumbered.

On the debit side, too many passages scattered through the evening were weighed down by pretention, permeat-

by LEONARD FEATHER



Olympic Jazz Festival producer Tommy Vig swinging on vibes with Benny Carter on alto

ed by a vaguely European flavor and rarely letting the ensemble loosen up. *Relay*, commissioned by a musical instrument company to showcase Bobby Bruce on violin and Don Palmer on viola, vacillated interminably between atonality, blues and Wagnerian pomposity.

The Ballad of the Olympian was similarly overlong and overwrought, despite a few ingenious interludes such as the alto sax solo by Lonnie Shetter, backed only by trombones and tuba.

Bill Holman's *The Five Rings*, although written with his customary craftsmanship, never quite got off the ground; the orchestra seemed to have as much difficulty in bringing spirit to it as the audience had in reacting.

Mia Vig's presence had a justification beyond nepotism: Seoul-born, she represented the country that will host the 1988 Olympics. Essentially a pop singer (she was one of the Kim Sisters act during her Las Vegas years), Mia sang three numbers, of which *He's My Man*, written in collaboration with her husband, came off best.

The closing set by Benny Carter included a simple, well-tailored Vig arrangement of Carter's *When Lights Are Low*, a 16-bar Carter theme based, coincidentally, on a harmonic pattern similar to that of *Olympian Cymbals*, and Vig's own *Olympian Lady*, a ballad well suited to the delectable Carter personality.

Willis Conover, the emcee, aimed at dignity but lapsed into prolixity. Mayor Tom Bradley made a succinct welcome speech and had the good taste to stay and hear the show.

On Friday, both the music and the attendance hit a higher level than at the previous night's opening. Gerald Wilson conducted Vig's orchestra with his usual jumping-jack body English in an illustrious new work, *The Flaming Torch*, for which he fashioned a rainbow tonal coalition.

He topped it off with his old hit *Viva Tirado*, aided by Herman Riley on tenor, Joe Davis on trumpet and Vig on vibes, all of whom played admirably every evening.

The contemporary flute of James Newton, ranging from a pure sound to split tones, growls, hums and howls, contrasted well with the bebop flute of



FRANK SINATRA, QUINCY JONES DO IT THEIR WAY

By LEONARD FEATHER

"L.A. IS MY LADY." Frank Sinatra with the Quincy Jones Orchestra. Qwest 25145-1.

There are historical overtones here. In 1965 Quincy Jones conducted the Count Basie band on a Sinatra session for Reprise, the singer's own label. Now the baritone turns the tables, taping a set for Quincy Jones' company.

In another role reversal, Lionel Hampton, in whose 1952 band a teen-age Quincy Jones played trumpet, appears here as one of Jones' galaxy of jazz sidemen.

Nobody expected producer Jones to underpin the Chairman with Michael Jackson songs or charts; on the contrary, this album succeeds because neither the winds of change nor the faint breezes of nostalgia can be detected. Sinatra and Jones simply went the Rolls-Royce route in terms of material, arrangements, musicians and state-of-the-art sound (a bow here to Phil Ramone, who recorded and mixed).

When you read that it took four grown men to arrange the title tune, and two married couples to compose it (the Bergmans

and the Joneses), you may be skeptical—but listen. The jigsaw pieces fit together to surpass even "My Kind of Town," one of Sinatra's 'biggest city songs, by a country mile.

This tune and two others were recorded in Los Angeles, the rest in New York. Eight of the 11 are oldies—there's even one very, very oldie, the 1918 "After You've Gone," which gets a royal runaround with help from George Benson and Lionel Hampton. Sam Nestico wrote five arrangements, Frank Foster two; both are veteran Basie writers

and both supplied these 1984 studio heavyweights with perfectly crafted work.

How does Sinatra sound? The question is an inherent redundancy. True, nit-pickers may detect a slightly uncomfortable start on "It's All Right With Me" and one or two other minor flaws, but overall he is completely and compellingly in his element. There are romantic moments, even touches of strings, but "If I Should Lose You" and "A Hundred Years From Today," both normally ballads, take on a loose, loping beat.

The Fred Ebb lyric for "The Best of Everything" sounds like a litany on whatever connotes class to the singer: a Rembrandt, a yacht, a show dog, a fine wine. "Teach Me Tonight" and "Until the Real Thing Comes Along" have extra sets of witty words, added for the occasion by Sammy Cahn.

As for "Mack the Knife," what do you do with this creaking antique but satirize it? Sure enough, after opening with bassist Major Holley's comedy noises and cruising through Marc Blitzstein's traditional lyrics, Sinatra adds lines (written by Frank Foster, who arranged it) that invoke everyone from Satchmo, Darin and Ella to Quincy, Benson and Hampton. Foster also used those upward modulations that are endemic to the song.

Right at the end of the title song is a sound that may remind you of the superb band Jones led in the early '60s. Showing yet another aspect of his all-encompassing music world, Quincy Jones is back at his jazz roots, with the Chairman most commandingly in charge. □

JAZZ REVIEW

8/17

L.A. 4, PETERSON-JACKSON AT THE BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

The second concert in the "Jazz at the Bowl" series Wednesday was a modest affair with a cast not of thousands but of half a dozen. The L.A. 4 opened; Oscar Peterson and Milt Jackson played the second half.

Little has been heard during the last two years of the L.A. 4, whose members have gone their own separate and busy ways. Their reunion brought to a receptive

audience the same values they have always represented: a conservative, eclectic approach that offers something for everyone.

Laurindo Almeida has always been the ringer. A veteran guitarist who misleadingly acquired a jazz image through his association with Stan Kenton, he avoids jazz improvisation. The swinging was left to Ray Brown's bass, Bud Shank's post-bebop alto sax and Jeff Hamilton's drums.

Almeida is at ease in the songs of

his native Brazil and in the classics; when he played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" while Brown, using his bow, played Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight" as a counter-melody, the centuries met with beauty, dignity and logic.

More a commercial crowd-pleaser than vital jazz group, the L.A. 4 quit at half time to the regret of many among the 10,791 present.

Peterson, like many artists whose technique is enviable, has been accused of abusing it. Recently a New York critic made the

absurd assertion that Peterson cannot sustain a coherent improvised melodic line. Peterson promptly dispelled this notion in his variations on "Old Folks," then displayed his mastery as a melodist with a graceful original, "Love Ballade." But his Ellington medley fell down twice, with overripe

rococo runs in Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life" and a throwaway treatment of Juan Tizol's "Caravan," always a harmonic and melodic bore.

After two solo numbers by Milt Jackson (an unaccompanied vibraphone is like a bell ringer without a belfry), the two men joined forces

for collective inspiration. Peterson and Jackson had an affinity for each other, for subtle rhythmic pulsation and for the blues form, which they employed twice in their brief but brilliant encounter.

Jackson will return Sept. 5 as a member of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

JAZZ REVIEW

8/26

MULLIGAN, PHILHARMONIC AT BOWL

By LEONARD FEATHER

"Welcome," said conductor Erich Kunzel, "to an evening of jazz."

Though it was not exactly a misnomer, Kunzel couldn't have chosen a more awkward moment to offer the greeting. The concert Friday at the Hollywood Bowl (repeated Saturday) had just opened dismally and would close outrageously. A better handle for the balance of the program would have been "Gerry Mulligan Meets the L. A. Philharmonic."

Before Mulligan's entrance and Kunzel's welcome, 9,762 listeners

had been subjected to "Ellington Fantasia," arranged by Ralph Hermann. In the time it would have taken to present one of Ellington's serious orchestral works, the Philharmonic dashed off snippets from a dozen of Duke's popular song-hit warhorses. The attempts to generate a jazz feeling were laughable.

For Mulligan, what followed gave him a chance to shine as saxophonist, quartet leader and composer. The American premiere of his "Entente for Baritone Saxophone and Orchestra," his first attempt to write for a full symphony, succeeded not only as a vehicle for his plaintive solo passages but also in demonstrating a facility for

string writing. Mulligan's horn weaved its subdued way in and out of the 10-minute work, sustaining the strong melodic sense that has always marked his writing.

On his "K-4 Pacific," the quartet joined the orchestra for an enhanced version of a piece first played by a small group in 1971. "The Sax Chronicles," an attempt by Harry Freedman to recombine Mulligan themes in the styles of Mozart, Wagner and others, was a pretentious and silly gimmick.

A disastrous finale, after Mulli-

gan's departure, was Frank Proto's arrangement of "Three Dixie Hits"—an incredible title, since the first two tunes were "Cabaret" and "Mame." I walked out just too late to miss all of "The Saints." One hates to hear a respected symphony orchestra reducing itself to such puerile condescension. What is this anyway, the Boston Pops?

TOP TROMBONIST MOSTLY MUTED IN U.S.

By LEONARD FEATHER

Albert Mangelsdorff, the German jazz musician who amazed listeners in his recent Los Angeles appearance at the Olympic Jazz Festival, is by no means unhonored or unsung.

He has been called the most extraordinary musician on the entire European scene. Competing with the more publicized Americans, he has been voted the foremost artist on trombone in countless polls both in the U.S. and Europe.

Starting with a 1958 visit to Newport in an International Youth Band, he has made nine visits to this country, astonishing audiences in New York, New Orleans and Monterey; yet aside from a live album of that first visit, he has never made a record in the U.S., and he has not yet been able to arrange a tour here.

Mangelsdorff is not your run-of-the-mill trombone virtuoso. Since 1972, he has been perfecting a technique known as multiphonics that enables him to play and/or sing three notes at once through the horn, to astonishing visual-aural effect.

"It happened by accident," he said the other day. "In avant-garde music you spontaneously try anything. I just used my voice and found I could get an overtone along with the note I played and the one I sang. I've got it to the point where I can play all kinds of chords, not just simple triads."

Even before he developed this technique, Mangelsdorff had earned the admiration of such astute observers as John Lewis (who called him "the greatest since J. J. Johnson" and recorded an album with him), Elvin Jones, Don Cherry, Lee Konitz and Charlie Mariano, with whom he has become a central figure in Europe's eclectic avant-garde/jazz/rock scene.

None of this might have happened had not his elder brother, Emil, brought home some jazz records to their Frankfurt home when Albert was barely into his teens. "I was impressed—shocked!—and the idea of becoming a jazz musician occurred to me.

"Emil was already playing professionally; sometimes he'd take me to where he played in a nightclub under a hotel. They had guards outside, what they called the *Streifenendienst*—patrol service.

If word got to us that any Gestapo people were coming in, they would announce it, and we'd change the music, or give German titles to American tunes."

This masquerade ended abruptly when Emil Mangelsdorff was drafted in 1943; the following year he was taken prisoner by the Russians, who held him until 1949. Though emotionally shaken, he resumed his career and became a respected soloist, composer and leader.

"I was luckier," says Albert. "I was drafted in April of '45, but we deserted—four friends and I—we ran off and hid in the mountains. We did what we could to hold off starvation; we stole chickens from farms—anyway, just a few weeks later the war in Europe was over, and we came home."

After playing guitar for a while, he started on trombone in 1951. "For a while I was under the influence of the Lennie Tristano cool school; but I never consciously copied anyone, and by the early '60s I had found my own way to go."

Frankfurt had an active jazz scene that enabled him to lead his own group on a radio station and to play at local clubs such as Storyville. Though his travels are worldwide and he seldom gets to spend two weeks back-to-back at home, he still lives there. "I am now co-owner of one of the clubs, the Jazzkeller. The original owner was about to sell it to someone who would have stopped the jazz policy, so my father and I took it over. We're not making any money—just keeping it alive as a place for young musicians to go."

Germany (primarily West Germany and Berlin) has long had a thriving jazz community; the annual fall jazz festival in Berlin is one of Europe's most ambitious and experimental. American avant-garde or free-music groups have enjoyed far more success there than at

home. However, according to Mangelsdorff, the emergence of jazz education has changed that situation slightly.

"In the '60s and early '70s a lot of guys didn't care about education; they just blew. Some of what came out was phony, but I wouldn't put it down, because it was very important for the jazz movement on the Continent; it made European musicians feel more independent of the Americans."

Today the Hochschule Fur Musik in Cologne has a jazz department headed by the Cleveland-born trombonist Jiggs Whigham. "There are also clinics and many private schools led by jazzmen," says Mangelsdorff, "so the young musicians are far better schooled; they are more bebop oriented and a little less concerned with the avant-garde."

Having savored the taste of every brand of jazz, Mangelsdorff has lived in the best of all possible worlds. He has recorded an entire album unaccompanied; has worked in duo, trio, quartet and big-band settings, and continues to play everything from straight-ahead swinging jazz to modal to the freest of the free. He composes almost all the music for these groups.

For the past 20 years on and off, he has been helped in his diverse voyages by subsidies from the Goethe Institute. "There happened to be one fellow in their center in Munich who was much interested in jazz, who felt we deserved as much support as the poets and classical musicians. The Institute commissioned me to play a long tour. In 1964, I was in Turkey, Iraq, Iran, India, Hong Kong, Ceylon, South Vietnam. For a while I was involved with the musical characteristics of those countries; I incorporated some ragas into my library, and recorded a work by Ravi Shankar. But in general, I have never taken much music from outside sources; I still try to do my



German trombonist Albert Mangelsdorff at Olympic fest.

own thing."

Like most jazzmen, he feels that the music is better appreciated in Europe as an art form than in the U.S. He points to the number of Americans who make much of their living abroad at the dozens of festivals and clubs, then come home to spend their earnings. Unfortunately, as he points out, this does not work in reverse; Europeans visiting the United States rarely get to play more than a few concerts before having to return home.

Last year, Mangelsdorff went to New York with the Globe Unity Orchestra, an avant-garde bunch of Germans, Americans and Englishmen. It was founded in 1966 by a pianist, composer, mover and shaker named Alexander von Schlippenbach; Mangelsdorff has been a member since 1969. "For the past three years it has been a completely improvisational big

band—nothing written, nothing even talked about!—and we are enjoying it tremendously; there really isn't anything else like it."

Juggling his time schedule with singular deftness, he also manages to record twice a month for a radio jazz group in Frankfurt, and to retain membership in the United Jazz & Rock Ensemble. "That's a fusion band composed of rock and jazz musicians including the German bassist Eberhard Weber, the American saxophonist Charlie Mariano, trumpeters from Canada and Holland. I enjoy playing with them—I find all of these changes of settings very stimulating."

Though the trombone today cannot claim the mass popularity it enjoyed in the days of J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, Tommy Dorsey, Jack Teagarden, Trummy Young, and the other pioneers, Mangelsdorff refutes the suggestion that it has gone into a creative decline.

"There's a fellow named Ray Anderson, from Chicago; he's 31, very popular in Europe, and plays everything you can play on the trombone—jazz, funk, punk. . . . There's Eje Thelin from Sweden, who's played with George Russell's orchestra, Conrad Bauer in East Germany, and several right here in the States. People should know more about these guys."

That Mangelsdorff has a unique talent and enjoys the respect of knowledgeable contemporaries is beyond dispute; that he remains all but unknown in the native country of jazz is almost beyond belief. One wonders what might have happened to George Shearing, Toshiko Akiyoshi, Jean-Luc Ponty and others now equally successful had they not decided on emigration as the logical route to fame. □

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

THE VOICE." Bobby McFerrin. Elektra/Musical 60366. It is fitting that this should leave the reviewer at a loss for words, since the album itself is 90% wordless. It is composed of unaccompanied vocal improvisations, taped live during a concert tour in Germany. Switching registers like a yo-yo, McFerrin supplies his own rhythm section, real (by chest-beating) or implicit.

Using humor as a pervasive element, McFerrin practices an unprecedented form of vocal hypnosis. Though he indulges in wild rearrangements of Lennon-McCartney's "Blackbird," James Brown's "I Feel Good," Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" and Strayhorn's "A Train," most of what you hear is his own, and much of it seems completely spontaneous.

Some skeptics may pass this off as a bag of tricks, as mere gimmickry. Nonsense. Here we have true mastery of what is virtually a new extension of the vocalise art. If you don't believe, listen to "A Train," in which McFerrin gently satirizes the now-tired and clichéd scat singing of the '40s. 5 astounded stars.

—LEONARD FEATHER

"HARLEM BUTTERFLY." Lorez Alexandria. Discovery DS-905. Backed by pianist Gildo Mahones' quartet, with Herman Riley on tenor sax, the perennial Los Angeles favorite tackles eight songs with Johnny Mercer lyrics. Her full sound, never excessive in volume or drama, retains its character best in "Skylark" and "Mandy Is Two," but when the tempo rises, as in "This Time the Dream's on Me," there are traces of her old habit of lagging too far behind the beat. 3 stars.

—L.F.

"AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL." Ruby Braff/Dick Hyman. George Wein/Concord GW 3003. In this live session at a high school near Pittsburgh, Hyman, a master of every keyboard, tackled a 1927 Wurlitzer pipe organ. For the most part, he transcends the troubles inherent in dealing with this pompous instrument, hewing close to the Fats Waller tradition. His partner, cornetist Ruby Braff, offers a

heroic performance with overtones of Satchmo and Buck Clayton. The songs range in age from 26 (Gordon Jenkins' "This Is All I Ask") to 96 ("America the Beautiful"); coincidentally, these are the two best cuts. A unique LP with some moments of great beauty. 4 stars.

—L.F.

"DINO'S '83." Pete Christlieb Quartet. Bosco 5 (P.O. Box 2085, Canoga Park 91306). A perennial member of "The Tonight Show" band, Christlieb remains firmly planted in jazz via club gigs and his own record label. His tenor sax in "Speak Low" and "Like Almost Like" is bold and vital; other cuts, composed by his pianist Mike Melvoin and bassist Jim Hughtart, reflect his sensitive side. Like the above-mentioned Heath Brothers album, this includes a new version of Randy Weston's "Hi Fly," but this one is in exultant double-time. Nick Ceroli's drumming is a strong connective link. 3½ stars.

—L.F.

Monday, August 20, 1984/Part VI 5

JAZZ REVIEW

PIANISTS FLOCK TO L.A.

By LEONARD FEATHER

In Los Angeles jazz circles, last week was marked by the invasion of the piano players. In addition to Oscar Peterson and Ellis Larkins, Dick Hyman was at the Vine St. Bar & Grill on Monday and Adam Makowicz played a four-night engagement at the Hyatt Sunset.

That New Yorker Hyman could spare us only one night was deplorable, for he is the most bewilderingly eclectic and technically dazzling pianist in jazz today. An hour with him is a virtual course in jazz piano history, from turn-of-the-century rags to a song from "Yentl."

Along the way we heard James P. Johnson, Jelly Roll Morton, Fats Waller ("Jitterbug Waltz" with liberal touches of Art Tatum), and several works from such non-pianistic sources as a Chopinesque "Russian Lullaby," an exquisite treatment of "A Child Is Born," and Irving Berlin's "Soft Lights and Sweet Music," the title of which Hyman mocked by transforming it into a mercurial stride vehicle.

Working without a rhythm section, making the upright piano sound like a nine-foot grand, Hyman sat almost expressionless, saving all his emotion for the music. It's a safe bet that if he returns for a longer run, with advance publicity, every pianist in town will make tracks for the Vine St.

Makowicz, who left Poland for New York in 1977, displayed a facility almost as remarkable as Hyman's. Though his repertoire is more conventional, he brought to such standards as "My Shining

Hour" and "Tenderly" an engaging blend of dazzling single-note lines, subtle chordal alterations and, now and then, two-handed parallel lines of rare agility.

He was powerfully supported by Richard Maloof, a Los Angeles bass player who should be better known. When Makowicz tore into "Who Cares?" at an impossible tempo, Maloof, unfazed, went right along in a four-beat that required close to 350 notes per minute. But there is much more to this duo than technical prowess. Visitors to the Hyatt's Silver Screen jazz room were handsomely rewarded.

BENEFIT DRAWS CROWD

GUITARISTS PAY TRIBUTE TO LENNY BREAU

By LEONARD FEATHER

It was the ultimate irony. Just about every Monday night this year at Donte's, Lenny Breau had been displaying, to generally small crowds, the art of playing the guitar.

This Monday, Breau's name was again on the marquee, but with one word added: *benefit*. Breau, 43, was found dead in his apartment swimming pool Aug. 12, and the session had been organized to aid his widow, Jewel, and her 3-year-old daughter, Dawn Rose Marie. The irony was that the name of Lenny Breau drew the biggest crowd the club had seen in years.

"It would have been nice," said Donte's owner Carey Leverette, "if people had shown this much interest while Lenny was alive."

Some of the talk in the overcrowded, overheated room dwelt on how Breau had lived and how he died. (The coroner's office has revealed that his death was an apparent homicide, with marks on the body consistent with strangulation.)

But most of the guitarists who flocked to Donte's were also concerned with his contribution to his art.

"He had a harmonic sense all his own," said Mundell Lowe, who led

the first set. "His ideas sounded so simple, but they were really so complex."

Lee Ritenour, a top studio guitarist, recalled, "When I was in my teens, my dad took me to see Lenny at the old Shelly's Manne-Hole. What he did was way beyond my comprehension. Years later, he gave a couple of clinics, and just about every studio guitarist in town was there to learn from him. Lenny's scope was way beyond jazz. He had a classical background. He played everything from country to pop."

"One of his greatest admirers was Chet Atkins," said Shelly

Manne, who played in the second group, accompanying John Collins and Al Viola. "Chet staged a big tribute to him Sunday in Nashville."

So eager were the guitarists to pay their respects that they had to pair off. Herb Ellis and Joe Pass recaptured the magic mutual stimulation they had last displayed together in this room 11 years ago. They were followed by Joe Diorio and Ron Eschete as the night wore on and the congestion in the room grew thicker.

Jewel Breau, carrying her daughter and caught in the crowd, escaped to a quiet back room and left early, apparently overcome.

Contributions may be made to Musicians' Wives Inc., care of Donte's, 4269 Lankersheim Blvd., North Hollywood 91602.

in a world of increasing political oppression, we struggle for freedom prevail is still very much before us.



HONORED AT BERKLEE — Syndicated columnist and internationally famed jazz authority Leonard Feather, who was awarded the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music from Boston's Berklee College of Music at Commencement Ceremonies, is greeted by Alma Berk, Director of Public Information at the college, in the elite Berklee Performance Center. Feather's prodigious talents as a composer were recognized in a special performance of his classic jazz compositions during the 1984 Commencement Concert featuring the college's most prestigious ensembles.

JEWISH WEEKLY NEWS - 6/28/84

Los Angeles Times Sat. Aug. 25 1984

JAZZ REVIEW

ONE NIGHT, FOUR VOICES IN A RARE SILK WEAVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Small, jazz-oriented vocal groups are in such short supply that the only complaint one could lodge against Rare Silk was the brevity of its visit. This infectiously inventive quartet made its local debut for a single night at Hop Singh's Thursday.

Technically, it was its second local gig, but the Rare Silk heard in a Benny Goodman concert four years ago at the Hollywood Bowl was a female trio of which two members, sisters Marylynn and Gaile Gillaspie, are still on hand. The two new members have significantly updated the sound. They are Barbara Reeves, whose partly scatted "Lover" was the only vocal solo in a splendidly balanced set, and Todd Buffa, who may not be in the Jon Hendricks class as a singer, but whose vocal arrangements are a priceless asset.

It is a tough enough assignment to convert a song as complex as "Lush Life" into a vehicle for four-part vocal harmony, but Rare Silk's performance justified Buffa's heroic effort. The long verse was sung a

cappella; the rhythm team came in for the chorus, followed by a sensitive Jim Ridd piano solo.

Rare Silk's sources of material are as eclectic as its blend is magnetic. Along the way we heard Buffa's Grammy-nominated arrangement of Freddie Hubbard's "Red Clay," Marylynn's lyrics to the Stanley Turrentine instrumental "Storm," and even a Jimi Hendrix adaptation, "Up From the Skies." Toward the end came the Eddie Harris "Freedom Jazz Dance," perhaps the trickiest, most unsingable song in modern jazz annals, and a bristling Buffa original, "Burn It."

The rhythm section (also featuring Michael Berry on drums) at times seemed more rock-directed than the arrangements demanded, though there were moments when this made for an effective contrast.

Rare Silk, strengthened visually through ingenious choreography, offers a rare mix of musicianship and entertainment in a genre that surely deserves bigger and better breaks than this all-too-brief encounter.

JAZZ REVIEW

SHELDON SINGS, PLAYS, WAXES WITTY

By LEONARD FEATHER

A new face and two new hands in town belong to Nina Sheldon, the pianist and singer from New York who made her first local call Sunday and Monday at the Money Tree in Toluca Lake.

She has dates at Donte's the next two Wednesdays and a return booking at the Money Tree Sunday and Monday.

Sheldon poses the musical ques-

tion: Have we here a pianist who sings, or a vocalist who also plays piano? The fact is that she could get by handily as an instrumentalist, perhaps more than as a stand-up singer. Although her voice is not the most distinctive sound around, she has good intonation, a tendency not to take herself too seriously and superior material.

She shone in both departments during a tongue-in-cheek treatment of Thelonious Monk's "Blue

Monk." An unfamiliar, witty set of lyrics by Ross Schneider was followed by a salvo of pianistic Monk cliches, leading into a regular blues solo. Sheldon's keyboard control was best displayed in a fast, fiery attack on "Dindi," more jazz than samba.

Two Hoagy Carmichael songs, "Baltimore Oriole" and "Skylark," along with the '40s pop hit "Old Devil Moon," showed her ability to explore new vocal and keyboard

avenues. Although her rhythm section was acquired locally (Luther Hughes on bass, Jeff Hamilton on drums), the three were obviously well rehearsed.

Sheldon happens also to be a very funny lady; it is almost worth the check just to hear her weird introductory raps. Much of this went over the heads of Sunday's crowd, which consisted, to the left, of a noisy group at the bar and, to the right, diners chomping away at their entrees, leaving her east of the sounds and west of the meal.

With her debut album earning good local airplay, Sheldon is a welcome newcomer on the too often inbred local jazz scene.

8/28/84

47



AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

THE COUNT BASIE BAND, with various personalities fronting it, is booked solidly through the end of the year, according to Basie's office. The band appeared at Disneyland, with **Joe Williams** back as featured artist, for a week in late June. **Tee Carson** from San Francisco is still playing piano in Basie's place. A recent concert in Concord, California featured both the Basie and **Harry James** bands, the latter featuring trumpeter **Joe Graves**.

■ **Mercer Ellington**, who spends much of his time living in Copenhagen (his wife is Danish), has announced that he is donating to Radio Denmark nearly 50 boxes of unreleased studio tape recordings made by his father between the early '50s and his death in 1974. 'There is enough material for at least 14 albums,' says Ellington, 'including small groups, as well as larger orchestral pieces that have never been heard outside the studio.'

■ Bassist **John Heard**, well known for his work with **Oscar Peterson**, **Count Basie**, **Kenny Burrell** and countless other jazz stars, is planning soon to retire his bass and devote all his time to his art work. An exhibition of Heard's brilliant drawings and paintings was held at the West 43rd Street Gallery in Los Angeles in July.

■ The Playboy Jazz Festival, held at the Hollywood Bowl June 16-17, was a commercial success, drawing more than 32,000 fans during the two eight-hour concerts. **Linda Hopkins**, in her first Playboy appearance, and **B B King** enjoyed the strongest reactions on the first day. Some of the best instrumental music was offered by **James Newton**, who dedicated his performance to **Charles Mingus**. He featured two guest stars, **Allan Iwohara** (koto) and **John Carter** (clarinet). **Weather Report**, which now includes the former **Miles Davis** percussionist **Minu Cinelu**, featured too little of **Wayne Shorter**. The **Shorty Rogers Reunion Big Band**, composed mostly of studio jazz musicians, fell flat with Rogers's 1953 bebop cliché pieces, though the soloists, such as trombonists **Carl Fontana** and **Dick Nash**, were well received. The Rogers band also accompanied **Mel Torme**, whose choice of material and artistry were flawless as always.

The unquestioned star of the Sunday concert was **Ray Charles**, in a typical setting with his full band, directed by **Clifford Solomon**, and **The Raelettes**.

Charlie Haden's Liberation Music Orchestra, with a West Coast personnel that included **Ernie Watts**, **Oscar Brashear**, **Milcho Leviev**, **John Carter** and **Marty Krystall**, among others, was superior to the New York band heard on his album, playing the same **Carla Bley** arrangements.

The conversation piece of the day was the incredibly bizarre behavior of **Jaco Pastorius**, leading his **Word Of Mouth** group. Among other things, he threw a music stand, microphone and other equipment across the stage, even including his own bass. The audience booed this chaotic performance, which was cut short as **Carmen McRae** was hurried on to start her set 10 minutes early.

■ The **Horace Silver Quintet**, reorganised again, made its first Los Angeles appearance in a long time when it played a week in mid-July at the Silver Screen Jazz Club. Currently in the group are **Brian Lynch** (trumpet), **Ralph Moore** (tenor), **Bob Maize** (bass) and **Carl Burnett** (drums).

■ Composer/trumpeter **John LaBarbera** was musical director for *Jazz Time*, taped for national TV at New York's Beacon Theatre. Trombonist **Doug Sertl** led a 17-piece band, and others who took part were **Chaka Khan**, trumpeter and comedian **Jack Sheldon** and dancer **Hinton Battle**.

■ **Isuzu Motors Inc** is sponsoring the 1984-85 concert tours of **Linda Ronstadt** with **Nelson Riddle's** orchestra. The Ronstadt album of pop classics **WHAT'S NEW**, which amazed the music industry by selling well over a million in the US alone, has led to her decision to give up singing rock 'n' roll and concentrate on more sophisticated ventures. She and Riddle are now planning a second album together. Their tour was set to begin June 29 in New

Leonard Feather and Oscar Peterson receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Music from Berklee president Lee Eliot Berk, 1975/84.



Orleans and will play the Universal Amphitheatre in Los Angeles August 16. Featured sidemen will be **Plas Johnson** (tenor), **Tony Terran** (trumpet), **Chauncey Welsh** (trombone), **Don Grolnick** (piano), Toronto guitarist **Bobby Mann**, **Bob Magnusson** (bass) and **John Guerin** (drums).

■ **Makoto Ozone**, one of Berklee College's proudest graduates, was due to arrive in Los Angeles in early July to record an album at **Chick Corea's** Mad Hatter Studio. It will be produced by **Gary Burton**, a longtime member of the Berklee faculty.

■ **Joe Zawinul** has two unusual recording projects in the works. He plans to cut one or two numbers with **Miles Davis**, and has also agreed to make an album with **Dizzy Gillespie** — their first collaboration.

■ **Armand Boatman**, an **Oscar Peterson**-inspired pianist who is not as well known as he deserves to be (mainly because he lives and works only in and around Phoenix, Arizona), has taped an album for release on Pausa Records. Recorded live at Gregory's, a club near his home, it has **Curtis Stovall** (bass) and **David Wilson** (drums).

■ Drummer **Grady Tate** and pianist **Mike Renzi** are co-leading a combo backing **Peggy Lee** at the Westwood Playhouse in Los Angeles. The other members are **John Chiodini** (guitar), **Howie Kurhan** (vibes/percussion) and **Jim Hughart** (bass).

■ **Kenny Burrell**, who has signed with Musician Records, has taped an album teaming him with **Grover Washington**, **Jack de Johnette**, **Ron Carter** and percussionist **Ralph Macdonald**. Burrell also took part in two albums recorded in Los Angeles in late June with an orchestra led by **Mercer Ellington**. The band included some of Ellington's regular sidemen from New York, augmented by several West Coast musicians. Numerous old **Duke Ellington** tunes were revived, with Burrell doubling on guitar, electric guitar and banjo. Ellington will lease the masters to an as yet undetermined label.

■ *Jazz Times* magazine will hold a convention September 27-30 in New York, with **Dizzy Gillespie** as guest of honor, and with panel discussions on many topics. **Billy Taylor** and saxophonist **Jane Ira Bloom** will talk on 'Women in Jazz', **Mike Hennessey**, **Monty Alexander** and **Clark Terry** will discuss 'Jazz and the Music Industry'. **Red Rodney** will be one

continued on page 6

8/26/84

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

FULL CYCLE. Don Sebesky. GNP (crescendo GNPS 2164). The composer-arranger, confronted with the task of writing an orchestral album, faces a problem. If he creates new works, their unfamiliarity may render them unsalable. If he plays the compositions of others, the results may be called secondhand, derivative.

In this album, Sebesky has found the solution. Leading a 12-piece ensemble, he offers six familiar pieces: John Coltrane's "Naima," John Lewis' "Django," Bud Powell's "Un Poco Loco," etc. However, while retaining the spirit of these tunes (except in Miles Davis' "All Blues," which emerges heavily disguised), Sebesky has brought so much of himself into the treatments in characters, colors and textures, that they take on a new and fascinating life.

The perfect integration of orchestrated and improvised solo passages (often simultaneously) brings to mind the masterpieces Gil Evans created in his collaborations with Davis, though Sebesky has accomplished this on a reduced scale (Evans had 21 players). Here we have a state-of-the-art representation of the jazz orchestral genre. Inexcusably, annotator Gene Lees neglects to credit any of the

soloists. Clearly it is the leader on electric keyboard, his son Kenneth on guitar, probably Alex Foster on soprano sax and, in most cases, Jon Faddis on trumpet or fluegelhorn. Whoever they are, 5 stars for all hands. One can only hope that Sebesky, who spent too many years on commercial projects, will continue to experiment along these lines.

"BLUE CITY JAM." Billy Mitchell. Pausa PR 7158. Not related to the erstwhile Basie saxophonist of the same name, this Mitchell has many functions: producer, composer, keyboards, synthesizer. Heading an agreeable, not-too-forceful contemporary rhythm section, he is well supported by John Bolivar on flute and alto sax. Here and there, along with the funk and hints of reggae, you find insignificant singing of less than profound lyrics ("You really turn me on," etc.). The best is saved for last, a long and relaxed "Love Tonight and Forever" with Sal Marques on muted trumpet and a *la-la-la*-type wordless vocal by Cheryl Barnes. A 4-star cut in a 2½-star album.

"STARDUST." Glenn Zottola Quintet/Quartet. Famous Door HL

149 (P.O. Box 92, Station A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358). Too many fine musicians on the West Coast are all but unknown to Easterners—and vice versa, as this LP handily proves. Zottola is a *rara avis* in that, as a trumpeter, his roots go back not to Miles or Dizzy but to Armstrong (the resemblance in the title cut is startling), and also in that he doubles quite capably on alto sax. Several tracks pit him effectively against another alto, that of the longtime Ellingtonian Norris Turney. They have a supportive rhythm section, two of whose members, bassist Mike Hall and pianist Harold Danko, contributed new tunes. The drummer is Butch Miles of 1970s Basie renown. Zottola turns an unpretentious set into an event notable for his taste and versatility. 4 stars.

"EVIDENCE OF THINGS UNSEEN." Don Pullen. Black Saint BSR 0080. Hearing this solo recital, nobody (particularly pianists) can fail to be shaken out of complacency by the breadth of Pullen's textural canvas. The 11½-minute title cut moves from haunting tenderness to staggering intensity and frenzied tone clusters. "Victory Dance" is at times more ordered, with West Indian/African overtones. As the notes point out, there are passages in "In the Beginning" that "the most traditionally eared might find abominable," but often one can look beyond the seeming chaos to find Pullen's sense of logic amid the fury. In any event, he comes down to earth by ending

with a straight-ahead blues and a brief gospel piece. This is, in fact, an all-encompassing portrait of the preeminent figure in today's pianistic avant-garde. 4½ stars.

"INSIDE OUT." Bob Summers Quintet. Discovery DS-897. A member of the Count Basie trumpet section since 1980, Summers plays fiery horn ("There Will Never Be Another You") and cool, unruffled fluegelhorn ("For Heaven's Sake"). As a composer, he evinces a keen sense of melody and harmony in "J.R.'s Tune" and an unabashed post-bop derivation in the blues "One for Yardbird." Lanny Morgan's assured alto and the strong rhythm section (Frank Strazzeri, piano; John Heard, bass; Chuck Flores, drums) complete an unpretentious quintet in a group style that recalls some of the Blue

Note albums by Horace Silver and Lee Morgan. 4 stars.

"BROTHERS & OTHERS." The Heath Brothers. Antilles AN 1016. This rare reunion brings together Tootie (drums), Percy (bass) and Jimmy Heath (saxes) in an unspectacular, congenial mainstream session. There are bonus sidemen (the violinist Joe Kennedy and trombonist Slide Hampton on two cuts apiece) and bonus instruments: Stanley Cowell, the pianist, plays a kalimba (thumb-piano), and Percy plucks the cello-like "baby bass" on his calypso-tinted composition "Islandized." This piece and brother Jimmy's "Nice People" (based on the chords of "Indiana") are the best examples of the pervasive sibling rivalry. 3½ stars.

nis' "Blues for Breakfast." The ornate, unaccompanied "I Cover the Waterfront" could have been retitled "I Visit the Waterfall." No stars for Shearing's grammar (he writes that Sonny Rollins' "Pent Up House" "gives Don and I a chance to toss some ideas back and forth"), but 4 stars for his piano.

"POETRY." Stan Getz and Albert Dailey. Elektra/Musician 60370. Dailey, pianist with Getz's quartet from 1973-75, rejoined him last spring, when they toured as a duo. On June 26, Dailey died suddenly at 46. This posthumous reminder of his lyricism and harmonic subtlety, and of the empathy evinced in their duo performances, is poetry indeed. Getz plays superbly on five jazz standards; the closing cuts on each side, "Lover Man" and "Round Midnight," are piano solos. 5 stars.

"COUNT BASIE KANSAS CITY STYLE." RCA AFM 1-5180. Now subtitled "Young Bill Basie With the Bennie Moten Orchestra," this was available for many years in RCA's Vintage series. Playing full-fisted, Fats Waller piano, Basie is prominent, along with singer Jimmy Rushing (on four of the 16 short cuts), and several soloists rising out of the rugged 1929-1932 ensembles of "Moten's Swing." "Toby" and the like: Hot Lips Page, trumpet; Eddie Durham, trombone and guitar; Ben Webster, tenor sax. A historically valuable example of pre-Swing Era big-band jazz. 4 stars.

"BASIC BASIE." Court-Basie. Verve/MPS 829-291-1. Released as part of a new series of reissues by the Polygram conglomerate, a 1969 session finds Basie's piano a little more prominent than was later his custom (he weaves his way in and out during Benny Carter's "Blues in My Heart"). But this seems to have been an attempt

to produce jazz dance music: Chico O'Farrill's arrangements are much too short (mostly under three minutes), and the songs are mostly old pop hits ("Moonglow," "Red Roses for a Blue Lady"). For some reason, there are no brass solos at all. Basie at this time had a powerful personnel that should have been allowed to flex its chops. 2½ stars.

"THE NEW OSCAR PETTIFORD SEXTET." Debut OJC-112. One of a new set of classics made available by the Fantasy group, this is a historically valuable reminder that Pettiford, the preeminent bass virtuoso of the 1940s, later achieved prominence as a jazz cellist. (The bass duties are taken over on four cuts by Charles Mingus.) This group had an unconventional front line: French horn (Julius Watkins) and tenor sax (Phil Urso). Quincy Jones' "Stockholm Sweetnin'" and Pettiford's blues "Low and Behold" best illustrate the leader's cello mastery. To extend what was originally a 10" LP, two tunes have been added, with Pettiford on bass, cut in Copenhagen shortly before his death there in 1960. At \$5.98, a bebop bargain. 4 stars.

"FULL CIRCLE." Bruce Forman. Concord Jazz CJ 251. Now impassioned, now restrained, Forman is a sensitive guitarist who, on four cuts, is supported by the vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson. Their digit-defying version of "Giant Steps" and a successful translation of "Summertime" into a 5/4 meter are among the best of the eight cuts. George Cables, as pianist and composer in the attractive ballad "Helen's Song," is a central contributor. Forman wrote two originals, the lilting waltz "Circular" and the laid-back "Desert Rain." Latin and gospel elements round out a well-planned set that indicates a bright future for the 28-year-old leader. 4 stars.

THE SPIRIT OF NEW ORLEANS LIVES 9-30

By LEONARD FEATHER

"MY FEET CAN'T FAIL ME NOW." Dirty Dozen Brass Band. George Wein/Concord GW 3005.

The excuse, sometimes used by white promoters of traditional-jazz events, that they use mainly white musicians because blacks have forsaken the early idioms, is neatly refuted here. This all-black band from the Crescent City (actually two-thirds of a dozen, and with only four brass instruments) has not merely retained the spirit of classic New Orleans music but has updated it in a style that is unique and ingratiat-

ing. The instrumentation is part of the secret. Much of the band's energy derives from the use of a parade-style snare drummer, a bass drummer, no piano, and, most valuably, a tuba player, Kirk Joseph, whose staccato two-beat pumping lends the group much of its character.

With two trumpets, two saxes and a trombone making up the front line, the band is meticulously organized under the direction of trumpeter Greg Davis. Solos, though generally expert, are of

secondary importance; this is primarily an ensemble group in which the impact stems from unconventional voicings and a repertoire of astonishing diversity.

Harmonically, the band is thoroughly traditional, yet some of the melodic lines have the inspired sophistication of bebop. In fact, the selections include Charlie Parker's "Bongo Beep," Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" and, quoted during the title tune, Art Blakey's "The Theme." At the other extremity is "Li'l Liza Jane," a tune that is older than salt, played with high-stepping marching-band verve. The only weak cut is a clumsy arrangement of the tiresome, monotonous "Caravan." Despite this one flaw, for its unprecedented use of generational cross-currents, the Dirty Dozen earns a clean bill of health: 5 stars.

"LIVE AT THE CAFE CARLYLE." George Shearing. Concord Jazz CJ 246. In one of his best live sets, Shearing for the most part is in flawless form, using such points of departure as Charlie Parker's "Cheryl" (with an astonishing solo by bassist Don Thompson), and Herbie Hancock's "Tell Me a Bedtime Story," a piano duet by Shearing and Thompson. There's even a pleasant though somewhat tentative Shearing vocal, on Matt Den-

49

MUSICA JAZZ July 1984

o, Pino Candini, Stefano Arcangeli, Roberto Capasso, Luca Cerchiarì, Giuseppe Federighi, Enzo Fresia, Aldo Gianolio, Giorgio Lombardi, Mario Luzzi, Giuseppe Piacentino, Gian Carlo Roncaglia, Bruno Schiozzi, Luigi Villa Freddi.

RALPH BURNS

«Free Forms & Winter Sequence 1951-1954»: (1) *Free Forms: Places Please -X / Terresita / Tantaloon / Vignette At Verney's -X / Cameo / Lileth -X / Someday, Somewhere -X / Spring Is* / (2) *Winter Sequence: Dasher / Dancer / Prancer / Vixen / Comet / Cupid / Donner / Blitz*.

(1) Tony Miranda (cor. fr.), Lee Koniz (alto - solo nei brani contrassegnati -X), Danny Bank (fl.), Ralph Burns (p., arr., comp., dir.), Ray Brown (cb.), Jo Jones (batt.), più 4 viol., viola, oboe e/o cor. ingl., fag., cl. basso non identificati. New York, 7-8-51.

(2) Joe Wilder (tr.), Kai Winding (trne), Jimmy Buffington (cor. fr.), Bill Barber (tu.), Herbie Mann (fl.), Winnie Dean (fl., alto), Danny Bank (fl., bar.), Ralph Burns (p., arr., comp., dir.), Billy Bauer (chit.), Oscar Pettiford (cb., cello), Osie Johnson (batt.), Leonard Feather (arr., comp., dir.). New York, settembre 1954.
RARETONE 5017 - FC, distr. Giucar.

Queste due suite composte e dirette da Ralph Burns, riedizioni di due Lp originariamente pubblicati su etichette Clef e MGM, tornano alla luce con l'intenzione di far conoscere il lavoro in proprio di un personaggio conosciuto soprattutto per la sua lunga collaborazione con l'orchestra di Woody Herman e, in particolare, per la sua *Summer Sequence*, la celeberrima suite in tre movimenti, che rappresenta il momento magico del compositore-arrangiatore; inoltre, un successivo movimento di quella suite, il IV, fu in seguito rielaborato e intitolato *Early Autumn*, e divenne uno dei capolavori dell'orchestra di Herman. Per la verità a Burns vanno riconosciuti i meriti di aver arrangiato per quell'orchestra quel *Caldonia* che rappresentò un grande successo e che, ancora oggi, il bandleader mantiene in repertorio, e di aver composto e arrangiato *Bijou*, un pezzo fondato su ritmi latino-americani che, all'epoca, fu molto apprezzato da Igor Stravinsky. Ma i meriti di questo personaggio non si esauriscono qui. Burns fu capace di coniugare con estrema brillantezza il linguaggio del jazz con quello delle forme accademiche, una contaminazione a livello ideologico, quasi mai formale. E, ancora, vanno ricordate le qualità di arrangiatore raffinato e al contempo robusto, ma soprattutto il suo senso dell'equilibrio che regna sovrano nei rap-

porti tra pieni orchestrali e inserimenti solistici. Resta però il dubbio della potenzialità di leader di Burns, perché questi due lavori, pur buoni, non sembrano far dimenticare il suo *Summer Sequence*. L'edizione invernale della suite, è rappresentata da gustosissimi bozzetti sonori, ognuno dei quali è affidato a un solista che forse, più che improvvisare, legge la sua parte.

Più felice appare *Free Forms* con un uso appropriato dei violini e una coloritura originale, ma anche qui, i momenti più squisiti si devono a Lee Konitz con quel suo linguaggio fantasioso e intriso di malinconia. Insomma, una interessante riedizione che, più che porre sotto un'altra luce il lavoro di Burns, fa conoscere altra musica del pianista, compositore e arrangiatore. Musica di ottimo gusto e molto personale; ma, in definitiva, le opere più incisive di Burns restano sempre quelle con l'orchestra di Woody Herman.

M.L.

JORDAN, SWARTZ IN HARMONIOUS MATCH

By LEONARD FEATHER

An entire set by a singer whose sole accompanist is a bass player? Implausible though it seems, Sheila Jordan and Harvie Swartz make this odd combination work, as they demonstrated Tuesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill.

Jordan and Swartz are totally compatible. She spends almost half of her time bending down, singing not to the audience, not even to Swartz, but to the belly of the beast that is his bass. Most of her songs are of jazz origin: Billie Holiday's "Don't Explain," with a fascinating, koto-like introduction by Swartz; Charlie Parker's "Barbados," Bobby Timmons' "Dat Dere," a kiddie-talk song that she once recorded for her daughter. For a unique finale, the 55-year-old Jordan sang her autobiography, somehow

bringing a carefree spirit to the tales of her childhood traumas.

Jordan knows exactly where to take her voice, how to adjust her sound and make use of her range. "Sleepin' Bee" was a touching tribute to Truman Capote, who wrote the lyrics to this Harold Arlen melody. Her proclivity for dyed-in-the-decades songs was illustrated by "Inch Worm," a 1951 Frank Loesser tune, and the Dietz & Schwartz song "Alone Together."

"Quasimodo," filled with obscure references to Charlie Parker, went too far into esoterica and seemed to lose both the audience and its own sense of direction. An exotic, Hebraic/Indian-sounding wail called "The Crossing" was her best wordless venture.

Swartz, the perfect partner, played rhythm, unison lines or counterpoint and demonstrated phenomenal technique as he glissandoed, chorded, slapped and swung his way through "Honeysuckle Rose."

The pair closed Wednesday, but can be checked out on a Palo Alto album.



GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times

Wednesday night's heat didn't crimp Sarah Vaughan's singing.

JAZZ REVIEW

9

VAUGHAN, MJQ AT BO

By LEONARD FEATHER

Despite a scorching night that might have tempted the star to change her name from Sarah to Sahara Vaughan, a crowd of 10,561 turned out for the latest recital in the "Jazz at the Bowl" series, produced for the Philharmonic by George Wein. The singer shared billing with the Modern Jazz Quartet.

The more conditions turned against her, the better Vaughan seemed to battle them. During her Gershwin medley, the breeze blew her music away, yet she managed to use the confusion to her advantage, kidding around, changing keys and generally turning imminent chaos into delightful disorder.

Gershwin played a central role. In addition to the medley, there was her opener, an a cappella "Summertime" to establish immediately the special sense of magic in store for us. The program was a well-balanced melange of Sassy the jazz vocalist and Sarah Vaughan the prima donna of popular balladry.

The purest Vaughan, for this seasoned observer, could be found in the reflective moods of "Moonlight in Vermont," "I'm Through With Love" and of course her majestic "Send in the Clowns" finale.

Vaughan was one of the first modern singers to master the scat, vocalese and related forms. If there

was a slightly excess wordless art on this "Autumn Leaves" (entirely without words, for example), it was eloquently just Strayhorn's "Chelsea" (a superb melody for which no lyrics simply have been published).

With Quincy Jones in charge of her recording

Art: Open Season

Exit Labor Day; enter art season. New shows open this week, about half of the weekend. Among the most promising billings are "Post Olympic Art," a Franco-American exchange at Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions (LACE), and John K. Sather's full-gallery installation at Los Angeles Institute for Contemporary Art (LAICA), celebrating the institute's 10th birthday.

Dance: A Sampling

The Dance Exchange, a four-event series of works by local choreographers, continues tonight and Saturday at 8 in the Pilot Theatre. The programs, sponsored by the Los A

9/2/84

JAZZ

THE EVOLUTION OF MILT JACKSON

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mibn (Bags) Jackson is at pace with himself and the world.

On the face of it, this is a less than earth-shattering statement, but to those who have followed the career and the sometimes embittered comments of the veteran vibraphonist and composer, it will come as a welcome and even surprising bulletin.

His recent ventures have assumed several guises. In mid-August, he shared the Hollywood Bowl stage with Oscar Peterson; Wednesday, he will be back there as a member of the Modern Jazz Quartet, dividing the evening with Sarah Vaughan. Other bookings will have him leading what has become his own regular group, with Cedar Walton at the piano, Mickey Roker on drums and Ray Brown (who manages both this group and the MJQ) on bass.

Exactly 10 years ago last month, the Modern Jazz Quartet, after what appeared to have been a phenomenally successful 22-year

life at the top, broke up, mainly because Jackson, dissatisfied with what he felt were insufficient financial rewards, quit to go out on his own.

The men went their separate ways: pianist-composer John Lewis to teach at City College of New York; bassist Percy Heath to form a group with brothers Jimmy (saxes) and Albert (drums); Connie Kay to free-lance, mainly as the drummer at Eddie Condon's in New York.

Public demand made reunions inevitable: There was one in 1976, for a live recording taped at Carnegie Hall. Then came a five-year lull. Jackson picks up the story from there:

"John Lewis came and asked me to do six concerts in Japan. I felt I owed the others the opportunity to make this tour for really good money, because for all those years we were together we never did. So after those six dates we sat down and worked out a plan to try it again."

Since then, the MJQ has recon-

vened on an increasing scale. At first, it was to be two or three months a year, but the calls for dates continue to grow.

"Sure, it's much better financially now," Jackson says, "but still disappointing in terms of how I feel we should be rewarded for this group on the basis of what it represents musically."

Though Jackson made it clear that he spoke only for himself, he is officially the public-relations representative for the MJQ. It seems unlikely that many observers, either within the group or among its followers over the years, would take issue with him. If the values brought to 20th-Century music by this group, with its unprecedented mixture of gentle jazz, baroque and chamber music influences, were rewarded financially on the basis of creativity, the MJQ's members would make Michael Jackson look like a pauper.

"When we were together permanently during those 22 years," Jackson says, "I did have financial



JEFF SHARE

Milt Jackson: "The bottom line is, what do you aim to accomplish between the time you come and the time you go?"

security—but it wasn't just because of the quartet. It was a collective group and each of us drew out a salary, but it got to the point where I was making more money on the outside. Did you know that I wrote the first television commercial for Harvey's Bristol Cream? And played on it?

"I decided to start making my

money work for me, with the help of my wife—she's been with Metropolitan Insurance for nine years. A lot of musicians aren't business-minded, and if you're not, you are definitely going to get ripped off.

"Speaking as a black man—and I try to stay away from racism and that kind of thing, but I have to say this—we never knew enough about investments. I take my hat off to Miles Davis; as soon as he had the chance, he had a manager make good use of the money he made. My own broker told me about some famous names—people who made a fortune and wound up with nothing. Their agents and managers never told them how to invest because, the way I see it, they were too busy stealing the money for themselves.

"I managed to get around that; otherwise, I might still be struggling, playing every gig to make ends meet."

The future looks bright for Jackson individually and for the MJQ as a unit. "We are in touch with a group of people who run a large agency, and they're very interested in setting up a concert tour, planning a full year ahead. We'd play with major symphonies, and we'd just work weekends—maybe

Please Turn to Page 56

JAZZ at HOLLYWOOD BOWL

WEDNESDAYS IN SEPTEMBER

FRANK FREAK FREAKS OUT FANS

Criticism of Sinatra Vocals Brings Angry Response

By DENNIS HUNT

The voice on the phone was angry: "How dare you say those things about Frank! He's the *greatest* singer and a great man, and better than anybody out there today."

The unhappy caller was an old acquaintance. He objected to my demurrals printed in last Sunday's Calendar on Sinatra's new "L.A. Is My Lady" album. And he wasn't the only displeased person.

In the article, I praised the production, arrangements and choice of material but found little to cheer about in Sinatra's vocal performance. Also I identified myself as a Frank Freak who admires and regularly immerses himself in Sinatra music—the old Sinatra. To me, his best period was from his rookie years in the early '40s through the mid-'60s.

Ironically, when this fellow called to castigate me, I was listening to Sid Mark's KGIL radio show early Saturday evening (there's also one on Sunday mornings 9 to 11) devoted to Sinatra music. I don't recall which songs were playing, but it was soothing, vintage Sinatra. I needed soothing about that time as the guy on the phone continued his rambling defense of Sinatra's contemporary music, citing "Theme From New York, New York" (1980) as an example of what he can do now.

More people called Saturday night to complain. Obviously they had picked up early editions of the paper and felt the need to call me and harass me right NOW!

They were particularly protesting my putdown of the song "L.A. Is My Lady." The

mother of one friend called it "the most moving song about a city she'd ever heard." My detractors questioned my skills as a critic as well as my character. One woman, the aunt of a friend, saw my comments on Sinatra as an attack on senior citizens.

The next day there were more calls, some from strangers who got my number from who knows where. And it was more of the same. The most vehement caller reasoned that the rough edges on Sinatra's voice qualified him as a jazz singer.

"Jazz singers," the woman argued, "can get away with any kind of singing. I listen to him as I would listen to a jazz singer. It's the emotion that counts."

She acknowledged that she's a closet Frank Freak, even though she's only 23, usually a Bruce Springsteen age or perhaps Prince. "I love Sinatra," she said, "but I don't tell my friends because they wouldn't understand. They're into Devo and Van Halen."

All these calls usually started with something like "I like your writing but . . ."

Here, to the best of my recollection, are some of the choicer comments:

One man said he was a musician who played in an orchestra that accompanied Sinatra back in the '40s: "I don't hear him hitting any bad notes. His voice has lost a little from the old days but not much."

A woman boasted that she was a bobby-soxer who swooned over Frank when he was a teen idol: "I still love to listen to him. To me, he sounds the same as he always did."

Most of the callers chastised me for being too much the purist. "Lighten up and give Frank a break," said this buddy who normally has a breezy attitude about everything. "He's just a guy out there trying to make it. Give him credit for being in his late '60s and still being able to turn people on." Good point.

A young woman accused me of having a Hitler mentality. I hung up on her.

A couple of friends called to say I was brave to rap a Legend. Two others said I was stupid to knock a Legend.

The negative feedback didn't surprise me but I never expected so much of it—or that it would be so fervent. Some of those people—many of them friends—were really mad. I tried to defuse their anger with a lightheart-

ed response—but that didn't work. I noted that it was only an article; I emphasized that it was not really that important. But it didn't work.

The point of my piece was to offer the perspective of a Frank Freak who was disappointed. I don't expect that I changed many people's minds, although a gracious Leonard Feather, our critic of record, had some second thoughts. (See his adjoining comments.)

Nothing I heard in what was a weekend of arguing and debating has altered my opinions. I'm still the same devout Frank Freak. I haven't changed. But obviously I'm much less popular than I was. So don't call me; I'll call you. □

Readers praise and pan Hunt's commentary, Page 87.

THAT WAS NO 'LADY'

One of the essential qualifications for a critic is the willingness to admit he has been wrong.

After reading Dennis Hunt's essay last Sunday denouncing the praise lavished on Frank Sinatra's new album, I listened again, very carefully.

My review admitted to minor flaws; Dennis spelled out major flaws in considerable detail. The truth, I now realize, is somewhere in between.

On one point, however, I was dead wrong and Dennis (along with almost every other reviewer) was right. In the first flush of hasty enthusiasm over the

production, arrangements and sound quality, I had kind words for the song "L.A. Is My Lady." The more I listen, the less I hear in it, lyrically and melodically. What possessed me to claim that this trivial tune was in any way comparable to "My Kind of Town" or "New York, New York"?

Unlike Dennis, I am not a Frank Freak, but merely someone who has admired him through the years and will admit the truth when something is wrong.

Mea culpa, and thanks, Dennis, for setting the record straight. □

—LEONARD FEATHER

CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES

DRUGS AND MUSIC: THE FACTS BELIEVE FICTION

By LEONARD FEATHER

Recently, I attended the funeral of someone I knew as a friend and admired as an artist. Esther Phillips, or "Little Esther" as she was called when I first saw her as the teen-age hit maker with Johnny Otis' band, was only 48 when she died—not of an overdose of anything, but of the life style into which her long battle with various drugs (including alcohol) had led her.

Otis told me that two proteges he had planned to present at next month's Monterey Jazz Festival, Phillips and another blues singer who died recently, both had cirrhosis of the liver.

A few days later I was at a benefit for the family of Lenny Breau, the nonpareil guitarist, dead

at 43. He, too, was not a direct victim of drugs (his case was a homicide, with no suspects or motive known at this writing), but I remembered reading in the notes in one of his albums that he "fought a severe drug problem for almost 10 years."

Then there was Frank Butler, the superb drummer from Kansas City who at one time, having cleaned up his act, worked as a drug-abuse counselor. Butler died of cancer July 25; he was 56.

Thus, four deaths within a four-week span, and a grim reminder of an association the media have delighted in exploiting: jazz and booze, or jazz and junk.

By the standards of the press, "Shoe Salesman Picked Up on Pot

addicts, according to present scientific belief, no longer have addictive personalities. It may be hard for the outsider to believe that years ago (decades ago, in fact), such upstanding citizens as Joe Pass, Gerry Mulligan and Charlie Haden were heavily involved with hard drugs, but all have long since put their habits behind them. The healthy Miles Davis is a more recent addition to the list.

Generalization extends even to smoking. Eubie Blake, going into his 99th year, was still puffing away at cigarettes (but warned younger men that they might not be so lucky). On the other hand Nat King Cole, clean living in general but a heavy cigarette smoker, died at 47 of lung cancer.

Cole was outlived by Louis Armstrong, who in later years spoke openly and affectionately about pot, which he said he had used during most of his adult life. Louis had nothing but contempt for the users of harder drugs, whom he dismissed as "dope addicts." He had little use for liquor; in a published letter to his English journalist friend Max Jones, he wrote: "We didn't do much drinking lush. When we did, we always figured pot would cut liquor any time."

Louis completed his three score years and 10, and (as his doctor once confirmed) suffered no discernible damage from grass, unless one counts the nine days he spent in Los Angeles city jail after a 1931 arrest. The only conclusion one can draw is: different smokes for different folks.

Armstrong's case provides a reminder that although many junkies started on marijuana before turning to harder drugs, pot will not necessarily lead to anything stronger. Nor will it in all cases prove as harmless as it was to Satchmo; experts have been arguing this point for decades without proving much except the nonexistence of reefer madness.

Although teen-age alcoholism has shown an alarming rate of increase in America, and despite a virtual national cocaine epidemic, there are hopeful signs, at least within the jazz community. A new generation of dedicated musicians, typified by Wynton and Branford Marsalis, offers a heartening image: in everything from their clothing to their personal habits they show that they mean business. Knowing all too well what happened to the Prezzyes and the Peppers and the Birds, they will, hopefully, never allow their lives to be destroyed by the temptations that surround them in a dangerous society.

While it would be naive and hypocritical to pretend that liquor and other drugs didn't play havoc with the lives of many gifted jazz artists over the past half century, it would be unfair to link the jazz community at large with these indulgences.

The Esther Phillipses came up at a difficult time, in a perilous environment. It does not seem unduly optimistic to conclude that the Marsalises are more likely to represent the wave of the future. □



Billie Holiday



Lester Young



Gene Krupa

Charge" has never made as useful a headline as "Jazzman Nabbed With Narcotics." What follows is an attempt to set the record straight as impartially as possible.

Unquestionably, there are many artists who might be alive, and contributing actively, had they not destroyed their health through easy access to drugs (the word is intended to include alcohol). In 1931 Bix Beiderbecke was the first famous victim; the drug of his choice was liquor, and he died at 28. Dave Tough, one of the great drummers of all time (with the Dorsey, Shaw, Goodman and Herman band), drank and drank and died at 40 in 1948. Dinah Washington took some pills and some drink one night in December 1963; the mixture proved fatal. She was 39. In 1980 the troubled life of Bill Evans came to its tragic conclusion. He was 51. Will the story never end?

Historically, the pattern began in the 1920s with a drug that had not yet been re-legalized, alcohol. During the 1930s marijuana came into common use in jazz circles with considerable help from the late Milton (Mezz) Mezzrow, a mediocre clarinetist who, looking for a better source of income, turned to selling pot, and found many celebrated clients among his fellow musicians. Mezzrow later co-wrote a self-serving and grossly inaccurate autobiography, "Really the Blues," which discussed his adventures with opium and other cheerful topics. This was the first of many books that would help distort and overpublicize the jazz-and-dope connection.

It does not require any deep psychological insight to explain what brought jazz and drugs together. From the beginning, the musicians were obliged to work in places where they were surrounded by prohibition booze, and by the

underworld element that supplied it—an element not unlike some of the fringe characters who hang around today, pushing other illegal wares. The proximity, the temptation, and the frustration of knowing that one's artistry was being denigrated or ignored, proved too much for those with addictive personalities to endure. For many who were black, there was the even more crushing burden of segregation and racism.

By the 1940s heroin had entered the scene, and the prevalent rationalization was: "If Charles Parker uses it and plays so great, why shouldn't I?" But Bird, who died at 34, always insisted that "I never play better than when I'm cold sober."

Because most drugs (with the odd exception of alcohol) are illegal, the users have been treated as criminals while the real culprits, the pushers, continue to walk the streets unchecked. As the pushers went about their profitable business, Billie Holiday, Art Pepper, Ray Nance, Lester Young (while in the Army), Hampton Hawes and dozens more served time behind bars, a procedure that I doubt ever proved to be rehabilitative.

The heroin influx coincided with the be-bop era; in fact, the boppers as a group became branded as junkies, and indeed, there was a time during the 1940s when such bandleaders as Woody Herman and Billy Eckstine had great difficulty keeping their orchestras clean and disciplined.

For some, the experiment with junk was a youthful aberration from which they eventually emerged. For others, there seemed to be no end to the problem. After his various arrests in the 1950s and early 1960s in the U.S., Italy and Germany, the brilliant trumpeter Chet Baker came back to the U.S. with the ravages of addiction clear-

ly marked on his face, an old man in his mid-30s. But he, too, finally managed to pull himself out of what had long seemed to be a bottomless pit.

Today, of course, cocaine is the nation's, as well as the jazz community's, most serious concern. The statistics in an exhaustive survey in the September issue of *Playboy* should be frightening enough to turn off jazzmen and laymen alike. Among other points, a team of three leading scientists who have been researching coke during the past 10 years revealed that it is indeed addictive, and much more dangerous than they had previously believed; that one can overdose on it, that the proportion of users who become addicts may be as high as 30%; and that one out of every 10 Americans has used it at least once—ergo, no doubt, at least one out of every 10 jazz musicians—and, given the circles in which they move, perhaps considerably more.

Coke use varies mainly according to the user's income bracket; obviously, sidemen in name groups are more likely to be able to afford involvement than scuffling free-lancers. It bothers me that two of the singers I most admire, as well as a few of my jazzmen idols, are known users; it is alarming to read in *Playboy* that "all three major drugs of abuse—alcohol, heroin and coke—can produce a continuum of effects from mild intoxication to death."

However, it disturbs me just as much that books and movies by or about Billie Holiday, Hampton Hawes, Charlie Parker and Anita O'Day have sensationalized them as dope fiends instead of immortalizing them as artists.

Gene Krupa, who never hurt a fly, once committed in California an offense that today would cost him a \$100 fine, but in 1943 he went to jail for 90 days, later becoming the subject of a movie that was ludicrously inaccurate, even by Hollywood standards. Still more infuriating is the knowledge that the Ella Fitzgeralds and Oscar Petersons are never considered for TV scripts or movies. Clean living is their only vice; that doesn't make good copy.

Generalization is the curse of every discussion about drugs. Too few laymen realize that one man's recreational drug may be another man's poison; that the presence or absence of an addictive personality plays a central role in use, abuse and rejection. Moreover, former

9/16/84

JAZZ

THE FINEST MUSICIANS
FOR GREAT GET-TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

DENVER—It is unlikely that any individual has accomplished more for the advancement of an art form on a year-round basis in a single community than Dick Gibson has recently achieved for this handsome and hospitable city.

During the last year, Gibson's jazz activities have taken three main forms. First, he continued to present (as he has regularly for five years) a series of concerts by all-star and ad hoc jazz groups at the Paramount Theatre (now suspended while the theater undergoes a restoration). Second, he resumed ownership, along with his wife Maddie and 17 investor friends, of KADX, the only jazz radio station in Colorado and one of perhaps six or seven 24-hour jazz stations in the United States. He is one of the station's regular and most articulate disc jockeys.

"We must be doing something right," says the portly, 58-year-old businessman who, after various extramusical ventures, now devotes his life to jazz. "Since we bought the station last February, revenues are up 400% and our listenership has grown from 20,000 to 50,000. Of course, we concentrate on the kind of jazz you hear at our parties."

That brings us to the third aspect of Gibson's involvement, one that has the smallest audience but has attracted worldwide publicity: the Dick and Maddie Gibson Annual Jazz Party. Every Labor Day weekend, the Gibsons handpick musicians they rank among the world's finest and allow their paying guests to feast on a series of jam sessions.

Originally, the parties, with 10 musicians and 200 customers, were

held in Aspen or Vail; in 1971, they moved to the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs. I began attending the parties that year and have only missed one since. For the last three years, Gibson has moved back to Denver, holding the sessions in the ornate chandeliered Grand Ballroom of the Fairmont Hotel.

The party has grown in the number of musicians (this year there were 48, used in every conceivable combination, with a new group taking to the stand about every 35 minutes), and in the paid attendances, now up to 550. Designed for the well-heeled and inaccessible to the down-at-heel (though a few patrons save up all year in order to make the scene), Gibson's bash costs \$200 per patron, to which must be added, for most visitors, hotel accommodations, meals, drinks and plane fare for the growing number of customers from around the country and overseas. This year, they came from 31 states and Egypt, Brazil, Spain, England, France, Australia, Mexico and Canada.

In other words, for the average couple, the 30 hours of music that began at 1:30 p.m. on a Saturday and ended at 8:30 p.m. Labor Day represented a healthy four-figure investment. Yet it is doubtful that anyone has ever complained of not getting his money's worth.

As for the musicians, many of whom come here from opposite coasts and meet only once a year, they are in seventh heaven. (The Gibsons were in 22nd heaven; they started the parties in 1963.)

All are paid a substantial salary—net, since all fares, hotel accommodations, meals and drinks are put on Gibson's tab. For the



Trombonist Slide Hampton plays at the Dick and Maddie Gibson Annual Jazz Party in Denver.

jazzmen as for the customers, this is as much a social as a musical occasion; many of the musicians bring their wives or girlfriends.

This has been a summer rich in honors for the Glasgow-born trombonist George Chisholm. Not only did Gibson fly him in from London (for the second time), but a few weeks ago, at Queen Elizabeth II's birthday party, he was awarded the Order of the British Empire—"for services to jazz," according to her majesty's official announcement. This is just one step short of a knighthood.

As icing on the cake, he found himself sharing a bandstand with one of his oldest friends and idols, the composer and saxophonist Benny Carter. Not that they hadn't worked together before: Chisholm was a member of Carter's international orchestra in Holland in 1937.

The Carter-Chisholm reunion

was one of many extraordinary partnerships during this magical weekend. Two second-generation jazzmen took part in sessions with their fathers. The 27-year-old Joe Cohn, who has a regular job as guitarist with the recently revived Artie Shaw orchestra, revealed his mature taste and technique accompanying the veteran tenor saxophonist Al Cohn in a poignant treatment of "When Your Lover Has Gone."

John Pizzarelli, 24-year-old son of Bucky Pizzarelli, teamed up with his father for an intricately fashioned guitar duet on "Autumn Leaves." Later, the younger Pizzarelli supplied the sole backing for Ray Brown, who bowed his bass with classical authority in a version of Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight." □

Dick Gibson rules his parties

with what might be called a Michael Jackson technique: one open hand and one velvet glove. On the one hand, he determines who shall play, with whom, and when; on the other hand, he leaves everyone completely free to select the tunes to be performed.

Still conservative in his tastes, he does not suffer flutes gladly, though the saxophonist/flutist Bud Shank did get to switch horns a couple of times. Nor is he enamored of most amplified sounds; however, this year, in addition to four electric guitarists, he invited Milt Jackson, the second vibraphonist ever to play the party. (Red Norvo was here once in the mid-'70s.) Jackson's sensitive solo on Johnny Mandel's "Close Enough for Love" was the newest tune heard in a weekend that leaned toward daily doses of "Body and Soul," numerous variations on the blues and pop or jazz standards from half a dozen decades.

Typical was "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," a great crowd-rouser when Peanuts Hucko (ex-Glenn Miller, Armstrong, Goodman, Teagarden) reminded us that the clarinet, in talented hands, remains a valid jazz vehicle.

Gibson almost never hires singers, though this year he had planned to present Toni Tennille as a surprise guest (the deal was squelched on short notice by her agency). The few vocals heard this

MONTEREY FEST STARTS FRIDAY

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Monterey Jazz Festival, the oldest continuous jazz celebration in one location, will start for the 27th time Friday at 8 p.m., with matinee and evening shows Saturday and Sunday, in the 7,000-foot Monterey County Fairgrounds.

Participants will include Lionel Hampton's orchestra, Benny Carter, Al John, Lockjaw Davis, the Johnny Ous Rhythm & Blues Reunion, Tito Puente, Batucaje, this year's prize-winning high school musicians, Billy Eckstine (who will co-host Sunday evening), Ann

Patterson's Maiden Voyage Orchestra and the Monterey All-Star Band with 14 world-class jazzmen.

Though tickets to the main arena have long since been sold out, there are grounds admission tickets still available at \$10. They will offer access to both the Night Club and the Garden Stage, where many of these same musicians (and others) will be performing. They include the following:

Friday: Singers Bobby McFerrin, Ernestine Anderson; Vince Lattano's Trio; Richie Cole, James Moody, Clark Terry, Slide Hampton, Bill Jackson's Trio, the Paul

Contos Sextet.

Saturday: Shelly Manne Trio, Janice Siegel, Full Swing, Mundell Lowe's Transit West, Dr. Denny Zeitlin's Trio, J.B. & the Night Shift, and Mark Naftalin's Rhythm and Blues Revue.

Sunday: An all-star Japanese band, plus trumpeter Bobby Shew; Eddie Duran; Mark Levine Quintet; Bruce Forman; singer Bobbe Norris with Larry Dunlap, Bill Berry, the Monterey Jazz Festival All Stars and the Tuba Jazz Consort.

The Night Club will be open every evening from 8 to midnight. The Garden Stage will be open from 6 to 8 p.m. Friday, from noon to 6 p.m. Saturday, and from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. Sunday.

9/12

MONTEREY FEST FINDS THE GROOVE

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY—"You might be interested to know that mine was the first check ever received by the Jazz Festival box office in 1958," a stout, elderly businessman-type who identified himself as Lee Jacobsmuhlen said proudly at the fairgrounds here. "I've attended all 27 festivals, and for the past seven years that has meant flying in with my family from our home in Sri Lanka."

Jacobsmuhlen's enthusiasm typifies the tenacity of the Monterey loyalists. One reason could be that producer Jimmy Lyons doesn't want to mess with success. For example, all five main attractions Saturday night were returnees, although there were changes in personnel and repertoire.

Batucaje, a large company consisting mainly of percussionists and dancers, remains visually and rhythmically attractive, but is a third cousin twice removed of jazz and would be more at home in a Rio nightclub.

Dr. Denny Zeitlin, the psychiatrist/pianist, provided the most cerebral sounds of the weekend. He holds his formidable technique in reserve, relying on dense chords, modality and dynamic variety. Playing Charles Mingus and Ornette Coleman numbers as well as originals, he was impeccably supported by Charlie Haden on bass and Peter Donald on drums.

Since last year, the Full Swing trio has acquired Arnold McCuller as its male member and has set lyrics to Billy Strayhorn's "Chelsea Bridge" and Duke Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm." After Charlotte Crossley took over on "Let the Good Times Roll," the group endorsed with a Count Basie medley of "Moten Swing" and "One O'Clock Jump."

The Richie Cole and Tito Puente groups were fortified by guest vo-

Please see MONTEREY, Page 4

4 Part VI/Tuesday, September 18, 1984

Los Angeles Times

MONTEREY

Continued from Page 1

calists. Janis Siegel of Manhattan Transfer, soloing with Cole, showed facility and wit in "Jackie," an old Annie Ross vocalise piece. She brought emotional depth to an intriguing song called "An Older Man," then displayed her impressive range in "Black Coffee."

Dianne Reeves, guesting with Puente, was a tall, striking presence whose "Be My Husband," backed solely by percussion, captivated the crowd with its African/West Indian overtones. Beyond question, she is on her way to success of the first rank.

The most novel event of the festival, billed as the Japanese All-Star Band, played the Garden Stage Sunday.

In truth, the band is starless; its members are engineers, computer scientists and other non-pros who meet once a week in Tokyo to rehearse for kicks. They paid their way to the United States for a tour that includes a date tonight at Carmelo's in Sherman Oaks. To prepare for the tour, conductor Hidenobu Iba put them through a month's rigorous training. The result was a spit-and-polish performance, longer on accuracy than emotion.

The orchestra includes two dance band-type vocalists. The male was very proper in his tuxedo and rimless glasses, singing "I've Got You Under My Skin" as if he had learned the words by rote; the female was looser as she scatted a chorus of "Love for Sale" in unison with the five saxophones.

Sunday evening Ann Patterson's Maiden Voyage, one of America's most underappreciated big bands, scored resoundingly in its maiden Monterey outing. These 17 gifted women seemed to have the motivation and inspiration the Japanese group was groping for.

A long set by Billy Eckstine (Mr. V, for vibrato) included a tribute to Billie Holiday, a tribute to Nat (King) Cole and a tribute to himself. Looking dapper and sounding undamaged by the decades, he was rewarded with a standing ovation.

The all-star final set was not just another jam session. With the help of a rehearsal, head arrangements and minimal written music, 16 musicians became a loosely organized orchestra. Everyone (and I

include Eiji Kitamura) was inspired. Trumpeter Sweets Edison, trombonists Slide Hampton and Carl Fontana and a dozen others mentioned here previously (among

them Ann Patterson on baritone sax) helped justify one of Eckstine's more relevant comments: Monterey is indeed a real jazz festival.

year issued from the tonsils of instrumentalists. At any given moment, there may be from two to 13 musicians on stage. When it's just two, they are usually pianists, seated across from one another at two well-tuned grands, playing totally unprepared duets. Dick Hyman and Dave Frishberg had never worked together before, yet their collaboration on Jelly Roll Morton's "King Porter Stomp" was a masterpiece of dovetailed inspiration.

The challenge of competition and the spirit of cooperation are often combined with astonishing ingenuity. For some of us, the most exciting moments took place when all eight of this year's trombonists took to the stand, miraculously working out a harmonized arrangement of "Don't Get Around Much Anymore." The participants, all graduates of Basie, Goodman and other swing-era bands, were Carl Fontana, Urbie Green, Slide Hampton, Bill Watrous, Al Grey, George Chisholm, Frank Rehak and Trummy Young, the former Armstrong trombonist. (A sorrowful postscript: Young, 72, died Tuesday of a stroke while vacationing in San Jose. The party, it turned out, was his final job.)

Many of the best moments were gentle, lyrical, played by smaller groups. There was no more touching solo than "Here's That Rainy Day," as played by guitarist Barney Kessel, and no more heartwarming interlude than the set of blues vocals and piano by Jay McShann, who like Kessel was born in Muskogee, Okla.

The most conspicuous absentee this year was Zoot Sims, whose gracious tenor sax has been an essential component of the party. Now seriously ill and confined to his home in Nyack, N.Y., he unwittingly provided a poignant climax to the final evening.

Gibson set up a direct telephone line to Sims' home. Placing the phone on the piano, he talked to Sims, then turned it over to Al Cohn, who exchanged greetings with his longtime partner before playing a sax solo long identified with the pair. On this low-key note, the music stopped. As is his custom, Gibson walked on stage hand in hand with Maddie and announced that "this party is over."

When the final figures come in, they will probably reveal that the Gibsons lost several thousand dollars this year. They have been in the game not for profit, but for the love of music; nevertheless, they have to find a way to wipe out the red ink next time around. Whatever they do, it will be in keeping with the Gibson tradition that has brought more timeless jazz to Colorado than anyone would have dreamed possible 22 years ago.

In my article last week about jazz and drugs, I didn't make clear that Anita O'Day has long since cured her drug habit.

DOCTEUR LEONARD

• Pour la seconde année consécutive, 400 radios du monde entier ont programmé en avril dernier, une série de douze émissions d'une durée de trente minutes, présentant des concerts d'étudiants et de professeurs du Berklee college of music de Boston. Cette année, le parrain des diplômés de l'école était le célèbre critique jazz américain, Leonard Feather (également collaborateur à Jazz-Hot). A cette occasion il lui a été remis le titre honorifique de « Doctor of Music ».

JAZZ HOT

JAZZ AND TRADITION MIX AT MONTEREY

By LEONARD FEATHER

MONTEREY, CALIF.—At no jazz festival anywhere in the world do the social good vibes come closer to overshadowing the music in importance than the three-day gathering at the Monterey Jazz Festival.

When the 27th annual festivities got under way Friday night, you could see many of the same ushers greeting the same ticket holders who held the same seats last year—and the same customers finding the same seat mates.

In 23 visits, this reporter has followed the lives of one couple across the aisle: first going together, then newly married, then parents of a first, a second and a third child. Monterey, in short, has come to represent music, continuity and tradition.

A so-called "Saxophone Summit" on Friday brought Benny Carter, Al Cohn, Lockjaw Davis, James Moody and Richie Cole on stage, though they spent precious little time playing together. Davis stole the honors, charging into "The Breeze and I" as if the breeze were a hurricane, but nobody had a chance to stretch out in this hasty convention.

Ernestine Anderson, who sang at the first festival here in 1958, was out of sorts or ill at ease, despite the excellent house rhythm section (Hank Jones, on piano; Mundell Lowe, the festival's musical director, on guitar; Shelly Manne, on

drums, and George Duvier, bass), along with Clark Terry's trumpet.

More than two hours into the show, the crowd and the concert came alive as vocalist Bobby McFerrin, who has a way without words, demonstrated his unique facility for jumping octaves, changing tones, often becoming a human rhythm section while weaving wild improvised lines. McFerrin has started a new and exciting chapter in the history of vocalese.

At any Lionel Hampton performance, the question is how the time will be divided between Hamp the great jazz artist and Hamp the entertainer. For at least half an hour, valid music won out. But then came "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which the band played twice in succession, and soon the vibist was singing and the orchestra was running a fever.

This intensity carried over into the Saturday matinee. Billed as the Johnny Otis Rhythm and Blues Reunion, it was dedicated to the memory of the late Esther Phillips and Big Mama Thornton, both originally scheduled to appear. Their replacements could not have been more powerful. Inspired by the 12-man Otis band riffing away behind her, Ernestine Anderson redeemed herself, singing a slow, mean, heart-felt blues, and following it with "See See Rider."

Linda Hopkins revived some of the classic blues lines associated with Little Esther. The prevailing pandemonium (coupled with fran-

tic dancing in the aisles) became very nearly deafening when Hopkins deciding it was tambourine time, was joined by most of the Otis troupe in a gospel interlude.

Despite a few excesses on the part of Etta James, who equates volume with emotion, and Big Jay McNeely, who stomped around the arena with his tenor sax, this was the most successful Saturday blues

show since 1970, the last time Otis was in charge.

Outstanding in the blues parade were Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson with his gravel voice and alto sax; Barbara Morrison, an Otis regular, and, in a remarkable finale, a small white singer named Kathy Carlisle, the 22-year-old daughter of country musician Thumbs Carlisle. She sang traditional blues verses as authentically as if she were Linda Hopkins' sister. As Hopkins herself commented: "She's unbelievable!"



INSIDE CALENDAR

JAZZ

Benny Carter plays at the Monterey Jazz Festival. Leonard Feather reviews. See Page 3.

ARTS COUNCIL HONORS SHELLY MANNE

By LEONARD FEATHER

There were times, Sunday afternoon at the John Anson Ford Theatre, when you could close your eyes and imagine yourself back at Shelly's Manne Hole.

The occasion was a tribute to Shelly Manne, presented by the Hollywood Arts Council as a benefit for the council and for the Musicians' Relief Fund. Surrounding the drummer at various points were Conte Candoli, Russ Freeman, Bob Cooper, singer Ruth Price and other old friends from his years as the owner of Hollywood's most successful jazz rendezvous.

The affection felt for Manne by everyone who knows him was expressed in the form of various citations and presentations (one from Armand Zildjian, the national symbol of cymbals) as well as in the music itself, performed by some

40 artists and, almost without exception, first-rate.

David Benoit, a pianist who is building a pop reputation while flexing his jazz credentials, opened with a set highlighted by Bill Evans' "Waltz for Debby." Benoit and guitarist Jim Fox were in rare form after the meter switched from 3/4 to 4/4. The quartet was joined by Ernie Watts for one number and by Full Swing for three.

Manne himself took over at the drums with the next group, although later he was spelled by several others, among them Louis Bellison, whom emcee Chuck Niles of KKKGO persuaded to sit in on the spur of the moment. Many of the evening's best moments were vocal. The elf-like Ruth Price was as engaging as ever. Mose Allison sang as if he and his piano were out on the front porch back home in Mississippi.

Monique and Louis Aldebert, the

most freshly inventive vocal duo in jazz today, had to wait until 8:15 (the show had been scheduled to end at 8 p.m.) to offer to a diminished audience their delightful "Los Angeles" (now *there's* a truly superior song about our city), Chick Corea's "La Fiesta" and Lester Young's "Tickle Toe."

Produced by Teri Merrill-Aarons, the program moved along smoothly for the most part, but bogged down during the last two hours. The final group, led by trumpeter Steve Huffsteter, played to a handful of listeners. Similarly penalized were guitarist John Collins and trombonist Bill Watrous, whose exceptional ballad solos deserved a wider audience.

Attendance was held down by the threat of a 100-degree day that failed to materialize; still, there was compensation in the good vibes generated by Manne's many friends, both on stage and in the audience.

MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER - Part 9 ● BILLIE HOLIDAY



Billie Holiday

Photo: Bob D'Amico

ビリー・ホリデイ●かぐわしく、気むずかしく、心が広く、反抗的な、ほとんどありえない女性。

84

JAZZ REVIEW

BENEFIT FOR BILL HOOD

Musicians' Wives Inc. held another all-star benefit Tuesday evening at Carmelo's. Organized more than 20 years ago, this group of volunteers is known for its fund-raising events to help ailing musicians or the widows and families of those recently deceased.

This time it was an evening for Bill Hood. A saxophonist and flutist known for his work with Sinatra, Quincy Jones, Benny Goodman and countless others, he recently underwent a tongue operation. He lost his ability to play and is having to relearn how to speak.

He was in the audience Tuesday as a parade of his contemporaries paid tribute. After the Don Mensa group's opening set, Dave Frish-

berg played and sang some of his witty songs. Mundell Lowe's quartet, Transit West, was joined by Benny Carter, with whom Hood once recorded a memorable jazz date. Ernie Andrews sang with the Juggernaut band, Bob Enevoldsen led a group of musicians from Hood's own band, and Supersax played the final set.

As is usually the case, the awareness of a good cause brought out the best in everyone. An audience packed with Hood's friends and admirers was well rewarded for the \$10 door charge. According to Rader, more than \$2,900 was raised.

Donations may be sent to M.W.I., Box 4685, North Hollywood, 91607.

—LEONARD FEATHER

10/18

57



Carmen McCrae



Mel Torme

JUDY GRAEME

JAZZ REVIEW

FILM MUSIC FEATURED AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL FINALE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The summer's final "Jazz at the Bowl" concert Wednesday was the most intelligently planned and expertly performed of the series.

The title was "Jazz Goes to the Movies," with Mel Torme and George Shearing as the interacting co-stars. Although there was a little cheating ("Send in the Clowns" is not basically a film product, as Carmen McCrae admitted), the concept worked well on several levels.

For starters, there was a most resourceful instrumental set by Bill Berry's L.A. Big Band. Instead of using obvious material, he revived the seldom heard music from Duke Ellington's unorthodox film scores for "Anatomy of a Murder" (painstakingly transcribed by David Berger from the composer's 1959 recording) and "Paris Blues."

Berry's band also remained on stage to play intermittently, and invaluable, during the second half with Shearing and Torme. Torme, a lifelong movie buff, was clearly in his glory, telling us not only film titles and composers but of the stars, and which movies he was a part of. In the case of "Pick Yourself Up," he even detailed part of the corny plot line of "Swing Time" before singing the song, with Shearing supplying everything from a fugue passage to a parallel line for Torme's scatting.

Shearing and Torme have become such an empathetic pair that on a tune such as "Give Me the Simple Life" everything falls into place: the tempo, the groove, the piano obbligato and solo. Torme was in superlative form on "It Might as Well Be Spring."

The two worked in other combinations: Shearing in tandem with his incomparable bassist Don Thompson, who also wrote two arrangements featuring orchestra accompaniment. Shearing's choice of duo material was surprising. He played three waltzes in a row, followed by one of Henry Mancini's lesser works, "Royal Blue." In general he was looser and in more spirited, swinging shape during the segment with Torme.

The program's title was best represented in a long medley for which Torme, using the Berry orchestra with Dave Frishberg at the piano, took us through a virtual history of MGM musicals, even starting with (what else?) a lion-like roar, then skipping from one song snippet, one key, one tempo to another in the vocal counterpart to sleight-of-hand. Torme is a master of jazz-oriented pop music geared both to entertainment and musical values.

Carmen McCrae, backed only by bass, drums and Pat Coil's piano, seemed less involved with the evening's premise. She told us very little about the song sources, but infused a witty note in her two-tone version of "Secret Love," sung, as she explained, in the styles of Doris Day ("Calamity Jane," 1953) and Carmen McCrae (tempo doubled, rhythmic nuances added). She ran her usual 100-yard dash through "Thou Swell" (three choruses in 90 seconds) but exercised her special timbre and emotional capacity in a Latinized "Speak Low."

This rewarding evening drew the substantial attendance it deserves, 11,394. Moral: concept shows succeed.

JAZZ REVIEW

9/26

TWO SIDES OF FOX QUINTET
—ONE HARD, ONE MELLOW

By LEONARD FEATHER

Since the death last month of Lenny Breau, Donte's has been using various guitarists to fill the regular Monday-night slot. This week and next the incumbent is Jim Fox, best known locally for his work with David Benoit.

The Fox quintet has a dual personality. The first two pieces were strictly pop instrumentals, one hard and leaden, the other more on the mellow side. Saxophonist Doug Norwine played an EWI (electronic wind instrument) to dubious effect; Fox, using a Fender Stratocaster, and Frank Zottoli, on electric keyboard, were held down by the heavy drumming of Walfredo Reyes.

Then, without so much as a puff of smoke, the scene was transmogrified. Suddenly here was Fox playing a regular jazz guitar, Dave Stone switching to upright bass and Reyes making tasteful use of brushes in a trio version of "Shiny Stockings." The highlight was a tricky bop variation written by Fox and played in octave unison with the bass.

Fox went solo for a harmonically sensitive treatment of Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss." He was joined

by the versatile Norwine on flute for a comfortable, two's-company rendition of Gershwin's "Swoon."

The full group reassembled for an overstated work, the title of which Fox translated from the Portuguese. This attractive melody was brutalized rather than Brazilianized.

"Tangerine" found Norwine consistently inspired in a three-chorus foray on alto sax. The quintet took it out with "On a Roll," a blues-flavored rock piece with Fox living up to the title on his Stratocaster.

This group has not yet found an identity; possibly it will not need one. A personable leader, Fox may be able to keep the attention of his fans on the jazz entrees by feeding them pop as appetizers. His roots, however, are in Barney Kessel rather than Jimi Hendrix.

A Donte's veteran, guitarist Howard Roberts, will be on hand tonight and Thursday with a group including Ernie Watts and Don Grusin.

JAZZ TIMES Oct. 1984

WEST COAST NOTES



Patricia Willard

American piano players Milcho Leviev and Leonard Feather meld their Bulgarian and British roots in the International Jam Session finale of the 1984 OJF.



AMERICAN NEWS • from Leonard Feather

THE PRESENCE OF the Olympics in Los Angeles, which was expected to be a big boost for the local nightclub business, turned out very differently. Visitors to town saved their money for the sporting events, and restaurants and jazz clubs suffered a severe drop in attendance.

■ **Dave Pell**, who made numerous albums leading his own group (usually an octet) during the mid-'50s, has decided to revive it, using the same arrangements and some of the original sidemen. He will produce an album independently. Probable members are **Bill Berry** (cornet), **Bill Watrous** (trombone), Pell (tenor), **Med Flory** (baritone), **Bob Florence** (piano), **Tony Rizzi** (guitar), **Buddy Clark** (bass) and **Frank Capp** (drums). Pell also still does occasional gigs with his **Prez Conference** group, with **Bill Holman** arrangements of old **Lester Young** solos.

■ **Dr Warrick L. Carter** has been appointed Dean of Faculty at Boston's Berklee College of Music. Formerly President of the National Association of Jazz Educators and Chairman of the Jazz Advisory Panel of the National Endowment for the Arts, Dr Carter is also an accomplished jazz composer and percussionist who has performed with major jazz names.

■ Woodwind/percussion player and Berklee faculty member **Scott Robinson** has released a debut album on Multijazz Records. It features him on more than 30 instruments, accompanied by fellow Berklee alumni **Niels Lan Doky** (piano), from Denmark, and **Klaus Suonsaari** (drums), from Finland, with Berklee junior **Ira-Noel Serbonnet**, from France, on bass.

Robinson, who has performed with **Gary Burton**, **Buddy Rich** and **Joe Pass**, has embarked on an extensive concert tour of France and Scandinavia.

■ Bassist **Eric Mingus**, son of **Charles**, and percussionist **Kendall Kelly Lewis**, son of **Ramsey**, have joined Berklee as members of the freshman class of 1984.

Eric Mingus has directed his own pop band and appeared with various jazz combos in New York state, while Lewis has performed with his father's trio and with other ensembles in Chicago.

■ East Coasting Records, a new label formed by **Susan Mingus**, widow of **Charles**, and **Fred Cohen**, has released the historic **Charles Mingus 2-LP set MUSIC WRITTEN FOR MONTEREY, 1965**. NOT

HEARD... PLAYED IN ITS ENTIRETY, AT UCLA, for the first time in 18 years. Through arrangements with the late bassist's estate, one of the rarest recordings of the '60s is now available as a numbered limited edition.

According to **Susan Mingus**, "The first recording was produced by Charles and myself for his own mail-order label. Only a few hundred sets were issued and when we went back to do another pressing we found that the master tapes had been destroyed in a fire. Although Charles had hoped to reissue the material in the '70s, we were never able to find a decent copy of the recording."

With the recent discovery of a clean copy, however, enthusiasts will be able to obtain the complete, uncut UCLA concert of September 25, 1965, which includes a rare and unedited sampling of his fiery leadership. "Charles wanted the concert recorded in its entirety," explains **Susan Mingus**, "exactly as it occurred, including reprimands, firings, frustrations and frequently soaring encouragements."

The recording has been reproduced as a facsimile of the original, including cover art, labels and liner-notes.

Obituaries

WILLIE MAE 'BIG MAMA' THORNTON, 57, died of a heart attack at her home in Los Angeles on July 25. She had been ill for some years with liver and kidney conditions.

Born in Montgomery, AL, **Big Mama** made her first records for Peacock in 1952 and during that year recorded *Hound Dog*, later a much bigger hit for **Elvis Presley**. The band on her recording was led by **Johnny Otis**, in whose blues group she was extensively featured during the '50s. Otis, now a minister, presided over her funeral, which was attended by **Jimmy Witherspoon** and many other blues figures.

FRANK BUTLER, the great drummer, died on July 25 in hospital in Ventura, CA.

Born in 1928 in Kansas City, **Butler** worked for short periods with **John Coltrane** and **Miles Davis**. Later he was active in Los Angeles, playing with **Gerald Wilson**, **Teddy Edwards**, **Conte Candoli** and **Harold Land**. After suffering drug problems he was inactive for several years, then worked for a while as a drug abuse counselor for the Los Angeles County Health Program. **Butler** played on **Miles Davis's** *Seven Steps to Heaven* album.

IRVING 'BABE' RUSSIN, one of the jazz pioneers of the tenor saxophone, first celebrated for his recordings with **Red Nichols** (1927-32), died August 4 of cancer in Los Angeles. He was 73.

Russin played with many name bands — **Benny Goodman**, **Ben Pollack**, **Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey** — and had freelanced in California since the '40s. His elder brother **Jack** is still active in Los Angeles as a pianist. **Babe Russin** made countless records with **Nichols**, **Glen Gray**, **Goodman** and **Billie Holiday**, among others.

ESTHER PHILLIPS, one of the most personal and dynamic blues singers of her generation, died August 7 at a Los Angeles hospital, of complications resulting from liver and kidney ailments. She was 48.

Phillips enjoyed unique respect among her peers. In 1973, when she was nominated for a Grammy award as best female R&B vocalist, she lost out to **Aretha Franklin** — but **Franklin**, out of admiration, promptly turned over her trophy to **Phillips**, who she said should have won.

Phillips's rollercoaster career began with her three years as a member of the **Johnny Otis** blues show, when she was billed as 'Little Esther'. In 1949, when she recorded her first hit, *Double Crossing Blues*, with **Otis's** band, she was 13. But drug problems plagued her early, and after several more hits her life became a series of retirements and comebacks. She enjoyed success again in 1963 with *Release Me*, and in 1966 appeared with **The Beatles** on British TV. During the next decade, living in Los Angeles, she was a favorite at **Memory Lane**.

After her most recent long illness she returned to Los Angeles a few months ago and began working occasionally at the **Vine Street Bar and Grill**, but soon she was back in hospital.

She was the most compelling exponent of the blues craft since **Dinah Washington**, whose career was marred by similar problems. She named **Washington** as a favorite and main influence.

Little **Esther** fought a long battle to return to the big time. She continued recording — most recently for **Mercury** — and for a while was back in the money, living in a luxurious house in **Mount Olympus**. But soon her life and marriage fell apart, and the tragic pattern repeated itself.

LENNY BREAU, a jazz guitarist long respected by his peers, was found dead on Sunday, August 12, in the swimming pool of the Los Angeles apartment building where he lived.

Only six days earlier **Breau** had celebrated his 43rd birthday during one of his regular Monday-night gigs at **Donte's**, where he had worked once a week for the past several months.

Born in **Maine**, **Breau** came to prominence in **Winnipeg, Canada**, then in **Toronto** in 1964. He led his own trio at **Shelly's Manne Hole** in **Hollywood**, and recorded a live LP there for **RCA**. Since then, grappling with personal problems, he had been in and out of the scene.

Breau had an exceptional technique and was experienced in pop and country music as well.

MANILOW: WHERE DO YOU GO FROM THE TOP?

By LEONARD FEATHER

Even by superstar standards, you could say he's had it all. Name an award: Barry Manilow has won it, from AGVA to Grammy to Tony to Emmy. Name a figure up to 50 million and Manilow by now has sold it, from the very first Arista LP (platinum) to "Barry Manilow Live" (quadruple platinum). Name a major city on any continent; chances are Manilow played it on his "Around the World in 80 Dates" tour in 1982-83. Turn on "Life Styles of the Rich and Famous" and there he is at the Royal Festival Hall, playing a gala charity concert hosted by the Prince of Wales and Princess Di.

The trouble with success at this altitude is, where do you go from there? How do you move onward and upward from the top?

The other day, stretching his long legs and pausing to reflect, the 38-year-old singer/composer/producer talked about the latest and, he feels, most important gamble of his career.

"After a few months relaxing, I said to myself, 'What do I miss?' And the answer was, I missed music. I missed the desire to make a record that didn't involve the pressure of Top 40, and I wound up with this."

"This" is his new Arista album, "2:00 A.M.—Paradise Cafe," unlike anything he has dared to do before. Recorded live, it is a low-key continuum that segues from one original song (Manilow calls them saloon tunes) to the next, with a basic accompaniment by five distinguished musicians: Mundell Lowe, guitar; Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax; Bill Mays, piano (sharing the keyboard work with Manilow); George Duvivier, bass, and Shelly Manne, drums. On one track, Sarah Vaughan joins in for a vocal duet; on another, Mel Torme is similarly teamed.

"I would get into trouble calling it a jazz album," Manilow says, "because I'm not a jazz singer. I'm not scatting or anything. I wouldn't want to be compared to Joe Wil-

liams. But it's an album with a jazz feeling."

Actually, searching through the Manilow discography, you find hidden treasures that are more directly jazz-oriented. In the first album, a decade ago, he sang Jon Hendricks' "Cloudburst." The second, the one that put him over the mountain with "Mandy," included a Hendricks lyric to an old Basie record, "Avenue C." "Manilow Live" offered new versions of both, along with the Basie-Hendricks "Jumpin' at the Woodside."

In "2:00 A.M.," there are no such up-tempo jazz moods. Most of the songs are in a minor key and a laid-back groove. The concept for this elegant collection goes back to Manilow's teen years, when he heard the sensitive guitar of Mundell Lowe.

"He was one of the people I really glommed onto as a kid. No other guitarist I've heard, except Joe Pass, has achieved that velvety thing. What really turned me on was a wonderful Carmen McRae album Mundy was featured on around 1961, 'Bittersweet.' I decided the only way to go was the way Carmen went, straight ahead, with a small combo and classy tunes. I didn't want to sweeten it with strings or anything—that would have turned it into Muzak."

Manilow had never met any of the participants except Bill Mays. Once the plan was decided on, his first move was a call to Lowe. "Mundell was interested, though I don't know what he thought he was getting into; after all, I'm a pop singer, so we were sort of tentative about each other. But after we ran through the first song he said, 'This is nice,' and after the second, 'This is really nice!'"

"I ran to get a tape, because although he was just reading from a lead sheet, I could sense how valuable he would be in arranging the songs, and I wanted to preserve everything he played."

"As for Gerry Mulligan, he's been a hero of mine for years. I had no idea how popular he is until I read they were going to devote two nights to him with the L.A. Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl last month."

Manilow plays the basic piano parts, but because he was concentrating on singing live and did not want the responsibility of playing the fills, he left most of the embellishments to Bill Mays, who also doubled on Rhodes.

Lowe recommended the bassist George Duvivier. "We brought him in from New York," Manilow said. "I think he had the most fun of anybody, and we sure did become friends that week. George is one of the giants; he's recorded hundreds of singers, from Lena to Sinatra. As for Shelly Manne, I was nervous

Barry Manilow jazzes it up and likes it

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Respected West Coast jazz critic Leonard Feather's weekly feature, Life with Feather, joins the Star-Telegram Sunday Arts lineup.)

By LEONARD FEATHER
Los Angeles Times News Service

Even by superstar standards, you could say he's had it all.

Name an award: Barry Manilow has won it, from AGVA to Grammy to Tony to Emmy. Name a figure up to 50 million and Manilow by now has sold it, from the very first Arista LP (platinum) to *Barry Manilow Live* (quadruple platinum). Name a major city on any continent; chances are Manilow played it on his *Around the World in 80 Dates* tour in 1982-83. Turn on *Life Styles of the Rich & Famous*, and there he is at the Royal Festival Hall, playing a gala charity concert hosted by the Prince of Wales and Princess Di.

The trouble with success at this altitude is, where do you go from there? How do you move onward and upward from the top?

The other day, stretching his long legs and pausing to reflect, the 38-year-old singer/composer/producer talked about the latest and, he feels, most important gamble of his career.

"After a few months relaxing, I said to myself, 'What do I miss?' And the answer was, I missed music. I missed the desire to make a record that didn't involve the pressure of Top 40, and I wound up with this."

"This" is his new album, *2:00 A.M.* — *Paradise Cafe*, unlike anything he has dared to do before. Recorded live, it is a low-key continuum that segues from one original song (Manilow calls them saloon tunes) to the next, with a basic accompaniment by five distinguished musicians: Mundell Lowe, guitar; Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax; Bill Mays, piano (sharing the keyboard work with Manilow); George Duvivier, bass, and Shelly Manne, drums. On one track, Sarah Vaughan joins in for a vocal duet; on another, Mel Torme is similarly teamed.

"I would get into trouble calling it a jazz album," Manilow says, "because I'm not a jazz singer. I'm not scatting or anything. I wouldn't want to be compared to Joe Williams. But it's an album with a jazz feeling."

Actually, searching through the Manilow discography, you find hidden treasures that are more directly jazz-oriented. In the first set, a decade ago, he sang Jon Hendricks' *Cloudburst*. The second, the one that put him over the mountain with *Mandy*, included a Hendricks lyric to an old Basie record, *Avenue C*. *Manilow Live* offered new versions of both, along with the Basie-Hendricks *Jumpin' at the Woodside*.

In *2:00 A.M.*, there are no such up-tempo jazz moods. Most of the songs are in a minor key and a laid-back groove. The concept for this elegant collection goes back to Manilow's teen years, when he heard the sensitive guitar of Mundell Lowe.

"He was one of the people I really glommed onto as a kid. No other guitarist I've heard, except Joe Pass, has achieved that velvety thing. What really turned me on was a wonderful Carmen McRae album *Mundy* was featured on around 1961, *Bittersweet*. I decided the only way to go was the way Carmen went, straight ahead, with a small combo and classy tunes. I didn't want to sweeten it with strings or anything — that would have turned it into Muzak."

Manilow had never met any of the participants except Bill Mays. Once the plan was decided on, his first move was a call to Lowe. "Mundell was interested, though I don't know what he thought he was getting into; after all, I'm a pop singer, so we were sort of tentative about each other. But after we ran through the first song he said, 'This is nice,' and after

Life with Feather

the second, 'This is really nice!' "I ran to get a tape, because although he was just reading from a lead sheet, I could sense how valuable he would be in arranging the songs, and I wanted to preserve everything he played.

"As for Gerry Mulligan, he's been a hero of mine for years. I had no idea how popular he is until I read they were going to devote two nights to him with the L.A. Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl last month."

Manilow plays the basic piano parts, but because he was concentrating on singing live and did not want the responsibility of playing the fills, he left most of the embellishments to Bill Mays, who also doubled on Rhodes.

Mundell Lowe recommended the bassist George Duvivier. "We brought him in from New York. I think we had the most fun of anybody, and we sure did become friends that week. George is one of the giants; he's recorded hundreds of singers, from Lena to Sinatra. As for Shelly Manne, I was nervous about hiring him because of his big-band background, but I needed the best drummer who could play tastily without using much of his power."

The two guest singers also were strangers to Manilow. "I've been a fan of Mel Torme as long as I can remember, but when I went over to his house, it was our first meeting. I played the song for him on the piano — *Big City Blues* — and he read the music and sang it along with me. We found that we blended really well — he's a former group singer, as I was in my jingle days."

On the tape, the two voices show a remarkable similarity, almost as if Manilow were the Velvet Mist. "Yes, a lot of people have said that. I guess as we worked together, he started to sound a little like me and vice versa."

"I'd never met Sarah Vaughan before either, and man, what a doll! She came thoroughly prepared — told me she'd had the flu in Chicago and sat listening to the cassette for three days memorizing it."

"I had set aside four hours for recording the song (*Blue*), and she seemed surprised. 'What are we making, an album?' And, of course, it didn't take that long." (The Torme and Vaughan contributions are the only parts that were overdubbed; in both tracks, the voices are ingeniously interwoven or alternated.)

Manilow contributed all 11 melodies, with lyrics by writers who, for the most part, are "people I've worked with throughout my career. Marty Panzer, whom I went to high school with; Adrienne Anderson, Bruce Sussman and Jack Feldman, all friends for 15 years. These people are family, and it was like a family project."

"The one exception was *When October Goes*, which has a lyric by Johnny Mercer. Johnny's widow Ginger sent me a stack of his unused lyrics; I picked three of them, then tried this one out in a concert, and it went over beautifully."

The recording conditions were revolutionary by the dilatory standards of today's pop recording industry. "All we needed was two days in a rehearsal hall, two days for recording, and one more for fixing up a couple of notes."

"The first day we recorded it song by song; I recorded the transitions between tunes and figured I'd piece it all together later. But the next day a wild thing happened."

"We were doing a videotape, and the director said, 'Would you mind playing *Paradise Cafe* one more time?' So we had our music all in the right order, and instead of stopping after *Paradise Cafe*, we went on to

the next tune, and the next . . . well, 48 minutes later we were done, and that was the album! I never went back to those individual takes we'd done the previous day. They were all crying and cheering in the control room."

The commercial possibilities for this unique venture has led rise to comparisons with Linda Ronstadt, despite sharp contrasts: hers was an album of famous songs, with elaborate orchestral arrangements. Manilow observes: "I've only heard snatches of her album, but I'm sorta glad she did it and it went over so well, because in a way it does point toward an audience that might like what I've done. At least the record company feels secure that there's an audience out there."

A question concerning the possible reaction in the critical fraternity turned out to be a sore point. Manilow has been blasted mercilessly in the press; for every bouquet-tossing fan, there seems to be an insult-hurling critic.

"I've been reading my clippings and they do upset me a little. On the other hand, I read a Lionel Richie review, and they put him down as hard as they do me, so I don't feel



Barry Manilow.

alone. When I put out my first album that *Cloudburst* was on, it got great reviews; but as soon as I hit with *Mandy*, bam! They started slapping me around. It seems like the more successful I became, the worse they hated me. Those hot-shot critics, the *Rolling Stone* (magazine) kind of guys, they don't take what I do very seriously."

What matters is that Manilow takes his own work seriously, and that *Paradise Cafe* has already brought him a special satisfaction.



JOSE GALVEZ / Los Angeles Times

Barry Manilow's new LP, "2:00 A.M.—Paradise Cafe," features five top jazz players and duets with Mel Torme, Sarah Vaughan.

about hiring him because of his big-band background, but I needed the best drummer who could play tastily without using much of his power."

The two guest singers also were strangers to Manilow. "I've been a fan of Mel Torme as long as I can remember, but when I went over to his house, it was our first meeting. I played the song for him on the piano—'Big City Blues'—and he read the music and sang it along with me. We found that we blended really well—he's a former group singer, as I was in my jingle days."

On the tape, the two voices show a remarkable similarity, almost as if Manilow were the Velvet Mist. "Yes, a lot of people have said that. I guess as we worked together, he started to sound a little like me and vice versa."

"I'd never met Sarah Vaughan before either, and man, what a doll! She came thoroughly prepared—told me she'd had the flu in Chicago and sat listening to the cassette for three days memorizing it."

"I had set aside four hours for recording the song ('Blue'), and she seemed surprised. 'What are we making, an album?' And, of course, it didn't take that long." (The Torme and Vaughan contributions are the only parts that

were overdubbed; in both tracks, the voices are ingeniously interwoven or alternated.)

Manilow contributed all 11 melodies, with lyrics by writers who, for the most part, are "people I've worked with throughout my career. Marty Panzer, whom I went to high school with; Adrienne Anderson, Bruce Sussman and Jack Feldman, all friends for 15 years. These people are family, and it was like a family project."

"The one exception was 'When October Goes,' which has a lyric by

Johnny Mercer. Johnny's widow Ginger sent me a stack of his unused lyrics; I picked three of them, then tried this one out in a concert, and it went over beautifully."

The recording conditions were revolutionary by the dilatory standards of today's pop recording industry. "All we needed was two days in a rehearsal hall, two days for recording, and one more for fixing up a couple of notes."

"The first day we recorded it song by song; I recorded the transitions between tunes and figured I'd piece it all together later. But the next day a wild thing happened."

"We were doing a videotape, and the director said, 'Would you mind playing 'Paradise Cafe' one more time?' So we had our music all in the right order, and instead of stopping after 'Paradise Cafe,' we went on to the next tune, and the next . . . well, 48 minutes later we were done, and that was the album! I never went back to those individual takes we'd done the previous day. They were all crying and cheering in the control room."

The commercial possibilities for this unique venture have led rise to comparisons with Linda Ronstadt, despite sharp contrasts: Hers was an album of famous songs, with elaborate orchestral arrangements. Manilow observes: "I've only heard snatches of her album, but I'm sorta glad she did it and it went over so well, because in a way it does point toward an audience that might like what I've done. At least the record company feels secure that there's an audience out there."

A question concerning the possible reaction in the critical fraternity turned out to be a sore point. Manilow has been blasted mercilessly in the press; for every bouquet-tossing fan, there seems to be an insult-hurling critic.

"I've been reading my clippings and they do upset me a little. On the other hand, I read a Lionel

Richie review, and they put him down as hard as they do me, so I don't feel alone. When I put out my first album that 'Cloudburst' was on, it got great reviews; but as soon as I hit with 'Mandy,' bam! They started slapping me around. It seems like the more successful I became, the worse they hated me. Those hot-shot critics, the Rolling Stone kind of guys, they don't take what I do very seriously."

What matters is that Manilow takes his own work seriously, and that "Paradise Cafe" has already brought him a special satisfaction. "It's a comfortable album, I came up with some nice melodies, the lyrics are gorgeous and, of course, the musicians, including Sarah and Mel, are icing on the cake."

What Manilow stands to accomplish, financial rewards aside, is the further elevation of popular taste.

continuing a trend previously associated with Ronstadt and Tomi Tennille. Whatever happens, he will see to it that the public is made aware of what he has attempted.

Among other plans he has set up a tour, starting Oct. 5 in Salt Lake City and working his way east; an eight-day booking opening Nov. 1 at Radio City Music Hall, and a three-part interview on the "Today" show to air early next month. He will have a different back-up group on the tour, but hopes to re-create the ambience he captured in the studio.

How will the critics react this time? "I don't know. Maybe they'll say it puts you to sleep, or maybe they'll think it's brilliant. I happen to be prouder of this than of anything else I've ever done. Making it gave me more thrills than a roller-coaster." □

MANILOWEST

Barry Manilow ("Manilow: Where Do You Go From the Top?," by Leonard Feather, Sept. 23)? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Hey, maybe Robert Hilburn could do a piece on his home town! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Hey, he looks more like King Charles II than Zappa! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Barry Manilow? You people crack me up.

DON WREGE
Sherman Oaks

JAZZ REVIEW

10/24

RON ESCHETE AT DONTE'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Ron Eschete, the Louisiana-born guitarist who has been working around Southern California since 1970, devotes much of his time to teaching at the Guitar Institute of Technology in Hollywood. Recently he was persuaded to come out of hiding to play two Monday dates at Donte's.

Eschete (pronounced Esh-TAY) normally uses a trio with John Perett on drums and Luther Hughes on bass. Because Hughes was unavailable Monday and Bob Maize, who subbed for him, is not familiar played it safe with such easily tackled standards as "Love for Sale," which he began by filling in those long gaps in the melody with counterpunch phrases in chords, call-and-response style. By the second chorus he had converted the Cole Porter chestnut into a quasi-blues.

Whether playing finger style (as

in "Old Folks") or using a pick, Eschete displays a superb technique and a spectrum of influences that ranges from Wes Montgomery to Jim Hall. He met his match in Maize, who ensured that this was not merely a guitar soloist with accompaniment, but a trio in which all hands pulled their weight. Maize's solos matched the leader's in melodic creativity; Perett's brushwork was a neatly gentle factor contributing to John Coltrane's "Moment's Notice."

The trio lent a novel touch to "The Boy Next Door" by alternately improvising on both the verse and the chorus. Too few jazzmen even learn verses, let alone use them as vehicles for ad libbing.

For closing comments there was a crisp rousing blowout on "If I Were a Bell"—a little too much on the flag-waver side, but Eschete, who returns to Donte's Monday, has plenty to wave about.

9/30/89

THE SPIRIT OF NEW ORLEANS LIVES

By LEONARD FEATHER

"MY FEET CAN'T FAIL ME NOW." Dirty Dozen Brass Band. George Wein/Concord GW 3005.

The excuse, sometimes used by white promoters of traditional-jazz events, that they use mainly white musicians because blacks have forsaken the early idioms, is neatly refuted here. This all-black band from the Crescent City (actually two-thirds of a dozen, and with only four brass instruments) has not merely retained the spirit of classic New Orleans music but has updated it in a style that is unique and ingratiat-

ing.

The instrumentation is part of the secret. Much of the band's energy derives from the use of a parade-style snare drummer, a bass drummer, no piano, and, most valuably, a tuba player, Kirk Joseph, whose staccato two-beat pumping lends the group much of its character.

With two trumpets, two saxes and a trombone making up the front line, the band is meticulously organized under the direction of trumpeter Greg Davis. Solos, though generally expert, are of

secondary importance; this is primarily an ensemble group in which the impact stems from unconventional voicings and a repertoire of astonishing diversity.

Harmonically, the band is thoroughly traditional, yet some of the melodic lines have the inspired sophistication of bebop. In fact, the selections include Charlie Parker's "Bongo Beep," Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" and, quoted during the title tune, Art Blakey's "The Theme." At the other extremity is "Li'l Liza Jane," a tune that is older than salt, played with high-stepping marching-band verve. The only weak cut is a clumsy arrangement of the tiresome, monotonous "Caravan." Despite this one flaw, for its unprecedented use of generational cross-currents, the Dirty Dozen earns a clean bill of health: 5 stars.

"LIVE AT THE CAFE CARLYLE." George Shearing. Concord Jazz CJ 246. In one of his best live sets, Shearing for the most part is in flawless form, using such points of departure as Charlie Parker's "Cheryl" (with an astonishing solo by bassist Don Thompson), and Herbie Hancock's "Tell Me a Bedtime Story," a piano duet by Shearing and Thompson. There's even a pleasant though somewhat tentative Shearing vocal, on Matt Den-

nis' "Blues for Breakfast." The ornate, unaccompanied "I Cover the Waterfront" could have been retitled "I Visit the Waterfall." No stars for Shearing's grammar (he writes that Sonny Rollins' "Pent Up House" "gives Don and I a chance to toss some ideas back and forth"), but 4 stars for his piano.

to produce jazz dance music. Chico O'Farrill's arrangements are much too short (mostly under three minutes), and the songs are mostly old pop hits ("Moonglow," "Red Roses for a Blue Lady"). For some reason, there are no brass solos at all. Basie at this time had a powerful personnel that should have been allowed to flex its chops. 2½ stars.

"POETRY." Stan Getz and Albert Dailey. Elektra/Musician 60370. Dailey, pianist with Getz's quartet from 1973-75, rejoined him last spring, when they toured as a duo. On June 26, Dailey died suddenly at 46. This posthumous reminder of his lyricism and harmonic subtlety, and of the empathy evinced in their duo performances, is poetry indeed. Getz plays superbly on five jazz standards; the closing cuts on each side, "Lover Man" and "Round Midnight," are piano solos. 5 stars.

"COUNT BASIE KANSAS CITY STYLE." RCA AFM 1-5180. Now subtitled "Young Bill Basie With the Bennie Moten Orchestra," this was available for many years in RCA's Vintage series. Playing full-fisted, Fats Waller piano, Basie is prominent, along with singer Jimmy Rushing (on four of the 16 short cuts), and several soloists rising out of the rugged 1929-1932 ensembles of "Moten's Swing," "Toby" and the like: Hot Lips Page, trumpet; Eddie Durham, trombone and guitar; Ben Webster, tenor sax. A historically valuable example of pre-Swing Era big-band jazz. 4 stars.

"BASIC BASIE." Court Basie. Verve/MPS 829-291-1. Released as part of a new series of reissues by the Polygram conglomerate, a 1969 session finds Basie's piano a little more prominent than was later his custom (he weaves his way in and out during Benny Carter's "Blues in My Heart"). But this seems to have been an attempt

"THE NEW OSCAR PETTIFORD SEXTET." Debut OJC-112. One of a new set of classics made available by the Fantasy group, this is a historically valuable reminder that Pettiford, the preeminent bass virtuoso of the 1940s, later achieved prominence as a jazz cellist. (The bass duties are taken over on four cuts by Charles Mingus.) This group had an unconventional front line: French horn (Julius Watkins) and tenor sax (Phil Urso). Quincy Jones' "Stockholm Sweetnin'" and Pettiford's blues "Low and Behold" best illustrate the leader's cello mastery. To extend what was originally a 10" LP, two tunes have been added, with Pettiford on bass, cut in Copenhagen shortly before his death there in 1960. At \$5.98, a bebop bargain. 4 stars.

"FULL CIRCLE." Bruce Forman. Concord Jazz CJ 251. Now impassioned, now restrained, Forman is a sensitive guitarist who, on four cuts, is supported by the vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson. Their digit-defying version of "Giant Steps" and a successful translation of "Summertime" into a 5/4 meter are among the best of the eight cuts. George Cables, as pianist and composer in the attractive ballad "Helen's Song," is a central contributor. Forman wrote two originals, the lilting waltz "Circular" and the laid-back "Desert Rain." Latin and gospel elements round out a well-planned set that indicates a bright future for the 28-year-old leader. 4 stars. □

JAZZ REVIEW

SPIRITED JUGGERNAUT JUST KEEPS ON ROLLING

By LEONARD FEATHER

Over the weekend at Carmelo's, the Frank Capp-Nat Pierce Juggernaut temporarily became the Frank Capp-Dave Frishberg Juggernaut. Co-leader Pierce is on tour in Europe.

Except for a few moments when Frishberg's more modern, less Basie-like piano was heard, the difference was negligible.

With drummer Capp at the helm of a potent rhythm section (Joel Di Bartolo on bass, Ray Pohlman playing rhythm guitar) and a trumpet section of John Audino, Bill Berry, Conte Candoli and Snooky Young, the band retains the same spirit displayed when it was first heard almost nine years ago. Several of the most valuable original members are still on hand: Herman Riley on tenor sax, Garnett Brown and Buster Cooper on trombones.

The strong Basie orientation remains, although this is by no means the band's sole direction. Jeff Clayton's alto sax feature, "Loverman"; Bob Ojeda's fast-moving "Catnap" with Plas Johnson's controlled and flowing tenor sax and the Al Cohn

original, "Tarragon," under-rehearsed but still convincing, all had their own character.

Still, the most moving proof of the orchestra's enthusiasm and dedication was the old Basie favorite, "Moten Swing." Its blend of relaxation and energy offered a total refutation of the argument, too often advanced by chauvinistic New York critics, that Los Angeles jazz lacks vigor. Those critics should be flown out here—or, better yet, Juggernaut should be hired by George Wein for the next New York Jazz Festival.

Ernie Andrews, the band's perennial vocalist, was in particularly engaging form in "Just the Way You Are" and "Tie a Yellow Ribbon," although the brass section almost drowned him out on the latter.

The club, fairly full on Friday despite Yom Kippur, will present big bands every Monday this month: Toshiko Akiyoshi on Monday, Dee Barton, Oct. 22, and Roger Neumann, Oct. 29. For those who like their orchestral sounds straight, no chaser, Carmelo's is still the best bet in town.

JAZZ RACISM?

Leonard Feather, in his Sept. 30 review of the album "My Feet Can't Fail Me Now" by the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, reveals a truly mean spirit, plus an inability to reach a valid conclusion logically, with the following:

"The excuse, sometimes used by white promoters of traditional-jazz events, that they use mainly white musicians because blacks have forsaken the early idioms, is neatly refuted here. This all-black band . . . has not merely retained the spirit of class New Orleans music but has updated it in a style that is unique and ingratiating."

One album proves that blacks have not in general moved into other idioms!!

I find it incredible that such

writing comes from a man of Feather's credentials. And "neatly refuted" reveals such a sad, snide arrogance.

Feather "proved" his case with one example. Here's another, the Sacramento Jubilee on Memorial Day weekend. More than 100 bands from around the world, but less than a dozen black musicians—out of 700-plus musicians. And except for all-stars, invitations are to the bands, not individuals.

Is Feather intimating the preposterous theory that there is a conspiracy among traditional jazz leaders throughout the world to bar black musicians?

I am not even saying I have proved anything conclusively with one festival. But is it too much to ask that if Feather is going to write about traditional jazz (and suggest racism), he might first investigate the worldwide traditional jazz festival scene before "neatly" refuting anything?

DENISE MILLER
Calabasas

9/30/84



BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY

Shelly Manne's Exquisite Music Ceases at 64

By LEONARD FEATHER

When the jazz community suffers a premature loss, usually there is a warning signal that prepares us for the blow: a lingering illness, or old age, or—as in several recent cases—a known problem with drugs or alcohol. When Shelly Manne died Wednesday morning at 64, the shock was total.

Here was a man who represented the antithesis of the all-too-common public misconceptions about jazz artists. Instead of smoking or drinking or finding some other way to destroy himself, Shelly Manne lived a clean, happy life. He was gifted as few men are in a demanding profession. Instead of contending with personal problems and

divorces, he was married for 41 years to the gracious lady who accompanied him on his international travels and shared his interests.

When a tribute is arranged in honor of a musician, too often it is held because of a serious illness and the need to raise funds. When Manne was honored by the Hollywood Arts Council, only 17 days before his death, with an afternoon concert at the John Anson Ford Theater, the only motivating force was universal respect for his contribution, his musicianship and his character. Mayor Tom Bradley declared the date to be Shelly Manne Day; citations were presented from the city and others.

He was in seemingly perfect health and typically good humor; his wit was as legendary as his mastery of the drums. Louis Bellson, on hand to pay his respects, sat in; musicians who had worked with Shelly in his old Manne Hole days made it a heartwarming reunion, with the honoree himself playing during much of the six-hour tribute.

Watching him, I flashed back to the days on 52nd Street when Shelly, stationed in New York with the Coast Guard, would drop in at the clubs to sit in with friends and keep in musical shape.

He was to the last day a complete musician, aware of all the developments and welcoming new movements in jazz. When bebop arrived, he played on the first record ever made under Dizzy Gillespie's leadership. When Ornette Coleman was on the verge of starting another musical revolution in 1959, Manne took part in one of Coleman's earliest sessions.

That was the year before he launched Shelly's Manne Hole, a club he started not with great financial reward in mind, but because he felt the need for his fellow musicians to find a rendezvous, a place where they could visit or perform. The respect he enjoyed enabled him to bring to Hollywood the elite of the jazz world, from John Coltrane and Miles Davis in the early 1960s to Cannonball Adderley and Thelonious Monk a decade later.

During those years, he kept his own group together, often working at the club on weekends. Though he was a superlative combo leader, over the course of a career that began in 1939 he had done it all

big-band work with Les Brown, Woody Herman and, longest and most notably, Stan Kenton; studio jobs that called for complete mastery of every aspect of the art of percussion, and the assignments for which he was too little recognized: composing the scores for television programs and movies.

In 1947, he won the Downbeat Poll, the first of dozens of such awards that would come his way over the years.

He was never prouder than on the day he was hired to play the role of one of his idols, Dave Tough, in "The Five Pennies," the Danny Kaye movie about Red Nichols. It was uniquely meaningful to him, for very early in his career, in 1940, he had taken over from Tough in Joe Marsala's band.

Shelly Manne didn't care to travel too much, and when he did, Florence (Flip) Manne, who was a Radio City Rockette when they met, usually went along with him. Their passion was breeding show horses at their ranch in Sunland.

Earl Palmer, a fellow drummer who today is secretary/treasurer of American Federation of Musicians Local 47 in Los Angeles, recalled his first and last contacts with Manne. "I met him around 1952, when he was with Kenton and I was in music school in New Orleans. Because of the racial problems, I had trouble getting to see him backstage, but when he saw what was happening, he said: 'Let that man in. He's a friend of mine.' Then I introduced myself, and he spent an hour answering my questions.

"The day before he died, he was on the phone to me about some drums he wanted to present to some needy kids. Manne, he was beautiful. I'm proud to tell people I have a daughter named Shelly." □

PAGE 2/SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1984

CALENDAR/LOS ANGELES TIMES

6 Part VI/Friday, October 5, 1984

SHEARING PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

By LEONARD FEATHER

Last month the George Shearing Duo played a brief and less than spectacular set as part of a show at the Hollywood Bowl.

All that was absent on that occasion was abundantly present Wednesday evening at the Vine St. Bar & Grill. For example, Shearing was provided with a second piano, enabling his phenomenal bassist, Don Thompson, to take him on in a couple of keyboard duets.

Essentially this 75-minute set was a three-part production: Shearing with bass, Shearing alone (this segment included two vocals) and Shearing sharing his pianistic gifts with Thompson's.

All the elements, then, were in place: an intimate setting, the room packed with attentive listeners and a program that brought into play his delicacy of touch, his long-favored "locked hands" style, his affinity for bebop (in the old Charlie Parker tune "Crazeology"), his gentle way with a waltz ("Diane") and, of course, Thompson's total empathy and incredible solos (on "Hi Fly" he displayed a guitar-like facility).

Among the unaccompanied works were a pleasant Gerry Mulligan melody to which Shearing sang Mel Torme's lyrics; a mildly amusing vocal parody on "You're the Top" and, because he knew that Benny Carter was in the house, a beautiful reminder of Carter's lovely and long-neglected

"Nightfall."

A verbal tribute to Art Tatum led to an almost note-for-note creation of Dvorak's "Humoresque" as Tatum recorded it. Then came the piano duets—a Thompson composition, "Stratford Stomp," in which they interacted cheerfully, and a "Lullaby of Birdland," in which this famous Shearing song was subjected to some of those too-cute, pseudo-Bach gimmicks that have lost their novelty value.

Playing a 92-key Boesendorfer that produced a superlative sound, Shearing seldom allowed his density for humor to distract from his primary talent. When it comes to the bottom line (and the top line, for that matter), he is the quintessential jazz pianist, a virtuoso improvising melodist whose mastery has few equals.

He will be on hand through Saturday. Before he opened the first show was sold out for all four nights, but with luck you may be able to catch a second set.

PALAO AT MONEY TREE

If one sets out to review a singer of whom one knows nothing and expects anything, the surprise becomes doubly agreeable when an artist as special as Jelsa Palao takes over.

A Bronx-born cousin of Tony Bennett and a product of the High School of Performing Arts, Palao (rhymes with "rodeo" if you accent the second syllable) opened Tues-

day at the Money Tree.

From the start two points were clear. First, she is the owner of a full, attractive contralto sound with a well-controlled vibrato. Second, she has an unquenchable sense that life is not all that serious.

The opening "Dindi," sung out of tempo with Eugene Wright bowing his bass before pianist Karen Hernandez set a tempo, was relatively orthodox, as was an up-tempo "Love Is Here to Stay," despite one sudden rise in her vocal volume control.

On the third song, however, you knew something odd was happening when "Sometimes I'm Happy, Sometimes I'm Blue" was followed by "Sometimes I'm Catholic, Sometimes I'm a Jew." This developed

into a mad series of non sequiturs from one standard tune into another, with such variations as "I was bare, threw my clothes off everywhere, stormy weather."

It's not always funny. An otherwise warm treatment of the beguiling song "You've Changed" is hardly improved when the line "You're breaking my heart" becomes "You're breaking my back." Sometimes the comedian and the singer in Palao are at odds, yet she is can sustain a mood and a style that suggest she has done her share of listening to Carmen McRae.

Of course, she will sound even better when something is done about the Money Tree's piano. If they can't keep it in tune, they shouldn't keep it. Palao will remain for three weeks (off Sundays and Mondays).

—L.F.

63

October 1984 \$4.00

HORIZON

The Magazine of the Arts

**The Final Agony
of Van Gogh**

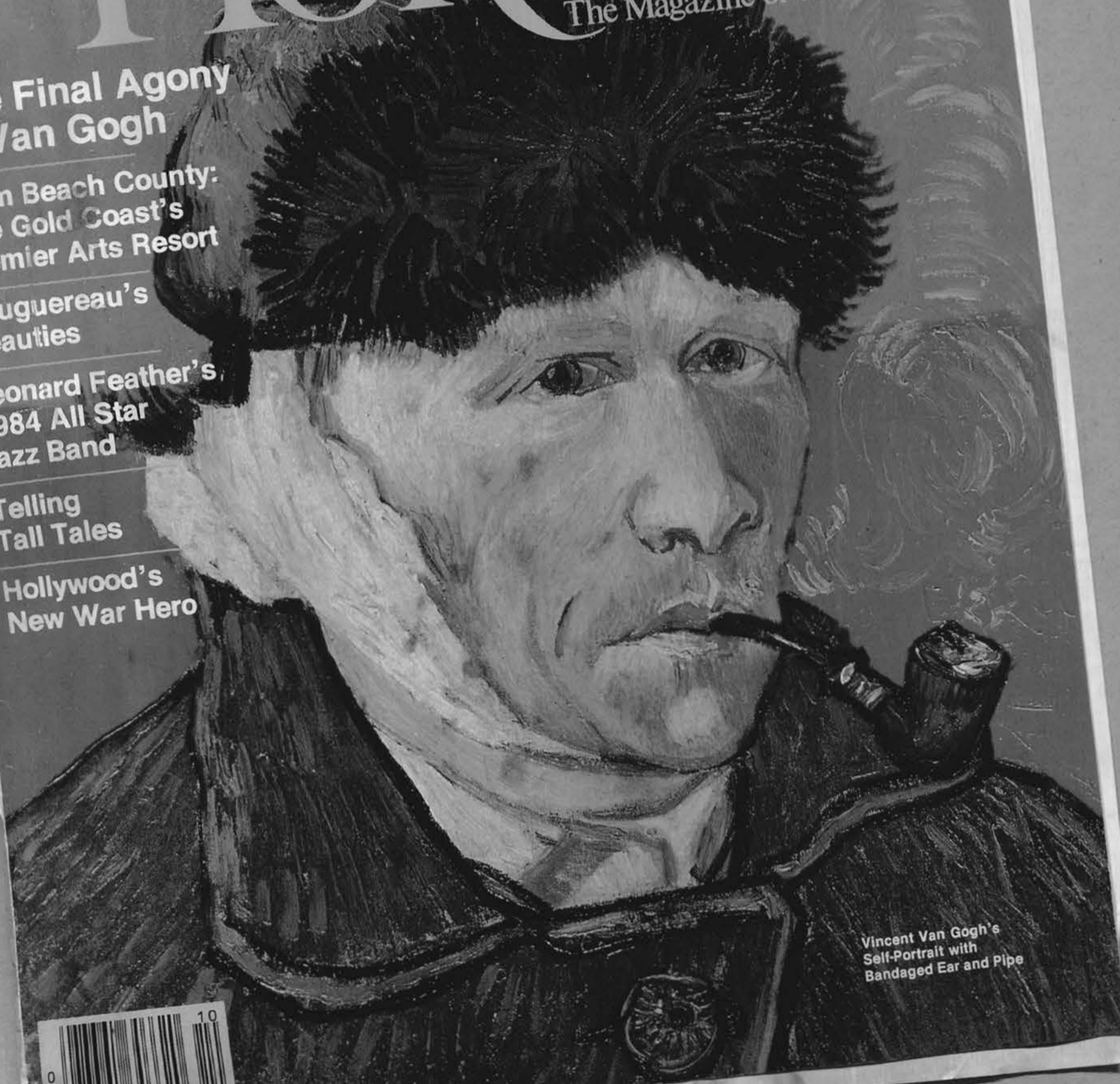
**Palm Beach County:
The Gold Coast's
Premier Arts Resort**

**Bouguereau's
Beauties**

**Leonard Feather's
1984 All Star
Jazz Band**

**Telling
Tall Tales**

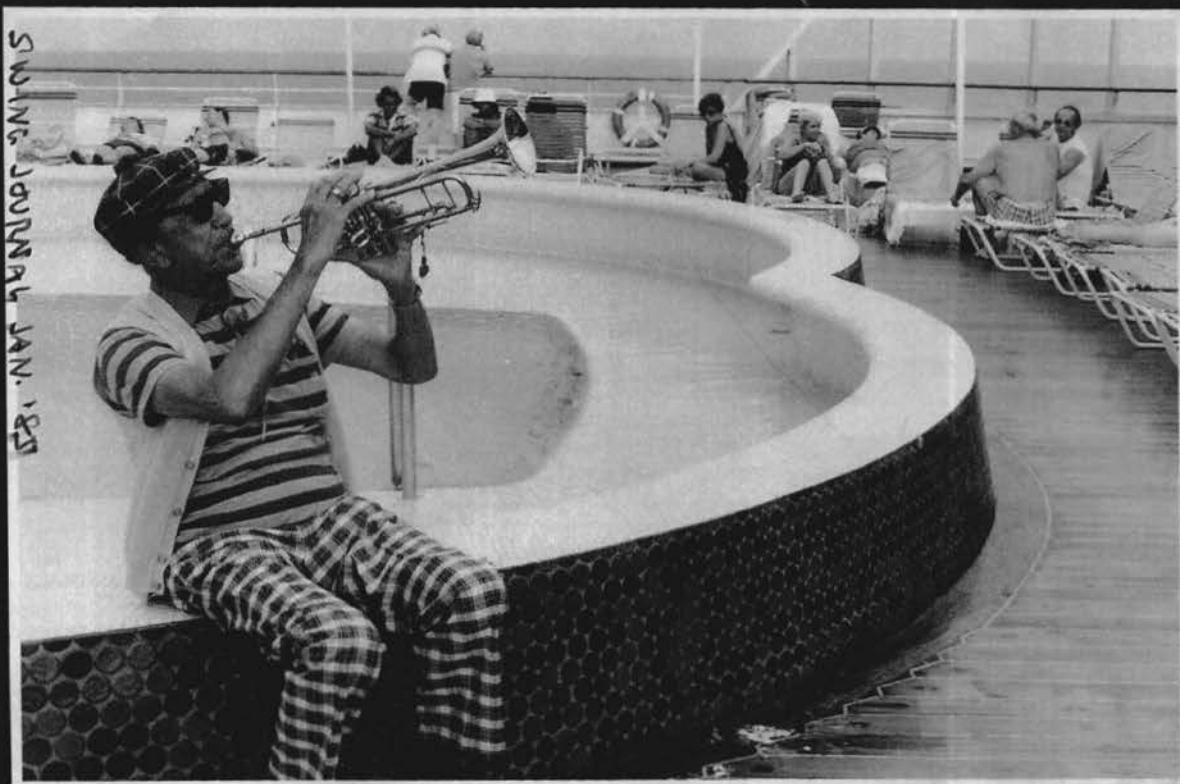
**Hollywood's
New War Hero**



Vincent Van Gogh's
Self-Portrait with
Bandaged Ear and Pipe



On Board The Norway



▲船上プールでトランペットの練習中のトク・チャーサム

船上ジャズ・パーティー開催さる!

マイアミからセント・トーマスを経てグレート・スタラップ島までの航海をジャズとともに——という豪華な“ジャズ・クルーズ”が先頃行われた。早速“クルーズ”に参加したレナード・フェザー(本誌特約寄稿家)にその模様を報告してもらおう。

豪華客船に乗ってジャズを楽しむということ自体は現在でも珍しいことではないが、このジャズ・クルーズにはさまざまな意味でわれわれが忘れていた楽しさ、興奮といったものを呼び戻してくれるものがあつた。今回、S.S.ノルウェー号に乗って、マイアミからセント・トーマスそしてグレート・スタラップ島に至る1週間のジャズ・クルーズに参加したが、音楽の質、量、演奏者と乗客との楽しい交歓、極上の食事と、すべての点で満足のいくものであつた。

ノルウェー号はおよそ17階の高さ、1,000フィートの長さを持つ巨大な客船である。前年度認められたいくつかの欠点を改善した今年のクルーズは、十分な準備期間と予算をかけた結果、2回の航海で3,500人もの乗客を集めることに成功した。

私の参加した2回目のクルーズにはプロデュ

ーサーであるハンク・オニールとシェリー・シアアによって雇われた32名のミュージシャンとトロンボニスト、テップ・ヘイラー率いる14人編成の素晴らしいハウス・バンドの計46名の演奏家が乗船していた。

演奏スケジュールは印刷され、毎夜3か所の会場(525席のサガ・シアター、チェッカーズ・キャバレー、250席のクラブ・インターナショナル)で各々いくつかのセットが演奏されたが、しばしば演奏時間は延長され、予定以外のメンバーの飛び入りも多々あつた。思うにこれはディック・ギブソンのジャズ・パーティーとニース・フェスティバルを組み合わせたようなものである。つまり参加者はニース同様3つのコンサートから1つ、自分の好みのものを選ぶことができる。たとえばジャム・セッションとベニー・カーターのグループにゲストが加わったセ

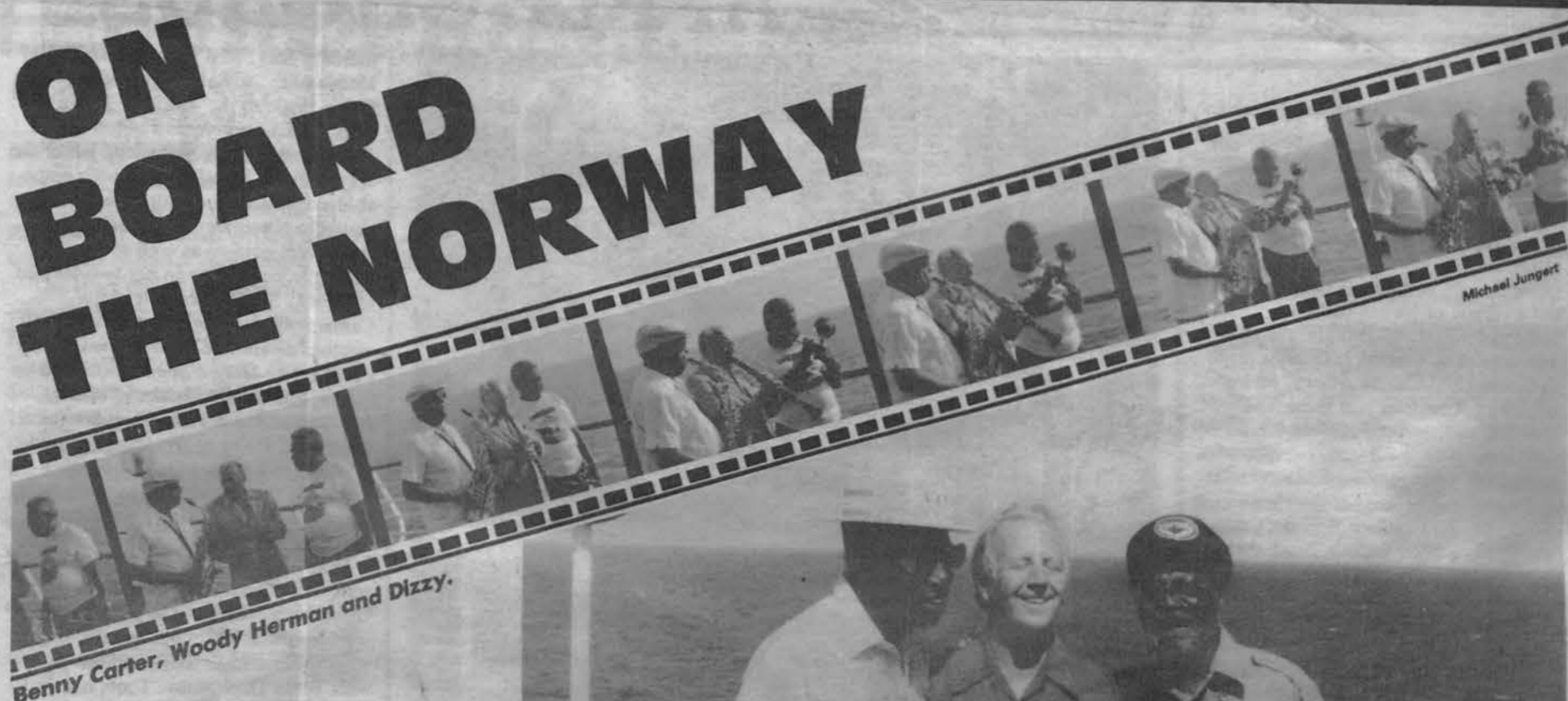
ット、そしてケニー・ダバーンのコンサートが同時進行するといった具合だ。

あるセットではメル・トーマスが単なる素人芸にとどまらない優れたドラマーとして登場したし、クルーズの終り頃には幾人かのドラマーが居合わせたにもかかわらず、ルビー・ブラフは彼をドラマーとして加えたグループを編成していた。通常と異なったセッティングを聴く楽しみというものをトーマスのドラムスは証明していたといえよう。オーケストラにおけるベニー・カーターのサキソフォン・セクションへの参加も同様に楽しいものであつた。

ジョージ・シアリングとトーマスは互いのセットへのゲストとして登場した。両者のこれほどまでに素晴らしい演奏と歌を私はこれまで聴いたことがない。これはおそらく、トーマスがセント・トーマスでアリ・セバソンと結婚式を挙げ、シアリングが親友として参列したことに由来しているのだろう。ハイライトはバップ時代のスタンダードを素材とした両者のスキャット合戦であつた。

ジョー・ウイリアムスのピアニストとして知られるノーマン・シモンズ、トーマスの伴奏者であるマイク・レンジ、ガレスビー・バンドのウォルター・テイビスといったミュージシャンはスモール・コンボで彼らの力量を十分に示して

ON BOARD THE NORWAY



Benny Carter, Woody Herman and Dizzy.

Cruising with an all-star cast



Joe Williams, George Shearing and Clark Terry enjoy the sun on deck.

by LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz aboard the world's greatest ocean liners is no novelty, but the recent double-barrelled venture on the S.S. Norway (two back to back, week-long cruises from Miami to St. Thomas and Great Stirrup Cay Island) reached a new peak on all levels—quality and quantity of the music, good vibes among the musicians as well as social contacts between performers and passengers, glorious weather, generally good food in limitless quantities.

The Norway is the largest of all cruise ships—17 stories tall, 1000 feet long. Last year Hank O'Neal and Shelli Mae Shier produced a modest jazz voyage, but there were problems—budget limitations, short range planning, a couple of temperamental musicians, and a sense of disorganization.

Nevertheless, the potential was clear, since the attendance was a healthy 1700. This time around, O'Neal and Shier were rewarded with a year long preparation schedule and a greatly expanded budget. The results paid off handsomely: over the two weeks, there were 3,500 passengers, with every cabin occupied.

The personnel for the second week involved 46 musicians, of whom 32 were hired by O'Neal and Shier; the other 14 were trombonist Chip Hoehler and his remarkably capable house band.

For most of the musicians this was virtually a paid vacation. Many of them brought along their wives or girlfriends; although a schedule was printed assigning them to certain sets in the three venues (the 525 seat Saga Theatre, the spacious Checkers Cabaret, and the brightly lit, 250 capacity Club

8—JANUARY 1985—JAZZ TIMES

Internationale), plans were often disregarded or expanded as everybody, at one time or another, seemed to sit in with everyone.

In a sense this was like a combination of Dick Gibson's Jazz Party and the Nice Festival. As at Nice, there were usually at least three choices available at overlapping times every evening. At one jam session, Benny Carter (playing some very lyrical trumpet as well as his typically elegant alto) was joined by Bill Allred, the trombonist from Wild Bill Davison's group; by Sayyd Abdul Al-Khabyr, the clarinetist and baritone saxophonist from Dizzy Gillespie's quartet; and by Kenny Davern. The contrast between Sayyd's avant garde-leaning tonal explosions and the orderly, swing rooted clarinet of Davern made more sense than might have been expected out of this seemingly incongruous group.

At one point an eightyish lady, who assured me she had been on all 12 of the Rotterdam cruises in the 1970s, couldn't resist entering the dance area in the Cabaret and performing some solo gyrations. Benny Carter, always the gentleman, stepped forward, trumpet in hand, and joined her for a turn around the floor.

Also during this set, Bobby Rosengarden gave way to Mel Torme, who is no mere dilettante but a thoroughly adroit drummer. In fact, toward the end of the week, Ruby Braff, assembling a session for the Theatre, selected Torme as his drummer out of several available (others included Nassyr Abdul Al-Khabyr, son of Sayyd and also a member of the Gillespie quartet; Jackie Williams; and Jake Hanna). For Jake this was not only a gig but a honeymoon, with his bride

Denisa.

Torme's turns at the drums exemplified a delightful aspect of the cruise, the opportunity to hear artists departing from their usual settings or occupations. Other examples: Benny Carter, for the first time in over 20 years, sat in a saxophone section, reading parts with Hoehler's band. Hoehler later returned the compliment by sitting in and playing some impressive trombone with an ad hoc Carter combo.

George Shearing and Torme, predictably, guested in one another's sets. I have never heard George play better, or Torme sing more brilliantly than during this week. It probably didn't hurt that Torme was in particularly good spirits: during our first stop at St. Thomas, he was married in the town of Charlotte Amalie to Ali Severson, a tax attorney, with Shearing as best man. A highlight of the Shearing-Torme collaboration was their scat vocal duet, an amusingly worked out mixture of *Lemon Drop*, *Airmail Special* and other standards of the bop era.

Norman Simmons, who was on hand officially as Joe Williams' accompanist, and Mike Renzi, working similarly for Torme, had opportunities to display their talents in various small instrumental settings. Dizzy's pianist, Walter Davis, also worked in other capacities.

Some of the brightest moments were provided by Clark Terry and Zoot Sims, both holdovers from last year's cruise. Zoot's appearance was a heartening surprise, since many of us knew that he had been seriously ill. He not only showed up, but played with a conviction and strength that suggested a triumph of mind over matter.

Zoot also took part in one of two "Meet the Stars" sessions, for which passengers were invited to the Cabaret to direct questions at a panel of musicians. The full house at both these panel discussions offered proof of the high percentage of passengers who were indeed on board because of the music.

During one of the sessions, Torme stepped out unexpectedly to sing "Happy Birthday Dear Zoot," to which Zoot replied, "I'm 59 today, but I have the body of a 57-year-old man."

For Joe Williams the week provided opportunities to hear him in numerous settings: with his own rhythm section, as a guest star with Shearing, and with the Hoehler band, for which he brought out his own big band charts. It was notable that in the Cafe when he sang a blues set, the audience remained seated, in rapt attention, but when he turned to ballads and pop songs, the small dance floor filled up immediately.

The personnel list was a virtual paradise for trumpet freaks in particular. Dizzy Gillespie was everywhere, playing even better in other groups than with his own quartet, in which he tended too much toward comedy. Doc Cheatham, at 79 the oldest musician afloat, has retained his pristine qualities of lyricism and logic. It was fascinating to hear Dizzy sit in with Doc to play *Royal Garden Blues*. Clark Terry was ubiquitous, playing with the big band, as well as several combos. Ruby Braff joined with Scott Hamilton for some elegant, eloquent moments. Wild Bill Davison, now 78 and not long recovered from a serious illness that had him sidelined for several months, was in good spirits and seems to have his

JAZZ REVIEW

HENDRICKS STRETCHES OUT AT VINE ST.

By LEONARD FEATHER

The thought of Jon Hendricks without his vocal group conjures up images of a one-stringed violin. Yet there he was Wednesday at the Vine St. Bar & Grill, just he and his rhythm section, except for one brief and decorative appearance by Judith

firming form, bringing that fuzzy-edged timbre to bear on an ancient Miles Davis tune, "Walkin'," with a long scat interlude; his old staple "Bring Me That Wine," complete with monologue and singalong, and the aptly named Roland Kirk song, "Bright Moments."

Hendricks' several talents were in sharp focus: jazz vocalist, witty

turn-of-the-century New Orleans jazz, preaching the truth, bending it a little, and winding up with a paean to Satchmo.

The lyrics to some of his upbeat pieces go by in such a torrent of lines that you have to listen fast to keep pace. But the gentler side of Hendricks is never far away. The song he sang long ago in a sacred concert with Duke Ellington was presented in both its forms: as a slow, exquisitely melodic prayer ("Come Sunday") and as a doubled-up celebration ("Little David Danced"), both with Ellington's own words.

For the past two years his pianist has been David Leonhardt, an intense and swinging artist alert to Hendricks' every mood. Locally he has added two fine musicians, Allen Jackson on bass and Clarence Johnston on drums.

Hendricks the solo singer offers most of the delights found in Hendricks the vocal quartet leader. The evidence will be on hand through Saturday.



PATRICK DOWNS / Los Angeles Times

Jon Hendricks at Vine St.—in exultant and life-affirming form.

Hendricks (singing her husband's lyrics to a Louis Armstrong improvisation on "Star Dust").

This total exposure offered Hendricks a rare chance to stretch out. From his own original song, "The Opener," to a closing Joe Williams blues, he was in exultant, life-affirming

lyricist, ballad singer, narrator, and, at no cost to his musical authenticity, entertainer.

During one tune he put a drumstick to his lips and, by whistling, simulated a piccolo solo. In a segment from his show, "Evolution of the Blues," he told the story of

MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER: Part 13 ● RED NORVO & MILDRED BAILEY



Photo: Yuzuh Saitoh

レッド・ノーボ●彼は幾多の試練を乗り越え、自分なりの控えめなやり方でジャズの歴史を作ってきた男だ。

A NEW LIFE, NEW PLANS, NEW VALUES

By LEONARD FEATHER

OJAI—The house is quiet and comfortable. The aroma of incense fills the air. In a small side room, a candle burns under the photo of Sathya Sai Baba, spiritual father to hundreds of thousands. Among his disciples for the past 10 years have been Maynard and Flo Ferguson, just back home from their annual trip to India, where they visited Baba.

The iron-lipped trumpet master from Montreal, who dazzled the jazz world when he blasted his way into the Stan Kenton orchestra, today is a white-haired survivor of the big-band era. He feels spiritually and physically renewed, has

dieted his way down from 205 to 175 pounds, but "I have to get my chops back together. I performed before Baba in the ashram near Bangalore, but I haven't played for the last six weeks."

In the background, the TV set runs, sound turned off, showing documentary scenes that focus on Baba and his followers, while Ferguson talks about his travels, his new life, new plans, new values.

"I'm glad I first went to India 15 years ago, before it became so Westernized. I miss seeing all the women wearing saris. Everyone seems to be TV-crazy now. In the main streets, you don't see as many

cows as you did; you don't see as many shepherders playing their flutes to keep the sheep together."

The Fergusons have found guidance and solace through their guru. This has not been an easy year for them. Last February, they lost their only son, who died in a fall from a hotel ledge. They have four daughters, one of whom, Kim, is the band's efficient manager. On the day of their return home, they learned from Kim that Ferguson's booking agent and friend for many years, Willard Alexander, had just died.

"Willard was the man behind Benny Goodman, Basie, almost all of them—a one-man campaign for the big bands. When we had our big hit single with the theme from 'Rocky,' he took me to lunch at the Friars Club and was so proud to be walking around among people like George Burns with his top-of-the-pops star."

The success of the "Rocky" single ("Gonna Fly Now") and of the album that included it ("Conquistador") earned Ferguson a unique place in the big-band world; he alone was able to crack the pop charts. Today, he looks back on the 1977 excitement with mixed feelings.

"I had given them a pop hit, and from that point on this was all they wanted to do with me. They had



Seven years after his sudden leap to success, Maynard Ferguson seems to have mellowed.

that attitude of 'OK, now we're gonna give you some hip producers and we're gonna really have some hits.' And beyond that, there's the nervousness when you're under contract to a major label like Columbia; you're trying not to be too militant, to find the Buddhist middle path of listening but still rowing your own boat. You begin to wonder, where do you draw the line?"

"I came out of the bebop era, and I guess that's still my first love, along with a love for a lot of the young, contemporary things, which a lot of my own contemporaries don't share. Someone like Bruce Lundvall could relate to my feelings. But he's no longer with the company—and neither am I."

Ferguson picked up the ball

it in an interview. Actually, having to let someone go is my unfavorable part of being a bandleader, especially when he's a wonderful player."

Ferguson's present orchestra, like all those before it, shows signs of developing similarly great talents of the next decade. Though the band is on the road nine months of the year, he continues to enjoy the travel and the challenges, attributing his unabated enthusiasm and peace of mind to a rekindled spiritual awareness.

"Baba teaches that you should start spirituality at an early age, with an awareness of God, and an educational system that teaches morality instead of concentrating so much on what it takes to make money. Our school system has a lot of problems, but you don't see any hooliganism among the music students, because they have a real interest, a sense of direction in their lives."

"My father was a school principal and my mother was a schoolteacher. Luckily, they were both such avid music fans that once I fell in love with the trumpet they let me play all I wanted. If there was any trouble, it was because I started ignoring my general school work. I was a very good student until I heard Louis Armstrong. When people ask me who were my main influences, I tell them, 'My mother and Louis Armstrong,' and that's really true."

Ferguson over the years has often been the butt of critical contumely, chiefly on the grounds of his alleged commercialized use of what might be called Third Stream music. He has learned to live with the barbs. "I let the cards fall where they may; whether I get a great or a mediocre write-up, I'm still doing what I believe in."

"Right before I go onstage, I clear everyone out of the dressing room and I meditate. The spiritual life is really the next hip era—and it better be, because the alternative is chaos and the Bomb. People should learn what gratification they can derive from spirituality. Being in control of your own mind, your body, all your senses, is a thrill."

"When I meditate, I just remind myself what a wonderful gift I have; I thank God for my ability to bring joy to people through music."

Listening to Ferguson in the privacy of his home, with an occasional quiet aside from his wife, one is surprised at the contrast between his public persona—the extrovert, bravura instrumentalist—and the man behind the mask—relaxed, realistic, even humble.

After the pressures that followed his sudden leap to top-level success seven years ago, he seems to have mellowed. The conquistador may achieve many more conquests, but it is improbable that he will be coerced into making any decisions at odds with his basic beliefs. □

himself, producing his own album live at San Francisco's Great American Music Hall. Palo Alto Records has secured the U.S. rights to the album. One of its most impressive cuts is Billy Strayhorn's "Lush Life," part of which finds the maestro showing rare restraint, using a mute. Another is "Bebop Buffet," a long kaleidoscopic view of bop as seen through the compositions of Parker, Miles Davis, Gillespie and Monk.

Another aspect of Ferguson's varied interests was revealed this summer during New York's Kool Jazz Festival, when he took part in an all-star jam session.

"I've always been against competition. That 'battle of the bands' slogan sells tickets, but scoreboards were made for sports, not music. You don't put up a sign that says 'Oscar Peterson 78, McCoy Tyner 39.' However, I do get a kick out of working in small groups within a context of mutual respect; that's why playing with Wynton Marsalis was a ball."

"Wynton was listening to me in the wings. We were doing some straight-ahead blues, with Tyner, Eddie Gomez on bass and Peter Erskine, who was my drummer in '75-'78 before he joined Weather Report. A fantastic rhythm section! So I grabbed Wynton by the hand and said, 'Open up your case and get your horn out.' With my white hair, I guess I can get away with sounding like I'm giving orders."

"I wish I had a tape of what happened. Wynton plays those marvelous pedal tones in the lower register. Well, we were trading phrases, and when I went really upstairs he went way downstairs. It got so good, I actually stopped and laughed. That's what festivals should be all about—festive! Later, we had Herbie Hancock sitting in too."

At the Kool concert, Ferguson worked with another of his many celebrated alumni, Slide Hampton, his trombonist and arranger in the late 1950s. During that time, the other members, coincidentally, included Joe Zawinul and Wayne Shorter, who 12 years later would become co-founders of Weather Report.

"Wayne left me to join Art Blakey. Joe Zawinul, I felt, was ready for other things, so I let him go. I don't feel anyone needs to go out with a bad karma because you found he didn't fit your particular band, but I noticed Joe made fun of

JAZZ REVIEW

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S BIG-BAND PALETTE

By LEONARD FEATHER

On its way from New York to Tokyo, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Orchestra stopped off to play its first two local nightclub dates, at Carnello's Monday and Hop Singh's Tuesday.

Despite subtle differences from her previous Los Angeles-based ensemble, the central ingredient remains the same: All the arrangements are her own, as are most of the compositions. What emerged at Carnello's was a colorful tapestry of shifting instrumental groupings that put her indelible stamp on every work.

She is proud of her present reed section. Lew Tabackin is phenomenal as ever in his dual roles: an unleashed tiger on tenor sax, a master of classical beauty on flute. The most valuable new member is Frank West, on lead and solo alto sax, doubling as occasional flute soloist, and the composer of "Your Beauty Is a Song of Love," to which he brought a warmth reminiscent of Johnny Hodges.

In Akiyoshi's new extended work, "Blue Dream," the transitions from Tabackin's flute euphoria to Franke's alto sax by Jim Snidero and bitersweet impressionism kept the audience entranced for its full 20 minutes. The only weakness was a problem with intonation during a passage using three soprano saxes.

Also new to the library are "Happy Hooper," atypical with its simple, Basie-like ensembles, and "Fading Beauty," an elegant, impeccably executed vehicle for West's alto.

Like its predecessor, the band boasts a wealth of soloists, notably Ed Xiques on baritone sax, trombonist Hart Smith (a holdover from the Los Angeles band) and a

formidable bassist, Mike Forminek. The trumpet section, however, lacks a lyrical personality comparable to Bobby Shew of the old team.

A ghost inhabits the band—Bud Powell still haunts the keyboard during Akiyoshi's hard-driving up-tempo solos. A recently acquired drummer, Jeff Hirshfield, has brought new strength to the rhythm section.

For the second time in her career, Akiyoshi has assembled an orchestra that defines grandeur and inspiration in big-band jazz, with Tabackin's role (though he no longer has co-leader billing) as pervasive and vital a solo force as ever.

WEATHER REPORT PUTS ITS AUDIO TO A VIDEO

By LEONARD FEATHER

Historically, progress has always been much more general than retrogression, as Darwin once said (or could it have been Howard Cosell?). Progress of a somewhat startling nature was represented in a package that arrived last week.

It contained a Video 45 entitled "The Evolutionary Spiral," and subtitled "a dazzling multimedia montage with a musical sound track by Weather Report."

It represents a step in video/music beyond the status of productional tool designed merely to help sell records, into a fresh role as an aesthetic experience in its own right.

The principal mover and shaker in this event was the producer, Mark L. Mawrence, whose previous credits include the production of films with Nobel Prize-winning scientists about global problems. The credit line at the end, thanking "our friends in Sweden," presumably implies recognition of Mawrence's close relationship with the International Federation of Institutes for Advanced Studies, co-founded by the Nobel Foundation in Sweden and the Rockefeller Foundation in New York.

Teamed with Mawrence was Larry Lachman, the director and co-producer, who began exploring the fusion of visuals and sound while studying at the Berklee College of Music in Boston. Lachman helped develop a technique that combines animation, film and video into what attempts to become a seamless form, complementing the mood and flow of the music.

Of course, there have been jazz

videos before on a modest scale, but most have been fairly brief, straightforward presentations of the performers. Japan has been far ahead of the United States in producing for this market. Trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, who just returned from Japan, reports that he has made three videos for Japanese companies, two of which were produced in this country but have not yet been released here.

"The Evolutionary Spiral" is an ambitious achievement in what is, for jazz, a different and daring genre. Archival film, multicolored special effects and computer animation are employed in an unprecedented blend of creative music and dazzling imagery.

The production supposedly attempts to take the viewer on "a journey through time: from the birth of the universe, through ancient cultures, to the present world of High Tech, and on to a vision of art in the future." It all sounds a little pretentious, though not without justification.

Released by the Sony Corp. in cooperation with CBS Records and Earth Sky Productions (founded by Mawrence), the \$16.95 video is most notable for the astonishing beauty of the computer animation, for which Joni Carter served as art director.

Anyone expecting to see Weather Report will have to be prepared for something far less literal. In fact, only a few human faces are seen in brief glimpses, and none looks remotely like Josef Zawinul or Wayne Shorter. Instead, we are treated to a series of moving globes, concentric circles diminish-



Weather Report's conceptual video "The Evolutionary Spiral" is billed as a "multimedia montage with a musical sound track."

ing and growing, sunsets, swans on lakes, and a sort of 21st-Century kaleidoscope of often-stunning effects in glorious colors.

About halfway through, after a fade to black, comes the only subtitle: "The splitting of the atom changed everything—save man's mode of thinking.—Albert Einstein." Along the way, there are indications of the advance of civilization—the names of the Wright Brothers on their patent for the airplane, views of a space launch, astronauts, satellites.

During this voyage in time and space, we hear Weather Report playing Zawinul's composition "Procession," followed by Shorter's "Plaza Real," and briefly, under the losing credits, Zawinul's "Two Lines."

Though the fact is not made clear on the video packet, which has no annotation, these three works are simply an abbreviation of the first side of Weather Report's Columbia album "Procession," in the identical order.

The object, one assumes, was to integrate the sounds of Weather Report with vivid and ingeniously

combined images. Although "The Evolutionary Spiral" beyond question is a brilliantly conceived and executed visual experiment, and despite the success of the music on its own level, there is almost no real correlation between the sights and sounds.

The changing of a tint, a pattern, even a movement of some of the abstract images to correspond with a new passage or altered coloration in the music itself, would have been the logical way to unify the two media. As it stands, this might as well have been a video for which the decision to use Weather Report came after the fact. To put it another way, almost any Weather Report album could have served the same series of visuals, and almost any visual panorama conceived by someone with the artistic vision of a Joni Carter could have employed this sound track.

Neither the sound nor the video should take precedence in a project of this nature, yet one has the sense that the group was treated rather casually; the package doesn't even list the names of the other musicians. (They were Oscar Hakim on

drums, Victor Bailey on bass and Jose Rossy on percussion.)

In future jazz videos, the musicians should be given an active creative role, working with the graphic artists and computer animation specialists, synergizing one another's contributions, instead of merely making available already-recorded material. Certainly, too, it would not damage the overall effect if the artists were allowed to

appear at least briefly on camera.

Not yet released, but likely to be of unique interest in the same general area, is a 9½-minute "Video Profile" with Miles Davis, which reportedly includes a fascinating interview with Davis, as well as footage from performances on his recent European tour. Of course, this may not involve any of the conceptual mastery seen in "The Evolutionary Spiral." If not, the

ideal solution would be a blend of both approaches.

Certainly "The Evolutionary Spiral" demonstrates that video music can evolve into an art form in its own right. This effort, however, marks only a beginning, as one of the press releases admits, it is "seen by industry insiders as a Model-T Ford in conceptual video." We can hardly wait until they come up with the Rolls-Royce. □

12/3/84

Los Angeles Times

JAZZ REVIEW

MURPHY STICKS TO HIS COURSE

By LEONARD FEATHER

Mark Murphy is still hanging in there—one of that lonely breed of male vocalists whose devotion to jazz will not be shaken. Booked into the Room Upstairs at Le Cafe in Sherman Oaks for two weekends (he returns Friday), he built an opening show of four lyricized versions of jazz instrumentals, two Brazilian songs and three infrequently heard American popular songs.

Such pieces as "Doodlin'" (lyrics by Jon Hendricks) and "Twisted" (Annie Ross) require a special rhythmic sensitivity and a sense of humor. Murphy is never at a loss for either. A pop number such as "You Fascinate Me So," a wondrous blend of fast-moving lyrical lines (Carolyn Leigh) and melodic ingenuity (Cy Coleman), is in safe tonals when Murphy takes charge.

Murphy's wordless interludes—scat singing or variations thereof—have moments of brilliance, again laced with comic touches, but he is given to certain affectations that occasionally jar.

Murphy was helped appreciably by Carl Schroeder, the one-time Sarah Vaughan pianist who provided his sole backing. Schroeder's solo in "Twisted" was as quirky as some of Murphy's eccentricities.

After modest '50s popularity, Murphy expatriated himself in the '60s, and has since been aiming at a hit album. At Le Cafe, he is showing his determination to stay within the boundaries that established him.

10/7/84

JAZZ

THE PATIENT IS HEALTHY, PANELISTS DECREE

By LEONARD FEATHER

NEW YORK—The patient is healthy; jazz will survive. That was the consensus reached at the Jazz Times convention.

Organized by Ira Sabin, publisher of Jazz Times magazine, this has been the only convention of its kind held anywhere. A microcosm of

every facet of the jazz world—musicians, educators, critics, disc jockeys, producers, concert promoters, agents, record dealers—it attracted 350 visitors from 10 countries.

Though there were jam sessions every evening last weekend, the focus was on 29 panel discussions held in three rooms at a mid-town

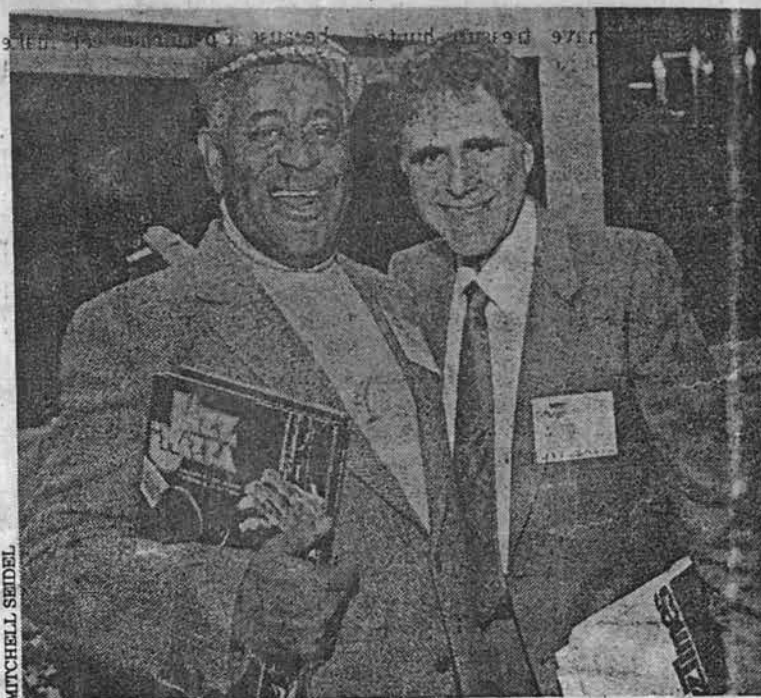
hotel. (Usually there were three seminars taking place simultaneously, a situation that should be rectified next year.) The panelists, among whom were such world-class musicians as Clark Terry, Herbie Mann and Billy Taylor, were all unpaid volunteers. Dizzy Gillespie, touted as guest of honor, put in a token appearance, mainly for the TV cameras, but did not take an active role either as player or panelist.

This was a time of positive thinking, established in a keynote address by the veteran producer Orrin Keepnews (founder of Riverside, Fantasy and his newly organized Landmark Records).

"Jazz is an enduring music; it's both an art and a business. The businessman must respect its artistry or he'll be in a lot of trouble. I've heard countless times that jazz is dead, but just look at the tremendous resurgence in reissues, the proliferation of independent record companies.

"It's a demanding, complex art form," Keepnews continued, "and I don't believe that if all the rock radio stations switched to a jazz format they would make millions of converts. Let's just acknowledge what our parameters are. There is a substantial audience out there, and it's enough that we make sure our music reaches everyone who is capable of absorbing it."

Technology, he stressed, will not be the savior. "Compact discs, the



Ira Sabin, publisher of Jazz Times magazine, right, with trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, guest of honor at New York convention.

use of computers, digital recording—let the experts handle all that. The music was just as good on the monophonic LPs. Let's not get carried away by this wave-of-the-future concept; it won't save the world. They said quadrasonic sound would do that, and where is quad today?"

At later panels, it was pointed out that there has always been a credibility gap between business and music interests, and that many a jazz fan has made the transition from music lover to hard-nosed businessman looking out only for his own survival. A respected exception is Bruce Lundvall, former president of CBS and later of Elektra/Musician Records. Now

with Capitol/EMI, where he is president of the new Manhattan Records, he had some upbeat comments to offer during a discussion billed as "Jazz and the Music Industry."

"Rock, contemporary black R&B and country music do dominate the industry," he said, "while classical music and jazz are art forms. Still, the chairman of EMI wants me to revive the Blue Note label, which produced some of the great classic jazz of the 1940s and '50s. In January, we'll have 20 reissues from the old catalogue, remastered digitally; 10 will be issued on compact discs. We'll also start making new albums with exciting young talent for Blue Note. Along with the albums, our first release will include four videocassettes by Thelonious Monk, Bill Evans, Duke Ellington and Buddy Rich."

Convinced that the future of the industry is audio-visual, Lundvall pointed out that MTV's new channel, VH-1 (Video Hits), which will start operations in January, should bring new opportunities for jazz video, since it will be more adult-oriented than the present MTV.

The future of jazz in home video was the subject of a separate panel discussion. The demand for software is growing fast, we were told, and jazz fans' need for videocassette recorders is increasing daily. Claude Nobs, producer of the Montreux Jazz Festival, reminded us that he has been videotaping for 11 years and is constantly busy obtaining releases from the hundreds of artists involved. Another prolific source of jazz videos will be the old "Soundies" (primitive video jukeboxes on which jazz was often seen and heard in the 1940s).

Jazz, of course, has always been shortchanged on large and small screens alike. This has given birth to a small, dedicated band of collec-

Wednesday, November 7, 1984/Part VI 7

JAZZ REVIEW

LOUIS BELLSON ENSEMBLE AT CARMELO'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

The character of a large jazz ensemble may depend on the compositional personality of its writers, or on a tendency to pattern itself along the lines of some early style-setter such as Ellington, Basie or Kenton.

Louis Bellson's orchestra, as he reminded us Monday at Carmelo's, has no such unified concept, since his arrangements are drawn from many diverse sources; yet it is possible more often than not to recognize the group on the strength of the unique driving force that emanates from the leader's drums. His relentless contribution to the Thad Jones dedicatory work "With Bells On," culminating in a solo marked by the use of his tuned "roto-toms" and the distinctive sound of his cymbals, was compelling enough to win over the most stubborn opponent of percus-

sion gymnastics.

Scarcely less important is the continued presence of Pete Christlieb. His multiple job-juggling over the years has enabled him to retain a central role in the Bellson band since 1967. On this occasion, a Bill Holman arrangement of "Lover Man," with flutes and muted trumpets as a cushion for his vibrant tenor saxophone, provided one of the evening's highlights.

Several new works were introduced all to be heard soon in an

album Bellson has recorded for Christlieb's Bosco label. Trumpeter Steve Huffsteter's delicate waltz "Cipriana" and Joe Roccisano's brashly brilliant "Don't Stop Now," with a heated trombone exchange between Andy Martin and Thurman Green, reflected the high quality Bellson has always demanded of his writers and soloists.

Carmelo's big band schedule will bring in Bill Berry on Monday, Dee Barton on Nov. 19 and Bill Holman on Nov. 26.

Handwritten scribbles and signatures in the left margin of the page.

is who have treasure-hunted around the world for every scrap of available jazz on film. A fan named avid Chertok has made a full-time profession out of showing gems from his collection, believed to be the world's largest.

A poignant interlude one evening at the convention was Chertok's screening of rare Shelly Manne clips: the young Manne at 27 with Stan Kenton, at 29 with Woody Herman, a 1958 trio piece with Shelly joining Andre Previn on a blues; and, preceded by a verbal bouquet to him from Oscar Brown Jr., Shelly leading his 1962 Manne Hole quintet.

Many of Chertok's best clips

Orrin Keepnews, veteran record producer:

'I've heard countless times that jazz is dead, but just look at the tremendous resurgence in reissues, the proliferation of independent record companies.'

came from overseas, where jazz is in greater demand on television. Foreign work opportunities in general were the topic for a lively discussion, with such panelists as the producers of jazz festivals in Umbria, Italy, and Pori, Finland; and the trumpeter Ted Curson, who also served as director of the convention's nightly jam sessions. Some of the comments:

Curson: "Sure, there's lots of work for Americans, but it isn't easy. You have to learn to love train travel, figure out complicated plane schedules, and get a list of cheap, clean hotels where you don't have to get a key for the toilet. In any case, if you stay over there too long you become just another local musician."

Amy Duncan, pianist, and jazz critic for the Christian Science Monitor: "How are my chances over there? Will promoters hire less-expensive musicians?"

Claude Nobs: "No. We survive on the Miles Davises."

Jyrki Kangas, Pori producer: "I don't agree. We must use some lesser names—people enjoy getting to know them."

Actually, many unknown college jazz bands visit Europe, sometimes under corporate sponsorship. They do it for the experience and exposure, are not usually paid, and are generally well received. But meanwhile, as pianist/educator Billy Taylor pointed out, this deprives many deserving professionals of work opportunities.

On the home front, the future of jazz nightclubs and concerts was debated. It is no secret that club owners have been suffering, partly

because a performer can make as much in one night at a concert hall as he would earn in a week at a small club. But there are other difficulties. John Bunyan, owner of Blues Alley in Washington, lamented: "We can't advertise on the jazz-oriented stations, because they're noncommercial. So we just keep in touch with the deejays and try to get our artists' records played."

On the rare occasions when an Oscar Peterson or the Modern Jazz Quartet plays a club, the owner will demand a \$25 door charge. Even then, some of the potential audience would prefer to hear the same music under concert conditions.

Jack Kleinsinger, a New York concert promoter, said: "It's a matter of life styles. Some people are too old and have outgrown the nightclub life; others are too young and aren't allowed in. Besides, my people are attracted by a format: 'The Bebop Era' or 'Salute to Swing' or whatever. Nightclubs, for the most part, don't do concept shows."

Despite the prestige and profits accessible in the concert hall, some jazzmen still opt for the club gigs. Flutist Herbie Mann said: "I used to do mostly concerts in the '60s and '70s, but I've come to realize that clubs are a means of establishing a close rapport with the audience. So I figured out a way to do clubs: I list my expenses, the club owner figures out his, and we share in the profits."

Drummer Mel Lewis, who organized his band with Thad Jones in 1966 and now leads it on his own, has played almost every Monday night at the Village Vanguard since the orchestra was formed. "The

club's concept," he said, "is based on what Max Gordon, the owner, likes personally. He doesn't worry about the latest fads—he uses very little fusion music—and he's loyal to people like Elvin Jones and McCoy Tyner, bringing them back until they've had a chance to build a following. The intimacy of a setting like this brings out the best in all of us."

A little-publicized outlet for jazz is the privately operated jazz society, usually run by well-to-do fans who simply want to keep the good sounds alive in their area. The panel on "Building Jazz Societies" was moderated by Hal Davis, a retired ad agency executive and lifelong aficionado, now president of the Jazz Club of Sarasota, Fla. The club has 1,200 members, brings in legendary jazzmen from New York, publishes a newsletter, and uses its nonprofit profits to provide scholarships for young musicians.

Some of these societies have come into existence with the help of grants from such sources as the National Endowment for the Arts. ("Grantsmanship," the subject of a separate panel session, has been of growing significance over the past decade both for artists and organizations.)

After three days of wading through such weighty matters as "New Horizons for Jazz-Symphonic Collaboration," "New Technology, Electronic Media" and the like, Ira Sabin wisely allowed us to wind down with a final panel on a lighter note.

Entitled "The Good Old Days," it turned out to be a free-wheeling exchange—by panelists (among them Milt Jackson and John Hammond) and a few spectators—of anecdotes, most of which seemed to be concerned with Thelonious Monk. Thus, we were left with the memory of trumpeter Red Rodney recalling the occasion when Charlie Parker, desperate and strung out, joined forces with Rodney, Monk and drummer Art Blakey to play a gig at a Hasidic wedding. "And they really dug us!" □

6 Part VI/Friday, November 16, 1984

POP MUSIC REVIEWS

FRANK SINATRA: COME RAIN OR COME SHINE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The line forms to the right, folks. Ol' Blue Eyes is back in town.

Wednesday evening at the Universal Amphitheatre, suspense hung heavy in the air as one wondered how Frank Sinatra would follow up his much-debated "L.A. Is My Lady" album, produced by Quincy Jones.

For the last two or three years the attitudes toward Sinatra have split into clearly divided camps. On the one hand there are the diehards who will proclaim from now until 1999 that Sinatra can do no wrong. In the other camp are the carpers, the nit-pickers, the self-appointed Chairmen of the Bored who clutch in the air grasping at every slight vocal flaw.

Both sides, of course, are off base; the truth lies in a gray area between these two extremes.

There were moments during Wednesday's hourlong set when the most loyal of Sinatraphiles did not want to believe what they heard: for example, a hoarse, strained quality, one note almost missed, another a hair off, during "It's All Right With Me," early in the show. Curiously, this was one of only three numbers he sang out of

the 11 in the new album, the others were his opener, "L.A. Is My Lady" (a bone of contention in its own right) and the closing "Mack the Knife," performed mainly for laughs but with immense spirit and rhythmic abandon.

That his control and range are not what they once were must now be admitted. Still, a month shy of his 69th birthday, Sinatra has retained more of his idiosyncratic virtues—the phrasing, the touches of throwaway humor, a singular poignancy in the best ballads—than most singers have achieved at any age.

Nor is it simply a voice we are evaluating; what must be judged is the combined effect of singer, songs and arrangements. Aside from "L.A.," every tune was a standard, and the arrangements, as he hastened to assure us, were by the likes of Nelson Riddle ("Willow Weep for Me"), Billy May ("Luck Be a Lady"), Don Costa ("Come Rain or Come Shine"), and two numbers from his old Count Basie albums, scored by Quincy Jones and Neal Hefti.

For contrast, on "These Foolish Things" he simply used the rhythm section, with his pianist/conductor, Joe Parnello, guitarist Tony Mottola (who also had a number on his



GARY FRIEDMAN / Los Angeles Times
Sinatra at Universal: even at 90%, compensation enough.

own), bassist Don Baldini, and drummer Irv Cottler. Mottola provided the sensitive backing on "Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry."

Generally, the horns of the Bud-

dy Rich Band were employed, with a string section whenever it was called for—most notably in Gordon Jenkins' memorable "This Is All I Ask," which found Sinatra at his most soulful except for the two low, barely reached final notes.

If it wasn't 100% vintage Sinatra, the 90% moments were compensation enough. A few newer songs would have added a welcome touch of variety, but the yells that greeted "New York, New York" made it clear that pragmatically, nothing beats treading along time-proven territory.

Buddy Rich has been sharing shows with Sinatra for so long that one would have expected a little of the Chairman's gracious policy of acknowledging composers, arrangers and soloists to have trickled down to him. But Rich let his opening set of generally colorless charts (some marked by overwhelmingly blasting brass) go by without a word. Ironically, Steve Marcus, his tenor sax star, was identified only because Sinatra featured and credited him in "Pennies From Heaven." Rich remains a marvel at the drums, but there were passages when he seemed to drown out the orchestra.

The show closes Sunday.

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"HOT HOUSE FLOWERS." Wynton Marsalis. Columbia SC 39530.

The New Orleans prodigy has done it again. After winning an unprecedented pair of Grammy awards for classical and jazz albums, he has now entered an area that might best be characterized as accessible jazz, directed at the popular market.

With the exception of the title tune, an attractive Marsalis original, all the compositions in this unique collection are old pop songs ("Star Dust," 1927; "I'm Confessin'," 1930; "For All We Know," 1934; "When You Wish Upon a Star," 1940; "Lazy Afternoon," 1954) or early jazz works: Duke Ellington's little-known 1953 "Melancholia" and John Lewis' 1954 "Django."

On paper, this looks like a pretentious production, with Marsalis' regular sideman augmented by 20 strings, woodwinds, and Robert Freedman as arranger/conductor. Your reflexes tell you: Our new trumpet idol has sold out. Then you play the album and realize that instead of abandoning his principles, Marsalis, with considerable help from Freedman, has shown yet another aspect of his seemingly boundless artistry.

The strings are used discreetly and with sensitivity. Marsalis stays close to the melodies or varies them in many attractive ways. Occasionally, we hear from another soloist—his saxophonist brother Branford, or pianist Kenny Kirkland—but basically this set belongs to its 23-year-old centerpiece. "I'm Confessin'" hasn't been performed with as much originality since Satchmo introduced it in 1930. As for "When You Wish Upon a Star," who would have dreamed that a Disney ditty (introduced by Cliff Edwards as the voice of Jiminy Cricket on the sound track of "Pinocchio") would wind

up as a work of art? 5 unqualified stars.

□

"TEN GALLON SHUFFLE." Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Ascent 1004. (P.O. Box 20135, New York, N.Y. 10025.) This is the first release by the band organized early last year in New York. Admirers (and former members) of the West Coast ensemble that brought worldwide acclaim to Akiyoshi and Lew Tabackin may be upset by the latter's implication, in his notes, that the old band's energy level and solo strength were inferior to that of the present orchestra. Such comparisons are gratuitous. Both bands achieved greatness on the strength of Akiyoshi's compositions and Tabackin's tenor sax and flute mastery. Like its predecessor, this group boasts other gifted individuals, most notably Frank Wess, whose alto sax is ideally showcased in "Fading Beauty." Wess even has a flute solo on "Jamming at Carnegie Hall," in which Tabackin's tenor, Akiyoshi's piano and three other soloists are involved. "Blue Dream," an extended work, is richly textured, with Tabackin's flute and Jim Snidero's alto sax in colorful surroundings. The beautiful model adorning the cover is Akiyoshi's daughter. 4½ stars.

□

"MAKOTO OZONE." Columbia C 39624. Like Toshiko Akiyoshi, Ozone, now, 23, came to the U.S. to study piano at Berklee College in Boston. In person he has displayed

a formidable technique that some critics found excessive, but on this debut album of original compositions, with vibraphonist Gary Burton and bassist Eddie Gomez added here and there, he seems closer to Debussy or Ravel than to Oscar Peterson. Though the full scope of his talent is not revealed, he is bound to go onward and upward from this promising start. 4 stars.

□

"RIDIN' HIGH." Sue Raney. Discovery DS 913. From "How's This for Openers" (by her pianist, Bob Florence) to the closing "No More Blues" by Jobim, the new Raney album again shows her flawless pitch and taste. "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart" is a five-star cut, but "Baseball," played for comedy values and with a muddy reverb sound on the fluegelhorn, is of two-star caliber. Raney tends to sing songs like "Star Dust" and "Body and Soul" almost too literally; she has the capacity for loosening up and should feel free to do so more often. Nevertheless, a solid 3½ stars.

□

"REBIRTH OF A FEELING." String Trio of New York. Black Saint 0068. Three formidable musicians (Billy Bang, violin; James Emery, acoustic guitar, and John Lindberg, bass) try too hard to do too much in these five hyper-eclectic cuts. As the liner notes say, on "Ephemera Trilogy" Emery "crams as many notes as humanly possible into a small space." Yes. That's what's wrong. The 14½-minute "Utility Grey" begins with two long bass solos (one bowed, one plucked), provides some food for thought but little soul food, and lapses into utter boredom. 2½ stars. □

TYNER TRIO IN TOP FORM AT CONCERTS BY THE SEA ^{12/1}

By LEONARD FEATHER

The McCoy Tyner Trio now appearing at Concerts by the Sea (through Sunday) may well be the best group Tyner has led during his 18 years as a leader.

The fire-breathing intensity that has long been the hallmark of this pianist's personality is undimmed; those stubby fingers and small hands produce opulent, dynamic chord clusters, whether the subject is a familiar standard ("Just in Time," "Manha De Carnaval") or a reminder of his years with John Coltrane ("Moment's Notice").

Rich in invention and free of clichés, Tyner may begin with an orthodox statement of the theme, but by the second chorus he may be indulging in anything from a dazzling flurry of shifting rhythmic or modal patterns to a passage in which his hands tell two different, ingeniously interwoven stories.

If at times he uses the pedal to excess, and if the chordal density now and then becomes overbear-

ing, relief is usually at hand in the form of a quiet, uncluttered interlude. The unaccompanied performance of "Ruby My Dear" and the first two or three minutes of "Blues for Basie" offered examples of this less heavy-handed aspect.

Avery Sharpe, who played with Tyner from 1980 to '82, rejoined him five months ago. In an era that is producing more than its share of brilliant bassists, he is a giant among giants, a technical wizard whose solos, whether in rapid single-string lines or guitar-like chords, never fail to astonish.

A group of this kind calls for a drummer who combines energy, taste and discretion. In Louis Hayes, best remembered from his Cannonball Adderley years, Tyner has the ideal complement.

If it's straight-ahead swinging you're looking for, Oscar Peterson is still your man; but for sheer high-gear excitement Tyner today is at a new creative peak that leaves him without rivals in this conceptually complex field.

Los Angeles Times

10/27/84

JAZZ REVIEW

TONIGHT' ENSEMBLE HAS A NIGHT OUT

By LEONARD FEATHER

When a jazz club survives for almost two decades, there is cause for both rejoicing and surprise. Wednesday, celebrating his 18th anniversary at Donte's, Carey Leverette made the ideal move by booking Tommy Newsom and his orchestra.

Except for the absent Doc Severinsen and one substitute trombonist, this was the entire "Tonight Show" band, the same band you hear playing four bars coming out of a commercial, and, once a month or so, a full number on its own.

A mere listing of the band's principal soloists and arrangers is a virtual endorsement in itself. The saxophone section, for example, consists of a splendid lead alto player, John Bambridge, who also writes many of the best charts, and four powerful soloists. They are Dick Spencer, whose alto all but exploded in "Salt Peanuts"; Bill Perkins on baritone, and two well contrasted tenor players: the towering Pete Christlieb, who suggests

a more aggressive Lester Young, and the convoluted but convincing Ernie Watts.

There's a diversity of styles again in the trumpet section, with Snooky Young's swing-era growls on "Blues in the Night" and Conte Candoli in a be-bop mode on most of the up tempos.

The ensemble precision, probably unequaled anywhere, brought out the best in Gary McFarland's finely textured "Kerrinha," in Billy Strayhorn's "Intimacy of the Blues," and in several examples of Bill Holman's unique gift for making modern bricks out of ancient straw, such as "Limehouse Blues" and "Strike Up the Band." There were only two causes for com-

plaint: one perfunctory funk number, and Joel DiBartolo's insistence on playing Fender bass even in tunes that cried out for an upright.

Predictably, the audience was studded with musicians by the dozen, most of them well aware that this underexposed ensemble, given a chance to stretch out, emerges as one of America's best. Newsom, who modestly confined himself to conducting except for a warmly appealing "Body and Soul" on tenor sax, books a gig of this kind about once every two years.

Johnny Carson had given the event a healthy plug on his show, ensuring a packed house. Newsom should be urged to turn these men loose more often.

BILL EVANS: THE ORIGINAL ... AND THE FLIP SIDE

By LEONARD FEATHER

There must be something about those Evanses," Miles Davis said a year or two ago. "They must be a breed." The comment seemed logical in light of Davis' experience. In the late 1940s, he began an association with arranger Gil Evans, a friendship that has lasted to this day. Together, they produced a series of albums that are among the most durable of jazz classics.

In the spring of 1958, a young pianist named Bill Evans joined the seminal Davis group that includedannonball Adderley and John Coltrane. Though his stint with the band was brief, Evans made an indelible mark in the Davis annals before leaving to launch an enormously successful career as a trio leader, soloist and composer.

Also in early 1958, in Clarendon Hills, Ill., another Bill Evans was born. The son of a former child-prodigy pianist, he too studied the keyboard, starting at 5 and cramming the classics for about seven years before taking up clarinet and then saxophone. In 1980, he too got the call from Davis, then about to emerge from a long retirement. He was promptly hired and spent three years playing saxophone (and occasional keyboards) with the new Davis group, before moving along early this year to Mahavishnu, a new band organized by guitarist John McLaughlin, who played on Davis' influential early jazz/rock ventures. (Evans will be heard Wednesday and Thursday with Mahavishnu at the Beverly Theatre.)

The young Evans was recommended to Davis by another of

Davis' former saxophonists, David Liebman (class of '74). Liebman, who met Evans at a summer jazz clinic, became his mentor and teacher.

"When my roommate told me Miles was calling," Evans said, "I thought he was kidding. Then Miles started calling me about how great he'd heard I was—it was intimidating.

"I went to his house and played for him. He said, 'If I played the saxophone, I'd want to play just like you.' So he made me feel at ease, and from that point we hit it off.

"It was strange, though, I didn't know he was organizing a band. He had his nephews there, a guitar player and some other guys playing a kind of R&B music, with vocals. I wasn't sure whether he was producing an album for his nephew or what. And I was never told I was hired. The guys in the band just said, 'Are you coming tomorrow?' And Miles said, 'Yeah, we'll see you tomorrow.'"

This was the first professional job for Evans, who was still in his final half year at William Paterson College in Wayne, N.J. During the next three years, he learned a great deal from Davis. "I found out about what leadership means—he'll always let you know that he's in control—and how to stick to your beliefs."

The association quickly grew to a close friendship. "I know that, in some of his bands, Miles wouldn't talk to the other players, but it got so I was seeing him, or getting a half-dozen phone calls from him, every day. We're still friends, still keep in touch."



Bill Evans, who once played with Miles Davis' group, will be with Mahavishnu at Beverly Theatre on Wednesday and Thursday.

Though he had managed to fit in well with the Davis electronic-funk concept, Evans had other ideas. Last year, he began to formulate plans for an album of his own.

"I guess he had a feeling I was going to quit, because during my last year with him he was playing more and more trumpet and there was less and less saxophone."

By the time Davis' "Star People" was released, Evans' role seemed to have been considerably reduced—not so much in the studio as in the final, edited product. Handling a set of tapes to an editor is not unlike giving a deck of cards to an expert who, after he has cut and shuffled them, may deal a hand in which you won't know what cards to find, or in what order.

After the taping was completed, Teo Macero took over. A Juilliard

graduate, composer and former saxophonist with Charles Mingus, Macero had worked off and on with Davis, producing and editing most of his albums, since 1958. Evans says, "Teo could put everything together any way he wanted, yet that was supposed to represent what we did in the studio. It was a weird situation." Solos that Evans had played turned up truncated. He assumed that Davis might have had something to do with this. However, Macero admitted in a recent interview that "the solos by (guitarist) Mike Stern and Bill Evans were too long; I only kept the best moments."

"Miles knew my views about the whole thing; I was always open with him," Evans says. "But there was never any argument between us; in fact, when I made my own album, he drew a couple of sketch-

es for me, which we used on the back cover. He even offered to write some liner notes, but we were already in production. Right now, he's painting the cover and back cover for my next record."

Perhaps by chance, Davis broke off his long relationship with Macero in May of last year; Macero was not involved in the most recent Davis album, "Decoy."

In his own "Living on the Crest of a Wave" (on Elektra/Musician), Evans composed and arranged the music, was his own producer, played tenor and soprano saxophone, flute and synthesizer. It represents, he says, his own kind of music, variously meditative, buoyant, energetic or gentle, in many respects antithetical to what the Davis group stood for.

Evans has come a long way in a short time. He was not attracted to jazz until, at 15, he was given a collection of Charlie Parker, Sonny Stitt and Stan Getz records by his father. From that point on, he practiced intensely and, in 1977, attending North Texas State University, played in one of its celebrated big jazz bands.

Speaking of his present job, he observes: "It was a logical step. I knew I couldn't remain under Miles' wing the whole time, and John (McLaughlin) said that although he hadn't ever had a reed player in his band before, after hearing me with Miles in Paris, he decided that was what he wanted."

"John's a great guy, a virtuoso musician, but he gives me a chance to play all night; I feel I'm expanding my horizons."

With McLaughlin, drummer Billy Cobham, bassist Jonas Hellborg and Mitchell Forman, the pianist who had played on Evans' own album, Evans cut eight McLaughlin originals and one composition of his own, aptly named "Clarendon Hills." The album, titled simply "Mahavishnu," was issued recently on Warner Bros. The touring group is identical, except that Danny Gottlieb has replaced Cobham.

Asked whether he had ever known his distinguished namesake, Evans said: "I only actually met him once, 10 years ago in Chicago, but I heard him several times, and I have at least a dozen of his albums. I never thought about changing my name. It's probably more advantageous than confusing, because I've

been in a lot of record shops and found my album in the Bill Evans bin! So I figure a lot of people who buy Bill Evans records will also see mine in there."

The coincidence of the names was never mentioned by Miles Davis. "The only time it came up at all was not long after I'd joined Miles, the day Bill died. While I was in Miles' home, I said, 'Did you hear about Bill Evans?' He said, 'What about him?' I said, 'He died today.'

"Miles went into a deep slump. He pulled out a piece of paper with Bill's phone number on it and said, 'Damn, I was supposed to call him this week,' and tore up the paper. Then someone called up from a newspaper and asked Miles for an interview about Bill. He just said, 'Why don't you do it with Bill Evans?' and handed me the phone. That was a sad moment."

"I admired Bill enormously," says the saxophonist. "I have three of his tapes with me right now. In fact, I still love playing the piano myself, and I'm in the process of taking lessons every now and then. But I'll never be another Bill Evans." □

JAZZ REVIEW

NEW GROUP FOR ALDEBERTS

LEONARD FEATHER

After almost 16 years here, the Aldeberts, Louis (vocal, keyboard) and Monique (vocal), have established a loyal and devoted following in Southern California. Having displayed their Gallic charm in everything from duo to sextet format, they are now leading a new group, playing every Wednesday this month at Donte's.

Relying mainly on her lyrics, and usually on his melodies, they blend attractively, though Monique is far better developed vocally, bringing to her solo forays a wide range, endearing timbre and whipped-cream upper register. Her bilingual adaptation of Chick Corea's "La Fiesta" is ingenious, vigorous and festive. "Los Angeles," the title number of their recent Discovery album, conveys a real sense of what this city is about.

The pair performed too few songs in French at last week's show, though surely the language would present no more problems to the listener than their many word-

less pieces (among which were Milton Nascimento's "Vera Cruz" and a delightful Jobim waltz).

They are well served on some songs by Al Aarons on flugelhorn and John Crosse on sax and flute. "A Child Is Born" was treated mainly as an instrumental, with gentle obbligato humming by the singers.

A debilitating factor is the monotonous, rockish and stiff drumming of Walfredo Reyes. The colorless electric bass of John Pena also adds little. Too often the Aldeberts' subtlety and finesse were undermined by the contradictory rhythmic elements. Nor should Louis Aldebert confine himself exclusively to the electric keyboard; as the album makes clear, certain songs call for a discrete, acoustic rhythm undercurrent.

Perhaps these problems can be ironed out before the Aldeberts return Wednesday. One simply does not serve vocal caviar on slabs of instrumental pumpernickel.

miliar picture, all three artists have been heard in one side of an album, *Fathers & Sons*. The other side of the LP featured two saxophonists, Von Freeman and his son, Chico Freeman.

Asked to explain the prodigious nature of his sons' success, Ellis Marsalis replied: "I think Wynton would have succeeded at whatever career he might have decided upon. He was always a good student. Also, at the Center, where Wynton and Branford both studied, we have a unique situation. If someone is mature enough at an early enough age, and if he doesn't mind practicing and developing a thorough discipline, he can go in any direction he chooses, be it classical, jazz, or what have you."

"What," I asked, "were the major differences between Branford and Wynton as individuals?"

"I always thought that Branford had the most natural ability. But he was a lot more like me, and Wynton's like his mom. It's a hard thing to explain, what makes one person determined to study, as opposed to someone who says, well, I'll do that later. The thing that motivated Wynton, of course, was that kid I told you about who outplayed him. Wynton in any case has more natural leader characteristics than Branford."

While he watches his children going from one triumph to another, Ellis keeps a firm hold on his own career. "I quit a regular playing gig a while back, because it was too hard to work five or six

nights a week and teach too. But I still have a regular gig, every Monday at a place called Tyler's, in a duo with a guitar player."

As Ellis confirms, the Marsalis family saga is far from complete. "My third son, who's 20, is a student at New York University, majoring in history. He's Ellis III — I'm a junior. My fourth son, Delfeayo, is a student at Berklee, in audio engineering. He produced my last album. Our fifth son, Mboya, is an autistic child; he's 13. The last one is Jason, who's seven, and probably more talented than all of them. Right now he's playing drums and violin in a Suzuki class. He has perfect pitch.

"We were riding down the street the other day and I had a tape on of Tommy Flanagan's piano album dedicated to John Coltrane. Delfeayo said, 'Who is that?' I said, 'That's Flanagan.' Then he asked, 'What's that he's playing?' And Jason piped up and told him: 'It's *Giant Steps*!' This was right in the middle of an *ad lib* solo! He listens all the time and can tell you about all the great drum solos by Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones, and the rest. People ask me, 'Do you make him do this?' and I tell them, 'Hey, have you ever tried to make a seven year old do anything?'"

"You must be terribly proud of them all," I commented.

"Oh, indeed I am."

More proud, I suspect, than surprised. ■



Marcus Devore

AN ALL-STAR CREW SHIPS OUT ON THE SS NORWAY

By LEONARD FEATHER

MIAMI—"Another boring day in Paradise," said Joe Williams with a smile as he lounged around the pool deck of the SS Norway, sipping cool drinks and contemplating what may well have been the greatest floating jazz experience ever.

The jazz-at-sea concept, a semi-annual event from 1974-79 when name bands and singers used to ship out from New York on the Rotterdam, was resumed last year

on the Norway, the world's largest cruise ship. Because of budget limitations and short-range planning, it was flawed but the potential was clear, since the attendance topped 1,700.

Accordingly, producers Hank O'Neal and Shelli Mae Shier, after a yearlong preparation schedule and expanding the budget for 1984, organized a pair of back-to-back cruises aboard this 17-story-tall, 1,000-foot-long ocean queen.

The potential paid off. Both cruises drew an even bigger crowd than last year's single event. With every cabin occupied and an aggregate of 3,500 passengers, the multi-million-dollar gross ensured that this extravaganza will open up new

venues for musicians and fans. Next year there will be at least five jazz-related events on Norwegian Caribbean Lines ships.

What was it that attracted these aficionados to make a four-figure investment and, in many cases, travel across the country to sail eastward from Miami?

Aside from the obvious creature comforts, there was the promise of a week at close quarters with 50 musicians, many of them world-class names: Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims, Joe Williams, Benny Carter, Dave McKenna, Ruby Braff, Maxine Sullivan, Chip Hoehler leading his exuberant 14-man Norway house band (both weeks), plus Woody Herman and his orchestra, Jonah Jones and Al Cohn (first week), Mel Torme (who got married during the cruise), George Shearing, Clark Terry and Wild Bill Davison (second week, for which I joined the festivities), and others ranging from the tenor saxophonist Scott Hamilton, 30, to the indomitable trumpeter Doc Cheatham, who will be 80 in June.

For most of the artists, the cruise offers a chance to bring along one's wife or girlfriend on a well-paid quasi-vacation. The musicians have a free hand to appear as guests with one another.

SUNDAY

Last night, our first at sea, presented three overlapping choic- es. Gillespie leading his regular quartet in the 525-seat Saga Theatre, Hoehler playing some of his Basie-oriented charts in the Checkers Cabaret, or Shearing and his bassist, Don Thompson, alternating with pianist Eddie Higgins in the Club Internationale. All three rooms were crowded.

A psychological factor is already at work here: A captive collection of musicians, mingling with the captive audience, produces an interaction not only among the performers with their divergent styles, but between performers and patrons. Gillespie in particular cannot walk 10 feet along a deck without being stopped for an autograph or photograph. Mind it? He reveals in it. At Carnegie Hall or the Hollywood Bowl, you listen to the sounds and leave. Here, the musicians and music are everywhere; even in the cabins, O'Neal and Shier have arranged for taped music by the week's artists to be fed through the P.A. system.

The loose "who calls this work?" ambience finds many jazzmen out of context and out of character. At a jam session this afternoon, the elegant mainstreater Benny Carter, on alto sax and trumpet, was joined by Bill Allred, a traditional-style trombonist, and Sayyid Abdul Al-Khabyr, an avant-garde leaning clarinetist, whose tonal paroxysms contrasted sharply with the orderly, swing-rooted clarinet of Kenny Davern. It was, in fact, an incongruous group.

Bobby Rosengarden yielded his drums to Mel Torme, who takes a special delight in flexing this aspect of his musical talents. Tonight he sang to a packed Saga Theatre

crowd. Later, Joe Williams was at the club, enabling us to hear the two preeminent jazz-and-pop male singers in the course of an evening.

MONDAY

If this voyage has one special hero, it has to be John Haley (Zoot) Sims. Since it is common knowledge that he has been gravely ill in recent months, most of us took it for granted that he would be unable to join us. He not only showed up, but played with a conviction and strength that suggested a triumph of mind over matter.

His spirit and humor, too, are undimmed. During a "Meet the Stars" colloquy at which he was a speaker this afternoon, Mel Torme interrupted the proceedings to sing "Happy Birthday Dear Zoot," to which Sims offered a rejoinder: "I'm 59 today, but I have the body of a 57-year-old man."

(I was told that last week, saluting Gillespie's birthday, a choir composed of Maxine Sullivan, Benny Carter, Woody Herman and others sang "Happy Birthday" to the tune of Dizzy's tune "Night in Tunisia.")

TUESDAY

Our first stop: St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. The evening concert found George Shearing in stunning form. He joined forces with old friend Benny Carter to play two of the saxophonist's songs, "When Lights Are Low" and "Nightfall," both written when Carter was a London resident and Shearing a teen-age unknown in an all-blind band. "George must be the only musician in America who remembers 'Nightfall,'" Carter said.

Then it was Shearing and Torme, in high spirits when they engaged in a bebop duet that took in everything from "Lemon Drop" to "Airmail Special."

Clark Terry's trumpet, Bucky Pizzarelli's guitar and Dave McKenna's piano kept the Saga alive and jumping. Meanwhile, I found Chip Hoehler's band in the cabaret offering a well-honed half-hour tribute to Count Basie. Because he has spent so much time away from the jazz vortex (he joined the Norway as band director almost five years ago), Hoehler is unknown on land, though all the guest jazzmen aboard are impressed by his versatility as leader and trombonist.

WEDNESDAY

Joe Williams is in his glory this week. He has already been able to display his diverse gifts in three settings. Beginning with his own quartet, he played the sensitive Nor- way piano, guest- starring with the big-band Norway house band, and this evening he played with the Norway house band for the first time. He played a rapid-fire piece, "The Last Night of the Doomsday," which he had never played before. He was

it's hard to get a fix on the passengers. Quite a few are familiar faces from the old Rotterdam cruises, obviously, as a show of hands proved the other day, most are on board specifically because of the jazz. Yet the regular seafarers' diet is available: there are two performances of "My Fair Lady" this week; two of a revue called "Sea Legs" with comedians, a juggler, dancers and pop vocalists; and groups such as "Carol & Co.," an all-female pop vocal/instrumental trio. These attractions draw some of the same listeners who fill the rooms when jazz is on the menu.

Today's all-purpose wonder was the Canadian virtuoso Don Thompson. Normally he is Shearing's bassist, but after a few numbers in that capacity early this evening he gave a very fine account of himself on vibraphone, then closed the session playing hard-driving piano, while Torme again took over on drums. Torme later slipped a note under Thompson's cabin door reading: "If you play drums tonight, you are a dead man. Signed, The Phantom." Nevertheless, during the late session in the club, Thompson was the drummer in another all-star ad-hoc group.

This last set offered a reminder of the time span encompassed by this week's jazz cornucopia. Last night Dizzy Gillespie, the bebopper who defines all boundaries, sat in with Doc Cheatham and some other traditionalists playing "Royal Garden Blues," written in 1919; tonight, Mike Renzi and Paul Langosh, Torme's pianist and bassist, joined with drummer Thompson and Bucky Pizzarelli in a thoroughly contemporary treatment of Chick Corea's "Spain."

THURSDAY

Our stop at Nassau having been canceled due to weather conditions, we dropped anchor near Great Stirrup Cay, a small, deserted island that belongs to the Norway's owners. A tender brought us ashore for beachside picnicking, souvenir-buying, and swimming in the warm Caribbean waters.

Fellow-swimmer Sayyid Al-Khabyr revealed that he was born in the United States, is a devout Muslim, lived in Montreal 29 years, is married to a Frenchwoman, speaks fluent French, and is eager to establish himself back in the States. (Last year he and son Nassyr, 25, a drummer, joined Gillespie and moved to New York.)

"If you play in Montreal or Detroit," he said, "you can be sure that 90% of your audience is from that area. But on board ship, we are playing to people from all over the country."

Back on board, Sayyid, after a somewhat solemn speech about the unified world of music and the accomplishments of Wynton Marsalis, surprised Mike Renzi by handing him a sheet of manuscript. "Here, read this." Renzi sight-read the music as Sayyid played a Bach sonata on flute.

A few nights ago, Benny Carter, who had not sat in a saxophone section for some 25 years, stopped

by the cabaret and played noblesse oblige by becoming, for one set, a music-reading member of Chip Hoehler's reed team. Tonight, Hoehler returned the compliment by lending his trombone agility to a Carter group. Hoehler and Clark Terry have indulged in a similar exchange. It seems as though almost everybody has sat in with nearly everyone.

FRIDAY

Another day moored near the island. Most of the musicians

stayed on board. I was impressed by Scott Hamilton's honey-toned tenor, by the sterling-silver lyricism of Ruby Braff's horn, and by the profusion of fine drummers (for one of whom, Jake Hanna, this gig is also his honeymoon).

Bill Davison, whose horn reveals the same gutsy, extrovert character he honed in the Eddie Condon years, was in charge of tonight's closing jam in the Saga. His best solo was a Satchmo-associated standard, "Do You Know What It Means to Miss New Orleans." We

may not have the answer to that, but we shall all know what it means to miss the Norway.

SATURDAY

As we step ashore in Miami, Hank O'Neal offers reassurances that more ocean-going jazz is on the horizon. "Next year we'll have jazz shows not only on the Norway, but on the Starward, the Sunward, the Skyward; also a big-band week on the Norway. We've proved our point; now we're really on our way." □

THE
Instrumentalist

November 1984



JAZZ

REISSUING A MOSAIC OF THE EARLY CLASSICS

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz has produced a long line of record producers who were motivated less by potential profits than by a deep love for an art form and a desire to see it preserved.

John Hammond was the first of these men. But for him, we might never have heard of Billie Holiday, Count Basie and innumerable other unknowns from the 1930s on. Late in that decade, the first independent jazz labels were born: Charles Delaunay's Swing in France; Milt Gabler's Commodore, the first American company begun along similar lines, and Blue Note, founded in New York by Alfred Lion, a refugee from Nazi Germany.

Decades later, a new breed of dedicated producers has come

along, determined to wipe the dust off masterpieces produced by Lion and the other pioneers. Two such men are Charlie Lourie and Michael Cuscuna, both long active with various companies, who early this year launched Mosaic Records as a reissue outfit mainly devoted to deluxe multiple-LP packages, available by mail, of long-deleted classics.

Mosaic is an exciting reflection of several trends: the greatly increased willingness of major companies to lease their master tapes to jazz labels; the slowly but surely growing market for jazz reissues, and the enthusiasm of the Cuscunas and Louries who are meeting this demand.

Four new Mosaics, handsomely packaged and helpfully annotated and illustrated, are now available:

□
"THE COMPLETE BLUE NOTE AND PACIFIC JAZZ RECORDINGS OF CLIFFORD BROWN." Mosaic MR 5-104. In many senses, Clifford Brown was the Wynton Marsalis of the 1950s. Had he lived (he was killed at 25 in an auto accident), he would rank today alongside Dizzy Gillespie, Miles Davis and a handful of still-active giants who remain permanently influential.

He had it all: taste, sensitivity, dedication, intelligence, and innate creativity both as a trumpeter and as a composer (some of his best-known works, such as "Joy Spring," "Daahoud" and "Brownie Speaks," are included here). In a touching memoir, his widow, Larue Brown Watson, leaves no doubt that he was a mature, ambitious, inquisitive and warm human being.

The five-record box traces his progress in 1953-54 as a co-leader with alto saxophonist Lou Donaldson, as a leader of two other groups, and as a sideman with J.J. Johnson and Art Blakey. The four Blakey sides, taped live at Birdland, constitute a definitive picture of latter-day bebop (and the blues, of which Brownie was a master). With flawless sound quality, six unissued alternate takes and one never-before-released tune, not to mention the dazzling company he keeps (John Lewis, Jimmy and Percy Heath, Horace Silver, Zoot Sims), this stretches the 5-star rating to its outermost limits. Ira Gitler's notes are excellent, except that Brownie died June 26, 1956, not Aug. 28, 1955.

□
"THE COMPLETE PACIFIC JAZZ SMALL JAZZ GROUP RECORDINGS OF ART PEPPER." Mosaic MR 3-105. Pepper's life (1925-82) was longer than Brownie's but ill-starred. Somehow, no matter how deeply strung out on drugs, he managed to live up to his potential in almost every record date. He teamed with trumpeter Chet Baker on four of these six sides, with Bill Perkins (tenor sax) on one, and is sole leader only of the nine-piece band on the final date. His alto sax was one of the most vigorous sounds in a West Coast jazz scene often accused of frailty and gutlessness.

Recorded in 1956-57, these sessions offer enough evidence of Pepper, aggressive and logical and emotional, to justify the reissue. Yet there are occasions when, as

Michael James' notes concede, the writing was conservative and the rhythm sections were "at times positively metronomic."

Pepper's golden years came late in life, on his Contemporary sessions and on the final series for Galaxy. Still, this set, with valuable contributions by pianists Carl Perkins, Jimmy Rowles and Pete Jolly, arranger Jimmy Heath and others, deserves a place in every jazz library. 4 stars.

□
"THE COMPLETE BLUE NOTE FORTIES RECORDINGS OF IKE QUEBEC AND JOHN HARDEE." Mosaic MR 4-107. Quebec (1918-1963), a superior tenor sax voice of the Coleman Hawkins school, mainly active in the 1940s, takes up most of the footage in the four-record set. Hardee, an obscure but talented Texas-born tenor soloist of that era who died last May at 65, is heard in three 1946 sessions. 3

stars.

□
"THE COMPLETE RECORDINGS OF THE PORT OF HARLEM JAZZMEN." Mosaic MR 1-108. The "Port of Harlem" was a group name used by Alfred Lion for his first-ever combo dates on Blue Note in 1939. All nine participants in this single-LP package (among them Frankie Newton, trumpet; J.C. Higginbotham, trombone; Albert Ammons or Meade Lux Lewis, pianos) are long-since deceased. Arthritic rhythm sections endemic to much jazz in that era limit the impact. Sidney Bechet's "Summertime" on soprano sax, the only standard tune in this heavily blues-oriented set, has best withstood the rigorous test of time. 2½ stars.

All of the above are available for \$8.50 per disc plus shipping and tax from Mosaic Records, 1341 Ocean Ave., Suite 135, Santa Monica 90401. □

JAZZ REVIEW

11/20

FULL FAITH AND CREDIT BAND IS ON THE MONEY

By LEONARD FEATHER

There is a reason for the odd name of the Full Faith and Credit Big Band, heard Sunday in its local debut at Carmelo's.

The use of a banking expression is due to the presence of Jim Benham, who founded and finances the band, plays in its trumpet section and in normal business hours is the chairman of a money-market fund in Palo Alto. Originally the personnel was a mixture of businessmen and professional musicians, but now, aside from Benham and Dent Hand, a fellow trumpeter who is a corporate lawyer, it is composed of full-time pros from the Bay Area.

If Benham started this project as an expensive plaything, it is serious business to him now. With Rich Bice as conductor and a sizable library of elaborate arrangements, this is a well-rehearsed and tightly knit organization.

The first four pieces were composed and arranged by Dee Barton. With 17 men at his disposal, Barton was able to display several facets of his personality. "Brown Eyes" had a somber Spanish flavor, with dramatic brass work and rippling flutes. "You and Me" took the band into a quasi-Basic bag, with driving rhythmic figures urging on Todd Dicktow in his tenor sax solo.

"We'll Share the Dawn" was a

vehicle for Jim Benham's lyrically sensitive fluegelhorn. Listening to his exposition of this simple but beautiful Barton theme, one could understand why, for all his success in the world of big business, Benham remains in love with music and refuses to abandon it.

Other talented soloists are trombonist Chris Braymer, who displayed a personal sound and style in "Breakfast Wine," and Chuck Bennett, whose bass trombone was the centerpiece for "Angel Eyes."

The band showed off a more experimental side in "Shadows," a Jeff Beale work full of strange tonal textures.

Given the keen spirit that marked much of its work, it was possible not only to have full faith in this orchestra, but also to give credit to Jim Benham for putting his money where his mouthpiece is.

12/9/84

MOOD BY MANILOW

"2:00 A.M. PARADISE CAFE." Barry Manilow. Arista. That this has become Manilow's pride and joy is easy to understand. He has achieved precisely what he set out to do, creating a low-key mood, backed by an unobtrusive group of jazz musicians, as he segues from one song to the next throughout each side.

All 11 Manilow songs are melodically and harmonically appealing. They offer no deep philosophical insights, simply telling stories mainly of lost love, most often in a minor key. At least five have a special quality that lingers in the mind. "Paradise Cafe" is a haunting melody, with a brief baritone sax interlude by Gerry Mulligan. "Blue," a duet with Sarah

12/16/84

THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF CHET BAKER

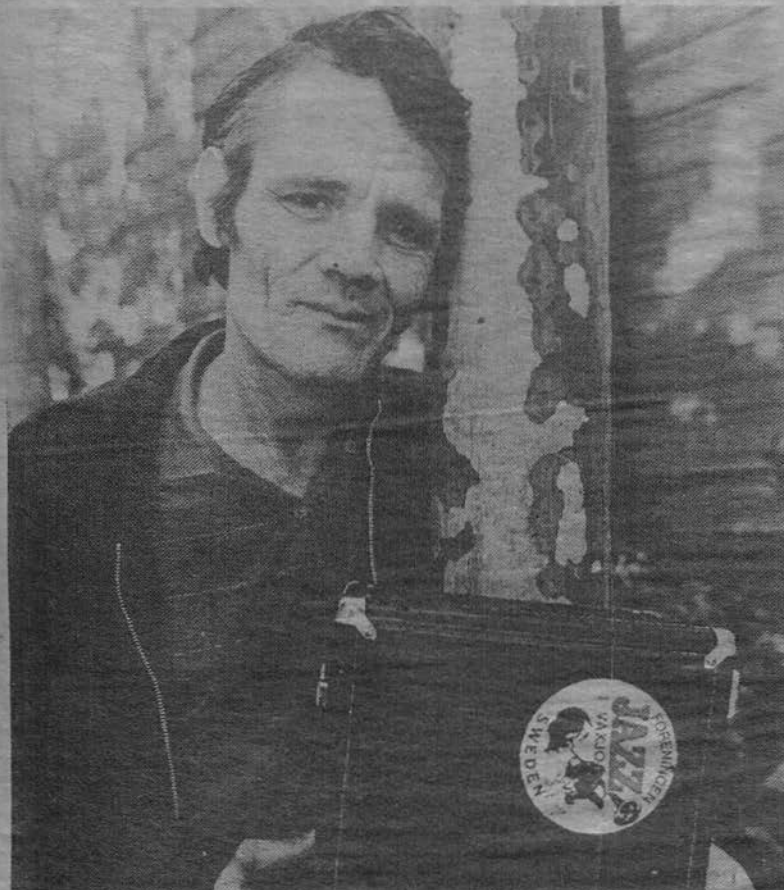
By LEONARD FEATHER

It's odd, but when I'm working regularly, when I'm together and it's a good night, I think I'm playing better now than when I was winning all those polls. Every night is a challenge, and I have a lot of fun."

Those upbeat words sounded encouraging—doubly so since Chet Baker, who will lead a group Friday and Saturday at At My Place in Santa Monica, is an unknown or half-forgotten name to too many jazz observers; triply so because it is hard to think of a musician whose career has been more troubled and chaotic.

When we first heard of Baker, he was the luminous new trumpet star who, after playing with Charlie Parker and rising to fame with Gerry Mulligan's revolutionary pianoless quartet, formed a group and began touring and recording with his own rhythm section.

Between 1953 and 1958 he won a series of polls, from Down Beat, Metronome and Playboy to England's Melody Maker and Germany's Jazz Echo. His light, pure sound, seemingly inspired by Miles Davis, established him as one of the



IRIS SCHNEIDER / Los Angeles Times

Trumpeter Chet Baker, who will appear Friday and Saturday in Santa Monica: "As rough as it's been, I'm still here."

sideman on many others—including an unlikely pairing with England's Elvis Costello on the ballad, "Shipbuilding," on Costello's "Punch the Clock" LP. "I just made a nice album with Warne Marsh on tenor sax; that was really fun. It'll be out here any day, on Timeless Records." Some of his earliest works have been reissued: Riverside recently released two—"Chet" and "Chet Baker Plays Lerner and Loewe."

Because of his long absences from the centers of jazz action, he is not too familiar with the current scene. "I really don't have the opportunity to hear these young cats coming up. I've never even heard Wynton Marsalis in person. He plays beautifully and has a lovely sound, though it's not what I'd be doing if I had his technique."

Miles Davis? "Well, what he's doing now, I like for about 5, 10 minutes, then it all sounds more or less the same. I enjoy his older things, as everyone did."

Baker's home life, if such it can be called, has been about stable as his career. He has been married three times, and is separated from his third wife, who works for Oklahoma State University in Stillwater, very close to his own birthplace, Yale, Okla. They had three children: Dean, 22; Paul, 20, and Melissa, 17, none of whom is involved with music. "I wouldn't want them to be, given the odds against making a living at it."

In Europe, Baker has a steady group, with a French pianist, an Italian bassist and flutist. For the job in Santa Monica he will have some of the best local men: Frank Strazzeri, piano; Joel di Bartolo, bass, and Nick Ceroli, drums. Don Menza, the tenor saxophonist, and Luis Gasca, a trumpeter who has been helping out as Baker's manager, are also expected to be on hand.

"I'm looking forward to it, and I wish I could work more in America,

but there are too few clubs to play. I haven't worked Chicago for a couple of years; Detroit, haven't been there either in years. As for New York, I've deliberately stayed out of there for three years—it's a dreadful place. Too many desperate people."

It seemed inevitable to conclude with a question about how he would relive his life if he had the chance.

"Hmmm . . . that's a hard question. There's a lot I would do differently, especially in the business end; I'd be a lot more careful about who I got involved with. I probably would not have gotten strung out and spent all that bread. A lot of money went to waste. I could have a big home up in . . . wherever. I'd be driving a Mercedes-Benz."

The impossible, as they say, will take a little while. Meanwhile, Chet Baker consoles himself with a comforting thought: He never catches a cold. □

most talked-about and written-about young artists of his day.

He is in good spirits now and, according to most accounts, in better musical shape than the vicissitudes of his roller-coaster life might lead one to expect.

Baker, who at midnight Saturday will celebrate his 55th birthday, has survived—drug addiction, arrests, jails, hospitals, deportations, crooked management, the loss of his teeth, three broken marriages; name your social poison and Baker has probably swallowed it. The traumas that have wrought havoc with his career for more than 25 years are possibly without equal in the annals of jazz, a world in which drugs have prematurely ended too many lives.

Though the ravages of these ordeals show on his face, Baker's conversation is incredibly cheerful: "It's nice to come back to your own country, see old friends, make new friends. The last seven years I've been working 85% of the time in Europe."

Asked where he lives now, Baker said, "I don't live anywhere particularly. When I'm not working, I'm most likely to be in Rome or Paris or Amsterdam."

Baker's winding road to expatriation began in 1955-56, when his quartet worked in Iceland, England and the continent. Early in the tour, his pianist died of a heroin

overdose. Not long after Baker's return to the United States, he was in trouble with drugs himself; he spent time at the federal narcotics hospital in Lexington, Ky., then went to New York, but was soon sent off to serve six months in Rikers Island. Soon after his release in 1959, he returned to Europe, remaining for five years.

"I'm most popular in Italy," he says. "That's one of the countries I had trouble in, and that may be why people developed a sympathetic feeling for me, because after I'd spent 17 months in jail there they tried to put me out of the country, but the press put up such an uproar, supporting me, that they soon forgot about that."

The early '60s marked a time in his life that Baker no doubt would rather forget. After his release from the Italian jail, a plan to make a movie of his life fell through. So did a deal to have his own nightclub in Milan; he worked there briefly but, after leaving to play a concert in Munich, he was refused passage back across the border into Italy.

The next two or three years were a nightmare. Baker recalled them in a 1964 Down Beat interview: After a few months in Paris, he went to England to take part in a film with Susan Hayward. His hopes to stay there a year and join the British musicians' union were dashed when he accepted a "gift"

of narcotics from a clerk in a pharmacy where Baker was registered to receive drugs legally. Although the clerk admitted stealing the drugs, he didn't go jail—Baker did, for 40 days.

He wound up being "kicked out of England" and ended up back in Paris, where he worked for eight months at a club. He was offered a booking in Berlin, but almost immediately on arrival he was arrest-

ed, put in a hospital for 40 days and then ejected from Germany. He arrived back in this country in 1964.

Not all of his crises involved drugs. In New York, he consigned his destiny to a manager for whom he taped five albums. The manager sold them without the knowledge or consent of Baker, who says he "never saw the first penny."

Disgusted with New York, he set

off for California. "That's when I started doing some mariachi things, and two albums with strings—none of which were what I should have been doing."

In 1969, playing in Sausalito, he went to the Fillmore district "to try to score." The dealer, Baker said, "was attempting to rob me and I wouldn't let him do it. So the next day I came down and he had these

Please Turn to Page 84

OVER



IAN DRYDEN / Los Angeles Times

Rhiannon is central figure with Alive!, a San Francisco jazz band.

JAZZREVIEW

BAND IS ALIVE! AND WELL

By LEONARD FEATHER

Before returning to its home base in San Francisco, the quintet known as Alive! played the final date of a long tour, drawing a capacity crowd Tuesday to At My Place in Santa Monica.

The central figure is Rhiannon, a versatile and commanding singer who, when this was a hornless group, tended to monopolize the proceedings. The addition during the last year of Stacy Rowles on trumpet and fluegelhorn has modified and improved the vocalist's role. On several numbers Rowles traded passages with her or, as in the be-bop standard "Donna Lee," played harmony along with Rhiannon's scatting.

The singer's artillery ranged from a charming ballad, "Claudia," to the half-spoken, satirical, wittily worded "No Pricetag," and a surprise version of Billy Strayhorn's "Isfahan," newly fitted with lyrics.

One of the few all-instrumental works, Duke Ellington's "Alabama Home," found Rowles at her most fluent, followed by a bass-and-drums dialogue between Susanne Vincenza and Barbara Borden. All three are skilled musicians. Vincenza played upright bass on

every tune but one, in which she doubled effectively on Fender.

Janet Small, a good pianist/synthesist and better composer, contributed two works in a set liberally sprinkled with songs created by members of the group.

In a rousing finale that brought the crowd to its feet, Borden let loose with an infectious solo while her four colleagues picked up cowbells or other percussion pieces to contribute to the excitement.

Woman for woman, Alive! is one of the most enterprising and entertaining small bands on today's jazz scene.

JAZZ RAZZ

Jazz critic Leonard Feather gave a new LP of 1939 Blue Note 78s by the Port of Harlem Jazzmen a mediocre 2½-star rating, stating "arthritic rhythm sections endemic to much of jazz in that era limit the impact" (Jazz Briefs, Nov. 18).

The drummer on these sessions was Sid Catlett, whom Feather put in his All-Star Jazz Band in March,

making Big Sid the greatest drummer in jazz history. Feather's flip-flop asks the musical questions: "Was Catlett's skill made arthritic by the other rhythm section members or was he arthritic only on these sessions?"

Here's a theory: Feather grew up on the original 78s. Maybe great drummers become arthritic when transferred to 33½. See you all at the Carter, Norvo and Wilson concert at Ambassador Auditorium.

DONALD ROSS
Beverly Hills

for the most part these are mature, adult, articulate songs in the classic pop genre. The ultimate irony is that this album was recorded in very little more time than it takes to play it. Some producers stay in the studio for months, multitracking and overdubbing, but "Paradise Cafe" was produced by someone who knew just what he was doing: the same fellow who composed and sang the songs.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Vaughan, has an ingenious second chorus in which they sing separate words and melodies, neatly dovetailed.

The best lyric, not surprisingly, is the one by Johnny Mercer. "When October Goes" is a typical gem of Mercer *Weltschmerz*, with piano by Bill Mays, who shared the keyboard work with Manilow. "Big City Blues" has Mel Tormé alternating lines with Manilow. Their sounds are so similar that you may have to double-check with the cue sheet. "When Love Is Gone" owes much of its success to the sensitive guitar accompaniment and solo by Mundell Lowe.

There are one or two clichés, but



JUDY GRAEME

No mean feat—Dudley Moore plays, talks at the same time.

MOORE GETS TO PLAY IN HIS VERY OWN ROOM

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Venice restaurant known by its address, 72 Market Street, has as two of its principal owners Tony Bill and Dudley Moore. Tuesday and Wednesday, on a brief visit here after working in London on a film, Moore finally got to do what had long been expected of him—spending time at his very own Yamaha in his very own room.

You all know Moore, of course—the chap who played jazz on that smashing album with Cleo Laine, who now and then performs the classics in concert halls, but who particularly enjoys just working out alone at the keyboard for his private pleasure.

His performance Wednesday was virtually anonymous. Unannounced, he began a series of introspective meanderings while the diners continued talking. Much of what he played for the first half-hour sounded as if he were improvising, with technical assurance, impressionistic moments, and flashes of the Erroll Garner style he adopted many years ago—fast-moving right-hand chords, laid-back rhythm.

Nothing seemed to faze him: not the buzz of conversation, not the attractive women who would hover over the piano, even squeeze in beside him on the bench and engage him in conversation. He simply continued playing while talking with them—no easy feat.

As the set wore on, Moore shifted gears, playing standards from his days as a full-time musician: "All the Things You Are," "The Very

Thought of You," and, appropriately, "By Myself." The rhythm became more pronounced and his jazz training surfaced. His hands have never lost their touch.

72 Market Street has become an "in" room for the Hollywood elite, and on any night you never can tell who may man the piano or what star may burst into song. As for Moore, he won't be back at his restaurant for a while, having left town to resume his acting career. But undoubtedly he'll be back at the first opportunity, playing one of his favorite roles—the happy piano player across a crowded room.

UPSTAIRS JAZZ CLUB WILL OPEN AT THE PALACE

For the first time in many years, Hollywood is about to launch a club with a late-night jazz policy.

The location is a room upstairs at the Palace, 1735 N. Vine St. For the present the schedule will consist of presentations every Friday and Saturday by small groups, with admission varying from \$5 to \$12 according to the prominence of the attraction.

There will be two shows, at 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. The music will continue until at least 2 a.m., when liquor service stops, but breakfast will be available until 4 a.m. in the 200-capacity room.

Scheduled are saxophonist/pianist Eddie Harris leading a trio Friday and Saturday; trumpeter Freddie Hubbard's quintet, Dec. 14-15; saxophonist Azar Lawrence's quartet, Dec. 21-22; pianist Henry Butler, with bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Billy Higgins, Dec. 28-29, and saxophonist Red Holloway leading a quartet, Jan. 4-5.

Information: 462-6031.
—LEONARD FEATHER

75

11/25

WHAT'S NEW FOR LINDA? AN UPBEAT ENCORE

"LUSH LIFE." Linda Ronstadt with Nelson Riddle & His Orchestra. Asylum.

A year went by, and the riddle confronting Ronstadt was: What do Nelson and I do for an encore? The answer? More of the same—but with a welcome variation. In three cuts on Side 2 she at last escapes from the

prison of slow tempos, achieving an upbeat jazz mood that was nowhere evident in last year's chart-busting "What's New."

The novelty of the initial venture having worn off, Ronstadt needed this time more than ever to rely on quality and forget about the surprise element. To a great extent, she has succeeded.



Linda Ronstadt teams with Nelson Riddle again for a new album entitled "Lush Life."

along with a splendid rhythm section on "Falling in Love Again." The latter would have been better off without the cutesy celesta-backed chorus.

There are enough warm, moving moments to reconfirm that Ronstadt is at home in this territory and, with Riddle's help, can bring out the inherent beauty of such classic ballads as "When Your Lover Has Gone" and "My Old Flame." "Sophisticated Lady" works well, save for Ronstadt's strident closing notes.

At times one wishes a little more care had been taken. A producer as astute as Peter Asher could have pointed out that in the phrase "... and order orange juice for one," you don't hesitate after "orange" and leave "juice for one" on its own.

Ronstadt and Riddle proved in "What's New," as they reconfirm on many of these 12 songs, that a skilled arrangement of a great tune, interpreted with sensitivity, is no more nostalgic than Stravinsky, Delius or Bach.

—LEONARD FEATHER

Again the songs are pop or jazz standards, ranging in age from 33 years ("I'm a Fool to Want You," an exquisite lament co-written by Sinatra) to 56 (Rodgers & Hart's "You Took Advantage of Me"). Some of the problems of overfamiliarity are solved by the use of seldom-heard verses, and by the instrumental interludes or obbligatos.

Bob Mann's guitar and Plas Johnson's tenor sax are invaluable. Johnson and trumpeter Oscar Brashear brighten up "You Took Advantage" and "Can't We Be Friends," both of which are fortified by Louie Bellson's drums. Only "Mean to Me" lapses into dullness, with Tony Terran's uninspired trumpet. (Next time around, a helpful innovation would be the inclusion of two or three unknown songs—either old and unjustly forgotten or new and suited to the high-grade musical premise).

Ronstadt evidently feels freer now, taking slight liberties with the melody on "Skylark" and swinging

12/17

BUTLER HAS STYLE—HIS VERY OWN

By LEONARD FEATHER

Late-night jazz, rare in this early-to-bed city, is attempting to establish itself at the Palace Court, an upstairs room at the Palace in Hollywood. On Friday evening, the music began at 11 and continued for 3½ hours. The attraction: a trio led by New Orleans pianist Henry Butler.

Butler merits attention as an adventurous performer with a powerfully assertive attack. His technique is so flamboyant that at times it tends to run away with him. The keyboardist is given to long, introspective introductions, surprising Baroque interludes and passages of almost Art Tatum-like celerity. His choice of material ranges from such conventional standards as "No Greater Love" to Chick Corea's "Light as a Feather" and Jobim's "How Insensitive." One piece that seemed to start out as an original work wound up as Thelonious Monk's "Rhythm-a-ning."

Butler's unpredictability is part of the attraction of a visit with him. One never knows whether any given passage will be solo or trio, tonal or modal, in tempo or rubato. His agile and supportive left hand was well displayed in his 5/4 work "Fiving Around."

So strong an individualist does not necessarily require assistance. Although Sherman Ferguson is a fine drummer and Jeff Littleton is a nimble if intonationally inconsistent bassist, Butler seemed more in control when he was on his own.

11/26/84

WALTON BALANCES ORIGINALS, STANDARDS

By LEONARD FEATHER

The brief visit of Cedar Walton, whose trio played Friday and Saturday at Hop Singh's, brought a needed reminder of the estimable contribution he has made to contemporary jazz, both as pianist and composer.

Billy Higgins, Walton's associate off and on for many years, is the kind of drummer every pianist dreams of acquiring; he seems to know every accent in every arrangement. Though he was used excessively as a soloist, his value as a component of the unit was rewardingly evident.

Walton maintained a logical bal-

ance between original compositions and standards (there were four of each in the first show). The opening "Cedar's Blues" was a fast, discursive work that displayed his powerful, ringing articulations as he coursed through horn-like single note lines, punctuated for variety by an occasional tremolo or a short series of chords.

"Fiesta Espanol" reflected his harmonic side, in an intense Latin groove. The long-familiar "Midnight Waltz" remains one of his most attractive melodies.

As an interpreter of the works of others, Walton was in his element with "My Ship" and "Every Time

We Say Goodbye," the latter graced with rhythmic tricks in the form of oddly spaced chords. Walton used "On the Trail" as a vehicle for David Williams, a remarkably mobile and melodically inventive bassist.

"Love Story" was a weak set closer. Walton apparently was determined to revise and complicate it; the result was an arrangement that robbed the tune of its gentle, sensitive nature.

This one lapse aside, the pianist reminded us of his maturity, technical assurance and the devotion he has shown to the jazz verities in a rich diversity of moods.

Coming to Hop Singh's Saturday: Sue Raney with the Bob Florence Trio.

Los Angeles Times

11:15
ADULT FILM (12:15)

GALLAGHER: STUCK IN THE 80s

via de Havilland, Raymond Massey, Ronald Reagan.

INN NEWS

MOVIE "The Witch-Maker"

extend to
pm this
Blood
Mary

12:00
1:30

MOVIE "American" (1979) Harvey Korman, John Ritter, Peter Riegert. It is 1998, and in order to bail the United States out of a huge debt to a businessman, the U.S. President stages a telethon.

TV REVIEW

A LIMITED GLIMPSE OF NEWPORT

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz Comes Home to Newport," presented over some PBS stations as early as Dec. 12, finally reaches KCET Channel 28 Monday at 10 p.m., no doubt a time when many potential viewers will be out on the town for New Year's Eve. One can only hope that 1985 will provide a more convenient time for a rescreening. (The KCET airing Monday will be simulcast on KKKO-FM, 105.1.)

The presentation is neither as long nor nearly as ambitious as the widely acclaimed "Jazz on a Summer's Day," filmed when the cameras came to Newport in 1958. It is

elegiac beauty the like of which has not been heard since it was introduced by Duke Ellington's own Johnny Hodges 17 years ago.

As the closing credits roll during Getz's second number, "Time After

Time," you wonder how many moments comparable to "Blood Count" were omitted from this tantalizingly limited glimpse of an event no single hour can pretend to encompass.



Stan Getz interprets Billy Strayhorn's "Blood Count."



JAZZ

MARSALIS BROS. FOLLOW MUSICAL FATHER'S LEAD

By LEONARD FEATHER

In the flood of publicity that has vaulted Wynton and Branford Marsalis to international acclaim, most of the stories have referred only briefly to the role played by their father, a music teacher and pianist.

Ellis Louis Marsalis Jr. has a list of credentials no less remarkable than those of his celebrated sons.

"Basically, right now, I'm an educator," he says, "but I'm still playing piano professionally. One of the original criteria for my present job was that I had to be a

practicing artist. But it became too hard to teach and then play five or six nights a week, so the only regular gig I've had lately has been Monday nights, a duo with a guitarist here in town."

The "present job" is that of instrumental music instructor at the New Orleans Center for Creative Arts, where he has been teaching for 10 years, and where Wynton and Branford were students a few years ago. "The center was founded with five main disciplines in mind: music, visual arts,



Ellis Marsalis, father of saxman Branford and trumpeter Wynton Marsalis—pictured above in 1966 at the ages of 3 and 2, respectively—works today as a music instructor and professional jazz pianist



theater, creative writing and dance. I was hired to sort of round out the faculty there from the jazz standpoint."

The Marsalis phenomenon has only just begun. Ellis and Dolores are the parents of six boys. After Branford and Wynton came Ellis Marsalis III. "He's 20, and right now he's a student at NYU, majoring in history. My fourth son, Delfeayo, is a student at Berklee in Boston, where Branford studied; he's in audio engineering. He produced my last album. Our fifth son, Mboya, is an autistic child. He's 13.

"The last one, Jason, is 7, and he's probably more musically talented than all the others. Right now he's playing drums, and violin in the Suzuki class. He has perfect pitch. One night he astounded Herbie Hancock when he heard a car horn passing by, and related it to the first note on a piece Herbie had recorded. And he was right!

"Another time, we were driving along and I had a tape playing of Tommy Flanagan's piano tribute to John Coltrane. We stopped, and when we got back in the car Flanagan was in the middle of a tune. Delfeayo said, 'Who is that?' and I told him. Then he said, 'What tune is that?' and Jason said, 'That's 'Giant Steps.' And this was in the middle of an ad lib solo—he hadn't even heard the melody!

"Jason can tell you all about Philly Joe Jones, Elvin Jones, all of them. People hear him and they ask me, 'Do you make him do this?' And I say, 'Hey, have you ever tried to make a 7-year-old child do anything?'"

Ellis Marsalis came to his present job with a rich background of experience. Born in New Orleans Nov. 14, 1934, the son of a motel proprietor, he studied with a series of private teachers—piano at 13, clarinet at 16, piano again in his mid-20s, cello at 29—as well as at Dillard University in New Orleans, where he earned his bachelor's degree in music education; and at three other universities, among them Southwest Louisiana, where he played cello in the symphony orchestra.

Despite his experience in classical music and on other instruments, it was as a jazz pianist that he established himself. Serving in the

Marine Corps from 1956-58, he played in a quartet on a Marine-sponsored TV series. Back home in New Orleans, he formed a group that included Ed Blackwell, a drummer later prominent with Ornette Coleman, then led a trio at the Playboy Club. In 1962, when brothers Nat and Cannonball Adderley visited New Orleans, he recorded an album with them.

"My last regular job before I got into education was at the Holiday Inn in Oakland, accompanying Billy Daniels, Johnny Desmond, whoever was singing there. But after I'd been married a couple of years I decided to settle down."

After a two-year stint in the Louisiana backwoods as a high school bandmaster/choral director, Marsalis and his wife returned to New Orleans, where he went back to the Playboy Club and eventually got to know Al Hirt and his partner.

"I wound up with an offer to join Al's band. That was quite an experience. During 3½ years with Al I played for President Nixon at the White House, and we appeared at Carnegie Hall, Symphony Hall in Boston, and worked college dates all over the country."

During this period an event took place that has most often brought Ellis Marsalis' name into print: Al Hirt presented the 6-year-old Wynton Marsalis with a trumpet. It is almost as well-known that for six years the youngster left it in its case.

"The only reason he was slow starting," Ellis Marsalis says, "is that he was busy being a kid! Baseball, Little League, football and he really loved basketball. But his brother Branford, who's a year older, wanted to go to an all-boys' Catholic school, and their mother persuaded Wynton to join him. When he got there he auditioned for the band, but he didn't make the big band; they put him in the second band.

"In this band there was a kid his own age—12—who played rings around him. That bruised Wynton's ego so badly that he finally became serious and asked me to find him a teacher. The first one to really point him in a good direction, John Longo, was Wynton's teacher for two years. After leaving the Catholic school, for a while Wynton attended an excellent public

school and the Center for Creative Arts, studying really seriously."

Ellis Marsalis claims that he has little influence in steering Wynton into classical music. "My knowledge in that area was limited primarily I was a jazz player from Day 1. But I worked with him on his improvisation, and eventually he was listening to Clifford Brown and Miles Davis, learning their solos of the records. At the same time he had the ongoing classical training. Aside from that, he joined Branford in this rock band that was playing stuff like Earth, Wind and Fire, so he had a pretty well-rounded awareness of everything that was happening."

During 1979, a year that saw the 18-year-old Wynton leave for New York to study at Juilliard, Ellis Marsalis racked up new credits. He performed "Rhapsody in Blue" with the New Orleans Philharmonic Symphony. The following year his composition "Ballad for Jazz Trio and Symphony Orchestra" was introduced by Marsalis with the Symphony.

Coincidentally, in 1981 Marsalis played in Houston with Al Blakey's Jazz Messengers, a group with which both Wynton and Branford had toured earlier.

Though the father and sons have since gone their own independent ways (Branford has recorded not only with Wynton's group, but as leader in his own right and with Miles Davis; Wynton, of course, is winning worldwide kudos as a master of every trumpet discipline from Mozart to Monk), there have been occasional family reunions. In 1982 the three recorded as part of a quintet in an album, "Fathers and Sons." During that year they joined forces, along with Ed Blackwell and others, at the New York Shakespeare Festival.

Asked what he feels are the major differences between Wynton and Branford as individual personalities, their father observed: "Branford, in my opinion, always had the more natural ability; but Wynton is much more of a taskmaster. Everything had to be just so. He was a straight-A student from the first grade, and he went to one of those real brain-buster public schools. What that means is, Branford is more like me, while Wynton takes after his mother." □

THE HESSIONS BRING THEIR ACT TO JAZZ

By LEONARD FEATHER

For the last few months Jax, a restaurant and bar on Brand Boulevard in Glendale, has been experimenting with a music policy that borders on jazz. Currently the attraction every Tuesday (except Christmas when the room will be dark) is the piano-and-vocal duo of Jim and Martha Hession.

What the Hessions present is a variety act rather than unadorned jazz. Their entertainment-oriented pastiche takes in a great deal of territory. The accent is on turn-of-the-century ragtime

and 1920s stride piano for Jim Hession's solos. His wife's specialties, the best of which display her classical training, are divided between show tunes and ballads ("Summertime," "I Got It Bad") and novelty songs, for which her husband joins her in vocal duets.

The room is not ideally suited to them. They work in a partitioned area closer to the bar than to the restaurant. Jim Hession's informative introductions are virtually ignored by an inattentive knot of listeners. An act of this kind is more at home in Disneyland, where they have performed often and successfully.

Some of the material, such as "Tuxedo Junction," is lightweight; in fact, "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" is weightless. Piano solos devoted to works by Fats Waller, James P. Johnson and Eubie Blake find Hession in his element; he has a strong left hand and a mature understanding of the styles of yesteryear. The Hessions were proteges of Blake and made many appearances with him during his final years. Jim Hession's solo on "Charleston Rag," which Blake wrote in 1899, captured the spirit of the period with zestful assurance.

After an hour or so it seemed as though the Hessions were spread-

ing themselves very thin, covering too many decades and trying to be all things to all people. The addition of a bass player would have helped in contending with the balky audience.

Tonight at Jax, the Aldeberts. The entertainment runs Tuesday through Saturday; the Hessions will return New Year's Day.

Los Angeles Times 12/20/84

ON THE RECORD

ZOLTAN KODALY: THE OTHER HUNGARIAN

By HERBERT GLASS

Whereas Bela Bartok created out of his researches into East European folk music a highly original, often abstruse contemporary style, his colleague Zoltan Kodaly, working with much the same basic material, used it to fashion something more popularly accessible.

Yet Kodaly, with his straightforward, folksy manner, is much the lesser known of the two. Perhaps you have to be a radical to get noticed, unless, like Rachmaninoff, you write virtuoso vehicles.

Sefel Records of Canada has done more for Kodaly's orchestral output in a single month than the entire industry has since the art of recording came into being: six discs, encompassing the bulk of the composer's orchestral output. The performances are brilliantly recorded and superbly executed by a variety of Budapest-based orchestras, all expertly conducted by

Hungarian-born, Canada-based Arpad Joo.

Pride of place here goes to the first recording to have reached these shores of the brief, delectable "Folk Dances of Kallo" (1950) in its original setting.

Some listeners may recall this folk song-derived piece in a violin-piano arrangement as a favorite David Oistrakh encore. As pleasant as that may have been in its "poppy" fashion, the original—for orchestra (with a prominent cimbalom part) and mixed chorus—is a harder, more brilliant gem, of haunting melodic beauty and propulsive rhythmicity.

□

The "Kallo" Dances are part of a disc (SEFD 5014) that also includes the better-known "Maroszek Dances" and the rarely encountered "Summer Evening," a sweetly dreamy early work in



Conductor Arpad Joo

which the Hungarian elements are not yet central to the composer's creativity.

That a score with the grandeur and lyric sweep of "Psalmus Hungaricus"—a Hungarian-language setting of the 55th Psalm—can still be so little known after half a century of existence defies rational conjecture.

Its several distinguished recorded interpretations were unable to retain their place in the catalogue for any appreciable length of time. And while the present version (SEFD 5010) is hardly contemptible, neither does it efface memories of the stunning—and no longer available—London recording led by the late Istvan Kertesz. The principal difference is in the critical

tenor solo, heroically and meltingly sung by Lajos Kozma for Kertesz, whereas here the overmatched Janos Nagy can be credited only with a game try in an assignment calling for equal parts of Tamino and Otello.

The fine "Missa Brevis" (1945) and even more imposing "Te Deum" (1936)—no less folk-inspired than the secular compositions—are magnificently sung by the Hungarian Radio Choir. And there is sufficient fervency in Joo's interpretations to make one bear with some strained, wobbly solo work (SEFD 5011).

The 1939 "Peacock" Variations (SEFD 5012) is another creation whose failure to enter the 20th-Century standard repertory or retain a place in the recording catalogue is inexplicable.

Young Mr. Joo, with the considerable assistance of some exquisitely long-lined playing by the Budapest Symphony woodwind principals, challenges the excellent—and, of course, deleted—Kertesz/London Symphony version.

The "Peacock" is coupled (on SEFD 5012) with Kodaly's last large-scale work, the 1961 Symphony, which, while exhibiting his customary flair for orchestral color, also betrays diminished rhythmic vitality and, perhaps, lack of patience with the developmental aspects of symphonic form.

The relatively familiar "Galan-

ta" Dances (SEFD 5013) is executed with the same vigor while the accompanying movement "Czardas grosso" better would be considered a lightweight, gaudy splashy "Concerto."

The hyper-familiar "Hary Janos" (SEFD 5014) compares favorably with big-label competitors for the native and Hungarian instruments.

Among the best mentioned are the "Menuetto Serio" Rameau seen through eyes—and the pathos-rousing "Hungarian" (1917).

In his youthful days the craggy Sonata Duo for violin and piano was no less Hungarian in chamber Bartok and esoteric in type.

The Kodaly Sonata played by two virtuosi, cellist Jerry Griggs and Daniel Phillips, is an ultimate in passionate rhythmic intensity: mighty works, never been more represented on records (79074).

Glass, editor-in-chief of the *Los Angeles Times* magazine, has written reviews for *Calendar* and

LP: ALLA BREVE

LONG BEACH BALLET PRESENTS

The Nutcracker

FULL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
INTERNATIONAL GUEST STARS—CHILDREN'S CHOIR
CAST OF 140



"A Genuine Christmas Stocking Filled with Goodies!"
—L.A. Herald Examiner

"Unexpected Opulence!"
—Los Angeles Times

"Imagination and Spirit"
—Press Telegram

Sponsored by Atlantic Richfield Foundation, TRW, Times Magazine, Los Angeles Magazine, Collins Foods International

JAZZ ALBUM BRIEFS

By LEONARD FEATHER

"DEEDLES," Diane Schuur. P 1010. "ALONE TOGETHER," Laurel Masse. Pausa PR 7165. In these two debut albums can be found some intriguing contrasts of stylistic objectives, instrumental settings and choice of repertoire.

Schuur's is aimed at the commercial market. Arranged and conducted by Dave Grusin, complete with string section here and there, presents a singer who has not only the right qualities—technique, range, adaptability to various pop, gospel, jazz and blues concepts—but also the right connections: Stan Getz, having heard her at the Monterey Festival, presented her as his protegee in a PBS TV special from the White House, where she has befriended by Nancy Reagan. Grusin caught the show and an album was born.

His arrangements and piano are tasteful and supportive on ballads such as "I'll Close My Eyes," steely and schlocky on the overproduced "Can't Stop a Woman in Love." Schuur overdubs her vocals in four tunes, but sounds best in the one-voice "Amazing Grace" (playing piano herself) and on an old Billie Holiday favorite, "Foolin' Myself," one of the two cuts to which Getz lends his graceful presence. Schuur's sound has touches of Peggy Lee, but more often a remarkable echo of Dinah Washington. Was it just chance that in three songs the titles (or a lyric line) remind you that Schuur is blind? A very promising set. 4 stars.

Laurel Masse, a one-time member of Manhattan Transfer, opts mainly for a jazz direction, backed by an acoustic quintet. Some of her vocalise variations are superficial reexaminations of early Jon Hendricks or Annie Ross, but she has a real feeling for ballads. ("We'll Be Together Again," Pete Rugolo's "Interlude") and for blues ("Doodone"). "Alone Together," on which she sings 16 parts a cappella (arranged by Bob Lasahier), is a gimmick that comes off well. An uneven, scattershot set, but worth hearing for the less pretentious moments. 3½ stars.

JAZZ REVIEW

SWING ERA MUSIC JUST FOR LISTENING

By LEONARD FEATHER

To most casual observers, the term "swing era" connotes the glory days of big bands, slick arrangements, jitterbugs and dance halls. "Salute to Swing," presented Tuesday and Wednesday at the Ambassador Auditorium, brought with it a welcome reminder that some of the best music of those years was played by some groups, improvising, who performed for those who simply wanted to sit and listen.

The participants in Pasadena

"VELAS ICADAS." Bobbe Norris and Larry Dunlap. Palo Alto 8078. Norris and her smoky, sonorous timbre are heard to advantage in this low-key set. Backed only by the supportive, tasty piano of Dunlap (who also joins voices with her on one tune) and by an occasional bassist, she deals with such superior standards as "Last Night When We Were Young" and the intriguing title tune, sung in Portuguese. 3½ stars.

"ECHOES." Modern Jazz Quartet. Pablo D-2312-142. The MJQ, which now reunites for several months each year, brings back a sound here that never left our minds. Some of the tunes are familiar, having been recorded on dates John Lewis or Percy Heath made with other groups, but most are new to the quartet's repertoire. Lewis plays incisively in "That Slavic Smile," helped by digital recording and perfect balance. The bass-vibes unison by Heath and Milt Jackson blends as encouragingly as ever in Heath's "Watergate Blues" and Lewis' "Hornpipe."

Jackson's originals are the slow, stately "Echoes" and the funky "Connie's Blues." "Sacha's March," a Lewis piece with little-drummer-boy effects by Connie Kay, is a mite too cute at times, but soon falls into an easy swing with Jackson in bristling form. This is like settling back into a comfortable armchair that had been sent away for reupholstery. 4½ stars.

"A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP." Don Thompson. Concord Jazz CJ 243. This is a successful partnership involving the Canadian bass virtuoso and the guitarist John Abercrombie; on the latter's "Even Steven," their interplay is close and intense. Thompson plays bass on five tunes, piano (almost as confidently) on the other three, in which Dave Holland takes over on bass. "For Scott La Faro," Thomp-

son's dedication to the seminal bassist who died young, finds Holland manning the upright alongside him, making it a two-bass hit. Except for Michael Smith's boisterously intrusive drumming on one cut, the album lives up to its name. 4 stars.

"EARLY START." Mark Masters' Jazz Composer Orchestra. Sea Breeze 2022. If Stan Kenton's will had not vetoed the idea, this could well be billed as his ghost orchestra. All eight charts were written and/or arranged by his alumni: Bill Holman (ingenious voicings in "Film at Eleven," a straight-ahead trombone vehicle for Dave Woodley in "Out of Nowhere"); Ken Hanna (the trombones are typically Kentonian in "You Must Believe in Spring"); Dee Barton, in a quirky collection of augmented chords on "Turtle Talk," Hank Levy (a torpid "Time for Love"), and Don Piestrup, in whose title tune the alto sax of Danny House is impressive. Masters is the non-playing conductor of this well-organized unit. 3 stars.

"TELL IT LIKE IT IS." Stacy Rowles with Jimmy Rowles. Concord Jazz CJ249. In this pairing of daughter and father (memory provides no other such instrumental jazz teaming in all of recorded history), the listener is treated to an exceptional album of a type of jazz fast becoming in too short supply. Acoustic and swinging, with a proper focus on melodic improvisation, it is what a listener familiar with Rowles and Rowles would expect. The younger Rowles has considerable trumpet and fluegelhorn chops and has fallen under the influence of her inestimably talented pianist father. Taste plays a main part in the picking of songs (two by Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn) and in their performance. The younger Rowles is particularly convincing on the ballad, "Old Folks," and the twosome's unaccompanied rendering of "Lotus Blossom" is worth the cost of the record. Good support on this 4-star album by saxophonist Herman Riley, bassist Chuck Berghofer and drummer Donald Bailey.

—A. JAMES LISKA

was a delightful interlude. It takes courage to sing a Frishberg song with the writer himself at the piano; Manhattan Transfer's Siegel pulled it off with effortless, jazz-inflected style in "Wheeters and Dealers," following it with an introspective non-Frishberg ode to "An Older Man." The set would not have been complete without "Blizzard of Lies" and "I'm Hip," during both of which Frishberg drew waves of laughter even from those who had heard them a hundred times. Recently he taped an album live at Vine St. It won't be out for a while; in the meantime his previous records will have to suffice until Jan. 24, when he returns to the club for two days.

gift for rhyming. "El Cajon," with a melody by Johnny Mandel, is a satire on city themes ("In El Cajon we danced the night away"), during which he simultaneously whistled and played a bebop solo. There were new items too: "You'd Rather Have the Blues," a sort of masochist's madrigal; "Dear Departed Past," a reminder of Frishberg's affinity for all his yesterdays, and "My Swan Song," an imagined final addition ("my Forest Lawn song") to his contributions as a melodist and poet. Jamis Siegel's guest appearance



Los Angeles Times

Dave Frishberg

Los Angeles Times 12/13/84

JAZZ REVIEW

FRISHBERG—A MERCER FOR THE '80S

By LEONARD FEATHER

If Johnny Mercer were still ALIVE...

EXPERIENCE,

LESS THAN JUST ABOUT AS TO OFFER.

UNIQUE!

Just below.

RISTIC EPICS...

THAN JUST ABOUT AS TO OFFER.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS

It was mind-boggling to reflect that Bix wrote it in 1927. Duke Ellington's seldom heard "Dances in Love," with its intricate intervals, was another unlikely and delightful Norvo choice.

Remo Palmier, a guitarist whose every measure swings, established a funky, unconventional blues mood with Jerome Richardson's "Groove Merchant."

Carter on alto sax and Jones on piano stayed with the familiar standards. Carter's "Lover Man" was a gem of conviction and construction. George Duvivier's blues solo reminded us that he was one of the first to follow up the pioneer work of Jimmy Blanton in establishing the bass as a solo vehicle.

Carter played none of his own compositions, and did not oblige us with a trumpet solo—minor disappointments in an enchanted evening that didn't merely salute swing, but actually defined it.

The rhythm section took a while to settle in, mainly because pianist Hank Jones (substituting for the ailing Teddy Wilson) was undermiked, but the problem was soon adjusted. As is usually the case when ad hoc groups of this kind are assembled, the choice of tunes showed little imagination; for the most part, interpretation was more important than the material itself.

There were, however, a few striking exceptions, among which two unaccompanied vibraphone solos by Norvo took the honors. "Candlelights," a Bix Beiderbecke piece written for piano but never recorded by the composer, verged on atonality, achieving the most contemporary mood of the evening.

12/30/84

A GOLDEN PLUME FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY'S CAP

By LEONARD FEATHER

The Golden Feather Awards traditionally have been handed out at this time of year to individual instrumentalists and singers, as well as to small units and bands whose special artistry has made the deepest impression. This year, for the first time, I offer a single collective golden plume to an entire group of organizations, large and small: the recording industry.

Critical though I have been of the record companies' neglect of jazz, and of their search for the fast buck instead of the pursuit of creativity, it must be granted that something unprecedented has happened—at an accelerating pace for several years, but mainly during the last 12 months: Little by little, all our yesteryears are being restored, providing a new treasure chest for the seeker of varieties past and present.

You can now meet the giants of seven decades, from the late 1920s through the early '80s, in the pursuit of a completely representative collection.

The reasons are several. Major labels, finding it unprofitable to bother with items whose potential sale may only be a few thousand, have been leasing out their master tapes to independents, who can deal successfully, on a basis of modest overhead, with the same material. Thus we find long-ago Capitol sessions cropping up on Discovery, Tall Tree and Pausa. In fact, Pausa is building a vital catalogue of material recorded for Blue Note, World Pacific, United Artists, Capitol and Columbia. Discovery has discovered gems in the

vaults of Atlantic, Warner, Reprise, Mars, Cadence and Bethlehem. Masters are being traded like shares in the stock exchange (and changing prices no less startlingly).

Significantly, the major jazz labels themselves are gushing forth material at a dizzying pace: The Fantasy group alone (including Prestige, Riverside, Contemporary et al.) has put out 90 reissues, almost all at a modest \$5.98 budget price. Verve (with EmArcy) accounts for 26 more, Pausa for another 33, and so on down the line.

The best news of all involves the Blue Note classics. Several multiple-LP sets were taken over this year by Mosaic in handsomely packaged sets; now, thanks to the tireless Bruce Lundvall, who this year skipped from Elektra to EMI/Capitol, Blue Note's own label is being restored, with dozens of old masters readied for imminent release.

The broad price range indicates an appeal to all ages and income brackets. While the \$5.98 bargains proliferate, at the other end of the scale we find a few de luxe items. (Note: NBR refers to items never before released.)

□

"The Complete Riverside Recordings." Bill Evans. Riverside. This boxed set comprises 18 records (36 sides) spanning the pivotal years (1956-63) spent by the late pianist under Riverside's aegis. There are four versions of his "Waltz for Debby," three each of "My Romance" and "All of You," two of several others, but Evans'

artistry never involved playing any work the same way twice. Included are 24 NBR items, everything taped by the legendary trio with Scott La Faro on bass and Paul Motian on drums, and combo sessions with Cannonball Adderley, Freddie Hubbard, Zoot Sims and Jim Hall. 5 stars. The suggested list price is \$150.

□

"The Complete Charlie Parker on Verve, 1946-1954." Verve. Immaculately pressed in Japan, with notes in English and Japanese, this high-quality, 10-record package finds Bird in a variety of settings: the magisterial first session with strings that produced "Just Friends," early "Jazz at the Philharmonic" concerts with Lester Young and Dizzy Gillespie; big-band sessions with Machito and Neal Hefti; a unique studio jam with his fellow alto pioneers Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges; numerous small groups up to the final date in December, 1954, three months before his death. Instead of extended annotation, there is an extremely detailed discography covering just about every note Parker may or may not ever have played, at sessions that may or may not have been preserved on tape and possibly bootlegged. A full-fledged essay on what is in this album would have been preferable. Given the \$99.80 list price, this has to be recommended with reservation. 5 stars for Bird, but 4 for the product.

□

"The Girl From Ipanema: The Bossa Nova Years." Stan Getz. Verve. Digitally remastered, imported audiophile pressings from Germany bring together five Getz albums, most notably the original "Jazz Samba" that triggered the Brazilian mania in 1962. It is a mind-beating reflection of the changes in popular tastes that "Jazz Samba" was No. 1 on the pop chart and stayed on the list for 70

weeks. This was the "Thriller" of its day, but the thrill was of a very different kind. Surrounded by guitarists (Charlie Byrd, Antonio Carlos Jobim, Laurindo Almeida) and singers (Joao and Astrud Gilberto and the far superior Maria Toledo), Getz brought to North American ears a jazz-decorated tribute to musical beauty the like of which has not yet been surpassed. There are five NBR cuts. At \$34.90, a 5-star bargain.

□

Among the year's most valuable but less-expensive reissues can be found just about every artist essential to a well-rounded collection:

Louis Armstrong: "The Greatest of Louis" (Pausa) includes some gems, plus a few zircons from later years, using early Columbia masters. No personnel are listed. "Louis & The Big Bands, 1928-30" (DRG/Swing) finds Satchmo magnificently transcending the dreadful, out-of-tune, pseudo-Guy Lombardo band he fronted. Full personnel lists.

Count Basie: The year's greatest loss survives in posthumous albums. "Basie K.C. Style" (RCA) repackages his work as a sideman with the Benny Moten band, when Basie was playing two-fisted stride piano. "Afrique" (Dr. Jazz) is a most unconventional 1970 session written and conducted by Oliver Nelson. "Basic Basie" (Verve/MPS) is a set of pop/jazz standards. "Kansas City Seven" and other works from the 1970s continue to appear on Pablo.

Clifford Brown: Priceless mementoes of the unforgotten trumpeter, who died at 25 in 1956, are now available on EmArcy (including the "With Strings" album) and Mosaic (the Blue Note and Pacific Jazz sessions).

Benny Carter: "Jazz Giant," (Contemporary), with Ben Webster, Frank Rosolino, Andre Previn, Barney Kessel, Shelly Manne, Jimmy Rowles and Leroy Vinnegar, shines more lustrously than

ever 27 years later.

Ornette Coleman: "Something Else!" (Contemporary). His very first LP, 1958, with Don Cherry, Walter Norris, Don Payne and Billy Higgins.

Eric Dolphy: "At the Five Spot, Vol. I" (New Jazz), a widely praised album in its day (1960).

Duke Ellington: "Ella and Duke: Stockholm Concert 1966" (Pablo), an NBR set. Newly available are "Afro Bossa" (Discovery), "Carnegie Hall Concerts" (Musicraft) and the indispensable "Symphonic Ellington" (Trend). "The Ellingtonians" (Pausa) presents small groups led by Rex Stewart, Louis Bellson and Sonny Greer.

Ella Fitzgerald: "The Harold Arlen Songbook," a two-LP package, and "The Johnny Mercer Songbook" (both Verve), are available again.

Aretha Franklin: "Aretha's Jazz" (Columbia). With the help of some Quincy Jones charts, solos by Phil Woods, David Newman and Joe Zawinul, Franklin reveals her strong jazz and blues roots in these 1969 and 1972 dates.

Terry Gibbs/Buddy De Franco: "Now's The Time" (Tall Tree), from a 1981 NBR live session at Carmelo's.

Stephane Grappelli: "Feeling + Fitness = Jazz" (Atlantic). A delightful 1962 re-creation of the Hot Club Quintet sound.

Woody Herman: "Keeper of the Flame" (Tall Tree) marks a phenomenal period (1948-50) when the band included Al Cohn, Zoot Sims, Stan Getz, Gene Ammons, Ernie Royal, Shorty Rogers, Red Rodney, Bill Harris, Shelly Manne, Oscar Pettiford—and charts worthy of them. There are also two volumes by the "Third Herd" (1952-53) with Nat Pierce, Bill Perkins, Carl Fontana, Urbie Green et al. (Discovery).

Herbie Hancock: "Succotash" (Pausa). A return to Hancock's Blue Note days (1963), with Willie Bobo and a Latin rhythm section.

Billie Holiday: "Embraceable You" (Verve). A two-LP set from Lady Day's later years, including an NBR instrumental version of "Just Friends" (recorded presumably while the musicians were waiting for Billy to show up).

Quincy Jones: "Birth of a Band" (EmArcy). And what a mighty band it was, with Clark Terry, Phil Woods, Benny Golson, Zoot Sims,

Kenny Burrell, Milt Hinton and a dozen others, and without Michael Jackson. Includes an NBR version of Jones' "The Midnight Sun Will Never Set."

B.B. King: "Unexpected . . . Instrumental" (Kent), an all-instrumental, NBR set, probably from the late 1950s. Also remastered and repackaged on Kent are LPs by Jimmy Witherspoon, Lowell Fulson and Big Joe Turner.

Shelly Manne: Like Basie's, Manne's memory is being well preserved in reissues. "Manne—That's Gershwin!" (Discovery) and "My Fair Lady Swings" (Tall Tree) both have arrangements by none other than John Williams. "Empathy" (Verve), a Japanese import unavailable for 15 years, is the superlative Manne-Bill Evans collaboration. "West Coast Sound," with his all-star combo, and "The Three/The Two," experimental works (both Contemporary), are back in the stores.

Charles Mingus: "The Clown" (Atlantic). Jean Shepherd is the narrator on the title tune. Another durable item in Atlantic's ongoing reissue series.

Red Norvo: "All Star Sessions" (Pausa), with Benny Carter, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Rowles, Barney Kessel. "Music to Listen to Red Norvo By" (Contemporary), with clarinetist Bill Smith contributing the four-movement "Divertimento" that takes up the second side. "Time in His Hands" (Xanadu) has Slam Stewart on bass and Johnny Guarnieri in two 1945 sessions.

Oscar Peterson: "Travelin' On" (Verve/MPS). A fine budget-priced set, with bass and drums, from the late 1960s.

Esther Phillips (Savoy): A two-LP set with Johnny Otis' blues band, going all the way back to Phillips' first hit, "Double Crossing Blues," when she was 13.

Supersax: "Salt Peanuts" (Pausa). It doesn't take long to become an antique nowadays. Cut for Capi-

tol in 1974, this was one of the first and best of the Charlie Parker-derived albums, arranged for five saxes.

Mel Torme (Musicraft): All the great old Musicrafts are returning, among them several Torme albums, on two of which ("California Suite" and "It Happened in Monterey") he is heard with his ahead-of-its-time Mel-Tones vocal group. Musicraft also has two Artie Shaw albums featuring Torme. Torme's "Elington/Basie Songbooks" LP is with us again (Verve).

McCoy Tyner: "Time for Tyner"

(Pausa). Made for World Pacific, with Bobby Hutcherson on vibes. Early Tyner in top form.

Sarah Vaughan: "The Divine Sarah," Vols. 1, 2 (Musicraft). These, too, are coming back one at a time, recalling the thrilling new talent that was Vaughan in the 1940s. On the same label, Vaughan is heard in Vol. 2 of "Teddy Wilson All Stars."

Dinah Washington: "The Fats Waller Songbook" (EmArcy). The second in a most-welcome series by a unique artist who deserves to be better remembered.

Ben Webster: "The Warm Moods" (Discovery). Retrieved from Reprise Records, the incomparably warm tenor saxophonist is elegantly supported by Johnny Richards' arrangements of "But Beautiful" and other ballads that could well bear the same title.

□

And what if the day comes, as it must eventually, when the very last available reissue has been served up, and the entire recorded history of jazz is on the table for us to digest? Why, the record compa-

nies at long last will go about the business of searching for new Basies and Blakeys and Ellingtons and Evanses and Holidays, artists of such high caliber and durability that their works can be reissued decades hence.

They will, one would like to believe, follow this course instead of settling for the pleasant but ephemeral works of the Grover Washingtons, the Earl Klughes and the Chuck Mangiones who satisfy today's so-called jazz market. What a wonderful day that will be, should it ever arrive. □

Kenny Burrell, Milt Hinton and a dozen others, and without Michael Jackson. Includes an NBR version of Jones' "The Midnight Sun Will Never Set."

B.B. King: "Unexpected . . . Instrumental" (Kent), an all-instrumental, NBR set, probably from the late 1950s. Also remastered and repackaged on Kent are LPs by Jimmy Witherspoon, Lowell Fulson and Big Joe Turner.

Shelly Manne: Like Basie's, Manne's memory is being well preserved in reissues. "Manne—That's Gershwin!" (Discovery) and "My Fair Lady Swings" (Tall Tree) both have arrangements by none other than John Williams. "Empathy" (Verve), a Japanese import unavailable for 15 years, is the superlative Manne-Bill Evans collaboration. "West Coast Sound," with his all-star combo, and "The Three/The Two," experimental works (both Contemporary), are back in the stores.

Charles Mingus: "The Clown" (Atlantic). Jean Shepherd is the narrator on the title tune. Another durable item in Atlantic's ongoing reissue series.

Red Norvo: "All Star Sessions" (Pausa), with Benny Carter, Benny Goodman, Jimmy Rowles, Barney Kessel. "Music to Listen to Red Norvo By" (Contemporary), with clarinetist Bill Smith contributing the four-movement "Divertimento" that takes up the second side. "Time in His Hands" (Xanadu) has Slam Stewart on bass and Johnny Guarnieri in two 1945 sessions.

Oscar Peterson: "Travelin' On" (Verve/MPS). A fine budget-priced set, with bass and drums, from the late 1960s.

Esther Phillips (Savoy): A two-LP set with Johnny Otis' blues band, going all the way back to Phillips' first hit, "Double Crossing Blues," when she was 13.

Supersax: "Salt Peanuts" (Pausa). It doesn't take long to become an antique nowadays. Cut for Capi-

itol in 1974, this was one of the first and best of the Charlie Parker-derived albums, arranged for five saxes.

Mel Torme (Musicraft): All the great old Musicrafts are returning, among them several Torme albums, on two of which ("California Suite" and "It Happened in Monterey") he is heard with his ahead-of-its-time Mel-Tones vocal group. Musicraft also has two Artie Shaw albums featuring Torme. Torme's "Elington/Basie Songbooks" LP is with us again (Verve).

McCoy Tyner: "Time for Tyner"

(Pausa). Made for World Pacific, with Bobby Hutcherson on vibes. Early Tyner in top form.

Sarah Vaughan: "The Divine Sarah," Vols. 1, 2 (Musicraft). These, too, are coming back one at a time, recalling the thrilling new talent that was Vaughan in the 1940s. On the same label, Vaughan is heard in Vol. 2 of "Teddy Wilson All Stars."

Dinah Washington: "The Fats Waller Songbook" (EmArcy). The second in a most-welcome series by a unique artist who deserves to be better remembered.

Ben Webster: "The Warm Moods" (Discovery). Retrieved from Reprise Records, the incomparably warm tenor saxophonist is elegantly supported by Johnny Richards' arrangements of "But Beautiful" and other ballads that could well bear the same title.

□

And what if the day comes, as it must eventually, when the very last available reissue has been served up, and the entire recorded history of jazz is on the table for us to digest? Why, the record compa-

nies at long last will go about the business of searching for new Basies and Blakeys and Ellingtons and Evanses and Holidays, artists of such high caliber and durability that their works can be reissued decades hence.

They will, one would like to believe, follow this course instead of settling for the pleasant but ephemeral works of the Grover Washingtons, the Earl Klughes and the Chuck Mangiones who satisfy today's so-called jazz market. What a wonderful day that will be, should it ever arrive. □

But-what-will-you-do? award: To Peter Hemmings, charged with the challenge of giving Los Angeles the sort of opera it deserves.

Intrepid annotator of the year: The UCLA scholar who, in a program note for the Frederica von Stade recital, referred to Thomas Pasatieri's music as "a stream of perfumed urine."

Oddest-media-priorities-and-perceptions award: To KCET, for congratulating itself constantly on its cultural greatness, for pretending to be noncommercial while begging for funds, for attending to local arts efforts halfheartedly, for telecasting the New York City Opera "live" "Carmen," via tape delay, only once (and then without fanfare on a Sunday afternoon), for showing ideal productions of "Cenerentola" and "Zauberfloete" only late at night when the kids are asleep, and for confusing Cynthia Gregory with Cynthia Harvey in the ABT "Don Quixote."

MILESTONES

Happiest 20th-anniversary celebrations: That of the sometimes glorious Music Center; and that of the always idealistic American Youth Symphony.

Fondest temporary farewell: The Pavilion valedictory of Anna Russell, who now is scheduled to say goodbye again next season in San Diego.

Fondest maybe-not-temporary farewell: To Carlo Maria Giulini.

Fondest hello: To Jorge Mester, new music director of the Pasadena Symphony.

Ho-hum-it's-goodby-again-maybe award: To Gelsey Kirkland,

on the occasion of her latest defection from dance in general and from American Ballet Theatre in particular.

Hello-again-maybe award: To John Williams, who quit the Boston Pops in a huff and then unquit in a hurry.

Ave atque Vale: Tito Gobbi, Anna Case, Irma Wolpe, Balasaraswati, Fritz Zweig, Wriston Locklair, Pierre Cochereau, Jan Peerce, Dora Labette (Lisa Perli), Kari Nurmela, Georges Wakhevitch, Lee Roy Leatherman, Thomas Andrew, Avon Long, Mary Skeaping, E. Virginia Williams, Hans Willi Haeusslein, William Henry, Marcel Moyse, Arthur Schwartz, Alberta Hunter, James Petrillo, Arthur Whittmore, George Chaffee, Max Pollikoff, C. William Harwood, John S. Edwards, Carmen Dragon, Olaf Christiansen, Lew Christen-

sen, Ania Dorfmann, Thomas Martin, Reginald Stewart, Imogen Holst, Margherita Perras, Ramiro Cortes, Jon B. Higgins, Mabel Mercer, Ethel Merman, Rene Klöpfenstein, Thelma Tepper, Janos Ferencsik, Vera Nemtchinova, Wolf Voelker, Ruben Varga, Hans Sondheimer, Georges Thill, Glennie Currie, Jesus Maria Sanroma, Lina Bruna Rasa, Charles Speroni, John Hemminger, Lorenz Fehenberger, Denise Monteil, James Fields, Leonard Rose, Ramon Segarra, Fernando Corena, Gwynn Cornell, Judith Raskin. □

TAKE IT EASY WITH
TIMES HOME DELIVERY.

213/626-2323

Ambassador

Charge Tickets. Call (818) 304-6161 or (213) 681-0212



SATURDAY • JAN. 12 • 8:30 P.M.

Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra

GERARD SCHWARZ, Music Director, Conductor
LORIN HOLLANDER, Piano

Lazarof: Chamber Symphony;
Saint-Saëns: Piano Concerto No. 5;
Mozart: Serenade No. 9, K. 320 ("Posthorn")

\$16.00 • \$14.50 • \$12.50



WEDNESDAY • JAN. 16 • 8:00 P.M.

The Master Flutist of his Generation
"...he remains *le vrai maître*." *Los Angeles Times*

JEAN-PIERRE RAMPAL

John Steele Ritter, piano
Mozart: 3 Sonatas, Variations on La Bergere Celine, K. 359; Feld: Sonata; Enesco: Cantabile e Presto;
Hummel: Grand rondeau brillant, Op. 126.

\$20.00 • \$17.50 • \$15.00

SUNDAY • JAN. 20 • 8:00 P.M.

"...the performance of a lifetime"

Angeles
rmonic

JIM BENHAM: PROFITING FROM HIS DOUBLE LIFE

By LEONARD FEATHER

The demands of a life in jazz—the performance schedules, the often inevitable time devoted to travel, the endless hours perfecting one's craft—have made it difficult for all but a few musicians to enjoy dual careers, succeeding both in music and in a totally unrelated field.

There are some notable exceptions. Dr. Denny Zeitlin, the San Francisco psychiatrist, is almost equally well-known as a creative pianist and composer. The veteran jazzist Bob Haggart (who composed "What's New?") is a gifted painter whose works have been exhibited and sold. Ronnie Odrich, one of New York's outstanding clarinetists, is a dentist. The Los Angeles saxophonist Bill Perkins is a brilliant electronic engineer.

Most remarkable of all is the case of Jim Benham. Depending on where you stand, he is the chairman and chief executive of the Benham Capital Management Group, based in Palo Alto, a financial services organization that manages more than \$2.3 billion for more than 150,000 investors; or he is the second cat from the right in the trumpet section of the Full Faith and Credit Big Band, a 17-piece group that plays gigs in the Bay Area, recently completed a tour of one-night stands and records for Palo Alto Jazz, the company he formed in 1981.

Though he finds in music a pleasant release from the daily stresses of the business world, Benham is no mere jazz dilettante. Music has always been a part of his life, and of the life of his family for generations back.

"My ancestral heritage," he says, "goes back to the Mayflower. As for my musical heritage, it stretches at least into the middle of the 19th Century. My grandfather won a silver pitcher about 14 feet tall for leading the best band in the state of Indiana. He was a trumpeter. My father carried on the tradition, while he was in charge of the music under the tents at Aimee Semple McPherson's rallies, he would play the cornet with one hand and direct the crowd with the other.

"I was born Nov. 24, 1935, in Joliet, Ill. I was the sixth of 10 children, and we grew up with financial problems; in fact, my

mother had to take some of the money my father had given her for food and use it to pay for my first music lessons. I started playing when I was 12."

The dichotomy in his life began when he managed to enter college on a trumpet scholarship, but majored in finance and earned his master's degree in economics.

Originally he had classical ambitions, yearning for a chair in the National Symphony Orchestra, but a roommate at Michigan State turned him on to jazz.

"I began gigging around, and one year, around 1959, our college band won a contest to represent Michigan State in the Midwest Jazz Festival, held at Notre Dame with 32 bands. I was a winner there as best trumpeter."

Impressed by everyone from Miles Davis ("during his post-'30s bop period") to Maynard Ferguson, Benham continued playing, but the moment of truth told him that his future lay in the world of finance. Before long, he became a broker at Merrill Lynch and for most of his seven years there the trumpet remained in its case, until a chance incident triggered his interest anew.

"I got a call in 1970 from an old friend who had a gig in Los Gatos and wanted me to play it. Well, the rules of the stock exchange say that no member can be a member of any union. I applied for a dispensation, but by the time the rejection came back—three months later—I had already played the gig without a musicians' union card."

Benham's swift rise up the economic ladder began soon after when, having quit Merrill Lynch, he founded the Capital Preservation Fund. (He also promptly joined the American Federation of Musicians.) The fund, now the oldest and largest Treasury-bill-only money-market organization, is a member of the Benham Group; among its original founders were another trumpeter, Dent Hand (now general counsel to Benham), and Paul Robertson, an alto saxophonist who until last year was president of the Benham Group.

In 1975, three years after Benham and his associates had launched the fund, the idea for the band evolved. Dent Hand was



Jim Benham, chairman of Benham Capital Management Group, moonlights as a trumpeter in the Full Faith and Credit Big Band.

already leading a 12-piece group. Benham decided to go all the way by adding, among others, an ex-Stan Kenton trumpeter and two trombonists formerly with Maynard Ferguson and Woody Herman. A friend in Ferguson's band enabled Hand to borrow and copy that ensemble's library of arrangements.

Perhaps because Benham, Dent and Robertson would have been a slightly clumsy handle, it was eventually decided to name the band after a term common in their own world. (*Full faith and credit*, in case you're curious, is "an obligation under the constitution of one state to recognize and give effect to the public acts, records and judicial proceedings of her sister states.")

Not much more than a casual rehearsal band at first, a mixture of businessmen, educators and professional musicians, it gradually coalesced into its present format, in which all but two members, Benham and Hand, are mainly involved in music. Before reaching this stage, Benham and Company decided to record an album with the orchestra.

"I had no idea of starting a

full-fledged company," Benham says, "until I played the record for Dr. Herb Wong, who had been recommended to write the album notes. Without his knowledge of the record business, his enthusiasm as a critic and historian of jazz, we could never have gone ahead."

Wong, like Benham, is a career-hopper of singular distinction. A respected ornithologist (he earned his doctorate in interdisciplinary studies), he is the author of many books on birds and on natural science, as well as children's books. A jazz fan from childhood, he has written extensively on the subject, has had a weekly jazz radio program for 25 years on San Francisco's KJAZ, and was recently appointed president of the National Assn. of Jazz Educators, an organization comprising 5,000 teachers and student musicians.

"I suggested the name for the label," Wong says, "and gave them a rundown of how the recording industry works. Then I was given the green light to begin scouting for talent. Jim Benham is amazing—a financial genius who's also a truly fine musician."

Wong lost no time in lining up

and recording such respected jazzmen as Pepper Adams, Terry Gibbs, Buddy De Franco, Richie Cole, Lanny Morgan, Victor Feldman, Tom Scott and a unique classical/jazz fusion group, Free Flight, that turned out to be one of the company's first substantial sellers.

After less than four years, Palo Alto has 50 LPs to its full faith and credit. The success of an R&B album by George Howard, now approaching a sale of 100,000 (extraordinary for an independent company), led to the spinning off of a second label, TBA, aimed at the urban/black contemporary market. This month, Palo Alto will introduce yet a third outfit, Tall Tree, with a catalogue of reissues, mainly leased from Capitol, by Cannonball Adderley, Woody Herman, George Shearing and an all-star group including Maynard Ferguson, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie.

"We're very happy with the way things are going," Benham says. "Full Faith and Credit costs \$25,000 to \$50,000 a year to sustain, and obviously wasn't intended to be a profit-oriented proposition. But Palo Alto had a million-dollar budget for 1984 and the projected loss will be less than six figures. That probably means that by the fourth quarter of 1985 we'll break even, and for us, to break even is to win."

Zealously protecting the orchestra from the aura of nostalgia that envelops too many of today's big bands, Benham wants no part of the "In the Mood" antiquarianism; he takes pride in such works as "Shadows," a 12-minute mini-suite by Jeff Beale, a 21-year-old trumpeter from the Eastman School of Music. With its shifting time signatures and complex rhythmic and harmonic nature, it provides a stimulating challenge for performers and listeners alike.

As Wong observed, "Jim Benham wants to succeed, and enjoy respect along with the success, in anything he undertakes—whether it involves Treasury notes or musical notes." □

BE BOP AND BEYOND IN ITS L.A. DEBUT AT HOP SINGH'S

By LEONARD FEATHER

Be Bop and Beyond is the cryptic name of a San Francisco sextet that made its Southland debut over the weekend at Hop Singh's.

Who is the leader? Nobody in particular: this is a cooperative unit, though the announcing by Mel Martin, who plays tenor and soprano sax, gives the impression that he is in charge. Two of the other members, John Handy on alto sax and pianist George Cables, are better known than Martin and play an equally substantial role, as does trumpeter Warren Gale.

How far beyond bebop? It's a moot point. The group's most impressive moments were provided by material that stemmed from that era—Thelonious Monk's slightly weird "Evidence," for example—or from the so-called hard bop period that followed it, represented Friday by Wayne Shorter's

"Tell It Like It Is." 12/24

The unit's own compositions are cast in much the same mold. "Moon Magic," by bassist Frank Tusa, found him and Cables adorning each other's solos with intelligent support. Martin's "Longhorn" could have been a product of the Art Blakey library, circa 1965.

Cables came off best, both as composer and soloist. His "Quiet Fire," with its cannonading rhythmic crosscurrents, gave the group something to get its chops into. Eddie Marshall, the drummer, tied the rhythm team together here as effectively as he has in many other Bay Area groups.

Martin and Handy ventured beyond bebop in the sense that the former seems to be a product of the John Coltrane generation, while Handy was influenced as much by the avant-gardist Eric Dolphy as by Charlie Parker. Almost 20 years ago, Handy led a quintet with violinist Michael White that was more experimental than this.

BOOK ALBUM AND MOVIE: CLUBBED WITH COTTON

By LEONARD HEATHER

I have just seen the movie "The Cotton Club." I have heard the sound-track album and I have reread "The Cotton Club," recently republished and described on the cover as "the dazzling inspiration for the new film."

I am, you might say, completely Cotton Clubbed out.

When one has been part of a certain era—even the tail end of an era—and finds it recalled or reproduced in the media, there is a tendency to look for accuracy along with artistic achievement.

The original news, a year or two ago, that the Harlem rendezvous would become the subject for a motion picture led to certain assumptions that proved to be far off the mark. Before anything else, the club was a stage for some of the greatest and most influential black talent of its day. One name associated with the Cotton Club was responsible more than any other for bringing it to the attention of

American public (through coast broadcasts) and to the world, via recordings: Duke Ellington. In fact, to countless Americans, particularly overseas, the Cotton Club might have remained a myth had it not been for the brilliant marketing on many records as "The Cotton Club" by Duke Ellington and his Cotton Club Orchestra.

There were many others from the club who were a valuable step on the ladder: Cab Calloway, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, Ethel Waters (who popularized "Stormy Weather"), and, for a while, Lena Horne (as a 16-year-old, \$25-a-week dancer and singer).

The Cotton Club was still uptown when, as a young Englishman hooked on jazz, I first visited New York. Having heard that blacks were denied admission as customers even though they provided the entertainment, and having been befriended by a number of black Americans, I deliberately avoided the place. Even when it moved

downtown and the segregation was modified, I never saw a show there, though one afternoon I dropped by the premises at 47th and Broadway for an interview with Ellington. A couple of months later, in June of 1940, the club closed its doors forever.

Though it was common knowledge that the whole operation had been owned by the mob, that was not what the Cotton Club was about. Whites patronized it because they were looking for the "exotic" Negro, for a touch of primitivism mixed with rhythmic syncopation and vocal sophistication. The line in a Rodgers and Hart song, "The Lady Is a Tramp," telling us about going to Harlem in ermine and pearls, offered a reminder that for most visitors, an evening at the club was a form of high-class slumming.

What we had a right to expect from producer Robert Evans and director Francis Coppola (who also co-wrote the screenplay) was a film about famous musicians, singers and dancers and glamorous showgirls, with gangster overtones. What we got was precisely the opposite: a gangster movie, bits of facts and mountains of fiction, with the music too often relegated to the background.

Incredibly, Duke Ellington, though his music is used extensively throughout, appears, in the form of an actor named Zane Mark, so briefly that if you sneezed twice you could have missed him. Cab Calloway is luckier: well re-created by Larry Marshall, he gets to do three numbers. (Calloway, himself, now almost 77 and still active, doesn't appear. As for Ethel Waters, Bojangles, Lena Horne and the rest, they are not even mentioned.)

This is not to imply that "Cotton Club" is without its moments of artistic value. Gregory and Maurice Hines and the other dancers are splendidly served, particularly in a



Duke Ellington, whose broadcasts and records made the Cotton Club famous, in 1937.

scene at the Hoofers' Club. Lonette McKee's interpretation of "Ill Wind" is the movie's finest vocal interlude. But essentially the focus from start to finish is more on machine guns and violence than harmonized horns and vocalists.

What might be considered the movie's most remarkable musical accomplishment also happens to be the greatest source of frustration. Bob Wilber, in transcribing most of the instrumental works directly from old Ellington records, and in playing all the alto sax and clarinet solos, has achieved an uncannily accurate re-creation of the original, with the advantage of contemporary sound quality. "The Mooche," heard during the opening credits, as well as "Cotton Club Stomp" and "Mood Indigo" during the interminable closing crawl, all come off admirably. So does a medley of "Daybreak Express" and other early Ellington works during a scene toward the end. But most of the other numbers are heard only briefly, either cutting away to dialogue or entirely under it.

This problem does not interfere with the sound-track album (Geffen Records GH 24062), in which 13 of the film's 16 Ellington pieces are heard without dialogue or any other interruptions. Aside from Wilber, there are other very capable soloists. Mark Shane in an Ellingtonian keyboard mood, Priscilla Baskerville in the legendary wordless soprano vocal to "Creole

Love Call" (but why did she have to end with a coarse, anticlimactic growl?).

There are even two actual Ellingtonians, trombonist Britt Woodman (heard only once, on "Drop Me Off in Harlem") and baritone saxophonist Joe Temperley, who replaced the late Harry Carney in the band in 1974 after Mercer Ellington had taken over as leader.

Regrettably, a couple of important Ellington numbers heard vaguely in the film, "Hot and Bothered" and "Pyramid," are omitted from the album, nor are there any examples of the Hines Brothers' tap-dancing. Gregory Hines is heard only in a throwaway vocal of "Copper Colored Gal." Larry Marshall's expendable "Minnie the Moocher" was included, as were two valueless instrumental interludes composed by John Barry. Still, as sound-track albums go, it's a respectable collection.

As for the argument that you might just as well go to the source and buy Ellington's original versions, it can be assumed that if you are at all interested in the subject you already have them, and will be curious to compare them with Wilber's resuscitations.

The book "Cotton Club," by Jun Haskins (New American Library: \$9.95), is far closer to reality than the film, examining the social setting, the racial overtones and Har-

lem's historic background. We learn, for example, that the premises did belong originally to a black man, the heavyweight champion Jack Johnson, who around 1920 opened his Club De Luxe there. It failed to attract much attention until Owney Madden's gang came scouting around.

Madden himself was not on hand; he was in Sing Sing on a manslaughter conviction, but after serving eight years he was paroled in 1923, and the grand opening of the Cotton Club was staged later that year. Though Madden clearly was the kingpin, the principal character in the film is Dutch Schultz, who gets only passing mention in the book as controller of the Bronx rather than the Harlem bootleg business. The rest of the gangland characters onscreen are either entirely fictional or bear little resemblance to the men and events described in Haskins' story. Richard Gere's part, as a white cornetist who gained Schultz's sponsorship and later became a movie star, has no basis whatever in life.

Assuming, however, that you have sufficient curiosity about the topic, "The Cotton Club" book is a generally useful document. So, if only for comparative reasons, is the album of re-created music.

So you've read the book. You've heard the album. Now skip the movie. □

MY JAZZ FRIENDS by LEONARD FEATHER: Part 12 ● COLEMAN HAWKINS



Photo: G. C. Patti

コールマン・ホーキンス ● 彼はサックスを手にジャズを革新し、新しい道を切り開いた精気みなぎるヒーローだ。

